

Sighing, Laura pulled out another pile of dusty books and blew some smut off them before reading their labels. She wanted nothing more than to be home and rest after a day of dealing with bratty kids and tired parents. Though at the moment, she was more worried her absence would piss off her boss, Sam, a woman who always seemed to earn her ire. Passing her over for promotions, yelling about her work organization, and forcing her to do the most menial chores for her head position was commonplace. Nothing Laura could manage seemed to please her, as though Sam somehow resented her for reasons unknown.

It had taken her years to find such a position at a massive downtown library, literally hours of making it the perfect place for guests to come and lose themselves as she had while a child. Not wanting to lose a job that she generally loved, Laura did everything she could to please her irritating boss. Baking her treats, overworking herself, and drones of compliments were common tactics Laura tried to get on her boss's better side. However, her efforts were largely for naught, and Laura was stuck working her dream job for a nightmare supervisor, wanting to quit but not sure she could ever make up the nerve to do so.

So, here she was, cleaning out a donation box, becoming covered with dust and dirt as she did so. It was usually the work of an intern, not something she should ever have to bother with at her position. There was little to be done for it, and Laura at least hoped she would find some interesting reads within the donations. Most of them were old and in poor condition, things that would eventually be thrown out, making the whole endeavor even more pointless.

Yet, there was one tome that did catch her eye, still dusty and yellowed but far removed from the typical old novels or outdated magazines she was expecting to find. Its cover was in a language Laura didn't immediately recognize, though her Latin was a little rusty, and it was likely something in the same family. Laura ran through the pages quickly, though gently, not wanting to tear the worn paper. The same language persisted throughout the book, and the faded illustrations gave Laura the thought that she might be looking at some sort of spell book. At least one that met the stereotypical criteria in her mind.

As she perused the tome, a strange tingling started to play over her hands and up her arms, making her hairs stand on end and prompting her to put the book down. Yet, any efforts she made to do so were met with a strange resistance, as though it had a hold of her body and was influencing her motions. The longer she held the book, the more a sense of power, of purpose, seemed to enter her mind, one that was foreign but became more comfortable as the energy coursed through her. It made her feel confident, strong, and powerful in a way that she had been longing for not a moment before. It was as though something had taken a hold of her, and those notions were part of her personality now. Stranger still, any inkling life had been any different was soon erased from her mind the moment they crossed it.

With that, Laura felt the compulsion to take the book with her, not caring that she was essentially stealing from the library. Laura felt deep down it was hers and it needed to go home with her. The feelings that came from owning the book were potent and exciting, not ones that she wished to relinquish. With that came the notion of cynicism upon reflecting on her situation, a strong distaste for not only her boss but Laura's own actions toward her circumstances. She should be free to do her own thing, her being the far superior choice for a supervisor with all her intimate knowledge. *She* should be running the place, not taking orders from someone so damned *annoying*. More to the point, she was pissed that her talents were being used on something so menial, so beneath her. Really, being asked to sort through boxes of used and donated books?! They had interns for that, didn't they?!

Getting home, the compulsion to open the book and explore its contents was all-consuming, and Laura wasted no time. It was as though something within it was beckoning to her, something calling out. Only this was something specific, a page she needed to find in order to...what? As though the page lighted up for her convenience, Laura stopped on a single illustration of what appeared to be some sort of canine beast. Her own knowledge brought to mind the term 'hellhound' though was not sure if that was the term. Still, she was certain this was what had beckoned her, and she scanned the page, wondering what it was she could do. To her shock and awe, the words seemed to rearrange before her eyes, as though her presence was a trigger. When it had finished, the words on the page were as clear to her as English, as though written for her convenience. It took only a quick glance looking over them to realize it was some sort of ritual, not only one more modern than what should have been in such an ancient tome but one that she could perform with objects she had on hand!

Naturally, there was no option but to perform what the book had put forth for her. The promise of power, the excitement of the unknown, and all the confidence that came with it were far too tempting. Even if there were repercussions to performing the ritual as described, Laura had it firm in her mind it would be worth it. After all, with some certainty, she told herself the book would tell her what she needed to do to become her best self. It was calling to her specifically, right? So then, what would be the harm?

The ritual required very little preparation, a satanic circle, candles, and a Latin chant, though one that had been translated into English. Yet, the moment she stood in the center of the circle was the moment the words out of her mouth were in Latin, even though she was sure she was reading them otherwise. Still, she did not stop, knowing the same power had summoned her to this point, and had only good intentions for her. She was about to become the person she longed to be, and it was all being laid out before her!

As soon as the last words were out of her lips, a glow started forming into a monstrous symbol underneath her. A clear sign that the ritual had been successful, Laura waited in the

center, not thinking she needed to move or otherwise get out of the way. She was sure was she in the knowledge that not only was this safe, but it would also bring her everything the previously meek woman had ever hoped for. Laura, not even fully understanding what that was, remained ecstatic. Something had been missing inside her, though Laura thought it beyond her grasp. But the whispering voices were calling out to her, telling her she deserved more, could be more, and with that revelation at the tips of her fingers, there was no chance in hell she was going to let it pass her by!

Glow persisting all around her, Laura barely noticed a heat settling into her. Her loins were lit aflame by some alien influence, as though the most arousing stimulus had been put in front of her. Never one for self-pleasure, the need to masturbate was at the forefront of her mind now, the urge more present than she had ever experienced or could even imagine. It was likely akin to going into some sort of feral heat, though Laura had no basis for comparison. Almost as though a foreign force had invaded her mind like one that had spoken to her in whispers. Still, it was every bit as urgent as anything she had ever known, and, being alone and already emboldened, Laura ripped off her pants and started to play with her nub, a feral growl escaping her lips as she did so.

The moment her hand touched her sex was the moment her senses went into overdrive, the sheer pleasure from the act beyond her understanding. Never before had touching herself ever felt so good or as needed as it was at this moment, and Laura closed her eyes, hungry for any bit of sensation that her clit would grant her. Even the feelings of shifting, or her vaginal lips adjusting themselves slightly went unnoticed. Their already enhanced sensitivity increased twelvefold and more as they altered in configuration. Laura could hardly liken the sensations to the ritual itself, though at the moment was remiss to care, eagerly digging into herself for any iota of pleasure.

It was a persistent itching that prompted her to look down at their fate. The usually untended hairs of her crotch started to turn from their natural dark brown to something akin to white. The sight of which was bizarre, though hardly a deterrent to further pleasing herself, and Laura was left to watch helplessly, still moaning and touching herself all the while as her crotch became coated in a forest of soft white, rather pleasant to the touch. The cause of such was unknown, but Laura could hardly bring herself to worry about such things, given the closeness to the onset of her orgasm. The burning supernatural need surpassed all thoughts and rationale, as though a foreign voice commanding her efforts. It mattered little in the moment of passion. It was coming so fast that she lost all control of her hands, rubbing frantically for every inch she could gain. So close...it burned so good!

“AAARRRRROOOWW!” Laura cried out in a voice that was not her own as she *came*, fingers slick with her own fluids. The trembling pleasure radiated all the way through her

innards, shaking her body in cascading waves that did not seem to abate even as she continued her self-pleasure. Never before had orgasm given her so much relief, and she chastised herself for all the years wasted without partaking in pleasures of the flesh. Hell, why wasn't she more sexual in the first place?! After all, it had been forever since she'd been laid. Now *that* would be something that she could easily remedy going forward! Not that her office had much in the way of choices, but Scott was rather hot, as was Jill...not that she had been with a woman, but she certainly wanted to know if that woman's touch was half as good as Laura's own! Not her boss though, Sam. That bitch didn't deserve a hot bod like hers!

Laura was soon taken from her sexual fantasies by the sensation of something poking from her spine. Reaching back, a bump met her touch, forming a protrusion that was rapidly growing the more sent rubbed. The skin seemed to itch with the growth of fur, the texture not unlike what had developed over her groin. Though the significance should have frightened her, she was rather delighted, finding her changes to be exciting and welcome. That ever-persistent voice delighted in the development, being more natural to its form than Laura's frail humanity. Whatever was possessing her, she wanted more, no matter what the consequences to her form were!

With that, her new addition started to wag as though excited. It was getting longer and longer, a pointed tip erupting with a bushel of fur. The tail itself was rather large relative to her body, though the hair was even more massive, puffy, and white like the hair on her groin. A rather fetching black strip painted the tip of it, and Laura wagged it at will, loving the sensation of owning one. No fear over its possession graced her mind, finding it thick and full and beautiful all at the same time. It was like a part of her that was being returned, and she relished its presence on her backside.

That was not the only change to her assets, however, as her hips began to expand with fat and muscles. It made it harder to get her pants down, though she knew she needed to, the work slacks no longer suitable to how Laura felt or how she wanted to present herself. As soon as it was freed, Laura felt her backside growing larger in relation to her body, a plump, perk ass the likes of such allowing her femininity to show. She *loved* how it appeared on her body, giving her a voluptuous feminine form beyond anything she could have expected to feel and more. Unfortunately, her slacks could not contain said assets, though their destruction was of little concern with her wanting to be free of them and in need of a better wardrobe besides. Laura eagerly welcomed all the changes and their endgame, not even needing the persistent voice to tell her to embrace the process.

It was her heels to stretch next, forcing enough pressure on the back of her shoes to make them burst. Kicking them eagerly away, Laura was privy to the sight of her feet expanding at the base, toes twitching before they stiffened and shrank. Turning them over, Laura was a little

shocked to see the skin was thickening into the beginning of stiff pads. The nails painlessly started to grow, stretching into what appeared to be claws, with only slight aches to denote their presence. Though she should have been scared that her feet were now largely canine paws, the toes not able to move from the webbing between them, Laura was rather fond of them. Especially as she got up, finding she could walk on them just as aptly as before, even with her shifted anatomy. To round off the look, the itching of her fur growing blew up her paws, calves, and thighs, merging with the fur of her groin and running back to cover her ass.

Going to rub her new fur, Laura was surprised when a swelling in her chest distracted her. Her small, flat chest started to expand, being filled with fat and tissue and inflating her breasts beyond anything she could imagine on her frame. She gripped them, feeling the flesh bloating under her touch, the areolas more sensitive than anything she had experienced thus far. Even her minor caress of the skin sent shivers through her loins, as though her nipples were charged lightning rods and her fingers were the cords to plug them in. Even their touch alone was almost enough to bring her to orgasm!

Though the changes were bizarre and clearly changing her in inhuman ways, Laura couldn't help but be powerfully turned on by the process. Each touch of her sensual breasts prepared her for the oncoming release, and rubbing the nipples through the fabric, in tandem with playing over her changed sex, was enough to make her howl. Her second release was coming too fast, but she harbored no will to hold back, knowing she would be able to cum once more in short order, a sexual being if there ever was one! The voice in her head encouraged her all the while, telling her to enjoy it, to grow in the body of her dreams and drink in its assets.

As though touching her clit was enough to spur their further growth, her breasts grew painfully tight against the fabric, tearing the seams apart as they ballooned beyond her figure and former clothing. Though her old self cared not for such assets, she now revealed in the knowledge that her fingers were making them grow impossibly large for a woman of her stature. She wanted them to burst through, and that was what they did, popping off her body like the clothing no longer belonged. Laura was happy to be rid of the former things, rebirthed into a sexually charged form beyond her wildest imaginings.

Yet, as she rubbed them, a sharp pain met her touch, and looking down, Laura was a little surprised to see her hands were sporting sharpened nails, pointed and thickening on the tips of her fingers. Though they looked rather fetching, she was a little annoyed by their presence, knowing they would get in the way of her masturbation efforts. Still, she managed to adjust her efforts to tease her altered clit, squeezing with the thickened pads that were forming on the underside of the tips. Their firmer grip on her sex was heaven!

It seemed as though the more she touched herself, the greater the sensation of heat that was plaguing her. Even the onset of a second orgasm did little to quell her lust, and she was on her nub with gusto, wanting to cum again to alleviate this heat. A partner would be ideal, but Laura was eager to experience her own body as it changed before looking for an ideal one. A man would be preferable, though he would have to be a beast in bed to keep up with the beast she was becoming. Though the more she thought about it, she realized a woman was just as welcome, something the preconceived heterosexual woman had never contemplated before but something she certainly wanted now that the notion had crossed her mind.

By this time, more luscious white fur was erupting from her pores, playing over her lean belly and moving up her shoulders. The backs of her hands rang with intense itching of white fur, though she had no notion of scratching with dull nails, and her hands were currently preoccupied with sexually pleasuring herself. On the heels of her third orgasm now, Laura was currently too enraptured to allow the itching to bother her, the electrical tingle of sexual stimulation enough to keep her going as her end was brought closer and closer.

It seemed with the encroaching changes came the increased persistence of the presence in her mind, one that was awakening to the sexuality that had Laura so exhilarated. She might have mistaken it for possession, though it had slid so seamlessly into her desires it could hardly be described as such. The voices were there, certainly, but she welcomed them into her to the point she and they could be considered as one. The catalyst of change, certainly, but not one that had consumed her soul. Her humanity, her meek personality, and her prudishness, perhaps. But weren't those small things to pay for the pleasures playing over her body? Laura certainly seemed to think so!

With fur coating most of her body, Laura was left to feel her own hair itching, lengthening from the follicles, and stretching back into the beginnings of what was to be a voluptuous mane. The stature was almost too large for her petite body as much as her ass and breasts. Though it was soon weighty on her head, almost cartoonishly so, Laura couldn't help but love how it came down around her shoulders, puffy and almost naturally staying in place more than any human products could allow. All in all, a perfect match for her new assets!

The tingling of change next moved into her ears, molding the muscles at the base into shapes capable of movement. Reflexively, she played with the new growths for a moment before her ears twitched, the cartilage within starting to move upward into a point as white fur covered the tips. Sticking out rather fetchingly under her hair, Laura loved feeling them move within the hair and the notion she possessed them now.

Yet, the changes to her visage were not to finish there, though Laura was more eager to see what the endgame was. The changes thus far denoted a particular form in mind, and she

wanted nothing more than for them to complete and to drink in the power and femininity that came from being a literal bitch. And with that, a series of soft cracks and pops indicated her face was pushing outward, getting longer to the point she could see it out of the corner of her eyes. Her nose, too, was taken along with it, merging with her quivering upper lips as they darkened to black. Laura pondered, to her surprise, what dark lipstick would look like with them, but it would no longer be needed with an increasingly canine visage. Her dentures ached, pointing a little and taking more space in her blunt yet present muzzle. Laura was sure she was being granted a canine visage, one to match her features and something she was able to relish possessing!

Her skull was altering in shape as well, though she was hardly aware of it, rubbing her clit and playing over his breasts and ass for every tremor of pleasure they could grant. Her skull was more compact, sloped into the muzzle she possessed, making her flicking ears move to the top of her head. The white fur peppered her face, moving up to her skull and just under the long mane of hair she possessed. Yet, her mind was still intact, altered perception as it had from the merger of whatever force had changed it. It was an improved psyche from her point of view, Laura reasoned.

Though she could not see it, one of the final changes started to play over her eyes until the world was marred in shades of red. She was left with red sclera, tinting the world in a strange way, though something her new mind adapted. The irises remained white, but it was a moot point with a certain clarity in everything that she took for granted, not just in her vision but her perception of things. It was as though the world beyond the portal was wrong in some fundamental way, one that she was not aware of but one that was unmistakable regardless. As though she no longer belonged here now that she was complete...

With the knowledge her form was complete, a wave of orgasmic bliss rocked through her, making her howl a lupine cadence that nearly shook the walls. Though there was every chance that neighbors could hear her, Laura did not give a fuck, wanting to cum and howl out all her lusts like she felt she deserved. And why shouldn't she, sexual being as she was and confident in herself? Everyone else would have to get the fuck out of her way!

“Awww....fuck...” She moaned, coming down off the final release of the night and reveling in the rank odor of her femininity. The scent was perfume to her new canine nose in a world rather bland and uninteresting. Within the confines of her circle, Laura was sure its elements comprised another world, one more suited to her being. One that she had no knowledge about but that mattered little with her being as altered as it had become.

Getting up, though not leaving the heat and comfort of the ritual, Laura looked in a distant mirror, able to easily discern her new features. She loved the almost cartoonishly exaggerated features of her lupine form, the black and white fur coloring making her almost look

out of place in this world. But that had been the point of the ritual, right? To make her into something more, something better. Certainly, that would have to be something from another plane of existence, right? It did not take much rationalizing that she was a being out of another dimension, one that had been called forth to take the place of the meek human she had been. Far from being mortified at that realization, however, Laura was elated to be host for something objectively so superior. Something beyond the mundane life she had so blindly stumbled through before now. For the first time, she felt that life had promise, more fulfillment in the form she possessed and the world it had to offer her.

She immensely enjoyed the sight of a lupine visage staring back at her, though felt it was out of place in her apartment. And, not that she minded being naked, of course, but there was a precedence to get herself some new clothes. The mousy-styled librarian look would hardly do for her anymore, after all. Not that she could get clothes to fit her in this dimension. Something more revealing, a gothic-type look would suit her new body much better...

Still, there were a few things left to be done in this plane of existence before she could fully traverse the world within the tome she had taken. With that, Laura exited the demon's circle, reverting to her former human body in the process. She knew the hellhound was her now, and she could change in the real world on a whim. It was simply too much trouble for her to be seen without a human guise as Laura made her way to the liquor store, buying the largest, cheapest vodka she could manage. She wanted to see how much tolerance her new body had before sleeping it off and getting ready to tell her old boss off the next day! The human her would have been hungover for several days from the bender she had that night, though her lupine self was hardly inconvenienced. She wanted to drink more, but without a fuck buddy, there seemed to be little point. So Laura decided to hold off on that, not before buying a fair amount of booze with her credit card. If she was going to enter another plane of existence, possibly forever, she wanted to make sure the drink was satisfactory there first!

Though she had donned a human guise to patrol the streets, something about her human form turned heads. As it turned out, she did not need to purchase new clothes where her human guise could generate the same type of gothic apparel that she craved to wear so badly. Still, it was far from the norm, black and white to match her more wolverine form, and attracted a few stares as she made her way to work. Laura was done with the days when she would blend into the background as she made her way to work. She wanted to stand out, to show the citizens of this world how beneath they were to her before making the permanent trek into the new domain for her other half.

“Yo, Sam, I’m *done!* Get out here so I can tell it to your face!” She called out the moment she stepped into the library’s entryway, eyes glowing red. She had dropped the human facade the



instant she entered the building, wanting to scare the hell out of her boss, to let her know the real Laura before she disappeared forever.

“Laura, what the hell are you on about? This is a library! You’re fir-oh my god!” Sam yelled out, seeing the wolfish form of her former employee glaring at her with glowing red eyes. Laura grinned, loving the power she had over the woman. Now *Sam* was the meek one, hardly worthy of working for any longer.

“What?! You got a problem. Hell, you always have a problem, don’t you?” Laura shot back, finally able to voice what she wanted to for all these months and years.

“Who...wha-what are you?!” Sam cried, though it was a stupid question. She was obviously a hellhound. Didn’t that bitch know anything?!

“Laura! *Duh!*” She said like it was the most natural thing in the world. Sam was left shivering there for a moment before yelling her fear and taking off. *HA!* Good riddance!

With that, Laura wondered what she would do. Sure, she could take over the entire building. She was certainly more qualified. But then, wouldn’t that be a lot of work? It seemed a little out of her depth to take on more work. Not when she could work for a boss, do her however many hours, and go home and get drunk or fuck. Preferably *both!*

Surely, there was somewhere her skills and desires could be put to good use. In her new natural form, of course. And one that wouldn’t push her too hard. Preferably one with lots of break time to have her way with the other staff. And, as best she knew, nowhere in the human world offered those kinds of benefits. So, then, perhaps there was someplace more...suitable to her new form...

No sooner had she thought this than a heat started playing over her form, different from the persistent warmth around her but powerfully potent nonetheless. Laura could feel her eyes glowing as though channeling some unknown force. All too reminiscent of the summoning circle she had made prior, Laura was soon aware she was conjuring one out of sheer force of will and grinned wildly, reveling in her power and control. Sam and the rest of her coworkers stared at the display in abject horror from afar, enough that Laura almost felt herself smile. But no. She was hardly vindictive. Rather, she had acquired a form and a purpose beyond the shrewish library lady and wanted to walk into that life, that being the biggest ‘fuck you’ to her former one!

The burning continued as a rush of fire encircled her, large enough for her true form but not enough to take in the rest of the library or its occupants. After all, they were not worthy of the gift of possession or the delights of the world beyond. To enter the circle was her right alone,

into whatever persisted beyond, the realm that had summoned the hellhound to possess her. She was sure the burning, sulfur-scented domain beyond was what humans called 'Hell', filled with demons much like what she had become herself. Though not a place of eternal damnation as many humans considered it such. It was her world now, more so than this mortal coil could conjure. And, whatever she was to find was more like another day in the office than stepping into a new world entirely for the being she had become.

A fleeting thought crossed her mind as she stepped through, the heat from Hell hardly enough to deter her entrance. The name 'Laura' was no longer suited for the being she had become. It was too human sounding, too foreign for the bowels of Hell that was to be her home. She needed a new one, and upon reflection, came to the perfect conclusion. Yes, from now on, in her new life, she would go by...