

Daughter of the Moon (Anthro Wolf-Woman TFTG)

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A Commission for Shadowowlfm60

When Ben accidentally walks into a side room at a hotel pool, he finds himself in a godly pool house with no clear exits. There, the gorgeous wolf woman moon goddess Luna is happy to help him. But 'help' in this instance means welcoming him into her family. Luna wants a new daughter to preside over, after all, and mortal flesh is easily reshaped . . .

Daughter of the Moon

Benjamin was enjoying a relaxing personal holiday. He was thirty years old and needed a change of pace, and so he'd decided to book a nice hotel in a different state for a getaway, and perhaps even meet some women along the way. He was six feet tall and fairly attractive after all, what could go wrong?

He just hadn't expected, when he'd visited the pool house for a nice calming experience, to accidentally end up locked inside a strange hidden area of it. It hadn't been his fault, at least that's how he saw it. The door was strange, ancient even! It looked like it was from another civilisation, its wood elegant and ivory white, its handle that of a crescent moon. It had been obscured by several reeds that had been artfully placed on either side of the door, their leaves fanning out to make it almost impossible to see. But he *had* seen it and, well, he'd always been a curious sort of man. It had gotten him into trouble more than once, and now he was starting to realise that perhaps he should really clamp down on that behaviour, because as soon as he opened the door to check out this other section of the poolhouse, he couldn't find his way back.

Literally; the door had disappeared! Behind him was just a white wall, and ahead of him was a strange sight indeed. He was dressed simply in his swimming shorts and a towel over one shoulder, his flip-flops upon his feet. But somehow he seemed out of place now; this new section was enormous, with a great vaulting ceiling, stain-glass windows of blue and white and silver, each depicting some strange mythological event involving wolves, and a great blanket of fog across the water and tiles. It was almost ethereal, that fog, as if there were a smoke machine hidden just out of view, but something suffused the air as well; it was pine-sweet, wonderful to smell, but it made Ben feel almost as if he were outside. Indeed, it was late in the afternoon, but it almost looked like a powerful moonlight was pouring through the stain-glass windows, a blue shaft of light cascading into the gently stirring waters of the pool.

"What is this place?" he murmured to himself.

“It is the domain of the Moon Goddess,” came a powerful and beautiful female voice from the other side of this chamber. “And it is a place few mortals have ever been able to find.”

Ben nearly jumped. The fog cleared on the other side of the poolhouse, where a door had opened. A figure that was utterly impossible to exist and yet absolutely real was looking at him, gazing at him with crystal blue eyes. He stepped forward, unbelieving what he was seeing, and she gestured for him to step closer as well.

“Come, child,” she said, voice a sensual and dominating tone all at once. “Do not be afraid. My name is Luna.”

“You - you’re a wolf,” Ben said.

She snapped off a brief laugh, surprisingly soft given her looks. “I am far more than that, child. I am a *goddess*.”

She certainly radiated power from her strange form. This woman named Luna appeared to be half wolf, half human. She had white fur upon her body, with equally snow-white hair that was decorated with purple and lilac flowers. Her snout was tipped with a black nose, and her amber eyes were bright, almost supernaturally so. But despite her wolfish features, including her triangular ears atop her head, her body was largely humanoid. She had a svelte figure with impressive curves around her hips and a prominent furry bust as well, all of which was shown off by the black lace dress and stockings she wore. Her feet, however, were bare upon the tiles, revealing her paws and, yes, claws also.

“You - I don’t understand what’s going on,” Ben said as he approached the figure. He felt a calling to do so, and something about her voice was strangely hypnotic.

The wolf woman just chuckled, baring her sharp teeth a little. “No, you wouldn’t, mortal. Not at all! Tell me, what is your name? It would be rude not to introduce yourself!”

“I’m - I’m Ben,” he admitted, feeling a bit foolish. He’d never believed in the supernatural before, but he was a little superstitious at times. And this was cranking his superstitious concerns up to eleven; surely this lady was just wearing a mask, right?

But then she laughed again as he came a lot closer, merely a few feet away. She wasn’t very tall, only about 5’7 in fact, but she had a powerfully dominating presence regardless. Moreover, something about the way she moved and breathed and patted down her own fur confirmed to him that she was the real deal; an actual wolf woman.

“I can see you’re a bit frightened by my appearance,” she said, her fluffy white tail wagging elegantly behind her, clearly through a part in her black lace dress.

“I - I can’t say I’ve ever seen a wolf woman before,” Ben said. “How can this possibly be real? Am I hallucinating?”

“Far from it, dear. In fact, you’re seeing something far more real than you could ever have imagined. Very few individuals can ever reach my domain, and those that do are *meant* to find me. It’s rare though, which makes it all the more thrilling.”

She reached out and scratched the underside of his chin lightly with her claw, staring at his face. He should have run, screamed, fought back, but something about her presence continued to radiate that hypnotic effect, as if she really were a god issuing orders to a mere mortal.

“What do we think, my dear pets, should we keep him?”

Ben glanced around the pool and saw that it was now more populated, the fog and mist clearing to reveal three large white and grey wolves - not humanoid but full wolves - lounging at the edges, peering intelligently at him. One by one these beautiful yet intimidating creatures made a brief howl of approval, and with that, the wolf woman calling herself Luna nodded approvingly.

“Very well, I shall take you into my service, Ben! You are a lucky man!”

“What!? No, please! I didn’t mean to intrude. I just want to go home!”

Luna cocked her head to one side. She walked around him, her fluffy tail draping lightly over his shoulder. It was oddly comforting, and he had to fight against that feeling to remember what was at stake.

“Very well,” she said. “I can’t force you to stay. But you must render a service to me if you are to return to your home, so how about this: you spend a few hours conducting chores such as bringing drinks to myself and my other moon-touched friends, and when you have done your part for our own relaxation, then you can enjoy your home? How about that?”

Ben swallowed. This was the strangest situation he’d ever been in. He looked around, hoping for another option that got him out of this freaky supernatural pool house, but the exit door was still nonexistent.

“Agreed,” he said finally. “I’ll serve you and your friends for a bit, then go home.”

“Ah, I do like deals with mortals,” Luna said. She clapped her paws together, grinning more like a fox than a wolf. “Very well! Let’s get you back to the bar and you can start your duties!”

She took him back there, her hips swaying sensually. Indeed, in the building proper, which was quite rich and classy indeed, there was an entire built-in bar as well as other facilities in other rooms, including an impressive gym, a yoga and meditation space, as well as large communal areas for celebrations and enjoyment. Numerous wolf women were located around this space, many of different colours and shapes, but all of their faces seemed very similar to Luna’s, and each had her amber eyes.

“Hello Luna!”

“Hello Luna!”

“Hello, mistress Luna!”

Even their voices were similar, and they stared at him with that same mischievous, sly look she had.

“These are your friends?” he asked as she escorted him to the bar.

Luna grinned mysteriously. “One’s best friend is always oneself,” she said, and then without elaboration she left him there. “Keep the drinks coming, dear Ben! And put on the right attire!”

Ben was unsure of what to do for a few minutes. Several dozen other wolf women were giggling and smiling and talking to one another, their eyes locked on him as if he were the subject of their personal amusement.

“Don’t take too long, darling!” a wine aunt looking wolf woman in an elaborate dress and equally elaborate hairstyle called out. “We girls are looking to have a fine time! The moon is up, haven’t you noticed!?”

Indeed, the moon’s light was everywhere, suffusing itself through the windows and more silver and bright than it would ever be in real life - if this wasn’t technically ‘real life.’

“Yeah, get to serving, big boy!” another wolf woman called out, her fur a dark grey. She held up a drink. “This moon spirit wants her mimosas before the full moon is done!”

Ben took the hints and quickly got to work. He put on the server’s outfit, the one that was far too tight for him. Then he began working the bar, preparing the drinks, shaking or stirring them as requested, and doing his best to keep up with demands. As he did so, his body began to feel a little strange. He couldn’t quite define it at first, but his spine and limbs felt a little compressed. He found himself flexing his fingers and wondering if they’d always been a bit stubby and paw-like. His height too seemed a bit off; it was harder to reach to the top shelf than he’d thought, and perhaps he’d underestimated how tall the other wolf woman were, because he was trending closer and closer to them in height. Whenever he felt as if something really was off, the light of the moon would fall upon him through some window or skylight, and he would blink and cast off the suspicious, too eager to return home by ending this strange surface.

It was hard work though, and as he approached his first hour of service, shuttling drinks back and forth, he found himself panting from the effort more and more. Not panting quietly or subtly either, no; his mouth hung open and he panted through his mouth, stretching out his tongue occasionally. Said tongue was thicker at the back and slowly thinning at its end, and when he caught himself in the mirror he was surprised at how pink it was. Surely it hadn’t always been that way?

But there were other, bigger concerns, and not just the constant demands of the wolf-women, all of whom were so different and yet all seemed attuned to one another. He’d realised after just half an hour of serving that they all had to be some form of aspect of Luna

herself, particularly given that some would pick up conversations about his 'human life' that another in a different room had started. Luna seemed to know every mistake he made in his orders too, extending his service by another fifteen minutes for each one.

"But you're looking well, at least! Quite appropriate for my presence, and only more so with each passing minute, dearie!"

She chuckled, and he had no idea what she meant. He scratched his furry ears., the ones that were awkwardly shifting up to the top of his head instead of the sides, and got back to work.

"Wait, furry ears!? What the hell?"

He redirected away from the bar and to the bathroom instead, moving with alacrity to see what the hell was going on with him in the mirror reflection. To his horror, there were indeed big changes, ones that had been occurring slowly but surely. For one, his ears were certainly wolf-like; thin and triangular and shifting to the top of his head. He could literally see them moving, and it made his head ache.

"Nghhh," he groaned, feeling them shift.

But they weren't the only changes. He was certainly shorter, perhaps only 5'7 like Luna and the other wolf women now. His skin was slightly darker, and his face smoother also. He hadn't even noticed these changes occur, but now they were undeniable! Even his facial fuzz had dissipated, leaving his jawline appearing almost feminine, its edges rounded rather than square.

"My lips," he said slowly, staring at them in shock. They were fuller, like a woman's. He looked down at his hands and saw that they too had changed a little, growing white fur upon the palms, the fingernails longer and more refined. *Just like Luna's.*

"Oh God," Ben uttered. "What's happening to me? What's -"

But then the mirror changed, right in front of it. It warbled, as if it were made of liquid instead of glass, and it no longer projected a reflection, but instead an image of the full moon. Its light cast from the glass right over the changing man, and it affected his mind somehow. His ability to think clearly was reduced, and his concerns and understanding of his changes were momentarily upset.

"What - what was I doing?" he said aloud with his softer voice. "Shit! I was meant to be serving drinks to the mistresses!"

He quickly left, not noticing another change that was occurring; his hips were starting to sway as they grew wider apart.

Luna looked to him with amusement as he returned, her gorgeous figure in her black lace dress dominating the centre of the room.

"How are you feeling, Ben?" she asked teasingly.

“I’m . . . I’m okay. I had a funny feeling in the bathroom, but I can’t remember what it was about. I’m just about to serve the wolf mistresses in the pool room.”

“See that you do. Oh, and it’s good to see you’re fitting your costume better as well.”

“I am?”

He looked over himself, and sure enough his server’s outfit was no longer as tight. His shoulders had shrunk to fit it, and his wider hips filled the space in his pants. Where the clothing had been tight against the crotch, it was like his manhood had shrunk to accommodate. The last part disturbed him a little, and another feature too; the shirt was a little loose around the chest, but slowly getting more comfortable. There was a pressure against his nipples, and they too seemed bigger, making visible indentations where his shirt fabric fell against them.

“I - what’s happening to me? Luna, I don’t understand. You said if I served I could go home. Why am I changing? Why am I - gnhh!”

There was a sudden pressure against the base of his spine. Something was growing there. He shot his paw-like hand there, and felt the first nub of what surely had to be a growing tail. At the same time, his chest expanded, flesh surging into two pockets behind his expanding nipples even as his height reduced even further, leaving him a mere 5’4. He panted heavily, tongue extending further than it should have, thinner too.

“Ohhhhhh, wh-what’s happening? Luna, please-”

“Shhh,” she interrupted, holding the now-shorter individual. Her fur was deeply comfortable, and it made Ben’s own skin itch, willing it to grow snow-white fur of its own. It proceeded to do so in several places: his thighs, his upper arms, and along his stomach and shoulders. “Shhh,” Luna continued, voice magnetic. Hypnotic. “There is nothing wrong. You don’t know what you speak of, young wolf cub.”

Her words had a soothing effect. Despite the fact that Ben’s ears were not firmly located on top of his head, and that his body was growing actual fur, he couldn’t help but feel comforted by Luna’s presence somehow. His abilities to reason, to problem solve, to realise fear in such a situation, all of these dimmed even further, leaving him strangely submissive to the immortal moon goddess with her luscious coat. Her fur was a comfort that soothed all concerns, even the decreasing size of his manhood between his legs. He ran his own hands over his furry sections, raising them up to feel his ears. His hair had gotten longer, and just like Luna’s own long hair, it was starting to become white.

“I’m s-sorry Luna,” he said, his voice higher than it should have been. “I don’t know what came over me. I’ll get back to work.”

“Of course, my dear pet,” Luna said, a sly smirk on her wolfish face. “But I think you’ve done enough on bar duties. We’ve made a bit of a mess around the other rooms; would you mind clearing up the space and keeping it clean like a good maid?”

“A maid? You mean a butler, right?”

“Of course dear,” she said, mischievously twirling her impressive tail. “Whatever makes you feel better.”

It *did* make him feel better, and he was quite dutiful as he went around the spare rooms, cleaning up litter that had been thrown about, removing fur that had been shed, and restoring pool items and towels to their proper place. As he worked, he didn't question how he was so easily able to move from space to space, knowing where everything should be. He hummed happily while he worked, the minutes passing easily as he restored order to chaos. To his own surprise, he was actually feeling quite *happy*, and it was made even better by how several of Luna's other aspects complimented him. Even one of her wolf pets brushed against him happily, though doing so seemed to stir the changes further: his waist thinned, pulling inwards while his hips expanded outwards yet further.

“Ngnnn, what's - ahhhh. Ohhhh, that's b-better!”

He ran his paws - and they were now almost fully paws - over his wider, womanly hips. With a low groan his rear swelled yet further, cheeks becoming full and bubbly, only to then become covered in perfect white fur.

“Mhmm, it f-feels right. How does this f-feel s-so right!?”

There was no other way to put it. The changing man panted, longer tongue thinning further at the end, widening at the base until it too was positively wolfish. His nose turned black, gaining a slight wetness to it, and it signalled a push to his jaw.

“Ahhh, ahhh. I'm ch-changing again. Why do I keep not caring when I change? I should be f-freaking out!”

And yet still, despite the shock of all that was happening to him, he still felt the need to continue cleaning the pool rooms, the saunas, the work out areas and the lounges. It was madness, but the compulsion was strong, and whenever he tried to stop himself the light of the moon or its reflection would cast down upon him in some way, making it hard to care. Worse, it also magnified the changes. His tail began to push out from his uniform, extending implacably in length and gaining its own seeming mind, swishing while it grew magnificent white fur. His genitals continued to shrink, his thighs thickened, and his height reduced. The fur that covered his form was now totally over him, with only his face, neck, and small of his back free from the strangely comfortable carpet. In the mirror he even noticed that his eyes were changing; they were not amber as he suspected they might become, but *red* instead. It made him quite striking, and it even left him feeling strangely smug about the look.

“You do have lovely eyes dear!” a red-brown wolf woman noted to him as he passed. She had the same sly smirk as Luna, and he got the distinct sense she was toying with him in this manner, using her other aspects to keep an eye on him and converse about him.

“Oh yes, we can’t wait to see until you’re finished,” said a black wolf woman with amber eyes. “You should be proud of your looks, Kyra.”

“My name isn’t Kyra!” Ben declared, managing to snap out of it for a moment. “I’m Ben! Ben, do you hear me! I’m a human! I’m not meant to become some weird wolf woman!”

“Oh, more like a wolf girl, given your age,” said Luna, and it was the *true* Luna this time. She approached in her beautiful black dress, her white tail swaying confidently, her face a vision of godly perfection. “Haven’t you noticed how much younger you are?”

Ben hadn’t, but then Luna held up a mirror, leaving him to gasp. He had indeed reduced in age, there was no other way to put it. Wrinkles had disappeared even as his face had become quite feminine.

“Good God, I don’t look older than twenty five,” he remarked.

“Good Goddess, in fact,” Luna said, cheekily gesturing to herself. Her height was now much greater than Ben’s, who couldn’t have been taller than 5’2 or so by this point, and still shrinking. “And I think you’ll find yourself to be twenty one years of age, now and for forever, my dear.”

“No! You can’t - why am I growing a tail? Are these boobs? Oh God, I have tits!”

They weren’t big, but the soreness in his chest was clear, the pressure rising as they continued to slowly inflate. They had to be small A-cups at most, but with his larger nipples and the fur making them look bigger, they seemed mighty too big from his perspective. The rest of him had shrunk in comparison, his body weaker, his form more feminine.

But Luna wasn’t too worried, far from it. She embraced the now-younger wolf girl, and once more the soothing presence made her forget. Her IQ was dipping further down, calming her shrinking mind and furry body. Her feet changed, gaining proper foot-paws, and that seemed just right to her as well. She removed her shoes as she parted from Luna, letting her new feet settle on the ground. They were the feet she was always meant to have, right?

“Let’s get you changed,” Luna said, patting her furry head, where the snout was just beginning to form. “You have such wonderful curves, it would be a foolish thing to cover them up, Kyra.”

Kyra blinked her red eyes, her mind momentarily sensing something was wrong. But then the mental changes settled further, and she followed Luna to a private room.

“Here we are,” Luna said, passing a pink shirt and tight yoga pants her way. “These will show off your form so much better. That bust is only going to grow, isn’t it?”

Just her words alone made this the case: Ben gasped as his chest surged forth even further, more tissue and fat forming there so that his breasts rose from A-cups to much more sizeable B’s. They then expanded further as he changed, growing to marvellous C’s, full and

ripe and bouncy on his chest, the fluff upon them a little lighter to show off their shape, even providing some gentle cleavage.

“Ohhhhh, I’ve got b-breasts,” he said. “You’ve given m-me breasts. They’re s-so big. So sensitive!”

“And so marvellous, dear. So very you!”

And they were. Ben couldn’t argue that. Hell, he couldn’t even think of himself as Ben at that point; after changing into his new feminine outfit, his mind continued to self-identify him as Kyra. He knew logically that he was Ben, but his logic was weaker now that his mental power had been reduced. Kyra just seemed far more appropriate for his new, wolf girl form.

Not that he was entirely a wolf girl yet, as the other aspects of Luna reminded him as he was sent out to parade his form and start participating in the activities rather than just clean up.

“Oh, such a beauty! She’ll be marvellous! I love those black lips and muzzle!”

“Yes, and the little black fur on her ears, not to mention how feminine and adorable she is!”

“Yes, indeed!” cried another. “I love those hips dear, and that cute rear! Truly the moon goddess has blessed you well, if not in height! You must be only four foot eleven at best. How utterly adorable!”

Kyra really was. She was tiny! Her stature made her oddly proud in a way she couldn’t define, perhaps because of how all the wolf women - which were just extensions of Luna - made her feel so cute. She knew they were partly teasing her, but her mind wasn’t smart enough anymore to detect all the sarcasm, and so most of it she took at face value. She occasionally grunted as more changes made themselves known; her shrinking penis, her thicker fur growth, her increasing muzzle, even the way her claws came in. She sat by the poolside, enjoying the warmth of the area and the comfort of the seating. She panted loudly as her body approached its final stages, her hands even becoming daintier to suit her new self.

But then she felt something new. An overriding need to see Luna right as her changes nearly finished. She still had a manhood, and that irritated her now even as she knew deep down that her changes were all wrong. Still, she moved, her hips swaying, her breasts bobbing with each step, her long white hair bouncing upon her shoulders. She found Luna in a private room, and the supposed moon goddess was sitting there as if expecting Kyra to arrive. There was a large window pane above her head through which the brilliance of the full moon was obvious, and its light bathed the pair of them.

“Kyra, you look wonderful,” Luna noted. “Like a true daughter of the moon. I’ve always wanted a daughter, and I’ve decided that you’ll do.”

The Ben part of Kyra managed to struggle up to the surface.

“N-no, I’m not your daughter. I’m . . . I’m Ben. I’m just a man. You said if you let me serve you for a few hours then you would let me go home, not turn me into a wolf girl with a tail and boobs and shrinking cock!”

Luna just giggled. “But I have fulfilled my promise. You *are* home, Kyra. This is your bedroom. Yours entirely, to sleep in and enjoy and personalise for all eternity. Now come, little wolfcub, and accept a massage. It’s time to initiate your final change.”

The Kyra part of her reasserted itself as Luna took her by the shoulder and brought her to the bed. Slowly, Kyra took off her female clothing at Luna’s direction, and then she allowed herself to be massaged by the powerful moon goddess. Her final muzzle changes solidified, leaving her look every part the daughter of Luna, but the moon goddess went even further. As she untensed the muscles in Kyra’s shoulders, and ran her fingers over her white fur, she also lowered a paw-hand to Kyra’s tiny remaining male genitals. She gently cupped them, humming softly in a motherly manner as she did so, and with a gentle tease, a push and a pull, she began to shrink them down to almost nothing. Kyra moaned, whimpered like a dog, the pleasure of the act far too great. An orgasm rushed to her as the ministrations reached their height, and as a result she was brought to a full - and final - male orgasm. Her remaining seed spurt from her body onto part of the bedsheet, and it continued to spurt until her balls were empty of all produce . . . forever.

“Ohhhhhhh, ch-change me, mother! Finish the ch-changes!” she whimpered.

“I will, my pet. My daughter. My cub.”

Another rub, another tease, and Luna resculpted her reproductive organs entirely. As the final wave of pleasure hit Kyra, her penis was pushed back into her body, folding in to become a wet and warm slit, her balls following immediately after. A vulva was now present, and a new organ bloomed within her; a womb at the end of said tunnel.

“Ahhhh, yessss,” Kyra moaned. She could barely believe what had happened to her, but happened it had. She had become a woman. A female wolf person. Her fur was brilliant and thick and soft and white, and her muzzle marked her as someone no longer human. Her ears took in sound better than they ever had, and her red eyes looked over her short yet very curvy and busty body. In the comfort of Luna’s arms, which were still massaging her, everything seemed right in the world. She had been Ben, yes, but now she was Kyra; the new daughter of the moon goddess, destined to live forever in the form she now occupied. Her tail swished behind her, and she took a few moments to cup her breasts and feel over her new form, admiring every part of it. It truly was beautiful, and she no longer had any fear of it, just a strong pride in being chosen to ascend to become Luna’s wolf daughter.

“Thank you mother,” she murmured, her eyes dreamy, her happiness clear. “Thank you for choosing me. I’m so very blessed.”

Luna smirked, chuckling darkly. “Oh, there’s no need to thank me, Kyra. It was you that found this place. I simply set your changes in motion. Now we can be mother and daughter, and you can enjoy your new female form forever. Won’t that be nice?”

“It sounds spectacular, mother, just divine.”

“Divine it is. I am a creature of divinity, after all. And who knows, perhaps one day another man will find his way in here, and I can give you a sister.”

The very notion of it excited Kyra. She had no desire not to return to being Ben; the hypnotic and comforting presence of her new mother was far greater than anything else.

“But now it’s time to sleep, my dear,” Luna said, patting her fur. “Sleep and rest in your new body. Tomorrow . . . you can finally start enjoying it.”

Kyra panted with excitement at that prospect, her pink tongue hanging slightly out. She was already enjoying her new body, now that she had accepted the change. So how good would tomorrow be? Even if it wasn’t, she still had an eternity to enjoy it.

The End