



The girl pressed her palms together in desperation, pleading to a higher power that she might be spared the beastly plague overtaking the town. She tried to ignore the screams of her fellow townsfolk outside the church walls turning into feral beasts and trembled at the thought of suffering the same fate. She was good. Devout. She didn't deserve to become a monster like the rest of them, right?

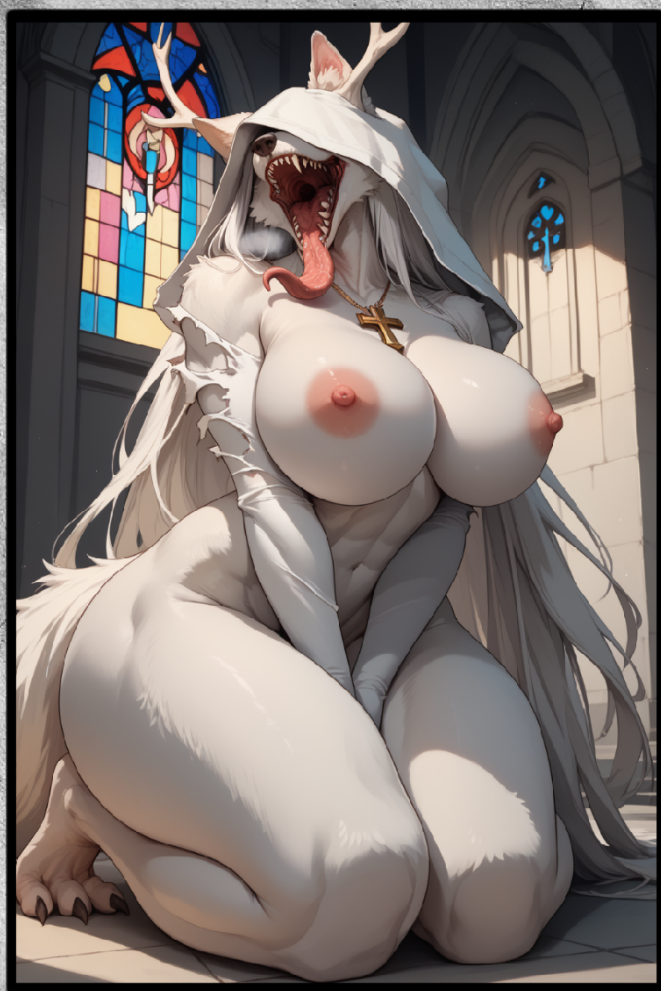


As her bones began to crack and fur began to sprout, it became clear that she would not be spared. She grit her teeth as the changes swept through her meek flesh. Her body began to swell as her nails hardened into claws. Her ears grew white and pointed as they moved up her head, poking through her hood. Her spine popped as a tail burst through her robes, swinging uncontrollably as a pair of antlers began to protrude from her forehead.



She hunched over as her body continued to grow. Her smooth skin was nearly covered by coarse, white fur.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as her mouth painfully stretched into a canine muzzle, her lengthening tongue rubbing against her sharpening teeth. Her fingers twitched as they lengthened into deadly claws, carving marks into the stone floor with ease.



Her thighs swelled with muscle as her chest burst from her robe, causing her to let out a feral screech of shock, pain, and pleasure. Her hood draped over her eyes as her hair grew down to the floor, shielding her gaze from her monstrous new form. She felt her humanity fading quickly as her senses grew stronger. She wanted to resist her growing beastly urges, but as the scent of blood in the streets filled her nostrils, she felt her gaping maw begin to drip with saliva.



Her eyes grew cloudy as her mind was overtaken by feral instinct. She turned her head upwards and shed a final tear in morning of her humanity before lustfully giving in to her new existence. Her eyes turned blank and pale as her lips curled into a monstrous smile. She plunged a claw between her legs and unleashed a bellowing howl as she reveled in the pleasure and pain of her transformation.

The new beast stood up, towering over her surroundings as her very footsteps shook the ground beneath her. She let out a satisfied growl as she embraced the strength of her new form. She thought nothing of her old life as she listened to the chaos in the streets. She could smell the hunters coming for her, but she was ready for a hunt of her own...

