



*A sheep was chewing grass in a field, happily. His friend from the herd, covered in wool, came to see him, and told him of another place where the grass was even greener. The first sheep was curious and let his gregarious instinct do the rest.*



Marcus was on his way to pick-up Adele for their date. As he came from William Park, a town neighboring Seanville, he still had a long way to go. Luckily, Marcus had his bike. It was one of his hobbies, to tinker with the it. He took great care of his baby, always making sure it was waxed and oiled up. The engine was roaring as the sun was setting down. From what he knew, they wouldn't go to Adele's home. The young man had guessed she didn't want her parents to get involved in any way. That was fine with him.

Apparently, Adele knew a place where they could spend the entire evening to be alone.

A few days ago, they went to see the Joker movie together. It was pretty awesome, and especially nice to know a girl who was into that sort of stuff and not just romance flicks. That's the kind of things he was expecting of Adele, though. He had known her for about 3 years now, and she had always seemed super nerdy. Although, she always seemed like... *friend material*, and not *girlfriend material*. Not so long ago, Marcus was actually considering getting closer to Melany. That girl tends to bitch about everything, but she was also pretty sexy.

But the thing is, recently, Adele had changed. Maybe she figured that if she wanted to be involved with guys at school, she'd needed to be more opened? It's hard to say how or why, but she suddenly got way more confident... and cute. Could be because she dropped her glasses for contacts. They did bring out her eyes. Weird choice, though, Marcus thought, it's like she went with the sort of contacts that changes the eye-color a bit. Made her look fierce, though.



Adele had been waiting outside on the sidewalk for about 15 minutes, by now. She was impatient to see Marcus. She had considered trying to have him sleep at home, but her parents would never approve one bit. No, especially if they were to... *make some noises*.

So, the blonde girl had made arrangements. Sophia told her she'd be out of town for the weekend, so Adele asked her friend if she could use her place for her date.

"Oooowh" said Sophia, wiggling her eyebrows with a complicit smile. She agreed: "Eh, alright, just don't break my stuff".

So, Adele spent her entire Saturday preparing things. She had been to her friend's place a few times before, and she knew it'd take a bit of cleaning. Sophia never was the neat type. The blonde girl had brought a few things from home without her parents knowing. As far as they knew, she was having a sleep-over at Sophia's... which was correct... she just never said with whom.

Adele herself wasn't sure where Sophia was going for the weekend, but it didn't really matter.

Adele wanted to look casual at first glance. She had picked some simple blue jeans and a black t-shirt with no design to tone down her nerdy side, but large enough to hide her... enhanced features. Her scheme was in motion. She'd get what she wanted before long.

"Soon..." she thought with a content smile.



Marcus had finally reached Seanville. The town was ready for Halloween, which would be next Saturday, six days from now. It was gleaming with many orange and yellow lights. He stopped caring about candies since he was eight, however the girls in costumes were always a treat. It wasn't as much of a thing when he was kid, to see girls in "sexy pumpkin" costumes and such. Or was he too young to notice, back then?

His mind went to imagining Adele in a slutty vampire costume. The young man smirked under his helmet.

After searching a few minutes, he saw her. She was at a corner street on the sidewalk, raising her hand to wave at him. He pulled up near her, removed his helmet and gestured a dignified bow.

"M'lady, your carriage is ready" said the young man with a jokingly stereotypical noble accent.

Adele, beaming, got up on the bike, replying: "Oh, thank you, Jeeves!" with an even more pronounced noblewoman accent.

Marcus put on his helmet back, and flipped the visor up, asking "Where to, now?"

The blonde girl showed him the general direction with her hand, toward the old town, as she said "21<sup>st</sup> on Davenport Street, that way!"

"A'right" he thought as he drove off, Adele gripping his chest with her arms.



The speed on the bike was exhilarating. Adele loved seeing the dead leaves fly around as if they drove by, like commoners making way for a royal carriage.

They quickly reached the old part of town, where the buildings were looking less and less modern, and the streets more and more gloomy.

They were a few streets away from where what Adele thought had been a wild dog attacked her. She now knew it had been her raven-haired friend all along, which changed her life forever. Although, from that experience, she knew one could scream for help and nobody would bat an eye... which suited Adele, she was expecting her night with Marcus to be quite noisy.

They arrived in front of the building where Sophia lived. The blonde girl had never really cared to look at how spooky the place was at night. Each building would actually be a pretty cool place for a haunted house. Some even had wooden planks barring their windows, while a few were cracked. With one hit of her elbow, she could break these in. Even Sophia's building looked like there had been a fire some time ago, one could clearly see large burn marks on the front-side bricks. That's likely why Sophia lives here, the rent must be cheap.

"Woah, Adele, you're planning on killing me tonight or something?" joked Marcus as he parked and secured his bike with a metal lock to the nearest lamp-post.

Adele let out a chuckle and replied: "Quite the opposite! Wait 'til you see what I prepared inside!"

They went inside and climbed the old concrete stairs to the second floor. There were only two doors and a street-side window. The door in front of Sophia's apartment had a "For rent" sign on it, which had led Adele to assume nobody would disturb them. She used the key Sophia left her to unlock the door, although she still had to force it open with her shoulder. With that, they stepped inside.

"Niiice!" said Marcus.

It was a fairly big room with bed, kitchenette, a few shelves, a desk with a janky-looking computer, and a big metal beam in the middle. The room was vaguely decorated with posters of black metal bands and a damaged rug near the bed. Between the kitchenette and the desk was a door, likely leading to the toilets and bathroom. Next to the entrance was another door where Adele had stashed a few of the clutter. It looked like nobody had ever cared to spend money into re-painting the place, so there were stains on the ceiling and walls, which had likely been there for many years before Sophia's tenure.

However, the previous day, Adele spent more than two hours cleaning dishes, vacuuming, and dusting the room. She also had brought a lot of things to improve the mood of Sophia's place. She had managed to smuggle some thick and soft bed blankets, as well as a few candles from her house which she had placed in strategic places to improve the mood.


She also decorated the room with red transparent fabric she had found at the local tailoring shop for almost nothing, which was now tied around the metal beam and to the shelves on the wall, turning the place into some kind of romantic Arabian tent, or as close as it could be to something romantic. Most important of all, Adele had moved the bed, which used to be in a corner, to be perpendicular to the wall, making it accessible from both sides.

While Marcus was putting down his helmet and removing his padded jacket, Adele purposefully left the ceiling lights off, but took a matchbox she left on the kitchenette to rapidly light the candles one by one. Everything was coming together!


Marcus asked: "Hey, that's an awesome place you got us there!"

"Right? That's Sophia apartment. She left me the keys for the week-end." she explained. The blonde girl turned around to him, displaying a large smile before going back to setting the mood.

"Oh, he has no idea!" she thought.



*The sheep had followed his friend away from the grassy field, and through the woods. The shepherd's dog never lets them go there. But the dog wasn't here, now. His cattle brethren led him toward an old clearing. Where was the grass?*



The blonde girl finished lighting the last candle. There were about a dozen, each in its own glass, brightening the room with a cozy orange glow and the nicely relaxing mixture of scents from various fruits ranging from orange to strawberry.

“Ah, yeah, I can see how that’s her room.” Said Marcus, pointing at a bunch of aluminum cans sticking out of a travel bag tucked under the desk. Paint cans. Although teachers merely suspected her, it was well-known among the other students that Sophia was the author of a series of tags around town.

Adele sat on the side of the bed, in front of the computer, patting the bedsheet with her hand, looking at Marcus. “Wanna sit down?” she asked.



Without a second thought, he accepted the girl’s invitation and sat on the bed with her. Marcus wasn’t as thoughtful about his clothing as Adele was. He was now free of his biking gear, revealing an old Godsmack t-shirt he got at a concert many years ago. The young man was impressed by how Adele had managed to improve a place that surely looked bleak otherwise. It now seemed like a cozy nest.

“So, Adie, what’s the plan? Wanna watch a movie? We could buy some food on my phone.” he proposed.



She was doing her best to keep-up appearances, but half of Adele’s mind was screaming to her, like a deluge of anxious words.

“What the fuck am I doing?” – “This is moving way too fast!” – “I’m going to ruin everything!”  
“Yes!” – “Too fast!” – “Gotta dial it back down!” – “The fuck was I thinking?!” – “Should we just watch a movie on YouTube?” – “Maybe grab a bite first?”

She turned her head to Marcus and peered into his calm eyes, took a breath, and as she did, it was as if something woke-up inside her.

“The mood is set.” – “It’s now or never.” – “Just keep looking into his eyes.”  
On a decisive tone, she replied “Yeah, I’m starving!”.



Before Marcus knew it, Adele sprang into action, jumped on her feet, got in front of him, shoved him on the bed, and saddled herself on his lap.

“Woah!” was all he could say, before she placed a hand on his mouth to stop him from saying anything else. With a soft voice, she stated “You’re all mine, now”.

Marcus may have acted like a Chad in high school, especially around other guys, and had kissed a few girls, but he never had been this intimate with one before. Nevertheless, he loved where this was going, so he’d gladly let her do whatever she wanted. It was clear to him that she knew what she was doing.

She scooped herself from his lap and down in front of him on her knees. Marcus couldn’t believe this was happening. With her right hand, she rubbed the bulge of his crotch through his pants, which had been at full mast ever since he set foot in the appartement. The young man’s eyes were switching back and forth between diving into Adele’s hazel -almost golden- eyes, and her fingers. He only noticed now how she even had her nails neatly polished with a glossy light-red color. These fingers, almost sharp as claws, went to unzip his jeans, revealing the lump of his swollen underpants.

Marcus swallowed a gulp of saliva as he saw the sultry smile displayed on Adele’s face. Their eyes met. She bit her lip and pulled his boxers, freeing his throbbing erected and curved dick.



His member smelled like sweat. She knew she shouldn’t have been expecting anything else, it wasn’t going to smell appetizing. Sophia told her dick tastes like beer. Adele never had beer herself, nor had she drunk alcohol before, except the occasional sip forced upon her by relatives during holiday parties so she’d try. The last time was so long ago, she had forgotten the actual taste, aside from remembering it as awful and bitter. From what Sophia said, she was expecting it to taste horrible.

While doing her best not to betray her thoughts, she slipped her tongue out and gently licked the pulsing cock in front of her.

“Uh...” – “It’s sour.” – “It’s salty.” – “So weird!” – “It’s sweet.” – “Actually doesn’t smell that bad...” She lapped his length and kissed it, leaving a smooshed pink lipstick imprint. Marcus was certainly loving the treatment as his head was tilted backwards.

After a minute of this treatment, she was ready for more.

“It’s my time now!” – “He’s had enough!” – “Our time!”



The young man had a hard time keeping his eyes opened. He consciously wanted to look at the pretty girl giving him head, but his own body was betraying him. But then, she stopped tending to his member, and after a few seconds, he was able to lift himself back on his forearms and see.

In front of him, the blond girl stood up. The weird thing was that it felt like a different girl from the one he knew from school. Adele was shy, quiet, nerdy, a little bit awkward and funny, always wearing clothes with prints of memes. Lately, she did seem more confident and a lot less awkward, especially in PE class. The girl in front of him was that, pushed to eleven. She was sultry, determined, displaying a devilish smile.

Adele gripped her black shirt and pulled it up before throwing it on the linoleum floor. She immediately pushed her jeans down, undulating her hips, showcasing an incredibly fit body that Marcus would never have suspected was hiding under her clothes, wrapped in sexy black lingerie, still covering her nudity.

Under the flickering light of the candles, he could now fully appreciate her perky breasts, her nipples pointing through the black fabric. Her legs were covered by that thin textile making it look like her skin was darker, while her panties provided an alluring mystery, which paradoxically made her so much sexier.

“Woah!” was all he could say.

But what was now grabbing his attention was how she had smooth abs, and well-defined muscles all around, from her shoulders to her thighs. By contrast, with most girls Marcus knew, one couldn't see where the shoulders ended and where the arms started proper. These girls weren't fat or anything, but they weren't toned as if they were trying to become cheerleaders either. But Adele? The young man could even see the hint of her biceps, like she had been lifting weights all year.

It's weird because he never noticed that before... come to think of it, recently, Adele had been wearing baggy clothes at school, even inside. Sure, it's cold around October, but it's like she was ashamed of how she looked.

He quickly forgot about his many questions, though, as Adele inquired: “Like what you see?” Oh, he sure did.



Adele had taken a page from Sophia's book, who was always wearing ripped jeans with stockings underneath. So, under her simple and wide clothes, Adele had been hiding black lace nylons and sexy lingerie she had been eyeing for a few weeks. It was far from the latest fashion or anything, but Marcus didn't know that, and certainly didn't care. But she could tell he was loving it, loving her, just by looking at his erect shaft, pulsing with hot blood.

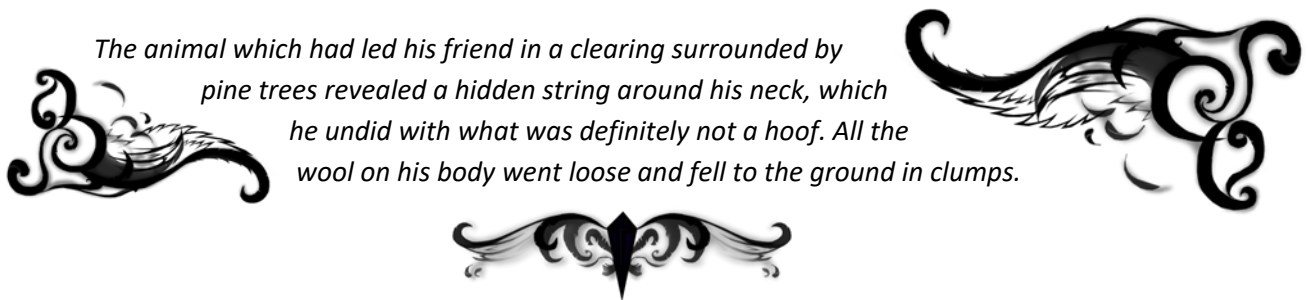
She leaned forward, placing her left hand next to Marcus' shoulder, then shifted her right knee next to his, like a beast hovering her mangled prey. The young man tried to grab her side with his left hand, but she gently took it and accompanied it to her breast instead. As he blissfully groped the C-cup fabric, Adele could hardly contain a moan. She propped herself back, a strap of her bra sliding from her shoulder, saddling herself on Marcus' crotch.

The blond girl's face was beet red. The young man still couldn't believe this was happening. She slowly began waving her hips back and forth, stroking his member with her lower lips through the

panties' soft fabric. With every move, she was getting hornier and hornier, the lingerie's ornated cloth was getting damp, permeated with her sweet nectar.

The heat in her loins ignited a spark of electricity which instantly traveled through her spine to her head. Adele hadn't expected that it would feel this good. She felt a tingle in every fiber of her body, suddenly full of energy, as each of her limbs was tightening.

Marcus grabbed her hips, as if he wanted to prevent her from flying away. Adele reclined herself back, her hands resting behind her on the bed as support. The trembling light of the candles were now playing a devilish spectacle of shadows within the room, highlighting her features.



Now that she was actually moving her hips around, Marcus could see her abs shifting around, their sharp edges previously hidden by the smallest amount of body fat in her stomach was now somehow exposed to the flickering lights. Even more surprising was how she seemed even fitter than before.

If at first, it had felt like he was in heaven sinking in a cloud, he now realized how he was being expertly teased by a succubus, a mistress of pleasure, slowly grinding her pelvis on his lap, torturing him with sensual delights. He slid his hands from her hips to her thighs and began to gently caress them. There was no fat there either, just strong legs with which she could strangle his mid-section if she wanted to.

Marcus had never really had a type of girl before. He would've gone out with any girl from his high school who would've asked him... which he did. He just never could've suspected one of the shyest girls he knew was hiding such a lustful creature under her ample clothes.

If minutes ago, the young man was considering grabbing Adele's waist to shove her back on the bed, to smash her pussy while she'd scream for him to keep going faster and harder... he was now realizing that he might never have been able to overpower his partner at all.

He moved a hand to her crotch a slipped a hand under her panties. It was warm and wet. He couldn't stop himself burrowing his fingers inside her lower lips.



Adele had been able to quietly moan while keeping her mouth shut until now, but Marcus tunnelling his fingers inside her brought back a memory buried deep within her, like a locked door being smashed open from the inside. She remembered her imposing, white-furred self being drilled by a dark-furred wolf in the woods, dominantly screaming for more.

She had been gleefully enjoying rubbing herself on Marcus' dick for a few minutes now, her head facing the ceiling, her eyes closed... but no more.

“I want more!” – “It's time!” – “Take what we both want!” – “No more teasing!” – “He's ours!”

The young girl shifted her posture forward, slightly curved back so she wouldn't need support from her arms. She had all the support she needed from her legs strongly strapped to her mate's waist. She could feel her whole body tightening, strengthening. Her eyes locked with Marcus'. She flashed a grin, almost predatory. Her teeth were aching, but this one was not to be bitten. Not yet at least.

She could feel pulses rushing through her body. Warm blood was racing in her bulging limbs. Her veins were throbbing. Most of it seemed to be going to her loins. Even though it was a sensation she had already felt a few times before, she was too overwhelmed to realize what was going on.

The room had no reason to be hot, the candles were certainly not enough for that. And yet, Adele was sweating, her breathing became more intense. Her nipples were naggng inside the soft fabric of her bra, as if the cups weren't big enough to contain her breasts.

With a hand, she grabbed the textile of her panties and tucked them aside in the crease of her thigh, revealing the wet folds of her lower lips. With her fingers, she could feel hair there. For a mere moment, she asked herself if she had forgotten to shave herself in the morning, but the rush of sensations made her forget all doubts, as she greedily took hold of Marcus' cock with her other hand before shoving it inside her. She immediately got back to gyrating her hips, enjoying the feeling of his length rubbing the inner walls of her pussy, brushing against the complex network of nerves.

The young man couldn't handle the rush of pleasure as his elbows gave up, letting his head fall back on the bedsheets.

“Ooooh, keep going, don't stop!” he begged.

Adele was now fully enjoying the experience, there was no way she'd stop. She raised her arms to her head to shuffle her hair around, massaging her itching scalp, while a few strands would stick to her sweaty skin, on her forehead and shoulders. She slowly began to bounce up and down.

His dick was reaching places no fingers or tongue ever did before, and the heat was overwhelming.

The right cup of her bra which already got unstrapped from her shoulder a few minutes ago gave up and slid down as her boob was now overflowing, her nipple defiantly springing out.

She kept going up and down on Marcus' manhood. Waves of pleasure were pulsing through her from her loins, while she was also enjoying rustling her mane. Every strand of hair was stimulating her head. While she brushed her hair, she flexed her arms, which she hadn't had the opportunity to exert in a while. She wanted to grab something heavy and bend it, break it, smash it, to sink her nails, -no, her claws- in something. Her jaws were sore, her teeth aching still. She could feel an odd taste on her tongue. She was craving a good and juicy steak right now. She hadn't eaten since lunch after all. Still hopping up and down, she clenched her belly, contracting her six-pack.



The laces of her bra and panties were cutting in the skin of her heavy chest and her hips. It was irritating, getting between her and the pleasure. She had no need for them anymore, their purpose had been fulfilled, she was on top of her quarry already, she just had to go for the kill- for the climax, that is.

As she moved a hand to massage her breasts and tease one of her nipples, she sent her other hand to her back to remove the offending garment. However, she experienced a bit of frustration as she failed to unclasp the hook. Why was it so taut? Did she take a model too small for her? It seemed fine earlier.

Irritated, she stopped jerking on Marcus' member for a second as she tried to fiddle with the hook in vain. "Wanna play it like that? Alright!" she thought.

Bringing back her arms in front of her on the bedsheets, she bent down over Marcus and she flexed her back with all her might, every muscle now firmly dancing under her skin. The hook couldn't handle so much stress and broke, exploding in an audible "clack!" sound.



Marcus woke up of his trance-like state, lifting his head to no-longer see the girl with a ponytail he knew from school, but a heaving woman, covered in perspiration, her blond hair matted to her forehead and shoulders, every muscle of her body tensed, her bra in her hand. It was like every time he looked at her, she seemed more and more toned than before.

In the dim light of the candles, her ravenous eyes even seemed to glow, as if each was inhabited with its own light, like a cat's eyes.

Adele threw the remains of her bra to the floor and leaned forward, placing her hands on each side of the young man's head, surrounding him, before bringing her head closer to his, her hair falling around like a curtain.

They kissed for what felt like several minutes, their tongues dancing in their mouths. Marcus could feel her sharp teeth and taste her saliva, which had a bit of an after tone, tasting a bit like when he'd brush the gums of his teeth too hard... like blood? He pushed the thought aside. They were both moaning in pleasure, while she was now all over him, slowly grinding up and down on his phallus, her breasts rubbing on his chest, her hard nipples caressing his pecs.

He slipped a hand under her armpit and grabbed her shoulder, while he went for her buttock with the other hand. Surprisingly, there was no fat to fondle on either. How could he have never noticed that this shy and nerdy girl was some kind of man-eater amazon? It even felt like she was older than him. Hadn't she always been smaller than him?

As she was done kissing him, she rose back, her hands on his torso, lightly racking her nails on his chest. Was he dreaming, losing consciousness? Or was she taller than before? Her breasts were huge. He couldn't believe the piece of lingerie she threw on the ground earlier had ever been big enough to contain these. He couldn't believe the clothes she wore at school were big enough either, for that matter. "Something's wrong, there." He thought.



“Something’s wrong, there.” She thought.

Adele could see it in Marcus’ eyes. What was this expression? Was that... doubt? Wasn’t he enjoying this anymore? Did she do something wrong?

And then she saw it.

Her hands clamped on his torso... their nails had been replaced by small dark talons, their edges slightly transparent and lighter, like ivory.

“Shit! Did he see them?”

How didn’t she notice either? Had she been too aroused from sex to feel it? Every time she had grown claws -every time she transformed into a werewolf, actually-, it had been excruciatingly painful, she even needed these weird purple painkillers to make it bearable. Was she already over that? She thought she had control over it, she had managed to keep it under wraps for two whole weeks, now.

And the next fullmoon wasn’t even going to be up for two more weeks!

“Uh... what the fuck is going on with you?!” asked Marcus, raising his voice, putting his hand on her stomach. The blond girl looked down. “Oh no” she thought.



*Chunks of dirty wool were falling one after the other in the mud of the clearing. The innocent grass-eater was finally realizing that his friend had been a hungry wolf in sheep’s clothing all along.*



Adele’s pubic hair were scaling her belly to her navel. No, not pubic hair. It was white fur.

There was no doubt now, she was turning, and she had already completely lost control of the situation. She had to come clean.

“What the fuck are you?! Crap crap crap!” he shouted as he was trying to crawl backward on the bed to escape. He failed, however, as Adele’s legs had a solid grip on his waist. She lunged herself forward, dislodging his manhood, and she tightly grabbed Marcus’ arms at the wrists. He looked so much smaller than her, now. Her little prey.

She could silence him easily if she had to. A good bite on his throat and it would be over.

“No, shut-up!” she thought to herself.

She sighed. “Calm down dude, I’ll explain.”

He was scared. But he gulped down some saliva and relaxed.

“So... you got me. As dumb as it sounds, I’m... I’m a werewolf, I guess.” She admitted.

He frowned. “Are you fucking kidding me?” asked the young man, pinned down on the bed.

“I wish I was. I’ve been like that for a few weeks, now. It’s hard to control, hard to hide.” Explained the feral-looking girl.

He retorted “Wait, a few weeks?”. He paused as many thoughts were rushing to his head.

“That actually explains a few things”

But everything he thought he knew about fiction was turned on its head. However, the undeniable proof was very much sitting on him, fur creeping in real time on her body.

“Can’t believe it’s real... are vampires real too?!” he inquired.

“Uh.” Was all she could say, bewildered at the question. “I... don’t know... maybe?”

Marcus had so many questions rushing through his head. “How did it happen?” he asked.

Funnily enough, it was Adele, who may have been physically on top, but now seemed to be searching for a way out, considering her options.

“So... uh... full disclosure, Sophia is a werewolf too, she’s been one before she even joined our school, and she’s the one who bite me.” The blond girl revealed.

“What?! You’re jok- Sophia? Our Sophia? The goth girl?” he exclaimed before thinking again.

“Actually, that kinda checks out too, the two of you are always hanging out. Shit.” He concluded in his head, putting pieces of the puzzle together.

Adele apologized “I’m so sorry, that’s not something I wanted you to know... I guess now that I think about it, it was bound to happen, but I guess I thought it’d happen in better conditions.”

Marcus smiled “Eh, can’t say you didn’t butter me up for the reveal... I had no idea you were hiding such a wild side!”

“I know, it’s weird, I’ve been craving for stuff like that...” she explained. It was now clear to her that she had changed a lot more than she thought. Her old self would never have been assertive enough to do any of what she did here. She’d be alone at her desk browsing YouTube, checking out meme-reviews or cat videos, right now.

“So, you’re not going to eat me or bite me, right?” he asked, still concerned for his safety.

“Oh no, no, that won’t happen.” She assured.

“Ok soooo... care to let me go, now?” Marcus asked with a smile.

Adele was suddenly reminded of what they were doing just a few minutes ago.

“But I’m not done!” – “We’re not done!” – “I want more!” – “WE want more!” – “Don’t stop now!”

A wave of energy rushed through her body once again. Marcus might not have heard it, but she felt small cracks as her back muscles flexed and moved slightly around. She was all fired up again.

Squinting her eyes, Adele displayed a rapacious grin and replied, “Why would I?”.

She growled and continued “I got you right where I want. I think it’s time you did something for me.”

With a quick gesture of her hands, she undid the decorative ties on the sides of her panties and pulled the garment from under her before throwing it on the floor near her bra.

“Wait, what?” he asked, but before he could object further, the blond girl slithered her waist covered in white fur across Marcus’ chest. and planted her labia on his mouth.

“Now that I’m half-way there, why not finish it, right? Don’t you want to please me too?” she teased.



Marcus tried to resist, but quickly realized it was a losing battle. Oddly enough, the scent wasn't that bad. It was almost intoxicating.

The young man hadn't thought the evening could've gotten weirder from there, and yet, here he was, stuck under an Amazonian girl slowly turning into a beast of legend, about to lap at her womanhood.

The strangest part being that he was somewhat ok with it: comfortably squished in the soft bed, the biggest and firmest boobs he had ever seen in real-life hovering about a foot from his head. It seems that while they kissed, her orange-sized breast had grown to the size of melons. Her arms and legs were as big and strong as the ones from those female bodybuilders he had seen online.

Except these women had been training and taking various dubious supplements and stimulants over the course of many years to get there, and their skin always seemed so dry and stiff.

But he could tell that Adele's skin was firm, yet also soft to the touch.

He gave it a go a licked, feeling the nub of her clitoris, the flaps of her labia. They were wet, overflowing with her juices. The scent was actually incredible, like an indescribable mixture of the sweetest fruits on Earth. So he licked again, and again.

Since she was sitting on his mouth, his arms were free. She was too busy to care about what he could attempt to do, as her eyes were closed. One of her hands was fondling her left boob, while the other was caressing the length of her stomach.

With a hand, Marcus reached around her leg to grab hold of her, massaging her thigh.

He had no idea if what he was doing with his tongue was working or not, just lapping randomly, a lot of her juices flowing in his mouth, her heady scent pushing him to keep going.

He obviously had never licked a girl's pussy before, let alone one who was towering over him like Adele was, so maybe it was normal, but he was feeling a rush of energy like never before. His dick was pulsing with desire, so with his other hand, he grabbed hold of it and started to pull on it. He couldn't see, it was likely all in his head, but his member felt a lot more strained than ever before, as if the skin around his cock was about to burst to reveal something a lot bigger. His thumb could even feel a vein gorged with blood snaking on his length.



She wished the tease of Marcus' tongue on her labia would never end. Each lick was sending a ripple of ecstasy straight to her brain. And with each wave, she sensed something tightening in her body, pushing the change further. Either the sexual pleasure was drowning the pain better than the pills ever did, or she was already getting used to the change, already beyond needing the help of these stimulants.

With her tongue, she brushed her teeth – no, these were no longer teeth, but sharp fangs, fit to rip flesh apart. But they were aching, constricted in her small mouth, just like her tongue, which had gotten a lot longer. She felt her ears gravitating to the top of her head, as if they were being pulled up by tiny ropes.

Adele grabbed the back of her head with her two hands and flexed as hard as she could, her shoulders pulling on her chest. She could feel pecs hiding under her breasts. That felt incredible! She sensed her ribs cracking and immediately rebuilding into something bigger. Her torso barreled out, the skin of her chest straining on her breasts, pulling them back even firmer than before. Her abs tightened, revealing the bottom row connected to her loins. They were now surrounded by creases separating them from her obliques. Her pelt was crawling further and further, creeping around her breasts, on her back, grabbing hold of her shoulders.

She felt a little nub moving on her lower back. She was already able to nudge her growing tail, a natural extension of her spine, like shaking her hips. With each second, it was growing bigger, pulling on her ass and on her back.

Meanwhile, Adele's skull was cracking all over. Irritating popping noises were resonating in her cranium, and it felt like needles were being planted all over her head. The ringing pain was minimal compared to the last time, though. It sneaked its way from the back of her skull to her jaws. She lost the ability to move them for a few seconds and could only growl, but she perceived perfectly well how her nose was getting further away, how her fangs were allowed more space.

She drew an imaginary circle with her head, flexing her neck around, as her trapezius muscles bulged. With them, the deltoids on her shoulders took shape, digging creaks between the strips of sinew. Her biceps and triceps then exploded to enormous sizes, shortly followed by her forearms. Adele felt a rush of power which made her want to grab something, anything, and crush it with her strong clawed hands.

She could feel her mate's head, squeezed between her thighs, now much more powerful, corded with muscles like steel wires. With but a thought, she could crush his skull. But Marcus had done such a good job... Her plaything deserved a reward.



Adele lifted herself up, crawling back out of the bed. The young man pulled back his tongue in his mouth, swallowing a mixture of saliva and pussy juices. He could finally breathe freely, even though her scent had grown on him. He raised his back and sat on the bed for the first time in almost half-an-hour, shoving his dick back in his pants.

In front of him stood the once small and cute girl that asked him out on a date, now a towering she-beast whose head was close to touching the ceiling of the room, surely strong enough to punch holes in the walls with her bare hands. Any hint of who she was before was gone, her gentle face and blond hair entirely replaced by a wolf's maw, snout, her two pointy ears stretched upward, and a wide mane of white fur behind her almost reaching her waist. Her whole powerful body was now also covered in snow-white fur, the tattered remains of her stockings still desperately trying to hold themselves together despite many holes and tears.

As for him, his jeans and shirt were covered in various stains of sweat from both of them, as well as stains of her juices. He felt like a truck had run over him, but all things considered, he was ok. He just had an encounter with a werewolf, after all. He was unharmed, no bite-marks, no claw-marks. The unfortunate characters who had encountered these creatures in horror movies certainly couldn't say the same.

"I feel like it's time for you to be in control." She declared.

"Oh?" he said while raising his eyebrows. He agreed: "Sure."

"Alright, get up so I can lie down." She ordered.

The bestial girl sat down on the bed and laid herself down on the stained bedsheets. She was far too big for the bed, her arms and legs having out-grown the frame, so she placed her head against the wall on a pillow. With one hand, she grabbed one of her enormous breasts, and with the other, she spread her lower lips.

"I want you to fuck me as hard as you can." She commanded.

"Yes ma'am!" he gladly agreed.

There was no-way the young man could lift her legs or place them on his shoulders, so he just placed a hand on her thigh, feeling her soft fur. He pulled his cock back out of his jeans and lodged it on her massive labia. That was enough to trigger a shiver which ran through both their bodies. And then he pushed himself in.

Even though Marcus thought he was already close to exploding, he gave it his everything and repeatedly slammed Adele's loins with all the vigor he could muster, feeling his shaft brush against the inner walls of her uterus, triggering every nerve-endings, trying to hit her from a different angle with every thrust.

And it worked, she was in trance, her tongue lolling out, moaning heavily with every breath. Her eyes were closed, and it seemed like every time she wanted to open them, her golden irises would refuse and still be turned to the inside of her head.

"Yeah, keep going!" she screamed.

They both went at it for a while, Marcus even trying to occasionally tease her clit with his thumb. After a while, it devolved into a confused mess of moans and grunts, as Marcus had thrown his shirt and pants on the floor and was holding onto Adele's thighs as if his life depended on it.

After about ten minutes, Adele began quaking from what was surely a violent orgasm.

At the same time, Marcus shouted "I- I think I'm about to- to c-"

Everything then started to blur out, as if he was drowning.



*What happened to the sheep is left to interpretation. All that is known is that he never came back to the pastures of his herd again.*



Marcus' phone alarm rang. It was 9:30 AM. His eyelids felt like they were glued together. He wanted to stay asleep a little longer but-

"Uh?" he thought, as he looked closely around. Oh fuck, that's right.

Right under his head was Adele's, her messed-up hair sticking everywhere, her face snuggling against his chest, one arms braced to his back while the other was tucked under the pillow, and one of her legs clamped to his waist. She was smiling.

The young man's own arm was placed on her hip while the other was offering support to her head.

Could he have imagined what happened last night? Was it some kind of weird ass dream? The girl in his arms was so much smaller than him, now. Despite the tangled hair, she was so pretty.

"No, last night happened." Marcus thought. "It must've."

He tried to move just a little bit.

"Hey." Adele whispered, softly.

"Hey." He replied. "You alright?" he inquired, concerned.

"Look, I'm sorry about last night. That wasn't planned." She apologized. She continued: "We're on free period this morning, right? We got all the time in the world. Wanna take it slow?"

Marcus was lost in thought for a second. "Oh, right" he realized, remembering their first class on Mondays were at 1:00 PM. "I forgot. Sorry for the alarm."

The blond girl slowly got up while he propped his head on his elbows.

She was fully nude and even from behind, she was so beautiful, it was like watching a model in a magazine... except she had no imperfection to edit away on Photoshop. She was right there, real.

Adele picked up her broken bra and ripped leggings which were lying on the floor.

"Fuck, these weren't cheap..." she commented, annoyed at herself.

She continued: "Guess the panties are still fine, though. Might be able to fix the bra's hook, too."

She slipped the panties on, quickly fastening the little bows on each side, then proceeded to grab her shirt.

As she lifted her arms to put her black shirt on, she stretched her belly, and Marcus was able to admire her sexy abs for but a second before they were hidden once again under the wide piece of clothing.

“So, look... if you don’t mind talking about it, I have so many questions...” he admitted.

“Yeah!” She sighed. “I bet you do... Tell you what, I think Sophia has a pot, let’s do that with some tea or coffee, k?”

Marcus accepted her offer. “Alright for coffee.”

Her eyes still half-closed, she agreed: “Sold... to the dapper fellow in underwear”.

A few minutes later, they were both relaxing with a cup. Marcus had slipped back into his jeans, still sitting on the bed, while Adele was on the desk chair, still in her panties, her shirt effectively hid everything else but her legs.

“So. You’re a werewolf.” He concluded.

Adele fact-checked: “Yup.”

For a few seconds, there was silence, as Marcus was sorting all the questions flying around his head.

“How much of the myths are true, though?” he shrugged before sipping from his cup.

Adele, holding her cup with two hands, rested it on her thighs.

“Well...” She paused. “We can spread the curse or gift or whatever you call it by biting, that I know for sure.”

“Ok... But you didn’t seem like a wild animal last night, though.”

Adele nodded. “Nah, but I do lose pretty much all of my inhibitions. It’s a bit like a rush of energy, you get a bit power-hungry.” She explained.

As a response, Marcus almost giggled while sipping coffee, making big round eyes. He swallowed the coffee in his mouth and went “Yeah, I noticed.”

He paused and then added “No complains here, though. Craziest night of my life.”

She ignored that, as she was looking into the black elixir clouded with a hive of small brown bubbles. She went on: “Seriously though, I do sometimes wonder if I’m still me, sometimes. It a bit freaky.”

There was a silence for a few seconds, and Marcus asked: “Have you looked for a cure or something?”

“No, actually. I mean, how’d you think I’d find that? I’d have to become some kind of circus-freak online.” Adele frowned. She then shrugged: “Besides, y’know, it could be worse. I could be unconsciously running around the neighborhood eating stray cats and people at night, waking up in the woods covered in blood.”

Marcus nodded: “True.”

She continued: “There are fringe benefits, too.”

The young man lifted his head out of curiosity. “Like what?”

She answered: “I’m sure you’ve noticed how I don’t wear glasses anymore.”

He felt like slapping his forehead, as it was so obvious. “Riiiiiiight, everybody thinks you’re wearing contacts, now!”

“Nope, werewolf super-sight. Not only that, but I’m pretty sure that I’m like X-23 over there.” She corrected.

Marcus frowned: “Uh?”

She clarified: “Like... Wolverine, but as a teenage girl. Got super earring, super sight, super smell, and super healing.” She took a sip of coffee, swallowed and kept going: “Not as good, but pretty fucking close. Haven’t tried being shot in the head yet, but I did get stabbed with a nail and walked away with a small scar the next morning.”



“Wait back-up, a nail? How?” he asked, concerned.

She explained further: “Oh no, nothing bad. Sophia and I have been hanging out in an abandoned factory building outside of town where we can change in peace. It’s littered with crap though-”

Before the blond girl could finish her sentence, her phone rang, her ringtone sounding like the voice of video-game character asking to pick-up the phone. “Adele in a nutshell.” Marcus thought.

The screen said it was Sophia. Adele immediately pressed the green button on the tactile screen, then the little sound icon to put Sophia on speaker.

“Hey butthead, what’s up?” Said the voice of the goth girl.

Marcus smirked.

“Everything’s alright, queen. Marcus is right there.”

“Hey, nice, what’s shaking big-M?”

Marcus thought about how he now knew that Sophia was also a werewolf. He tried his best to act casual:

“Hey Sophia!”

Over the phone, they could hear the sound of a car engine revving up.

“Ok guys, I’m in the car on my way back. I was just calling to warn you, I’ll be there soon. Also, I’ll bring a black light with me. I better not find stains on the walls or on my bed!”

There was a short silence as Marcus’ and Adele’s eyes crossed paths.

“Uuuuuh” Adele blurted out.

Sophia added “JK I don’t give a fuck, have fun you two, see you later!”

Adele sighed: “He, ok, see you then!”

The blond girl placed her phone back on the desk.

“I... I think I’m gonna clean a bit. Wanna give me a hand?” she asked.

Marcus agreed: “Yeah, sure.”

Today was shaping like a nice sunny day. Even though the window was closed, Marcus could hear the birds chirping outside and he could smell the cheese melting on the surface of pizzas in the restaurant below, which was getting ready for lunch.

“Mmmh. I could go for a meat-lovers...” the young man thought.



*It was however possible that among the wolves  
running through the forest around the farm, a  
sheep in wolf's clothing had joined the pack.*



Sophia's pick-up truck was rushing on the road, leaving behind a flight of dead leaves. The old vehicle had seen better days, the edges of most of its parts were marked by rust. Even the window of the passenger side seemed to be held in place with tape.

The back was covered with a blue plastic tarp, its convex shape indicating that something was protected under it.

The moss-colored truck wasn't hers, but it wasn't like her stepdad would ever ask for it back. Knowing him, he surely had bought himself a new one. Well... 'new' as in 'used, but clean'. Anyway, he wouldn't care about the stenciled black bird taking flight on the door she added a while ago. Not like either him or her mom would ever drive all the way to Seanville to find her.

As much as she hated living in a run-down apartment, it was a fucking lot better than where she used to live before, by a wide margin. She hated owing anything to the other douches, but after what happened with Adie, she needed more pills, just in case something else went wrong.

She felt like she had to protect her, too. One day or another, that fucker would show his hipster face in her place asking for them to join his pack again, and there was no-way she'd let that happen.

Sophia had been driving for several hours. She had to get on the road early if she wanted to be ready for school. Not that she gave a single fuck about learning how to solve math equations. She just could stop thinking about-

Her phone buzzed as the screen lit up, showing a series of text messages between the goth girl and someone else.

"Hey Foxy. How would you like to hang out with Adele and I on Saturday? There's something we gotta show you." Said the previous message.

As the phone updated the conversation, a new message appeared, pushing the previous one above.

"Hey little Crow. Got nothing fun planed yet. I'm game. Bring your cheese and something to drink, I'll bring my songs. See you in jail."

Sophia smiled and pressed the gas pedal as all her worries flew away with the leaves, while she passed an old metal indicating the name of the town, half covered in tags, which now read "Welcome to YAWnville – standing proud since 1908".

