

Nightfall would soon enough extend its shadowy reach over the town. There was still about an hour left before the sun would surrender its hold of the sky.

*“Fucking West Burrow Town...”*

A teenage girl was wandering in the dirt roads not far from West Burrow *Town*, heading to the old, abandoned church. The place was burned to the ground one and a half century ago. Some crazy horrific story about the civil war where people hid in the church, and a group of confederate soldiers decided to burn them alive. Not a very joyful story. Then again, neither was West Burrow. People weren’t super nice around here.

The girl was now climbing the ancient stone stairs covered with moss leading atop the hill where the church used to be. A new church had been built on the other side of town after the war, and the entire cemetery had been moved with it. All that was now left were some old foundations near the woods and empty stone graves.

There were still a dozen steps left before the teen would reach the old ruins, but another girl was already waiting there, wearing a hoodie, a joint in her hand.

“Who the fuck are you?” asked the other girl, her back slouched against a short wall, inquisitively. The other decided to reply with another question: “Why the fuck does it concern you?”

The first girl had short black hair, and almost looked like a Goth, with a dark shade of purple lipstick, and some black make-up around her eyes. Not much, but enough to indicate to anyone that she wasn’t her school’s student of the year.

*“Ugh, what a fucking dork. Purple lipstick, seriously? Who does that?!”*

The hoodie-wearing girl took a good look at the black-haired one and informed her: “There’s gonna be a party going on above. Pretty sure you’re not invited.”

“Yeah, I heard. Thought it was a fucking free country, so I decided to invite myself” shrugged the other.

Squinting her eyes, the girl guarding the path asked: “How did you hear about it?”

“Two guys talking about it near the bar. I don’t remember, maybe it was a gay bar.” Taunted the black-haired girl.

The hoodie-wearing girl took a hit on her joint and spat a small cloud of smoke.

“He... might be.” she snickered. “And what would your name be?”

The other girl paused for a few seconds. She then replied: “Raven”.

From under her hood, it was apparent that the girl on guard duty had opened her eyes wide.

“Woah. I was expecting a ‘Samantha’ or ‘Alexandra’, and you hit me with your edgy World of Warcraft handle?” She took another hit and poofed some more smoke out before adding: “Fucking bold”.

*“Pretty sure I got it from Teen Titans, actually...”*

Looking down, Raven replied: “I hate being called with my real name by people I don’t know. Don’t like it either, so I’d rather find one for myself.”

— Raven's New Life —

The girl in her hoodie smirked: "Want a puff?" she asked, extending her joint to the black-haired girl. Without a word, Raven grabbed the joint and took a good hit without a second thought.

"Y'know, I get where you're coming from. I wouldn't do it myself 'cause I don't give a fuck what people think..." continued the girl with the hoodie.

The teen gave her the joint back as she released a sizeable cloud of smoke.

The other girl removed her hoodie, freeing her hair. Or rather, half her hair, the tips of her dark-brown hair dyed white. The other half had been shaved off, giving her a punk hairstyle.

"I like your style, Rae" she said. Raven slightly lowered her head to hide the start of a blush.

*"Rae'... should've thought of that, sounds so much cooler!"*

"You can call me 'Rachel'..." she concluded.

Raven displayed a short smile. As if she didn't really care either-way, she simply replied: "Nice."

She paused and asked: "So, about the party...?"

"Depends, how old are you?" asked Rachel.

"I'm 19" replied Raven. It was a bold-faced lie, as she was only 16, but with her make-up, height and attitude, she actually looked the part.

Rachel took another hit of a joint, expelled the smoke, paused for a second and declared: "Y'know what? Fuck it. I like you. D can suck it, we need more girls in the group."

Raven asked, out of curiosity: "What's what the secrecy of your group thing, though?"

Rachel began to climb the last few stone steps of the old mossy stairs leading to the ruins, making a sign with her head to tell Raven to follow her, and she explained: "We're don't really belong well in society. We have no family but ourselves. It's kinda like Fight Club. Y'know the rules of Fight Club, right?". Raven nodded. She had seen the movie, as its message was right-up her alley.

*"I let go. Lost in oblivion. Dark and silent and complete. I found freedom.  
Losing all hope was freedom."*

The two girls were now at the top of the hill, a few yards away from the burnt ruins.

Rachel continued: "So, basically, we don't exist. If you wanna join us, our group would have to be your only family."

The black-haired girl only came here to party, still, she nodded. Not like her mom and stepdad would give a fuck if she disappeared.

Raven frowned her brows, asking: "What sort of things do you guys do together?"

Rachel stopped and looked back at Raven, smiling as she replied with another question: "Have you seen the movie Trick 'r Treat?"

"Uuuuh... no..." shrugged Raven, thinking "What's with the movie references?".

"K, well... to put it simply, we find places to camp, we party hard, and we just have the most fun possible" explained the brown-haired girl.

"Woah" thought Raven. She considered the idea. It was true that she couldn't stand her step-douche anymore. She could disappear, and knowing them, they would likely move on without her. But she'd be far away with her new friends.

*"What a fucking terrible idea..."*

"Oh, I'm so fucking in!" concluded the black-haired girl.

Turning back, Rachel resumed walking around the ruins of the church's backyard. Raven couldn't see her grin as she replied: "Grrreat..."

The two girls followed a dirt path that went behind the ruins, Raven found it quite apparent that nobody had ever tried to clear out the ruins beyond the obvious pieces of charred wooden beams and roof tiles which likely fell inside back then. All that was left were old stones darkened by flames which had been snuffed out more than a century ago. Moss and ivy leaves had grown on the ruins, giving it an eerie atmosphere.

They arrived in a courtyard, which was once a small cemetery, but all the tombs had been moved long ago, turning the place into some kind of forgotten garden. The old iron fences surrounding the courtyard were either broken, twisted, or covered with moss and leaves. Old stone graves were still around, but likely empty.

Two young men were chatting there. As the girls arrived, Raven noticed how there were no other girls around but them. A young man displaying black hair with blonde tips and a black goatee walked-up to them and asked:

"Hey Rach, who's that you brought with you? She with us?" he chuckled.

Rachel lowered her eyelids, annoyed, and replied: "Go fuck yourself Josh."

Josh grabbed Rachel by the arm and added: "David isn't gonna be happy, y'know?"

"Fuck David!" she growled as she forcefully removed her arm from Josh's grasp.

Josh backed away, raising his hands: "A'ight, not my problem anyway".

He went back to talk with the other young man wearing a grey hoodie, but rolled-up as to not hide his head, which featured a high-fade hairstyle and a black beard. As they both talked, Raven could feel the look of both men on her.

*"Testosterone!"*

Rachel went near an old stone half-drowned in dirt and covered in moss, then she pulled a bag from behind it. She opened it and grabbed a pez dispenser. Using it, she took out a little pill.

Extending her arm to Raven, Rachel gave her the purple pill.

"Here, take that" she said.

Raven took the pill and asked: "What's that?" to which Rachel replied with: "It's a feel-good, we use them to party hard. Since you took a puff from my pot, I thought you'd be fine with that sort of thing. You'll need it if you wanna keep-up with us."

Raven was already going down the rabbit hole, so without another thought, she shrugged and swallowed the pill whole.

"We're gonna start to party very soon" explained Rachel. She removed her jacket and threw it on her bag. You should get more comfortable.

Raven removed her black coat and threw it on Rachel's jacket. She was now wearing a loose t-shirt and some baggy pants with grey and white camo pattern, featuring tears on the knees. Behind the rips, one could notice she was wearing stocking to darken the skin of her legs.

As for Rachel, she was wearing fishnets under black shorts and leather boots, with a plain black t-shirt. To Raven's surprise, Rachel removed her shirt, revealing her bra to the night air. It now became apparent that the dark-brown-haired girl wasn't your typical teen. Saying she was 'Healthy' was an understatement. Her toned body indicated that she was likely hitting the gym every week.

*"Holà Queeeeen!"*

"Better get comfortable, it's about to get wild, babe!" she said.

Raven wasn't expecting that.

"Wait, what?" asked Raven, puzzled.

Before she could get an answer, she felt strong hands grabbing her hips from behind, pulling her back.

"Hey" calmly said Josh.

Slowly, his hand caressed Raven's belly, sliding down.

The girl groaned: "Don't touch me!"

Rachel added: "Yeah, you better not, she's with me!" as she pulled her pants down.

Part of Raven appreciated Rachel defending her, but she was too weirded out by the situation.

The bearded man had creped-up behind Rachel and grabbed her softly, adding: "Don't worry, Rach', we got this!"

"What the fuck is going on here?" shouted Raven, terrified.

The others paused.

The bearded man asked Rachel: "Wait, you haven't told her?"

The punk girl growled as she wedged her arm away from his grip: "Fuck off Drew, I was gonna!"

Drew shared a look with Josh and said: "D is so gonna be SO pissed-off..."

A voice echoed in the courtyard, slowly declaring: "You're goddamn right I am."

At the entrance of the old cemetery, a man, clearly older than the others by at least a decade, sporting a thick beard, his hair tied back in a bun, was standing with a girl and a young man by his side, both looking like bodyguards who could throw down if need be.

*"Fucking douche hipster motherfucker!"*

Rachel froze. The man spoke again, calmly, yet in an intimidating tone:

"Rachel, would you please care to explain who this is?"

If the punk girl looked like she could have the verbal upper hand with Josh or Drew, she was now making herself as small as she possibly could, lowering her head.

"I... I like her, I wanted to have party with her, tonight" replied Rachel, muttering.

"What the fuck?!" thought Raven. It was like she had been turned to stone, not even trying to move away. Josh had removed his hand from her stomach.

"It's too late to let her go now. It's time." concluded David, his voice sounding like a low growl.

Raven panicked, yelling: "Wait, are you people gonna sacrifice me or something?!"

Drew, Rachel and Josh opened their eyes wide, but David answered her.

"Of course not. But you're about to be part of our little group, whether you like it or not. I'm sorry, it's not how we usually do thing." he said, walking closer.

Looking at the two men, he ended with: “Just don’t make a fucking mess.”

With the two around him, David went towards the wood outside of the courtyard.

The two men looked at each-other and shrugged. Josh slowly placed one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, as if they were about to dance. She was scared shitless, and she didn’t dare to say anything.

She wanted to cry out, to ask more questions. Then, Josh’s hand went under her pants, sliding under her string. It felt good, hot, but oh-so wrong. All she could do was try to wiggle herself around and whimper.

Surprisingly, Rachel didn’t seem to fight Drew as he was doing to her the exact same thing Josh was doing.

Suddenly, in a quick motion, Josh grabbed Raven’s baggy pants to slid them down. While she was lowly weeping in fear, he lifted her up and quickly laying her down on an old stone which used to be a tomb, her head settled uncomfortably on the stone, touching two pieces of the metal fence behind. He then grabbed her t-shirt at the collar, and with remarkable ease, pulled and ripped it, only leaving shreds of black fabric tied to her shoulders and arms, exposing her bra to the night’s cold air.

She knew it. She was about to be raped. These people were planning some kind of orgy. Now that she was basically on her back, she could see the moon making her ascension in the night sky, not that it mattered to her in any way.

Had she been more observant, though, she would’ve noticed the subtle changes happening to Josh, Rachel, and Drew.

The punk girl was still in a trance, Drew’s hand slavering in her pants.

His voice slightly deeper, gravelling, Josh said to Raven: “Relax, it’s gonna be great!”

What Raven heard next scared her more than anything she had ever experienced.

A series of little cracking noises echoed in the courtyard, coming from all around.

With a free hand, Rachel ripped her bra away, throwing it on the old stone tiles ravaged by moss and grass. Trembling, she arched her back against Drew’s torso, exposing her ample breasts to the night air, as her nipples jutted out.

“What the fuck is going on?!” thought Raven, scared and confused.

She didn’t had time to focus on what the noises were as Josh grabbed her legs, spreading them apart and pushing them, forcing her knees closer to her chest.

A small part of Raven’s mind was shamefully aroused by the situation, and her pussy, although hidden by her panties, were gladly betraying her fear as her lower lips were visibly swollen under the fabric.

Josh barely appeared to contain his mouth from drooling, as if he was about to sample the most delightful of meals. While still holding one of Raven’s legs in place, he quickly unmade his belt with his other hand and opened his zipper.

Horrified, Raven saw him whip out his dick. She never actually saw a penis before with her own eyes, just pictures online. Were they all like this when fully erected?! It was like the skin was pulled all the way to the base. There was no pink helmet-shaped head, just a cone-shaped dick, all red, covered with veins. It actually looked like a dog’s red rocket.

“Ewh what the fuck’s wrong with you?!” cried out the girl on her back.

The black-haired man holding her leg simply grinned instead of answering, and with his free hand, he slid the main piece of fabric of her panties on the side. He then spat on her pussy, making sure with a finger to coat her labia and clit with it while Raven was whimpering out of a mixture of fear and arousal, and finally, with one quick motion, he penetrated her.

The black-haired girl cried, although she felt no physical pain. Her make-up was smudging all over her cheeks from the tears flowing down. Josh began to thrust over and over inside her, grunting with pleasure.

Still holding her thighs, Josh bent over, bringing his face close to hers. She could hear him breathe into her neck, even though she had no perfume on. And then he nipped her.

“Aaaah! W- what the fuck! You fu- you fucking creep!” shrieked Raven.

*“That was it. The turning point.”*

As she was crying, Raven could feel something gnawing in her mind. It was actually... not so bad. That thought terrified her. How could she be enjoying this? Any of it?! As Josh was pounding into her, she tilted her head to the side and she saw Rachel, who had removed her pants, exposing her fully naked body. She was also being fucked hard, as Drew held her by the shoulder with one hand, and by the hip with the other, bending her forward and holding her precariously.

“Maybe... maybe it’s not gonna so bad?” thought Raven. Her mind was being eroded away little by little with each one of Josh’s thrusts into her. He certainly was still enjoying this way too much, his head tilted backward, looking at the glowing celestial orb in the sky.

“Look up, girl, look at the fullmoon we’re having tonight!”

*“It’s a blur, but all the signs were here already...”*

The best Raven could do was holding onto the metal fence behind her to increase her stability on the stone slab as it was scraping her back. She was feeling heat rising through her body, negating the night’s cold air.

After a few minutes, Raven had stopped her crying, her fears were being submerged by a low tide of pleasure, which was gradually turning into a tidal storm.

Closing her eyes, she finally broke and let out a moan. But she wasn’t alone, as Josh was still grunting over and over, Rachel was also heaving and moaning.

Raven brought one of her hands to her pussy and began to fiddle with her clit, while Josh was still hammering her inner walls with his weird-shaped dick.

Had she been in her normal state of mind, she would’ve been fighting tooth and nail and running away as far as she could from this crazy band, or she would’ve been yelling to get some answers, at the very least... but something had taken hold of her brain. Her body heat was through the roof and her entire nervous system felt groggy, as if she was watching fireworks while being completely drunk. She was enjoying this way too much, and she could not care any less.

Knowing she wasn’t going anywhere, Josh released Raven’s leg and pulled his shirt off, revealing broad chest, powerful pecs, and hard abs, all covered with a virile coat of hair. The view only made Raven hornier, even though she never felt attracted by men before.

As Josh had stopped driving his manhood in and out of her, Raven began to thrash her hips as much as she could to feed her growing needs, to appease her heat. She then raised her eyes to Josh’s face and what she saw actually surprised her: he looked like a savage beast. His face was twisted in a terrifying grin as he bared his teeth, showing a set of abnormally long canines. His neck looked bigger, his veins swollen, his skin beet-red.

“Hey babe, you’re looking goooood!” commented Josh while grabbing her hips with his strong hand and resuming his thrusting motions.

He caressed Raven’s stomach with his other hand, and as he did so, she finally took notice of something new with her. Were these abs on her stomach? Not mere bumps either, but a good six pack, each shape surrounded by small creases clearly noticeable to the touch.

She was surprised to see them. She never noticed them before. Was it because she was on her back? Strangely, she wasn’t curious enough to think about it any further, even less so to ask any questions out loud. Instead, she felt a rush of heat and pleasure down her nether as she coated Josh’s dick with more of her juices.

Her state of panic and all her fears had vanished in mere minutes. Raven was smiling, like a dog being pat on the head. She looked to her sides and saw Rachel, her shoulders, neck and head resting on the grassy stone tiles, while Drew was holding her upside-down by the thighs like a wheelbarrow. And he was pounding right into her. Rachel’s mouth was open, her tongue lolling out. Her teeth seemed too big to fit in there. Both girls were looking at each other.

Josh’s thrusts seemed to have a lesser impact on Raven now, as her head was now filled with lustful thoughts of Rachel.

She was barely feeling the many changes her body underwent. Her spread-out legs were building-up more muscle, gaining more definition, more shapes and bumps, like ropes being taut around her thighs, between her knees and her crotch, which was gushing her sweet nectar on the stone below as one of her hands was hard at work rubbing her clit.

Her other hand was tightly gripped on one of the metal rods of the fence. She hadn’t yet noticed how it was now bent out of shape more than it was to begin with. Raven’s arm was gripping the rod so firmly, it looked like she was lifting a 40 pounds weight as her biceps and triceps were bulging with more power than they ever had.

She removed her hand from her crotch, examining her powerful arm. She wondered how this was possible, but her questions were being drowned by the fog surrounding her mind. Most of her thoughts were about Josh ramming her and how sweet Rachel smelled. She didn’t even stop to wonder how she could identify which scent was hers.

Rarely had she been able to forget all her problems like she could now. In the past, she had felt something similar when having a laughing fit with friends over a dumb and immature joke. That kind of laugh where she’d be out of breath with tears in her eyes.

She also had similar memories involving beer and a few recreational drugs.

*“Cannabis, mushrooms, coke, you name it.”*

That wasn't even close to how she was feeling now.

Earlier, she did cry out in fear, but right now, she was done crying. She wasn't laughing either. But she was smiling. She was happy. Wasn't she?

Something was off about that feeling, but she couldn't care any less. She was out of it.

Groggy, she giggled as she saw Rachel's face contort and twist, her nose getting dark and leathery. She was looking feral, like her face got swapped with a dog's... or a wolf's. But between the drug and the sex, Raven was too out of it to realize what was happening.

Her eyes closed, slowly.

*"Then it's all a blur..."*



A little robin bird with its orange patch of feathers was perched atop the tallest blackened stone of the ruined church, singing loud to announce dawn.

Raven opened her eyes slowly. The light from the sky filtered through her eyelashes, making her transition from the darkness bearable.

She was still in the garden, although not exactly in the same place. She was nestled in a brown blanket, with a cascade of ivy covering a small part of it, as if she had been there so long that the plant had grown on her over the course of many months. She more likely pulled the leaves to her.

A few feet away, someone was sleeping. It was Rachel, slouched against a stone.

"Fuuuuuuck..." the black-haired girl said, noticing how she was wearing tattered remains of her former shirt, ripped almost beyond recognition, just a few pieces of fabric held together with various fibers as thick as dental floss.

"What the hell did they do to me?" she wondered, before pausing. "Oh... right..." she remembered. Raven scrubbed her head. She was nursing a bad headache.

Looking around, she saw no one else aside for Rachel. Raven got up, and almost immediately fell back down. The young girl could almost feel her bones scrapping against one another. Using the stones on which she had been leaning against during her sleep, she slowly went back on her feet. She could see the grave on which... she had been raped.

Had her stomach been full, she would've puked just at the memory. Tears were forming in the corners of her eyes, before rolling down her cheeks. She walked forward, slowly, with difficulty, trying not to make any sound.

Near the old grave were her camo cargo pants and boots. Her panties were there too, but snapped in two. She'd have to make do just with her pants and boots. The young girl had never felt this weak before. She slid her legs in, quickly snapping the pressure buttons. Two sepultures ahead, a duffle bag was stashed next to a bush. Rachel's bag.

The black-haired girl looked at Rachel, making sure she was still asleep. Looking at her brought back nightmarish flashes to Raven's eyes. Memories of people with distorted dog faces growling, having feral sex. She rubbed her eyes, as if to scrub away the horrors implanted in her mind.

"The pill" she thought. "These a-holes gave me some freaking hardcore drug... god damn hallucinations..." she muttered, to solidify the idea in her head. "Yes, that's what happened." She thought, attempting to convince herself and wipe away her doubts.

"Felt so fucking real..." she added, slowly wandering towards the bag.

She did not kneel near the bag, fearing she wouldn't manage to get back up easily, instead preferring to lean forward while using the gravestone next to the bag as support with her hand, before reaching and pulling the bag's zipper.

The first thing the black-haired girl noticed inside the bag was a black shirt printed with a design of vampire teeth, or some animal like a bear. Whatever it was, she took it, as payment for Josh ripping her shirt.

Under it was a little plastic box. She knew what that was. The drug. There were a handful of pills inside. She paused for a second to think.

Raven then closed the small box and shoved it inside her pocket. "Mine now. That'll teach them." She thought. Raven had no idea what they were, but she knew one thing : the hallucinations those gave her were wild!

She threw the blanket on the bag and slipped into the shirt. Next to the bag, there was both Rachel's jacket and hers.

She took it, and after giving one last look around, she simply left the garden on the tip of her toes, her boots and jacket in hands to avoid making any more sounds. As she walked down the steps which had led her to the ruins, trying to avoid stepping on any pointy rocks, she felt like her strength was slowly coming back. Once at the bottom of the old stone stairs, she put her boots and jacket on, and feeling once again capable to run, she bolted away towards the town, wiping away tears from her eyes.

Half-an-hour later, she reached her stepdad's house.

*"Top 5 places I never want to see again."*

The front of the house featured a deck covered by an angled roof, itself supported by four wooden beams, connected with each other by guardrails, everything painted white except the wooden deck. On the front wall, besides the front door aligned with the stairs, was a set of old windows framed by ornated curtains. Directly above the small front roof the first floor, framed as a triangle as the side rooms were under the main roof.

The house itself had likely been around for many decades, maybe going as far back as World War II. Raven had never cared to know. But it had been a nice house, at some point, before her time.

However, now, a confederate flag was hanging below the small roof, which all by itself was sending some clear messages to onlookers.

Even the white paint hadn't been refreshed in many years, as it was chipped in many places.

The front yard was delimited by a metal mesh fence, to which were attached two hand-written signs indicating “no solicitors” and “no trespassing”. Large patches of grass were dead and yellow, when it wasn’t straight-up muddy dirt. Some old rusted crap like a brick or a metal beam had been half-way buried in the ground by rain.

In the main driveway, in front of the old garage, an olive-green pickup truck was parked, boxes of tools stored in the back of the vehicle.

“He’s home.” Raven thought. “Crap.”

She climbed the wooden stairs, removed her boots, holding them in one hand, and as she placed her hand on the doorknob, she inhaled the outside air, as if she was about to dive underwater.

She opened the door with great precision and care, as slow as if she was disarming a time bomb, sweat on her brow, tightening her teeth when the hinges would grind and squeak. She slid herself in on the tip of her toes as soon as there was enough space for her to pass through, and just as slowly as she opened it, closed the door.

As she stepped inside, the smell hit her like a brick wall. It was indescribable. She knew from her experience living there that it was likely a mixture of smoke and farts. The few house plants couldn’t change that, and most of them looked underfed anyway.

By the entrance were the stairs, and two archways, one leading to the living room, the other to the kitchen. Raven could hear that the living room’s TV was turned on, set to some talk-show, likely Fox News. Noticing no other sound besides the TV, she leaned her head passed the archway. Indeed, her stepdad was there, his balding head poking from the top of his chair in front of the screen.

He was likely asleep. The black-haired girl concluded she was in the clear.

She placed a foot on the stairs, which let out a cracking noise.

“So you’re finally back, eh? Thought I wouldn’t hear you?!”

The rough voice of Raven’s stepdad was clear, louder than the TV. It seemed she hadn’t been as discreet as she had thought. “Fuck!” thought the black-haired girl, frowning.

Her stepdad turned the TV off and got up.

He wasn’t tall, but certainly intimidating. Something about him made him look like he was drunk all the time, even if he wasn’t. The best way to describe his face was to compare it to an angry pug. His face looked like he had taken a shovel to the face, or like he had spent most of his life frowning, to the point that it became a permanent feature. Although, she had never really seen him actually happy. He was the kind of person who would always watch bad news on TV and ramble about it all the damn time.

His shirt looked like he had been wearing it non-stop for two weeks... which was very likely. However, it was covered with a red and blue flannel jacket, which was able to draw the eyes away from any stains on his shirt or old jeans.

*“That asshole was Kenny’s father from South Park mixed with Carl from Aqua Teen Hunger Force...”*

“Where the fuck did you spend the night? Your mother was worried!”

Raven would’ve felt sad, if she didn’t know her mother. She was a lost cause. Over the years, *he* had turned her into a zombie. What her mom ever saw in him was a mystery to the girl. Her mom had no hopes and dreams anymore. She was pretending to be happy, almost never talking, and when she would say something, she would mumble it, by fear of her husband hearing her.

But the black-haired girl also knew it was a lost battle to verbally stand her ground with him, so she simply kept silence. She knew it would go faster that way than if she tried to say anything.

“What a god damn waste of time you are. Keep shutting the hell up and go to your room! Your mother is out shopping for groceries.” he grumbled as he sat back in his chair and turned the TV back on.

That was an interaction she could’ve done without, especially since she was going to her room anyway. She opened the door of her small bedroom and went inside. The room was mostly under the roof, so there wasn’t much space to hang decorations. It may have been her room, but at the same time, it never felt like it, it was more like a crappy hotel room, as it was still *his* house.

*“Got cold as tits in the winter, too.”*

The previous day, Raven had removed a lot of her posters and things she could easily carry, and stuffed them all in small bags she could carry. The past night had been her last night in this town. It was supposed to have been her goodbye party. The way it went cemented how she never wanted to come back there ever again.

Still, it was the first time she had allowed herself to take a breather after she woke up at the ruins. Raven sat on her bed. Her back felt like it had been kept upright by small invisible ropes, which suddenly all snapped at the same time. And so, as the girl let out a sob, her upper body fell heavily on her bed’s duvet, sinking in the cool soft fabric. Her cheeks were still wet from crying.

She spent a few minutes thinking back about everything that happened lately, thinking back about what she had planned to do, and finally, as to convince herself one last time of her own resolve, she said out loud: “I’m DONE with this fucking town!”.

She wiped her face with her hand, slightly smudging more of her gothic make-up, and gathering all her courage, she got up, grabbed her bag, and left her room. She went down the stairs, and before her stepdad could react, she picked-up the keys of the pick-up truck left on a side table near the door, and left the house.

The black-haired girl then threw her belongings in the back of the pick-up truck and got inside the vehicle.

Raven placed the key in the ignition as the man of the house got out, his face red with anger. When she saw him, every alarm in her head simultaneously rang, so she turned the key, starting the engine.

**“WHERE – THE – HELL DO YOU THINK YOU’RE GOING?!?”**

The black-haired girl pulled the gear stick to reverse, pressed the gas pedal with all her might, and the truck immediately revved back as the sound of the tires scraping the driveway almost drown out her stepdad’s voice. Using the wheel, she made a turn, looked at him and showed him her middle finger.

“FAR FROM YOU, ASSHOLE!” she screamed.

“YOU BETTER NEVER COME BACK OR I’LL-” but before he could finish his threat, she pushed the transmission back and slammed on the gas pedal which once again made the tires scrape on the road. She drove off, only lowering her middle finger after a few houses.

Several minutes later, as the truck left West Burrow Town, she let out a scream of joy!  
“YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHH! FUCK THIS TOWN!”

*“Fuck this town!”*



A few hours later, she stopped at a gas station. The sun was almost down. It’d be night, soon.

She knew her stepfather well enough to know that, after the way she had left, he would never even try to come after her, and he wouldn’t even want to get this rust-bucket he called a truck either. He would even manage to convince her own mother to give up on her. She would cry. Then get on with her life.

That was fine. She had given up on both of them.

Over the last few months, she had done a few crappy jobs in West Burrow, enough to buy food, fuel. She even went to the computers of the local library to figure out where she could go away, got in contact with a few people...

Her plan was now to get some fuel, go to a remote town called Seanville, where she’d lay low. She already had a plan in regard to where she would live, assuming it wasn’t a scam... then, she’d have to improvise. She’d also have to ditch the truck’s plate and get a new one, just in case.

She had to fill up the truck, so she stopped at this old gas station. The parking was actually spacious, far more parking spaces than it would ever need, considering how few people must come around here every day. She wasn’t tired right now, but she knew the fatigue would set on her sooner or later, and she wouldn’t reach Seanville without sleeping first. Might as well sleep here.

Right now, though, she was still pumped with energy, likely still high from the rush of leaving and being on the run.

Aside from all the money stashed in her bag, she had a few bills somewhere. “In my pockets maybe?” she wondered absent-mindedly, shoving her hands in her cargo pants. In one pocket, her hand touched something hard. Not a bill.

She pulled it out. “Oh, right.” She thought. It was the small candy box with about two dozen pills inside. She threw it on the passenger sit before raising her ass a little to shove a hand in her back pocket.

Her fingers finally reached two crumpled bills of \$50 “Ah, there you are!”. Looking at the bills and the many crappy jobs she had to take to get them, and thinking these two would likely not be enough to fill the truck, she felt a slight sense of regret.

Breathing in and out, she left the truck and went to the gas pump.

A few minutes later, after filling the truck's tank, she looked at the screen. She'd have to pay about \$74. "Fuck, that's expensive..." she thought as she went to the station's store.

The place wasn't owned by a big brand. It was just a station in the middle of nowhere, after all. Next to it was a small garage, closed for now, and some crappy-looking toilets on the other side. Overall, the place was old.

Opening the door, she was summarily greeted by the cashier, who seemed so dead inside that Raven could've stolen something and left, he would've just said "whatever". He looked like a few days away from throwing the hose of one of the gas pumps over a wooden beam to hang himself with it.

There were a few magazines for car enthusiasts, and a fridge filled with bottles, cans and a few club sandwiches. Overall, not much choice, as she was vegan. Not really by choice, but meat, fish and poultry had a tendency to trigger her gag-reflex, which wasn't easy to live with.

The black-haired girl took the only available option : a crappy vegie-sandwich and a bottle of coke, then paid for the fuel, and went back to the truck.

She could actually sleep there. The cashier wouldn't mind. The black-haired girl was ready to bet that he wouldn't even notice if her truck caught on fire.

Her eyes wandered to the passenger sit where she had thrown the small candy box earlier. Being raped had been a terrible experience, but she had to admit that this little drug managed to have her so high that she forgot most of it. Plus, the hallucinations had been pretty fucking crazy.

After the insane day she had, she really needed to take the edge off. It could put her to sleep, too. She had also been feeling an uncharacteristic low level of discomfort the entire day. It was a feeling she knew well, she felt a need to salivate a lot and swallow all of it, as if to calm her stomach. Usually, that was her body warning her that she was going to puke. And yeah, she could feel something off in her guts. It was however contrasting heavily with how energetic she was feeling.

Outside, the few lampposts turned on. It was now night, and the moon was clearly visible, even though a third of it was hidden in the shadows. Her truck was parked on the edge of the parking to not be right under a light which would prevent her from sleeping.

Her decision was made. She took one of the pills, gobbled it up and took a sip of coke from her bottle to make it go down easier.

*"In retrospect, glad I took that pill when I did. Would've had a bad time otherwise."*

Maybe some food would help somehow. She pulled the plastic protection and removed the club sandwich from its container. Just a few shards of bell pepper and eggplant squeezed with chips of tomato and salad, holding together with some weird cheese-like sauce between tasteless triangles of white bread.

She chomped on it and swallowed, before gagging.

"Oh fuck, that's gross" she exclaimed. It tasted like cardboard. She had eaten similar food before; it wasn't supposed to be this bad. Maybe that one was rotten? Raven checked the box. Nope, it was still good for six months.

As if reacting to the offensively bad sandwich, her stomach began to convulse in an act of defiance. “Shit, is that the pill?” she wondered in shock, clutching her abdomen. It wasn’t the worst pain she had ever felt, by a wide margin, but it was enough to mobilize her entire attention.

The pain was spreading through Raven like a crashing wave. It felt as if her bones, her entire body, was locking itself into place to try to stop her from moving. “Something’s wrong!” she thought. Her mind was drowning in panicked thoughts.

“Fuck!” – “Ah, goddamn it that stings!” – “Shit!” – “Aaaah that hurts!” – “Gotta stay calm, breathe in, breathe out...” – “Maybe I can still puke it all?”

She couldn’t pin down where the pain was coming from, it was as if her entire body was under siege.

The black-haired girl opened the door of the truck, and miserably fell on the asphalt. As she fell, time seemed to slow down, and she could hear herself think “Aaah fuck!” as she instinctively tried to protect herself by landing on her forearms.

Her arms covered in small bleeding scratches, she still tried to get up, but her legs refused to obey. She tried to scream, but her jaws were locked too. Her fingers and feet were cramped and numb, but she was still able to crawl on her forearms. With every move she was able to make, through her teeth, Raven would inhale, then exhale. Maybe if she could reach the store, or the toilets...

The pain wasn’t that bad, certainly not the worst of it all. The issue really was these weird cramps. Was she having some adverse reaction to the pill? Couldn’t be the sandwich.

Were the pills she stole the same she was given the previous night? Maybe she took something way harder? Maybe it wasn’t even a recreational drug?

And as a way to answer her question, her back let out of loud cracking noise, forcing her to bend as if she had been trying to get back on her knees using only her spine, her head touching the uncomfortably solid black ground. As punctuation for each noisy fracture her body was experiencing, the black-haired girl could barely concentrate on thinking one word at a time.

“WHAT – THE – FUCK – IS – GOING – OOON?!?”

She was feeling blood in her mouth, while her fingers, hips, feet and ears were itching.

Trying to understand what was going on, she looked up at her hands. Saying her fingertips were red was no euphemism. They were swollen with blood.

Suddenly, a new wave of pain crashed throughout her body. Right under her eyes, her abused nails popped off and from the exposed flesh grew a set of small black claws, covered in blood.

“WHAT THE HELL?!?” was all Raven could think, as she managed to let out a muffled scream.

Her fingers were bloating -no, growing- right before her eyes. If one could argue she ever had feminine-looking hands before, these were now looking like the hands of a man. A huge man. The underside of her hands was now tingling. Turning them over, she witnessed big pads inflating, growing, gaining a hard leathery texture.

She was now finally able to move her fingers once again. As she wiggled them, it became obvious that was no hallucination. It was too real. Although she was terrified, Raven’s mind was alive, aware, precise.

“That’s... that’s not possible... I’m... hallucinating!” she thought. “Yes, I must be, it’s the pill! Just like... just like last ni-“

Then it finally hit her.

“Last night...”

She had weird memories of seeing the other people with weird twisted faces... and that guy, Josh, with a freaky skin-less dick... and the girl, Rachel, she looked like... a dog... a wolf? A wolf!

Her mind was racing.

“That can’t be... were they... but it’s not possible... but... but...”

She looked back at her fingers. Those were definitely no longer human hands. Not wolf paws either. Those were strong, padded and clawed, but still had five fingers.

Werewolf hands.

“I’m transforming into a **MOTHERFUCKING WEREWOLF!?**” she admitted to herself in her mind, tears forming in her eyes as her aching mouth wasn’t allowing her to scream, let alone speak. She was barely able to let out a few whimpers.

*“To this day, I still can’t fully grasp how insane it is that werewolves are real.”*

Raven was trying her best to not believe it. Her mind was trying to find a logical explanation... in vain. Right under her eyes, she could see her throbbing veins pumping hot blood in her arms, which were growing with every beat of her heart. In her life, she had never seen veins running on her biceps. Hell, she never had noticeable biceps to begin with! She was getting stronger.

Realizing how much more powerful she was already, she wondered how much more she would get. “Am I... am I going to become a monster and attack people?!” She raised her eyes to the store. “Shit, what if I attack the guy inside?”

Panicking, the girl looked around “I gotta go far away from here!”

Once again, the black-haired girl attempted to get on her feet, fighting against the cramps in her legs. It wasn’t as much her legs being locked anymore, but really her clothes. Her pants. Her... cargo pants?

Now on her knees, Raven looked down, noticing her once ample pants filled-up, the fabric almost taut.

“Shit! My clothes!” she thought “Too tight!”

Grabbing the bottom of her shirt, she pulled it, revealing her tits and erect nipples to the night air. Throwing it in the truck through the opened door, she then immediately rolled herself on her back, raising her legs up. Then, using her powerful arms, she pushed as hard as she could on her pants, which were holding tightly to her hips, thighs and calves. She didn’t have to try long before the pants, her panties and her boots gave up, and moments later, she was finally able to throw them all inside the truck.

Now naked, she did not lose a second and jumped on her feet before running on the other side of the truck so that nobody would see her. Maybe it was the adrenaline, but for a second, she had forgotten her biggest concern. She felt limber, energetic, sharp... alive. More alive than she ever was.

It was as if in her moment of need, her body had unlocked itself, enough so at least to allow her to move and run. Everything was aching still.

As Raven got on one knee, she was able to feel blood flowing in her limbs, as if each wave was injecting more strength in her body. Looking down, she noticed how she now had a six pack. She was supposed to be horrified, but she was also impressed.

She had no idea how to call them, but she was able to see all the various muscle groups of her thighs dancing under her skin, growing, swelling, like many tensed ropes twined to her knees, ready to be pulled.

She was pulled out of her fantasy by a tingling sensation in her feet. She felt no pain as her toenails popped off away as claws similar to the ones adorning her hands pushed themselves out of her toes. She felt a prickling sensation as her big toes seemed to break apart and move to the side of her feet, as if some invisible force was pulling them half-an-inch at a time, always following the tempo dictated by the flow of her blood.

Raven felt the need to get up and to hold tightly to the truck to keep her balance, while her feet were extending. The sensation of the skin at the plant of her feet being strenuously stretched was unnerving, nearly as painful as stepping on a Lego brick.

Beyond that, she was also able to sense her legs filling with raw strength, which would allow her to run faster... to jump further... to hunt...

“Wait why did I-“

She was stopped in her train of thought by new popping and cracking sounds.

The young girl was amazed at how painless all of this was: under her very eyes, her bones, her ribs, her hips, her shoulders, everything was twisting, breaking, expanding, fusing. Her chest was wider, her shoulders broader.

Next, she sensed a prickle down on her lower back. She knew her horror movies and already had an idea of what it was. Sending a hand to touch, she now had the confirmation : she had a tail, pushing outward, pulling at her skin. Another tingle sent a chill up her spine. Up until now, everything Raven had felt were incredible sensations: tingles, prickling, aches, blood pumping... Granted, she had never felt so much of them with this intensity, besides the previous night where she was too out of it to remember anything.

But now, she was experiencing something truly unique and new. She felt her tail. It was such an odd sensation in her brain, like a new limb she was able to control. Before, it wasn’t there, and now it was, as if it had always been there. It was like an extension of her facial expression. She wasn’t telling her new tail to wag; it was doing it on its own!

Meanwhile, her arms and legs were huge... and her breast! She no-longer had her perky oranges that could easily each fit in a hand. No, she now was sporting breast the size of cantaloupes. Raven giddily grabbed them and squeezed. They definitely were real, putting any form of plastic surgery to shame.

Then, her jaws began to crack and twitch, expanding forward into a muzzle. Her eyes felt as if she had been blinded by the powerful flash of a camera, forcing her to close them.

At the same time, her hair was itching all over as it grew into a large mane at an incredible pace. Re-opening her eyes, she noticed an immediate change: she was now able to see in the darkness of the nearby trees almost as if the sun was still around.

Her jaws cracked once again, as if getting back into their slot, unlocking Raven’s ability to move them. Looking down, she was now able to see grey fur creeping on the sharp shapes of her powerfully toned body.

With her clawed hands, she explored her curves and obliques from her hips to her provocatively seductive chest. She then moved on to her new face, touching her extended teeth -no, fangs!- and noticing how her nose had turned into a small leathery snoot. She breathed in and out. It was as if she had never breathed fresh air before. With her nose, however, she was able to sense the mixture of all the terrible odors coming from the gas station : the fuel, the plastic, the garbage, the toilets, piss, shit, rot.

Raven’s face scrunched up reflexively. “Ewwwh.”

Thinking about the store, she was reminded of the cashier inside, and then of her earlier state of panic.

Turning around and crouching behind the hood of the pick-up truck to look at the store, she immediately worried “Shit, I gotta go, I can’t let myself... kill...” before stopping in her tracks as the words came to her mind. She stopped to think.

“Am I not done yet? Shouldn’t I lose control at some point? Or... am I... still in full control?” Usually, in werewolf movies, books and comics, the creatures are wild, feral, vicious. Yet Raven was feeling no urges whatsoever. None she could notice at the moment, at least.

*“Gotta admit, I had never felt so liberated before. It was a rush.”*

She was now a mighty mythical creature, something she thought did not exist until an hour ago. Something that could break records of strength and agility. And she was in full control, able to do whatever she wanted. If only she had a mirror to see herself, now...

Raven’s eyes gleamed as she looked at the rearview mirror attached to the door of the truck. She spent several minutes making faces, marveling at her fangs, snoot, her silky grey fur... Even her eyes were different, featuring an intense golden yellow color.

She couldn’t stop herself from flexing an arm and touching its new bicep. It was firm, and covered by swollen veins hidden under her fur. She had to test these sinewy arms.

Raven went to the front of the truck, grabbed its bumper and lifted it. It was unbelievably easy. She wasn’t strong enough to carry the entire truck, of course, but clearly strong enough to pull it with one hand.

She really wanted to get inside the store just so that the guy at the counter would freak out, but there were cameras around the store, and she obviously couldn’t afford to be noticed. She was also too big to fit into the truck, so she was now forced to find a way to keep busy until she’d get back to her normal self.

“Wait... am I even going to get back to normal? This can’t be permanent, can it?” she wondered.

Although, she was already on the run... worst case scenario, she could just live in the woods... going from one nature preserve to another... hiding from people... for the rest of her life...

“Yeah, no fuck that, I better get back to normal or I’m going ballistic!”

Grabbing her clothes and shoving them in her bag, the now 6½ feet tall beast closed the truck, and walked towards the nearby woods, the strap of her bag fastened around her chest while the duffle bag itself was dangling on her back.

It was nice to get away from the station and its many abhorrent smells. As those were getting weaker, she could identify the strong scent of pine resin. She had been in woods before, but never really cared for them. It was just another boring place to walk through, where nothing would happen. But now, she could hear sounds of small animals hidden around. And then a myriad of other scents began to separate from one another. Raven could discern grass, mushrooms, flowers... rabbits?

She could sense how these small woods were brimming with life.

There was no clear path to follow, so she walked randomly. Looking back, she could still see the lights of the gas station. She reached a small clearing, where a tree had been uprooted, and was lying down. Getting closer, she wondered how it fell, what could’ve lifted it out of the ground. Probably lightning? Otherwise, it would’ve taken several men to...

“Uh... you know what?” she muttered.

She had to know. To know if she could.

Raven crouched, bending her knees, and grabbed the fallen tree trunk, sinking her claws into its bark. And then she lifted, with all her might, all her limbs bursting with power, veins jutting outward, her fangs tightly bared. She could feel everything tightening, her biceps, triceps, abs, glutes, thighs, calves, all strengthening under the effort.

The beast was grunting, growling even, as the dead tree’s length was emitting a variety of cracking noises following every move, as small broken branches and leaves fell all around.

With a victorious and satisfied snarl, she lifted the wooden mass above her head as if it was the mangled corpse of a victim. It was bigger than her waist, longer than she was tall. Not that it was weightless, but hauling the tree had proven to be an easier task than she could have imagined. She was strong!

“FUCK YES! HA-HA!” she shouted.

She threw the damn tree with all her might, and it flew nine if not ten feet away.

The realization that she was now more powerful than she ever thought she could ever be washed over her. She could do any fucking thing she wanted!

The imposing werewolf couldn’t stop herself from fondling her new body, caressing her new face, brushing her new hair -or rather her new mane-, her abs, her arms, her legs... then one of her clawed hands touched the thick mess of fur that was covering her once stubbly pussy.



The mere touch sent shivers down her spine. The leathery pad covering the underside of her middle finger made the slightest contact with her clit, which was now as big as her human thumb was, and a surge of electricity erupted all over her body.

Lifting the tree had been nothing for the feral Raven, but the tease of her lower lips made her legs tremble. With her free hand, she threw the bag tied around her chest to the ground covered in leaves, as she felt she would not last much longer on her wolf-like elongated paws.

Moaning and heaving, she began groping her soft breast with one hand, pinching her hard nipples, while her other hand kept kneading at her labia, rubbing her vulva.

It was too much for her. Her nerves were under assault from all sides by the flow of excitement. Her love canal was open, gushing wet. In her mind’s eye, she could see some other girls she had known before, girls from school for whom she had felt things, before she even knew she was gay. Things she never fully knew how to process.

For many years, she had been ashamed of who she was. When touching herself in bed, she would get upset at her own mind and think “no no, don’t!”, trying to force herself to think about boys... but that wasn’t who she was. The previous night with Josh had been an experience she only tolerated because she was high. But the other girl... Rachel... she turned her on. She was like her. She had rage, she couldn’t be tied to other’s rules.

She was now massaging her labia with force, stimulating herself further. In her mind, she could see blurred-out memories of the previous night. She saw Rachel, the way she looked at her. She loved that. Her smile. Like a pond into which someone had thrown a rock, the memory distorted. Rachel had fangs, and her hair was forming weird-looking sideburns on her face. Her smile twisted into a ferocious grin. Yet her eyes still had that gleaming light, that lust. She wanted her. They both wanted each-other. She wanted to kiss her. To go down on her. To have her pussy devoured by her.

“Sploosh.”

Raven’s pussy exploded with pleasure, spurting her scented fluids everywhere, on her fur, on her fingers, on the leaves below. Her legs gave up and she fell on her knees, her monstrous feet sliding on her sides, her eyes closed, refusing any order to open until the euphoria was done washing over her.

After several seconds of slowly caressing herself further, the lust and heat began to dissipate. Minutes later, the young wolf-girl was able to get back on her paws. Her mind was clearer now.

“Oof... that was fucking good!” Raven thought.

She had to figure this out, make sense of her new reality. She was now able to think back at some things under a new light. How did this craziness happen?

“These people at the ruins, they were all... werewolves?” she wondered, and continuing her train of thoughts: “They were all coming there, having an orgy and then...”

Looking back, it was now incredibly obvious, but with the excitement, the transformation, following by the rush of discovering her new body, she had forgotten the ask the “how?” or “why?”.

“They transformed me... and I followed them?”

Try as she might, she wasn’t able to remember much, but she was now sure that she had transformed already with the others. Maybe her mind had repressed the memory. Maybe it was the pills. Or the trauma of being raped.

Either way, she was still mad at that guy, Josh. And the other guy who casually gave her like a toy, the guy that looked like a swole hipster. He was their leader. Their alpha?

The werewolf girl picked-up a branch lying around, and a small stone, all the while she was organizing her thoughts.

She needed to be careful. She wasn’t just on the run from her parents, now. She also couldn’t have them stumble on her ever again... even though Rachel was pretty sexy...

*“I was already having serious second thoughts about going back just to see her again.”*

She threw the stone in her hand up, and although she had never played Baseball or anything like it before, she managed to hit the rock with her improvised bat, with ruthless accuracy, blasting it away. The small stone hit a tree, breaking fragments of bark and leaving a clear mark, as it made a ricochet and lost itself in the leaves.

She concluded “Nope. I gotta stick with the plan. Go to Seanville, then I lay low, rebuild my life. I said ‘fuck it’, it’s gotta mean something.”

She spent the rest of the night wandering around, exploring what other feats of strength she could do, successfully pushing and uprooting other smaller trees with just the force of her arms, throwing more stones around... then, after a few hours, she sat down, curled herself in a ball and slept a little.



She woke up nestled in leaves, leaves sticking out of her matted hair. She was back to normal, naked. “Thank god!” she thought.

As fun as it had been to wander around and mess with her changed body, she was now happy to be back to her human-self.

She had a lot to figure out, in time, about how this worked. Right now, she needed to move on. It was dawn, she had to go back to the truck. She quickly pulled her crumpled clothes out of the bag that she had kept around all night. Well, the shirt was Rachel’s, but still. She looked at it for a moment. Uh. The printed design was actually werewolf fangs. That was obvious, now. Smartass shirt for her to wear.

As she put the clothes back on, it felt like these clothes weren’t as roomy as before, like she was filling them a lot more. Probably just a trick of her mind, after having spent hours as a freaking tall beast. She had no idea how tall she was as a werewolf, maybe more than 6½ feet. Nearby, there was

the tree she threw away. There was no way she could move it even an inch, now. It was odd being back at her normal size, her normal 5½. She needed to re-adjust.

Running back to the pickup truck, she was relieved it hadn’t been stolen or toe-trucked away. It was early though. Probably too early for something like that to happen. Hopefully, no camera had picked up any of what happened to her last night. Either way, she was leaving, and was unlikely to come back here. She threw her bag in the back of the truck and got inside. The box of pills was still on the passenger sit where she had left it. For security, she shoved it in her pocket. She then inserted the key in the ignition, turned it and pressed the gas pedal.

And with that, she was gone, and the weirdest day of her life was over. But she already knew that was a record she would break again.

On the road, there weren’t a lot of cars crossing her path. She had ample time to think, or ask herself questions.

Was she susceptible to the full moon? It had been bright last night... and the night before too. It made no sense to her: was the moon emitting some kind of weird aura or radiation that triggered stuff like ... werewolfism? Wait no, what’s the word? Lycan... thropy? Yeah.

Although, she had heard stories about people going psycho under a full moon... but never knew much more details about it.

She had heard ghost stories before, about an old house supposedly haunted, and spirits allegedly moving furniture at night, or turning the water on in the bathroom, and the lady who owned the house seemed believable... but the only explanation that made sense was that she was a nutcase and a good actress.

But now...

Maybe? If there was such a thing as werewolves, maybe ghosts were real too...

And vampires? Mummies?

Sasquatches?

Raven snorted.

“Right, fuck-off!” she thought, smiling and giggling.

But then the though kept nagging her brain “Although...”

She had been seeing movies for years about werewolves fighting vampires, like Van Helsing and such. Maybe there was something to it.

She shrugged “Questions for later.”

Looking through the windshield, seeing the sun starting to show itself, its first rays bathing the view, she thought back to the other astral orb.

“I’m gonna need to find some calendar of lunar phases and shit. Can’t let myself be that cliché girl who forgets all the time what day it is.”



Two hours later, Raven had reached her destination, passing in front of a sign saying "Welcome to Seanville – standing proud since 1908"

Apparently, that town was built by Irish immigrants looking for work. Since then, it had lost most of its heritage, and was now a town like any other. At least it wouldn't have people waving confederate flags. At least, that's what she thought.

"Let's hope I'm not making a giant mistake..."

As a part of her plan, a week ago, the black-haired girl had already sent an e-mail to a woman who owned a set of cheap apartments. She had sent several e-mails to several people, actually. The only one who was favorable was her.

Raven's truck arrived at Davenport Street, number 21<sup>st</sup>.

She had seen pictures online, and clearly, they were from many years ago. All the buildings seemed so much older than she remembered from the picture. Some of the bricks above the windows of the first floor were covered in black marks, likely caused by a big fire.

The rest of the street wasn't looking much better. Several stores at street-level were closed. One could see the empty space inside behind the windows tinted black. Some had even been broken, featuring large impacts probably made by drunks or hobos.

She parked her truck in front of the building, making sure to not look too bad, and came out of the truck, then locking it, before taking her bag with her.

Next to the front door was an intercom with 10 names. The first one was the owner.

Mrs. Bennett.

The black-haired girl pressed the button, and as a confirmation, the device let out a buzzing noise.

Moments later, the door opened slightly as an old lady's face slithered through the opening.

"Yes? What is it?"

She was wearing an old wide yellow shirt, a pair of big yellow-tinted glasses on her nose, and had curly white hair. A small silver pendant was dangling around her neck.

Raven took a breath.

When she approached the lady by mail, she decided to take a fake name. She was certainly not going to use her stepdad's last name, Wilson, and since she knew she'd be on the run, she also couldn't use Evans, her mom's last name. So she came up with a fake last name.

"Hi. I'm Sophia Cooper, I contacted you recently about renting a room?"

Saying it out loud felt right. She couldn't live with 'Raven' her whole life, she had to seem... 'normal', to some extent, at least for now. Although she usually wasn't fond of her first name, it still was more natural and easier to react to.

"Ah, yes, I was expecting you a little later, but it's fine. Please come in." said the old lady.

Mrs. Bennett opened the door to let the young girl pass, and led her upstairs.

"A tenant left not long ago, he was living on the first floor" she said, as she climbed the old stone stairs. She was likely around 80 years old, and still seemed like a lively ol' grandma who could wobble around without a cane.

There were only two doors there. The lady took a key from her pocket and opened the door on the right of the corridor, applying some force on the handle.

"Sorry, opening this door gets a little tricky. You'll just have to pull the handle to the right."

Sophia nodded, and the old lady got inside.

The room featured a kitchenette, a broom closet, and a door leading to the bathroom, and a large metal beam in the middle of the room. Furniture-wise, there was a small bed, a dresser, a table and a fridge.

Aside from that... well... it was a dump. A lot of linoleum tiles were peeling off, there were stains on the walls, and there was a clear black mark on the wall next to the kitchenette and window.

Everything that was made of metal seemed to feature some amount of rust. The furniture looked worn out, the wooden elements were all scratched.

And yet, Sophia was so happy to have reached her destination, after all the madness, that all she wanted to do was to lie down in the bed, even while it had no bed sheets.

"The rent is \$450 a month. I'll allow some late payments, but the first must be now. All I ask is that you try not to set the place on fire" she said, with a worried chuckle.

"How about papers and stuff?" asked Sophia.

Mrs. Bennett replied "Honey, you've told me enough in your mail. I can see what's going on, you're not the first one who's... trying to avoid someone. As far as I'm concerned, nobody lives here."

She winked and added "As long as you don't bring the boys in blue to my doorstep, at least."

Sophia smiled, relieved. Opening her duffle bag, she took out a small bag and pulled out a handful of bills. "Here's for the first month then, ma'am. I'll get a job to pay for the next one."

The old lady took the money and added "Thank you dear. If you need a job, you should go to the gas station on the other side of town. Ask for Greg, tell him Betty sent you."

The black-haired girl displayed a forceful smile.

"Grrreat" she thought, while her mouth said "Thank you, ma'am!"

After thanking profusely the old lady, Sophia went inside and closed the door behind her, before letting out a long sigh. She spent a few minutes inspecting the place further. Looking out the window, there was an old metallic stairway, a fire exit. Normally, she would've thought nothing of it, but now, her mind immediately went "in case of a fullmoon, I might have a way to get in and out discreetly..." Looking on her phone, she saw she had 28 days until the next full moon.

She'd have a lot to think through until then. She needed to get a job, find a way to join a school nearby, change the truck's plates, get groceries...

At least now, she had a home. She was ok.



The sun was setting down on West Burrow Town. The town looked peaceful from up high. Sitting in a meditative position atop the flat surface of a rock, legs crossed, eyes closed, a tall bare-chested man was looking over the many houses, their windows all lite-up. Hands resting on his thighs, palms up, he was inhaling, then exhaling. Over and over. Slowly. His torso was glistening with sweat, showcasing his powerful pecs, abs and arms.

His face featured a large beard, finely trimmed, the tips of his mustache cut into impeccable points.

Finally, he brought his two hands interlocked to his neck, palms up, turned them down and slowly moved them down as he exhaled one last time, as if he pushed something out of him. Then, he spoke, his authoritative voice resonating around the woods.

"Have you found her?" he asked.

Behind him, the rustle of grass betrayed the presence of a young woman who appeared from behind a tree.

"No... looks like she stole a truck from her old man and skipped town..." said Rachel. How did he know she was there? Did she make too much noise? Or was it her smell? Whatever it was, she wasn't really surprised.

The man sighed.

With a grunt, and using his arm as support, he got up on his feet and turned around.

Rachel couldn't hold his gaze. He was the embodiment of the expression "I'm not mad, I'm just disappointed".

"Then I'm counting on you to figure out where she went. Take whoever from the group with you. Just make it happen. She's your responsibility. If she fucks up..."

"Yeah, I know..." she interrupted.

Just the thought of having cops, or news media channels, or a bunch of lunatics looking for gremlins, ghosts, aliens, big-foot or what-not... they'd have to move to a new state, at least.

As the group, they could protect each-other. Worst case scenario, they could silence people.

"Look, Rach, you're like a little sister to me..."

Rachel's eyes glanced to the side, as if to avoid his gaze.

He continued: "I thought we were passed the situation with Helena, but clearly, you have not. I can't have you bringing people in our midst like that, minutes before the moon shines on us. We have rules, you know that..."

"Sorry D. There won't be a next-time."

Taking a somber tone, he replied: "There can't be one. I don't want to kick you out of the group, but believe me, I'll do it if you force my hand."

Rachel curled up her head in her shoulder, not to protect herself from the cold, but from the thought of David punishing her.

She went on: "In regards of Rae, we're gonna narrow-down where she went. Can't be that many towns around, we should find her in a month or so..."



*"Three fucking years later."*

The old olive-colored pick-up truck arrived on the part of West Burrow Town filled with low-income housing. Lots of old buildings from 40 years ago. Truth is, Mrs. Bennett's building wasn't any better. The issue was with the town itself.

*"Fuck this place. I hope I'm not making a huge mistake..."*

Sophia had spent the entire trip reminiscing on the events that led her to run away from her folks, to shed her previous identity, to become a werewolf, to make friends, and to change into who she was now.

Pulling a paper from her camo-jacket, she checked if she was at the right place. Yup. She sighed, took her bag and left the truck.

She climbed the three steps leading to the front door of the building and searched for the name on the intercom. It was just numbers, each referring to a list taped on the door's window from the inside.

*"R. Hill... that's her. Number 8."*

She buzzed the number and waited. Then the device made a quick beep and a voice answered.

"Hey there sexy, been waiting for you. Get your ass up, 2<sup>nd</sup> floor."

And so, Sophia went inside, not fully sure what to expect.

– THE END –

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