

"Please... someone... kill me."

Maybe it was some form of karmic punishment for Sophia. Punishment for all the rebellious things she did thus far in her young life. All the graffiti she had painted where she wasn't allowed to. All the middle fingers enthusiastically gifted to so many people over the years. The small things she had stolen here and there. And the less small things like her stepfather's truck. Maybe it simply was the Universe punishing her for making fun of the job of that one guy who sold her a rotten sandwich the night where she transformed on a roadside parking lot.

Maybe she deserved to be here, a cashier at Seanville's SpeedWay gas station, she wondered, looking at the time on her phone.

6:38 PM.

Still about an hour in front of her before she'd be free for the weekend.

Although, it could've been worse. She was getting paid for standing there doing fuck all, enough to pay her rent, buy food, gas for the truck. And she was even able to read and write school papers on a small laptop she got for almost nothing, when there was no customer around. And there wasn't a lot of customers. When there was someone, it was fairly un-eventful.

Well, there was that time when some drunk girl dressed like a biker tried to steal cans of beer from the cooler near the entrance. She managed to break the cooler, too. Eventually, she was caught by the cops... so, that was a fun evening.

"She smelled like sweat, too" Sophia recalled as she looked at the new cooler, her face scrunching reflexively at the memory.

Anyway, when she had nothing to do, and no customer was around, it was the most boring job ever. Her boss, Greg, wasn't often around as he was managing 4 other stations in nearby towns. But when he was, he was a pretty chill guy, especially nice with young people, and quite understanding with those who had other responsibilities. Miguel and Ryan were the other cashiers who would take over when Sophia wasn't around. Fortunately, Sophia knew long in advance when she would be off duty.

And tonight, she was set to leave early, for the third consecutive time of the week. It was fairly simple : she had almost never any family emergency, being on her own. The only special thing in her life was these 3 nights each month where she'd go into the nearby woods, and where she would get naked before changing into her werewolf self.

Lucky enough for her, nobody had found her out yet. The first few times, she messed-up her timing just a little, enough to find herself changing in her truck and ripping a few pants and shirts, the cost of which was incentive enough to get more organized about this stuff. The inner workings of her curse were a bit confusing at first. There had been a moment where she was terrified as she thought she would transform every single remaining night of her life. Then she figured out that it wasn't just the fullmoon triggering her change, but also the night before and after, which were called "Waxing and Waning Gibbous".

So her phone now had alarms set way in advance to warn days and hours before the moon would brighten the night sky, and that was in case she'd forget the dates, which she became good at remembering, now. She even memorized some dates for two months in advance.

And tonight was such a date. Normally, she'd stay up to midnight and Ryan would take the graveyard shift, but on nights like this, she had an arrangement with Ryan where she'd leave early, and he'd cover the remaining half of her shift as long as she'd cover half of his on other days.

"Speaking of the devil" she thought as she heard from here the hinges of the store's backdoor in the staff room grind open. Moments later, a pale-ass ginger teen entered the main room, a bag strapped around his chest.

Barely turning her head towards him, the black-haired goth girl saluted him with "Hey Drac", to which he replied "Sup' Elvira".

His pale complexion and his tendency to work mostly during the night and sleep most of the day warranted him to be referred to as "Count", "Dracula" or "the Vampire".

Meanwhile, despite everything, Sophia was still wearing a minimalist amount of make-up to look gothic, around her eyes mostly. Between that and her snarky attitude, one day, Greg called her "Elvira, Mistress of Dark", to which the teens all looked at each other, confused. Insulted by their ignorance, a few days later, Greg would show them the movie in the staff room, and the joke stuck around ever since.

"Nuffin much, just cooking a casserole. The usual." she replied.

Ryan snorted "He. Nice."

Sophia brought her hands to the back of her head and flexed and arched her back, her breasts propped up. In her peripheral view, she could see Ryan looking at them. She liked to tease him like that, to torture him. He knew she was gay, out of his reach, but he couldn't stop himself. It was hard to explain, but she somehow could smell his erection, the fish-like scent of his precum.

That was a neat trick she got from being a werewolf. Her sense of smell, as well as all her other senses, were insanely good, now. She had to focus, though, because otherwise, she could get overwhelmed by everything going on around her. But it was pretty useful, still.

"A'ight, Imma head out, then."

Visibly disappointed, Ryan echoed with "Awh, already?"

Sophia grinned: "Yeah, I gotta go into the woods and transform into a werewolf under the fullmoon."

"Sure, sounds good. Bring me back some blood."

The whole 'horror movie' joke theme they had going allowed her to play around like that. The advantage being that if she ever had a slip-up and really said something she shouldn't, she could easily recover and pretend it was a joke, and they would all believe it.

And so, Sophia went into the staff bathroom, removed her blue work-shirt, folding it and shoving it in her bag, while she put her crumpled black shirt back on. She spent a second looking at herself in the mirror, at her nice smooth abs and perky breasts standing out.

Being a werewolf had its perks. No exercise required, and she still looked like she went to the gym once a week, even though she was actually eating junk food at her leisure.

This also had its downsides, though. Said junk food tasted a lot worse, now. Some brands more than others. Wendy's was better, but their nearest restaurant was far away from the town. Still, she could taste all the chemicals a lot more distinctively. The pizzeria in her street were sort-of decent, even though she could tell that what they called "cheese" was... a weird mixture of a lot of other things.

Sophia went outside the station through the back. A scooter was parked near the door, and a few yards away, her moss-green pick-up truck was waiting for her. Using her keys, she opened the door, threw her bag on the passenger sit and went inside. She then picked-up her phone from her pocket and placed it in the large cup-holder between the sits, before gently pressing the main button below its screen, which lit up, displaying a background picture of a graffiti she did in an alley, and more important, the time in the middle of the screen.

7:09 PM.

She had about one hour in front of her.

Tonight, she wasn't going into the woods, though. She had spent the last two nights there, and from time to time, she liked to change in other places. As long as she felt these places were safe, of course.

She drove away from the station. Her apartment was on the other side of town. Fortunately, she knew the fastest path to take and which streets to avoid, and there wasn't a lot of traffic at this hour.

The sun was already starting to go down, it wouldn't be long now. It wasn't going to happen at 8 PM. It never was exactly like clockwork.

Sophia arrived in Davenport Street, where her apartment was. She parked her truck and breathed out. Feeling a rush of adrenaline, she got out, took her bag, closed the door behind her, quickly got inside the old building, climbed the old stone stairs, and opened her door before getting inside.

7:32 PM.

It was going to start soon, now.

The black-haired girl removed her shirt and jeans, throwing them on the bed.

She liked going in the woods, enjoying her speed and strength... but from time to time, she also felt like relaxing and doing normal things like using her computer, reading a little, listening to music. And if the enclosed space of her room felt too constricting, she could always jump out the window and do a beeline for the woods. She liked the advantages of lycanthropy, and wrecking stuff in the woods was fun every now and then, but she wasn't found of the notion of having to spend the rest of her life like this, with this heavy secret, hiding in the woods.

It was very lonely.

One day, she would have to tell someone. She picked-up her phone. While she was in a hurry, she didn't notice the reception of a text message. She pressed the message, followed by her code the phone was requesting.

– Mistakes Were Made –

Earlier in the day, she had been in contact with a friend.

Hey miss Fox, what's up?

Nothing much miss Crow. Just dancing around.
Also writing a paper for Parker's class. You?

Slowly dying at work. Almost wishing I had a rope.

Maybe I should come around one of those days.

Would be nice. Could sing a song for you.

How about I come buy a sandwich tomorrow?

Sophia smiled and answered:

I'll have some cheese for you.

May Thompson was a girl she knew from high school, just a bit older, but who shared some goth tendency in the way she dressed and looked. Though, she was very up-beat and liked to live hard. She was the very definition of the expression "You Only Live Once". Because she was a redhead, Sophia once called her "Foxy", and she was surprised to discovered that May had figured the truck with a painted raven on the side belonged to her, and clapped back calling her "Crow". May then came up with quoting the fables of La Fontaine and it kept going from there.

They were so close that, one of those days, Sophia thought she could tell her about her big secret.

As the black-haired girl was about to place her phone down, it beeped again. Looking at it, it wasn't what she expected.

"Uh."

It wasn't May, this time. It was Adele Cranston, her other friend. Her best friend, actually.

Thinking back on it, if someone had told her three years ago that she would be spending most of her free time with a shy nerdy girl, she wouldn't have believed it. Sophia usually wasn't the kind of girl to make friends, she was more of a recluse, always staying in a dark corner of the school's grounds during their breaks, trying to smoke joints or drink some alcohol while nobody was looking.

But Adele came to her. It was hard for Sophia to pin it down Adele's deal. She just seemed to want to be friends with people. It somehow struck a chord with the goth girl, who usually would've sent Adele on her way. So they began to talk and share interests.

Turns out, Adele was sort of a recluse too. There wasn't a lot of nerdy students at school. Sophia let Adele try her smokes, which turned out to be a one-time experience as the blond girl seemed to almost die from coughing. In return, Adele brought some comic-books for Sophia to read. She already knew a few heroes, but had never really cared enough to know the difference between DC and Marvel, for example.

After nearly three years on messing around together, Sophia now knew the best Spider-man story-arcs, like the Clone saga, the Black-suit saga and so on. She was now plugged into the Marvel Cinematic Universe and was watching every TV show, as well as going to every movie with Adele.

In comparison, May joined their school only a year ago. Their relation was much different. May wasn't into comics, but she was into smoking, alcohol, partying, graffiti-art, tattoos and loud music. She was the one Sophia wanted to be more 'intimate' with.

Adele was more like a sister. Like a confident. Someone she could tell her secrets.

And yet, she never found the courage to tell her why she went 'radio-silence' for 3 nights in a row every month.

Sophia pressed the text pop-up on her smart phone.

Hey girl, I'm in the neighborhood tonight. Wanna hang out?
I'm not far from your place, could be there in 15 minutes.

Sophia panicked, and as she began to type, her fingers cramped in place.

"Oh fuck no."

She had been so lost in thought that she forgot to check the time.

7:51 PM.

Sophia's legs were shaking. She could feel the flesh below her skin tightening everywhere. The tips of her fingers and toes were cramped, sharp claws already pushing under the keratin of her nails, applying pressure.

Within the cascade of short sentences running through Sophia's head, mostly swears, one rose to the top: "Alright Bitchy, do your thing!"

She was fairly aware of how her thoughts were different when she was in her werewolf form compared to her human form, how her thinking process was more primal than it would be otherwise. Bashful, antipathic, greedy, needy... lustful. That part of her that had always been there, but was now somehow a lot more... noisy? It was taking more space within her mind, suggesting ideas that felt foreign and unwanted. Maybe it was borderline schizophrenic, but she gave that part of her brain a name: 'Bitchy'.

The cramps in of her hands intensified. The claws were the worst part of her transformations, now. Not that they were painful, not anymore, at least. It was more of an itch she literally couldn't scratch, something happening inside. She had gone through nearly a hundred transformations already, and it seemed that each time, her body would adjust ever so slightly, making it less and less arduous over time. In her human form, her torso was already a lot broader than it was 3 years ago. Same with her legs and arms, which were now naturally beefier. She wasn't able to achieve feats of strength like she could in her bestial form, but she certainly appeared a lot healthier than if she had never been a werewolf.

Her first few times, years ago, she needed a special drug she stole from the werewolves of West Burrow Town, some very potent painkiller. But now, she could do without it easily. She was out of them, anyway.

The tips of her swollen toes and fingers erupted one by one, dark claws emerging as her nails popped off successively. Sophia already had leathery pads forming on her hands and on the plant of her feet. Creases were digging themselves between her abs, creating a clear separation from her obliques. Hot blood was being pumped in all her limbs. Her biceps and thighs were swelling with power, veins jutting out all over her body. Her mind was slowing drowning within her more primal thoughts.

Trying to get up, she stumbled a little, catching herself on the metal pillar in the middle of her room. The taut muscles of her legs might've looked like steel cables, but for now they felt like they were made of cotton. They were hardly able to support her own weight, as she was experiencing waves of what could only be described as a strange mixture of pain and pleasure. She could feel heat rising in pulses from her labia, her lower lips drooling juices on her inner thighs.

Over the past years, as the transformations had become less painful, they also became... overly stimulating, so to speak. It felt like every muscle in her body was stretching after a good workout. Her changes were now exhilarating, pleasing.

Fat tissue was building up inside her breasts, making them balloon in size, but in such a way that they were still firm and perky. The feeling of her boobs fattening was stimulating her even more. The muscles inside her pussy were contracting and gushing fluids. As with most of her recent transformations, Sophia couldn't stop her hands from exploring her folds, coating her clawed fingers with her wetness. The transforming girl bit her lip with a newly formed fang, drawing a few drops of blood which mixed with her saliva on her tongue.

She raised her head to the ceiling, her eyes closed. All she could see in her mind's eye was a blurry vision of May Thompson, wearing nothing but crimson velvet laces, panties, stockings and fingerless sleeves, hiding her most private parts, transparent strips of red fabric flowing around her, her tattoos impossibly dancing on her skin, as Sophia could not focus on them. May seemed paradoxically so much more naked than if she was actually nude.

Sophia could see her own hands, obscure and shapeless, like vapor, as she was more attracted by the redhead's fiery body, caressing her shapes, fondling her supple breasts, massaging her back and clutching her wide hips. She kissed her. Then she kissed her again, on her neck. Then on her chest, on her belly. As she reached her shaved lips, the ethereal May moaned sensually.

The young werewolf girl gasped as her pussy squirted all over the floor, her eyes bursting open. All the while she had been touching herself and fantasizing about the girl she loved, Sophia had finished her changes, her sexual ministrations surpassing any discomfort she would've otherwise felt.

Her head was now about 10 inches below the ceiling. She stretched her back, the bottom of which was not adorned with a fuzzy tail about as long as her legs. Then she leaned against the metal pillar, using it as support while extending her chest and arms to their full length and pulling on her thighs and calves.



"Aaaaah, that feels so much better!" she said, easing into her powerful form, as she stood once again straight on her clawed paws.

It felt as if she had spent the entire day compressed in a little box, or wearing a tight girdle, and was finally out of it, able to breathe, ready to live once again.

But before doing anything, she had to pick-up her phone and-

The building's doorbell rang. Someone was at the door below.

"Shit! Adele?! Already?!" thought Sophia, panicked.

The grey-furred werewolf dashed to the door to turn off the light switch, then rushed to the window, which was already opened. The alley below was darkened by shadows, but Davenport Street was bathed in the moon's light and a few lampposts.

Trying to calm herself, the bestial girl told herself "Maybe now is the time? Maybe I should go and tell her? Should I bring her into this?"

The enormous furred creature started to pace around the proportionately ridiculously small room.

"It **would** make things a lot easier." she admitted.

She went once again to the window and muttered: "Ok, let's do this."

It became clear after her first transformation in her apartment that the fire-escape leading into the alley was less than practical for her size. She was too big to go down the stairs, so she got used to jump through the sides and land on all fours in the alley below. Sophia breathed in and jumped.

She landed heavily on the cobblestones of the alley, and the sheer force of it pushed nearby plastic bags and papers away.

Neighborhood dogs immediately began to bark until she could hear a cacophony of howls. She could tell they were yelling about her. They knew she was there, and they were spreading the word among all the dogs in town.

"Can't they just shut up?" she growled.

The alley was mostly empty, connecting Davenport Street to Fitzgerald Street, with which she admittedly wasn't very familiar. As the alleyway was angled to hook with the other street, at least, she was unlikely to be seen by some passerby walking down Fitzgerald Street, and she could hide behind the dumpster of her building. There were a lot of small alleys like this in town, bridging streets to squares.

She needed to keep moving. As discreetly as she could, considering her size, Sophia looked into the street. Adele wasn't at her door anymore. She must've realized there was nobody home. Maybe it was better to go back to the apartment. It would be safer...

But then again, maybe she could still find Adele. Surely, she couldn't have gone far.

The grey-furred werewolf sniffed the air. The smell of trash was hard to ignore. Rotten food, shit, piss, plastic, cardboard. There were many scents she could distinguish. Various foods and meats too, enough to trigger her saliva glands. But she could also pick-up on an odor Sophia new as Adele's. Not that she actively used any sort of perfume, but she was likely using some shampoo with a discreet honey flavor. It was undetectable to humans, unless they'd shove their noses straight into her hair, but Sophia was always able to smell it from a good distance.

All the while she was focusing, the dogs were still barking, trying to assert themselves, as if they were trying to shame her for being in their territory. It was making her angry. They had nothing on her. She was their better!

She let out a powerful howl, to let them all know. To warn them that she was not to be disturbed.

Sophia had actually trained in the woods once every few months, to see if she could actually howl. The first time was so cringy that she didn't feel like trying again for a few more months. Later attempts were passable at best, but still sounded like a human imitating a howling wolf in some bad movie. But as time passed, she started to get a hang on it.

The neighborhood dogs were the proof that her many attempts had borne fruit. They all shut up. She even heard a mutt yelp in a nearby building, afraid of the big bad wolf.

Satisfied with herself, Sophia resumed her search. The smell of honey came from the left. So, it seemed like Adele went back towards her folks' house. On foot, it was half-an-hour away, though. She could still intercept her before she'd reach a square.

The street was empty, not even a car driving by. Davenport street was near the oldest part of town. Very few people lived here. Still, she wasn't going to be reckless. She ran down the street on all fours, trying her best to avoid the lights, staying close to the walls.

Then, she found her.

– Mistakes Were Made –

The young 19 years old blond girl with a ponytail was walking down an alley leading to another street, which was indeed the fastest way for her to go home, her brown backpack strapped on a shoulder, a dark red skirt rippling with the rhythm at which she was walking.

The grey werewolf approached her, her eyes stopping on her thigh-high white leggings, making her upper thighs seem... oddly appetizing.

Still on all fours, Sophia was a few yards behind her. She still hadn't figured out how she was going to approach this. She had to-



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The werewolf's big paw flattened a paper-bag littering the alley. The noise alerted Adele, who turned around.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed.

"FUCK!" thought Sophia.

The blond girl started to run toward the square, which was about 20 yards away. Sophia had to stop her! Grab her! Immobilize her!

The 6½ feet grey-furred werewolf ran on all fours to catch her running prey. For a short second, it felt like hunting a deer in the woods. She got a lot of preys over the past few years, acquired a taste for raw meat. And she hadn't eaten anything but a crappy sandwich today. She was famished, and the girl looked so delectable...

It all went so fast. Before either Adele or Sophia could think about it or realize what had happened, the blond girl was on the asphalt, her clothes covered in stains from the dirt and muddy puddle water, the skin of her arms covered in small scratches from hitting the ground, the huge dark wolf-like beast overshadowing the girl's small frame.

The girl's arm was in the beast's maw. The creature opened its eyes wide. "Oh no... what did I do?" thought Sophia, opening her jaws to free the bloody arm.

The wound was superficial, but there was a lot of blood. That wasn't the worst.

The worst was the look on Adele's face. She was terrified, tears forming in her eyes. Sophia backed away, instinctively lowering her head. She had fucked-up. Bad.

Sobbing, the blond girl did not lose a second and ran away, afraid the beast would change its mind and run after her. Adele began screaming for help.

Sophia had to hide. To run. She couldn't be found. She ran away on all fours faster than she ever did, to her building, to her apartment.

Arriving in the alley, she looked up. Again, no way she'd climb the stairs. Ashamed, she awkwardly climbed the metal framing of the fire-escape to reach her window, even though she could've jumped there with ease. She squeezed herself through her window and closed it behind her.

Sophia cowered inside her apartment, upset after what she had done. She curled-up in a corner next to her bed and began to sob, her pointy ears reflecting her emotions as they turned around and flattened. She was afraid to look at her phone. She had messed up. Worse than that. She could've killed her best friend. She almost did. This entire evening was a mistake. She should've gone to the woods.

Then, a thought came to mind.

She had bitten Adele.

Did that mean? Did she...?

"Fuck... did I turn her into a werewolf too?"

– Mistakes Were Made –

The enormous werewolf crammed into a big ball of fur was panicking.

"M- Maybe it takes more to spread? Maybe I didn't bite hard enough? Maybe I let go just in time?"

Sophia began brooding over the thought that she might've passed her curse onto her best friend.

Time seemed to slow down as she was running nightmare scenarios in her head.

Then, she finally picked-up her phone. It was hard to use with her huge claws. She instinctively wanted to press with them, but she instead had to use her leathery pads.

Looking down at the answered message, she was trying to figure out what she could say. She wanted to say "I'm so sorry for what I did to you", but of course, that would've sounded crazy. She had to act like she had no idea what just happened. Lots of words and possible sentences were colliding in her head.

Hey girl, I'm in the neighborhood tonight. Wanna hang out?
I'm not far from your place, could be there in 15 minutes.

Sorry I missed your message. I was getting food.

The bulky werewolf lingered in a tight ball of fur, waiting for her phone to beep back, hating herself for openly lying to her best friend after what she had done to her.

But the phone stayed silent.

Sophia placed the phone in front of her on the floor and kept looking at it in case it would lit up with a new text notification.

Seconds turned into minutes. Minutes turned into hours. The bestial girl gradually dosed off... then fell asleep.

The black-haired girl woke up to the sound of her phone's chime, her head resting on the corner of her bed, her sheets pulled over her. She was tired still, her eyelids sticking to the other.

A second ding made Sophia open her eyes wide. Her phone was on the floor, inches away from her legs. She almost threw herself to it, immediately inputting her passcode, and pressing the 'new message' prompt.

Sorry I missed your message. I was getting food.

— TODAY —

It's ok. Had a bit of a crazy night.

Some huge dog attacked me.

Sophia flinched, both comforted to know Adele was ok, and that she thought the beast had only been a dog. and quickly typed a reply.

You ok?

The naked girl waited in anticipation.

A minute or so later, her phone beeped again.

More fear than harm I guess. Thought it almost bit my arm off. But it was almost nothing. After I washed the blood off, there were just small cuts. I can barely see the marks anymore.

Sophia's eyes opened in shock.

"Oh shit. That's bad." she muttered.

Sophia knew how hard she had bitten Adele. It wasn't like a cat scratch. Something like that should not be healed in one night.

She needed to check on Adele, on the off chance she was wrong.

Want me to pick you up at your place? We could hang out a little.

Sure. I was thinking of going to the movies.

Sounds good! Pick you up in one hour.

The black-haired girl breathed out, placing her phone on her bed. She got up and went for a shower, after which she got dressed. Usually, she would wear stockings under her ripped jeans. They made her feel sexy and intriguing, while still looking casual. But right now, she wasn't feeling like looking sexy. If anything, she wanted to not be noticed.

So, she went with her cargo pants and her dark green coat, collar up.

20 minutes later, she was in front of Adele's home. It was a nice place. Not the 'American Dream' house, but still, miles away from Sophia's stepfather's place. Adele told her once her mom had a green thumb and liked to care for all their flowers. And indeed, the front yard was featuring a lot of plants of various shade of white, cream and lavender. In the middle of the lawn, there was also a chestnut tree, its branches spread randomly, which gave it an irregular shape.

Sophia had learned over the past few years to tell apart the various tree species, after hanging around in the woods so much. Though, the woods around Seanville were mostly made of pine trees.

The house itself had a large garage on the right, while the main structure had several extruded shapes, likely added after the original construction, themselves emphasized by large modern windows, clashing with the more classical ones of the main architecture.

Sophia liked to hang out at Adele's place. Her parents were really nice, almost making her feel like she was part of the family. But right now, she wasn't feeling like she could face Mr. or Mrs. Cranston.

Adele must've seen the dark green truck from a window, as she got out the front door moments after Sophia had parked in their driveway.

The black-haired girl could hear Mrs. Cranston from there: "Have fun, and be careful!" "Thanks, I will mom! See ya later!" replied the blond girl as she closed the door.

Opening the truck's door, Adele jumped on the passenger sit.

"Hey Soph'!"

"Sup' Adie. You ok?" asked Sophia, concerned, doing her best to hide her shame.

"Oh yeah, see: fine!" replied the ponytailed girl, showing her forearm which indeed showed no sign of any bite mark, just a light bristle of blond hair, which she always had.

"Nuthin'!" confirmed Adele.

By all accounts, Adele was actually normal, from her look to her hair's honey-like fragrance. But Sophia wasn't so easily convinced. She would have to keep an eye on her friend for a while.

So they went to the local cinema, which was a bit outside of Seanville, almost in its own town, near the gas station where Sophia worked, not far from the mall, many retailers and small warehouses.

Checking the theater's schedule for the day, they settled on watching IT Chapter Two. Though they now had a few hours in front of them, so they went window-shopping, and then, they settled on going to Arby's for their lunch.

Usually, Adele wasn't a big eater, but this time, she actually asked for it, choose to get a big steak, and seemed like she could go for another afterward, which did nothing to reassure Sophia.

The black-haired girl herself used to be a vegetarian before, and now, she was eating a steak like any other omnivore.

The horror movie, however, managed to make her forget about her worries, if only for a short while. After leaving the theater, they walked to the parking where the truck was waiting for them, chatting about what the coolest part of the movie was.

They passed near a group of punk guys wearing black jackets, hanging on a concrete fence on the outside of the parking area, chatting, a large Doberman at their side.

The dog took notice of the two girls as they passed near and started to bark.

Adele sprang up, startled by the animal.

One of the guys got up to grab the dog: "It's ok girls, he don't bite."

Another guy smiled at his friends, hands in his pockets.

Written by Goblinounours – Art by Natalie de Corsair

“But ya know ... just in case, maybe you gals would like us to walk you home?”

Sophia could smell the stench of sweat, smoke and beer on him as he came closer.

He was so close he could touch them.

"We don't bite either." he added, attempting to give Adele a sensual look, smiling, showing his teeth, bringing his face even closer. Sophia was ready to shove the guy away, but before she could do anything, Adele snarled.

"Get off, you fucking creep!" the blond girl yelled as she gut-punched the guy, her clenched fist sinking in his stomach.

"ACK!" gasped the punk. For half-a-second, nobody could believe what just happened. Not Sophia, not the guys, and certainly not Adele herself.

The Doberman got back up and began once again to bark as Sophia shouted "Go go go!" while pulling Adele by the arm, expecting the other punks to chase them.

Fortunately, they were too busy laughing their asses off at the creep, on his knees, clutching his abdomen.

“HA HA HA BRO! **REJECTEEED!**”

Still, the girls didn't waste their time and ran for the truck, immediately bolting out of the parking area at full speed.

As soon as they had left the place, Adele looked at Sophia, and they both exploded in laughter.

“What the fuck was that?!” exclaimed the black-haired girl.

The blond girl replied: “I don't fucking know! He startled me!”

“Hey I'm not complaining, that was awesome! You go, girl!”

They laughed and joked about the punks as they drove back into town. Sophia dropped Adele at her house, and although the blond girl told her parents how nice the movie had been, she conveniently forgot to mention the interaction with the punks.

Meanwhile, Sophia went to her shift at the gas station, and kept in touch with Adele via text messages.

The following day, they just hanged at Sophia's place, watching online videos and playing games on her laptop, and worked on their studies for the following week.

The entire time, Sophia kept an eye on her friend, as if out of nowhere, a big wolf was going to claw its way out of her skin. Between the bite mark, the craving for meat and the violent reaction to those jerks, the black-haired girl knew she was right.

Adele was bearing the werewolf curse too.

And yet, Sophia couldn't find the strength to tell the truth to her friend. How could she go about it?

She was making scenarios in her head. They all ended horribly, especially as she had no way of proving anything, not even her own lycanthropy.

She just had to keep an eye on Adele for an entire month.

She needed to be sure she was right.

– Mistakes Were Made –

The next day, Monday, they met at school.

“Hey Adie.”

“Yop! You ok?”

“Yeah, yeah, fine...” replied Sophia. She added: “So, uh, I had an idea I wanted to pass by you.”

“Sure.”

“How would you feel about camping next month, around the 10th.”

Adele had no idea what to say.

“Uh... that's uh... that's a weekend, right? I- I mean, sure... why not, I guess?”

“Ok, nice!”

They both walked to PE class, and Adele added “If you want, we could go there on my parents' bicycles. Better than your truck on the dirt roads.”

Sophia smiled. “That sounds great!”

“One month. Just one month. And if I'm wrong, then at least, I'll tell her my secret.” she thought.

“One month to wait.”



– 3 WEEKS LATER –

The happy laughter of children echoed all around the park of West Burrow, as the kids played, chased one another, acted like super-heroes fighting super-villains, throwing balls around, their parents watching from nearby benches.

David was relaxing on a bench, taking in the peaceful ambiance, hands in the front pocket of his light-grey hoodie, head tilted back, eyes closed, the light breeze brushing his hair.

Inside his pocket, his phone vibrated. Not moving his head, he brought the phone to his ear.

“Hey. Talk to me” he said, before pausing, listening to his interlocutor.

“Took you long enough.” He paused again. “I don't wanna hear that. Own your mistakes.”

The bearded man waiting again for the person on the other end of the call to finish speaking.

“Look, if you think she's there, just figure out where she lives and wait for next week. I'm sending Josh to you; he'll be there in three days. He still has some shit to clean over here.”

After another pause, David concluded “Yeah. Take care. Bye Rach'.” before ending the call and shoving the phone back in his pocket. Breathing out, he then got up, stretched his back and left the park, heading back to the woods.

– THE END –

– Mistakes Were Made –

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