

The Curse
By
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Jacob hated what he had become. He cursed what had happened to him each and every day since his trip to Europe. How he had been stupid to accept a tour of an old Romanian town and forest. But most of all, how he dumbly entered a forest full of monsters to see if the rumors were true and found they indeed were spot on. Plus he left with a bunch of scars along his side and a curse he wished he never had.

At first the man thought that he had been attacked by a wild animal. He never thought much of the attack, especially as those scratches only seemed minor. Jacob wrote them off as not being much considering how quickly they healed.

Yet he rapidly realized how serious those injuries were upon the first full moon after entering that forest.

Jacob had been relaxing on his hotel balcony when it happened. At the time, he was unwinding in a chair, drinking a beer, and enjoying the warm summer night. Then a bunch of clouds moved aside to unveil a bright full moon.

Before Jacob knew it, he began to feel strange. As if he had drank too much caffeine and had the shakes. Then he felt all sorts of bizarre sensations. Sort of like if he was rapidly growing. On top of that he could hear numerous odd sounds being emitted from his body.

Quickly before his horrified eyes, he watched as his arms grew longer and fingers grow claws. Jacob saw his legs reform into an amalgamation of human and wolf legs. His jeans burst apart revealing a long wolf tail growing out from his hind end. Plus he could see his nose and mouth push out into what appeared to be a wolf muzzle. Using his changing hands, he also realized his ears were reforming into wolf ears. Then an itching erupted all over his reforming body as thick wolf fur emerged along his body.

Yet most of all, Jacob could feel all sorts of new horrific animal urges overwhelm him. They forced him to howl at the moon. After that, he leaped off the balcony and dashed into the forest on all four limbs. Throughout that night, he remembered how he had ripped apart a man. The look of his victim's horrified face was permanently etched into Jacob's mind. The

morning found Jacob laying in the forest, back to normal and covered in dirt and blood.

Carefully making his way back to his room, Jacob packed his things and hurriedly got out of there before anyone suspected him. Then one intercontinental flight later, Jacob was back home trying to figure out if what had happened was all a dream? Soon Jacob wrote it off as some sort of drug induced fantasy. The thing that nagged at him was that he did not remember taking any drugs?

For close to a month after his trip Jacob lived his life within his upstate New York home. He went to work, gossiped with friends, and tried to get his life back to normal. Yet every night he checked the moon just in case.

Then when the full moon came again, it happened to him once more. The transformation was the same, the feelings were identical, and he woke up in the nearby forest nude and covered in dirt. Though this time he remembered he only caught an animal and no humans had been harmed. Not that his beastly self had not been trying.

Now that Jacob had experienced it a second time, especially after knowing there were no drugs involved, caused him to truly worry. During that stupid trip into a Romanian forest, he had been cursed by a werewolf. That now he was a danger to everyone around him.

All sorts of werewolf stories rushed through Jacob's mind as he cleaned himself up. He remembered that those once mythical beasts preyed on humans. How in every movie they went on a rampage and killed a whole bunch of people. Plus, he remembered how each one was taken down by a silver bullet. Jacob assured himself that he did not want to die let alone by a silver bullet.

Then Jacob remembered something else, very few of those movies showed the afflicted person being able to kick the curse. The closest he saw was that some conveniently went back and killed the werewolf who cursed them which resulted in the lifting of the curse. However Jacob had no money to go back to Europe, plus he had no clue who infected him or even where to start.

In the end, it looked to Jacob like he was going to have to spend the rest of his life transforming into a monster. However he did not want to live like that. So in that vein he

endeavored to search the internet for other ways to reverse the curse. He could not find all that much. What little he could find were a few rumors and fan sites. Yet most fans of werewolves wanted to become one, not cure it!

Jacob snorted when he read that. He wondered how they would really feel about becoming one if they were truly cursed like him. How they would have had little control over the beast.

Then he began researching the occult, religions like voodoo and hoodoo, witchcraft, and even devil worshippers. At first he found nothing to help him. Then after another full moon and another attempt to kill a human, Jacob finally found a small reference to a Celtic ritual that might work. The problem was that the professor who mentioned it also wrote how those rites had not been performed in centuries.

For over a year Jacob searched libraries and universities. He asked numerous practitioners of modern day rituals that stemmed from the old Celtic rites. Each told him they had never heard of such a ritual. Nor had they ever seen any sort of spell that could cure someone of their lycanthropy.

Finally in frustration, Jacob chose to try and work the spell himself. The first hurdle was trying to get the exact rite. That was probably the hardest as no one, even the person who first discovered it, had seen the full spell. Yet over time he pieced it together. The next issue was gathering all the needed obscure ingredients and implements.

On a specific day, exactly thirty days before the next full moon, Jacob had to begin brewing the potion. He had to add certain ingredients to this concoction at exact times using a specially created silver ladle. Then at other times he had to say certain words while stirring.

Before long the brew began to give off a dark steam as the spell said it would. It was at that time that Jacob pulled out the other thing the rite required, a golden necklace. First he murmured the words he thought needed to be chanted over the necklace. Then he dropped it into the potion. Next the concoction began to bubble and hiss. Once it all stopped a day later, Jacob pulled the necklace out, dried it off, and waited.

He had to wait over a couple days before the full moon was supposed to come back out. Then on the appointed day, Jacob donned the necklace and began chanting the rite. Throughout the

day he chanted only to stop long enough to travel deep into the woods. There in a clearing, he stripped down and sat on the forest floor meditating. As it got darker, Jacob prayed harder.

Then he began to notice something. Every other full moon when it was a cloudless sky, like it was that night, the moon shone brightly. Yet this night the moon was completely dark. Abruptly it dawned on Jacob that it was a lunar eclipse. Yet he hoped that would not affect what he had been trying to do. Then came the familiar feelings he had felt many times before.

Slowly his body transformed into the werewolf. Only this time the necklace stayed on him. In his mind, Jacob wondered if the spell had worked or failed. Then he began to notice he still had full control over his body. While Jacob felt the urge to hunt and kill, he now had control and could ignore those feelings.

Although the spell had not cured him of the curse, it at least gave Jacob control over his body. Jacob was comforted that he was not a danger to others. Then something strange began to happen within him.

Jacob was not sure what was going on, but he began to feel all sorts of weird feelings from his lower end. It felt as if something was growing in down there. Pretty soon his legs stopped working causing him to collapse to the ground. Before his inhuman eyes, Jacob watched as his legs began to reform into a wolf's hind legs. Then two nubs pushed out just above his hips. They soon grew out into a wolf's forelimbs!

Then before Jacob's terrified eyes, he watched another rib cage and more spine grow in between those two sets of limbs. Before long from his waist on downward appeared to be a huge wolf's body. A sort of wolf version of a centaur.

But before Jacob could figure out what was going on, he began to feel even more strange feelings. They seemed to emanate from the area where his human belly merged into the chest of his wolf lower body. In front of his stunned eyes, he watched a bulge push out in the spot. Soon it formed into a sizable wolf's head that was in proportion to the wolf body.

Jacob's lower body became animated as soon as that new head woke up and came alive. His body abruptly stood up as the head looked around. It was then that Jacob realized he had lost control over all his lower end. Plus the wolf's head and body began to sniff the ground searching for something. After that

it began growling and soon was bounding away into the forest with him along for the ride.

Jacob could feel all the sensations from that body and could even sense what the wolf was thinking. Yet he had no control over it. On top of that, his transformed werewolf upper half allowed him to smell the same things. He realized his lower body was hunting a deer.

Before he knew it, he leaped up into the air and landed atop the frightened deer. The wolf head sunk its teeth deep into the animal and began to tear it apart. Jacob tried to stop it, but he could not. As it fed, he could feel each bite of meat passing through the wolf's throat into their shared stomach.

Jacob was helpless to do anything. He was not sure whether he did the spell wrong or because of the lunar eclipse. Yet somehow he had transformed into this monstrosity. One that left him, during the full moon, with only partial control over his body. When the sun did finally rise, Jacob did not transform back into a human.

Despite the desperate situation, at least he found that with the sun, Jacob did gain full control over his lower end. Before long he was running deeper into the forest and further away from society. Throughout the day and night he tried to ponder another way out, but soon concluded he was stuck the way he was.

In time he learned he had full control over his body except for when the full moon emerged. During those times his lower wolf body took control and went hunting. Jacob finally grasped that was how he was going to live the rest of his now inhuman life. Every day afterword he cursed himself for going on that trip!