

Autumn was always Sara's favorite time of year. The days got cooler, the nights grew longer, and the crisp morning air served to wake her up on the mornings she was running late for class.

College was important to Sara. She was the first in her family to attend an actual university, a point of pride for her parents. Her dream of cooking and owning her own restaurant was within reach, and was almost done with her degree. That is, she would be if she could make it to her Thursday morning class on time.

She clutched her bag to her shoulder and brushed her long auburn hair out of her eyes as she rounded the corner to the imposing Mathematic Arts building at the edge of campus. She was nearly there when a gust of wind blew some hair back into her eyes, causing her to collide with something hard and tall.

Sara's rear landed hard on the concrete of the walkway as a small sting of curses left her mouth.

"Rude and running late?" A stern voice spoke down to her. Sara brushed the hair away from her eyes to see the grim visage of her Calculus professor looking down disappointingly at her. "I can't say I'm surprised, Miss Cullins."

"I'm so sorry, professor Miller!" Sara sputtered, jumping to her feet. "I didn't see you..."

"And I don't see you passing my class with this attitude." His words cut her as he turned and headed into the building.

"Professor," Sara began, clamoring after him, "Please, this is the only class I need to finish my degree."

"Ah, yes, your degree in, what was it again? Restaurant Management?" Miller sneered.

"Frankly, I don't see you doing very well in it. Not if your performance in my class is any indication."

"To be honest, sir," Sara began, pushing the building rage in her chest down through gritted teeth. "The only reason I'm even in your class is because the university changed the rules last year and said all graduates need an advanced mathematics class. I don't need your class for—"

"And I don't need your attitude!" Miller snapped back. "You either pass or you fail. And you, miss Cullins, will most assuredly fail."

With his words, Miller disappeared into the building, leaving Sara in the cold morning air.

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The door to Sara's dorm room slammed open as her bag flew across the small room and landed on her pillow with a thud. She walked over to her bed, stood for a moment, and fell face first onto the comforter. She screamed into her bed, letting loose the frustration of the day.

She felt the vibration of her cell phone in her pocket, and pulled it out. Without looking at it, she hit the Answer button and held it to her ear.

"Hi, mom." She said, still half buried in her comforter.

"Rough day, sweetie?" Sara's mother's voice came through the phone.

"How do you always know?"

"Mothers know these things, dear." Her mother's voice sounded warm and comforting. "And I know you'll get through whatever this is."

"It's this class," Sara began. "I don't even need it, but the university changed its rules and now I have to take it, but the professor is such a...a..."

"An asshole?"

"Mom!" Sara sat up, "You hardly ever call anyone that."

"Well, anyone who is mean to my daughter, most certainly is an asshole." Her mother continued with a laugh. "Besides, I'm sure you'll find a way to pass. Us Cullins girls are nothing if not tenacious."

"You always know just what to say, mom." Sara smiled.

"Part of my job, sweetie." Her mother's voice smiled. "It's supposed to be a beautiful night up there. Why don't you go for a walk? You always did like going for night walks in the fall."

“You know what, mom? That's exactly what I'm gonna do.”

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Sara hugged the jacket around her thin frame as she stepped out into the chilly autumn night. Tucking her hair into her beanie, she walked from her dorm room and began slowly making her way through campus. The cool air hit the back of her nose, stinging it slightly, but bringing a smile to her face. She loved the cold, it seemed to make all her problems melt away.

The smell of greasy food wafted near her as she walked past the campus snack shop, a place she affectionately dubbed “The Grease Pit.” The food in there was heavy and dense and sat in her stomach whenever she ate it. Soon, though, she wouldn't have to eat it anymore, and she would be cooking things far better than any college cafeteria would serve.

She had her restaurant planned out in her head. It would be a warm feeling place. Hand crafted tables and chairs would sit in the spacious eating area, surrounded by art provided by local artists. Her menu would be food that would make you think of home and family. A place where you could sit for hours and enjoy a damn good meal.

As Sara dreamed about her restaurant, she walked, hugging her blue coat tighter. Soon the sounds of the campus were behind her, and she was surrounded by the sounds of nature.

...nature?

Sara stopped. She had walked completely through campus and into the woods that surrounded it. A moment of panic set in as her stomach dropped. She had no idea how far into the woods she was, or even which direction she had come from.

“Stupid...” she cursed herself, pushing more hair that had gotten into her eyes away. She looked around for any indication of which way she should go, but found none.

“Phone!” She realized. She could just call the cops or something and... “Where is it?!”

The pockets of her blue coat were empty, as well as her jeans. Sara went through every pocket twice before she realized she had left her cell phone on the bed.

“Shit!” She nearly screamed, “Ok, Sara. You're a Cullins. You can do this. Stop and listen. Just like Dad taught us when we would go camping...”

Sara stood, silent, listening for anything that could help her. Some night birds sang, some animal shuffled through the brush on her left, a car horn honked behind her.

“Car horn!” Sara quickly turned around and began walking. Car meant road, road meant people, people meant safety.

She crunched through the leaves of the woods, listening again for any noise of a car, but heard nothing but the animals. She stopped, swearing she heard a footstep somewhere behind her.

Pushing it out of her head, Sara moved again, but this time she knew she heard something.

“Hello?” She called out, “Anyone there?”

Sara was met with a crushing silence.

A tingle of fear began to build in Sara's chest. She hadn't heard of any large animals in the woods around campus, but she decided now should not be the time to find out for sure.

The heavy snap of twig a few feet into the darkness made her decide now was not the time to find out. She turned and ran.

The thumps of Sara's footfalls through the leaves were nothing compared to the heavy thuds of the ones that were now pursuing her. Hot breath hit the back of her neck as something tore the beanie from her head. She instinctively turned to look, catching a face full of her auburn hair.

The next thing Sara felt was the impact of the tree against the side of her face.

The world faded in and out as darkness blurred the edge of her vision. Pain rang through her

head as Sara felt the side of her face begin to swell. The smell of dead leaves and dirt filled her nose as she groaned face down in the woods.

Heavy steps thudded around her as a new scent filled her nose. It was thick and musty, it reminded her of her old dog when it was in desperate need of a bath. Hot breath huffed around her neck and shoulders. She turned to look, wincing in pain as the muscles in her neck tensed.

All she could see through the darkness was a paw of a large dog. Its claws dug into the soft dirt as she felt its nose prod against her clothes. Suddenly, she felt a large hand grab her side and roll her over.

In the dim light of the night, she swore the dog was standing on two legs, its front paws looking more like hands as they wrapped around her mid section. Pain bloomed again in her world as the hands lifted her off the ground, bring her eye to eye with the beast.

It was a dog, or a wolf, Sara wasn't sure. Her vision faded in and out as the smell of the beast began to overwhelm her. She felt like sleeping and puking at the same time.

New pain bloomed in her shoulder. It felt like a thousand needles were piercing her skin all at once, burning and throbbing all at the same time. The pain snapped her to her senses.

Sara screamed. She tried hitting the beast as hard as she could with her free arm, but it did nothing, she flailed about as warm blood began seeping from the thousand little holes. Her hand made contact with something, a branch. She pulled on it, trying to get away, but it broke off in her hands.

Clutching the sharp stick, Sara turned it in her hand and plunged it into the eye of the beast.

A loud yelp pierced through her ears as she felt the world around her spin. She landed on the ground with a heavy thud as the beast danced in pain in front of her.

Somehow, she heard another horn honk above the beasts wailing, and took off running.

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The door to Sara's dorm room slid open as she stumbled in. Her blood stained coat slid to the floor as she stumbled into the bathroom. She flicked on the light and stood shocked at what she saw. Her face was swelling and bruised, small cuts on her cheek oozing blood.

That was nothing compared to her shirt. Several small holes dotted her shirt around her shoulder. She peeled the blood soaked rag from her skin, feeling her stomach churn as she did. She threw it to the floor, unhooking her bra to see the extent of the damage.

Suddenly dizzy, she slunk to the cold tile floor of the bathroom, and promptly passed out.

The blare of the cheap alarm clock woke Sara from her sleep. Her whole body was stiff and sore. A small puddle of blood had seeped from her wounds overnight and caked on her body and the floor. She peeled herself off the tile and sat back against the door.

Her shoulder ached terribly as she reached up to inspect the wounds.

"At least the bleeding stopped." She sighed, pulling herself up by the sink. Catching herself in the mirror, Sara was surprised. She swore her face would be more swollen, and that her shoulder would have been in worse shape, but it wasn't.

"I guess us Cullins girls are a lot tougher than I thought." She chuckled, wincing at the pain her laugh caused. She looked at the dried blood caked around her shoulder and naked breasts, and felt sick again. "Ugh, I need to clean this wound. I really hope this didn't get infected."

Sara peeled out of what was left of her clothes, took a shower and headed straight to the campus doctor.

Several painful shots and a prescription for antibiotics later, Sara stumbled back to her dorm and tried to get some sleep. She tossed and turned most of the morning and eventually gave up. Finally, not knowing what else to do, she went for a walk.

The campus was dead. It was the weekend and most of the students had gone home, leaving it comfortably empty. She strolled through the main square, carefully avoiding going anywhere near the woods. Eventually, she tired out and made her way back to her room.

Cooking herself a bigger dinner than she had anticipated, Sara scarfed everything down. She was hungry. Damn hungry. It felt like she could eat everything in the small fridge and more. Finally, once she ran out of food, she stopped and popped two more antibiotics.

Trying to settle down, Sara opened the small windows of her dorm to let the cool night air in and sat on her bed in her pajama pants and t shirt. She closed her eyes and focused on the smells coming in on the slight breeze. She smelled the scent of the grease pit, the smoke of someones cigarette walking below, and the dead leaves and dirt of the woods.

As the scent of the woods hit the back of her nose, something small snapped in the back of her head. Sara sat straight up in bed and paused. She felt like she should get up, like she should run, like she should tear away from everything.

"Calm down, girl," she said. "You're still scared from last night. You need to relax."

But she couldn't relax. Something felt off. Felt wrong. She was breathing heavily, not sure why.

Sara turned her small light off and went to the window. She breathed in the cool night air over and over, lingering in every scent the breeze brought in. She looked out at the dead campus, hardly a light on in the dorm across the way, most of the other buildings dark, letting her see the full majesty of the moon hanging lazily in the sky above the woods.

She stared at the moon, swimming in the scents of the night, when something pulled in her shoulder.

The twinge of pain snapped Sara out of her haze. She felt another twinge, as her shoulder jerked slightly. She tore off her shirt, letting her small breasts bounce freely in the cool night air, and looked at the bandage that wrapped around her shoulder. She peeled off the tape and stood, shocked.

The wounds from last night had all but healed. Most were completely closed, the larger ones mostly scabbed over. She ran a finger along the marks as her shoulder twitched again.

A cold wind brought a shiver to Sara as her nipples stood erect in the chilly room. She grabbed her shirt, but dropped it as a spasm ran through her hand.

Something warm was forming deep inside her, at her core. Sara felt her shoulder begin to itch as the last of the wounds healed and small hairs began to sprout around the wounds.

"What the hell..." She muttered, looking at the light auburn fuzz that dusted the marks. She reached a hand up to investigate as the warmth in her stomach blossomed.

Her body ached all over, everything felt off all at once. Sara grabbed on to the window sill to keep her balance as the world began to spin. Her shoulder jerked again as more hairs poked their way through the skin, moving slowly outward from the wounds.

Her hands crunched as she watched her nails slowly start to push out from their beds. It felt like they were being pulled outwards by some unseen force. Small hairs poked lazily through the skin on the back of her hand as she pulled it closer to see, watching as the nails thickened, the ends looking sharp. She turned her hand over as the skin on her palm began to turn grey and puff up.

"What...what the hell." She stammered, her breath getting caught in her throat as the heat in her core intensified, causing her to fall to her knees, one hand still gripping the window sill.

Fire burned across her chest, soon the cool room felt sweltering. She brought a clawed hand to her stomach, the pads on her fingers and palm feeling rough against her bear skin. She looked down, noticing hairs poking out of the tops of her pajama bottoms, which were now beginning to feel tight.

Sara was panting, sweat pouring from every pore as her hair fell down around her face. Fangs began to push through her gums, forcing her mouth open as she looked up at the moon through the window, small flakes of amber making themselves evident in her green eyes. Her body tensed again as her back popped and cracked, moving her chest slightly higher from her widening hips.

A familiar sensation came now from her feet. She sat on her side, looking down as each of her

toe nails began growing longer and thicker, curving downwards and looking wickedly sharp as they moved. Her arches crunched as the balls of her feet widened, and moved slowly away from her heels. Small hairs tickled the undersides of her feet as the fur began growing there, moving slowly towards her ankles.

Sounds of the outside world suddenly flooded Sara's ears as small points formed at the tips. She raised a clawed hand to feel as her ears began pushing outward from her head.

The heat in her core began to move downwards, towards her stomach, and stopped just above her hips. The hairs poking through her pajamas itched terribly, as the fabric of the legs began to ride up her lengthening calves. She reached a hand down to take them off, and ended up slicing through the simple fabric with her claws, leaving small red lines forming in the skin of her calves.

Heat was emanating from her crotch, She could feel it on her hands, smell it with her slowly blackening nose. A deep need filled Sara. A primal need. She moved a clawed finger through her softening pubic hair and carefully felt around her lips.

Lightning flashed through Sara's body. The simplest touch to her folds had her moaning in bliss. The heat intensified as she lay back on the tile floor, the fur growing along her back quickly insulating her from any remaining coolness that could get through. Her feet kicked out around her as they continued to grow, her toes splayed out in bliss.

Her face crunched as she felt her nose and jaw push slightly outwards, intensifying the smells of the night, and making room for more of the growing fangs in her mouth. A trail of fur grew from her groin and made its way up between her growing breasts as her hand again moved towards the heat of her folds.

A deepening voice moaned in ecstasy as she brought her other hand to her breasts, kneading them, reveling in the feeling of the rough pads on her sensitive nipples. Her fingers moved delicately around her lower lips as her upper pair turned black,

The fur on her fingers was quickly soaking the hot juices that made their way out of Sara's now fur covered groin. They trapped her scent as they moved slowly in and out on her passage. The pad on the palm of her hand grazed, her engorged clitoris, sending Sara into a new wave of pleasure. She raised her hips, humping them against the palm of her hand as the bottom of her spine creaked and began growing outwards. Auburn fur quickly ensconced the new appendage as her tail wagged furiously beneath her.

Fur covered the rest of her face as her muzzle pushed forward with a snap. Fangs and lengthening tongue lashed as she moved to her hands and knees. Hot juices dripped past her plunging fingers and pooled on the floor, steaming a bit as they hit the cold tile.

A now larger hand gripped the window, claws digging into the sill and raking deep gashes into its surface. Amber had now completely taken over Sara's eyes as she gazed up at the moon.

Something began to build in her chest as the heat in her groin intensified even further. A need to yell, to roar, to be free built as she neared orgasmic bliss. The fingers on her free hand worked furiously as her long tongue lolled out of her mouth.

Sara growled as she thrust her hips against her hand, faster and harder, The claws of her toes digging into the tile of the floor. She needed this, she wanted this. The need to yell rose in her chest until...

Lightening flashed thought Sara's body as a deafening howl bellowed from her long canine muzzle. Her vagina gripped her fingers, and let loose a torrent of juices that splattered on the tile floor below. Her whole body shook in orgasmic bliss as she crumpled to the floor, twitching against the fingers that were still trapped in her passage.

After a few moments, Sara pulled her hand from her crotch and looked at her juices glistening in the moonlight. She could smell herself in them. She was earthy and musky, Salty and sweet. She gave a curious lick to her fingers and swam in her essence as it danced across her tongue.

Eventually, Sara stood on wobbly legs. Not used to the feeling of walking on just the balls of

her feet. She gave a few tentative steps around her small room, finding her balance, and reveling in how keenly she could smell everything. Her laundry, her bed, the dried blood on the shirt she had worn the day before.

The smell of blood brought a snarl to her lips. It made her feel like hunting, like killing. The need to get out of the small room suddenly overtook everything she knew. Sara wormed her way out of the window, and jumped out into the night.

Professor Miller had stayed late to grade more failing tests from his miserable students. He liked the solitude of Friday nights on campus. Everyone had gone so he was alone. He wrapped his scarf around his neck and began walking to his car in the faculty parking lot.

As he neared the car, he felt hot breath blast through the scarf on his neck.