

The old car rumbled down the empty highway, bumping along the pot holes and patch work fillings the state laid down years ago. Heather pushed her black sneaker down on the accelerator as she smiled over to her fiancé. John didn't look up from the road map as he shared her smirk.

"We're already lost," He said. "No need to get lost faster."

"I'm just trying to find some new scenery," Heather replied, staring out at the empty fields that surrounded the lonely road. "Who would put a Bed and Breakfast out in this area anyway?"

"It promised solitude and quiet," John said. "What better way to get that than to put your B&B in the middle of nowhere?"

"Well, at least we're not going there for the sights," Heather smirked, following the gentle curve of the road. "As for the sounds...we should be making plenty of our own."

John smiled and looked down at the map.

Heather had planned this trip to help get John to come out of his shell. He was an adorable man, his beautiful blue eyes always shined like a thousand thoughts were flying by behind them, but he was always so quiet. He hardly talked to anyone but her, almost never went out, and seemed almost afraid to try new things. It had taken her weeks of trying to finally convince him to take this trip.

Heather adored John, stuck with him since she met him that day in the library, and still stayed by his side when he said he wasn't ready to consummate their relationship. They cared deeply for each other, and this trip was proof of that.

"Hey, I've got signal!" John said, holding his phone up. "Looks like we're finally out of that dead zone."

"Any luck with GPS?" Heather asked.

"Yeah, it looks like we're only about 40 minutes away," John replied.

"Civilization ahoy!" Heather pointed forward and pushed further down on the accelerator. John smiled and folded the map.

The antebellum style house stood starkly against the mostly empty fields surrounding it. A few large oaks dotted the long driveway and yard, providing some much welcome shade to the property. The car rumbled up the dirt drive and came to a stop near a hand crafted sign that declared "Guest Parking" in painted cursive letters.

"Are we the only ones here?" John asked as he got out of the car.

"Looks like it," Heather said, stretching her arms above her head as she looked around the beautifully kept property. "Looks like we'll have the place all to ourselves."

"I ... I think I can live with that," John replied, obviously trying to get into the spirit of the trip Heather intended.

"You two must be our guests for the weekend." A friendly voice called from the porch. Heather and John turned to see a plump older woman wearing a green dress and white apron standing near the front door. In her hands were two tall glasses of iced tea. "Pleased to meet you."

"You must be Mrs. Hargrove," Heather said, walking towards the large stairs leading up to the porch.

"That I am, dear," she replied, carefully taking the steps one at a time. "But you can call me, May. Everyone else does."

"Do you need some help?" John moved to the steps, hand out.

"Handsome and polite, I like you already," May smiled. John blushed a bit, stealing a glance to Heather. "But, I'm fine. Old May has been doing this for a long time. These steps know not to give an old lady any trouble."

"Are we the only guests here this weekend?" Heather asked, taking the glass offered by May.

"Only and last," May sighed. "After this weekend we're shutting down for good."

"Oh?" John said, "But every review we read about this said it was amazing."

"Yes, yes, 'changed our whole relationship' and all that" May waved her hand dismissively. "We

can talk about it more over supper, if that's what you two want.”

“Oh, we wouldn't want to trouble you with talk like that.” Heather said, sipping the sugary sweet tea.

“Oh, its no bother, dear.” May smiled. “Now, let me get Joe and we'll get your bags up to your room.”

“I'll carry the bags.” John offered. “I don't want to trouble you any more than we already are.”

“Young man, you paid good money to spend the weekend here.” May offered. “But, if you insist...”

The inside of the house was stunningly decorated as May led the young couple through. Ornate carpets ran the narrow halls, placed over well sealed hardwood floors. Paintings John had only seen in his old books adorned the walls of each room, some spanning nearly the length of the ten foot ceilings.

“Your home is gorgeous.” John commented, struggling with their bags.

“I'll give you the full tour once you're settled in.” May said, leading them to the base of the staircase. She fished a key out of her apron and handed it to Heather. “You're in room Two. Supper will be at 6 sharp. You two go wash up. Don't be late.”

“You got it.” Heather smiled, taking the heavy brass key in her hand.

Heather and John hopped up the stairs and into their large room. A four post bed sat in the corner, with a settee and trunk at the foot. A large writing desk sat under the large bay window that encompassed the entire corner of the room.

“Are you sure we can afford this place?” John chuckled, putting their clothes in the large oak dresser near the door.

“Relax, will you?” Heather smirked, sidling up to him. She snaked her arms under his and grabbed him around the waist. “For this weekend we have no worries, no problems, and nothing to hold us back.”

John turned in her grip and met her gaze, her green eyes shining. “I promise. This weekend, I won't let you down.”

“You better not.” She said, playfully bopping the tip of his nose with her finger. “Now, lets get ready. I have the feeling May will be upset if we're late for supper...”

Candle sticks and ornate dishware lined the long dining room table, as Heather and John entered the room. May sat at the head of the long table, as a thin older man emerged from the kitchen carrying a large covered tray.

“Right on time.” May smiled as they made their way to their seats. “Heather, John, this is my husband, Joe.”

“Pleased to meet you.” Heather smiled. Joe simply nodded, the long white hairs covering his bald spot bobbing slightly.

“Don't mind him, he doesn't talk much.” May added. “But the man sure can cook. Only reason I stayed with him this long.”

“Bah. You love me and you know it.” Joe grunted, setting the large tray down. Heather and John shared a smile.

“You seem like a lovely couple. How did you two meet?” May prodded as Joe began dishing out perfectly prepared steaks. “If you don't mind an old lady asking.”

“Well,” Heather began. “We actually met in the City Library.”

“Oh?” May perked up.

“I had gotten downsized and decided to take it as an opportunity to follow an old passion.” Heather explained. “I had collected some antiques over the years and wanted to open my own shop. I found a piece I didn't know much about, so I went to research it.”

“I happened to be in the library,” John picked up the story. “I sell old and rare books, and was

looking for information on one I had just gotten, when we bumped into each other in the aisle.”

“Poor John spent the rest of the afternoon helping me, that he never got the chance to do his research.” Heather finished, with a laugh. John blushed and looked down at his plate.

“I actually went back every day for a week hoping to see her again.” John added. “Then when she finally showed up, I chickened out.”

“But, I caught you.” Heather reached out and grabbed his hand. “Your big blue puppy eyes were so wide when I asked you out.”

“I’m glad I said yes, though.” John blushed.

“You know,” May began. “Just in town there is a wonderful little antique shop right next to an old book store. The owners are friends of ours, I’m sure they would be happy to give you a private tour tomorrow.”

“Oh, that would be fantastic!” John said, perking up. “I could use some new books.”

“And I could get some ideas on pricing.” Heather added.

“I’ll call old Henry in the morning.” Joe said, taking another helping of butter noodles from the bowl. “I’m sure he’ll be fine with it.”

“We can’t thank you enough for this.” Heather said.

“Well, you’re our last guests.” May smiled. “We have to make sure your visit here is extra special.”

The four finished their meal and chatted well into the evening. Before they knew it, it was time for bed. Heather and John went to their room, and promptly passed out; faces smiling, stomachs full.

Heather and John were up bright and early. They slipped out of the silk sheets of the plush bed and into their best weekend clothes. Heather slipped on a pair of jeans and blouse, stepping into her black sneakers as John tucked his polo into his khakis.

“A tuck, really? We’re on vacation.” Heather said, pulling his shirt out of his waistband, giving him a gentile kiss. “We are here to relax.”

“Of course.” He kissed her back, tasting the sweetness of her lip balm on his lips.

They finished getting ready and walked down the lush staircase to find a note waiting for them on a small end table. Joe had written a map with directions to the shops in town, including the numbers of the owners.

The day was fantastic. Heather and John spent hours in each of the shops, getting special treatment from each of the owners. The little old lady who owned the antique shop shared several trade secrets with Heather, and the old British man in the book store offered an exceedingly rare book to John for a fraction of the price. When they thanked the owners for the treatment, they both smiled and said the same thing: They owed May and Joe for changing their lives.

The old car rumbled back to the parking spot at the B&B just in time for dinner. Heather and John hurried into the large house and headed straight into the dining room. May was just finishing setting their places when they walked in.

“You two look like you had a fun day.” May said, moving to her seat at the head of the table.

“One of the best.” Heather said, sliding into her seat.

“We learned so much today!” John said, pushing Heather’s chair in. “I absolutely love it here. It’s a shame we have to leave tomorrow afternoon.”

“Yes.” May sighed, looking down. “I only wish this old place could stay open. But, Joe and I are getting too old to keep it up.”

“What’s going to happen to it?” Heather asked. “Will one of your kids take it over?”

“We have no children, I’m afraid.” May explained. “We will most likely sell it to the banker that’s been asking about it.”

“That’s a shame.” John said. “I would love to live in a place like this.”

“Oh?” May leaned in, “Would you keep it in business?”

“With everything it’s done for us so far, I’d love to see it keep doing that for others.” Heather added, then “But, we could never afford a place like this. We can hardly keep up rent on our apartment in the city.”

The mood in the room began to dim before Joe came from the kitchen, carrying a delicious smelling tray of food. The food quickly lightened the mood.

Dinner was warm and comforting. Heather and John chatted openly and vividly with May and Joe. They shared things about themselves they normally wouldn’t have, but didn’t seem to mind. May had a pull about her they simply couldn’t resist. She was like a grandmother, caring and warm, wanting only to make them comfortable.

As dinner ended May suggested they share one last drink and call it an early night. She moved to the large liquor cabinet near the table and reached for a bottle.

“Not that one, dear.” Joe said, stopping her. “Go for the blue bottle.” May looked at Joe as a playful smile crossed her face.

“Wonderful idea, dear” she said, pulling an ornate blue bottle from the shelf. “And there’s just enough left, too.”

“It’s a one of a kind blend from the old country.” Joe explained. “We only serve it on extra special occasions.”

“And seeing as how this is our last occasion...” May poured the deep red liquid into four small glasses, letting the last drops fall from the bottle. “Here is to the young couple: May you find yourselves where you belong.”

Heather and John raised their glasses and sipped the dark liquid. It was unlike any drink they had ever tasted; it was sweet and smokey, woodsy and strong. It stung the backs of their throats and spread a warmth all through their chests as went down.

“This is fantastic!” John said, looking at the dark liquid swirling in the glass.

“And strong.” Heather added, feeling the warmth pooling in her stomach.

“Why don’t you two take the rest up to your room.” May smiled. “I’m sure it will help you enjoy your evening.”

Heather and John’s heads were swimming by the time they got to the top of the stairs. They closed their bedroom door behind them, Heather locking it with the heavy brass key. She downed the last of the wonderful drink, placing her empty glass on the desk by the window. Feeling warm, she drew the curtains back to open the window.

The full moon was cresting over the trees in the distance, illuminating the land around the house. Shadows from the moving branches of the oaks danced over the grass, as Heather moved from the window and turned off the old lamp by the bed.

The moon shone bright enough in the room from John to see Heather sit on the bed and kick off her sneakers. She leaned back, propping herself up with her elbows, smirking at John. Her head swam from the drink, making her feel warm and aroused.

“You ready for the fun part?” She asked, unbuttoning the top of her blouse.

“You bet.” John smirked, kicking off his own shoes and stumbling over to the bed. He sat next to her, and looked into her eyes. He felt her hot breath on his lips, as Heather leaned in, pressing her lips against his. Her tongue darted into his mouth, swirling around his and sharing the remaining flavor of the drink.

Heather pulled back, letting another button lose on her shirt, as she guided John’s hand to her breast. He began to gently knead it as he moved in for another kiss, pressing his body against hers. Heather felt the growing bulge in John’s pants press against her leg as the warmth in her stomach began to spread.

John moved his hand down slowly to the waistband of Heather’s pants, kissing her deeply as his

own heat began to grow. His tongue darted around her mouth, playing on the soft flesh until it hit something sharp.

He pulled back, pausing for a moment as his head swam. Heather's eyes were closed, her hands running along her body. She felt good, alive, her whole body was awash in sensation. John felt the same, beginning to sweat a bit.

Heather sat up, opening her eyes as she grabbed John by the collar of his polo. She felt a growing urge in her loins. She had waited for this moment with John for so long and now it was here. She was going to make sure he was ready. He was Hers. She had to let him know. She grabbed his hand again, and led it into her pants.

The heat on John's hand was intense as it moved past the zipper of her jeans and onto her moist panties. She guided his fingers to a spot just above her folds and held it there. She, in turn, used her free hand to undo his belt as they continued to kiss.

John felt something stir as Heather's hand reached in to free his now throbbing member, his polo beginning to feel tight around his chest. Another button popped off of Heather's shirt, this one unaided by her hand.

Suddenly John stopped, standing.

"What's wrong?" Heather asked, still swimming.

"Your hair." John said, motioning to her open jeans. He was getting confused. He knew something was off, but he wasn't sure what. "It's ... soft..."

"So's yours..." She purred, standing with him.

Heather let her pants pool to the floor, stepping out of them, as she knelt in front of John. She pulled his pants down, revealing his own pubic hairs had grown soft, more sprouting out around his crotch. She grabbed his legs, and he winced.

"Something's wrong..." He started, grabbing her wrists. He pulled her hand off to see her nails had grown longer and sharper. "Your hands..."

"Yours too..." She grabbed his hand and twined her fingers between his. John looked down to see his nails were in fact growing longer.

"We should.... we shouldn't..." John's mind couldn't comprehend what was happening, His thoughts stopped completely when he felt warm dampness envelop his penis. He looked down to see Heather's mouth around the tip of his member, her green eyes looking up at him.

He reached a clawed hand up, placing it on the side of her head. He felt her ear wiggle and begin to move under his palm. He pulled his hand back to see the tips of Heather's ears poking through her hair.

Sensation began to overwhelm them. Heather released John's member and stood. She ran her hands under his polo, rough pads forming on the undersides, rubbing against John's sensitive chest. Sharp teeth filled her grin as she pulled his shirt off over his head, revealing a trail of fur growing up from his groin to his chest.

John grabbed her blouse, popping the remaining buttons and tearing the fabric with his sharp claws. He sliced through her bra, letting her breasts bounce free. Her nipples stood out in the light of the room, a trail of fur emerging between her breasts.

Heather ran a clawed finger delicately down John's chest as she sat on the edge of the bed. She rolled her head, feeling the muscles in her neck tense and grow as her nose began to darken. She gazed at John, and spread her legs.

A flurry of scents filled John's changing nose as he knelt in front of her. The earthy smell emanating from Heather's darkening folds guiding him to her. His wider tongue slipped out from between his lengthening fangs, slipping into her heat.

Heather moaned in bliss, opening her legs further to give John better access. She looked down at him, seeing his pointed ears rubbing against the fur moving down her thighs. His tongue darted around inside her, lapping up the hot juices that were dripping out of her. Her chest swelled, the fur

moved to cover her breasts as her nipples darkened. She grabbed them, massaging them with the rough pads on the bottoms of her hands.

Pressure began to build in her groin, as a snarl moved across her face. Her breaths quickened, as small tremors worked their way through her body. John's tongue danced in her lips, finally reaching her swelling clitoris. The rough dampness of his tongue dragging across it was enough to send Heather over the edge. She pressed her thighs around John's head, trapping him as her juices shot out onto his face.

Heather was panting, her body alive with sensation as she sat up. She looked at John, her juices dripping off his chin.

"Your turn." She growled playfully through a slightly longer face.

John moved onto the bed, Heather straddling his knees. She pressed her furred breasts together with her arms as she grabbed his large erection. The rough pads and fur of her hand tickled the skin of his penis as she guided it to her mouth.

Heather's longer tongue wrapped around John's shaft, ensconcing it in warm softness. Her long ears bobbed as she worked her head up and down. Each time she moved up, he seemed to grow longer and thicker. John snarled as her sharp teeth grazed the skin of his penis, sending electric shocks through him. Within moments, his balls tightened and his hips bucked upward, sending his seed shooting into Heather's mouth.

"Eager, aren't we?" She growled, wiping her mouth with the back of her furred hand. John looked down at his penis, now red and tapered at the tip. It twitched, hard and ready to go again.

Heather turned around on the large bed, showing John her swollen lips under her furred ass. She stretched her legs, feeling the fur moving closer to her feet. John grabbed her legs, watching as grey pads puffed up on the undersides of Heather's toes and the balls of her feet. Sharp claws sprouted from her toes as John felt his do the same.

Heather looked back, whining in anticipation, wiggling her ass at John. He grabbed his red member with his hand and lined it up with her lips.

"You ready?" He growled.

As if to answer, Heather thrust her hips back, taking John inside of her. He began to thrust into her heat, feeling the folds of her inner walls dance against him. Heather leaned her head back, fur finally covering their faces as they began to push out.

With each thrust, their bodies worked towards finishing their changes. Small nubs formed above their cracks as tails began to grow. John watched as Heather's tail grew in, fur moving quickly down it. He began to pick up the pace, slapping against her as their faces snapped, muzzles formed. Heather placed her head against the bed, her tongue hanging out in bliss as John grabbed her hips.

She reached a hand back to finger her clitoris as she gripped the post of the bed with the other. John growled as he grabbed her tail, pulling it up to give him more leverage, the pressure in Heather screaming for release.

The base of John's penis began to swell, making it harder to thrust into Heather. He growled in frustration, pushing harder and harder until he finally pushed his knot into her. Heather's passage clamped around him, making it impossible for him to pull out. She whined and moaned, each tiny thrust sending electric jolts through her body.

Feeling a familiar sensation build, John leaned across her back and bit into Heather's neck as his balls once again tensed before sending burst after burst of his seed exploding into her. The bite was enough to send Heather into orgasm. She felt her walls clamp around John's knot, milking it with each pulse.

Heather and John howled together in bliss as their bodies shook and their tails lashed. They collapsed onto the bed, happy and spent.

A few minutes later, John's knot shrunk enough to pull out of Heather. She yelped slightly at the feeling, but snuggled right back up to John.

Neither of them said a word the rest of the night. John held her in his arms, playing with her breasts and tickling the new rows of nipples that had shown up on Heather's chest. She reached back, petting his face and scratching him behind the ears.

Soon, the need began to grow in them again, and they found themselves enjoying the night over and over.

In the distance, a pair of howls joined in bliss.

Heather and John woke sometime the next afternoon. They were again human, covered in scratches and fluids from the night before.

"That...that was real?" John asked, looking at their naked bodies.

"It must have been." Heather smiled. "You were a real animal. I'm glad you finally came out of your shell."

"Me too." John smiled. "I just hope we didn't break anything too expensive."

Cleaning themselves up quickly, Heather and John slunk downstairs to find no one in the house. A large breakfast and note sat on the dining room table.

"Dear Heather and John," Heather read, "The bed and breakfast is yours, please consider it the second gift we have given you. Just don't book any non regulars on the full moon and you will be fine. -May and Joe."

Heather and John looked at each other. With a toothy smile, they dug into breakfast.