

Movie Night

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The screen went black, plunging her into a brief second of pitch blackness before the credits began to slowly scroll upward. She liked the moments right after the movie, where everything was quiet, and for such a short second, you were utterly alone with your thoughts. At least... she *had* been alone. She wasn't anymore, and his arm around her shoulders was a nearly omnipresent reminder of that fact.

With a soft sigh, she wriggled closer to him, snuggling further into the crook of his arm, into the source of the warmth that was radiating into her from him. It had become a nearly weekly ritual for them. On Fridays, after he came back from working at the advertising firm for which he was a graphic designer, after a dinner he would cook for her, they would retire to their bedroom, turn off all the lights and put on a movie that they could watch together. She looked forward to those nights more than any others.

"So," he murmured quietly down at her curled-up form, his voice vibrating pleasantly against her, "how was this one?"

She looked up at him, meeting his eyes briefly before returning to her cuddling. "Better than the last one." she had to admit, "but I think I'm beginning to notice a pattern."

"Mmh... and what's that?"

"They always make it look so painful, with all that screaming and crunching. Why do they have to make it look like it hurts so much?"

He vibrated her again with a thoughtful hum. "I'm not sure... I think it's probably because it's viewed as more of a curse than a blessing. They make it hurt to symbolize something like... like the loss of humanity or something like that, almost like they're devolving, becoming less than human." He grinned down at her. "Pretty arrogant, right? Why? What *does* it feel like?"

With a frustrated grumble she squished her cheek into his ribcage, rubbing him through his shirt. "Not like *that*, for sure. They've got the sounds right, at least, but it doesn't hurt, really. And there's one more thing; why is it that they only turn during the full moon, or when the moonlight is touching them?"

He shrugged before going back to squeezing her into him. "I couldn't even hazard a guess for that one. How's it actually happen?"

She struggled to put words to the sensations she was so used to experiencing. "The moon's... it's not what triggers it. It just makes it harder to stop. It's more like... it's more like there's this... thing trapped inside you, and the closer to a full moon it gets, the harder it is to keep in contained. It... when I..."

When she hesitated, his hand found hers, wrapping fingers around her more delicate digits. "It's alright," he whispered, brushing an errant lock of her rich raven hair behind her ear, "You don't have to tell me anything. I'll wait for as long as I have to."

"N-no!" she huffed, "It's been long enough. You deserve to know. I just... I just need to find what to say. It's hard to explain."

His fingers squeezed hers with gentle patience, and he smiled warmly at her as she fidgeted under his arm. He really did deserve it. She had known him for years, lived with him for months... shared his bed when it was safe for her to get excited, the week of the new moon almost exclusively. Telling him what she was, some horrific monster of the night that had

haunted humanity's dreams for centuries, had been, by far, the hardest thing she had ever done. What had shocked her more than anything had been his reaction. He had just accepted it like she had told him she dyed her hair black—which she most certainly did not.

It had baffled her. It had almost made her feel foolish for being so worried, the way he just looked at her with that ever-present smile after she had poured her heart out to him. He had just wrapped her up in his arms and held her until she had made him let go. At the time, she hadn't known what to do afterward. She had been afraid it would change their relationship, or the way he looked at her, and it had, but he never looked afraid of her like she had expected—like he should have. He just looked at her differently. It made her feel warm inside.

Her fingers mangled with the fabric of the sweater she was wearing. It was so hard to describe. "It..." she hesitantly began, "It's like there's two of you, and when the full moon gets closer, the other you gets more and more insistent. The thing, it lives on instinct, and it only wants what an animal would want: food..." she glanced uncertainly back up at him, "a mate... and it'll take control to get what it wants. Sometimes, on the full moon, all it takes is the smell of something tasty on a barbeque to set me off. Sometimes all it takes is for someone to... touch me... s-so gently. It... i-it makes me... I-"

Closing her eyes, she took slow, deep breaths, trying to quench the fire she had unwittingly stoked. This was a mistake. The full moon was on Monday. It was too close. She should have left by now. Why was she still here, with him, where she could hurt him if she turned? Anxiety planted a lump in her throat; she knew why. It was because she didn't want to miss movie night. She didn't want to miss being with him. "I-I'm sorry." she whined, "I'm being selfish. I... I should go. I shouldn't be here... not so close. It-"

When she made a move to crawl out from under his arm, he stopped her, instead dropping the limb to her waist and lifting, pulling her onto his lap to face him. "Thank you," he intimated in response to her worried glances, "for telling me. I know it couldn't have been easy for you." She wriggled weakly, and he just pulled her closer. "I've known you long enough make guesses but hearing everything from you makes it so much better. I'm proud of you, and I'm sorry if I've been a stubborn ass at times."

She huffed, trying to push away from him, but like this, her arms were spindly compared to his. "You mean like right now? Let go; I can't... I don't want to hurt you. It's so hard to control. Please, let me go."

His arms loosened, but only a little, not enough to free her. "I will. I promise. Just one more question, please."

Her struggling ceased, and she sagged against him, pressing into his chest and twining her fingers together behind his back in a firm hug. "Fine." she relented, swallowing hard around the boulder that had taken up residence in her esophagus. He smelled nice, heavy and masculine "One question, but please make it fast."

"If you say so." he whispered into her ear, "Cassie, will you marry me?"

She blinked as she felt her heart practically stop. "Wh-why?" was the only word she could force past her lips.

Chuckling, he did as he promised, releasing her so he could lay his fingers on her shoulders. "Because I love you."

The hairs on the back of her neck bristled, standing stiffly upright as waves of goose bumps washed down her limbs. "B-but... I... But if I... I can't... Daniel, I'm... Why?"

He answered her as he always did, calmly, smiling, squeezing her shoulders with affectionate force. "Oh..." he muttered, "the usual, I guess. You're smart, and kind, and warm,

and funny. It's gotten to the point where I find myself thinking of you almost all the time, and not even just how absolutely, stunningly beautiful you are. I enjoy your smiles and your laughs, your cute, little scowls as you remind me that I am, in fact, a stubborn ass. I love this, right now, being so close to you, just *being* with you, you know? I'd like it to last forever, and since there's this neat little ceremony humans have developed to symbolize that, I thought it would be a good idea to ask for your opinion."

She was having serious trouble keeping her breathing under control, and she watched with huge, staring eyes as he reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a squat, miniscule box. Opening it with that infuriatingly warm smile still plastered over his face, he reached in and plucked out a small circle of gleaming, polished gold, set with a modest, cleanly-cut diamond. He held it out to her, murmuring, "I love you, Cassie. Will you marry me?"

Despite her certainty that she no longer had any control over her body, her hand reached out, closing shaking fingers over the ring and pulling it numbly from his. She dragged it into herself, cradling it to her chest. She clung to it like it was a life preserver, and she was suddenly drowning. The metal was still warm from being held against his chest, and she wanted it to stay that way forever. "Y-yes." she sobbed, breaking down and leaning hard into him, "Yes... Yes!"

Wrapping his arms around her again, he pulled her in, practically crushed her against his chest as she shook, quietly weeping. He ran dotting fingers through her hair, pushing it away from her eyes. She wasn't alone. She didn't have to be alone. Someone didn't *want* her to be alone, and as he leaned over her, brushing sensual lips over her cheek, she felt her anguished facade crack before shattering. "I'm sorry, Daniel."

He pulled away an inch, perhaps two. "For what, Cassie?"

She couldn't hear him; she was already too far gone. Suddenly, with a burning passion that she felt on a monthly basis, she could never remember wanting to do anything more than she wanted to hold Daniel down and ravage him right that second. The wolf inside her raged against the prison of her body, fighting with fast, stunning pulsations of crystallizing want that solidified in her chest and poured with her blood through veins that throbbed in time with her racing heart.

Her hand slapped down on his chest, and she used him to push herself away, not to leave, but to make room. His back was against the headboard, his legs between her thighs as she straddled him. There would be no escape for him. She had time to savor it, time to give him a show. She shuddered, her nerves firing spastically as *it* built up inside her, growing stronger, feeding on her own desire. That's what it did. It took what she had and consumed it, amplified it. It was she who fueled the hard, feral beast that lurked patiently in the corners of her mind, and her finally reciprocated love was an unexpected banquet.

His lips were moving, but she couldn't make out what he was saying. Her hearing had gone haywire, and she watched his eyebrows rise in surprise as he watched it begin. Twitching, her ears crawled up the side of her head, tapering as they lengthened, becoming long and triangular. With a gratifying tingle, countless, coal-black hairs lanced up through her skin, starting at the tips of her reshaped organs and sweeping downward onto her head and face. Her fur was sleek and soft, a source of pride that flared in her chest as he reached a reverent hand out to whisper along her cheek.

The wolf chewed through that, too, burning it in the furnace that had ignited in her core. It was insatiable, and she had never possessed more desire for it to build upon. When her hearing returned, a thousand times sharper than before, he had stopped talking, instead just watching and grinning like a maniac. It frustrated her. She had wanted to hear his vibrant voice through what felt like her true ears.

What she did hear didn't surprise her. There was the rustle of her fur flowing down her body, brushing against itself as well as her clothing. Louder, sharper, there was the crackling of her nails pushing further away from her fingertips, growing long, sharp, and inward-curving. As it happened, her hand went over his, holding it to her cheek, silently pleading him not to be afraid. There was still so much more to go.

She felt her fur blanket her, covering her from head to toe in a coat of midnight black, smooth and silky. Her socks had partially obscured the growth of the claws that tipped her toes, but she knew that would not long be an issue. What came next would be rough and noisy, and would bare all. The sweater he had given her, his own, was big on her, and as she leaned forward, bending over on herself, the loose fabric concealed the way her petite breasts started to balloon outward, throbbing deliciously as they did,

Her jeans, however, were her own, and they were *tight*. She liked the way he looked at her when he thought she wasn't paying attention. There was no hope for them. The dark blue denim already looked like it had been painted onto her legs, and they immediately surrendered as her body abruptly surged outward. Seams tore with vicious force, and it didn't take more than a second to watch him dart his eyes down to register why.

Through widening holes that spread as she grew, splashed of dark, luxuriant fur could be seen. Beneath that was a veritable mountain of muscle that had certainly *not* been there before. She was slender, scrawny, even. Spindly arms and thin, if tight, legs, a compact rear, tiny bumps that could barely be called breasts, they were what she had to work with, but now her true form began to assert itself. She could only try not to drool as euphoria flooded her mind, pushing away all thought.

Hard, indomitable muscle rose up beneath her furred skin, building on itself, wrapping her in layer after layer of unstoppable, feminine might. They both watched her legs thicken dramatically, huge and sinewy, but she *felt* it happening elsewhere. Beneath her borrowed sweater, her arms were receiving the same treatment. Biceps bulged, balling up as she flexed her surging strength. Her forearms tensed and tightened as she clenched her clawed hands. As she gasped, thick, ridged abdominals forced their way to her smooth, trim stomach, giving her a taut six-pack whose definition was visible through her fur.

Beneath her blooming breasts, her pectorals hardened and shifted with her ecstatic movements. The sweater started to tighten noticeably on her compounding form, and the best part hadn't even started yet. She hadn't been wearing a bra. She hardly needed one. Her unshielded nipples started to drag over the inside of her shirt. She didn't care if he watched; her hand went up to her chest, pinching the stiffening bud in her fingers as she moaned softly, her voice still her own.

That wasn't long to last, though. There wasn't enough room on her skeleton for all she would become, so the wolf fought through that too. With a breath-robbing, if wholly expected, crunch of bone against bone, she did more than grow stronger. Hot, pulsing muscle leapt up, eager, as her limbs began to lengthen with the staccato pops of stretching tendons and the almost continual cracking of her bones. It sounded shockingly, horrifically painful, but it could not have been further from it.

Each snap of her body giving in to the wolf she was becoming made her want to scream in her rapture. She couldn't keep her savagely tipped hands off of herself. Her breasts, plumping as they did in her palms as she ravaged them, became the center of her attentions. Anything she could do to force her bliss higher while not inhibiting her transformation, she did. She took every

opportunity to grind and rub, and she licked her lips as she salivated almost uncontrollably from her hunger.

Pushing a grunt through her euphorically clenched teeth, she felt her spine shift and push longer, stretching her taller, lifting her head above his so she could look down at him. Even so, the line of bone that ran down her back grew too fast, and it began to push away from her, pulling a lump of bone and sinew out from above her increasingly round, muscular rump. New muscles made it thrash through the air as it lengthened, pouring out of her, and her fur washed along its length, growing thick and long. It eventually resolved as a fluffy, canine tail that flailed around behind her, powered by her giddy excitement.

Her shirt was getting disastrously clingy, and her pants had long since fallen to tatters around the girth of her powerfully muscled legs. Her socks, stretched thin as they were as her feet kept up with the rest of her, were suddenly put to the test. He couldn't see from where he sat, as, on her knees in front of him, her growing bulk blocked his view, but she could feel it.

She wiggled her toes as the balls of her feet broadened powerfully. The bones of her ankles and feet popped and shifted, grinding against each other for a brief, glorious moment before leaving her with a pair of graceful-looking, digitigrade limbs. The parts of her soles and toes that would stay in contact with the ground had remained hairless, and the exposed flesh darkened, bulging into a pair of sturdy, cushioned pads that could carry the weight of her blooming mass.

Growling and grunting, she writhed atop him, lost in the bliss of her changes. Her shoulders broadened, growing heavy with dense, powerful muscle. Her whole chest billowed outward with them, her ribs complaining noisily. She thickened, her lats flared, the toned definition of her thickly muscled back visible through her fur and shirt together.

With a startlingly meaty crack, her pelvis shuddered, pushing her hips outward, brutally shoving away her formerly girlish figure. Over unyielding muscle, long, sweeping curves blossomed, leaving her plush and womanly. Pendulous breasts, a comparatively narrow waist, thick hips and a huge rounded backside. She let her pleasure be heard in increasingly deep vocalizations, harsh and guttural. She swelled outward, and his shirt creaked the last of its resistance as she grossly overfilled it.

She exploded out of it with furious, primal violence. Everywhere, all at once, it tore to ragged tatters around her glorious, sensually powerful frame. Deep, black fur surged free. She gave him an eyeful of herself. Her breasts, level with his face only because she was hunched over him, swung heavily off of her chest, defying gravity, only pulled into the barest hint of an alluring teardrop shape. Her puffy teats, unhidden at last, hovered before him, hard and perky, demanding to be touched and kneaded.

The end of his shirt hardly signaled the end of her transformation. She pumped ever larger, shadowing him from the glow of the television with a wall of dark, furry strength, a wall of sleek, feminine perfection. There was one last thing she needed. Her face, it pushed inward on her face. With a sickening crunch of shattering bone that made her whimper, her voice rumbling in her chest, she felt her soft, delicate features harden.

Her hands lifted to her head to feel it as her skull pushed into her fingers. Her claws raked over her fur as her mouth and nose were carried away from the rest of her head by a long, lupine muzzle. Her lips peeled back in an experimental snarl as her teeth cracked and lengthened, her canines tapering into huge, monstrous fangs, barely covered by her lips as she growled thunderously. Flexing and tensing her body as wave after wave of pulsing pleasure washed through her form, she heaved forward, pushing her claws against the wall before her.

Her head fell back as she felt it peak, spiking deep into her mind. She was free, loosed finally, and that terrific excitement made itself heard in a long, warbling howl that erupted from between her lips, signaling her completion, her rebirth. She shuddered to her final size, just shy of hulking with rigid, overwhelming strength. Her swollen breasts heaved as she gasped, her voice dying away. Every time she shifted her weight, the bed creaked beneath her, complaining noisily as hundreds and hundreds of pounds of muscle, fur, and lust weighed it down.

She was surrounded by the shredded remains of her humanity; she hadn't even noticed when her panties, pink, lacy things, had popped off of her widening hips, revealing the heavy, luscious lips of her slick, bestial womanhood. She practically dripped with her excitement, and her mind drifted downward with her eyes. Hands, light and worshipful, were on her waist, feeling how hard she was under her thick, warm fur, hands that were not her own.

Looking down, she took him in. Despite what his hands were doing, his eyes were on hers, practically shining with bright happiness. "Hello, Cassie." he whispered, a shy sound easily picked by her quivering ears, "It's nice to finally see you."

He was so tiny and frail, sheltered as he was before her. A low, possessive growl bubbled in her throat as she lay savage, clawed hands on his shoulders, so far below her own, dwarfing his frame, once so large next to hers. Her heart pounded in her cavernous chest, rushing blood and confident energy through her limbs and pushing salacious thoughts into her delirious mind. Her hands moved lower, wrapping around his chest like he was a toy. She shuddered, thoughts of what she could do drilling into her.

She bent down, lifting him up the rest of the way to let her press her nose into him. She had never gotten to *really* smell him before. He didn't struggle, just letting his hands slide along the hard contours of arms that were thicker than his legs. "That's another thing about love, I suppose." he said fearlessly up at her as her hot, heavy breaths ruffled his hair, "I trust you, Cassie."

He kissed her, pushing his lips into hers, so oversized, and she felt the wolf inside her break. Her scorching, blinding lust oozed out of her, leaving her limp and weak. Her huge, powerful arms slackened, letting him drift back to his place on the bed. She bent with him, maintaining the contact. She whined, feeling so small and helpless despite her bulk. His tiny hands cradled her animalistic cheeks, holding her to him as she huffed through her nose.

Her lost need was rapidly replaced by something so much more insistent, a bright, glowing heat that crept through her extremities. His fingers slipped down, running over her shoulders, sliding along her sides, staying diligently away from the fleshy masses that hung off of her chest. "Feel better?" he mused slyly.

She nuzzled his cheek, pushing her muzzle against his skin in answer. She felt better than she had felt for a very long time, so loose and... free. Pulling him away from the headboard, she laid him down on his back, and lifted her legs over him, straddling his waist and towering over his supine form. His hands were held out in front of his chest, closed protectively over something. With a smile, he opened his fingers and once more held out the ring she had dropped during her distraction. "Is that still a yes?" he wondered innocently.

Her massive hand closed over it and his own hands alike, and she pulled, dragging him up into another kiss. That, she thought, would be answer enough.