

I wasn't one for Italian food, except for a good pizza, but I wanted our one-month anniversary to be someplace nice; and Mariani's Bistro fit the bill. Neither me nor Alex weren't exactly the "classy" types, but it never hurts to try new things. I was fully dressed in the nicest clothes I could find: a white, button-up shirt, black dress pants, black dress shoes, and a red tie to complete the outfit. Luckily my hair was short enough that I didn't need to worry styling it up. Brushing my cheek to estimate how much facial hair was there, I figured I wouldn't bother shaving; Alex never really liked me baby-faced anyway. I threw on some deodorant quick before calling up Alex.

I dialed her number as I sat on the couch in the main area of my apartment. I heard a couple rings before that sassy tone of hers she always talks with answered. "Hey ya cute nerd."

I chuckled before responding. "Hey hun, you ready for me to come get you?"

"Almost. I just got out of the shower. I should be ready when you get here."

"Ok, I'll see you in about 15 minutes." I was about to hang up when she started to say something else.

"Oh, Tom?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you...do you think we'll still be allowed even if I'm...documented?"

I knew what she meant by that. She's told me all about it, even before we started dating. All suspected werewolves are required to be documented, and have a certified Fleur-de-Lis pendant worn around their neck to confirm their documentation. Apparently there were certain criteria that needed to be met to be a suspected werewolf. I have been warned about the dangers of knowing, and dating, a werewolf; but I trust Alex enough that she won't turn on me. "We can find someplace else if there's any trouble at Mariani's, ok?" I reassured her.

I could hear her sigh, then go quiet for a moment before replying. "Yeah, ok."

"It'll be fun! Trust me."

"Yeah," she said perking up again, "I'll see you when you get here, you cute nerd."

"Yeah, ok then," I replied sarcastically, "I'll head out right now."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

We both hung up.

I put my phone in my pocket and got off the couch. I grabbed my wallet and keys and headed out into the cool, summer evening to my car. *I still can't believe I've finally found someone, let alone a girl like her.* Nothing but happy thoughts ran through my mind as I drove to Alex's apartment.

She didn't live in as nice of an apartment as I did; and I didn't mind when I would come to visit. The main door to the building stayed unlocked, despite the keypad lock on it, and the stairs and floor creaked with every step I took to her door.

I knocked on #9; her apartment. She opened it and, to my surprise, was dressed in a short, wine-colored silk dress that shimmered in the fluorescent, hallway light. It only went down to barely above her knees, flaunting her smooth gams, and the thin straps left

most of her powerful shoulders and upper back exposed. She had on a pair of black high-heels and carried her black purse. I noticed her pendent, the dead giveaway that she might be a monster, but it oddly suited her well. I noticed her long, black hair was just combed in straight rows, but fell perfectly over her naked shoulders.

She stepped out into the hallway and turned around to lock her door. My eyes instinctively turned downward and, for the first time, I realized how sexy her curves looked. She wasn't a big gal, but she wasn't a petite thing either. I didn't know why, but for a moment, I imagined a wolf tail near the base of her spine wag with excitement. That fantasy was cut short when she turned around and I had to quickly look up again.

She gave a coy smile. I grinned nervously, trying to hide my perversion. I let her take my hand and we headed back down to my car out front. *I can't believe I've been with this girl for a month.*

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Being a fancy, gourmet restaurant, Mariani's Bistro wasn't one of those hole-in-the-wall places; it had its own building located only a few minutes from Alex's apartment. As I pulled into a parking space facing the front of the restaurant, I noticed that, unlike most restaurants, it had two stories. The exterior had simple, sand-colored stone walls with arch designs etched-in all the way around the building, from what I could tell. The second story had a balcony which made up half the roof of the first story. There were a few hanging plants at the corners of the balcony, and a dark green, canvas awning covered that area; I'm sure the tables and chairs were arranged evenly, but spaciouly, as well.

As Alex and I headed toward the door, our arms locked together, I noticed a white sign propped up and raised by an intricate, metal easel in the anteroom. It read in plain, black letters:

*To any guests who may be  
documented in their parties:  
Please see the reception desk immediately  
before being seated by one of our waiters.  
Thank you,  
Mariani's Bistro*

I turned to Alex. I could feel her trembling and slowly placing her hand on the tag around her neck. She tightened her grip around it but I quickly reached over with my free hand and held hers, shaking my head. "It'll be fine," I reassured, "You told me you haven't turned in over a year, right?"

She nodded, smiling a little.

"And you haven't broken any laws or regulations regarding this too, right?" I gently rubbed her smooth shoulder.

She nodded again.

“Then let’s go.” I took her arm and we headed straight to the reception desk, past the decorative, stone fountain surrounded by short, black, iron fencing.

Thankfully the man at the front desk, dressed in a black, button-up shirt and a white bowtie, only asked Alex simple and non-personal questions like: “When did you last take your suppressor medication?” or, “When was the last time you turned?” or, “When were you documented?” He was quite straightforward but gentle with his approach. Once Alex answered his questions and he was satisfied, he told us we could sit at one of the benches near the fountain for a waiter to seat us. We hadn’t sat for even a moment before a perky young woman wearing a red button-up shirt, black pants, black shoes, and a black apron greeted us to find us a table.

We followed her into the main dining area. It was a large, open area with a dark blue carpet with a gold and dark orange swirl pattern. Roman-styled columns bulged out of the walls all around, as if they were part of the wall structure itself. Square, dark oak tables surrounded by wooden chairs with maroon, leather cushions filled the room in a grid-like formation; only a few of which had customers seated at them. I noticed a staircase in the far, front corner leading up to the second floor, though we never headed up those.

Our waitress found us a table right along the front wall and we took our seats. Like clockwork, she introduced herself as Becky and took our drink order; I decided to get us a bottle of Terredora di Paolo, hoping it would go perfect for our date. When Becky took note of our beverage choice, she couldn’t resist to tease us about this being a romantic occasion. She soon left us to decide what we wanted for our dinner.

I noticed Alex’s spirits seemed to improve despite that; she didn’t seem so tense now than when we first came in. “Feeling better about this hun?” I asked before pouring both our glasses with wine. I opened up the menu to glance at it.

She nodded. “I haven’t felt that desire to turn in a while, even if it’s been over a year ago.” She looked at her menu. “I’ll be honest, I’ve started to get pretty good suppressing it on my own,” she paused and looked at nothing in particular on the ornately decorated ceiling, “Now that I think about it, I’ve gotten good at it ever since I met you.” She smiled at me, but it was one that showed she had other things on her mind.

“I-I’m glad.” I gave a nervous chuckle. “Anyway, I don’t mind what you get,” I quickly said, trying to keep myself from my own dirty thoughts, “I can pay.”

We made simple chit-chat while deciding on our dinner until our waitress stopped by a few minutes later. Wanting to try something different, I decided to give the Bucatini Pasta with Tomato Sauce a try. Alex went her usual meat and potatoes route and got the Pork Tenderloin in Garlic Sauce with a side of roasted potatoes. Our waitress seemed to be the chatty type because she stayed a while after taking our order; I guess I don’t blame her since Mariani’s wasn’t busy, which at this hour was surprising. She eventually took back our menus and left us be.

I took a sip of wine before asking what I know would make Alex uncomfortable. “So, um...tried to talk with your folks recently?”

She held her glass for comfort, tapping the side with a finger. She sighed before responding. “No, I...I still haven’t tried to talk with them after I had to get documented.”

She took a sip of her wine, though it was more like she was downing a shot of whiskey. "I wouldn't be surprised if they cut me out of their lives," she said plainly, "I mean, who would want a monster for a daughter?" She shrugged.

I reached out and held her hand. "You're not a monster; you're the strangest, most amazing girl I've met."

She giggled.

I squeezed tighter to ease any pain she might be hiding. "You've made my life so much more interesting and worthwhile since I met you...And you were the first to give me a chance." I could feel my eyes water as I said the latter.

We leaned in and kissed, keeping it slow and comforting for both of us; we didn't care if the other guests noticed.

We broke our comforting kiss. "You've been so understanding of me," Alex said, "much more than anyone...even my parents." She tenderly rubbed my arm. "That's why I grew fond of ya." She smiled.

I couldn't help but smile back at her, but I wanted to keep the conversation on track. "Well, if your folks *did* cut you out of their lives, you still have me."

I could see her eyes welling up as she smiled. She took a deep breath, trying to collect herself. "Yeah," she whispered.

I tried steering the conversation to something more pleasant; I hadn't realized that I may have opened some wounds that still needed to heal. I took more than a sip of wine, trying to drown the negativity I had towards myself in that moment. We just started predicting what it would be like living together when our waitress came with our food.

We kept talking until the restaurant began closing down for the evening: our plates taken an hour ago, our bottle of wine nearly gone, and both of us in high spirits. Our waitress seemed thoroughly annoyed when she handed us our bill, despite her cheery façade; she left before I could ask for something to water down with before leaving. *I don't think I've had too much wine tonight, but I know Alex did.* Her face was brighter than her dress, and she was swaying there quietly, smiling; she reminds me of a puppy when she's had a little too much. I quickly asked one of the waiters who was closing up for some glasses of water before we left.

Alex seemed to sober up some after watering down, though she still had that cute, happy drunk act when I helped her into my car. We drove off to her apartment into the night. *I think that went well.*

\* \* \*

I parked my car on the street and helped her to her apartment door. "I had a great time," I said as I gave her a goodnight kiss, "It's been one of the most fun dates I've had. Thank you Alex."

"Oh, you know me," she chuckled, "always trying to keep things interesting for ya."

"It's been an interesting month since we got together," I held her in a tight hug, "and you've helped me so much."

"I'm glad I did; you're the first who understands what I've been through." We held on to each other just outside the apartment door for a moment longer, basking in each other's presence. We let go when she spoke up again, "You know...I could make this night even more...interesting." She brushed her finger against my facial fuzz. I could feel my face flush red when she did that.

"A-Alex, um, I'm not sure if I'm—"

"Ready? What are you, some kind of virgin?"

"What? No, n-no I'm not a virgin," I lied.

"Then what are we waiting for?" She unlocked the door to her apartment, yanking me in with her.

*What's gotten into her? We've never talked about 'doing it' before; this isn't like her. Breaking from my thoughts a moment, I realized we were making a beeline to her bedroom. Guess I should consider myself lucky.*

I surveyed her bedroom as I sat on the bed; it's about as odd as her. The place where I was taking this all in was from the full-size bed, with plain, white sheets, two pillows with no covers, and a faded, blue blanket wadded up on the end. Clothes were everywhere: on the floor, some on the bed, over a chair by a desk, a pair of panties hanging on a lamp atop the desk, anywhere except in her dresser and closet. A few posters stuck to the walls in no particular pattern. They were...questionable to say the least; the figures in them weren't exactly human. I had to keep from being mesmerized by them, as I already felt myself getting hard when I glanced at Alex. She seemed to try putting on a show for me as she sensuously slid her dress off the curves of her body one garment at a time; her shoes were already kicked off in the far corner. She let the dress drop to the floor where she performed until she was down to her panties.

She came over to me and sat on my lap; her exposed breast with her tag laying gently in her cleavage now at eye-level. Pushing me down against the bed, she slowly untied my tie and unbuttoned my shirt, gently petting my exposed chest with her hand. I got my shirt off and threw it in the sea of clothes.

"Now don't get up; you know what goes next right?" Her sensual smile, her topless form on top of me, it made me feel like a real man. I knew I could trust her too.

"Uh, y-yeah, sure," I replied. *If I feel so good from this, why does it feel so wrong?*

"Good." She leaned in to kiss me. I tasted every bit of her lips and felt her bare breasts against my chest.

*Why does this feel so right? Us exposed like this to each other was heaven. Any regrets my conscience was warning me of were now gone.*

Alex broke the kiss. She got off of me and knelt on the bed beside me. "Now we're at the fun part," she said, undoing my belt.

"W-what?"

"Come on, a cute guy like you? I'm sure you've been sucked off more than once."

"Y-yeah...sure I have." *Just lean back and relax dude. Let her do her thing. You love her right? So what if it's your first time.*

I was now prone on my back, with the exception of my legs dangling over the edge. As I laid there, I noticed some of the posters on one of the walls. The animalistic figures seemed to look down on us, with sensual expressions on their faces and red rockets near their groins as they observed our fun.

Turning my head to the side, to avoid looking at what Alex was doing to me down there, I noticed small fragments of black and grey fur on the bed; some in the corner below the hole. *She doesn't have a cat, and I know she wouldn't be allowed to have a dog either.*

Then my conscience took over.

"Alex, stop." Now we were both down to our underwear. I quickly sat up. "This...this doesn't feel right to me."

She leaned back to straighten up, still kneeling on the bed. "What are you saying?"

"I...don't feel right about this."

"This?"

"Yes."

"This."

"Y-yes."

Her face grimaced, showing some of her teeth when she did. She looked away from me for a moment, then down at her handiwork. She looked back at me. "...Believe it or not, I *need* this Tom."

"No you don't."

"Yes, I do!"

"Look, I don't want -"

"Don't want what? A sex-free relationship? Believe me I would *love* to have that for once!"

"You don't have to give in to -"

She held up her hand close to my mouth. "Just...shut up Tom. How do you think I've been able to keep myself from turning for so long?" She climbed off the bed and put on a shirt she randomly grabbed off the floor.

"What are you saying Alex?"

She shot a glare at me and threw her hands in the air. "Are you that fucking clueless? I knew you were pretty sheltered but...really?" She lowered her arms. "You'd probably leave me forever after tonight...just like everyone else before you came along." She lightly hugged herself and turned from me. I got up and reached over to try and console her, but she slapped my hand away.

She then glanced back my way, but still had her back turned to me. "You don't have experience either, do you."

"What?"

"You're not good at hiding it."

"Hiding what?"

"You're a virgin, aren't you," she said plainly, turning back around to me.

"Wh-what? What are you talking about?"

"God, you're so clueless. As soon as I brought this up, I could tell you weren't comfortable about it."

I was about to retort when she continued.

"And this...fighting, it doesn't exactly happen a lot during sex," she said as she alternated pointing at me and herself.

My heart sank. I can't believe this is something she's asking of me. "Well I'm sorry that I'm a bit inexperienced," I said, irritated, "I thought we had something spe -"

Just then, Alex gave out a loud scream, clenching her hair. "Shit! Why now!?"

I bolted up off the bed. "What is it?"

She started furiously scratching at herself while rapidly breathing. "Look under the bed! There should be, gah, a small, clear tub ther - Aaaaah!" She turned to the fetal position on the floor, still grabbing and scratching at herself.

I got down on the floor and looked under the bed. Among all the dust and clothes that made their way under there, I noticed the small tub. I yanked it from underneath and placed it on the bed. As I ripped the lid off, I noticed a small, glass bottle, some needles, a syringe, a pack of cotton balls, and a small bottle of rubbing alcohol. With her being documented, I knew exactly what this was for. I moved the tub and its contents closer to her. "Here it is!"

"G-g-give me that, ugh, small bottle! I, hng, need to check," she breathed.

I tossed the bottle to her. She barely caught it among all her spasms before it touched the floor. When she shook it, her face sank in horror as she propped herself up.

"No..."

Her spasms stopped. She relaxed her body as if she lost the will to live. Her fast, heavy breathing slowed to sounding barely audible. "I check every morning...how did I not notice," she said softly. She turned to me. "Tom."

"Y-yes?"

"Whatever happens...I just want you to know that...that I still love you."

"I love you too. I don't care that you'll -" but her sudden scream cut me off. Just then she grabbed at her stomach and went back into the fetal position. Soon she started growling.

*Oh shit!*

I grabbed what clothes I could and bolted for the door, not once looking back with my pants around my ankles. Suddenly, I felt something sharp grab me by the leg and yanked me back, knocking me to the floor. I yelped and the sudden pain, more from the puncture than from hitting the floor. Whatever it was pulled me up by that same leg, dangling me in the air. I tried to kick whatever it was grabbing me with my free leg, but my captor didn't give. I looked around frantically trying to see how I could get out of this predicament, then I saw the face of my captor.

I wasn't looking at Alex anymore.