

Relapse

By Abe E Seedy

It had been years since Hailey had pulled out the spellbook and longer still since the sorority broke up and left it in her care. The little black book had stayed carefully buried in the back of her closet while she concentrated on her career and lived her real, adult life. But lately she'd felt such a mix of tiredness and this weird, urgent hunger, a desire for something she spent days unable to put a finger on. It wasn't until she saw today's full moon casually marked on the calendar that it clicked. She really, *really* needed to cut loose.

She had an annoying amount of time to second-guess herself while she dug the book back out. When she finally found it under last season's cocktail dress she'd decided she was just going to browse for old time's sake, but it immediately fell open to the exact right page. They must have used it so much back in the day that it cracked the spine, making it sit naturally on that one spell. That sounded like them.

Hailey walked back to her bed, taking a deep breath as she set the book down. Her eyes landed on the mirrored doors of her wardrobe as she exhaled, taking in her reflection. This was ridiculous, wasn't it? The image she saw looking back at her was that of a proper grownup; someone who'd put aside their adolescent fantasies, who'd started making good money and sensible friends. She had tidy bangs with a manageable ponytail, wore sensible flats and comfortable leggings. The goth tights and fuck-me skirts hadn't survived her last two moves, and if she hadn't still been in underwear she'd probably be wearing her standard clothes that hid rather than accentuated her curves. But. Wouldn't she rather *enjoy* herself tonight?

Her finger found the start of the incantation before she'd made a conscious decision. Maybe she'd just start a little and get a taste before making herself stop. That'd be the adult thing to do. But after the first few lines flowed over her tongue and her teeth began to prick upwards she knew she wasn't going to be able to hold back. It always had been easier to start under a full moon, and much harder to stop. It was a full moon party that had almost gotten them expelled, right up until Zoey had managed to convince the dean the damage had been done by a horde of feral raccoons. Now *that* had been a party.

The fingernail that was tracing along the words started to pull forwards, crinkling the paper ever so slightly as it grew into a short, black claw. Soon she'd finished the complicated part of the incantation and it was simple enough to go through the long, repeated chorus. That freed her up to roll over on the bed, letting her hand drift into a lazy circle over her panties. The tip of her claw was just sharp enough to press through the fabric, drawing a trail of goosebumps across her skin. Behind that followed the prickling itch of growing fur, settling softly into place in time for the next sweep of her hand to tickle its softness against the pads that were already pushing out from her palm.

She leaned back, panting heavily through her wide open jaws. Words weren't needed to fuel the spell anymore, and Hailey could feel that old instincts taking hold. The muscles in her legs tensed and stretched, her new paws skating her purchase on her bedside rug. That sensation kicked at the still-rational part of her mind - she couldn't do this here. She had to be smarter than that, but she knew that time was running out. With great effort she levered her body upwards, swaying a little as her blood reluctantly redistributed itself. Slowly she staggered up to her feet, taking slow, unsteady steps towards the bathroom. It would have been easier if she could have stopped her right hand from digging traitorously beneath her panties, but there was only so much willpower she could muster.

Hailey felt the cool of the tiles through padded feet before she managed to flick on the light. Its sudden brightness blinded her for a moment, forcing her to catch herself on the sink as she caught her breath. Opening her eyes again slowly, she was confronted face-first with her reflection.

She was a mess. Random tufts of fur slashed across her chest like she'd been attacked by a werewolf, and one eye was already a bright, blazing yellow. Her mouth pushed forwards into a muzzle, her shining black lips already outdoing any of the goth makeup she'd worn before joining the sorority. One long, pointed ear already stretched out from beneath her hair, and the other soon followed suit when she shook her head clear. Every breath made her feel larger and more feral; muscles strained along her arms as she gripped at the porcelain. Her nose twitched as her whiskers pressed through her upper lip, but soon that transitioned into a long, heady inhalation as the scent of her own heat reached her. By now her underwear were in shreds, her claws pressing steadily in and out of her slit to the rhythm of the rising growl in her throat. It wasn't long until she found the mark she'd been reaching for, drawing it out slowly as the magic reshaped her intimate self.

This had always been the point that had blown the minds of the new initiates, the heat and the raw, animal energy giving itself an outlet that so completely overrode their previous experiences. The lust that hit your body when your brand new cock grew into place was like nothing else, especially when the reservations of their conscious mind had already been overwhelmed by the bombardment of the rest of their bestial transformation. The length of it slid wetly between her quivering paws, dragging a trail of slickness over her fur. Hailey couldn't help but grip it tightly, no one could; it felt too good to lose yourself to this absolute animal need, her canine image almost fogged over by urgent, panted breaths as she leaned forward into the mirror. Her tongue slid outwards and across the glass, seeking one last element of sensation even as she pressed the base of her cock desperately into the front of the sink. She was so hot and needy and ready and wet, one hand slipping clawed fingers teasingly into her slit while her other pumped furiously along her shaft. It had been so long but she still had this need that she couldn't fight against, her body knew what she was instinctively, she had to clench her jaw and tense her muscles, forcing her eyes to stay open so she could see just how much of a Good Girl she still was.

She came with a howl, dropping to her knees as her hips rose and fell in release. After a few long seconds she let herself fall backwards, her shaggy tail thumping softly against the tiles as the last of her orgasm slowly emptied outwards.

It took some time for her to bother to get back up. Eventually she forced herself to have a shower, fighting the urge to shake herself dry afterwards. And then, well, the night was still young. Perhaps it was time to catch up with old friends.