

Chapter 5

Into the Storm

The two women ran wordlessly down the path behind the waterfall until they could see the sky. The wind whipped violently, effortlessly tearing foliage from trees and hurling the debris into the unknown. The tree trunks were beaten by the destructive gales, flailing defenselessly in their sheer power. The girls raised their hands to protect their faces from the flying shrapnel, and squinting their eyes, focused on the tormenting sky that loomed menacingly over them. Dirt and minerals swirled in the wind, unable to escape its grasp. What had once been a beautiful, star-filled atmosphere was now covered by the gray clouds of an incoming storm. The clouds swallowed the sky, creating a gloomy overcast that loomed over the island. The island itself was at her fury, and the girls had no protection from her devastating wrath.

Hunny grabbed Allie's hand and the two made their way back to Cassandra's camp. The wind threatened to carry them away as they made their journey through the breath of the swelling tempest. Branches and small pebbles bombarded them from all directions. The churning sand and grit beat relentlessly against their flesh. They raised their hands in front of their faces, forming a crude barrier from the grit. The sand, however, attacked their eyes viciously from all sides, its grains unwitting instruments of torture. Hunny heard an agonizing scream cut through the tumult. She turned to locate the source of the noise, and paused in her tracks, aghast by what she discovered.

Allie's body was writhing on the ground in pain, her hand struggling to pull at her outstretched leg. Hunny turned, quickly, dropping to her knees next to her fallen companion. Her eyes went to Allie's hands, and she felt them widen as she discovered the source of Allie's torment.

Her right leg was contorted and misshapen, her knee farther to the side than it clinically should be. Hunny shuddered as blood gushed from the side of her lower thigh. The jagged end of a shattered bone had pierced the skin and opened the crimson floodgates.

The sky rumbled above the pair, lightning teasing them with flashes of eerie illumination, waiting for the perfect moment to make an appearance. Hunny stared at the clouds breathlessly as they morphed into the face of an angry woman. She felt Allie's hands pulling at her, the screams of agony muted as Hunny's cognizance slipped into a trance. The first drops of rain that graced her cheek went unnoticed as she stared at the clouds while they continued to shift, morphing more and more into a recognizable face. A face twisted with rage that still felt so familiar that their connection stopped time. The woman in the clouds was beautiful, if not for the glaring hatred. The island magic in her system was making her feel warm and...

"Hunny... FUCKING wake up!" Allie screamed as the rain began to beat upon them in waves.

Hunny jolted back to reality, leaned over to her friend. "Your leg is broken Allie," she informed, yelling over the howling wind.

"NO SHIT!!" Allie screamed back. Hunny understood where her rage was coming from and chose to hold back the droplets that tried to escape her tear ducts.

"I'm going to be honest with you, the bone has pierced the skin so I'm going to drag you the rest of the way to the tent."

"Okay," Allie managed over the rain, tears indistinguishable from the downpour.

Hunny rose to her feet and stood over Allie's head. She leaned over her injured companion and the girls grabbed each other's wrists firmly.

“One, two...” Hunny counted. When she pulled, though, Allie began to scream even louder. Hunny studied the ground and came to the startling realization that they had made no progress.

“My foot,” Allie sobbed loudly over the storm’s fury. The top of her head touched the ground as she tilted it back, bellowing into the storm.

Hunny rushed to her friend’s foot and inspected the damage, only to cover her mouth with both hands in horror. Allie’s right foot had found its way under an exposed root as they made their escape. The stoppable force had completely shattered against the immovable object, resulting in a gnarled, twisted heap of flesh that refused to leave its new prison.

“I have to pry your foot loose,” she yelled into her friend’s ear as the storm displayed its ire, its violence intensifying by the minute. “It’s going to hurt,” she said as she grabbed a stick that happened to be passing by. “Try to stay as quiet as possible,” Hunny ordered, as she held it out for Allie to bite down on. Hunny cried sympathetically as she watched her friend soundlessly sobbing in agony. After moving down closer to the injured appendage, Hunny began trying desperately to work her free. She switched her hold on the foot, attempting a different approach, and felt the resulting queasiness made the contents of her stomach bubble within her throat.

The plan was to pull on Allie’s heel as Hunny worked the toes from the front. As she tightened her grip, though, she felt nothing but loose, squishing flesh and fragments of shattered bone sloshing beneath the skin. The surprise of the unnatural sensation, coupled with the textural inconsistency of the injury resulted in uncontrollable nausea. Hunny spewed vomit into the violent winds of the hurricane and watched it float through the turbulent jet streams towards the waterfall. She lost sight of it as her attention was pulled to the familiar shape of a naked, limping woman emerging on the path from behind the waterfall. The Colombian temptress was blindsided by the gigantic storm that had made landfall and was currently losing the battle for visibility.

The rain would mask their scent, but Hunny knew it was only a matter of time before the werewolf caught up to them. Steeling her resolve, Hunny gripped what she could of Allie’s foot, and yanked it with all her might. The snap that followed informed the would-be rescuer that Allie’s ankle had not, in fact, been completely shattered. This yielded nothing more than shrieks of unimaginable suffering for the next few moments. The wails of pain cut through the storm like a beacon, alerting their predator to their location.

The lightning flashed violently, averting Hunny’s attention to the malignant tumor that had spread uncontrollably across the sky. She could see the figure of a woman, dancing through the flashes, almost as if to cause them. She felt the connection to this mystical being once again, pulling at her energies and finding its way into something primordial. Something ancient. Something older than time itself, that pulled her mind past the depths of infinity into the black ether of what was beyond the universe. She watched as the curvaceous silhouette of her guiding goddess ebbed and flowed with the currents of the sky, creating waves within the clouds themselves. She dropped to the ground, sitting comfortably on the clouds beneath her, the being spread her legs. The nimble point of her toes sent waves of arousal coursing through her captivated audience of one. The girl felt her erotic desires instantly connect with this luscious being, her body becoming impervious to the weather around her. She stood to her feet slowly, feeling the power well up within the clouds. She watched as the shadow’s hand moved to her celestial vortex, manipulating it in satisfaction, gathering her power there. The cloud’s vortex filled with a radiant light that formed into a rotating sphere of vibrant white energy, casting an alarming illumination over the chaotic scene.

Hunny gazed upon the enchanting performer in awe as she danced to the tune of nature. She outstretched her left hand, reaching for an energy she'd known since the dawn of time. She felt a nexus awaken within herself, and electricity surged through her body, just beneath the surface, empowering Hunny beyond her wildest imagination. Hunny watched as a bolt of lightning emerged from the ball of energy, birthing its way into the world, ready to annihilate whatever it touched. She reached for it, called for it, and watched as its path became visible to her. A jagged line of soft lavender made its way to her feet, informing her of the bolt's intended destination. She quickly looked around the still world and saw a fully transformed Cassandra frozen in mid-pounce. The flashing lightning revealed her full form, starting with a snarl so evil it made Hunny's spine vibrate in terror.

The once beautiful Bartender had transformed into a ravenous wolf that stood taller than a full-sized SUV. With pitch-black fur and trapezius muscles, Cassandra had become absolute nightmare fuel. Her wavy coat looked soft to the touch as it glimmered in the flashing lights, its beauty failing to hide the raw strength that radiated from her muscular physique.

Hunny closed her left fist, as if grabbing the bolt by the hand, and turned all of her concentration to it. She winced as black began spreading its way through her veins, starting at the fingertips. She continued to watch as the black moved further, passing her wrist and making its way down her forearm. Stopping at her elbow, Hunny studied the substance that had found its way beneath her skin, feeling its raw untapped power. She turned her attention back to the bolt of unfettered electricity creeping its way to her location. She shifted her focus to the lavender path that it was following from the heavens and reached up with her right hand as well.

She pulled down hard, yanking the lightning from the sky, strengthening it as she shifted its target area to Cassandra. The bolt connected with its mark, striking the wolf mid-pounce as time proceeded to flow normally. The force of the strike sent Hunny sprawling backward, slamming her head against the soft rocks that littered the shore. She fought to regain control of her faculties as nature reigned its fury upon her and her fallen friend. The wind began to whip around them as if the pause had never occurred. The rain began to beat down on them ruthlessly as if to punish them for the reprieve they had gotten. The lightning flashed throughout the heavens, exposing the dancer's movements once again.

Hunny focused on her fluid movements, as the storm raged on. The dancer was her saving grace in a world she no longer understood. Tears began to flow from her eyes as she struggled to breathe in the torrential downpour. She sobbed loudly as the heavenly ballerina danced away her pain, pulling her deeper into the trip she had lost awareness of. She heard a scream cut through the night, reminding her that Allie still existed. She turned her head hazily, finding her friend in the chaos. Allie lay on the ground, broken and defenseless, staring at her girlfriend in confused panic.

Hunny rolled her weary body over and started crawling haphazardly toward her friend as the storm continued to rage around them. She felt the rocks and dirt scraping against her rain-soaked body as she crawled her way to Allie. The winds whipped so sadistically that trees were being uprooted from their home and thrown violently in every direction. Palm fronds and tree branches beat at her weary body as she fought her way to her comrade's side. Allie reached for her as she approached, and Hunny mustered all of her strength for one final push.

Sharp, searing pain rocketed throughout her shoulder as it began to shatter under enormous pressure. Allie screamed as Hunny turned to meet the golden gaze of the werewolf. Cassandra had fought her way back to her prey, determined to prevent their escape. Her jaw was now clamped firmly on Hunny's left shoulder, tearing the flesh as she tightened her vice grip. She felt

Hunny's bones snap and shatter like dried twigs between her blood-soaked fangs. She lifted the battered woman into the air and slammed her down on the ground, knocking Hunny unconscious. Cassandra started to shake her prey violently in her grip, whipping her head back and forth, using the whiplash as a cruel weapon. The pain woke Hunny from her forced slumber, only to act as a sedative once more, sending her in and out of consciousness. The attack seemed to last an eternity, hell taking the form of Cassandra's bestial rage.

"Leave her alone!" Hunny heard from behind her heavy eyelids. Allie was protesting the vicious attack from her resting place, attempting to protect her broken friend from the hellish hound. Hunny managed to open her eyes just in time for the werewolf to throw her into the violent winds and curled up in a feeble attempt at self-defense as she was thrown across the shore. She tumbled across the ground for several feet before crashing into a tree trunk. Hunny felt her ribs snap in her side as she hit the tree. She felt something within her puncture as she hit the ground with a thud. Pain beyond imagination flooded her senses as she fought to maintain her faculties. She could feel the flood of sleep washing over her as she fought helplessly against the current. She looked to the heavens in a feeble attempt to plea for help. Hunny pled sorrowfully to the maiden of the gale as she watched Cassandra looming over her trapped friend.

She prayed that she would wake up from the hallucinations that had taken over her trip. She begged for time to rewind itself and leave her with the knowledge of events to come. Hunny wept bitterly as she pleaded for her sporadic strength to appear once more, allowing her to save her friend from imminent demise. She asked for her life to be traded for Allie's as she struggled to stand on a newly discovered broken leg. Hunny looked to the sky once more, in an attempt to trade what little she had for divine intervention. What she saw was the cloud dancer's indignation instead. A bolt of lightning crashed to the ground directly next to where Hunny lay, the force of the impact throwing her into the tree once more.

The world went cloudy, and her eyes seemed to roll erratically in her skull. The sound of the raging storm was drowned out by a high-pitched whine that caused insurmountable panic to arise. Hunny blinked, and the outside world seemed to disappear into the black for a few seconds as she fought to reopen her eyes. She blinked again, and the darkness lingered longer. She opened her eyes as the wolf began to pull at Allie ferociously, ripping her free of her trap, her foot still clamped under the root. She, too, was thrown violently as Hunny closed her eyes and was overcome by a wave of cognitive vacancy.

Allie tried to crawl away from her attacker, ignoring the futility of her actions. She saw Hunny lying broken beneath a tree and attempted to crawl towards her, like a wounded animal returning to the only safe space it knows. She bawled bitterly as she felt the wolf's warm breath on the nape of her neck. The unexpected heat sent an odd sensation of warm comfort through her torn body. She cried as she continued to fight her way home, only a few agonizing meters away from where Hunny lay. She closed her eyes in dread as she felt the wolf's flat, rough tongue make its way up her bare back. Cassandra was taking pleasure in torturing her meal and bit into the girl's arm, dislocating her arm as she flipped her over. Allie screamed in pain as she landed with a hard thud in the stony muck that lay beneath her.

She looked up at her tormentor and saw the damage Hunny had done. Cassandra reeked of seared fur and burnt flesh that somehow fought its way through the rain and into Allie's nostrils. Her stomach turned at the smell, and even more at the sight of the dastardly dog. Streaks of lightning began spidering their way across the sky, producing a dull light show that revealed Cassandra's wounds. She had a huge burn mark on her right sternum, her dazzling coat had burnt away, leaving a sickening mural of varying shades of pink and black. The exposed flesh was

tender in some places and charred in others, crackling and bubbling from the heat of the pure force of nature. Her face was scarred and burned as well, adding even more terror to her animalistic appearance.

Allie, pelted by rain and dirt, stared at the Bartender in disgust. Her fear began to give way to a wave of anger she had never known. She was ALLIE! *The Allie* who put herself through school while maintaining a full-time job. The same Allie who rendered that schooling useless by becoming a successful influencer. The Allie who ruled her high school with a dignity and grace that would put a tear in Ghandi's eye. The *same* Allie who had mustered up the courage to stand up to her bigoted father, only to be cut off from the family wealth, left to stand on her own. How dare this animal, this woman... this *bitch*... treat her in such a dismissive way. Allie glared at the wolf, who was now standing in confusion, and summoned every ounce of her strength to raise her middle finger. She hatefully pointed it straight at the deceitful fuck that had ruined her perfect girl's trip.

"Fuck...you," she spat with enough venom to kill a herd of elephants. "Fuck you and your stupid island magic."

The words rang loud and clear in Cassandra's canine ears, and the wolfwoman opened her mouth, eager to deal the final blow to its rebellious victim. She regretted not being able to taste this one's squirt once more but reveled at the chance to prove her strength. Just as she began to swoop down with her jagged incisors, she felt something sharp stab her in the side.