

## Eerily Familiar

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What was it about young love that had such a transformative effect? While others were complaining that fall meant that everything was dying, Sajan had never felt more alive. The cool wind was a welcome comfort to Sajan's warm cheeks as he continued his brisk walk through the park. Everything seemed so vibrant around him. The leaves were the color of honey and saffron and even the lake seemed to be molten metal as it carried the ruby hues of the setting sun. The skies were a brilliant shade of violet and the moon was a warm creamy yellow as it encroached upon the sky. Sajan even loved the way the leaves covered the path like some sort of natural paper mache, though he liked it a bit less when his shoe slipped a bit.

It was hard not to think about everything in terms of love and life after getting that text... 'I need you Sajan, come right away.' The words were electric - both literally given that they were a text message and figuratively in the way it made Sajan feel. His brothers had described love as an all encompassing power like being wrapped by the many arms of one of their hindu gods. Sajan hadn't remembered which one his brothers had cited, but he understood the concept. Still, as a gay Indian boy, he wasn't exactly sure his family would understand completely... but that didn't matter, not tonight. It was the perfect night for it after all, it was Halloween. It was a night he was expected to be out, to be unaccounted for, to have time to himself.

A sly smile crossed Sajan's fair lips. He was a few weeks past eighteen, one of the youngest in the senior class. He had been born in America while the rest of his family had come from Jaipur. His hair was jet black, his skin an earthy cinnamon tone. His lips were plump and a fine downy dark fuzz adorned his upper lip. He had been about to shave it off until he heard that Khai liked it. Sajan almost felt as though he was going to float off the path just thinking about Khai... About the red headed hottie that occupied his waking thoughts and his deepest dreams. To be the son of immigrants was to be pushed to excel, to follow the rules, to apply one's self to everything. In many ways the fact that Khai did the opposite made him seem even more alien.

It wasn't that Khai slacked off, far from it. He was always doing something, but what he did seemed just as strange to his classmates as it did to Sajan. Khai seemed to be some sort of wiccan, at least to Sajan's best guess. He was known as a jokester, a trickster, a playful spirit. Some said that he'd swapped out frogs during the dissection class in biology, replacing them with live ones... but Sajan had been there, there'd been no way to smuggle in that many specimens even with the eclectic clothing that Khai typically sported.

Sajan slowed to a stop, realizing he couldn't make out where the path ended and the leaves began. The canopy above him rustled with the autumn breeze, sending more leaves cascading down in a snowstorm of yellow, red and green. Sajan reached up, running his hand through his thick hair. It had a fair amount of volume to it, feathered. Caramel eyes considered for a moment, trying to determine which way to go. He fished his phone out of the pocket of his yellow jacket, jumping a little as it vibrated. The screen flashed to life as he ran his finger over the reader, tapping the most recent message.

'When you get to the spit rock go straight and slightly to the left.' The words were a bit vague, especially when it meant leaving the path. Sajan looked around, a dark eyebrow arching over caramel brown eyes as he spotted a large piece of basalt that was cracked or worn down

the middle, making a V shape. Was it some sort of marker, or just a natural phenomenon? Still, it made a great landmark.

Sajan resumed his journey with rekindled anticipation. It was true the first text had been ambiguous. There were a lot of ways that someone could need someone else, after all, but there was no mistaking how important the word need was. Sajan had been pulled in by Khai's magnetism since they had first met. He followed him around like an eager puppy. He looked for excuses to be close, and what better excuse was there when he was summoned? He'd do whatever Khai wanted, whatever he needed. Even if Khai didn't feel the same way yet, perhaps Sajan's eagerness and proximity would warm him up to the idea.

Sajan's feet found purchase on a slight incline, the dirt and rocks rising upward. The trees were getting bigger and older this far away from the path. Their roots were spiraled and gnarled, coming up through the dirt before plunging downward again. There were a few times where Sajan had to reach out, getting his balance with a hand braced on the ground before he got upright again. He was just about to give up on his ascent when he reached the summit of his mole hill, coming over the ridge to see a most unexpected sight. Nestled among the trees, almost as if they had grown up around it, was an old wood cabin....

The structure looked almost cozy. Long horizontal slats ran across from one end to the other like siding. Gaps had been cut out for a door and a window on at least two of the walls. The old glass panes were so aged that they bent and warped the interior, making it clear that there was some sort of internal illumination and no more. The roof was covered in archaic hand crafted shingles. It was beautiful and homely, ancient and yet timeless. It looked completely intentional and none of it improvised, a far cry from his uncle and aunt's houses back in India... But it also wasn't the sort of place a high school senior would be hanging out on Halloween Night, at least not a normal eighteen year old - but Khai wasn't normal.

With more caution, Sajan slid down the embankment of dirt, knowing that if anyone had been following the trail in the park, there was absolutely no way they would be able to see him now. Sajan dusted himself off as he reached the bottom, walking across the expanse between him and the cabin. There were fewer leaves plastering the ground here, almost as if the canopy was reluctant to give up its atmosphere of secrecy. Sajan's heart was thumping heavier in his chest as he got closer and closer to the cabin, though he noticed a faint plume of smoke rising from the chimney. It was bluish-black smoke, tiny embers glittering in the vapor almost like sparkles. Surely it had to be his imagination, but it did seem to feel quite harmonious with the alluring feeling that everything put off here so deep in the woods.

After what seemed like an eternity, Sajan reached the cabin. He licked his bottom lip in hesitation. It was entirely possible that he'd gone off course given how vague Khai's directions had been, but if he'd been intending to go anywhere else in the wilderness, surely the homeowner would understand if he got the wrong spot. Sajan reached up and brought his fist to knock on the door, shocked to have it open at the slightest touch. The old door creaked as it swung open, unbidden and unrestrained. It wobbled as it impacted the inner wall of the cottage. Normally Sajan would have been terrified of causing any sort of damage, but his warm eyes were too busy drinking in the interior of the structure.

It was clearly old as he had assumed from the outside, but it was simultaneously incredibly well preserved and deteriorated at the same time. The floor boards had shrunk apart enough to leave gaps. The shelves were filled with books and bottles, most of them equally

caked in dust and spider-webs. There were dried leafy vines that had snuck in through cracks in the ceiling and yet there was still something vital, something alive, something... bubbling?

At the center of the room, a large black cauldron sat over a carefully constructed hearth. The floorboards ended abruptly, bordered by stone, creating a spot where a fire could be stoked on bare soil indoors. Sajan was familiar with dubious cooking practices back in India, but apparently there were equally dangerous methods used in America's past. Sajan reached up to brush a lock of his black hair back as he cautiously stepped into the cabin, moving toward the cauldron. He nearly jumped out of his skin as swift movement came down stairs from the loft.

"Sajan, you made it!" came the zesty, alluring voice of Khai. He wore a baggy green sweatshirt, the oversized hood pulled back around his shoulders to reveal his fiery red hair. The shirt hung low enough to obscure everything to his knees, but what there was to see of his legs were covered in stitched-together black pants that looked oddly homemade. His feet were bare, though six of his ten toes had rings that faintly clicked on the wood floor as he walked.

"You invited me." Sajan replied doefully, hesitant to admit that he would come whenever and wherever Khai called without hesitation. To Sajan's surprise, Khai came right over until they were nearly chest to chest. He was usually so aloof, so hard to get. The proximity and closeness almost took Sajan's breath away.

"I'm so glad you're here, Sajan, I want this night to be special." Khai said softly. Sajan's breath shuddered, his lungs no longer functioning correctly. Khai seemed to smile at that before he whipped around and moved back to the cauldron. He peered over the edge before nodding with satisfaction, lifting a large wooden spook from a hook on the side before giving it a few stirs. Sajan remained in place only for a moment before he took another step forward, looking around again.

"Is this place yours?" he asked curiously. Khai made a distracted noise before he looked up and gave a half shrug.

"I guess you could consider it a sort of club house? It's not mine technically, but I have the run of the place." Khai said. Sajan's face must have betrayed some sense of disappointment, enough that Khai seemed surprised for a split second before he grinned, "But I promise you, it'll just be you and me tonight." he added, hoping to put a salve on Sajan's wound. It worked and Sajan's almost drunk smile returned to his lips. Khai's green eyes lit up with excitement before he darted off to some other shelf, getting more implements.

There it was again, that feeling that Sajan was being wrapped up in multiple arms, holding him fast and tight. It was as if each of Khai's words were designed to ensnare him. The hooks were in deep and Sajan didn't want them to let go. Still, as much as he loved what Kha was saying, he wasn't sure exactly why he had come.

"The message said you needed me?" Sajan proffered after a moment. Khai nodded without looking back at his friend, slowly lifting a leather strap from a drawer. It was long and thick, several holes punched in the leather, topped off with a silver metal clasp. The craftsmanship was remarkable, stitching the material in a way that it could withstand a lot of force and the rigors of time both. It had to be quite old, but it still looked perfect. Khai turned around, walking back to Sajan.

"I do need you Sajan." Khai said, closing the gap until they were face to face. He looked into Sajan's eyes, deeply into them. "You like me, don't you?" he asked. Sajan stammered.

"I-I-I, of course, yes, I like you..." Sajan managed. Khai's smile was warm.

“And you want to be with me?” he asked, his voice softer. Sajan inhaled. The question cut through pretense while still being vague. Was he asking for them to be together as friends? As lovers? Sajan didn't care.

“Yes.” he replied with more certainty.

“I have a way we can be. You and I, together, nothing able to pull us apart.” Khai all but whispered, his lower volume forcing Sajan to lean in closer.

“Anything...” Sajan replied, feeling as if he could fall into Khai's emerald eyes. It took him half a moment too long to register that something was pressing around his neck before he looked down, seeing that Khai had put something on him. He reached up, fingers brushing an old leather strap that fit around his neck like a collar, coming to a silver buckle in the front. He tried to look down, though obviously he couldn't see something that close to his face so instead he looked back at Khai. The redhead gave a nervous, almost apologetic smile.

“Well, you did say anything...” Khai said softly, caressing Sajan's cheek, feeling luxuriously soft black fur sprouting from the skin. The redhead pet it affectionately, green eyes sliding from the tuft and back into Sajan's eyes as his smile grew warmer.

“What is this?” Sajan asked, his question more prescient and less mired in the gravity well of his affections for Khai. Khai sobered a little, nodding.

“You're right, there can be no secrets between us now.” Khai admitted, “I'm a witch, Sajan, some might call me a warlock but honestly that's semantics. I've been trying to keep everyone at a safe distance as I learn my magic, but there comes a time when a budding witch needs a familiar, when they need a protective spirit. How could I think of anyone but you? No matter how weird I was, how wild I was, you were always right there.” Khai said. Sajan opened his mouth to say something but his muscles suddenly cramped, pain rippling over his body.

Sajan shuddered, panting softly through a mouth he couldn't quite close. Every blink chased away more and more of the caramel brown from his eyes, leaving only a golden hue. His faint black mustache had become more pronounced, as had the soft dark fuzz on his chin. The harder he panted, the more the tiny points of sharp teeth began to creep down below the edge of his upper lip. His fair cinnamon toned skin prickled slightly before tiny colorless whiskers began to push their way free of his cheeks, edging outward.

“What's happening to me-ow?” Sajan asked, repeating his earlier question. Despite the pain, the witch hadn't clearly answered. Khai pressed in closer, reaching to caress the side of Sajan's head, although that sent new waves of shock through his body as he didn't feel the redhead's hand on his ear but instead just hair over skin.

“Don't fight it, Sajan, I know you wanted to be closer to me. Offering to tutor me, applying to the same clubs, walking home instead of taking the bus even though you're miles away from the school. You're going to have everything you ever wanted, we're going to be inseparable.” Sajan whispered, “Every good witch needs his familiar.” he added with a fond smile. Sajan gasped suddenly, though the sound was hollow as he lost his hearing. The world was muffled, muted and dull - at least until there was a painful streak of sensation pouring in from his sinuses of all places.

Sajan winced, clenching his golden eyes shut as his nostrils contracted. The round holes became slits, the flesh around the gaps becoming softer and more textured. His fists started to tighten until pinpricks of pain punctured his palms. Sajan instinctively snapped his hands back open, looking down. At first he saw nothing - a detail made more alarming by the fact that he

didn't see any fingernails at all at first until an involuntary urge forced curved barbs to emerge from the otherwise uniform digits at the ends of his hands. The waxy ivory colored keratin almost glowed in the moonlight pouring in through the window. The light color of his claws was a sharp contrast to the dark spots forming on his fingertips and palms.

As Sajan watched helplessly, his skin mottled. It looked as though he'd caught some strange disease. The skin welted, then started to swell. Each fingertip gained a little bean of black flesh while a larger spade shaped pad pushed out from his palm. He gasped as he felt a sweeping rush of thousands of black hairs coming down his arms, then his wrists, then the back of his hands. He was about to say something when the crushing, thumping sound inside his head opened back up to the world at large. His hearing wasn't just restored, it was amplified.

Khai watched with bated breath as his classmate's feathered black hair parted enough to reveal the pointed tips of two feline ears. They inched their way up higher and fuller, growing wider at the base. They had black fur on the back and a fine velvety fur inside that barely masked dark gray flesh. The ears quirked and tilted, asynchronous at first, taking in the surroundings as nerve endings and muscles connected.

"What a cute kitty... I can't believe I resisted for so long." Khai said before he leaned in, giving Sajan a kiss. Sajan was, yet again, frozen in surprise. This was what he had wanted for so long, what he'd imagined and fantasized about, but he'd never imagined it like this. Sajan's head tipped back as he felt Khai's arms wrapping around him, and as he broke the kiss, his upper lip started to split, turning one flat smile into two crescents. The crease connected to his new feline nose.

"I'm more... than just a pet to you... right?" Sajan asked. The pain and mild terror from the transformation was giving him an edge. Khai looked shocked for a second, but that faded as he reflected back. The redhead blushed faintly, nodding.

"Yes, you're more. You're not just my best friend, you're not just someone I like a lot. I meant it when I said I need you, but I also... want you." he replied softly. Sajan smiled, something that looked completely differently on his hybridized feline face. Those were words he'd been craving to hear, but the transformation wasn't letting him enjoy them. The black fur was creeping down his neck, sweeping across his throat and plunging into his shirt. The pain felt like pressure, like fire, like broiling toil beneath his skin. With a fit of it, he pushed Khai away from him before he fell forward, landing harshly on his paws and his knees.

Sajan's back arched, his claws scratching the wood floor. He hissed and yowled before trying to get at the back of his pants. He scratched and clawed, face scrunched up. Realizing what was happening, Khai knelt down, grabbing Sajan's pants by the belt loops before giving them a tug. As the jeans came down, a writhing nub of black fur sprung free. Sajan nearly collapsed with relief, his amber eyes looking mildly elated as his irises compressed and tightened into vertical slits.

Khai watched in wonder as Sajan's tail grew in. It stretched out inch after inch as bone segments formed between one another, each one uniform in size and structure. Muscle and ligament sewed themselves along, nerves connecting deep into Sajan's body, giving him indirect control over his new appendage. Khai was amazed by the tail, but it revealed the fact that his familiar's transformation was being made more complex by the simple act of him being clothed.

The witch rose back to his feet, taking a deep breath. He extended a hand, splaying his fingers slightly, black fingernails glinting in the moonlight. His pert lips began to move, mumbling

forgotten words with precision and intent. His hand started to move forward and back along Sajan before he raised his volume, declaring the final syllables with unflakable certainty that had immediate effect. Every stitch, every seam, every button and snap and bit of glue gave out in the same moment, causing Sajan's clothing to fragment and slough off onto the floor, leaving his body gloriously naked.

A mane of black fur ran down from the shag of black hair on Sajan's head all the way to his tail, sending waves and tendrils out across his shoulders and ribs. His tail twitched and flicked as his brain got used to it, the muscle groups forcing his ass cheeks apart to reveal an undulating brownish-black sphincter. Khai found it oddly hypnotic, especially as the flesh darkened from brown to dark gray just like the flesh of his feline ears. Darkness spread across his body rapidly, emerging from his thighs, his knees, and his ankles.

The cool air made Sajan shiver despite himself, the contrast only made worse by how hot his body was compared to the cabin. His bare feet flexed and constricted, toes wobbling as his paw pads pushed out from the sole of his feet. His heels ached and shrank as the bone and cartilage reinforced his ankles instead. The black fur swept down over the top of his feet, the skin growing over his toenails entirely until new claws pushed free of new slits a moment later. Khai nearly shook with anticipation as he watched his familiar growing feline toe beans. Khai slowly crouched down, eyes leering to Sajan's underside. He saw the nubs of extra nipples poking out from a short coat of black fur, but his eyes kept racing lower. He saw Sajan's half hard member throbbing and pulsing with need, as well as his plump, full ball sack.

"I think it's time to make you a fitting tom cat." Khai murmured. He slid one knee over Sajan's legs, coming up behind to straddle him before he leaned forward, his arm slipping against the familiar's ribs before his fingers caressed Sajan's balls. He traced the leathery flesh with his fingertips before taking more of the mass into his hands. He caressed gently, he fondled, he moved it around as he got more and more of a grip.

Sajan moaned softly, exhaling in pent up relief until he surprised himself. A deep rooted, high oscillation vibration radiated out from his chest. It happened in a burst, confusing him until he realized that its absence made him feel even worse... so he gave in. As Khai massaged his balls, he began to purr. His eyes closed, his whiskers twitched, and he vibrated with an intense satisfaction. Khai smiled at that, laying his left cheek on Sajan's spine as he began to whisper words, using a spell he'd perfected using on himself only a month prior.

Sajan's golden eyes snapped open as he felt his testicles begin to grow. The cells divided, the structures grew larger and more complex and the skin tightened. Wrinkles flattened out as the sack expanded to hold larger and larger balls. The flattening topography made it easier for the collar to do its work, sending a sweeping rush of thick black fur cascading over the surface of his sack. In moments Sajan's balls had grown to the size of tangerines, then peaches and then larger still. The purring didn't feel like enough. Sajan threw his head back and let out a cat call that was sharp in the enclosed space.

"Oh yes, that's a good kitty, yes..." Khai panted feverishly as his hand drifted forward to coil around his familiar's manhood. Sajan let out a low warbling growl as he felt another man's hand on his cock, but it wasn't out of warning. There was a growing need inside of him, a yearning and hunger that felt as if an ember had landed amid dried wheat and caught fire. The burning was spreading from his loins, climbing up his stomach and lungs, searing into his brain. He needed this, he needed sex, he needed Khai! He needed it all and the fire was irresistible,

the heat too strong. In moments he started to thrust into Khai's hand, panting through his fang-filled lips, his tail twitching and his ears tilting. His golden eyes squeezed shut as he felt his cock swell and bloat and grow and stretch. Even Khai was amazed at how much it was expanding and how fast.

"Fuck me!" Sajan begged, managing some of the first words he'd uttered since the transformation started. Khai's smile quirked a little bit. He was, after all, in a rather ideal position. Khai almost used the clothes shedding spell, but he'd already had to put his pants back together once and he was rather fond of the sweatshirt. The witch quickly yanked off his clothing and tossed it over into a heap by the door, shrugging out of his t-shirt before kicking off his pants. His underwear was last to go, flung from a kick of his leg, landing unceremoniously across a lamp shade. Khai returned to Sajan's backside, shivering a little as his own cock found furry black butt cheeks. His manhood got rock hard in an instant, starting to trace gooey precum across that black furry ass. Sajan's tail swatted at Khai's chest before draping over one shoulder invitingly.

The witch wasn't quite ready to fill his familiar with his cock yet, but as he leaned close and reached around to Sajan's underside, he gasped a little. He could already feel the tiny tug of prickles forming around his shaft, giving it a rougher texture almost like sandpaper or velcro. A few words from Khai's lips gave himself a little more protection, a green flash of light acting as an insulation to his skin. With care, he began jacking Sajan off again, purring with satisfaction that he couldn't quite close his fingers around his creation.

Feeling how big and furry and horny Sajan was, Khai felt powerful. He idly imagined pushing him to the brink, making his mind rot with need of sex, to cum and to be filled, to fill their days with nothing but physical pleasure, to make Sajan the best hung male on the facebook of the planet.... Sure they were hot fantasies, but he knew his familiar deserved more. He deserved love, respect, trust, and all the fish he could eat. At the moment, though, what Khai deserved most was to have his wish granted.

Rising up behind Sajan, Khai steadied himself. He pressed the hard tip of his shaft against Khai's asshole. To his surprise, the undulating ring of flesh seemed to be trying all on its own to suck him in deeper, tugging and sucking, urging him on. Khai shivered, unable to resist. He brought one hand down to each of Sajan's furry black hips before he thrust in deep. Sajan gasped, throwing his head up, eyes widening in awe as the black fur crept across his cheeks, the bridge of his nose, his forehead and everything in between. Khai pulled back, braced, and then thrust even deeper.

Sajan came crashing back down onto all fours, thrusting his heavy barbed cock into the open air, feeling the weight of his huge balls swinging like pendulums. The last of his human flesh disappeared beneath the fur coating, leaving only his dark black nose, paw pads, nipples and cock as exposed skin. His hide was tough, not just from the fur but from a general thickness that seemed inhuman. Beneath it, his muscles had tightened and firmed, giving him an inhuman strength. His ears were sensitive, his nose even more adept. Beyond everything else, though, was the fact that he could feel things in more exquisite detail than he ever had before, and he felt every inch of Khai's rod pounding into him.

This was more than young love, more than carnal love. It was supernatural. Sajan could feel his body continue to warp and writhe and shift beyond his control. He was stronger, more prescient of what his body could do. His claws felt amazing as they dug into the wood and tugged, and his ass was practically tugging Khai deeper into him. He made all manner of faces

of joy, each of them accentuated by his feline features... but it wasn't enough. He brought one paw down, wrapping around his own barbed cock, groaning as he felt how hot and hard it was. He moved his hand up and down despite the roughness, drooling faintly as he went cross eyes, knowing all the while his crush - no, not his crush... his master? Yes, his master... his master was fucking him.

Khai's face was just as rapt, his eyes squeezed shut, his head tipped back, his hands digging into Sajan's furry hips as his cock went hell bent for leather, diving deep into the cat ass before him. He had turned Sajan into a beautiful beast, a hybrid of a cat and a person, sublime in his fluid form and sleek features and with the beating heart of someone devoted to him. It was a change, to be sure, and no doubt there would be growing pains, but he knew he'd find ways to make it up to Sajan, starting with this.

The witch pounded in deeper and deeper, all the way to the hilt, feeling his cock pulled in at the apex of each thrust before he drew back and went at it all over again. It was intoxicating to know that he'd transformed this being into something new, something just for him, and this was just the start... They'd do such amazing things together, the witch and his familiar. Khai's moans grew in volume and intensity, his pitiful human fingers digging in as deeply as they could until he let out a triumphant shout and then gasped.

Sajan's back arched, his tail going rigid. He felt the pulsing, throbbing cock lodged in his ass, then the blossoming wave of heat as his master delivered his seed deep into his body. It wasn't just perfect, it was what was meant to be, destiny. It also couldn't be contained. Sajan's huge balls ached, throbbed, pulsed and then his cock began to spasm. A few pearly drops of human cum dribbled out as if being pushed out of the way a split second before a powerful, thick, sticky jet of feline cum erupted behind it. Both male's gasped a little as they heard the wet, sloppy sound of the orgasm hit the floor boards. The semen glistened in the moonlight as it soaked into the parched, ancient floorboards, pooling outward before sinking into the crevices between.

The perfectly synchronized momentum the two had managed began to break down as their bodies each unleashed their essence. They became a mess of hips and cocks, flesh clattering together unevenly until Khai collapsed against Sajan's back. Sajan flexed and twisted his spine in ways no human could, practically turning to a fluid in that way that only cats could. The movements soon rendered the couple a heap on the floor, Sajan curved around his massive puddle of cum, his barbed cock still pumping out more and more of his sperm.

Khai let out a soft, satisfied murmur, not opening his eyes. He draped one arm over Sajan's side, a hand finding a spot between his middle and lower nipples on his stomach, giving him a gentle pet. Sajan pressed back against his master, boney spine contrasting the soft fur. Despite neither male having enough strength to do much more than lay there, a deep and resounding pur began to resonate from Sajan's chest. Khai took that as solace that even if the transformation had been a bit painful and the situation was a bit eerie, his partner was mostly satisfied with the outcome.

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The natural splendor of autumn had already started to fade with the first freeze and the first heavy rain. The dried leaves had become soggy, turning to shades of burgundy and carob.



The tiny bell above the door of the Shake Chalet rang as Khai entered, wearing his green hoodie and his sewn up black pants, though a purple and black scarf now adorned his neck. He walked in with Sajan close behind, the boy wearing a tight black t-shirt and pants that seemed custom tailored to show the ample bulge in his groin and the oddly round, pert ass cheeks he had. Khai almost made a point of walking down the long counter of the shop, leading Sajan along. Two pointed ears poked up from the top of his hair, a long, sleek tail hanging down behind him.

"I didn't know Saje was a furry, what a freak..." One of the other patrons whispered, unaware that Sajan could hear them.

"It's Khai's fault, terrible influence." another murmured. For some reason it just made Sajan smile and he draped one hand with black painted nails onto his boyfriend's shoulder, giving him a good squeeze as he came up behind him. The gossipers seemed to sink lower in their seats realizing that it seemed Khai and Sajan were having a lot more fun with their perversion.

"I can't believe it's working..." Sajan whispered in Khai's ear. Khai grinned a little, glancing back at his boyfriend.

"Well, the glamor spell takes some adapting... I mean we're lucky they only saw a few of your fine feline features." Khai whispered.

"Bonjour, and welcome to le Shake Chalet. May I shake your order?" The twenty two year old asked on the other side of the counter, looking up at the two. His cheeks reddened a little when he saw Sajan's cat ears, not to mention his oddly golden-brown eyes.... And were those fangs when he smiled?

"Pumpkin Spice shakes please, two of them. I'm still in the fall mood." Khai said. The waiter nodded dully, turning to move back to the machine. As they waited, Sajan placed his other hand on Khai's other shoulder and began to gently knead each side, pulsing on the right, then the left, back and forth. Khai bit his bottom lip a bit, feeling the pinprick of his claws through his sweatshirt.

"Gentle, lover..." he whispered. Sajan merely smiled, obeying as best he could. He leaned down to rest a fuzzy chin on the witch's shoulder.

"You never told me what was in that cauldron..." he said softly. Khai tilted his head, smirking a bit.

"Didn't I?" he asked, "It's a bit more advanced, hence the need for a familiar... It's a spell that will open people up to their most repressed, forbidden fantasies and passions." Khai whispered, barely audible over the growl of the shake machine.

"That could be dangerous indeed..." Sajan said, "I might start licking my balls here in public." he smirked.

"Hey, no cutting in line. I'm first at that." Khai grinned before he leaned up to kiss Sajan. Goosebumps raised on Khai's arms as he felt his boyfriend's sandpapery tongue against his, gripping and grasping. Even if he pulled his tongue away from that, he found his boyfriend's carnivorous fangs. The others couldn't see the true him, but he could feel the fur and whiskers, the body heat, everything... His boyfriend was a cat, his lucky black cat, the perfect witch's familiar.

"Your pumpkin spice shakes... sirs..." The fast food worker said upon realizing that the two were ignoring him. Khai reluctantly pulled back from the kiss and paid for the shakes,

allowing Sajan to pick up the drinks. The red headed witch rounded the corner, finding a cozy booth on the side of the shop where they could look out at the park. The last of the leaves were falling from the trees, but the pond had been covered with them. The pathways glistened with the rain, the trees sparkling with moisture that clung to the bark, and a tiny tendril of smoke wafted its way up into the cool sky.

Halloween was over, winter was fast approaching, but Khai knew he'd always be warm because he had his familiar with him. He leaned over, resting his head on Sajan's shoulder, sliding an arm around the small of his back. The witch's grin only grew brighter when he started to feel the vibration build from Sajan's chest until it was a full on purr. Even though it was a sound he'd only legitimately listened to for the last day, it was somehow eerily familiar... as if he'd always been meant to hear it.

Sajan, however, was thinking back to how alert and energetic he had been while racing to meet Khai in the cabin only a day ago. He'd felt the gravity and pull of his crush, then the many armed embrace of love, and now he wanted nothing but to lay with Khai in a sunbeam and nap all day and fuck all night. Perhaps, he considered, that was part of being a cat, but at the same time he felt so fulfilled. There was no more doubt, no more wondering. Their connection was a certainty. They were meant for one another. Master and pet, witch and familiar, boyfriends and partners. There wasn't anywhere else he wanted to be and no one else he wanted to be with. Autumn may have been the end to his old life, but it had been the start of a far better one.