

Before doing anything else, Jolyne seamlessly transformed from her lanky crook form, to that of a human, which was equally beautiful. Tall and thin, with muscled thighs from years of ballet dancing.

Her icy arm also thinned, and cracked with the effort to reform into something less hazardous. Ice chips fell away, the pain of transformation lancing up through her bones and directly into her skull. She grit her teeth, and hissed.

Her form, now bipedal and dexterous, billowed out for just a moment as the clothing Petrol loaned her wrapped around her body like a magical cocoon, layers of black swallowing her whole body. While she was tall in human form, Petrol was even taller, and he out weighed her by a significant margin.

She trudged over to the kitchen, uncertain of her meal, but pissed off anyway.

“Not even a good morning?” Petrol asked, biting back his laughter. He’d at least have the decency to wait for her answer before wholly cackling in her face.

“I don’t know what time it is, asshole,” Jolyne growled, looking to the window to avoid his eyes. The window was totally blank save for the dim glow of a single functioning street lamp. “It’s dark out.”

Petrol released his laugh, his whole chest heaving with mirth. This useless puppy was still so rude even after he took her to have fun, and he loved it. The way her hackles raised at the sight of him made him eager to poke and prod her into lashing out, but he wouldn’t have to try very hard. She was already on edge.

The butter in the pan crackled and popped as Petrol killed the flame and set two delicious steaks out on a wire rack to settle. He moved deliberately, the eyes along his arms and back watching Jolyne squirm.