

Violet had cooled down over the last few weeks. We'd talked to her band and Dickpunch/Wretched Shambles/Frankenstein's Mom agreed to turn down the offer for their big break. The agent they'd got in touch with wanted all four of them or nothing, and Violet didn't want the big time. She'd hang out with them or play sometimes, but they were still trying to go pro. They found another bassist and we'd stay away from practice to keep things from getting weird, but they still unofficially jammed once in a while.

It left us with a little more time together at home. She was still getting the hang of playing guitar in her demon form as a challenge for herself. Having ripped muscles, horns, spikes and an extra pair of arms required a little more delicate movements.

I was starting to get the hang of college. I started to get a grasp on when I actually needed to show up for class or when I could take a late lunch. So when we were set for a review day in Biology, I decided to skip.

Violet must not have been expecting me, because as soon as I opened the door, there was the familiar cracking of shifting flesh and bone from the couch. The last of her black skin and extra arms faded from sight just as I caught sight of her. Someone else may have mistaken it for a shadow or a quick movement rather than a shapeshifting demi-demon. She was back in her human form; an incredibly scrawny goth girl with her usual all black attire and scruffy black hair.

"Damn, dude," she sniffed when she realized it was me. She had the Xbox on and a controller resting in her lap. Her pale and inexpressive face tightened slightly as she cracked her neck.

"Let me know it's just you next time. It's a pain to change back that fast."

"You're getting good at it," I complimented to make up for the bother. I tossed my books on a table and grabbed a water bottle from the fridge. By the time I made it back to her, she was giving me a puzzled look.

"Wait, why are you back so soon? I thought you had class for another hour."

"I did. I just decided to skip school today."

Violet raised her eyebrows so hard that one of her horns popped out of her forehead. She caught me staring and dropped back into her dull expression but her other horn grew out. It was something slipping from her usual grimness, which was pretty rare. Even after we got this close to each other. I'd started to pick up on the little signs. Like her letting her horns slip out at random like that.

"Seriously?" she asked skeptically. "You're the nerd that always goes to class."

"I'm not gonna miss anything. I just felt like playing hooky for a change."

Violet gave a small nod but she scooted closer to me on the couch. I slipped an arm around her scrawny waist to let her settle in, raising an arm to make sure her horns didn't jab me in the face again.

"Oh. Well that's... cool of you," she said in her usual dismissive tone.

Her pale skin was crap at hiding her blush, not that it was especially common on the cool-headed demoness. Something had her bad.

"It's no big deal. It's just class," I shrugged.

Violet outright shuddered.

"What's gotten into you today?" she asked.

She giggled and brushed some of her bangs out of her face. The tiny laugh came with a little crack to her voice, which could have been her being awkward or just not laughing very much.

"You're acting like such a rebel today."

It suddenly hit me that I was giving off some mild bad boy vibes. For a girl who spent all day surrounding herself with horror movies, death metal, black magic and just black things in general, my squeaky clean and boring side didn't set the bar too high for me. The most metal I'll ever go is wearing a black shirt out of convenience.

I had to poke at the opening and see how far this could go.

"I mean the teacher's a boring bitch anyway," I insisted a little louder, pulling on Violet's waist to reel her in right next to me.

It tugged the lightweight demi-demon into me more assertively than I was used to. Violet glanced up at me and batted her one exposed eye a little hopefully. I saw her bite her black lip, which tensed and shifted subtly as some of her fangs popped out.

Violet could change back and forth at will, but it was hard for her to stay human-shaped when she was really riled up.

“I was even thinking of going to the mall and getting my ears pierced.”

I tossed it out as the most rebellious thing I could think of. In hindsight it sounded closer to something a sassy thirteen year old might brag about, but there was the subtle creaking of bone and muscle shifting beneath her skin as her excitement bubbled up. Either she was so excited or I was so bland that she was delighted either way.

“What kind?” she asked eagerly.

One of her extra arms creaked out of her side, growing out to rub over my thigh. I knew she’d talked a lot about getting earrings herself, but she was always too lazy and unsure if the piercing gun would break her demonic skin to go through with it. Vicariously living through me, she scooted close and laid her head on my lap.

“Oh big. And flashy,” I went on, hamming it up for Violet.

She brushed her bangs from her gold-colored eyes, batting them up at me expectantly.

“And definitely something in black. Like obsidian? Do they make earrings out of obsidian?”

“Holy shit, just fuck me now, you rebel stud!” she gasped.

Violet leapt into my lap, fully morphing into her demonic form as she moved. Her bones cracked and rearranged as she turned into her charcoal-colored, long-horned amazon. Her lower set of arms planted against the couch as the other two grabbed me by the head. Her claws were just careful enough not to cut me but I could feel her strength and sharpness to her fingers all the same. Her suddenly boosted weight pinned me at the waist and ground against my dick.

Violet Helsinki
Todd Greenberry

skips classes, exciting, earring vows her

Dickpunch/Wretched Shambles
Riot the big drummer. Fat mohawk

Eddie; Skinny pale guy
Paula; Black shave head