

Full Moon Rising

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At a Goth club, a werewolf spies his prey.

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The werewolf drifted through the crowd of writhing dancers at the club, Gothic Noire and scowled. Although the moon had yet to rise over the horizon, he could already feel its power calling to his soul right through the brick walls of the club. I'll have to find someone to fuck soon, or I'll spend the next month locked in my wolf shape. In the smoked mirrors that lined the club's walls, his eyes glowed a brilliant predator green, reflecting in the club's low lighting. He turned his head, changing the angle of reflection. The glow winked out. Apparently, his eyes had started the shift from ordinary human hazel to wolf gold. He leaned against the wall in a dark corner to sift through the scents, searching for appropriate prey. With so many warm, sweating bodies rubbing against each other in multiple parodies of sex the aromas merely aggravated his hunger. He rose from his slouch, stretching to his full height and moved away from the wall. He curled his lip in annoyance. Trying to find someone with enough passion to keep up with his appetites every full moon was a real pain in the ass. Unfortunately, nothing less than a woman's climax would give him enough power to keep control over his changes. Not having a woman of his own was his own damn fault, but he just couldn't see himself actually trying for a long-term relationship. "Oh, hey, you're cute. And by the way, I'm a werewolf; is that okay with you?" He scowled ferociously. Oh, yeah, that'd go over real well. Then I'll have another freak chasing me cross-country with a shot-gun full of silver. Not that silver could do him any real harm. He smiled, revealing the gleam of sharp incisors. Not one werewolf slasher movie had gotten it right yet. Not that he was about to complain. A clean, fresh aroma drifted through the cigarette smoke and alcohol fumes. He sniffed deeply to be sure catching baby powder, soap and warm, frustrated woman. His cock rose to full erection, pressing uncomfortably against his snug leather pants and a smile curved his lips. Perfect... He followed the enticing fragrance to a tiny female leaning against the wall, completely alone. He drifted past her, noting the waterfall of silvery blond curls that flowed past her shoulders to swing at her hips. Electric-blue eyes peeked out from under overlong bangs. Her full breasts were barely contained by the pearl buttons of her tight white blouse. The black lights made the lace of her bra glow fluorescent white through the sheer material that was tucked into a very short leather skirt. She shifted her stance slightly, revealing a tiny glimpse of white panties glowing under

the black lights. He whistled under his breath. That is one hot little package. His rigid flesh pressing insistently against his stomach agreed wholeheartedly. He breathed in deep, studying the context of her delicate scent and was pleased to discover the complete lack of another male's scent. So, she's not here with another guy, nor has she been touched by one recently. A cunning smile curled his lips. Good. He walked past her through the door to the enclosed porch outside. Now, how to corner her and get her out into the parking lot for a fast fuck? * * * Heather leaned against the wall of the crowded Goth club and absently swept her long, silvery-blond hair behind her shoulder. The harsh Gothic-Industrial music throbbed loudly, pressing against her flesh like hands, closing in on her. In an attempt to look calm, cool, and collected, she took a sip of her Long Island Iced Tea and froze. Someone was staring at her. She could almost feel their gaze brushing like ghostly fingers across her body, lingering on her breasts and her far-too-exposed thighs. Nervously, she dropped a hand to the hem of her leather mini-skirt, tugging on it in a futile attempt to cover herself while looking around. She'd received a lot of curious looks because of her short skirt and tight blouse, but this was far more intrusive, almost aggressive. No one seemed to stand out as the source of the gaze she felt. Heather sighed and pulled at the buttons of her sheer white blouse. "I should've never let Lisa talk me into wearing her clothes. Everything's too damned small. I'm gonna pop a button any second." She tugged up the tops of the black seamed stockings that refused to hide beneath the hem of the leather skirt. The lacy straps of the snowy white garter belt showed every time she took a step. Unfortunately, there wasn't a damned thing she could do about it. Growling in frustration, Heather took another swallow of the sweet, potent drink and looked over at the crowded dance floor. The huge orgiastic mass of dancers swayed and writhed to the heavy music in slow, exaggerated movements showing off their skimpy leather, vinyl, lace, and velvet costumes. Their faces, male and female, were practically disguised by heavy theatre make-up. Heather winced. Despite how daring she'd thought her outfit was, compared to everyone else she still looked like an innocent school-girl. She took a healthy swallow of her Long Island iced tea. God, I can't win for losing. And where the hell had her roommate gone anyway? She straightened from the wall to look for her absent friend and suddenly felt light-headed. The bartender had apparently made her drink far stronger than she'd thought. She carefully set her glass on the narrow bar against the wall, determined not to drink any more. The last thing she wanted to do was pass out in this crowd. Maybe I should go outside and get some air? With careful steps, Heather walked to the doorway of the enclosed outside porch without too much trouble. "Thank God I didn't wear those spike-heeled boots, or I'd be flat on my ass by now." The tiny tree lights gave only a dim glow, especially after the harsh glare of the club's powerful strobes, but it was enough to see that the enclosed outdoor patio was practically empty. The crisp autumn breeze blew some of the fumes away, and Heather's mind cleared a little. Breathing deep, she smiled and looked up at the clear stars, then turned and promptly walked into a firm, hard-muscled body. Strong hands gripped her upper arms, steadying her from their collision. "Oh! Sorry!" Heather looked up—and up—into the eyes of a very tall and strikingly handsome man with fine, if sharp features and a pronounced five o'clock shadow. Dark brows slanted up over bright, yellow-green eyes framed by thick black lashes. The corners of his eyes tilted up to give him an exotic, feral look. Long waves of

lustrous black hair fell over his shoulders. Heather blinked at him. He's so tall... Her head didn't quite reach his shoulder. "Hi. I, ah..." He pressed his finger gently to her lips for silence and a smile curved his lips. Her lips tingled where he touched them. She licked them without thinking. His smile widened, parting his lips slightly, revealing a bright flash of white teeth. Heather blinked. Are those fangs? Oh, wait, this is a Goth club. She smiled ruefully. Just about everybody wore fangs, and half of them really wanted to be vampires. He reached out with fingers tipped in long, curved nails and grasped a thick lock of her blond mane, letting the silvery strands slide slowly through his fingers. His eyes followed the path of his hand, apparently fascinated by her hair. Intimate warmth curled in her belly. My God, he's beautiful. I can't stop looking at him. His green-gold eyes locked onto hers and focused. The fine hairs on the back of her neck rose. It honestly felt as though he was attempting to reach in to take hold of her soul. He leaned forward slowly. She shied back. Is he trying to kiss me? He was seriously handsome, but that didn't change the fact that she didn't know a thing about him. He flashed a quick smile, grasped her hand, and raised it to his lips. Watching her closely, he softly brushed his lips across her knuckles, then brushed them fleetingly with the tip of his tongue. She shivered visibly, but didn't pull away. She'd never been kissed on the hand before. He smiled and eased his hands into her hair, then very gently cupped her head. In a sudden move, he turned and pressed her back against the wooden palisade wall. Her eyes widened and she let out a small yelp of surprise. Her hands clenched in the lapels of his leather vest. Leaning forward, he touched his nose to her ear. Slowly, he inhaled, then exhaled with a soft growl. Long rippling shivers spilled down her spine. Oh, God, what is this guy doing to me? Lightly, he touched his tongue to the shell of her ear tracing the curve, then dipped delicately into the sensitive center. He exhaled softly, creating a cool breeze against the damp flesh. She trembled again, drew a ragged breath, then released a tiny moan. Her hands tightened on his lapels. The aroma of leather and his potent male curled around her. He feels so good... He smells so good... His hand firmly cradled her head and his powerful body pressed against her, holding her captive against the wooden fence. He trailed his open mouth, nibbling lightly, along her jaw, and touched his lips to hers. Shock rocketed through Heather's cloudy mind. Is he...kissing me? Her lips parted in alarm. He swept in to stroke her tongue with his. Holy shit! This gorgeous man is kissing me! He tasted only lightly of beer. Clearly, he hadn't had much to drink, unlike her. He stepped closer, his erection pressing against the cradle of her hips, hot through the leather and heavy with intent. He deepened his kiss, slanting his mouth over hers for deeper penetration. His tongue stroked against hers in leisurely swipes then rolled his hips, pressing his entrapped cock against her softness. Overwhelmed by the fierce sparks of pleasure deep in her belly, she felt powerless in his embrace, and oddly reluctant to do anything about it. She moaned into his mouth. Slowly, he slid his hand from her silky hair down her shoulder and arm to press against her narrow waist. Carefully he skimmed his hand up her ribs. His hand closed over her breast through the blouse and he squeezed firmly. She shivered, her nipple rising to a tingling point under his hot palm. She knew she should shove him away for his audacity, but she just couldn't summon the energy to do it. His long nails closed on her hardened nipple through her lace bra and tugged. A white hot spark of pleasure seared downward to throb in her core. She gasped into his mouth and a shudder racked her

body. A small moan escaped her throat. He captured her soft moan in his mouth and inhaled deeply to steal her breath. Want and need coursed urgently through Heather, washing away everything but the urge to get closer, to feel more, to feel him, to touch him. In a dreamlike haze, she pulled her hands from his lapels to slide them under his vest. She swept her hands over the silk shirt he wore, and found that he was a solid wall of whipcord muscle. She swept her hands down his back, scoring him lightly with her nails, then dug in to pull him closer. His growl of pleasure vibrated through her. She wanted to touch his skin, but his shirt was tucked in. She hesitated. She couldn't just tug his shirt out; that would be rude. Damn it! His thumb rolled her tender nipple through her blouse. With a deep sigh, her spine arched eagerly, pushing her breast into his hand. Her hips rose to meet his, pressing strongly against the heat of his erection. He lifted his head to look at her with heated, hungry eyes that blazed more gold than green. Licking his lips, his fingers unfastened the straining buttons to her blouse. His warm hand slid inside her bra and his hand closed on her bare flesh. The reality of a man's bare hand on her naked breast shocked Heather from her passion-hazed stupor. Oh, God, I must be drunker than I thought! Startled, confused, and alarmed, she tried to pull away, only to discover how firmly he had her pinned. His smile grew feral and he continued with the caress. He tugged sharply on her captured nipple. Lightning bolts of liquid pleasure pulsed straight down, making her body jolt in time to his touch. She became aware of a slick wetness dampening her panties. Something deep inside fluttered with hunger and anticipation. Heather turned away, her hands firmly planted against his chest. Oh, God, I can't be doing this! Biting her lip in sexual frustration and humiliated by her body's easy submission, Heather shoved him hard and rolled out from beneath him. She grabbed her parted blouse and bolted for the ladies' room inside. Fearing to look behind her, Heather threaded her way through the crowd. I can't believe I let that guy kiss me like that, I can't believe I was kissing him back! I hope to God nobody saw me kissing a total stranger like that! She dove into the hall and headed past the stairs, only to find a line in front of the bathrooms halting her escape. "Shit." Heather felt a tug on her skirt and was turned around sharply. The man she'd been kissing smiled down at her. His golden eyes were narrowed and intent. "Going somewhere?" Between one breath and the next, he imprisoned her arm in a powerful grip and bodily shoved her through a doorway and up a short staircase. Heather very nearly tripped on the stairs, but his grip on her arm kept her from falling. "Hey, uh, I don't know you and I, uh, normally don't go kissing people. There's been a mistake, I didn't mean...!" He urged her into the dimly-lit narrow room upstairs. "You didn't mean to kiss me?" His hypnotic voice slid over her like potent whiskey. Heather could feel her self-control slipping away from her reach. Her voice dropped to barely a whisper. "Not like-- Not like that ." He turned to look at her with eyes that were slits of gold fire. He licked his lips, the sharp points of his teeth gleaming in his predatory smile. "I have no complaints." He slowly backed her into a dark corner of the empty room. "In fact, I rather enjoyed it." The light from the solitary lamp etched his face with menacing shadows. "And I was under the impression that you enjoyed it too." Heather trembled in his grip. Oh, God, oh, God, I think I'm in trouble! Abruptly, he turned and sat in the room's only chair, facing her. He tugged her closer. "I want you." His voice vibrated with unleashed passion. "I need you." With him seated, their eyes were on the same level. Her traitorous body responded with a

sudden and compulsive craving for his touch. He released her arm to capture the back of her head, gently but firmly gripping her by the hair. Her mouth opened to protest. He pulled, bringing her parted lips to his and his tongue swept inside. Waves of hot and hungry desire washed over her and her objections faded into a long moan. She was lost in the firestorm of excitement that swept through her blood screaming in voracious desire. He moaned into her mouth and his arm closed about her waist, his hand cupping her rounded ass. He tipped her toward him. Feeling herself falling, she put her hands on his shoulders and gripped the leather of his vest. His arm tightened pulled her down. She fell forward to straddle his muscular thighs, pressed up against his body with her soft breasts crushed against the wall of his chest. His fingers curled in her hair. Slowly, irresistibly, he pulled her head back, breaking the kiss. His moist tongue stroked her neck. Tingles followed in the wake of the caress. Her eyes fluttered closed in erotic bliss and she moaned. His fingers tugged on her buttons while the wet heat of his mouth closed on her throat. His sharp teeth grazed the delicate skin of her exposed throat. He nipped lightly. Held still by his hold on her hair, a small hungry sound escaped her lips. Heather felt the front of her bra unlatch, releasing her vulnerable breasts to his mercy. Her nipples hardened powerfully in the cool air. His hand closed about one full breast. He swept his hand over her pliant skin, nails biting lightly into her softness. A callused thumb slid over one sensitive nipple. Small streaks of lightning raced downward and pulsed in her clit, as though his thumb touched here there instead. The furnace of his wet mouth slid from her throat down her collarbone and onto the flesh of the breast. His mouth feasted on the delicate skin, with his tongue making damp circles. He took possession of a nipple, sucking softly, and then more strongly. She gasped with the delicious pleasure that sincerely felt as though his mouth was far, far lower on her body. His tongue flicked the nipple against his teeth, insistently shocking her with bolt after bolt of intense delight. He suckled strongly on one nipple and then the other, pulling on them until both were painfully erect. Heat gripped her body in spasms of greedy desire and she cried out softly in carnal lust. Barely conscious of anything beyond the powerful rippling sensations of hunger engulfing her body, she arched her back to lean into his mouth for more of his kisses. He slowly spread his muscular legs between her soft thighs, irresistibly opening her legs wide. Her skirt slid up to her waist, exposing her completely. A hand splayed on the silk of her stockings, moving up in a slow heated caress to the flesh of her inner thigh. Suddenly his palm covered her heat, and he squeezed in possession. She moaned in primitive fear and volatile anticipation. A finger lightly caressed her panties, tracing the damp shape of her cleft through the snowy satin. The finger pressed deeper, becoming a long, slow rub against her excited clit through the pliant fabric. The finger worm its way under the satin, seeking out her softness until he touched wet sensitive flesh. She jumped. Continuing his explorations, his fingers slid further under the white satin, parting her soft curls. He gently stroked the tender outer lips, then dipped into the mouth of her drenched cleft. The finger drove slowly into her moist depths, foraging deep, then deeper yet to caress her trembling inner flesh. He swirled his invasive finger to gather her dew, and slid out. His mouth left her wet, exposed breasts and the sounds of him licking and sucking reached her ears. She blinked, more than a little shocked. He was sucking the fingers that had been inside of her. "Delicious, Princess." The pleasure in his voice caressed her. Using the unrelenting grip in her silver-blond hair,

he tipped her head forward and brought her lips once more to his. She opened her mouth under his and could taste herself on his tongue. She shuddered in reaction. He pulled away to lock onto her eyes. Passion was written across his face like pain, his breath hard from panting. He spoke in a harsh whisper. "I want to watch you as I make you cum for me." Again his finger slid into her cleft, and another finger joined the first. Her body clenched in wanton hunger to hold him within. He withdrew his damp fingers to trace up her tender flesh and rub lightly against her clit. The bolts of pleasure from his fingers jolted her sharply. Heather inhaled sharply. He rubbed quickly back and forth against her. Her lips parted and thighs tightened against the muscle of his leather-clad legs. She ground her hips onto him, begging for more. He pulled her mouth to his for a hungry kiss, but kept his eyes trained on hers. He dipped his finger in her once more, sliding deeply to rub her inner flesh, then pulled them out, pushing in again, then pulling out in a slow fuck. Her wetness slid over his palm, and he rubbed at her clit with a damp thumb. She whimpered softly and slid her hips forward onto his possessing fingers, wanting more, needing more, fucking herself on his hand. He crushed his mouth to hers, capturing her soft cries in his mouth. He slid a second finger into her, burrowing strongly to find the soft, fleshy button buried deep inside. He pressed it with his fingertips, flicked it lightly, again and again in an insistent rhythm. Her body rocked unconsciously against his palm until she edged toward the threshold of a crushing orgasm. Driven closer and closer, she let out soft, breathless sounds until she balanced right on the glittering edge. She let out a muffled scream of frustration that was swallowed by his mouth. He gave her a smile that was filled with long teeth. "Yes, yes..." Her hands tugged insistently at his lapels and her hips rocked against him in mindless lust. Harder and harder, she thrust against him, encouraging him to push deeper into her. Her breath came in harsh pants. Eyes intent on her, he whispered. "I want you to cum for me, Princess. I want to feel you. I want to taste you as you cum." She arched, stiffened, then her mouth opened to suck in a deep breath and hold it. A powerful orgasm crashed through her, taking her in a howling, glorious blaze. She thrashed, crushing herself on his hand. Firmly, he brought her lips down to meet his and he took her cries into his triumphant mouth. Rapt in their throes of pleasure, neither noticed the couples that silently came into the room. Silently, intently, and voraciously they watched the elegant blonde and the rugged dark man in the chair, their eyes avidly devouring the scene before them. Clothing was loosened and hands roved and stroked, pleasuring each other. In the mirrors, the blonde's full white breasts pressed into him while his mouth took hers, tongues working against each other ravenously. Her white panties were stark and visible in the dim light. The dark man's eyes turned toward them briefly, wide-open and brilliant gold then he returned his eyes and attention back to her, deepening their kiss. The full moon was rising. The werewolf could feel the moon's power vibrating in his bones, even behind the walls of cement that surrounded him. He had run out of time; he must take her now, and damn the consequences. With the power of her orgasm singing through his blood, he could finally achieve one of his own strong enough to retain control over his ability to change at will. Without her orgasm to strengthen him, the full moon would force him to shift and lock into the shape of a wolf until another orgasm brought him back to his humanity. With the sharp tips of his nails already extending into claws, he tore the delicate satin of her panties from her soft body with one hand, pushing them

into a pocket. He released her long, silky hair and held her in a warm embrace while her after-tremors still shook her. Her mouth locked to his in complete abandon, sucking on his tongue. He ripped his trousers open to free his painfully hard flesh from its prison. Slipping a hand under her firm ass, he lifted and pulled her forward to impale her on his heavily erect cock, burrowing into her wet depths. Feeling her flesh giving way to accommodate him, he moaned harshly, his eyes losing focus with the intense pleasure. Her eyes opened with a small cry of surprise. She looked around, apparently realizing they had an audience. She clenched around his cock in reaction. Clearly alarmed, she shoved at his shoulders, trying to pull away. He almost smiled. It was far too late for second thoughts. He captured her hands and pulled them behind her, holding her wrists together with one hand. "Oh no you don't. It's my turn, Princess." Personally, he could care less who watched. He needed her and he needed her now. Already he could feel his ears lengthening to points. He gripped her firmly with both hands and thrust up hard into her hot and tender flesh with a harsh grunt. Her body shook with the impact and a soft cry escaped her lips. She closed around him like a moist fist. His head spinning, he moaned. Fuck, she feels good... His booted feet planted firmly for support, he tilted his hips back to withdraw almost to the tip, then flexed his thigh and ass muscles to drive back into her wet depths – then again, and again...determined to bring himself to climax while there was still time. Dampness slid onto his thighs from her excitement and the slaps of flesh against wet flesh were surprisingly loud. Again and again, the werewolf thrust; deep, then shallow, then deeper, stronger and harder... Heat and pressure low in the back of his balls began to coil urgently. Almost there... He gripped her breast and took it hungrily into his mouth, sucking at the nipple to distract her, racing to beat the threatening moon swelling toward full strength in the sky. A shudder wracked her body, a moan slipped from her throat. She leaned into him, her fingers tightening on his lapels, and started rocking into his thrusts. He lifted his head capturing her frightened, but heated, gaze and smiled. "Good girl." Their panting breaths matched tempo. "Yes..." He felt the deep, tightening pleasure in his balls and he knew he was ready to spill into her hungry flesh. He was close, right at the edge. He growled in lustful pleasure. "Yes, yes, yes!" She tightened around him with tiny spasms, her fingers clutching his vest. Her head tilted back and her breath stilled, then a cry exploded from her lips. She had cum – again. He jerked within her, his cock swelling to excruciating hardness. He pulled her down powerfully onto his cock, her ass tight against his balls. With a wrenching howl of ecstasy and triumph, he spilled into her depths. Trembling in aftershocks of carnal pleasure, and fighting for breath, he released her wrists and enclosed her tender body in a fierce hug. Ah, yes! The werewolf sighed deeply in relief both mental and physical. Human for another month. He could now seek his wolf form without losing his ability to return to being human. Gone also was the fear of being lost in a far more hideous form; a form trapped between man and wolf. At least until the next full moon. She wrapped her arms around his neck, burrowing into him, openly seeking comfort. Tears slid down her cheeks. He kissed her lips and then kissed her tears away. "It's okay, Princess, it's okay." Gently, he lifted her from him and pulled out a black handkerchief to wipe his seed from her thighs. He helped her rearrange her clothes, and closed his pants with a satisfied smile. He became aware of the sounds of the others in the room and remembered the audience. The intruders were utterly oblivious to the two of them as

they moaned and writhed, seeking their own pleasures. Gently taking her still-trembling hand, he led her to the stairs past a man moaning, eyes closed, gripping his lover by the hair as he pumped himself into her mouth. * * * Trembling on rubbery knees, Heather went into the ladies' room. Strangely, it was empty. Or perhaps not so strangely, considering just how many people had crammed into the upstairs room to watch them do... that . She felt both ashamed and strangely exhilarated. A minor tremor shook her and her face burned. She used the sink to wash off the dregs of her make-up. Two! I had two orgasms! Right in front of all those people watching. Oh, God, does this make me a slut? Too late to think about that now. She grabbed a bunch of paper towels and wet them to wash the stickiness from her thighs. That's when she noticed. "Shit! My panties!" Heather walked out of the ladies' room into the main room of the club wondering how she was going to deal with this...situation. He walked over with a smile and handed her a drink. She thought about running, but discarded the idea. He'd already done his worst and she could really use the drink. She took the glass, drinking deeply. Alcoholic fire went straight to her brain. She winced. "Shit, I just chugged a Long Island Iced Tea." He shrugged, a relaxed smile on his lips, and slouched against the wall. "That's what you were drinking before." Heather looked into his lambent green eyes and scowled. "Yes, and look what kind of trouble that got me into." Memories of his body scorched through her and her face heated. She took another, smaller sip. He smiled. She frowned up at him. She could have sworn his eyes had been yellow only a few minutes ago. A slender, dark-haired girl came out of the crowd on the dance-floor. "Hey! Heather, where have you been? I've been looking all over for you! Did you hear? We missed the side-show going on upstairs!" Heather winced. * * * The loud music and press of people closed between the werewolf and the spent blonde. He slid away in the confusion and headed for the door. So, her name is Heather. He slipped out of the club and took a deep breath of the crisp autumn air. Cautiously he made his way to a dark corner of the parking lot where he'd parked his bike. Perhaps Heather will still be around next month? Maybe he would seek her out before the next full moon? He pulled a scrap of white satin from his pocket and took a deep appreciative sniff. Oh yes...He would have no problems finding her. I have her scent now. * * * Heather looked around. The guy was nowhere to be seen. Ignoring her roommate, she ran out of the club. Did he leave? That son of a bitch! She looked about the parking lot, and heard the thunder of a motorcycle revving up. That sounds like my Dad's old bike . Looking toward the street, she spotted a classic Indian motorcycle. The rider sped by in a distinctive leather coat and long dark hair whipped down his back. He looked back, smiled, and waved a scrap of white fabric that were quite obviously panties. She didn't even know his name. Fini