

# Georgia Wolf

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*If there was anything Emma expected to find out about J.T., it was not this...*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/georgia-wolf.aspx>

This story is purely based on a dream I had not too long ago about a friend of mine that I have transformed into a sexy story by request! (The original dream was rather un-sexy)... Again, names have been changed to protect all 'innocent' parties... It was a relatively warm summer evening and I was studying on my bed with the window open nearby and the breeze was billowing the curtains into my bedroom. My bedroom is rather large, I have a queen sized bed and my walls are a very pale green kind of colour with a cream coloured roof and similar coloured furniture. I am sitting, reading from a text book and taking notes, when I get a text. It is from my friend, let's call him J.T. The text read as such: "Hey! Do you think you could meet me at the park? I have something to tell/show you!" I replied that I would meet him as asked and packed up all of my books to come back to later. As I walked into the park, I notice that the trees look very dense and everything feels a little bit dark. The Iron gate swings shut behind me and closes slowly, and creaks as it does. I push it closed so it doesn't creak and annoy me while I wait. I walk to the big old log that sits on the edge of the trees, right by the path that most people take for walking, or hiking further down, and wait. As I sit and wait, a slight breeze picks up around me and I cross my arms against it, and I notice that darks clouds are slowly sliding their way across the sky. I think to myself 'Hurry up, J.T.! Or I won't wait!' I sit for a while longer before I notice anything exceedingly odd. I listen to the wind increase in speed and the odd silence of the forest behind me. Quite suddenly the wind stops and the eerie silence chills me to the bone. I hear a twig snap somewhere behind where I am sitting. I sit extremely still, listening for any sign that there may be something approaching me from behind. As I sit, listening and slowly getting frightened, I hear another twig snap, much closer than the last one. I stand, turn around and look as far into the trees as I can. If something is going to get me, it won't be without a fight. I hear the gate creak open behind me and turn to see who it is. There is no one there. 'I swear I shut that gate' I turn back to the trees and look into them again. My body is tensed, the adrenalin is coursing through my veins and my heart rate has increased. My body has gone into flight mode, and the push which causes my body to really react, I feel someone behind me. I can sense their eyes on my neck, I can just hear them breathing. My body responds and I run to the only place I can, into the trees. I am running through trees with branches and ferns scratching at my legs and arms. I kept running and see what looks like a clearing up ahead. I hadn't stuck to the path, another stupid decision. I shouldn't

have gone into the trees in the first place. I stepped into the “clearing” only to find it was the edge of a cliff! I tried to stop, but I slipped on some loose stones and started to fall. I tried to grab onto something but there wasn’t anything there. Everything became so slow as I was falling. I could see the sky, the dark thunderous clouds, the lightning striking across the sky and the tops of the trees. My body began turning and I could see the ocean below me. The dark waves crashing against the rocks below, the ocean, angered by the approaching storm. I was snapped back to reality by a sharp pain, and presumed it was just a large scratch from one of the branches. No point worrying about it now. It wasn’t until I stopped falling that I realised it wasn’t a cut. I looked at my arm and it was bleeding quite heavily. I followed the four deep wounds that carved their way up my arm and saw what they had been caused by. There was a hand grabbing onto my wrist, but it wasn’t an ordinary hand. This hand had claw like nails. I slowly made myself look further up the very well defined and well muscled arm until I saw who it was, or rather what it was, that was stopping me from falling. It was J.T., but he looked different. His usually shaggy dark hair was wild and had little bits of twigs and pine needles in it, like he had just been dragged through the trees I had run through backwards. His shoulders and torso were very well defined and his muscles were visible as were his veins, like he had just ran a marathon. He had on his usual attire of cargo shorts, but they had been torn and ripped in several places, mostly along the hems and some cuts on his thighs. I also noticed he wasn’t wearing any shoes. The thing about my friend that had changed the most, however, was his facial features. His eyes were a bright yellow and his canine teeth had extended about a centimetre (about a third of an inch) and his teeth, for a couple of sets either side, had sharpened. A snarl erupted from deep in his chest as he gripped onto my arm. His teeth had obviously cut into his lower lip at some point because there was a small trail of blood running down the left side of his mouth. J.T. pulled me back to the top of the cliff like I was a ragdoll. He turned his back to the vast open expanse that had nearly consumed me and held me to his chest. I was too scared to move. Not because of J.T., but because I had only just realised what had happened. I could hear J.T.’s heart beating madly in his chest and tears began falling down my cheeks. I had no control over them and I couldn’t stop them. Thunder rolled overhead and I looked up at the sky. I felt a raindrop hit my cheek and I looked to J.T. He picked me up and carried me to a nearby log that sat under a tree. He placed me, sitting, on the log and took several steps backwards away from where I sat. I looked him over again and noticed more subtle changes in his body. His body had taken on a different form, the muscles around his shoulders and legs being slightly larger and slightly more prominent than those elsewhere. His stomach was tight and there was not an ounce of fat anywhere on his body. “J.T. ...Wh...What...” I stumbled over the words, wanting to ask what had happened, but I couldn’t find them. “I’ve changed.” Was all he said, no emotion, no further explanation. His face was harsh. He was frowning and looking at the ground. “I...I can.. see that. But....to what?” I still couldn’t find my tongue properly to say what I wanted to. He look at my directly in the eyes for the first time. His expression softened a little. He took a step towards me and hesitated before he stopped. “I...It’s...The...I...” J.T. now stumbled over the words. He growled in frustration. I looked closely at his body again. The way he was standing, shoulders hunched slightly forward, like he could take off running at any moment. The way he was aware of everything around

him, listening, watching, even smelling at times. The way he snarled in frustration, bearing his now sharpened teeth. All of the pieces fell into place. "J.T....are you a...a...well...are you..." I stopped and looked at him. "I'm a werewolf, Emma. So is..." He trailed off at the last part. "So is...who, J.T.? Who else?" "Everyone in my family. Dad, Mom, my brother, everyone." His shoulders slumped at this and he looked sad. A small whimper escaped his mouth and my heart broke for him. I stepped towards him and he stepped back very quickly. I stopped. "Wait... aren't werewolves meant to come out at night and on a full moon...how are you..." I looked at him wondering. "Well...that isn't exactly the truth...You see, for the week leading up to the full moon and until it starts getting smaller again, we change slowly. It's always worse at night, that part is true, but the change is....obvious after a couple of days." He licked his canines at this and I shivered slightly. I thought back to earlier in the week when I saw J.T. last, his muscles had seemed bigger, but I couldn't think of anything else. I looked back to J.T. and now I could see every subtle change. I looked at his face and he still looked sad...or angry...I couldn't quite tell. "I'm sorry, J.T. I wish I could do something...to make you feel better." "Don't worry, Em. It's not actually that bad. Kind of cool sometimes. I can run reeaaaly fast!" His eyes lit up a little at the last part, but there was still something wrong. I looked to his face, and I hadn't noticed it until now, but he looked as if he was in pain. I looked him over, trying to figure out why he was in pain. I took a step towards him and he stepped backwards with a slight snarl. "What's wrong, J.T.? There's something else...J.T. ...please...it's me." I looked at his face. He was staring intently at my arm. I looked down and saw the deep wounds in my skin. How could a werewolf possibly be afraid of blood? I tried crossing my arms across my body, but couldn't because of the pain. I moved my arms behind my back, hoping that the theory of 'out of sight, out of mind' could apply. I asked again what was wrong when his face didn't change. The response that came from him was almost frightening. I heard a growl build in his chest and, as it erupted from his body, two words were mixed in. "The smell." It all clicked into place. Werewolves eat raw meat. I asked him to turn around so I could take my jacket off and remove my t-shirt to wrap around my arm. J.T. turned, and as he did I took my jacket off and began lifting the t-shirt over my head. As my arm lifted above my head, everything began spinning. I woke up and I was laying flat on my back, looking up at the dark sky above. J.T. was crouched down next to me and speaking. I tried to understand what he was saying and focussed on his lips. The cuts that had been on his lower lip were gone, but the dried blood was still there. "Emma?...you o...Em?" "What?" "I said, are you ok, Em?" I laughed a little. "Yeah, I am ok. I think I just passed out though." "Yeah, you did! You scared me, Em! Don't get up." He pushed me back down as I tried to sit. He looked into my eyes and put his hands either side of my face. He leant down and kissed me on the lips. My lips parted at the initial shock before they gently kissed his back. That's when I noticed J.T. was almost normal again. His teeth were still a little sharp, but his eyes were almost back to their usual green. His muscles were still big, but I had the feeling that would be a relatively permanent change. He stopped kissing me and I took a breath. "Can I sit up?" "Are you sure you want to?" J.T. looked at me worried. "Yes, I think I need to." J.T. put his hand on my back and held onto the arm that wasn't wounded. "How are you almost normal again?" I looked at his eyes as I asked. J.T. shrugged a little. "I'm not sure. When I heard you pass out everything kind of..."

stopped. I was worried...maybe that has something to do with it...I don't know." As I reached a sitting position, I looked down at my arm and was shocked. My t-shirt had been torn to shreds and wrapped around my arm to stop the bleeding. I also notice I was now wearing a t-shirt that wasn't mine and was far too large for me. I looked up at J.T., asking how with my eyes. J.T. just shrugged a little and smiled shyly. "I couldn't let you keep bleeding, and I promise I didn't look." His cheeks flushed slightly as he helped me slowly into a standing position. Once I reached a standing position, I faced J.T. I reached up, felt his warm cheek and smiled. It was nice to know J.T. was still himself, no matter what he looked like on the outside. I felt a drop of rain on my cheek and looked up to the sky. The sky was turning black as the dark clouds loomed above. I felt J.T. shaking slightly under my touch and turned back to face him. He was changing again. His eyes were a brighter yellow than even before, his nails were becoming claws, his teeth looked sharper than before. He was snarling under my hand and I quickly drew it away. I took a step back as he stepped towards me, still snarling. He was looking at me, as if he didn't recognise me. I take another step back and he follows, stepping forwards. Matching my every move with an opposite. "J.T. ...?" J.T. stops suddenly as I say his name. He looks at me and the snarl slowly disappears from his mouth as he slowly recognises my features. "Em...Emma?...Oh god... I...I'm so sorry." J.T. lowered his head and looked away. His shoulders slump slightly. I take a slight step towards him and a snarl courses through his chest and bubbles out of his mouth before he can stop it. I stop and step back twice as much as I had stepped forwards. He looks up at me and frowns slightly. "I'm sorry, Em. I just...I...." He steps towards me and I flinch back a little. He holds his hands up in front of his body as if to say 'I won't hurt you'. I stand very still and he slowly walks towards me, intently looking into my eyes. Just before he reaches me, the rain begins to fall. Slowly at first, but in large drops. J.T. reaches me and puts his hands on my shoulders. The rain begins to fall very heavily and he hugs me to his body again. He whispers "I will never hurt you, Emma. Never. I will always stop myself. I promise." I hug him back and sigh a little bit of relief. J.T. has always been one to keep his word, and I would presume this to be no exception. He pulls back and looks at me with a very serious look on his face. I am nervous. "Want to see something cool?" He grins. The relief was apparently evident on my face as he laughs a little. "What could you possibly show me that would be cool?" I look at him, one eyebrow raised, poking fun at him. Without a word, J.T. picked me up and practically threw me onto his back. I winced a little at the pain that shot through my arm as he wrapped them around his neck. He grabbed onto my legs and held me against his body tightly. I couldn't help but notice that his body felt amazing. He started running and I was shocked. J.T. was running so fast that the rain stung my cheeks as we moved through the approaching night. We arrived at J.T.'s house and I was thankful, but a little nervous too. He put me down on the doorstep and opened the door around me. I turned around and entered the house. His mom appeared in the doorway to the kitchen and then disappeared again. I turned to J.T. and, judging by his reaction, I must have looked worried. He grabbed my hand and lead me to the stairs. "Just wait in my room ok? I will be up soon." I walked up the stairs and into J.T.'s room. I sat on his bed and looked around. Not one single thing in his room had changed, other than the three pairs of torn up shorts in the trash. I laid across the bottom of his bed and relaxed. I could hear the rain

tapping on the window and hitting the roof with a dull roar, which made me sleepy. I rolled onto my side and was immediately comfortable. I relaxed further and fell asleep. I woke up to J.T. lying next to me, playing with a piece of my hair between his fingers. I looked up at him and he smiled, still a frightening thing to see, but not as scary anymore. His features had mellowed and were not as fierce as they were earlier. His eyes were an odd shade of yellow-green and his teeth had softened. Well, they looked like they had anyway. J.T. reached down and touched my cheek before he leaned in and softly kissed the corner of my mouth. I smiled and he looked into my eyes. He leaned down and kissed my neck. I sighed as his lips gently touched my neck, over and over again. J.T. grabbed onto my waist and rolled over until I was laying on top of him. He wound one of his hands into my hair and gently pulled my lips to his. His other hand found its way underneath his t-shirt and unclasped my bra. He lifted his t-shirt over my head and gently removed it from around my arm. His yellow-green eyes looked at me, lying half naked on top of his body and danced with excitement. J.T. rolled the both of us over at once and held his body above mine. He kissed down my neck again and continued down my stomach until he reached the top of my jeans. J.T.'s hands worked quickly and undid my jeans with lightning speed. I heard a slight ripping noise and J.T. stopped. I looked down and there was a tear in my jeans across the front of my thigh. J.T. looked up at me and was worried. I just shrugged "Torn jeans are making a comeback this year anyway!" J.T. relaxed at this and continued with taking my jeans off. Before I knew it, my jeans were across the room (with a few more little tears to add to the bigger one) and J.T. had taken his clothing off too. He stood in front of me for a minute and I sat up on my elbows to look at him. His body looked...well, amazing! The way his shoulder and arm muscles were built, his stomach, which was now all abs and muscle. The way the muscles around the tops of his legs and butt flexed as he took a step towards where I was laying in front of him. He reached down to my ankles and pulled my body towards his. My knees reached the edge of the bed and he stopped. He ran his hands up both of my legs and brushed one of them over my pussy. I moaned softly as his fingers gently began making little circles over my clit. He slowly, almost torturously, parted my pussy lips with his fingers as he made circles. As his fingers made contact with my clit, I moaned and my back arched slightly. He knelt between my legs and continued making little circles. I felt his tongue lick sensually up my pussy before it replaced his fingers on my clit. I moaned and ran a hand thru his shaggy hair before grabbing fistfuls of the blanket. J.T. continued licking my pussy as his hands roamed my body, grasping onto my nipples, grapping onto my hips. I could feel myself getting close to cumming. I moaned as I began to get closer and J.T. knew. He licked and sucked on my pussy like it was the last time he ever would. I felt myself cumming and I couldn't help but grab gently onto his hair. I was careful not to pull as I came while he licked my pussy. J.T. stood up and wiped around his mouth before he leaned down and kissed all the way up my stomach, before licking and sucking at my nipples. After this, he kissed up my neck, very slowly, and I could feel his cock rubbing against my pussy. I ran my fingers thru his hair as he reached my mouth. He kissed me gently before winding his hand into my hair and kissing me with more passion. I could taste myself as our tongues danced and played with each other, and I could still feel his sharpened teeth, as he pressed his body into mine, over and over again, grinding our hips together. He rolled us over on the

bed again and I was on top, legs either side of his, with his cock between my pussy lips. I sat up and lightly ran my nails down his chest. He shivered and I leant forward to kiss his neck. As I leant forward, J.T. reached down and aligned his cock with my pussy. I sat back up slightly and pushed the head of his cock into my pussy. J.T. let out a slight sigh as I made tiny circles with my hips. I started teasing him a little, kissing his neck and chest, asking how badly he wanted it, kissing everywhere around his mouth, except his lips. "Emma," J.T. whined slightly as he said my name, "Why are you teasing me?" "Because it's fun." I replied with a little grin. "Want to know of something that is more fun?" He asked while placing a hand on either side of my waist. I just grinned at him and with that, J.T. pulled my pussy down onto his cock. J.T. and I moaned together as I started to move myself up and down on his shaft at his suggestion. His eyes closed and his head titled back with enjoyment. He lowered his hands from my waist to my hips and held them as I moved up and down on his cock. Before I knew what had happened, I was laying on my back again and J.T. was on top of me, pushing in and out of my pussy and holding on very tightly to my hips. I could feel his claw like nails digging into my skin as he held on and thrust in and out of me. He leaned down and kissed my lips as he started moving faster and harder. I moaned into his kiss and he moaned too. I wrapped my legs around his body to pull him closer. He laid on top of me, but I could tell he was holding all of his body weight off of my body. I was getting very close to cumming, and I think J.T. sensed it. He slowed down a little before looking into my eyes and kissing my lips softly. His eyes were almost a normal green, with just a hint of yellow around the iris. He pulled out of my pussy and I groaned. He half laughed and picked me up before turning me over. I knelt in front of him, on all fours, and he aligned his cock with my pussy again. I felt the head of his cock on my pussy and I leant back against him. He touched my butt lightly and with one motion, his entire cock was deep in my pussy. J.T. stood still for a second, giving me a moment to adjust again, before grabbing onto one hip and one shoulder. He pulled his cock almost all of the way out again, before pushing it all the way back into my pussy. I moaned out loudly as he did this and he took his cue. He pushed into me over and over again, gripping tightly to my hip and shoulder. I moaned as he started thrusting harder and harder. I could feel my body starting to get close to cumming again and I told him. With that, J.T. moved both of his hands to my waist and started pulling my body back against his. His hands gripped into my stomach as he pulled my body to his. With every thrust, his cock was hitting the spot deep inside my pussy that always made me cum almost instantaneously. I felt myself starting to cum after only a few hard thrusts and I he felt it too. He started pushing into me harder again, and as I started to cum, I could feel his body reach orgasm too. His cock thrust deep into my pussy again and he came. His hands gripped to my waist tighter as he held his cock in my pussy. J.T. pulled out of my pussy after we both finished and laid on the bed next to me. I laid next to him and we both caught out breath. He rolled onto his side and looked at me. I turned my face to his and as I did, I noticed he was grinning. "What?" I asked. "Well...I just think it is amusing that we did it doggie style, that's all." He grinned even more. I laughed and so did he. I rolled onto my side and J.T. pulled my body to his. I snuggled into his warm, muscled chest and relaxed. He gently played with my hair and placed his cheek on the top of my head. I fell asleep listening to the heavy rain on the roof and J.T.'s heartbeat.