

Howl Of The Full Moon - Pt 2

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Wolfie lifted me up into his strong muscular arms and took me from the front door to the bedroom

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Ever since that hot summer night when I had full frontal passionate, steamy sex with a goddamn hot werewolf, I had not been able to concentrate on anything else. In my dreams, I can only dream of him, the way he kissed and caressed each and every part of me, touching every bit of my soul with his touch. Even my friends at college found me daydreaming sometimes while they were talking to me. "Hey Jas, you daydreaming about Mr. Wolf Man again?" one of my friends called Laurie Hills said, giggling, flipping her long blonde hair over her shoulder. My friends giggled, too. "Come on, Jasmine, you don't expect us to believe you had sex with a wolf, do you? They don't exist." I turned her way and threw her dirty look. "You can mock me all you want but its the truth!" I got up off the bench outside college we sat at and then picked up my books and stormed off. "Jasmine, I'm sorry!" Laurie called. But I did not turn back. I just stormed back to the one-bedroom apartment my rich parents got for me when I started college six months ago. It took me ten minutes to walk back. As soon as I was in the door, I put the kettle on and made myself a hot mug of hot chocolate. Suddenly I heard heavy panting, as if someone or something was in my flat as well. "Hello," I called to the silent apartment. No reply as I searched the small apartment, going from the kitchen, bathroom, living room, and then to the bedroom. I saw no one. Then, out of the dark shadows, I saw a pair of bright yellow eyes glowing back at me. My heart caught up in my throat. I told myself not to panic. It is your man, Mr. Right, Mr. Wonderful, just in his wolf form. I turned from the bedroom. rushed to the living room, and hid behind the blue soft-cushioned sofa, hoping the wolf would not find me. I heard the loud sound of the wolf's padded paws walk around the apartment. His footsteps were getting louder across the tiled floor as he came closer. My heart pounded against my chest. The wolf walked into the living room slowly and then stopped and rose his muzzle to the air. He sniffed with his small black snout, breathing in, his nostrils flaring. He looked towards the blue sofa walked round it and stared at me. I stared back. I knew the wolf would not attack me but I could not help saying pathetically, "Please don't eat me." The wolf just licked the tip of my nose to my utter surprise and wagged its long and black fluffy tail. I crawled back out and looked at the beautiful creature before me. I felt so stupid to think it would hurt me. I confidently reached out my right hand and stroked the top of his black head, feeling how soft his fur was between my fingertips. The wolf stepped forward, nuzzled me under my arm and drew closer. I hugged him, resting my head on his soft fur. "I'm sorry that I was scared of

you. I'm just a stupid human girl. I knew you wouldn't hurt me. Can you forgive me?" The wolf changed back into my Mr. Right and stared back wide-eyed. He looked at me, chuckled at my amazed expression and licked my nose. "Of course I wouldn't hurt you and of course I can forgive you. But I can be very, very bad in the bedroom," he said, winking. The shock disappeared from my face and I was overcome with passion running in my veins, waiting for him to touch me again with his special touches and caresses. I kissed him passionately and his strong, muscular arms wrapped around me. "You've never told me your name," I said through our passionate kisses. "Wolf or Wolfie," he replied, busy kissing me down my arched neck and the base of my neck. I moaned with pleasure as Wolfie lifted me up in his arms. He took me from the living room to my bedroom where he laid me down flat on the bed and began unbuttoning my flannel summer dress. I wore no bra and no panties. Wolfie looked down at me with a wicked wolf grin of lust and winked. "Aren't you a naughty girl." His dick grew long and hard. He got in between my thighs and twirled and twisted with his tongue against my very wet pussy. I felt my vagina throbbing and lubricating even more. I cried out as I quickly orgasmed. I grabbed hold of his left arm. "Please, come," I said, begging. He rose in between my legs and kissed me tenderly on the lips. Then he stretched out and whilst looking lovingly into my eyes entered me and we both gasped. Our lovemaking was once again hot and passionate and, at the same time, so loving and affectionate. I felt I was on cloud nine. I had never ever felt this way about a man before. Could this be love? Or just lustful emotions? I did not know. All I was sure of at that moment in time was how I was being satisfied. At the back of my mind I could hear soft music playing - violins being played and a piano. I closed my eyes and I gripped the bed sheets in my fists as our lovemaking got more and more intense. Wolfie took me from behind. I grabbed onto the bed railing as it bashed against the bedroom wall. The bedsprings creaked loudly as we fucked. He leaned over me and kissed gently on my neck, then sucked on my earlobe seductively making me cry out. Wolfie and I both orgasmed together and then laid in each other's arms staring into each other's eyes. Once again, his eyes turned wolf eyes.