

The Lycan's Shadow (Erotica)

NEW STORY TITLE: The Lycan's Shadow (Erotica)

Author's Note: The following story contains strong erotic werewolf themes, sex and horror. Read at your discretion.

People are mauled & partially eaten under a full moon.

Enjoy reading...

Part 1 Winslow Junction

1.

Dusk.

A few birds were finishing their songs as they settled down to roost for the night. A cardinal warbled four miles away, and a jay squawked almost two miles farther on.

He heard them as if they were sitting on a branch of the tree that was just outside the cavern.

The limb of the full moon was edging above the eastern horizon through the trees, like a pastel chalk drawing against a darkening sky. Its blood-red glow was baleful, foreboding. Its cold luminescence crept into the mouth of the cave like rising water.

He could already feel its power tugging at him.

Soon the Change would be upon him. www.NovelsForMen.com

Derek Lawrence Talbot raised his head. As the moonlight bathed his blue eyes, they changed to a pale, golden-amber hue, and he smiled.

This business trip to the state of Washington was just what the doctor ordered. By day, he wheeled and dealied as the President and CEO of Talbot Enterprises, a successful, wickedly-handsome young man who drove a ruthless bargain.

By night, when the wild beast held sway, he hunted fresh prey; beautiful, innocent girls and young women who fell to his lethal fangs and talons -- and his cock - as wheat fell before a scythe. Fresh pussy, and fresh meat, to sate both of his appetites.

For Derek Talbot was a werewolf.

It was a family curse. His great grandfather Lawrence Talbot was the progenitor, having been bitten by a werewolf in the early 1940's while on a visit to the ancestral hamlet of Llanwelly in Wales. The curse was passed down to Derek -- along with the vast Talbot fortune -- by his father.

But unlike his forbears, Derek did not consider the so-called Curse of the Werewolf to be a burden. Not for him were the self-pity, the torment and the angst of his sires. He reveled in the change, enjoyed the power of the wolf and his heightened senses. The call of the wild sang in his blood.

He was not a "reluctant werewolf."

He enjoyed the hunting, and the killing -- and the feeding. The horror in their eyes when they realized what was about to happen, the way their soft young bodies came apart under his fangs and claws, the taste of their flesh, their blood, their entrails.

"Fuck 'em, fillet 'em, feed on 'em, and forget about 'em," he murmured. "Words to live by."

The moon was inching higher, and he could feel his skin crawl as stubbly, shaggy brown fur began to sprout all over his body. He was growing increasingly irritable; he felt as if his skin was on fire, and he itched all over. Quickly he stripped off his tee shirt, shorts, socks and running shoes and neatly folded them. Then he stashed the clothes in a duffel bag, which he placed in a fissure on a rock ledge.

He would need them in the morning.

The selection of the ritzy Hotel Royale had been inspired. It backed right up to a hiking trail leading into the Winslow Junction State Wilderness Area. The little town of Winslow Junction was about five miles away -- an easy lop for the werewolf. Already his super-acute animal senses told him there was prey nearby.

A human female -- wet and aroused, about three miles away.

She smelled young and fresh.

He scented testosterone, too. His lip curled in a snarl. An interloper! A man -- a boy? It didn't matter. Whichever, he would make short work of him.

He was hungry, and it would get much, much worse when the Change took him. The hyperaccelerated metabolism of the werewolf would demand food.

The thought of eating a young girl's sweet, tender flesh made his mouth water in anticipation.

Suddenly, the snapping and cracking of extending bone and stretching skin reverberated like a pistol shot in the cavern. Derek cried out in pain and went to his knees. His skeletal structure became elastic and malleable as his body shifted and flowed into a new, sinister shape, much bigger and more massive than Derek Talbot the man. His head pounded, and agony seared through his nervous system.

The Change hurt. The Change sucked! This was the only facet of his lupine existence that he didn't like.

But it didn't last long, and it was well worth it to gain the gift -- the power of the werewolf.

Derek Talbot jerked convulsively and cried out as the moon's rays washed over his naked body. He could transform himself at will, at any time, but he was helpless before the sinister glow of the full moon, its insistent tidal pull tugging at and distorting his brain. The primal urge was too strong for any of his kind to ignore at this time.

He felt the familiar twitching of his facial muscles and the lengthening of his teeth as they became long, sharpened fangs. His skin rippled and rolled as his muscles swelled and thickened. The metamorphosis was almost complete: he felt the Human part of his mind being submerged by the beast as coarse, thick, bristly animal fur sprouted over his entire body.

The thing he had now become drew its black lips back over its fangs, threw back its shaggy head and loosed an unearthly, bloodcurdling howl. Silver threads of saliva drooled from its snarling maw as it menacingly glared about its surroundings. Its bestial mind was driven by only one impulse: the urge... no, the need... to hunt down, to kill and devour its Human prey.

The werewolf loped from the cave and raced over the soft ground, running like the wind, silent and merciless.

He would find her, hunt her down, and ravish and kill and eat her.

It would not be long now....

2.

"Oh, God, Bobby -- eat me! Eat my pussy!"

Bobby Martin couldn't believe his luck.

Bethany Jensen, the hottest girl in the junior class, captain of the cheerleading squad, all four feet eleven inches of her, was naked in the back seat of his fire engine red Mustang convertible. It was a typically hot and humid evening in mid August; dusk was gathering as the full moon rose behind the trees. They had parked in a secluded pull-off, an open parking area near the head of a hiking trail.

Bethany curled her toes, and drew her shapely legs back until her knees touched her firm breasts. The delicate scent of her pussy was wonderful, like roses. She had probably douched with something, but he didn't care.

He studied her closely as he teased her, fingering her clit. Bethany was a wet dream come to life, an ethereally beautiful girl, all blonderess and blue eyes and peaches and cream, with a perfect little teenaged body. Nice ass, flat, well-toned belly, and full, rounded breasts that jutted up proudly from her chest, defying gravity. Bethany's tits were the stuff of legend. He loved watching them bounce and jiggle under her sweater as she led cheers at football games.

Now he was enjoying watching them bounce and jiggle in all their naked, pink-tipped glory as she squirmed under him.

Bobby had gone to her eighteenth birthday party last week, and had finally gotten up the nerve to ask her out. He had never dreamed it would lead to this! It was only their fourth date.

He was just an average guy. Good-looking enough, slender, but not movie star handsome. He wasn't a football player. He wasn't even the class brain; he was a slightly above-average student, but nothing to write home about.

Of course, he did have the Mustang, his own eighteenth birthday present last Fall!

As hard as it was to believe, Bethany was lonely. She intimidated guys without meaning to. She was shy -- shy! - and her reticence was mistaken for stuck-up aloofness. Even the football players didn't try to hit her, figuring a beautiful little girl like Bethany had to have a boyfriend -- probably a college guy.

As it turned out, all Bobby had to do was ask.

He buried his face between her legs and ate her out, sucking and nibbling the wet, pink folds of her cunt with lips, teeth, and tongue, reveling in her clean scent and her salty-sweet taste. She screamed as the curled tip of his tongue found her clitoris, and she bucked and writhed, soaking his upholstery with her juices.

They were a little cramped for space in the back seat of the Mustang. Somehow she contorted her petite form beneath him until his eight-inch penis hovered over the wet opening of her vagina.

She stared at his big, rigid cock, looking suddenly lost now -- and a little scared.

"Hey -- you okay?" he asked.

"I want you to make love to me," she whispered. "But... I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" Bobby's tone was incredulous. "Why?"

She gazed down, shamefaced.

"I've never... I've never done it before!"

His eyes widened.

"You are kidding, right?" he asked. "A beautiful girl like you -- you've never...?"

There were tears in her eyes. She shook her head.

"I've never been with a boy -- I mean, not like this."

Bobby Martin was stunned.

She was a virgin!

Beautiful Bethany Jensen, the cream queen of Winslow Junction High, was a virgin! Who would have thought it? Not only was he going to pop her cherry as well!

"Are you sure you want to?" he asked hopefully.

"Yes... I mean, I think so..."

"She smiled through her tears.

"I really like you," she whispered. "I want to do it with you. Will... will it hurt?"

He shook his head.

"Not really. Kind of like a flu shot. It'll sting for a second, but it'll feel so good afterwards that you won't even think about it."

"Then let's do it!"

She lay back on the seat with a sensuous smile then, and spread her legs wide.

Somewhere in the nearby forest, a twig snapped and leaves rustled -- but the young lovers were too wrapped up in themselves to notice....

Bobby was only too happy to oblige. He entered her slowly. She was wet, and incredibly, pleasurefully tight.

He continued to push slowly and gently until he met with resistance.

"Owwwwwuuuuu!" she cried, tensing up. "Easy -- it hurts!"

"Just for a second, remember?"

Then, without warning, he shoved himself into her to the hilt. Bethany screamed as her hymen tore like wet tissue paper. Bobby began to thrust in earnest, and her sobs quickly became sensuous, throaty moans of pleasure.

"Ohhhh... it feels so good!"

He continued to thrust, and she quickly followed, screaming, whipping her head from side to side as she climaxed.

They collapsed in each other's arms and kissed for a long time, their tongues wrestling with each other.

"Ohhhh," she breathed finally. "I had no idea that could feel so good. I should have done this a long time ago! Thank you!"

"My pleasure," he said as he caught his breath.

"I've missed out on so much," she said. "I've been so lonely."

Bobby shook his head in disbelief.

"Bethany, you're the most beautiful girl in Winslow Junction -- Heh, maybe the most beautiful girl in the state of Washington! I can't believe you've never made it before. You could have had any girl you wanted."

Bethany smiled.