

# Lady of the Lake (Werewoman TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Kendio**

*Ollie is a 21-year old femboy working as a popular waiter in a pub in England. His girlish looks are popular with male and female patrons alike, but he harbours a secret: his looks are partly a result of his nature as a werebimbo. When Ollie is having such a good night he takes overtime, he forgets that tonight is a full moon. And that's when things begin to change, and his kindly boss Malcolm finds their relationship changing too.*

## **Lady of the Lake**

It was a good night to be a femboy. A lot of people didn't really get the appeal. Certainly, Ollie's never had. He'd been kicked out of hearth and home for his lifestyle, for embracing his androgynous looks and being more openly feminine. But his appearance and manner was part of him, and he was glad to have found *The Lady of the Lake*, the pub he worked at. It had an excitable, fun atmosphere with more progressive customers, at least most of the time. Like at a drag show, the customers were in the know. He wasn't lying to them about his true nature, but it was all part of the fun.

Not that one could easily tell Ollie's gender from sight alone. He had ruffled golden blonde hair that touched his shoulders, though it had an almost angelic feathery quality that saw it sticking at odd angles in a way that strangely suited him. His eyes were bright blue, like sapphires, with a sort of kind optimism about them. And his face, well, that was the thing that fooled people the most. He had a cute button nose and prominent eyelashes, as well as a smooth jaw that was rounded just like a woman's.

"A weak chin," his father had called it.

Ollie preferred, "cute."

Certainly the patrons of *The Lady of the Lake* agreed, many of whom complimented the looks of "this particular lady" and 'her' costume. Again, like a drag show, there was a wonderful camaraderie that came with servers and staff alike going along with the fiction. And it was that fiction that Oliver enjoyed. His body was lithe and thin, with dainty shoulders and a slim waist. His hips were also thin, but he hid those within the nice curves of the waitress' dress he wore. And while he didn't use inserts or anything, it wasn't hard to pass himself off as a fairly flat-chested girl, particularly given his package wasn't too impressive, and so easily fitted in a pair of women's panties that were just one size larger than otherwise needed. With some sleek stockings to match his shaved legs, some cute heels to go along with it, and the aforementioned pub girl dress look, Ollie's femboy look was complete. A little

extra makeup, particularly on the lips and with some extra eyeshadow, and it was more than complete. It was perfect. Hell, even the name 'Ollie' was itself a fairly gender neutral name, and just another thing that the patrons enjoyed.

He'd been working at the pub for three years, and had turned twenty one just a few months ago. As usual, the day was fairly busy, him taking orders and giggling with the patrons, and sassing back whenever someone had the temerity to ask, "what are you underneath, anyway?"

"Oh, a hell of a time, honey!" he replied in his high, albeit still obviously male voice. That one always got a laugh from the table, and it had even become something of an inside joke among patrons. After all, everyone knew he was a femboy, but it was fun to pretend. That was something his family never understood. That, and of course, the other thing. The thing that came one a month that he would never, ever tell them. That only Noah knew about.

"Ollie! If ya give us a jig I'll buy me and my friends another round!"

The femboy chuckled at Big Doug, surrounded by several of his mates on the circular table, already a few pints in. Well, he could hold his beer. And a profit was a profit.

"And what's in it for me, dear kind sir?" he asked in his highest and sweetest falsetto.

The big man grinned, opening his wallet. "How's ten pounds serve ya, sexy?"

Ollie sauntered near, making sure to shake his hips as he did so, placing one leg in front of the other in a sexy strut. He leaned over Doug, flashing his ruby red lips in a smile.

"Mhmm, that is very generous. But I'd say a jig is worth more than a tenner, wouldn't you?"

"Christ almighty, girl, you'll bleed me dry!"

But his mates were already ragging on him, egging him on to pay the piper. And so he did, producing another tenner.

"A jig it is!" Ollie declared.

The pub erupted into a cheer from the other patrons, many of whom were younger, particularly the large LGBT crowd.

"And let it be known our own Big Doug is paying for it!"

The cheers were even bigger this time, and he stood up to take a comical bow, at which point Ollie took over. He was well-practised at performing a rather sexy version of a classic jib, and moved his legs quickly and fiercely upon the floor, moving elegantly between the tables and giving the broadest of possible grins. He was cute as hell and he knew it. Soon the whole pub had erupted into cheers, whistles, and a coordinated clapping to accompany his flurry of movements.

"Show us the legs!" a female patron called, quite tipsy in her own right.

Ollie gave a sexy raise of his leg, flicking it out and bending it at the knee, allowing everyone to see his perfect pale thighs. A round of applause went up and he continued dancing, rotating to kick out, holding up his waitress skirt like a woman enticing a man to remove her garters with his teeth.

“WOO!! Show us all of it!” someone cried.

“If I do that, Noah would fire me!” Ollie shouted back, chuckling. “Besides, this ain’t a strip club! But if you want one last little bit of fluff . . .”

He raised his leg right up beside his face in a remarkable feat of flexibility. His bulge was clearly indented against the panties he wore, but only for a brief moment. With that, he jumped, landed on two feet, and gave a little bow.

The pub went wild.

“Thank you, thank you, you’ve done this humble ‘lady’ a great compliment! Now, who needs me to actually do my damn job and take an order here?”

\*\*\*

It was closing time, and a tired yet satisfied Ollie was cleaning up the many tables of the pub. Certainly, a few of the more boisterous patrons had gotten more than a little drunk by the end, and needed lifts to take them home. One was bad enough that he even reached out and pinched Ollie on the bottom, which the young man did *not* appreciate. He’d turned and slapped the man right upside the face with the flat of his hand, only to realise how much bigger than bloke was.

“What, you gonna fight me, fag?”

Thankfully, Noah was present, operating things from behind the bar, yet moving with surprising speed to easily halt the man from hurting Ollie.

“I think it’s time you pay your tab and leave, mate,” he said. The man took one look at Noah and realised it wasn’t worth it. After all, the owner of the pub was a tall, 6’3 man bulging with muscle, with the tattoo of a skull on one arm and a great serpent on the other. He had dark skin, and was in his early forties, though his black beard was well-trimmed. All in all, he made for an imposing figure, particularly with his incredibly deep voice.

“Go on, I’ll organise your payment at the counter. You take five, Ollie. You’ve earned a good water break.”

‘Water break’ was code for ‘you make yourself safe and take the time you need.’ It was something Ollie deeply appreciated. Noah was, despite his formidable appearance, a deeply good and surprisingly sensitive man who had strong opinions on why the saxophone needed to return to modern music, and an absolute passion for vintage vehicle repair. He’d

taught Ollie everything there was to know about servicing a car, despite the fact that he never planned to own one.

It was a thought that made him chuckle while cleaning up the closed pub, since Noah was chatting about exactly that subject with the final tipsy patrons to leave, organising them rides home. When he got back in, he saw Ollie's expression and grinned.

"Caught me again, haven't you?"

"You and your cars, boss."

"Please, Ollie. How many times have I told you to call me Noah?"

Ollie shrugged. "Habit, Noah. You pay the bills, after all."

"Please, you bring *in* the bills. You had the crowd wild, at least until that asshole got grabby. Would've liked to have boxed his ears in."

Ollie sighed. "That would be nice. But bigots like that populate every square kilometre. I'd rather just live my life and not put up with them. It's why I'm grateful to work in a place where people - including my boss - accept me."

Noah gave an understanding nod. He alone knew Ollie's backstory, as well as the other thing. The one he'd discovered when going in to check on Ollie while he was upstairs, grabbing a few extra bottles for the selection.

"By the way," he said, changing the subject, "we got quite a few rolls of tips tonight. I know you collect your own, but here, take a bonus. You've earned it."

Ollie's gorgeous blue eyes twinkled at the roll of pounds on the table. "Are you sure?"

"More than sure. Don't know what I'd do without my pretty femboy entertainment, particularly on these weekends. You bring the customers in droves, I swear."

"Probably run an honest establishment."

"Ha! A pub? Honest? Right!"

They shared a laugh, only for it to cut short as light flooded in, blue and ethereal, through the window to their right. Noah stared at it quizzically.

"Say, I know you're probably on top of it mate, but isn't tonight a full moon?"

Ollie froze, panicking. "Shite! It is!"

He looked at the blue beam cast by the rising moon, which was not yet over the city horizon but would soon be in full view. It made his pulse tremor, his great blue eyes widen like great blue moons themselves. He ruffled his gorgeous, golden, feathery hair, trying to figure out what to do. After all, he needed to get home, and get home fast. Only he didn't have his own car, and had never needed one given the nature of the city. Public transportation, particularly the bus, had always been his way of travel ever since his family had kicked him out.

"Shite," he repeated. "I can't exactly go out in public, but I'm halfway across town!"

A firm hand rested on his little shoulder. "Hey now, if it's got you all twisted up mate, you can stay up in the loft if you want."

'The loft' was Noah's genial way of referring to the room upstairs, Noah's effective home that was situated above the bar. There was a guest room adjacent to it, but it was rarely let out.

"Are - are you sure? I thought it was tomorrow Noah, I swear. It's why I put my three days in - Jesus, I must've gotten the wrong lunar month or something. Ugh, I can already feel the pressure starting."

Noah pulled his hand back a little awkwardly. "Um, you're changing now?"

He shook his head, trembling a little at the ethereal sensations brought about purely by his proximity to the moon's light through the window. "N-no. But I think it w-won't be long. Damn. Yes, I'll take the room." He looked up at the much taller, much more *manly* man. The werecure was definitely getting stronger, because he was starting to look mighty handsome as well. "It means a lot to me, Noah. Thank you."

"No problem mate. You, uh, better get up there. I'll track down some clothes from the 'Items Lost' cupboard. I've only seen your, uh, *other form* that one time. I didn't get a good look!" He said that last part a little hastily, given that a surprised Ollie had been almost naked at the time, and in the middle of the change. "But I imagine you'll want, well, *womanly* wear for the next few full moon days."

Ollie gasped, trembling yet again as he clutched his stomach. Always with the damn womb forming first! He nodded, sweating a little. "Th-thanks Noah. That would b-be appreciated. You can drop them off to me upstairs. Th-thanks."

Noah put his hand on the femboy's shoulder, giving him a comforting nod, before passing him the key to the guest room. Then Ollie made his way up stairs quickly, wincing a little at the strange sensations in his legs. He knew what was about to happen there. After all, the werewoman version of him was quite the leggy dame. He passed under the indoor sign of the Lady of the Lake, which rather appropriately featured an image of a naked woman in silhouette situated before a crystal lake, overseen by a full silver moon.

Ollie felt a lot like that woman right at that moment. In fact, he was about to feel a whole lot more like her at any moment.

"Nghh!" he grunted as he passed the door through to the upstairs. He fumbled with the key, opening the door. "God b-bless you, Noah. You're a fucking I-legend."

It was true. Noah had always looked after him. Treated him well when he turned up dishevelled and practically homeless, looking for a job after his family kicked him out for being a femboy. More than that, he was always looking out for him, teaching him skills and trades that Ollie needed to survive in life. But it wasn't a mentor relationship, at least after the first few months. Soon Ollie had felt comfortable showing his skills and passions and

allowing them to transform *The Lady in the Lake* into a truly successful pub instead of the dive it had been. More than once, Noah had even talked about turning the business into a partnership when the time was right. The two men, despite their eighteen year gap in age, had unexpectedly become good friends.

And it was exactly that friendship that Ollie was grateful for as he collapsed onto the bed in the room, slamming the door shut behind him. The curtains were pulled wide, revealing the great silver moon, which looked eerily similar to the pub's own sign. Its rays shone down upon the lithe, cute and feminine man, and in that very moment the changes became impossible to resist, not that he wanted to any longer.

After all, ever since that one woman had kissed him on the lips in his first year working at *The Lady*, he'd soon discovered he was a werewoman, destined to become a sexy lady three full days a month while the full moon was present. There was no real origin story, he'd simply been born with the condition, nor could he infect others with it, thankfully. He'd simply first begun changing at the age of eighteen, and had been hiding this strange other side of himself ever since. As terrifying as it was at first, he'd come to accept this part of himself. And given his already-feminine nature, even come to relish it on occasion as well.

He did so at that very moment, lying on his back and groaning as the changes overcame him.

"Yes, b-bring it on already! Mhmmm . . . Oh God, I always f-forget how good it makes me f-feeeee!!!"

He clenched his knuckles as his muscles tensed and twisted, and then the real show began. Instantly, his nails grew out, becoming long and perfectly manicured. The same was true of his toes, though less exaggerated. The changes swept up to his hands and feet, both of which reduced in size, becoming daintier and more overtly feminine than they already were. This change was accompanied by a series of subtle pressures along Ollie's face. Where his face was already feminine, now it became utterly *womanly*, his lips puffing up to give an undeniably sexy pout, while his eyebrows became thick yet perfectly contoured.

"Nghhnn . . . yessss. Oh f-fuck! Fuck yes!"

The last statement was in response to the intense pleasure radiating from his nipples as they expanded. He pulled at his waitress dress, tugging it off so that he could see the changes as well. They weren't a disappointment: he saw and more importantly *felt* his nipples bloom like gorgeous pink flowers, areola expanding even as the nipples themselves distended, growing to the size of little thimbles. He rubbed them suggestively, yearning for his changes to continue. His body basked in the moonlight, and so he removed his panties, and stockings even as the changes continued, so that the celestial body's rays could fall completely upon him.

"Change me! Mhmm - Oooohhhh - change me!"

As if responding to his pleas, the changes increased in speed and intensity. His ass ballooned, taking on a peachy quality that men everywhere could appreciate when walking behind a woman, and women everywhere worked hard to build and maintain at the gym. His hips cracked wider, eliciting a gasp of pain from Ollie, then again, and a third time. Yet even the pain was sweet, causing him to rub those same hips and will them to expand at least one more time.

“Just - one - m-more!”

They humoured him, creaking wider, pelvis taking on a fully female shape even as his waist contracted inwards. It was like being pinched by two mighty hands of God, and it was *heavenly*. With each alteration, he became more the werewoman he needed to be at this time, and it left him panting in silent ecstasy. His hair spilled out, becoming longer, shinier, but never losing that cute feathery look that left it just a tetch messy. Like carefully arranged bed hair. Or *sex hair*.

“Mmhmhhh . . . ahhhhh . . . OH!”

He gripped his chest again, writhing on the bed as his legs became longer, shapelier. The werewoman version of him was not his mere 5'6, but a statuesque stunner of 5'9, taller than quite a few men, in fact. But his attention was not focused on his legs, as delightful as they had become. No, it was focused on his breasts. Or at least, what was soon to be a wonderful pair of them.

“Yesss, my f-favourite part! Well s-second favourite!”

They pushed outwards, surging forth. It was like with each inhalation they grew, expanding like balloons from his breath. He palmed them as they grew and grew, shooting past mere A-cups and B-cups until they were full and pleasant C's - ample, yet not ridiculous. Perfectly sized, and perfectly shaped with their teardrop profile.

“Oh G-God I love that!” he muttered, trying to avoid making too much noise. He didn't want Noah to hear. But the next part would test him indeed, because even as his breasts wobbled on his chest, the final change was readying itself. A tugging sensation began at the stem of his testicles and base of his penis shaft. It became more powerful, suctioning them into the flesh between his thighs like a vacuum cleaner.

Or a blowjob, given how it felt.

“OOHhhh . . . ahh! Ahh! Ahh! AHHH!!”

He clasped his hands over his mouth, determined not to alarm Noah, who thankfully was playing music downstairs. *Bad Moon Rising*, the cheeky lovable bastard. Quite the tune. Ollie let loose a chuckle, only to suddenly tense as his penis began to withdraw, his testes along with it. They slid back into him even as a tunnel burrowed through his flesh, expanding from within him to connect to his new uterus, as well as to flower from the vanishing act of his male genitalia.

“So g-good! So f-fucking good! OOhhhhh, yes! I love being a bloody werewoman!”

The first orgasm crashed over him as his penis dissipated, then another as one testicle sort of squeezed back into him, followed by another when the remaining one did so too. He slid his fingers over the opening left behind as a bulging clitoris formed, and quickly his new pussy filled with the moisture that signalled arousal.

“OOhhhhh, yes!” the new woman cried, tracing *her* fingers over the new labial lips that were now present. Her vulva finished forming, and one final little bubble of bliss popped within her, before she collapsed back against the bed, panting.

“Th-thank you, moon,” she mumbled, a deep smile upon her face. She simply lay there, now a total woman in the moon’s rays, in the very sexy form she would have for three days thanks to her condition. Her slight reflection in the glass made her smile. With her blonde hair, now-piercing blue eyes and tall, statuesque figure, she could have walked right out of a noir film as the sexy femme fatale. And yet, with a hint of amusement, it was also easy to note that she still had many traces of her former self. If one was to put regular Ollie and female Ollie (sometimes Octavia, given how ‘femme fatale’ it sounded) together, one would consider them siblings of a sort.

“Mhmm, you *are* good looking honey,” she said, giggling. “And so damn sexy.”

She slid her hands up over her breasts, cupping them gently and rubbing her still-sensitive nipples.

“Oohhh, I bet the boys downstairs during open hours would *love* to see these bounce as I do a jig. And these legs too. And imagine *this* when I raise a leg.”

She lowered her hand to feel her vaginal opening, only to squirm slightly. She was not expecting it to still give shocks of such pleasure, but it made her realise she was still turned on.

“I guess a little self-play wouldn’t hurt. I only get to do this for a few nights a month, after all.”

She began playing with herself, teasing out her pleasure slowly at first, then expanding upon it. Her entire body was so wonderfully receptive to pleasure - it was likely a result of the curse, but she liked to imagine she was more a woman in spirit during these times as well. Her clitoris throbbed, needy for her own touch. She circled her finger around it, biting her lip in pleasure. At the same time she rubbed her breasts, caressing and cupping them.

“Ahhh . . . *these* are the best bit of being a woman. Well, bits. Ohhhh. . .”

She pinched her nipples, alternately stroking and rubbing them as well. They stiffened, responding to her touch perfectly, and emanating pleasure in ways she could only wish she was able to experience as a man. She twisted, moving to her side so she could also grope her own ass, squeezing the flesh briefly, imagining it was someone else.



Imagining it was a man.

After all, as a woman, she was very into men. Hell, as a man, she was pretty into men too. Ollie rolled onto her back, spread her legs wide to gain further access to her private parts. She slipped her fingers in, exhaled at the feelings of release. Her pussy was wet, slightly sticky with her aroused juices, and she was only becoming hornier. She leaned into that arousal, began to enter and withdraw, enter and withdraw from her tunnel, sliding her fingers along the sides of her most sensitive folds.

“Mmh - ahh! OOhhhh . . . mhmm! Yes!”

She began to move her fingers faster, while at the same time returning her other hand to her breasts. She didn't stop rubbing her clitoris, using her thumb to draw little pulses of pleasure from that erogenous zone, pulses that were increasing in power and potency. Soon she was on the absolute edge of climax, stroking and groping and feeling and squeezing her various female parts and riding the lightning all the way until it hit the ground.

And hit the ground it did. There was an earth-shattering orgasm that followed, one that didn't leave her crying out loud or wailing like the women in the movies and the pornos, but rather utterly silent, overcome with delirious ecstasy. Her jaw went wide, her eyes bulged, her body shook, but she was otherwise silent, tensing in what felt like an eternal voyage through a world of bliss.

And then she collapsed onto her back, her bosom trembling, her mouth panting, her body bubbling in that post-coital aftermath. It took her a long time to be able to lift her head to clean herself off and ask Noah to come up with some clothing. And when she did, she realised he was right in front of her, standing in the doorway with a shocked and aroused look upon his face. The women's clothing was in his hands, though he nearly dropped it for a moment.

“Holy shit,” he said, his other hand still on the doorknob.

“How - how long have you been there?” she gasped, covering herself a little with the blanket. Her hair was *definitely* sex hair now, just like her slightly sweaty body just radiated the very image of sensuality, even partially covered as it was.

“Um, since about halfway, I think,” Noah said. “Blimey, I came up to get you your clothes. I thought the changes were finished. I mean, they were. I just - I saw you and - and . . .”

He trailed off, perhaps because the rest of his sentence was obvious: “and then I stayed because you were masturbating and it was fucking hot as all hell, and I've got a nine-inch rod in my trousers that's practically throbbing at the sight of you. She blinked, realising her gaze was zooming in on that last bit. She had to blink a couple more times. She'd heard that black men had it going on under the trunk, and given Noah's stature had thought he would be big, but seeing it outlined against his clothing, it was *doing things* to her.

“Holy shit, you’ve got an erect,” she said.

He dropped the female clothing he’d brought her, instantly covered himself. “Oh, damn. Sorry. I’m sorry, mate. I didn’t mean to. I’ll get out of your hair now!”

But her body was *still* needy. It always was, after a change. She’d never fully explored it before, not with anyone else at least. She’d been too nervous, scared of being found out or judged. But Noah was actually attracted to her; the blush in his cheeks told her that the pole in his pants was no mere coincidence. And he already knew her secret, and far from judging her, had embraced her as the femboy she was.

“Wait!” she called.

He stopped, half-turning, still hiding his massive erection. The question was, she wondered as she felt that arousal build and build, would he be willing to use it?

“Yeah, Ollie?”

She smiled. Was she Ollie, or was she Octavia? It didn’t really matter. What mattered was that she wanted this man. To thank him for all he’d done for her.

“Noah, why don’t you stay?” she asked, voice becoming a sensual coo.

“S-stay?”

It was cute, how nervous he was before her. “Yeah, stay. I get so . . . needy, when I change. You can’t understand it. It’s been hard to resist all these other times. But the truth is, Noah, you look really, really fucking handsome to me now. And I can’t stop looking at your enormous cock in your pants, and wondering what it would be like inside me.”

He paused. Froze, practically. “Ollie, is this a prank? Are you having me on, mate?”

Slowly, languidly, she rose, letting her breasts bob a little as she sauntered to him. Not walked, *sauntered*. After all, she had a lot of practice putting on a show as the pub femboy. Now as a woman, the effect was devastating. She placed her arms around the neck of the taller man, pressed her naked body firmly against him, so that his throbbing manhood was against the flat of her belly, with just his clothing separating that desirable skin-to-skin contact.

“Does this *feel* like a prank?” she asked. She pulled him in for a sudden kiss, and he couldn’t help but reciprocate it. His tongue was wonderful in her mouth, as was hers in his. The arousal emanating from him was obvious. His strong arms wrapped around her soft, fragile body, until finally their lips parted. They gazed into one another’s eyes.

“Yeah, that’s definitely not a prank.”

She giggled.

“But . . . why?”

“Because I like you, silly. Because you’ve been an awesome friend. You’ve taken care of me, given me a job, let me be myself, no matter what other people think. And also, in

this moment, I have to admit, you're pretty damn good looking, and I'm unbelievably horny for you. Is that enough reasons for you?"

He nodded, briefly speechless.

"Good. Now are you going to fuck me? I want to show you just *how much* I appreciate you."

"Oh, absolutely, Ollie. If you'll have me."

She dared to be bold. She'd never been so close to a man after a change before. The closest was when he'd first seen her, and *that* had left her having sexy dreams for weeks. Now, she decided to embrace her werewoman ways completely, and she began to rub his crotch through the fabric.

"If I can *take* you, you mean," she said, grinning. "Now get those pants off."

He did so immediately, pulling them away to reveal his enormous member, one she couldn't believe would fit inside her but she was eager to try. He encircled her once more, kissing her deeply, then again on her tender neck, before finally pushing her gently onto the bed.

"Mmhmm, that's right! Get inside me! Lick my tits! I want you in me while you play with them!"

"God, Ollie. You're a damn pretty bird."

Another giggle. "That so? Well make me sing, tough guy."

He did exactly that, parting her legs with his strong hands before positioning himself over her. Then, with the primal lust of a beast he mounted her. She moaned loudly as he entered her. She felt like she was being split apart. There was a brief pain as her hymen tore, but it was immediately replaced with pleasure as the sheer girth of his penis parted her walls. Her tunnel hugged him, holding on for the wild ride to come as he thrust into her. It was slow at first, but he gained speed as he became further lustful.

"Yes! OOOhhhh s-so big! You're sooooo fucking b-big! I love it! More! MORE!"

He gave her more, licking her nipples just as she told him to, and then proceeding to caressing them and stroke them, before returning to kissing her face.

"You're s-so beautiful!" he said. "All of you! Always."

She smiled widely, even as climax approached. She was so glad to hear it.

"Y-you too! My big man!"

Another thrust, another ram of his enormous cock into her depths, so much so that she almost couldn't take it. He was so dominant, aggressive. And yet, his care was tender, loving at the same time. It made her pleasure spike to ever greater heights, and his as well, particularly once she began squeezing him with her thighs and raking her claws down his back.

And then finally they could take no more. He came inside her, and she came with him. Both of them groaned, his voice low, hers sweet as a bird, while his seed poured deep within her in enormous torrents. If the masturbation before had been a pleasure beyond words, this was a pleasure beyond *sensation* itself. It was like the entire world disappeared for a moment as she was submerged into another reality entirely, one dislocated from feeling as she knew it.

And then she returned as the next wave crashed upon her, and the next, and the next. She only realised as the noise of a siren died down that the noise had been her: she had cried out with the best of them, and in the end had to bite down on Noah's shoulder just to stop.

"That - holy shit - that was amazing," Noah said.

It took him a long time to pull out of her, an action that elicited a pleasurable gasp from both of them, and then he lay down on the bed next to her, his hard muscle beside her soft curves. They slowly got their breathing back to normal over a number of minutes.

"Thanks for that," Noah said. "I didn't expect that at all."

"You deserve it," she said, cuddling closer. "Consider it a thanks." She pecked him lightly on the cheek. He rubbed it, smiling softly.

"Should I go?"

Ollie shook her head, intertwining her legs with his in order to prevent his escape.

"No, not at all. Stay. I'm not done with you yet. This change, this moonlight, it's making me want to keep you close for a while longer. I have a feeling we're going to be enjoying each other's company all night long."

Noah nodded, almost seriously. "I think . . . I think I can accept these conditions."

She giggled, rested her head in the crook of his shoulder, relaxing while they both slowly regained their stamina. It would take less time than either of them thought, because soon the sound of sexual passion would echo out of the room once more, and even faintly out onto the street. It would continue for quite a few hours of the night yet. And while Noah was grateful for just that one night, there was something Ollie was already considering that he wasn't.

She had two more nights to show Noah exactly how much she appreciated him.

"Maybe we should rename this place to the Lady of the Moon?" she said with a giggle.

**The End**