

Blind Date on a Full Moon

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Sarah arched her back as her blind date nuzzled right along her neck. He didn't caress her as much as pin her with his strong lips. She gasped, her hands clutching to his shoulders, fingernails digging into the leather jacket that still had the scent of newness on the fringes. Narrowing her eyes, she wrapped her legs around his waist, feeling the muscles in his ass flexing as he pushed harder. His efforts ground her against the bus stop bench.

Every breath vibrated in her lungs as she finally closed her eyes, relaxing just enough. At the first touch of his teeth, sensual and powerful, she let out a loud, guttural moan before she caught herself.

“Wait, wait!”

Hesitating, he leaned back. Dropping smoothly to his haunches, she stared down at her yellow-brown eyed date. Her lips pressed into a thin line as she resisted the thought of him bowing his head and diving between her legs. Her thighs pressed together and the jeans skirt she wore slipped across the skin as she realized how little clothing remained between them. Her jacket, unneeded in the heat of their kisses, laid in his hand like a prize he stolen in the heat of battle.

“Sebastian, we need to slow down.”

“Why?”

His answer came in a growl deep from his chest. His rough hand slid up her outer thigh. She felt it more than saw as he came dangerously close to the hem of her skirt. She swallowed back the words to encourage him and instead found different, less honest ones.

“Because, this is only our first-”

The words froze in her throat as she felt a terribly wonderful shiver burn through her body. A long gasp slipped through her lips as she leaned back, looking up at the stormy sky. The moon, swollen and primal, glowed brightly between two banks of clouds and she felt suddenly more alive than just a few minutes before. Everything in her world grew sharp with relief, the smell of his leather, recently off the shelf and the seductive scent of his own excitement. She felt the desire to change into her true form, to accept the moon's embrace. Her eyes closed for a moment, fighting back a tingle that grew between her legs and prayed the moon would be swallowed up by the clouds.

As her eyes opened, the moon continued to hang in the sky. A strained whisper slipped out as she brought her head back to regard her blind date.

“Oh, goddess...”

His eyes almost glowed in the moonlight. A wry smile stretched across his face as he just pushed his hand underneath the edge of her skirt, sliding his hand over her thigh and along the delicate inside that forced her to fight between accepting him and clamping tightly. His growling words caught her, freezing her body as they rumbled across her senses.

“She is beautiful tonight.”

Sarah gasped, her eyes snapping open. The deep rumble of his voice echoed briefly in her head, vibrating clear down her spine to connect her ears to the hand mere inches from her most delicate of spaces. For a moment, she wondered if she bothered with panties, then she caught sight of his beautiful, predatory yellow eyes. He leaned forward, his knees digging into the concrete before the bench as he let out a long, sensual growl that parted both sets of lips in anticipation. His other hand slipped up, pressing between her legs and pushing her thighs apart.

She didn't resist, letting him spread her open as he continued to growl, his body growing with every moment as she felt a sense of masculine power almost overwhelming her. She let out a tiny gasp as his fingers finally found their mark, fingertips pressing against naked skin, burrowing through the excitement-matted hair below and slipping past slick lips.

Closing her eyes briefly, she let out a low moan. His finger ran slickly up to the tip of her sex, caressing the tiny fold of pleasure before his fingers dove further down, finding the opening of her being and working further inside. She gasped loudly, growling herself as pleasures curled through her body.

“A-Are you Kin?”

“Does it matter?” came the answering growl. She tried to speak, but the adept fingers slipped deeper. She clutched the bench as she felt him working his fingers inside her. She found her eyes caught in his gaze. Her breasts heaved with her effort to breath, distracted by the fingers that pumped in and out of her slick opening.

He didn't give her a chance to answer as he pulled his fingers out of her, dragging the slicked tips along her inner thigh as he brought them to the bulge of his jeans. She worried the bottom of her lip as he unzipped himself right out at the bus stop and dug into his pants. Her eyes widened with anticipation as he pulled out his cock, swollen and purple with excitement.

“Sebastian! We are at a-”

He reached around her and grabbed her buttocks. Powerful hands squeezed tightly as he pulled her closer. Her mind claimed it said no, but her legs were drawing herself to the edge of the bench, breathing hard with the need for that hardness inside her.

Sebastian entered her on the second try, using one hand to guide his hardness into her body. Together, they let out a long sigh of pleasure as he buried his length into her heated body and held it there.

“And,” he gasped, “you are just as beautiful as her.”

She felt his pulse, hot and hard so deep inside her, answering with the rapid-fire beating of her own heart. A warm breeze drew over her and she shivered at its touch. Looking deep in his eyes, she pulled him closer. He resisted for a moment, reminding her of his strength, and then casually buried more of his cock into her pussy until her body shivered from the slow, deliberate stroke. He ground against her before leaning into impaling his cock repeatedly into her pussy. With every stroke, she felt the heat of pleasure rising up and mixing with the pleasure of the moon above. Every plunge caught her breath. He growled deeply, driving harder and faster until the bench creaked with the force of his pounding. Sarah only

gasped and pulled him tighter, her legs spread as far as they would go and the sweet smells of their junction driving her closer to release.

He transformed between strokes, his body swelling up as the new leather tore like tissue paper. Rippling muscles bulged out as he pounded into her powerfully, the metal and wood creaking loudly. She let out a long shriek of pleasure, feeling his cock swelling thickly inside her. His power, his predatory strength consumed her as he drove her with fast, powerful strokes. Reaching her heights of pleasure, Sarah finally released her own true form—her screaming orgasm echoed for miles.

When the bus finally came, driver only saw the crumpled remains of the bench, mysterious gouges in the concrete, and a torn leather jacket.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.