

# On a Moonlit Night, Wishes May Come True

by [Daddycums](#)

*FF, magic*

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The light fog added a moisture to the air. The coolness of the night wrapped around her like a wet towel, sending a shiver up her spine. She was lucky she knew the area so well, or she could have easily become lost. She looked through the trees at the house where he lived, slightly smiling at the one electric candle burning in the kitchen window.

A full moon lit her way, helping to guide her footsteps. Though she had traversed this path a dozen times, it always helped to have the way lit before her. Between her familiarity of the path, the light of the moon and the candle beckoning her to come to him, she knew it would not be long before she reached her destination, and then all would be well.

Lauren smiled as she thought back on all of these secret encounters she had shared with Christopher in the past few weeks. How many times had one of them set a candle in the window as a signal that they were lonely and wanted company? A dozen or more, at least. Normally they couldn't spend all night with each other; they both had work in the morning after all. But tonight was Friday, and they had the whole weekend off.

She had to admit, she had been surprised when she glanced out her window earlier in the evening and saw the familiar glow a quarter of a mile away through the trees. Yesterday Christopher (he insisted on being called by the long form of his name) had told Lauren that he would not be able to see her tonight. He knew she had been looking forward to it; not only would they have been able to spend the whole night together, but Lauren found the full moon very romantic. She could think of nothing better than to sit out together on his patio, wrapped in each other's arms as they gazed up at the moon and star-filled sky.

But according to Christopher, it was not to be. At least, not yet. Tonight he was occupied, though he had not been clear about why. He had been very apologetic about it. That was the thing she loved most about him; he always put her feelings before his own. In that, he was a true gentleman.

Now, the light in the window signaled that he had changed his mind. Or perhaps his other plans had fallen through. Either way, Lauren was much more happy to spend the night in his arms than curled up in her own bed with a good book.

She was nearing the edge of the forest when she heard something moving in the brush nearby. She glanced in that direction and froze. Two moonlit yellow eyes peered at her from the darkness. Lauren's breath caught in her throat. In the darkness she could tell neither the animal's distance nor its size. It might even be her pet cat, who was known to travel the woods between the two houses almost as often as she did. But she had the feeling that whatever it was, it was much bigger.

Then the pinpoints of light vanished, and she could hear it moving once more through the bushes, fortunately

away from her. Lauren let out a sigh of relief and hurried toward her lover's cottage. If there was a large animal in the woods, a wolf or a mountain lion perhaps, it might be a good idea from now on to drive here instead of making the journey on foot. There was a certain romantic feeling about walking through the forest, but given a choice between romantic and alive, she would rather be alive.

Fortunately, she made it to the clearing without further incident. From there it was just a quick stride across the grass to his front door. She knocked, glancing once more behind her into the forest to make sure the beast was not stalking her, then turned back with her most cheerful smile as the door opened.

It was not Christopher who answered the door. Instead, a young woman stood there. She was very attractive, with long blond hair that had a silver sheen in the moonlight. She had a very fair face, almost pale but quite beautiful. Her lips had that always-pursed look to them that made her seem as if she were eternally asking to be kissed.

She wore a long white robe that looked almost like a nightgown. That suggested that she was staying there all night. That would have been an immediate cause for suspicion and jealousy, except that Lauren recognized some of the same features in her face that she had come to love in Christopher's. Obviously, this woman was a close relation to him.

"I'm sorry," said Lauren. "I... I was looking for..."

"My brother," the woman smiled. "Unfortunately, he is indisposed, but he wished me to keep you company tonight. Please, come in."

"Um... I don't want to impose..."

"Nonsense. I am here specifically so that you don't have to be alone tonight. If you left now, I would have wasted the journey, wouldn't I?" She kept such a friendly smile on her face that Lauren immediately felt at ease. She stepped into the cottage, and the woman closed the door behind her.

"I am Audrey," the woman said.

"I'm Lauren."

"Yes, I know all about you. You have a lovely face. I can see why Christopher is so attracted to you," she smiled. "Now let us sit and talk a while so that I can learn why he loves you so much."

Lauren blushed, sensing the implied compliment there. But she could also sense Audrey's sincerity, and decided that she liked this woman. Audrey directed Lauren to the couch, who took a seat on it.

"Would you like some wine?" asked the woman, moving toward the kitchen. She had a certain grace, a certain smoothness to her movements, as if her feet did not touch the ground at all.

"I don't want to impose," said Lauren.

"It is no imposition," replied Audrey, turning around to face her. "It will help to ease the chill of the night. And I would love for you to taste it; it is a concoction of my own design."

"You made it?"

"I made it, and I have been told it is quite delicious. You wouldn't want to hurt my feelings by not trying it, would you?"

"No I wouldn't," smiled Audrey. "I would love a glass of wine."

Audrey disappeared into the kitchen, leaving Lauren alone in the living room.

"You don't mind if I turn on the light, do you?" Lauren asked, reaching for the lamp sitting on the end table by the couch.

"Please do."

Lauren switched on the lamp, bathing the room in a warm, comforting glow.

Audrey returned momentarily with two glasses of dark red liquid. She handed one to Lauren, then sat down next to her on the couch.

"To what shall we drink?" she asked.

Lauren thought for a moment. "To your brother," she replied.

"To my brother," Audrey repeated, lifting her glass. "All alone on a moonlit night. May he find solace in the memory of many nights in your arms, and hope in the thought of many more to come."

Lauren blushed, but she lifted her own glass momentarily, then took a sip as her newfound friend did likewise.

Audrey was right; the wine was delicious, a sweet and refreshing mixture of a thousand different flavors that danced across her tongue one by one. Lauren could feel its effects immediately, a kind of inward warmth that grew from deep within her until it chased away the last fleeting traces of the nighttime chill. At the same time, all of the tenseness and stress of the day slipped quietly away, leaving her relaxed and happy. She couldn't help but let out a sigh as she closed her eyes.

"It's good, isn't it?" asked Audrey. "It's like a liquid massage, according to one of my friends who tasted it."

"That's a good description," Lauren replied, opening her eyes again. She glanced around the room, as if seeing it for the first time. Things seemed somehow different, clearer yet at the same time far away, as if she were looking at the world from deep within herself and her eyes were just a window from which she gazed. It was a strange yet not unpleasant euphoria.

"I feel like I'm dreaming," she commented. "What did you put in this stuff?"

Audrey laughed. "Nothing harmful, I assure you. As for whether or not you're dreaming, perhaps you are. Perhaps we both are." She took a sip of wine, then set the glass down on the coffee table in front of them. Then she scooted in closer to Lauren and slipped an arm around her shoulders.

Lauren immediately lay her head down on the woman's shoulder, closing her eyes again. She wasn't sure why she did that, except that she felt so comfortable with Audrey, as if they had been best friends all their lives. Was that another effect of the wine, or did the woman just have that kind of personality?

For the longest time she sat there like that, just relaxing in the arms of this woman that she hardly knew. Perhaps she fell asleep at some point, though it couldn't have been too long. All she knew was that she felt warm and content and happy.

When she opened her eyes, the room had not changed, but she felt like a lot of time had passed. For a minute,

she sat there in the same position, too comfortable to move. Then Audrey surprised her by kissing her on the forehead.

Lauren lifted her head from the woman's shoulder and turned to look at her. Audrey just wore a friendly smile on her face.

"Wow," said Lauren. "I don't know what came over me. I must have been really sleepy. Either that or you put something in the wine," she grinned.

"The wine simply gives you what you need," Audrey smiled.

"Apparently I needed to sleep," Lauren laughed.

"You needed to relax, to be comforted, to have someone hold you. I've been watching over you."

"Thanks," said Lauren, blushing again.

The two women continued to gaze at each other for a while. Strangely enough, Lauren felt completely at ease with Audrey. She was friendly and charming, yet somehow mysterious too, as if she weren't quite real. Some of the things she had said were a little cryptic, but Lauren really couldn't fault her for that. It was probably just her way.

Suddenly, she realized what it was that made her seem so enigmatic. Not once had Christopher mentioned that he had a sister.

"So your brother told you about me?" asked Lauren.

"In a way," replied Audrey.

"It was supposed to be a secret."

The woman laughed. "There are many secrets in my family," she replied. "I just have an uncanny knack for finding things out."

"Speaking of secrets, Christopher never mentioned he had a sister."

"No, it's not the kind of thing he would mention to you," the woman replied.

That made Lauren feel a little angry, and perhaps a touch defensive. "He certainly has no secrets from *me*!" she insisted.

"I apologize," said the woman. "I didn't mean to imply that he would keep anything from you. But some secrets cannot be told; they must be experienced first-hand, or you would not believe them. I'm sure that eventually you will learn everything about us. But the time is not right yet."

That really wasn't much of an answer, but Lauren decided it would have to do. From the little she knew of Audrey, it was probably the best she could hope for.

"So tell me about yourself," Audrey said with a friendly smile, and Lauren's defensiveness immediately vanished. It was impossible to feel anything negative for long in the presence of this woman.

"Well, what would you like to know?" she asked.

"For starters, how did you and Christopher meet?"

"You mean he hasn't told you?"

"He doesn't say much to me these days," Audrey replied, and for just a moment, Lauren detected a look of sadness in her eyes.

"It was the silliest thing," Lauren said, trying to change her mood. "About three weeks ago, my cat ran away, and ended up here. He checked the tag, looked up the address, and brought her back to my place. We got to talking, then he asked me out."

"I enjoy a good love story," Audrey said.

"It's not much of a love story," Lauren shrugged.

"It brought you two together, didn't it?"

"Well, yes."

"Then it's a love story."

Lauren laughed. "I guess you're right."

"So why keep your relationship a secret?"

Lauren sighed. "It's all politics," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I have a friend. He's the son of my dad's business partner. We get along all right, but somehow our parents have gotten it in their heads that there's more between us than just friendship. They think it's only a matter of time before he proposes. Well, he's in love with someone else, and I'm in love with someone else, so that's all there is to it. We just haven't figured out the best way to break it to our parents. Don't worry; he knows all about Christopher and Christopher knows all about him, so it's not like we're sneaking around behind anyone's back. Except our parents, of course.

"Because we can see each other's houses through the woods, Christopher came up with the idea of signaling each other with a single candle in the window that we're in the mood for a secret rendezvous. I know, we could just call each other on the phone, but this is more romantic."

"What a charming tradition," said Audrey. "If--"

The woman's voice suddenly cut off, to be replaced by the sound of something shuffling around outside, scratching at the door. It sounded like an animal, a *large* animal. Lauren stood up in fright as she remembered those eerie yellow eyes staring at her from the depths of the forest.

"Do not be alarmed," Audrey smiled, taking Lauren by the hand. "It is just him."

"Him? Your brother? I thought it was an animal."

"It is," Audrey nodded.

Lauren stared at her.

"Have no fear," said Audrey. "He cannot harm me, and he would not harm you. Shall I invite him in?"

"No!" Lauren exclaimed, wondering if Audrey had lost her mind.

The woman just laughed. "Perhaps later then," she said. "I would not wish to do anything that would bother you. I am here to take care of you."

She took Lauren's hands in her own and pulled her gently back down to the couch. The scratching noise outside ceased, and Lauren felt a little better.

Audrey grabbed Lauren's glass from the coffee table and handed it to her. "Perhaps another sip will do you good," she offered.

Lauren wasn't about to disagree. She needed something to help her relax after the fright she had just received. *I was just out there not too long ago!* she realized.

She took another sip of the wine, and it had exactly the effect that she had hoped. Right now she needed to relax, to be comforted, to share a moment with someone brave who could take away her fear...

Audrey slipped her arms around Lauren, and the last remnants of that fear disappeared. It felt nice to be held by her; the best cure for a frightening experience was to be hugged by a good friend.

*A good friend?* she thought. *I hardly know her!* But that didn't matter; she really liked Audrey, and enjoyed the moment. After a minute or two she found that her fear had completely subsided. Perhaps it was partly because in that time the sounds of the beast outside also disappeared. Perhaps it was because she believed in Audrey's words that it was harmless. Or more likely, she felt very comfortable in Audrey's arms. In fact, it felt a lot like being held by Christopher. Peaceful. Tranquil. Tender. Intimate.

She drew back and gazed into Audrey's eyes, noticing for the first time how deep and lovely they really were. Christopher had eyes like that, bright and happy but always with the tiniest trace of sadness, even when he smiled.

"So what about you?" asked Lauren. "I mean, you seem a little... mysterious."

"Mysterious?" Audrey chuckled. "I suppose I am, though I don't mean to be. I just want to be your friend." Her words echoed Lauren's own thoughts, and she found herself smiling at that. She wanted to be Audrey's friend too.

"But Christopher never told me he had a sister," said Lauren. "So when I met you for the first time tonight, I have to admit I was surprised. Plus you have a way about you..."

"What way?" asked Audrey with an amused smile.

"I don't know. You don't really answer my questions. I mean, the way you answer them brings up even more questions, if you know what I mean."

"I suppose you're right," Audrey smiled. "Please don't hold that against me. It's just that, although your questions seem simple, they don't have simple answers for someone like me."

"There you go again," said Lauren, but she laughed as she said it. She found it impossible to be angry with

this woman. Mysterious or not, she seemed completely sincere.

Audrey laughed too. "Yes, there I go again," she smiled. "It's just that there are things about me that you wouldn't believe if I told you. Sometimes I wonder if I even believe them myself. Sometimes I regret where I am, and that I came here so soon. I wasn't ready. But it's also comforting to finally know, once and for all..."

Lauren stared at her. What was that supposed to mean? But she realized that if she asked, she probably wouldn't learn anything more anyway.

"I'm sorry," said Audrey. "I was talking to myself more than to you. As for your question, I believe that Christopher never mentioned me because our parting was too painful. For both of us."

"But--"

"Please, that is something that I do not wish to discuss. I am here now, and that is all that matters."

Lauren nodded, not really satisfied but not wanting to push things. If Audrey didn't want to talk about it, that was her prerogative. Lauren wouldn't pry.

She lifted her glass and took another sip of wine. *The wine simply gives you what you need*, Audrey had said. Right now, Lauren needed to understand the woman better. She needed to know what made her the way she was.

No, even as she thought that, she realized that that wasn't true. She didn't *need* to know anything about the woman. She merely *wanted* to know. What she needed was...

Suddenly, Audrey leaned in and planted a kiss on Lauren's lips. Lauren's eyes opened wide in alarm for a moment, then Audrey drew back again. The two women gazed into each other's eyes for the longest time, and Lauren was surprised to realize that she felt no disgust at what had just happened. On the contrary, she felt a strange longing for the woman to do it again.

"What was that for?" she asked, not in an accusatory tone but one merely of curiosity.

"I told you, I'm here to take care of you."

"But... kissing me?"

"My brother felt bad that he could not be here for you tonight. He is such a sweet man, thinking only of your welfare. He wished that you would have someone to stay with you." She glanced out the window at the full moon. "And on a night such as this, wishes may come true."

"What do you mean, stay with me?"

Audrey smiled at her. "Whatever you desire," she replied. "I am here to take care of your needs in my brother's absence." She reached out and drew Lauren to her in a tender embrace, moving her lips to Lauren's ear. "There is no need for you to be alone tonight," she whispered.

Lauren shivered as she thought of the implications of those words. If they meant what she thought they meant, then Audrey was stepping way over the line. They hardly knew each other! And on top of that, Lauren had no desire to be with another woman in that way.

No, that wasn't entirely true. Admittedly, she had fooled around a little with some of her girlfriends as a

teenager, though they were just adolescents exploring their newfound sexuality. But with the half-invitation by Audrey, those memories returned, and she realized that she looked back on them with fondness. Christopher was always gentle when he made love to her, but there was something even more tender with a woman that a man just could not match.

It didn't hurt that Audrey was so beautiful. She really was the type of girl to make straight women reconsider their sexuality. Certainly she was doing it to Lauren right now. She felt a certain thrill at the thought of taking Audrey up on her invitation, a certain naughty excitement at the thought of once again exploring those feelings.

"I'm sorry," said Lauren. "I don't know if I'm ready for that. I just met you, after all."

"It's okay," Audrey smiled. "I won't do anything that you don't want me to."

Lauren thought about those words, and realized that she herself didn't even know what she wanted. She had been so excited at the thought of seeing Christopher tonight that she had come here expecting and eager for a night of passion. Now here was this beautiful, mysterious woman, offering herself openly, freely, willingly. She could have at least a taste of what she wanted tonight. No, more than a taste; she could experience a different yet no less powerful kind of love. In Christopher's absence, Audrey had come to make up the difference.

Strangely enough, what Lauren *didn't* feel was disgust. Maybe the wine had lowered her inhibitions, but right now she couldn't think of any good reason why she *shouldn't* go to bed with another woman. At least, with this particular woman. There was something alluring, something enchanting, something even a bit magical, about Audrey.

Hesitantly and a bit shyly, Lauren nodded her head.

A broad grin spread upon Audrey's face. She stood and held out her hands to Lauren, who took them and allowed herself to be pulled to her feet. Audrey turned and without saying a word, led her into the bedroom.

For a moment, Lauren stared at the bed. Christopher's bed. She had a momentary flash of guilt as she realized that she was about to go behind her lover's back. Then Audrey was there, moving in close to her, and Lauren forgot all about him as she felt the woman's lips against her own. It was a tender kiss, yet full of passion at the same time. Her lips tasted a bit like the wine, and once again Lauren asked herself, what was it that she truly needed. This time the answer was clear. She needed Audrey. There was no rational explanation for it, no Freudian psychological reason, but it was true all the same.

When their lips separated, Lauren felt a deep regret, as if the separation were much more profound. But then Audrey drew her to the bed. The two women sat down on it, and Lauren's heart pounded in her chest in nervousness and excitement at the thought of what was about to happen. Audrey gave her a smile, then another quick kiss, then said, "Lie down."

Lauren did so, slipping off her shoes and reclining on the bed next to Audrey, who sat and gazed at her for the longest time. For a moment, Lauren felt a little inadequate; despite many compliments on her looks by Christopher, she felt that Audrey was more beautiful still. Furthermore, Lauren was dressed in a tee-shirt and jeans, not exactly the most romantic of clothes. She wished she wore something more alluring and provocative, but the travel through the forest had meant that she had to dress more casually out of necessity.

But Audrey just smiled, and Lauren knew that the woman refused to judge her. For the longest time, the two women just gazed at each other, enjoying the sight of one another and the feeling of love between them.



*Love?* thought Audrey. *Do I really love this woman? Is it even possible for me to love someone I just met?*

She really didn't know the answer to that question; she only knew that she wanted to be with Audrey right now as strongly as she had ever wanted to be with Christopher.

Audrey leaned over, her hair spilling down over the side of her face to mingle with Lauren's spread out on the bed. The woman lowered her lips again, but this time merely kissed her on the forehead. "Tonight is for you," she said. "I want only to make you happy." She cupped Lauren's cheek for a moment, then slid her hand down her neck, then lower still, where she rested it on one of Lauren's breasts, fondling it gently through her clothes.

"Oh god," Lauren breathed, closing her eyes and luxuriating in the feel of the woman's hand. It was an exquisite feeling, made all the more exciting from the thought that it was a woman who was doing this to her. It was both naughty and beautiful at the same time.

Audrey's hand then lowered again, her fingers tracing over Lauren's stomach until they reached the bottom of her shirt. Then those fingers slipped underneath, causing Lauren to shudder as they made contact with her skin. For a few minutes, Audrey just massaged her stomach, a tender and relaxing motion that both calmed and excited Lauren.

"I want to see you," Audrey whispered, and Lauren opened her eyes. She hesitated for just a moment, then nodded. Audrey withdrew her hand and reached for the bottom of Lauren's shirt. "May I?" she asked, And Lauren nodded again.

Gripping her shirt with both hands, Audrey drew it along Lauren's body toward her head. Lauren had to rise up on her elbows for a moment in order to free the back of her shirt from where it was pinned against the bed, then lay back again and lifted her arms to allow the woman to pull it the rest of the way off. Feeling just a bit self-conscious as she lay there with her chest clothed only in her bra, she moved her arms to cover herself.

"That's cheating," Audrey laughed playfully, then took Lauren's arms and drew them down to her sides. Lauren shivered as Audrey's eyes looked her up and down, full of delight. "It's been a long time since I've enjoyed the pleasures of the flesh," she said. "I'm so glad that now that I have the chance, it's with someone so beautiful."

"I'm not as beautiful as you," said Lauren, blushing.

"Perhaps you are and you just don't realize it." Audrey's hand once more returned to Lauren's stomach, but only for a moment, then she slid them down to the belt buckle of her jeans. Lauren shivered once more and closed her eyes bashfully as Audrey worked at the buckle, finally separating it. She unfastened the buckle, drew down the zipper, then spread the two flaps, revealing Lauren's panties.

Lauren gasped as Audrey suddenly slipped her hand under the waistband and rested it there between her legs. It was the most wonderful feeling, the sensation of those soft fingers right on the most sensitive part of her body. She was excited beyond belief, which Audrey had no doubt just discovered from the dampness between her legs.

Audrey kept her hand there for a minute, her fingertips very slowly rubbing her there. Lauren found her own breathing growing deeper and heavier even as her skin grew more sensitive. She felt nervous, but also full of excited anticipation at what was about to happen to her.

After a while, Audrey removed her hand, then leaned over and kissed Lauren on her bare stomach. Lauren

groaned with feverish excitement, and the mysterious woman chuckled. "Sounds like you're enjoying this," she commented.

"I am," Lauren replied.

"Then you won't mind if we move on," she smiled. She grasped Lauren's jeans by the waistband and drew them down toward her legs. An instant later, Lauren found herself lying there in just her underwear. Audrey let her hand trace back up one of Lauren's legs, to her thigh, then to her hip, her side, and finally back up to her bra-clad breast.

"Let's get the rest of this off you, shall we?" asked Audrey, slipping her hands under Lauren's torso. Again Lauren felt a surge of shyness, but she refused to cover herself again. This time she merely closed her eyes and lay there as the woman unfastened the clasp of her bra and drew it around to the front. Lauren gave a slight whimper as she felt the garment being pulled away, revealing her chest completely to Audrey's eyes.

Then she felt hands on her panties as well, and she shuddered as the rest of her body became exposed. Now she lay there, completely nude and vulnerable. Yet she also felt surprisingly comfortable in the presence of this beautiful and enigmatic woman. It was almost like being with Christopher; Audrey had the same caring and sensitive spirit as her brother.

For the longest time, Lauren lay there with her eyes closed, waiting for the next contact. Then she opened her eyes and saw Audrey gazing down at her body with delight.

"You are so beautiful," the woman told her. "I wish to savor this moment for as long as possible."

"Well, it's no fair if I'm the only one without my clothes," Lauren grinned, and Audrey laughed.

"You have a very good point," she replied. She rose from the bed and stood there in the middle of the room. She untied a drawstring at her neck, opening up the neckline of her robe wide enough that she could shrug the garment from her shoulders. It slid down her body and fell in a heap at her feet. Audrey wore nothing underneath.

Lauren gazed with desire at the woman's body. Like her face, it was perfection itself. She had the most graceful, tantalizing curves. Her breasts were medium-sized, with almost perfectly circular nipples and no sag at all. She had the cutest little flat stomach, and below, meticulously trimmed hair framing a pair of petite nether lips.

All of this made Lauren desire her even more. It was strange that when she had approached the cottage, the idea of making love to a woman was the furthest thing from her mind. Now as she stared at the goddess before her, she felt an urgent longing to feel that body against her own, to bask in the softness and warmth of the woman's skin, to run her hands all over her and feel the woman's hands in return.

"Is this what you were hoping to see?" asked Audrey in a playful voice.

"God, yes!" Lauren breathed. "Audrey, I--"

Audrey quickly sat down beside her once more and put a finger to Lauren's lips. "Hush," she said. "There is no need to say anything. The time for words is over. Now let us express ourselves with our actions."

Lauren smiled and nodded, and Audrey lifted her legs from the floor and lay down beside her. She smiled and reached out, letting her hand rest on Lauren's chest just below her breast. She massaged her there for a moment, causing Lauren to sigh in pleasure. Then Audrey moved her hand upward and lazily traced circles

around the nipple with one of her fingers.

Lauren found herself enjoying the sensation immensely. Audrey seemed to know just what to do to make her feel good. Her body was already starting to react; she felt warm and almost feverish, her breaths came in gasps, and she was squirming all over the place, and all that from just the light contact of Audrey's fingers.

Then the woman rolled over and lowered her head toward Lauren's neck. Lauren cried out almost before she reached it. Then she felt Audrey's lips there, and she shuddered in the intensity of the feeling. Audrey kissed her over and over, bathing her neck and shoulders with her kisses as Lauren just lay there and enjoyed it. She almost felt like she should be reciprocating, but Audrey seemed to be enjoying herself so much that it seemed there was no need.

"Mmm..." Audrey cooed as if tasting her favorite food. She began to move down, ever so slowly, along Lauren's body. She even used her tongue, not with long obscene strokes but with gentle, fleeting touches that sent shivers through Lauren's spine. She couldn't believe how good this woman was making her feel.

Audrey's lips reached the gentle swelling of Lauren's breast, slowly ascending toward the peak. Lauren was so giddy with pleasure by this point that she didn't know if her body could take it. The excitement and anticipation built as Audrey approached her hyper-sensitive nipple.

When she reached her destination, Lauren cried out again as her body was wracked with pleasure. Audrey flicked her tongue against Lauren's nipple over and over again, eliciting squeals of delight each time. It was an exquisite torture, intense beyond imagining. The double stimulation of both her nipples at the same time threatened to push her over the edge into an overwhelming orgasm.

Just in the nick of time, Audrey let up, lifting her head and removing her hand. Lauren lay there panting, grateful for the respite but also frustrated that it had come to an end, however temporary.

"Now don't you go off too soon," Audrey told her with a playful wink. "We haven't even gotten to the best part yet."

"Oh god," Lauren breathed, shuddering at the mere thought that anything could feel as wonderful as what she had just experienced. Audrey let her hand rest on Lauren's hip, stroking her gently and tenderly there for a few minutes to calm Lauren down but also to keep her warmed up. The gentle massage did the trick; Lauren came down from her ecstatic high, but not completely.

She turned her head and gazed into Audrey's eyes. For the longest time, the two women just stared at each other with loving smiles. Audrey was an amazing woman, Lauren realized. Not only was she beautiful to the point of perfection, she was also one of the most loving and caring people she had ever met. It must run in the family, she decided. Christopher was the same way.

Strangely enough, this time when she thought of Christopher, she felt no guilt or shame at what was happening between the two women. There was just a sense that all was right with the universe; that she was meant to be with Audrey tonight.

Despite the erotic nature of Audrey's touch, it was also relaxing enough that Lauren was on the verge of drifting off to sleep. Then Audrey moved, and Lauren opened her eyes again. With a naughty gleam in her eye, Audrey once more moved her head to Lauren's breast, letting her tongue circle the nipple. Immediately, Lauren's arousal shot up again, and she gasped aloud.

This time Audrey did not stop. She rolled completely over on top of Lauren so that she could alternate her ministrations with her lips and tongue between both of Lauren's breasts. Unconsciously, Lauren reached out

and grabbed her lover's head, grasping it as if afraid that by letting go the woman would vanish and the magic would end. Audrey didn't seem to mind; she was living up to her words from earlier in the evening. "Tonight is for you," she had told Lauren, and she was certainly demonstrating just how sincere she had been with that statement.

Lauren's breathing grew heavier again, and the warm and feverish feeling overtook her once more. She felt an itchiness between her legs, or rather a longing to be touched there. Without thinking, she spread her legs.

Audrey took the hint. She slipped one hand down, her fingers gently rubbing her there. Lauren groaned at the sensation, loving it every bit as much as she loved what Audrey was doing higher up on her chest. When Audrey's lips began working their way down the underside of her breasts and to her lower chest, Lauren nearly screamed in delight as she realized where the woman was headed. Her hands were heavenly; she couldn't imagine just how insanely ecstatic her lips would feel down there.

For her own part, Audrey seemed to be enjoying herself a lot too. She kept a delirious smile on her face, every once in a while glancing up to make eye contact with Lauren. In those glances, it was clear that the woman loved what she was doing, taking no thought for herself but lost in the pleasure she was giving to her lover.

Every touch of Audrey's lips seemed to increase Lauren's sensitivity. She was a bundle of nerves now, her whole body wrapped in a blanket of electric sparks that fired over and over again, sending shivers down her spine and whimpers through her lips. She squirmed all over the bed, her body now completely out of her own control. And Audrey hadn't even reached her destination yet.

The woman continued moving downward, now past the last of Lauren's ribs and on to her stomach. She took some time to kiss her all over, even letting her tongue circle the navel in a playful yet powerfully erotic gesture. Lauren knew what she was doing; she was teasing her, drawing out the anticipation until it was almost frustrating. Lauren knew from experience that the longer she waited, the more powerful the ecstasy would be when it came. Audrey was preparing her, building her up for what would surely be one of the most explosive climaxes she had ever felt.

Once more the woman lowered her lips, now drawing perilously close to her destination. Yet she still kept her distance, kissing her right at the hair line. Lauren kept herself neatly trimmed there; Christopher seemed to like it a lot. Now Audrey traced the triangle of hair with her lips, staying just far enough away to drive Lauren into a frenzy. It was frustrating but oh so pleasurable at the same time.

Just when she thought she could stand it no longer, Audrey withdrew her hand and replaced it with her mouth. Lauren screamed in pleasure as she felt the woman's tongue flicking against her swollen and extremely sensitive clit. The woman knew just how to stimulate her to drive her wild with lust. Lauren's hips bucked as if trying to shove harder against Audrey's mouth. To help alleviate her incessant need, Audrey used her thumbs to pry apart the lips so that she could spear her tongue inside. Lauren gasped in shock at just how deep she penetrated. It was nothing like being filled by Christopher, but still it felt wonderful. When Audrey opened her mouth wide and covered her whole mound, it was almost too much to bear. Lauren felt like her loins were on fire, the whole area burning with pleasure.

Finally, after the agonizingly slow journey, she felt the final buildup. As Audrey continued to work her all over with energy and enthusiasm, Lauren let herself go and welcomed the oncoming climax. Her hips thrust upward once more as her body stiffened, and the wave of pleasure that washed over her was so intense that she wasn't even aware of the wail that escaped from her own lips. Audrey merely continued to lick her rapidly and mercilessly as if nothing was happening, drawing out the orgasm for as long as possible. At the top of the peak, the pleasure was so overwhelming that her other senses momentarily shut down; it was too much, too powerful for her body to endure.

Then it was over, and she felt herself falling, falling down from that ecstatic high back to the world of reality. She found herself lying on the bed, gasping and twitching on the bed as each breath sent aftershocks of the life-changing orgasm through her.

Audrey finally withdrew her mouth, glancing up at Lauren with a smile and licking her lips seductively. Then she crawled forward on the bed until she could kiss Lauren on the lips. Her tongue found its way into her mouth, and Lauren tasted a bit of herself mixed with the flavor of Audrey's lips and even a hint of the wine they had earlier in the evening.

Then Audrey withdrew and lay down next to her, and the two women held each other in one another's arms.

*That's it, Lauren decided. I maybe have been completely straight when I walked into the house tonight, but after what just happened, I'm definitely bisexual. There's no way I'm going to give up Audrey now that I know what it feels like to make love to her.*

After a few minutes, Audrey rose from the bed. Lauren watched as the woman strode gracefully and even sexily to the door and vanished into the living room. Lauren sat up, wondering what she was doing, but when the front room was plunged into darkness, she realized that Audrey was merely turning out the lights. The woman returned to the bedroom once more, then flashed Lauren a loving smile and switched off the last light in the cabin. In the darkness, she returned to the bed, this time reaching for the covers to draw them up over Lauren's body. Only then did she climb into bed with her, lying on her side with her hand gently stroking Lauren's hip.

Several minutes later, the motion stopped, but Audrey did not remove her hand. Lauren took it in her own, grasping it tightly yet lovingly, enjoying the intimacy of even such a simple touch.

Yet something bothered her. She remained awake, staring up at the ceiling and listening to the reassuring sound of Audrey breathing next to her and enjoying the warmth of her body so close. It was all too perfect. Tonight had been one of the most wonderful experiences of her life, and she didn't want it to end. The only problem was that it was a result of infidelity. Now that the act was over, guilt began to creep into her heart.

"Audrey," whispered Lauren. "Are you awake?"

"Yes I am," the woman replied. "What's on your mind, dear one?"

"I was just wondering... what happens if Christopher finds out about us?"

"I know my brother well. He wouldn't begrudge us what we have shared. Perhaps he'll envy us, but only because of the time we spent together when he could not be with us."

Lauren turned her head and was not surprised to see Audrey gazing at her with a loving look on her face.

"So do you think I should tell him?"

"As I said before, my family has many secrets. But maybe it's best that this not be one of them."

"You're probably right. Best to get it out in the open. I feel kind of guilty about what happened between us. I don't know what came over me."

"Perhaps the wine gave you exactly what you needed."

"I only had a couple of sips. I've never lost that much control from a few sips of wine before."

"Then perhaps it was the moon," Audrey said with a teasing smile. "The full moon does strange things to people."

"That's no excuse. I can't believe that the full moon would have *that* much influence over someone."

Audrey laughed. "Tell that to my brother," she said.

"What?"

"Never mind. I'm sure in the morning you'll feel much better. Go ahead and tell Christopher what happened; I think he'll be overjoyed to find out that I visited you in the night."

"Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm making too big of a deal out of this."

"What you need right now is to sleep on it," said Audrey. "In the morning you'll have a much clearer head and be able to decide what to do. I know you'll make the right decision."

"I hope so."

"I know so." She leaned over and gave Lauren another kiss on the cheek, then rolled back over onto her back. Lauren stared up at the ceiling again, feeling a little better about what had happened. Audrey was right about one thing; she couldn't make any decision tonight; a good night's rest would do her good. She closed her eyes and welcomed sleep when it came.

She woke to an uneasy feeling in the middle of the night. Something was wrong. It wasn't that she was in the wrong bed; she had many happy memories of this bed. It wasn't that the person sleeping next to her was Audrey rather than her brother. No, something had disturbed her sleep.

There was a sound of padded footsteps outside the bedroom door, and a sudden chill came over her.

Lauren sat up in bed. Her eyes immediately went to the door, which stood open, revealing the dark shape of a large beast. Pale yellow eyes peered into the bedroom, staring directly at Lauren. She knew those eyes; she had seen them once before. She tried to scream, but somehow the sound never escaped her throat. She was too terrified even to cry out.

Then she felt a comforting hand on her own. She managed to turn her head and glance at Audrey, who gave her a warm smile.

"Do not be alarmed," the woman told her. "I told you, he would not harm you. In fact, we are safer with him around because he would chase away any other monsters of the night that might threaten to disturb us." She smiled. "He might even chase away bad dreams."

The creature at the door trotted into the bedroom, seeming to diminish in size as it approached the bed. Lauren knew it was an optical illusion, or perhaps a trick of her own mind. Her fear and her imagination had made it seem bigger than it really was. But as it moved around to the side of the bed nearest her, she realized that it was nothing more than a large dog.

No, not a dog. A wolf.

It immediately licked the closest of her hands, perhaps by way of greeting. Lauren felt the fear drain from

her, to be replaced by the same peace and solitude that she felt with Audrey. The two of them were alike in some way that she could not fathom; there was some kind of connection between the woman and the wolf.

"You see?" asked Audrey. "By nature he may be a predator, but to us he is the most gentle and docile beast imaginable. Love transcends the natural world, you see. For that very same reason, I was able to come and visit you."

The wolf trotted around to the other side of the bed, where Audrey immediately threw her arms around its neck. It wagged its tail enthusiastically as it licked her face.

"Poor thing," said Audrey with a note of pity in her voice. "He recognizes me now, but tomorrow he will have forgotten all about me. Animals do not remember in the same way we do."

Now that her fear had been quelled, Lauren had no aversion to petting the animal, just like she would a dog. She reached over and stroked his back, noting with pleasure that his fur was much softer than it looked. She could sense the affection in the animal, not exactly a tameness because it was still quite wild, but more like a love for the two women. Audrey was right; the wolf was gentle and docile, but only to them.

It then trotted around to Lauren's side of the bed again, but this time it hopped right up onto the bed. Two minutes ago she might have screamed, but now she only giggled as it nuzzled at her. It was quite strong, and its nuzzling managed to push her over toward Audrey, who merely laughed and hugged her. The wolf then lay down on the bed as if it were the most natural thing; as if it belonged here and had just politely asked Lauren to move over. She smiled and stroked its fur again, no longer the least bit afraid of it. The wolf turned its head and licked her cheek a couple of times, then rested its head on its paws once again.

Satisfied that she was in no danger, Lauren lay back down. Audrey leaned over and kissed her on the cheek, mirroring the action of the animal and reminding Lauren of the mysterious relationship between the two of them. Both were in the cottage unexpectedly. Both were mysteries. And somehow she knew that both loved her.

With that happy thought, she closed her eyes and let drowsiness overcome her once more.

Her last thought before falling asleep was that she had forgotten to ask Audrey the wolf's name.

When she awoke for the second time that night, she could see a faint glow out the window. Audrey was sitting up in bed, framed in that glow as she stared out the window. Lauren glanced over to the other side of the bed, noticing that the wolf still lay there. She wasn't sure whether that surprised her or not; she was half-convinced it had just been a dream, but then perhaps the dream still continued.

She smiled and reached out with her hand, placing it tenderly on Audrey's arm.

The woman turned to her, then lowered her head and kissed her once more on the lips. Then she sat up once more, but kept her gaze locked on Lauren's.

"Dawn is coming," Audrey whispered. "My time here is short."

That was disappointing; Lauren had hoped that she would be able to stay the weekend. It might mean that Lauren couldn't get as intimate with Christopher as she would wish, but she really wanted to spend more time with Audrey, to get to know her a little better.

"Can't you stay?" asked Lauren. "At least until your brother gets back."

Audrey gave an amused chuckle. "No, I'm afraid that with the dawn I must depart."

"Why? Why can't you stay and see Christopher?"

"Because that was not his wish."

"What are you talking about? Why wouldn't he wish to see you?"

Audrey smiled again, that same mysterious smile that Lauren was beginning to realize meant that the woman was about to give at best a cryptic answer to the question. "Perhaps," she said, "because he does not know that he can."

"I don't understand."

"No, I suppose you don't. Not yet at least. But in time, you will. Trust me on this." Still smiling, she leaned down and gave Lauren one final kiss on the lips.

"I trust you," Lauren nodded.

"There's one more thing," said Audrey. "Please give my brother a message. Tell him... tell him I don't blame him for what happened."

"What happened?" asked Lauren.

"I'll leave that for him to tell you. For me, it is too painful a memory. Just remember, accidents happen. I bear him no ill will."

"I don't understand. It sounds like you haven't spoken with him since the so-called accident. But I thought he told you to stay with me tonight."

"I said he *wished* me to stay with you tonight."

"But--"

"Never mind that. Maybe one day you will understand. For now, just give him the message. And tell him that if he wishes it hard enough, perhaps one night I may visit him as I visited you."

"What are you talking about?" asked Lauren. "It sounds like you're going away for a long time."

"For a while," replied Audrey. "Do you wish to see me again?"

"More than anything," Lauren smiled.

"I am glad," Audrey told her, reaching out and cupping her cheek. "Wishes have a way of coming true."

Then she removed her hand, and the smile on her face faded. "Lauren, you have to understand something. No matter what happens, no matter what your brother says, I need you to understand that I love you. Just as you have nothing to fear from my brother, just as you have nothing to fear from the wolf, you have nothing to fear from me. Believe in that, and I will return to you again one day."



"But when?"

"Look for me at the next full moon," she said. "And now you must return to sleep. I do not want you to see me leave. That would be an unhappy memory, and I want you to have only happy thoughts when you think of me."

Lauren did feel a little sleepy, so she lay her head down on the pillow and closed her eyes. Nestled between the warm body of Audrey on one side and the warm body of the wolf on the other, she felt so peaceful and serene that it did not take her long to drift off to sleep and happy dreams.

She awoke later to a wonderful sight. Christopher sat beside her on the bed, smiling down at her. How she had longed to see his handsome face again! Now that she had the chance to compare them, she could really see the similarities between his sister and him. It was most apparent in the eyes; both had the same deep blue eyes that looked somehow unnatural yet at the same time very captivating. It was said that the eyes are the windows to the soul, and looking into Christopher's and Audrey's eyes was looking into a place of mysteries and secrets.

"Good morning," Christopher smiled, cupping her cheek in the same way Audrey had earlier. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes I did," Lauren smiled. She glanced around. The light of morning streamed through the window, illuminating the room. Audrey had already departed of course, but so had the wolf. "What happened to..." she began.

"What?" asked Christopher.

She sighed. "Never mind. It must have been a dream. In fact, I'm not even sure how much of last night was real. It all kind of felt like... I don't know."

"I know what you mean," he told her. "That's the way of dreams, I guess."

Lauren sat up. Now that Christopher was here, she felt a little guilty about what had happened last night with Audrey. Lauren had always been faithful, and she had certainly never planned to cheat on Christopher with another woman! It was time for confessions though.

"Christopher," she said, "I have something to tell you. It's about your sister and me."

Christopher's eyes suddenly opened wide as he stared at her. "What?"

"Well, your sister and I..."

"Who told you I had a sister?" he demanded.

"Audrey did," said Lauren, wondering why this sudden change in his attitude.

"Audrey," he whispered, for a moment staring right through her as if she were not even there. Then his gaze focused on her once more. "That's impossible," he said. "Audrey's gone. She's not coming back."

"But I saw her!" Lauren insisted. "She was here!"

"Here?" asked Christopher. "In the cottage?"

"Yes. She said you told her to keep me company..." Then she remembered the words Audrey had used. "No, she said you *wished* her to keep me company last night." It was a subtle distinction, but she felt that Audrey had said it that way for a reason.

"It's true that I felt bad that I couldn't be with you; I didn't want you to be all alone last night," he said. "But I never spoke with her. I *couldn't* have spoken with her."

Then Lauren remembered the message that she was supposed to tell him.

"She said she doesn't blame you for what happened, and maybe she'll visit you some time like she visited me."

At those words, Christopher collapsed onto the bed. Lauren noticed with shock that he had tears in his eyes. She put a comforting arm around him, and he immediately threw his arms around her and sobbed into her shoulder.

"I would like that more than anything," he whispered. "Audrey. My poor, sweet, dear sister Audrey. I can't believe it. And yet, I *do* believe it."

"What happened between you two?" asked Lauren.

Christopher drew back and gazed into her eyes. "Do you promise not to judge me?" he asked. "I would not keep any secrets from you, but I'm afraid of what you'll think of me."

"I will not judge you," Lauren said. She took his hand in a comforting gesture.

"It was three years ago," he said. "I loved Audrey more than anything. She was my best friend. We used to play out in the woods, sometimes under the bright sunlight, sometimes on a moonlit night. You see, the full moon does things to me. Sometimes I don't know my own strength. We were playing one night in the woods, and..."

Lauren put a comforting hand on his. She gazed into his eyes, not surprised to see tears there. Whatever he was about to say, it was very emotional for him. But she had no idea where this was leading. Did the two of them have some kind of falling-out? Did he do something to her that he regretted?

A chill ran down her spine as she thought of what that might be. Did he, perhaps, take sexual advantage of her? He said he didn't know his own strength. What did that mean?

"We were wrestling around," he said, and Lauren tensed up. That was how it would have started, of course.

"Go on," she told him.

"She was so tiny, so frail, at least she seemed that way to me at the time. I should have known. I should have known..."

"Known what?"

"I knocked her down. She hit her head on a rock."

She hit her head? Was that all there was to the story? Why would something like that bring Christopher to

tears?

Suddenly, a chill ran down her spine, and her eyes grew wide. Things were beginning to make sense. It was a strange and horrible kind of sense, yet all too real. There was not just one secret here, but two. The gentle wolf during the full moon. Audrey's mysterious visit in the night.

*Audrey's gone. She's not coming back.* Wasn't that what Christopher said? Lauren had thought he meant that the brother and sister had had a disagreement and she had moved across the country or something, but there was something far more permanent to it than that.

"You understand now," said Christopher, seeing the look in her eyes.

*Some secrets cannot be told, Audrey had said. They must be experienced first-hand, or you would not believe them.* And now Lauren believed.

But as she gazed into the eyes of the man she loved, as she thought back on the tender caresses of his sister, there was something else she believed. She believed, as Audrey had told her, that she had nothing to fear from the wolf or from herself.

"It's okay," smiled Lauren. "I know your secrets now, and although I don't claim to understand how they are possible, although they go against everything I've ever believed about the world, I also know that they are to be embraced, not feared. Your love for your sister is why she's able to come back. Your love for me is why the wolf would not hurt me. Well, I love you, and I love her, and I think in the end, that's all that matters."

"It is," Christopher nodded, a smile finally returning to his face. "If it is as you say, then I *can* see Audrey again if I wish for it hard enough. Perhaps next month, the three of us can take a walk together in the forest under the full moon."

"No wrestling," Lauren insisted with a grin on her face.

"No wrestling," acknowledged Christopher with a chuckle. "I'll be as gentle as..."

"...a wolf," said Lauren.

**THE END**

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