

# Howl at the Moon

**WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!**

## **PROTO PORN**

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**I have no concept of what is decent, indecent, obscene, pornographic, artistic, sophomoric, stupid, or simply inane.**

**If you are under 18, not looking for porn, believe that anything can be obscene, or reside in a jurisdiction that has laws regarding same, please close this document, and do not read.**

Truthfully, it's not really that good, anyway.

And if you are looking for porn, you most certainly will be disappointed.  
Still, I read so many warnings in my life, I feel the need to post one of my own.  
Make of it what you will.

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This is part of my  
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams  
Series

I never did finish this story.  
And I'm never going to.

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

Like what you see?  
Want to finish it?  
Or transform it into something else?  
Let's work out a deal.  
Continuation Rights are available.

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# Howl at the Moon

“Howl at the moon my friends.  
Howl at the moon.  
Hear my tail that you might follow.

All that I survey is mine,  
If I do not lift my eyes too far.”

Howl at the moon my friends. Come listen to the tail of our brethren... Russ. Feel the warm lips of an Elvin Princess as she wraps her lips around his cock. Sense her desire. Feel her need. Relax and feel his cock ease down her throat as if it was your own. Look down on her, her head in your crotch. Gaze upon her beauty, her love, and her desire. Notice the color of her eyes as she looks heavenward to see if the dance she does with her lips meets with your approval. Her eyes are blue. They are the deepest, darkest, bluest eyes of an Elvin Princess in full bloom. Glinting in the moonlight, they are the color of blue steel, of metallic paint. They are the color of an expensive sports car racing down a mountain road late at night many moons ago.

He was a reckless Elvin lad. He wanted too much, all that his eyes could see. He did not know his place. He did not know respect. The half dozen cars following down the mountain road were filled with police officers. Their sirens blaring, blue lights flashing in the night. When they caught up with him, they were going to teach him respect.

The Elf was busy with the road. He did not know that a helicopter, even now, flew across the bay. He did not know that

the end of the road had already been sealed by a roadblock. Blindly he raced ahead.

Cool, detached; unimpaired by the flow of time, Russ looked on. He flew with the chopper and wound ahead to the roadblock. He fell back and mingled with the police cars. He let the Elf speed on. The Elf would/has crashed into the roadblock of this we are certain, of this, the courts agree.

Around the last turn, Russ hopped into the Elf's body, threw his soul out the window, and slammed on the brakes.

The police were humans. They did notice the Elf's soul fly through the air. They did not see it impact the roadblock. Nor did they see it twinkle away into a glitter of dust.

They saw Russ. They saw an Elf wanted for armed robbery, murder, and more. They saw someone who needed an ass kicking.

Russ did not resist. He did not give them cause to fire their weapons. He let them beat him. He smiled as he passed out. It had been a long time since he had tasted anything. Even the taste of his own blood, was sweet and refreshing.

It was an interesting legal case, if you find legal cases to be interesting. The body was guilty, but the soul, which inhabited it, was free of guilt. The Elf had come from a noble family of high birth. They did not want the attention or publicity. The case disappeared quietly. Russ was given the body, his freedom, and a warning.

"If you ever return to Elvin Home, you will be killed. You can have the body, but not the name. If you ever try to claim title, you will cease to be."

And, it is here that we learn our first lesson. Rather than arguing the point, or even saying something silly like, "I am forever in your debt," which would have placed a burden on the Elf as well. Russ merely lowered his head and replied. "Thank you. You are most generous."

"Yes. Yes we are," and that was the last of Russ's dealings with the Elf's people.

Having a body that feels, a heart that pumps blood, which flows through veins, which bleeds... The desire can be overwhelming. How many among us have ridden a new body only to have our time cut short after a month, a week, a day, or even an hour, because we were too anxious in our need.

Take heed of Russ. He had chosen an Elf. Violence or bloodshed aside, he has thousands of years yet. Let this guide you.

Nor did Russ choose a life of crime, as is so often the case with our kind. He was happy to sleep on rooftops, under bridges, at the ends of trash filled alleys, rather than break into a house, rob, or steal. He worked odd jobs. He ran errands. He played fetch. He stood guard. These things are not complicated. Those of the Dog Star have a reputation for performing these tasks well. Do not tarnish this reputation or you may find you do not have a home to come back to when the flesh grows weak.

I see you grow restless. Let us return for a moment to our Elvin Princess. Let her mouth envelope your flesh. Let her tongue twirl and dance. Let her lips speak her love. This night, she has diamonds in her hair. She kneels on a pillow before you and but for a white insubstantial filament she is naked. Gaze on her glory. Thrust deep and listen to her sing your praises, but remember, this is not how it started.

*There's an idea in there somewhere, probably of a writer living vicariously through his books and dreams. The next day, I did not find this compelling, so I did not continue. Sometimes, I wonder why I ever started. Oh, I know, I wanted to race down a mountain road and enjoy the pleasures of a Hot Elvin Lass, I guess that would explain it.*