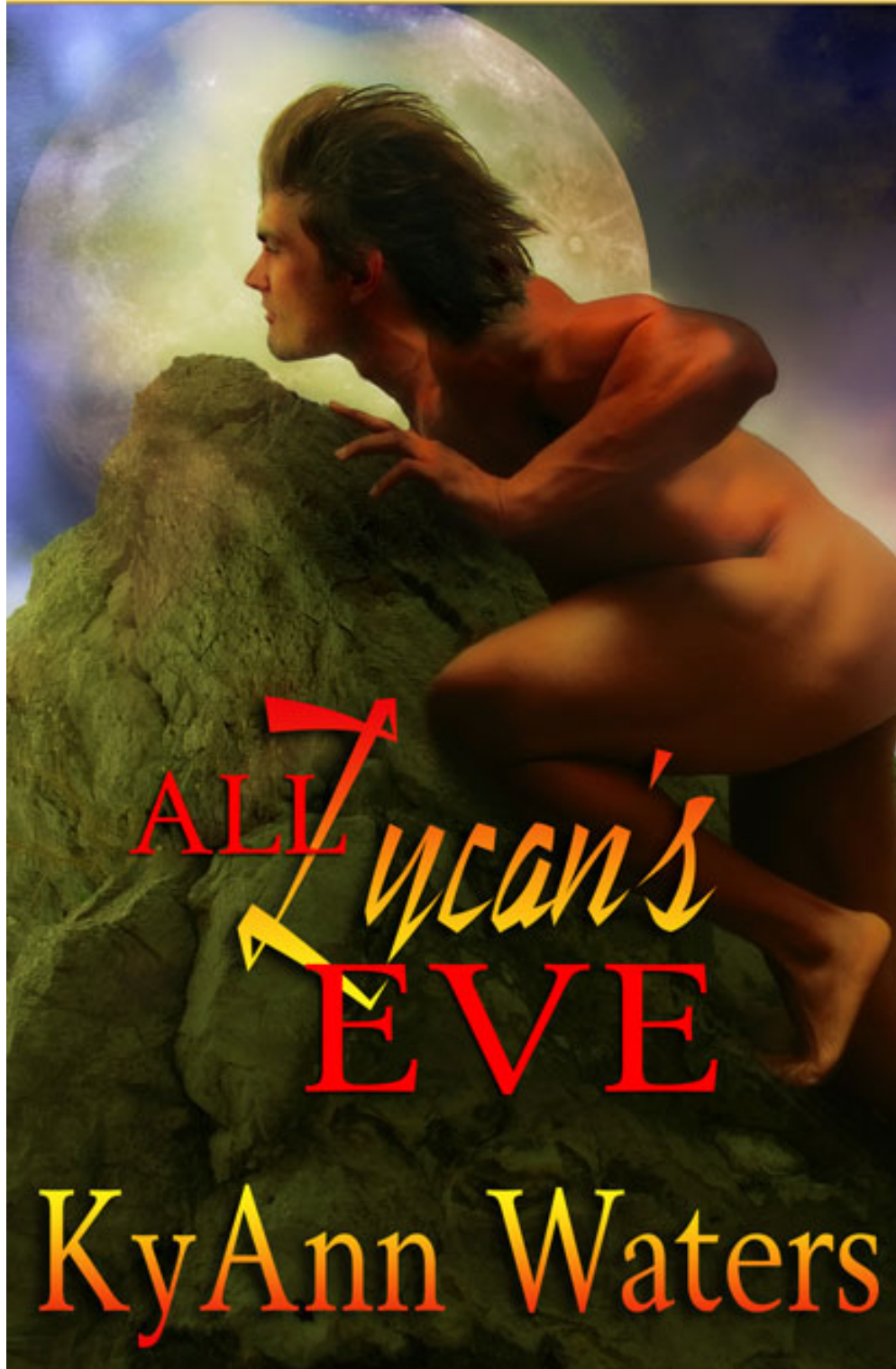


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



ALL *Vulcan's* EVE

KyAnn Waters

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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All Lycan's Eve

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ALL LYCAN'S EVE

KyAnn Waters

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Chapter One

"I made it a point to step on every sidewalk crack while I was growing up."

Callie Jones glanced up from inventory invoices displayed on the computer monitor.

Jewels plopped down in the chair in front of her desk. "And do you know what it got me?"

Callie raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"Nothing. My mother has slowly been pushing me toward the edge of a steep, jagged cliff with her opinions on my wedding." Jewels' green eyes narrowed. "I swear to God, I'll jump before I walk down the aisle in a fluffy white dress looking like biker-bar Cinderella."

"I can't see you as a typical bride." Callie had never known a woman like Jewels. Tattoos, left eyebrow pierced with a steel bar, and a kick-ass attitude that could curdle milk. If Callie didn't know Jewels was a sweetheart, she'd be scared shitless. Maybe that's why Callie liked her so well. She was sort of like a personal guard dog. Callie smirked. And the best part, Jewels hated Callie's ex-husband, the lying bastard.

Alex, her ex, had walked out on their twenty-year marriage to *find* himself. What kind of bullshit was that? Evidently, the kind of shit he'd been feeding her throughout their farce of a marriage. Not that she was bitter. Well, maybe bitter like dark chocolate. Someone out there would appreciate her flavor—smooth, but with bite. The man just might need to be a glutton for—well, punishment didn't seem like the right word since all she really wanted from a man was sex. Curl your toes, bite the pillow, eyes rolling into the back of the head sex that Callie had only read about. Jewels had a great sex life. But Callie tired of living vicariously through a woman ten years her junior and who

was also engaged to be married. Callie wasn't ready for the complications of a relationship. She was a woman with emotional baggage she needed to dump.

"Is your mother still insisting on a church wedding?" Callie shut down her computer. After opening her bottom drawer, she grabbed her purse. "You should remind her that traditional trappings don't guarantee a good marriage."

"She's lucky I'm not eloping," Jewels said. "I can't take it. The wedding is three months away and I don't even know if I want to get married anymore. You see, that's the problem with dating for years before you get engaged. I've had time to think, reconsider, change my mind and then start all over again. Shouldn't I be totally in love and excited at the very thought of spending forever with my husband? All I feel is trepidation. Am I just a nervous bride, or is the light dawning? I don't know what I want. But I have an exceptionally clear picture of what I don't want."

"What I had." Callie had sacrificed her young years to a man who never considered her needs. She'd argue whether he ever really loved her. She'd given her best years to Alex. Saw him through school, helped build his career and waited for the perfect time to start a family. That never happened. Then one day, he left. So her model year might have a few dents, but like a classic Cadillac she wanted to believe she improved with age. However, Alex had already outgrown the sexy sport coupe and now he and the new woman in his life drove a minivan.

Callie couldn't imagine starting a family at forty. More poignant, she wouldn't. Wishing for what she could never have would only bring on another bout of depression. Not that she'd want children with Alex anymore. But if she could turn back the clock, having children would've completed her life.

Callie stood and draped her purse over her shoulder. "Well, I married Alex right out of high school and I still got screwed." She chuckled. "That happens to be the only thing I miss about Alex and my marriage." She raised her brows and twitched her lips. "The getting screwed, I mean."

"Alex was a good fuck, huh?"

“My experience is limited, but yes, he could be a good lover. The only thing I can complain about is that he made me feel fragile. His touch was gentle. Sometimes I wished he'd been dominant, aggressive. I think about Klingons in *Star Trek* and I want a Worf.”

Jewels laughed. “You know what we need?” Jewels' tongue piercing clinked against her front teeth. “Hot, uncomplicated, stranger sex.” Jewels' hands stroked the armrests of the chair. “I've had enough of the surfer type, with blond hair and a sinewy build. I want the Brawny Man with a rugged face and big hands. Over-inflated muscles, broad shoulders, big thighs and he must know how to wrap a woman into a bear hug before he throws her to the floor and fucks her unconscious. Oh, and a guy who doesn't talk much and loves to eat pussy. What would your perfect lover be like?”

Getting into the spirit, Callie dropped her purse back to the desk and sat. “Alex was a considerate lover, always taking the time to make sure I had an orgasm, but he never got wild.”

“I dated, well I can't say dated, but I spent a couple of weeks fucking a gynecologist.”

“Yours?”

“Hell no.” Jewels cringed. “But there is something to say for a man who has a map of a woman's pussy on the wall of his office. He'd obviously studied hard, and that wasn't the only thing he did hard. He should have gone into triage. He'd fuck me across the floor until I had rug burns up my spine. And his cock—”

“Wait.” Callie put up her hand. “Do I want to hear any more of this? Jewels, some of your stories are scary.”

Jewels wagged her brows. “A little fear can heighten responses. Once he strapped me into the stirrups at his office. You'd be surprised how many ways you can fuck on an exam table.”

“Oh jeezus.”

“That’s what he said when I shoved my finger in his ass. Playing doctor is kinky. But I think it was the first time he got tit for tat. I drove him crazy.”

“That’s what I want, to make a man lose control.” Her eyes lowered, and then met Jewels’ stare as she prepared to confess her fantasy. “I want a young stud. Twenty-five would be nice. Long, dark, untamed hair, piercing eyes, and he must be completely enamored by me. I want to bring out the animal in someone. I want it rough.”

“Don’t forget a big cock.” Jewels laughed. “And a heavy sac with sensitive balls.”

“That’s specific. Do balls really differ that much in size and sensitivity?”

“A man’s balls are like a woman’s breasts. We all have them, but there aren’t two sets alike.”

Callie laughed.

“We should do it. Come to the club with me tonight. We’ll pick up a couple of one-night stands, get dirty, and clean up tomorrow.”

“Do you really think I’ll fit in at your club? I’m forty. Men in their twenties call me ma’am. They don’t call me for a date.”

“Hey, I’m thirty. As long as the guy is old enough to be in a twenty-one and over club, I’m not asking for I.D.”

“I’ll pass. You have fun, but be careful.”

“Callie, you’re hot. If I was into girls, I’d do you.”

Callie answered with a snort.

“You’ve got a rockin’ body. Your tits are fabulous.”

“Thanks to Alex’s alimony and a good surgeon,” Callie said.

“There isn’t a man alive who wouldn’t want to fist his hands in your hair, yank your head back, and fill your mouth with his tongue immediately followed by his cock.”

Callie furrowed her brows. “Jewels! Too much description. You aren’t allowed to imagine that much detail about me...You really think so?”

Jewels wagged her brows. "Men love a natural blonde."

"Yikes! No more." She covered her ears. "And I used to be a natural blonde before the gray forced me into highlights and root touch-ups."

"But you're right," Jewels said. "You wouldn't fit in unless we dyed your hair magenta and covered your body with a bunch of temporary tattoos." She sighed and then sat up with a start. "Why don't you go hook up with a stud at a cougar club?"

"Cougars? I don't want to score with an aging jock sports fan." Callie stood and walked around her desk.

"Cougars aren't jocks," Jewels said as she stood. "They're women who are divorced and looking to get laid without the commitment. Strictly sex."

Callie turned off her office light and pulled the door closed. They walked through the dress shop. Her dress shop. Callie had opened *Fashion Madam* after the divorce. It represented Callie's independence and her own money. The store had undergone a complete metamorphosis for the Halloween season. Normally, elegant prom dresses and bridal gowns were arranged on the right side of the store and on the left were unique dresses, skirts, and business casual wear for women who didn't want to look like everyone else buying their wardrobes from the traditional department stores. Callie took chances with new designers. It was the only place where she took chances.

"A Cougar would wear this." Jewels pulled a slinky evening dress from the rack. "Only I think there is a prerequisite for women who consider themselves cougars. They smoke."

"I'm not taking up a habit to get laid."

Jewels returned the dress to the rack and smoothed the material so it wouldn't wrinkle. "It's probably for the best. A cougar knows how to freshen her lipstick without removing her cigarette from between her lips." Jewels smiled over her shoulder at Callie. "Besides, you're going to be looking to put something bigger between your lips."

Somehow Callie had struck a unique balance when she hired Jewels. Rich women seemed to like the contrast of beautiful clothes and Jewels' edginess. Thankfully, Jewels knew to curb her remarks in front of customers.

"You seem to know a lot about the mating habits of cougars," Callie said.

"Considering my outlook on marriage I'd say I'm a cougar in training, otherwise known as a puma."

"Ahh." Callie circled the racks, fixing a few out-of-place dresses. "Then you're planning to be divorced."

"Always best to have a contingency plan." Jewels smirked. "Everyone I know has been divorced. No one mates for life anymore. "

It was Halloween and instead of designer business suits, Jewels had convinced Callie to bring in sexy dresses slit to the ass. *High priced Elvira dresses*. At first Callie had been concerned her clientele would cringe at the scandalous additions. They hadn't. Sales were good.

"Alex didn't like me to give him blow jobs," Callie said, running her fingers over a sexy, black costume dress. "He didn't particularly like giving oral sex either."

"Alex is an ass." They made their way to the front of the store. "You want a man who doesn't want you to wear panties so he can finger fuck you under the table when you're at a restaurant or the movie theater."

"Jewels!" Callie laughed. "I wouldn't have sex in public."

Jewels talked while Callie locked the doors. "Cougars are sharp-clawed man-eaters who go to the bar just to get laid. They like their men young and hung. And here is the kicker. The men who go to cougar bars are just that. They're hot and looking to get laid. Now I wouldn't know if they're hung, but Callie, you should find out. It's a win/win situation."

"I've never heard of a cougar. The woman you're describing sounds more like a shark."

Jewels gave a snort and then giggled. "Who cares as long as you get to sink your teeth into a prime piece of beef?"

"So where do I find a cougar club?"

Jewels shrugged. "Go online and Google cougar bars. I'm sure you'll hit on something."

"Maybe, but it seems my vibrator is a lot less work."

They walked through the deserted parking lot. The waxing moon cast a bright glow. "It'll be a full moon on Halloween. Maybe your mysterious man will act on his wild animal impulses and come and ravage you during the night."

Callie rolled her eyes. "I'd have to have a man in my life first. Or do you suggest I leave my bedroom window open?"

The howl of a wolf sounded in the distance. "Oooh. The animals are restless. Maybe it's the moon."

"Or maybe the stray dogs in the neighborhood are in heat."

"I know I am," Jewels said.

Callie chuckled. "Me too."

Jewels waved goodbye and got into her car. "See you tomorrow."

Chapter Two

Kean Phelan sighed deeply. Tomorrow night couldn't come soon enough. Lately the elders of the pack had been hounding him and he desperately needed a distraction. Apparently it was time he stepped up to his responsibilities, chose a mate and bonded. Someday soon he would, but not today.

Kean sniffed the air. Without making a sound, he crossed the sparsely decorated room and opened the apartment door. Aiden and Melville strode down the hall. Both tall and striking, the males of his pack all had similar coloring. Like brothers, when in their wolf form they carried the same markings.

"We thought you could use a bit of cheering," Melvin said.

"Heard you got another lecture from your old man," Aiden said and then smiled, showing gleaming white teeth.

"Nothing I haven't been told a thousand times." There were days when Kean hated his position within the pack. Even his name reflected his lineage. Kean Phelan, ancient wolf. Not one for authority, he didn't want to follow nor give directions. He wasn't ready to give up his friends and the fun that came from youth to be their leader. Yet he recognized the time had come. In the lifecycle of a werewolf, a hundred-and-twenty-four years old was the prime of life. In addition, it was the age when a male took a wolf mate. "I take it you received the same sermon." Aiden and Melville needed a bit of cheering themselves. Kean was to be their leader as alpha male and they were to be his personal Lycan council. Because of that, tomorrow night would be Aiden's and Melville's farewell to freedom as well.

Kean chuckled with a nod of his head and closed the door. "I can't wait to sink my teeth into a willing woman." He raised an eyebrow. "Figuratively speaking, of course." Because to bite a human made them part of the pack, made them Lycan.

Melville twisted the lid off a long neck bottle of beer. "Aye mate, you give me heart a bit of a jolt. You sounded like your da. Seeing how he's finally convinced you to take your place."

"Ah, that he has, but not this Halloween."

"I'll drink to that." Aiden tipped his bottle in agreement and drank.

Kean laughed. "You drink to anything."

With a heavy heart, Kean acknowledged and accepted that this year's Halloween party would be his last. His father grew tired of the burdens of leadership. Those burdens would soon be Kean's. He understood duty. More than that, it would be his responsibility to ensure the continued secrecy of their society and see to the financial obligations of the pack.

Kean walked to the bank of floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city. Moonlight spilled onto the balcony. His blood stirred, heated, and pumped into his groin. Hairs on the back of his neck prickled. Tomorrow night couldn't come soon enough.

The invitations had been sent. The escorts hired to entertain at the party were well acquainted with the pack. Instincts were made acute by the full moon, a dangerous time for a werewolf to run the streets. The need to rut could drive a young pup out of his mind. Kean provided the females for their lust and a safe environment for the mating frenzy. And like the Lycan, the women had a secret to protect—their profession. The older, seasoned women were paid well to ensure discretion. And they enjoyed the festivities. The wolves preferred prostitutes for their fucking pleasure, ones who weren't easily intimidated. However, none of the males from his pack would fuck a whore while in full canine form. The sacred bonding was reserved only for mated wolves. Understandable, considering the mind link two wolves experienced while joined.

Kean's focus shifted away from the city. The yellow glow from the eyes of the wolf dwelling inside of him reflected in the window. He wanted to run through the streets,

howl at the moon and fuck. However, with the full moon a day away, it was too dangerous, reckless and irresponsible. He'd just been lectured by his father. As alpha male, he must set an example to the pack, *his clan*. It was also his duty and the time to find his alpha female.

"I'll take one of those beers," he said to Aiden.

* * * * *

Callie sighed as she sat behind the wheel driving home.

Maybe she should take some of Jewels' advice. Did she have the nerve to go to a bar, flirt with a young man, and then proposition him for a night of hot, raunchy sex? Sure, it'd be just her luck to start up a conversation with a guy, flirt like an amateur, and then find out the man was only being nice to the lonely old lady, sipping a drink. Even if he did say yes, would she bring him to her house or get a cheap hotel? Going home with a man who still lived with mom and dad was out of the range of possibilities.

Callie smiled, pulling into her garage. After she unlocked the door, she stepped into *her* condo. It had taken some time, but her new place finally felt like home. Comfy couches, mood lighting, and walls elegantly decorated with prints by Georgia O'Keeffe—all the things Alex hated. And the prize, the bathroom with fluffy pink rugs and rose petals to float in the jetted tub built for two.

After slipping off her shoes, she walked down the hall. The thick carpet felt good between her toes. She entered her sanctuary, a bedroom accented with colors of maroon and gold. She envisioned herself as a queen in the four-poster brass bed. With no prince to share it. She chuckled because she'd had enough of living with a king who thought he ruled the castle.

She stripped off her blouse, and then changed into a sports bra, bike shorts and athletic shoes. She turned on the TiVo to catch up on *Days of Our Lives*, and glanced at the stationary bike. With a sigh, she climbed on and started to pedal. Normally, Callie

could focus on the television show and forget about the burn, but today the desktop computer in the corner of the room kept her rapt attention. *Cougar club. Just Google it.*

Callie stopped pedaling and stared at the computer. She once swore she'd never be desperate enough to turn to the internet for a date. Never say never. Getting off her bike, she walked across the room. She could rationalize anything given the right motivation. Look how she'd handled her marriage. Poised above the power button, her hand trembled.

What the hell. She pressed the button and then shut off the T.V. with the remote while the computer powered up. The machine hummed to life and beeped as the screen illuminated the room with a blue glow.

Callie sat in the chair and accessed the internet. A few key strokes and then Google appeared across the screen. Her fingers twitched and tingled. Before she lost her nerve, she typed *Cougars*.

A list appeared on the screen. Hmm, well there were plenty of sites, all dealt with the wild animals. Yes, she did want a wild animal, but not the four-legged kind.

Didn't she want a big cock attached to a hard body and bedroom eyes that gazed at her with longing? This was about realizing a fantasy. Whoever Mr. Mysterious was he wouldn't simply make love. He'd fuck her until she screamed. Her pussy clenched imagining the full strokes banging against the top of her channel. Great, now she was starting to think like Jewels. Callie licked her upper lip and tried another search.

Okay, *cougar date* had a couple hits that were more precise. Wow! There was actually a dating service for cougars. Callie clicked into the site and chuckled. She wanted more than cyber sex. Moving down the list, she found another link. She entered her zip code to check for cougar clubs in the area.

No luck. She rested her elbow on the desk and drummed her fingers against her cheek. How far would she be willing to commute for hot sex? According to Jewels, the prospects were worth the drive. Widening the search, she looked for anything within a fifty mile radius.

Surprise released butterflies in her tummy. She sat straighter in the chair. She had two hits for clubs within driving distance.

She clicked on each one in quick succession. They were both possibilities. Not specifically cougar clubs, they simply offered cougar night at the club. One held cougar night on Thursdays. With the other club, cougar night was held on the first Friday of the month. A smile played across Callie's lips. The smile started a rumble in her chest that exploded into a full-bodied laugh. That would give her a little over a week to summon the courage. She would find a way to go.

Callie looked at the clock and groaned. Time seemed to stand still when she surfed the net. The shop would be swamped tomorrow with last-minute costume shoppers. Selling Halloween costumes in the dress shop had been Jewel's brilliant idea. Hopefully her advice on cougar clubs proved just as inspired.

The following morning Jewels already had the racks organized and the surplus costumes displayed before Callie arrived. Running the shop was pleasant with Jewels' help. "Good morning." Callie balanced two lattes in a cardboard drink carrier. "Four shots of espresso because we're going to need all the energy we can get."

Jewels followed her to the back office. "You certainly seem in a good mood."

Callie set the drinks on the desk and booted up her computer. "You'll never guess what I did last night."

Jewels sat in the chair and draped her legs over the armrest. "I hope that's an 'O' glow on your cheeks."

"No, I haven't had an orgasm yet, but I think I know where I can find one." Callie logged into the internet to show her the clubs.

"Pull your chair over." Callie scooted over to make room. "I took your advice."

The computer chimed, announcing Callie had incoming email. She clicked on the icon. Most of her incoming mail was from suppliers or spam. One subject header leaped off the screen and hit her in the tummy. *A Halloween Party.*

Jewels slid her chair next to Callie. "What's up?"

"I don't like to open email when I don't know who it's from."

"Open it. That's why you have filters."

"I must have been put on someone's mailing list when I went looking for clubs last night."

"All right, Callie. So open the email."

Callie clicked on the email and read the text aloud. "*Hey Cindy,*"

"Mystery solved. The email isn't for me. I logged on last night as C. Jones."

The message continued. "*Until I saw you on the lists last night, I'd forgotten that I told you I'd get you an e-vite to this year's Halloween Cougar party at The Beowulf Club. Don't worry about not knowing anyone. I'll be there to introduce you around. I told Kean about you. These guys actually prefer their dates mature. Isn't he sweet not to call us old? These guys are a breed unlike any other. And I mean that literally. I've attached the e-vite. You can't get in without it. I don't need to explain the details, you know what to expect. Fabulous fucking! So print it off and I'll see you tomorrow night. I can't wait to meet you in person. Dress for the party. We're cougars, so sharpen your claws. (These young guys like it that way.) Deb.*"

"You have to go." Jewels grabbed Callie's arm. "This is opportunity knocking."

"But the invitation isn't for me. Whoever Deb is, she knows I'm not the C. Jones she emailed. Then what?"

"Who cares? And you read it. She's never met Cindy in person so she probably doesn't know what she looks like. Print the e-vite, get into the club, and have a good time. Don't waste the night looking for a perfect guy. I know you. You'll overanalyze until you convince yourself not to go through with it." Jewels leaned back in the chair and stared at the computer screen. "In fact, I dare you to use the invite. Think of it as an adventure. And you know what? I'm going to go on a sexual adventure of my own."

“You’re engaged.”

“And I need this weekend to decide if I still want to be. Between my mother and my fiancé, I’m ready to bag the whole thing. They are both making me miserable. But we are fixing you and your boring life. You’re forty and don’t need to continue to be a martyr for failed marriages.” She glanced at Callie. “I’m serious. Use this invitation and go to the party. I’ll figure out something for myself, and we meet back here Monday morning. I’ll bring hot lattes. You better bring a damn hot story to share. Promise you’ll do it, Callie. Don’t talk yourself out of it.”

Callie put her hand on the computer mouse. Excitement heated her blood. When was the last time she’d lived on the edge? Exactly, never. She moved the cursor to the attachment, brought up the invitation and clicked on print. With a deep breath, she acknowledged she didn’t have a little over a week to convince herself to go to a cougar club. She had a day to convince herself not to.

Chapter Three

Callie sat in her car and watched women wearing high heels and an assortment of Halloween costumes entering the nightclub. These looked like women who patronized her dress shop. Good hell, she hadn't thought about running into clients. Were the women she knew secretly *cougars*?

Jewels had been right. The men lingering in the parking lot were young and handsome. How in the world did a club manage to attract so many beautiful people? She hadn't really believed that there were women who considered themselves cougars, and that young men actually wanted to score with middle-aged women. Yet it appeared to be true.

She took her small clutch and dropped her car keys in with her lipstick, a shade to match her nail polish, and a handful of condoms. Not that she needed a handful, but she remained optimistic that whomever she met tonight would go for more than one round of hot, sticky sex. Tonight was about forgetting the real Callie. She took her cell phone, switched off the ringer and tossed it into the small purse also. Nothing would spoil tonight. She was here, damn it. And ready to party.

The full moon glowed eerily high above. Muted blue and gray darkened the shifting sky. Smoke-like clouds drifted against the starless canopy. Chills raced along her arms. Whether from the nip in the air or the excitement of the night to come, she wasn't sure.

Her *come-fuck-me* high heels clicked on the blacktopped parking lot as she strutted her way to the double doors of the club. The street lamps were dim and spaced far apart exacerbating the tension in the air. The atmosphere surrounding the club seemed almost otherworldly.

"Hello," a deep baritone voice spoke.

Callie made eye contact with the young man who stood amongst a small group of men just a few feet from the club doors. His bright eyes skimmed her body and then settled back on her face. A smile spread across his lips.

“Happy Halloween,” she said in a voice she prayed didn’t reveal her nervousness as she walked past. Her heart pounded. Energy zinged along her nerve endings. Unbelievable. She knew the dress hugged every curve she possessed. The heels sculpted her calves, but didn’t do much for her height. There wasn’t a big difference between five-two and five-five. She still looked up at everyone she met. Her fingers tingled when she reached for the printed invitation in her purse. Hopefully, the doorman wouldn’t ask for a driver’s license. There wasn’t a chance for her to be mistaken for underage, but if the doorman had a list to compare names and invitations, with proof of I.D., she’d be in trouble. The invitation clearly stated Cindy Jones. She could only hope that Cindy hadn’t somehow received another invitation and arrived at the Halloween party first. Callie’s other obstacle went by the name of Deb, the woman who sent the email.

She entered the club. It opened into a large lobby. The muted thump of music drummed into her chest. Callie stepped into a dimly lit corner and watched two women approach the bouncer taking invitations.

“Good evening, ladies.” The man with bulging biceps took their invitations and stuffed them into a box without even looking at the names. Wonderful. Callie moved away from the wall. She would smile and hand over her invitation.

“And Tegan—” One of the women glanced over her shoulder before she walked away. “I expect you to sniff me out later. We never did get to know each other last time.”

Crap! Of course he didn’t look at the invitation. He knew these women.

“Do you think you can handle me?”

The woman strutted back to his side, licked the corner of her upper lip, and leaned into his broad shoulder. “Oh yes, but you may need a friend to hold me down.”

The bouncer growled, showing white teeth through his smile.

The woman wagged her finger. Then her long, red, artificial nail scratched along his whisker-covered jaw. "You can growl, but no biting." She pulled her finger back just as Tegan snapped his jaw.

Callie's tummy flipped and her chest tightened. Yes! Exactly that! The sexual exchange was what she wanted. She had to try to flirt her way past the doorman. What was the worst thing they could do? Ask her to leave. With a flip to her hair, and swing to her hips, she sashayed to the bouncer.

"Hello, Tegan." She handed over her invitation.

His nearly black eyes scrutinized her face. "Do I know you?"

"Do you want to?" Was that her voice dripping with innuendo?

His gaze raked her body, stripping her defenses. She could feel the stare burning into her flesh. The man radiated sexual energy. She must have the image of a cougar correct if the first young stud wagging his tongue found her hot.

"Should I put my invitation in your box?" She held the folded piece of paper between her fingers.

He took the paper and briefly glanced at the name. "Cindy, I'm more interested in discovering what's in your box."

She consciously kept her mouth from dropping open. Even in the movies, people exchanged casual conversation before brazen sexual invitation. However, she was crashing their party. And she had no idea what typical behavior for a cougar club included. "Then I suppose I'll see you later."

He inhaled long and deep, sniffing the air. His eyes glazed over. "You might not recognize me, but I'll find you."

She didn't offer a reply, simply smiled, slid past him, and walked down the wide but short corridor.

Oh hell, her hands shook. Hot and wild, her blood raced through her veins. She took a deep breath and took note of her surroundings.

The men's room was on one side of the hall and the women's on the other. Her heel slipped on the polished wood floor so she toned down her sashay. She'd make quite an impression falling flat on her face when entering the main room.

Laughter mingled with music. Her pulse raced and her palms grew damp. She stopped at the threshold and took a steadying breath while she scanned the large room.

It looked like a typical lounge, except there weren't many tables. Bodies danced in the center of the room on a large dance floor. She couldn't say there were couples because it seemed to be a group dance, everyone grinding and gyrating against each other to the heavy beat emanating from the sound system. Along the perimeter of the room, a counter was anchored to the wall. A sentinel of backless bar stools stretched the length.

Callie's knees locked and her feet wobbled in the heels. Trying to appear calm yet seductive, she smoothed her dress and sauntered to the bar. *Roar!* Time to release the cougar. She nearly laughed. She really had no idea what she was doing.

* * * * *

Fuck! Sweat trickled down Kean's spine. Fuck, fuck! Every muscle tightened painfully, including his cock swelling in his jeans. Saliva pooled in the back of his mouth. A feral growl rolled from his chest as his canines lengthened to sharp points. Sweet, heady pheromones drifted on the air. Kean refused to turn around. This was not happening. *Fuck instinct.*

He had to look. Fierce, driving hunger tore through his gut. The hairs on his arms thickened. Fighting down the need to shift, he took a deep breath. Big mistake. Her essence filled his nose, flaring his nostrils. Ethmoidal cells, deep in the back of his throat, committed her scent to memory.

The woman sauntered up to the bar. He could smell her sex, wet and ripe. Closing his eyes, he reached under the table, unable to stop himself from stroking his cock through the thick denim. Of all the places to find his mate... Hell no! His hand jerked. His mate was not a prostitute. However, he would claim her for his own pleasure tonight.

Taking his drink from the table, he crossed the room, feeling the adrenaline of the hunt heat his blood. Colored overhead lighting reflected off her hair hanging past her shoulders in silky blonde waves. High heels led to trim calves and sexy, curved hips. She hitched that hip onto the bar stool and then slid fully onto the seat. Others smelled the strong scent of her pussy, wet with her juices. The bitch was in heat. Only she wasn't a bitch. She was human. Her musk drew the males, seeking a taste of the nectar between her legs. Rage boiled in his gut when she turned and smiled at the pup on her left.

Like all the women at the party, her maturity was evident in her confident posture. As if she felt his stare, she glanced in his direction. She was what he found most attractive in an older human woman. Most wolves preferred fucking mature women. Experienced with life and not looking for a permanent relationship, far less potential for complications. Not to mention, he needed a woman in her sexual prime. A werewolf's mating prowess exceeded human males at all levels. Aggressive, dominant, a wolf demanded his bitch submit.

Kean softened the stiffness of his lips and smiled when he moved toward the woman in heat. She spun on her chair, crossed her silk-covered legs, and boldly watched him approach. He liked confidence.

Something shifted in her scent. Beneath the subtle fragrance of her perfume, she began to sweat. He made her nervous. Her dangling foot began to jiggle. Waves of strong sexual desire radiated off her honeyed flesh making his heart race and his blood pump, droning out the heavy thump of the music.

Tonight the emotions coiling tight in his stomach confused him. He should only want to bury his cock in her silken sheath and rut under the moon in his human-wolf form. Instead, her intelligent eyes and full lips plucked at his heartstrings. His instinct was to care for her. Christ, these were feelings a wolf felt for his mate. *Not a Halloween hooker!*

Chapter Four

"Hello." Callie's heart hammered in her chest, causing her breath to catch in her throat. She had never seen eyes ringed with gold. Dark hair hung in sexy disarray to his shoulders. It was as if her fantasy emerged from the shadows. Black stubble covered his strong jaw, but rather than looking rough and rangy, he looked dangerous. Mysterious.

"Do you want to dance?"

His deep voice dripped with innuendo. How could a simple request make her pussy quiver? She glanced from his face to the dance floor.

Callie needed to remember she was a cougar with claws and that these men didn't want docile, scorned divorcees fawning over them. The chase worked both ways.

Thick lips tilted into a smile. He held his large hand out to her. Locking her gaze on his fingers, she noticed the whorl of hair between his knuckles. Strong, long and nicely shaped, but oddly, his index and middle finger were the same length. Neatly trimmed, clean fingernails had large moons at the cuticle. She slid her hand into his. Gentle pressure wrapped around her fingers. Heat from his palm traveled up her arm, tickling the fine hairs with awareness.

Their eyes locked and her tummy fluttered. Mesmerized by the intensity, it was impossible to turn away. Barely aware of her trembling knees, she stood and then he led her to the dance floor, moving to the center of the room.

The music vibrated, keeping beat with her heart. Wrapping her hands over his shoulders, he aligned their bodies. Energy buzzed around them creating an intimate cocoon. His hands rested on her hips. The silky material of her dress heightened the awareness of the heat in his hands.

"What's your name?"

Her pulse jumped. Should she tell him the truth? Telling him her name was Cindy could prove disastrous if he knew the real Cindy. Calming the clamoring in her chest, she said, "Callie." It wasn't likely he'd know everyone. "And you?"

"Don't you know?" he whispered, pulling her close.

"Is that a pick-up line?" Oh hello, the hard heat of his cock pressed into her abdomen. She shifted to gauge the exact length and girth. They bumped and swayed to the music. Whether the provocative dance or physical chemistry, she felt the effect. His erection pressed more intimately against her cleft. Hard and wondrous, she angled her body to feel it again.

"Do I need a line?"

"Every woman likes to know she's desirable." And with his hands on her hips, his breath in her ear, and desire growing between them, he accomplished that. "Feed me a line so I know you're interested."

"I'll feed you anything you want."

She leaned back so she could look into his hypnotic eyes. "Hmm, that sounds interesting...and wide open for interpretation."

"I invited you," he whispered, pulling her close again. "This is my party."

Warm, moist breath against her temple sent tingles chasing up her arm. Reckless, dangerous thoughts ricocheted in her mind. Hadn't Jewels told her to take the first man? Intimate thoughts of this man heated her flesh. Strangely aware of what he wanted, she trailed her fingers down his chest. "Are you looking for someone special tonight?" She traced the solid line of muscles beneath his shirt.

"Something tells me you are special."

They stopped moving and their gazes locked. Music, the others on the dance floor, all ceased to exist while she stared into the yellow glow of his eyes. His hands blazed as they caressed her, moving to the curve of her ass. Her dress felt alarmingly thin, nearly

nonexistent under his touch. She traced her lip with her tongue. Damn, she wanted to kiss those full lips.

Evidently understanding, he released a low growl and brought her close. Oh, she was bringing out the animal in him! Growling and the hungry look in his eyes told her she might be dinner. She wondered what he liked to eat and hoped to God it was her.

"I love the animal noises. But you don't bite do you?"

"Biting is against the rules." He leaned in and nibbled her neck.

"Do you always play by the rules? Tonight I was sort of hoping to break a few." Good heavens, his mouth worked a miracle on her flesh. She felt his kiss in all her secret places. Her pussy was on fire.

"Who are you?" he hissed near her mouth.

"I told you, Callie Jones."

"You don't belong here."

She should've lied! He knew she didn't belong. Some fast talking had better work because now that she was here, she didn't want to go home alone. She pressed her breasts against his chest praying he couldn't feel the hammering of her heart. Cougars had claws. Time to find out if she had any.

"I received an invitation."

"But you aren't like the other women. There's something different about you." He sniffed long and deep. The stubble on his chin grazed the skin on her shoulder.

Callie slid her arms up his chest and around his neck. "I hope that's a good thing. Would you like a date for the night?"

"Are you offering?"

"It is a special night."

"I'd have to agree with that." His hand moved to cup her ass. He lifted her slightly until the hard ridge of his cock pressed against her swollen lips. Wet heat moistened her inner thighs. Nervous butterflies filled her stomach.

Callie wanted him. The acknowledgement sent a quickening of sexual awareness strumming through her. The way his body moved against hers expressed with perfect clarity how it would be between them. "Let's have a drink and discuss spending the rest of the evening together."

He held her hand and led her off the dance floor.

"Kean, you haven't introduced us." A huge man with thick black hair pulled into a ponytail blocked their path. However, she now knew the name of the man she'd been dancing with.

"And I don't intend to."

"To what?" the man asked. He put his nose to the air and sniffed. "Mmm. Sweet."

"Yes," Kean said and smiled. "And mine."

Kean angled his body so Callie stood behind him. She raised an eyebrow, not expecting possessiveness after one dance and a bit of sexual bantering.

"I'll find her when you've finished."

"Not tonight, my friend." Kean laughed and gave the man a friendly slap on the side of the arm. "Not ever."

The man stepped submissively aside.

Callie's crest of arousal rose another notch to fever temperature. "I guess you've proven your interest," Callie said.

"You had a doubt?"

They walked to the bar. Callie sat on a bar stool and Kean stood protectively behind her. His hand slipped into the slit on the back of her dress sending chills up her spine. Her pulse raced along with her imagination at the budding possibilities. She tilted into his touch. "Not anymore," she said.

His fingers danced seductively over her skin. He leaned in close and spoke near her ear. "What would you like to drink?"

She needed something strong that she could drink without gagging. Anxiety tightened her throat as his brazen exploration took him lower on her back. The slit stopped at the crack of her ass, but that didn't stop his fingers from dipping a bit lower. Callie inhaled through her nose and exhaled slowly. Damn, but she needed him. Until tonight, she hadn't realized just how deprived her body was from touch and her mind from desire. Her nerves tingled. She wanted to be alluring and open for a physical encounter. Having her voice crack with nervous tension wasn't going to make her sound sultry. "Something sweet."

"Like the lady?"

"I wouldn't say I'm sweet. Do sweet women come to these parties?" She didn't consider letting a man take liberties after ten minutes *sweet*. In fact she determined he was decidedly *not sweet* as his fingers on her back created delicious sensations in the tips of her tightened nipples. Just what she'd come looking for.

His eyebrow arched. "I wasn't referring to your temperament."

Oh my. The room heated, or was it just her? Kean ordered her a shot and something pink slid across the counter. He picked up the glass and handed it to Callie.

"Thank you." She tipped the shot glass to her lips. She breathed in the heavy scent of cherries. The fragrant elixir floated across her tongue and slid easily down her throat. Warmth radiated from her steaming inner core, flowing through her veins to her fingertips. "Delicious."

His head dipped. "It'll loosen you up."

Loose...she felt like liquid now.

At first, his lips barely brushed hers. Callie wanted much more. Parting her lips, she invited him in. Tentatively, she searched his mouth. His hot tongue stroked against hers as he quickly deepened the kiss. He turned her chair and moved closer. A low groan rumbled from his chest, finding its way into her breasts. His strong fingers caressed her neck and tunneled into her hair while he sucked her mouth. The pull of desire snaked into her pussy. She squeezed her thighs, trying to calm the intense throbbing between

her legs. A gush of honeyed warmth soaked through her panties. She moaned, taking his tongue into her mouth.

Disbelief warred with excitement. His fingers found the hem of her dress and inched it up her thighs. Callie broke from the kiss and placed her hands on his. "Someone will see."

"I don't care." He kissed her again. Fingers worked between her knees, then slid between her thighs. Breath froze in her lungs. Would he touch her? Please let him touch her. However, her legs snapped together and held.

Kean whispered against her lips. "Spread your legs."

She glanced around at the gyrating couples on the dance floor, the men at the bar, and the women reveling in their attention.

He gently nipped at her neck. "Please, Callie. Spread your legs. I want slide my fingers into your hot little cunt." He turned her chair until her back was to the bar.

Damn. Damn! *Damn*. She was about to spontaneously combust and he had yet to touch her. Unable to resist, she parted her legs. He stepped between her thighs, bent his knees, and slid his hand under her dress.

"You're right, sweet girls don't wear thigh-high nylons." His tongue touched the pulse point in her neck. "But a woman who wants to be fucked knows how to plan."

"I'm efficient." She spread her thighs as wide as her dress allowed.

Kean's finger tugged her panties out of the way. "You're so wet." Parting her dewy slit, he plunged into her hot channel. He forced his finger deep until the tip stroked and flicked roughly against the top of her pussy. He pulled partially out and then inserted a second finger. With lightning speed, his fingers moved back and forth.

"My hand is covered in your cream. I want you to come...right now."

Muscles bunched on his arm as he rhythmically thrust his fingers in and out.

"Oh god." She teetered on the precipice of a public orgasm.

Kean covered her mouth with his. Tongues tangled, stroked, sucked. The kiss grew frenzied.

His fingers twisted and turned inside her. Euphoria numbed her mind as her orgasm rocked her body. The walls of her cunt milked his fingers.

Unexpectedly, his other hand gripped her breast. He firmly pinched her nipple and jarred her out of the enveloping sexual mist.

Her eyes darted wildly from right to left. Men surrounded her. Music blended with the roar in her head. Maybe it was because the bar was dark and crowded, but she convinced herself no one noticed her violent release. In fact, she didn't think she'd ever come that hard.

"I can't believe I just had an orgasm in a bar." She wiped beneath her bottom lip with the pad of her finger to remove any lipstick smudging. "I think I might need another drink." Or two. Damn, she was hot.

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Fire blazed into his loins. The desire to fuck emerged powerfully, bringing his blood to a boil. He had to have her, now. Only Kean's intense awareness of her emotions kept him from dragging her to the floor and mounting her.

Primed and ready, the pull of her arousal wasn't just affecting him. Tension coiled in the guts of all the males sitting around them. The entire bar pulsed with sexual energy. And as the hour grew later, it would only intensify.

Kean noted the thready pulse in Callie's neck as she tossed her head back and drank the second shot. The liquor would help alleviate the apprehension he sensed within her. Once again, her contradictions confused him. She spoke, moved, and was ready to fuck like the other escorts, yet he smelled her uncertainty as strongly as her musky feminine essence.

About the time the alcohol hit her stomach, she shivered. "I want to dance." She leaned into him. "Would you dance with me?" She stood and her knees wobbled.

“Yes.” He would do anything to keep his hands on her.

Kean threaded his way through the hot, sticky bodies dancing and gyrating on the dance floor. Simulating sex intensified the release of pheromones. Finger fucking Callie at the bar had nearly been his undoing.

Kean supposed he should be grateful that she understood his kind. She wouldn't be here if she didn't. However, the unwritten rule regulating these parties was no biting. He made the rule. He'd be the one to break it. A bite would make her his. But until her body underwent the transformation, the need to release his wolf had to be tamped. Halloween hooker or not, she was his mate. It was only a matter of time before he joined with her in the sacred bonding.

Now his concern was for tonight. Once he sank his cock into her soft folds, a partial shift was inevitable. A wolf always began to change while mating, but stopped before becoming canine. Wolves only mounted wolves. Until she completed the metamorphosis, he'd have to wait to claim her. Like holding on until the last possible moment to orgasm, he wanted to be able to slide his shaft in and out of her cunt at the moment of his shift, combining the two greatest pleasures for a wolf.

That is, if she accepted him.

He nearly laughed thinking about what his father would say. He'd found his mate and she wasn't one of the she-wolves from the pack, but a prostitute from one of his notorious parties. He chuckled in spite of himself. That she was older and experienced didn't bother him. He'd be the only wolf to ever bed her once she carried his mark.

Kean wrapped one hand around her waist and let the other dangle at his side. Hips to hips, they moved to the music surrounding them. Callie trailed her fingers up his chest, over his shoulders, and laced them behind his neck. Liking the way she let him take the lead, he rocked his pelvis back and forth, leaving no doubt to the state of his arousal.

“Kean, I haven't met the lovely lassie.”

Melville moved up behind Callie. She stiffened in Kean's arms when Melville began to dance provocatively against her. Any other time Kean would've enjoyed sharing, but not tonight. About to put a stop to Melville's aggressiveness, he paused. With Melville behind her, Callie pressed closer, more intimately against Kean.

The elixir she'd drunk made her loose and fluid. The graceful lines of her soft body fit perfectly against his hard contours. In the group of dancers, they became part of the crush. Flashing colored lights moved to the heavy beat from the speakers.

Callie spread her thighs to align her heat with his. "Kean..."

"Yes?" He pressed a kiss to her neck. Her head fell back against Melville's chest and her eyes drifted closed. The three swayed together. Kean leaned forward and tasted the salty wetness from her décolletage. His tongue dipped into her cleavage. Then suddenly it seemed there were hands everywhere, on her breasts, in her hair, and reaching between her legs. Her pheromones spiked. Kean's canines grew long and sharp in his mouth. Growls echoed around him. Kean glanced at Melville. He had partially shifted to fuck a human female...this female. Melville's eyes blazed crimson. Dark, coarse hair covered his hands and clawed fingers worked at lifting Callie's dress. Her thigh-high stockings were snagged and her creamy flesh was scratched. Callie moaned. Melville's nostrils flared, drinking in more of her scent.

Kean's lips rose into a snarl. "She's mine." Off in the distance, a fight started. Music masked the growling, hissing, and yelping.

Melville shred his pants from his body and freed his wolveren cock. Tension escalated as Kean's eyes locked on Melville's with Callie still between them.

"Not her," Kean rasped.

Callie's lashes fluttered and her eyes slowly opened.

Kean's cock pressed into the zipper of his jeans, threatening to break free in order to fuck her here for everyone to see. In the coming days, he would mate with her in the sacred bonding in front of the pack to stake his claim, but not tonight. He would maintain part of his human shape until she could shift as well.

Hairs on the back of his neck prickled. He wasn't the only one smelling her creamy cunt. He had to get Callie out of the room. Her sweet scent of musk and flora would cause a fighting frenzy. Callie would be at the center of it. Kean had to protect her.

"Callie, listen to me."

The sharp tone of his voice sobered the numbing effect of the alcohol. The pungent odor of the aroused beast scented in the air. Around them, screams of painful pleasure echoed. The hour had come. The moon high in the sky called to the creature within.

"Melville, my friend."

Melville growled and shifted his focus from the female to the leader of the lycanthropes.

"She is my mate," Kean said. "I don't understand why I found her here. Help me." Melville understood that Kean had to remove Callie from the party in order to preserve her as his mate. Alpha males didn't share their bitches.

"I know why I'm here," Callie said. Her hand dropped between them and wrapped around the girth of his cock through his jeans. "I thought we were all here with a clear understanding of what we want." Callie smiled tentatively. One eyebrow rose. "I thought we'd already started." She leaned into Kean and placed a featherlight kiss on his neck and then flicking her tongue over the place where his vein bulged with blood. His heartbeat pounded in his head and his breaths became short burst of air. He had to get her out... now.

Kean took Callie by the hand. Propelling her forward, he blocked her from seeing Melville. A howl caused a moment of stillness. Then the insatiable, driving need to rut gripped Melville. He pushed a willing, warm body to her knees. The woman laughed with pleasure as Melville mounted behind and plunged his cock into her welcoming body. The coupling offered the distraction Kean needed to get Callie out of the room.

Kean and Callie moved against the throng of spectators trying to get to the dance floor to investigate the commotion. Kean pulled Callie near the wall of the wide corridor leading to the rear of the club. The Halloween party would be in full swing

within moments. Now that Melville had initiated sex, others would follow. Raucous laughter erupted.

“What’s wrong, Kean? Where are we going? Did you see that werewolf costume? Wow, talk about realistic.”

Kean laughed. “Is that a spin on the old Halloween joke? Take off your mask... oh you aren’t wearing a mask.” He chuckled.

“What are those noises?”

“I think you should know. That is why you were invited.”

“Yes.” She paused. “About the invitation.”

When Callie stopped talking, he glanced over his shoulder to see what had her attention. “Everyone just *goes for it* in front of people? Jewels didn’t mention anything about that.” All around them his pack was acting on instinct. The fucking frenzy had begun.

“I thought Deb sent you. Who is Jewels?”

“Oh...um...she’s just another friend. She wanted to come tonight, too. But she’s a little young for this crowd. Where are we going?”

“Somewhere we can be alone.” He led her to the rear of the club. A door blended with the wall, invisible to anyone not familiar with its location. Kean pushed on the edge of the door releasing the hinge and cracked it open wide enough for them to slip through. Once on the other side it was eerily private. The muted music and commotion of the club drifted away. He turned his eyes to Callie. His own instinct became acute.

“Thank you. I enjoyed what happened at the bar, but I’d prefer to be alone.”

Kean no longer smelled fear or uncertainty, only the wanton wetness from between her legs. Callie focused on him completely. He took her hand. One dim, bare bulb burned overhead.

The door on the right led to the liquor supply and the door on the left was the business office. An emergency exit was at the end of the corridor. Kean took her

through the door on the right. "This is the storeroom." The floor was cement. Boxes and crates stacked along the walls and in the center of the room. Once the door closed, they were plunged into blackness. Only a thin strip of light glowed beneath the door, however the glow didn't penetrate the darkness of the room.

"Where are you?" Her quivering voice echoed.

"I'm here." His keen vision easily discerned her silhouette standing in the center of the room clutching her small purse. He stepped close and wrapped his hands around her ribcage. His blood pumped hard. It wasn't the only thing hard. He licked her neck just below her ear while his hand found her breast through her dress. He took her moan of pleasure as permission to slip his hand inside her dress by way of the plunging neckline. Braless, her nipple beaded against his palm. Taking her mouth in a whirl of passion, he simultaneously plucked at the tantalizing tip he hungered to taste.

Trailing kisses down her neck, he found his way to her breast. Latching onto her raised peak through her dress, he moistened the material with his mouth and tongue. Then he gently blew, hardening her tight, perfectly centered nipples until she clasped his head and forced his warm mouth to her breast once again.

"Beautiful," he said, awed.

"Are we going to have sex? Because I have condoms." she whispered. She opened her purse and pulled one out. "But I have to tell you something first."

"Hurry and tell me, because I'm about to lose control." He wanted to do more than nip at her earlobe and lave her nipple through her dress. He wanted to sink his teeth into her flesh while he buried his cock in her heat. Her light laugh brought about another wave of desire. "Callie, I need to mate. Do you understand?"

"I do." Her hand touched his face. "It's why I'm here tonight. I need this too, but I really wasn't invited. I received the email by mistake. I just thought you should know I'm not really a cougar. Well, I mean I fit the profile, over forty, divorced, but I've never been into casual encounters."

Kean went still.

"I've never had a one-night stand, never had a public orgasm, and I certainly have never been to one of these parties." She took a deep inhale to catch her breath. "I didn't really know what to expect, but I have to say, I like what I've found...I like you." She touched his sternum, raking her nails to his stomach. "I still can't believe I'm here."

"What?"

"It's just that my life has been stagnant since my divorce. My best friend Jewels encouraged me to try a cougar club." Her brows furrowed. "I haven't felt attractive in a long time. You've certainly changed that."

"Let me see if I understand. You aren't an escort."

"Oh good heavens no!" She inhaled sharply. "What would make you think I'm a prostitute? Oh my God! I knew I came on strong. Were you going to pay me for this?" She covered her mouth with her hand. "You were!" She fumbled with her purse. "I have to go."

"No."

Now that he'd found her, he wasn't about to let her walk away. That she wasn't an escort eased his mind. Clearly not opposed to fucking him in a storage room, but he wondered if she realized she was also about to be fucked by a beast. Add more complications, how would she react to the discovery, because at this point it was inevitable she was going to witness his partial shift.

"Callie, please stay. But there are aspects of tonight that you don't understand."

"I know enough." She combed her fingers through his hair. The sensation of her nails on his scalp sent an electrical current down his spine. "I want to bring out the animal in you."

"You're doing that." Then she did understand. Perhaps she wasn't invited, but she obviously knew about the changes he'd go through. Tonight she'd have the man, by tomorrow she'd be ready for the animal.

She took a steadying breath. "I want you inside me."

"I'd like nothing more, but I won't be able to control myself."

"Good, that's what I want. And why I came tonight."

His lips quirked into a smile. "You have only begun to come." His gaze raked her body. "Say yes. Bond with me."

"Yes, and don't be gentle." Callie tugged on the snap of his jeans, slid down the zipper, and took his raging cock into her hand. "We'll figure out the rest later." She stroked the length in a fluid motion, sliding the skin along the shaft to the head.

Intense sexual need ruled his instinct. Without finesse, he pulled her dress up and over her head. Then he tore her panties from her body.

Lifting Callie, he set her on a stack of boxes. Shedding his clothing, he then spread her thighs, and positioned himself between her legs. "Leave these." He ran his hand over the lace edge of her thigh-high stockings, trailed his fingers up her thigh, until he brushed his knuckles over her damp curls. Callie's sweet cream coated his fingers when he parted her inner folds. He caressed her swollen and distended nubbin. "You're so hot." Her pussy was soaked. "Tell me you came looking for me tonight."

"Yes," she whispered. Liking the effect he had on her, he circled his thumb around her clit again. "The moment I saw you, I knew I wanted you." She stilled. "You don't live at home, do you?"

He chuckled. "No. Not for a long time now."

She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth when he took the condom from her hand.

"I hope you're sure?"

"Yes," she said while watching him roll the latex glove over his cock. Holding the base, he spread her juices with the head. He breeched her opening. The silken walls of her cunt resisted.

Callie sucked in a sharp breath. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders. "Oh my! You're huge."

Kean locked his jaw, clenched his teeth, and stretched her opening. Her honeyed cream coated his shaft, scented the air, and eased his entry into her welcoming channel. "So sweet." Pressing deeper, easing back, to thrust a bit further, then her soft, swelled tissues completely devoured his cock. For a moment he stilled, buried to the hilt. He pulled out and drove deep again. Her hot folds enveloped him. Blood pounded in his ears.

"Oh yes, Kean! Harder! Faster." She wrapped one leg around his hips and braced the other foot on a box. Arching, she angled her pelvis. Kean took fierce hold of her thighs, spread her wide, and watched his cock disappear into her body.

His heart hammered in his chest, threatening to break through his ribs. Never before had his cock swelled to such lengths. It was the difference between being buried deep in his mate rather than fucking a she-wolf. Sweat trailed down his spine. The muscles in his ass contracted.

Callie wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. Still wearing her high heels and stockings, she hooked her ankles behind his back. The force of his thrusts slid her against the top of the box. The wet sounds of their bodies blended with heavy breathing.

Kean found her lips, sweeping her mouth with his tongue. Tangling and tasting. She moaned and he deepened the kiss, sucking her upper lip. His hand firmly kneaded the full globe of her breast and then he pinched the tightened nipple before rolling it between his fingers.

"Callie, you are my mate." As he ran his hands up her sides, he felt each rib. Wrapping around to her back, he traced the feminine curves of her lower back to her shoulder blades. Her naked flesh was smooth beneath his calloused fingers. "Do you accept me?"

Her thighs shook and her ragged breathing grew shallow. "Oh yes!" Trembling with building tension, she reached for her orgasm. He grabbed onto her high heels and pushed her bent knees to her ears then fucked her hard, banging the head of his shaft

against the top of her channel. Hot cream dripped from her pussy and from his balls. She tightened around his shaft.

Finally, her body crashed. The walls of her vagina milked his cock. A hot gush of fluid followed.

Unleashing the beast within, Kean stretched his neck and howled to the ceiling. His mouth watered as he began to shift. His canines lengthened to sharp points. Animal instinct overpowered human nature. Fierce growls vibrated his chest cavity. The need to dominate, make her submit...make her his bitch!

Dropping Callie's feet, he pulled her close and sank his teeth into her shoulder. Canines pierced the soft flesh sinking deeply, tasting the salt of her skin. Blood filled his mouth. The metallic taste coated his lips, tongue and throat. Heat rushed through his veins energizing his blood and making him high. He locked his jaw at the same time his cock swelled within her body.

Callie's scream died in her throat. Her fingers grabbed at the thick fur covering where there was once smooth muscular flesh. Blinding pain shocked her system and then a euphoric haze clouded her mind. Her body relaxed and stars erupted behind her eyes. In the darkened room, her touch told her what her eyes couldn't.

Intoxicating, heavy scents of musk, male and sex permeated the air. Kean's arms locked around her waist. Soft hair brushed against her exposed skin. She couldn't twist her mind around what her hands clearly understood. She had brought out the animal in Kean.

And he'd bitten her!

Blood flowed warm down her back. The salt of her skin stung the wound. His cock still thrust in and out of her body in a frenzied rhythm. And damn it, he felt absolutely glorious. His teeth piercing her skin held her immobile. She clutched fists of fur. Damn, what was he and what had she gotten herself into? His shoulders were broader and

although she couldn't see, she knew he'd grown taller because her arms stretched to reach his neck. She had no choice but to hold on through the wild fucking.

Finally, in an explosion of energy, his body jerked with spasms as he rode his orgasm. His hold on her eased, but before she had a chance to scramble away, warm wet strokes of a soft, velvet tongue soothed the sting and the bite. His long tongue laved the wound. A tongue that felt nothing like the one he had in her mouth a few moments before, but still brought tingles to her skin. Her head swam with uncertainties. How could she be scared of him and yet hunger for more? The licks sent pulses into her nipples and into her vagina renewing the need to have him ravish her again.

"I'm sorry." His lips placed a gentle kiss on the bite.

"Sorry!" Her voice cracked. "You're a lot more than sorry." This time she was able to slide away from him. Fear and adrenaline caused her hands to shake. Her knees wobbled under her weight from the forceful orgasm he'd given her. Feeling around on the floor, she looked for her dress in the dark. "What are you?"

"I thought you understood." When he stepped closer, she noted he was naked and appeared almost human. *Almost.*

Callie pressed two fingers to each temple. It hadn't been her imagination. She wasn't drunk. He had become something...different. Her shoulder throbbed with memory. "Who are you? *What* are you?"

Kean handed her the dress. "You were the one who said you wanted the animal." He growled and stepped closer.

"I didn't realize that meant you were going to get hairy, growl, and *bite!*"

The growling and hair wasn't really a problem. Did she really just think that? Of course it was a problem! A major fucking problem. Okay, the fucking wasn't a problem. The fucking happened to be incredible. Oh God, she'd lost her mind. She did want the *animal*. He certainly wasn't human anymore. However, she didn't trust him. He'd bitten her already. What would he do next? Chew off a leg? "Stay away from me." When she'd hoped he'd want to eat her, she hadn't meant literally.

“I’m a werewolf. What did you think I’d look like? I didn’t fully shift, Callie. That will happen when we join in the sacred bonding.”

“We’ve done all the bonding we’re going to and there was nothing sacred about it.” Although during her orgasm she could’ve sworn she’d seen the light of heaven. That was right before he bit her.

“The wolf inside hungers for his mate...I hunger for you.”

Callie stared. She could see him more clearly now. Narrowing her eyes, she tried to detect a weakness in his position. Kean blocked the exit, but there were still places she could maneuver to further move away from him. However, her body hummed in a frequency tuned to his. Thoughts, not her own, drifted through her mind. It seemed reasonable to assume he too felt the link between them. What she didn’t know was if he was a man—or beast.

Fear squeezed at her chest like a vise. She fumbled with the dress, pulled it over her head, and shimmied it down her body. Her hands shook. The after effects of her orgasm still tingled between her legs. The rest of her trembled with uncertainty.

Yellow eyes narrowed.

“Please don’t be afraid of me. I’m a man with a few special traits.”

She put her hand on her shoulder over the bite. “You’re covered with hair and you bit me!” Although she had to admit his tender licks and taken the pain away. However, she had no doubt he’d left a mark. *His mark*. Her skin puckered and swelled around the puncture wounds.

He took a step toward her.

Callie shrank against the wall. “I said stay away from me.” Her voice quavered and her eyes darted around the room looking for escape.

Kean closed his eyes and inhaled through his nose and exhaled through his mouth. She could feel his calmness seeping into her, quieting the storm of adrenaline raging within. Just like before, she was unable to resist the soothing wash and embraced the

comforting warmth. Her heart rate slowed and her breathing mellowed. "What are you doing to me?" She heard his whispers inside her head.

His eyes opened. "You are my mate. Under Lycan law –"

Calmer now, she said, "No, we mated as in had sex."

"You agreed. Lycan law –"

"Lycan law? I don't care about Lycan law." She stuffed her panties into her purse. "Under the laws of the socially accepted behavior of all cultures, you can't bite people and expect them not to be pissed!" She narrowed her eyes. "I could press charges, you know." Yes, she was feeling much calmer. Rational thoughts overrode the wayward yearnings of a few minute before. Well, most of them. She was dressed and had her panties so she could leave and put this whole surreal event behind her.

"Callie, I knew who you were when you walked in tonight."

"No you didn't. Or we wouldn't be having this conversation. You thought I was Cindy Jones, escort."

"You're right. But regardless of your name or your profession, I knew you were my mate." He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "You can imagine my relief to know you aren't a paid participant."

"Forgive me if relief isn't what I feel." Sex with a total stranger who morphed into a wild, sexual beast left her wanting again. And that was not going to happen. Her vibrator would just have to do. "I don't know you. This is a one-night stand," she shrieked.

"By coming here, you gave me no choice. I've claimed you for my pack to see."

She stopped fumbling with her purse and stared at him. What had he said? It didn't matter, she wasn't sticking around to find out. Coming out to the cougar club for a night of fun and fornication had been a lark. She'd wanted to have a good time, not find herself with some werewolf that probably just gave her rabies. Lycan law, give her a break. Sex with Kean went far beyond her wildest fantasies. Truthfully, she'd never had

rough sex, hadn't really understood what it implied. Fine, so the rough part felt pretty good until it hurt. No, what she needed to do was get the hell out of the club.

Kean sniffed the air. "You can't leave."

"Why not?" She inched around the crates, making her way to the light under the door.

"Because I'm not the only one who can smell your fear."

Smell her fear? She paused.

"Callie, you need to stay in here...with me. I can explain and then hopefully, you'll accept me."

"Not on your life."

He took a step closer. "No, not my life, it would be yours."

Chapter Five

Damn, the wide-eyed, tight-lipped expression on her face reflected her thoughts. "I would never hurt you." Yet Kean knew what waited on the other side of the door. If Callie left, she'd never make it to the front of the club. By now, most of the males would be in partial wolf form. The scene would be frenzied and shocking. Lust in the beast had no limits. Kean took special care in planning the Halloween party just to avoid the scenario of a stranger encounter.

Loyalty stayed with the pack. By making her his mate, he made her part of them. Only she had to accept him and her place at his side. She could deny knowing that their connection superseded anything she'd experienced before, but she'd never convince him. Their connection was too strong for either one of them to deny. Once she accepted him, she'd adjust to her place in the pack. By night's end and morning's arrival, she would be accepted by all as alpha female. Subtle changes in her physical chemistry were already happening. By morning she would be Lycan.

"I can protect you here. If anyone came through that door, they'd never get past me. But I can't fight in the open." There would be too many and once the fighting started, there would be no containing it. A problem never before encountered because he only invited escorts. A wolf didn't have to fight to fuck a whore.

"If you want to protect me," her voice cracked, "you'll get me out of here."

Fully suppressing the wolf, he returned to his human form.

"Thank you. I don't want to think about the animal. Werewolves are what nightmares are made of. Tonight was supposed to be about fulfilling a fantasy. Instead, I get *Cujo*." She stepped close enough so she could see his face. Glassy eyes searched his. "Can you get me out of here? I just want this night to end."

"It's too dangerous."

“Please. My car is in the parking lot.”

Desire to pull her into his arms and hold her close tore through his chest. He wanted to calm her fear and make her understand that he could never hurt her, but that didn't mean she was safe. If certain forceful males caught the scent of her fear, they would kill her. Tegan and the other security tonight would be tough to get past without detection.

“If I lead you out, you need to stay close and listen to everything I tell you. Wolves hunt in a pack. If they corner us, we won't have a chance in hell.” And out there it would be hell for her. Yet if she was to become his life mate, she would have to accept the ways of the pack. “We'll go out the back.” Kean weaved his fingers into her silky hair and tilted her face to his. “Will you give me a kiss for luck?”

Her body trembled in his embrace. Equal parts fear and desire emanated from her. Kean wanted to chase away the fear and replace it with trust. To do that, he would get her safely from the club. Later, he'd track her home and convince her to accept his marking.

“It will be a kiss goodbye.” She leaned forward and barely touched his lips with her own before pulling away. He tasted the hesitancy on her lips. It was a chaste kiss and considering what had just transpired between them, totally understandable. The lycanthrope's existence remained rooted in myth and legend. Kean's responsibility was to ensure it remained that way. The reason he couldn't let her walk away.

“I need to prepare you for what's out there. We must avoid the males of my pack. Every female here is for their pleasure. It is understood. Callie, I can't fight them all and the wolf will fight to the death.” He lifted her chin and met her eyes. “Take deep, even breaths and focus on something pleasurable. They'll smell your fear and feed on it.”

She slowly nodded. “I'll try.”

Kean's acute sense of hearing detected nothing on the other side of the door. However, the scent of sex, sweat, cum and musk continued to increase. A portent of things happening and things to come.

Kean laced his fingers with Callie's. "I know this is a shock. You don't know me and after what has happened, no reason to trust me. The timing is wrong or maybe it's right." He shook his head as if trying to find rationale in the situation. "I might not have the right to ask, but I need something from you and it is essential that I have your agreement." He looked into her face and couldn't help smiling at her easily read expression. It wouldn't matter what he said. Callie would do what she wanted. More proof she was his mate. "Tell no one of tonight."

She sucked in sharply, her eyes widened, and she pulled her hand from his. She stepped back.

"Calm down, Callie. I'm not threatening you." He stepped closer. She stiffened. "I'm part wolf," he whispered near her temple. "All male, and I know you want me again." His whiskered jaw rested against her smooth cheek. "I won't be the only one smelling your sweet, creamy cunt." Her breathing quickened. "But I will be the only wolf to ever mate with you." He kissed her shoulder where he'd left his mark. "You don't believe it now, but I promise someday this will be your pack as much as it's mine. Protecting our secret is fundamental. We thrive amidst society only because we're careful. You mustn't jeopardize that."

"I won't say anything."

Yes, she would. The lie twinkled blatantly in her eyes. It didn't matter. He'd track her. Melville or Aiden could make certain the Halloween party dispersed in the morning. When Callie's body began to change, she would need him. Even now, her DNA mutated. Damn, he wished tonight would've ended differently. "Time to go." He kissed her forehead.

Cracking the door, he peered out. Sensing and seeing no one, he opened the door wide enough for them to slip through and grasped Callie's hand. He led her to the emergency exit in the rear of the club. Callie did as he asked and stayed close. He would see her safely to her car, and then he'd find Melville. Hopefully, Kean wouldn't be more

than a few minutes behind Callie after she left. But even if it took him longer to track her, he would.

Neither spoke, yet their breathing echoed loudly in the corridor.

At the rear exit, Kean put his hand on the steel bar in the door's center.

Hairs prickled on his arms. He sensed three other wolves just outside the door. "We can't go this way. There are guards posted to keep outsiders from entering the club."

"If you're their leader, just tell them to let me go."

"Any normal day we wouldn't have a problem. It's the full moon and you can't reason with a male acting on instinct." He removed his hand from the door and faced Callie. "We'll have to go through the club."

"Okay, let's go."

"You don't understand." He took a deep breath, ran his fingers through his hair, and then dragged his hands down his cheeks. "On the other side—" He pointed to the door leading back into the club. How did he describe something she wouldn't understand? Fucking for a wolf meant nothing more than acting on impulse. Humans attached labels like love. For a wolf, love only applied to his mate. "You won't understand, but I promise, in time you will."

Callie brushed her bangs from her eyes. "Tonight has been more than I anticipated and nothing I'm going to repeat. I wasn't looking for anything more than a casual encounter." She clutched her purse. "I'm sorry, but you are way more than I bargained for."

More lies. She might not have been looking for a wolf, but she wanted again what she'd found. And that need would increase in the coming hours. He could still smell her pussy weeping with awareness. Her words contradicted what her body knew, just as his body recognized her. He could press the point, but it was more important to build trust. So he would get her safely home... and then he'd find her again. Within a few hours, her body would demand it.

* * * * *

The music thumped into her chest. Lights pulsed in the darkened bar. She could see bodies entwined. She stumbled at the sight and sounds. Waves of dizziness washed over her. She could see clearly now what Kean had become while buried deep inside her. Her breath lodged in her throat.

“Easy.” Kean’s arm circled her waist as he propelled her toward the front exit. His fingers dug into her flesh. Long, thick-nailed fingers. Knuckles covered with silver and black hair flexed. Unable to resist, she turned her eyes to the *man* holding her.

Silver streaked through his hair reflecting the colored lights of the club. Yellow eyes glinted. Flames flared to life in her belly heating her on the inside. He was terrifyingly beautiful, unlike anything she’d seen before. And he wasn’t human!

“Keep moving.” Her heels slipped on the wood flooring. She had to hold onto his forearm to keep from falling. Most of the animals, men, half changed *things*, and women surrounding them were too distracted to pay any attention. They were almost to the exit when Callie’s heart spiked into a painful rhythm. Hairs on the back of her neck prickled. She was nearly free from the Halloween nightmare.

Kean tugged on her arm halting her.

“Ouch!”

“Stop.” Kean’s eyes narrowed.

“What’s the matter? There’s the door. Let’s go.” She tried to rip her arm from his grasp, but his hold was too strong. “Let me go.” She yanked until he released her.

A low almost indiscernible growl emanated from Kean. “It’s not safe.”

Callie pressed her back against the wall. Kean’s shoulders hunched. Long canines hinted behind his snarling mouth.

“Stay behind me.” The words rumbled from his chest.

Callie turned in the direction of his stare. Three wolves bared their teeth and barred their exit. She didn't know how she knew, something in the eyes, told her the large black wolf in the center was Tegan.

Callie's gaze darted around looking for a way to escape. Running her hands behind her back, she felt for the handle to the men's room. She wrapped her hand around the cool metal handle and turned.

The door gave way behind her. Callie stumbled and fell to the floor inside the men's room. Scrambling to her knees, she assessed her surroundings. Maybe she could find something to defend herself with. Fear squeezed her throat. She couldn't summon a pleasurable thought if her life depended on it...and it did!

She screamed, startling Kean because he jumped and whirled around with growl. A man stood at the urinal, his narrowed red-rimmed eyes staring at her. Oh hell, with that look, he definitely smelled her fear. "Kean!"

Kean crouched into an attack posture. Slamming the bathroom door shut, she guaranteed it was only the three of them. She pushed the button on the handle locking them in. Snarling mouths salivated. In a fluid movement, the man who had given her great pleasure in the storage room tore his clothing from his body and then became a rippling muscled wolf. His silver and black coat gleamed. Sharp canines shone white in his quivering jaw. Awed by his strength and beauty, it wasn't until the snap and bark of the other dog that her attention returned to the fight.

She couldn't stand by and watch Kean be torn apart. She looked wildly around the room for something to use as a weapon. A rubber trash can half full of paper towels seemed to be the only option.

Scrambling toward the can, she stayed close to the wall avoiding stepping between the two wolves. The other wolf leapt. Kean countered the move, sinking his teeth into the wolf's shoulder. Yelping, spinning, and then the counterattack slammed Kean to the ground. Like rabid beasts, they rolled and snarled in a blur of fur and open jaws. Callie couldn't tell which wolf yelped, and with the mayhem of the fight, she couldn't help.

She didn't want to mistakenly hurt Kean. Jeez, what in the hell was wrong with her? This was her opportunity to escape!

While the ferocious noises continued behind her, she went to the window. There wasn't a lever to unlock or open the window. Grunting and heavy breathing sounded close behind. She glanced over her shoulder. Her stomach dropped to her knees, ricocheted back into her throat, and lodged there. The large black wolf lay limply on the floor, fur matted and bleeding from the neck. Bent forward, naked, and in human form, with his hands braced on his thick, muscular thighs, Kean sucked in heavy breaths. Broad shoulders tapered to a trim waist. His ribs expanded with each inhale, rippling the muscles of his strong back.

Straightening, he faced her. Blood covered his hands, chest, and feet. "Does the window open?" She didn't respond. "Does the window open?" he said more forcefully. "Callie, do you hear them at the door?"

"Is he dead?"

"Yes. The right was mine." His stare bore into her. She felt the possessiveness at an elemental level. "I've claimed you as my mate. No other wolf will touch you. Now, I need that fucking window open before I have to defend you again and kill another brother."

"He was your brother?" She gasped in horror.

"A brotherhood. Friends."

Dragging her eyes from Kean, she looked at the locked door. She did hear the rasps and clawing. "Why can't you just explain the situation?" She put her hand on her shoulder feeling heat from her skin where he'd sunk his teeth into her. Heat that quickly pooled between her legs with the memory. "I'm marked." Their eyes met in the mirror. "I thought they were your pack?"

"Yes, but not yours. Not yet. I have much explaining to do, but not here. There's no time. They'll be through the door in a moment and I'd rather you not be here."

How could they be sexually aroused? He'd just defended her life, killed a friend, and yet his cock, hard and long, bobbed and swayed as he took a step toward her. And she wanted it.

"You need clothes," she said and then licked her lip.

"I need your shoe."

She furrowed her brows. "My shoe?" She glanced at her feet.

Kean dropped on bended knee. "May I?" She nodded and he ran his fingers along the back of her leg, over the curve of her calf. Chills broke along her arms as he held her ankle with one hand and slipped her spiked, high heel from her foot. He rose, and then crossed the room to the window. With a hard whack, the spiked heel of her shoe cracked the glass creating a spider web of breaks. Another whack and he pierced the glass. Tapping the upper corner of the glass and the window shattered into a million tiny shards. Using the sole of the shoe, Kean cleared the frame of sharp edges.

"Hurry." He held out his hand.

Callie scrambled to the door and grabbed Kean's jeans. "Come with me," she said. She took her shoe from him.

Where did that come from? Ten minutes ago, she wanted as far from here as she could get. Yet now, the thought of separating from Kean into the dark unknown of the night struck her with fear.

Kean grabbed her around the waist and lifted her through the window. She balanced on the windowsill eyeing the gravel ground a few feet below. "I can't jump in my heels." She kicked off the remaining shoe and dropped them both to the ground. After a moment's hesitation she jumped, landing on her feet. Glass cut into the bottoms of her feet. She stumbled forward and crashed to her knees. Her dress ripped. Gravel embedded into her knees. She grabbed her shoes, but held them instead of wearing them. Rocks and shards of glass poked her feet, but at least she'd be able to run.

Kean dropped down beside her. He wore clothes again. "Let's go." He grabbed her hand and led her across the parking lot. "I'll get you to your car then follow once I've settled the situation inside."

Follow? "You don't know where I live." She pointed to her car then opened her purse to get her keys. She hit the unlock button. The car light flashed and a beep echoed through the parking lot. Kean groaned and began to run. "I'm sorry." She hadn't thought about the noise alerting the guards to their presence.

"Run!" Kean sprinted beside her the remaining distance to the car. She pulled open the door and hurriedly jammed the key into the ignition. "I'll find you," he said and slammed the door closed.

* * * * *

Kean turned as two guards rounded the corner. Callie's car engine revved and she peeled out of the parking lot. He smiled because he'd found his mate in a brave alpha female who relied upon ingenuity and didn't fold under the pressure of an unpredictable situation.

Kean approached the guards. With Callie's scent carried away on the wind, the males were slightly more docile. "Go through the men's room window," he said. "And open the locked door from the inside." He stalked off toward the front entrance to the club.

Inside a few snarling wolves remained near the men's room door. When they saw Kean, they shifted into human form and waited for his approach.

A knot tightened in Kean's stomach. "Lucas is dead."

Melville and Aiden stepped from the group and took positions on each side of Kean. If anyone threatened Kean's leadership, council would fight with their leader.

"It was my right."

Tegan stepped from the group. "We have rules." He took a step closer.

Melville moved in front of Kean. "Kean claimed the female as his mate," he said defensively.

Kean put a hand on Melville's shoulder. "It's okay." He looked directly into Tegan's eyes. "She's an outsider." He let the statement hang. "An uninvited outsider. She was mine to claim. And now I must find her. Tomorrow she'll be my bitch and the rest of you will heed her direction. I made my choice." He saw in their faces that they understood. At that moment his father no longer governed the pack. Kean was alpha male. He didn't need to tell them that he still had to convince Callie. Not to mention the explanation he'd make to his father that he'd claimed, mated and changed a human female. His father was a traditionalist and had hoped Kean would chose from within.

The bathroom door opened and the strong odor of death overwhelmed. The attention shifted off Kean and instead focused on the dead wolf lying just inside the bathroom. Kean turned to Aiden. "I have to go to Callie so I need you to handle Lucas." The party still raged on without them and Kean didn't want any more unwanted attention. He addressed Melville. "I may need you." Melville nodded and they headed toward the exit.

Once outside, both shed their clothing. Picking up Callie's scent, they shifted gracefully from man to wolf and ran into the night under the glow of the full Halloween moon.

Chapter Six

Callie watched the rearview mirror as she drove away from the club. Glancing at the dashboard clock, she noted the hour and thought what the hell. She didn't give a damn if Jewels was asleep or, lord help her, in bed with someone. She could just get up and listen. It was her brilliant idea to send Callie to a cougar club and now she needed help.

Kean said he was going to find her and she didn't doubt for one minute he meant what he said. He knew her name. All he had to do was look in the phone book or call information to get her address. She wasn't about to be waiting at the door for him.

She'd go to Jewels' and figure out what to do about the incredibly handsome man who'd fucked her numb and then turned into a...a wild animal.

Jewels' darkened duplex wasn't welcoming. Normally, parking on a deserted street with inadequate lighting late at night would make Callie nervous. After what she'd seen tonight, a demon from hell would need to appear before her to come remotely close to the level of fear she'd already experienced. She still had trouble wrapping her mind around the fact that she'd been bitten by a werewolf. If she didn't have a delicious ache between her legs to accompany her memory of incredible sex, and a rapidly healing bite, she might try to convince herself she'd dreamed the entire event.

Keys in hand, she hurried to Jewels' door and pounded three times. Then she pounded again. Movement flickered behind the blinds and then the light of the peephole was blocked as Jewels checked to see who was at her door.

"It's me. Open up!" The deadbolt sounded and then the door opened.

Jewels wiped her eyes and squinted. "Callie, you okay? What's wrong?"

Callie pushed her way inside. "Nope." She paced across the floor while Jewels relocked the door.

“What happened to you? Look at your feet! Where are your shoes?”

Dried blood crusted between her toes. Her dress was dirty and torn. She could only guess to the condition of her hairdo. “I went to the Halloween party. It wasn’t what I expected.”

Jewels snapped awake. “By looking at you, it must have been really good or really bad.”

“It was both.”

“Did you meet a young stud? Tell me you had the best sex and it couldn’t wait until Monday to share the juicy details.”

“At first the party was great. Exactly as you described. I met someone. I stepped way out of my comfort zone and fucked him in the storage room.”

Jewels squealed and covered her mouth to stifle a laugh.

Callie couldn’t help smiling either, remembering Kean’s hot length filling her. He’d been glorious. Almost as if he’d been inside her head, he knew to give her just what she needed. A cry lodged in her throat. And then he changed. In hindsight, while safely in Jewels’ living room, she could acknowledge that the animal he became was the most beautiful she’d ever seen. The images of his graceful yet powerful movements were permanently etched into her mind. Even now, a craving for what he was built in her belly. She gave her head a hard shake. “I’ve never had an orgasm like the one he gave me. It went on and on.”

“Callie, that’s great.” Jewels plopped down on the sofa. “Sit down and tell me every detail.” Her eyes narrowed. “He must have been good. The ‘O’ glow has taken ten years off you.”

Callie took a deep breath. “You won’t believe me.” She scarcely believed it herself. She put her hand over the bite on her shoulder. She didn’t have to believe. There was proof. “He emerged from my fantasy,” Callie began. She sat next to Jewels and quickly described the events of the night.

"Holy shit! Why can't that happen to me?"

"You want a werewolf to sink his teeth into your shoulder and claim you as his mate?" Callie pulled her dress to the side revealing the angry red welts and puncture holes.

"Yes!" Jewels said with a note of excitement in her tone.

"Kean is dangerous. He warned me not to tell anyone about him or his kind."

Jewels rolled her eyes. "It's not like he'll find out. He doesn't know me." Her brow furrowed. "And how are you supposed to keep something like this a secret?"

"What am I going to do? He is dangerous...to me. Jewels, I'm thinking crazy thoughts about being with him. He's an animal...or something," Callie said incredulously and then she looked at the wound. "It doesn't hurt, but since he bit me I feel different." She shook her head. "I am different." Tears filled her eyes. "He changed me. I'm fighting what I feel in here." She put her hand on her chest. "I'm a logical woman. How can I have these incredibly strong emotions for a man or whatever he is after a single night and after what he did to me?" She rubbed her eyes and then tunneled her fingers into her hair. "He risked his life in my defense."

Jewels went to the kitchen and came back with a bottle of wine and two glasses. "We'll have a drink, talk through what you might want to do about these emotions. Are you hungry? I can make something."

Callie shook her head. "I can't eat. All I can think about is Kean. He's in my head."

"Then we'll Google him."

"You and Google got me into this. Why would I want to find him?"

Jewels smiled and poured the wine. "Because I know you. You're sitting in my living room because I'll convince you to take a chance. All you need to do is find out more about him; where he lives, what he does for a living, that sort of information." She handed Callie the glass. "If he has a criminal record."

"Or a wife." Callie took a drink. *She was debating a wife!*

Hairs on her arms prickled with static electricity. Flames of passion fired her blood. Sexual awareness clenched her pussy. As sure as the breath she took into her lungs, he had found her. "Oh God, he's here." The glass wobbled in her shaking hand. Jewels took it from her fingers and set it on the coffee table. "How could he find me here?"

"Don't be ridiculous." Jewels glanced over at the darkened window. "Jeezus Callie, you're scaring me." Jewels stood, crossed the room, and peeked through the blinds. "You're being paranoid."

"I don't know how I know. But I do! He is coming...and he isn't alone." She drew in air, filling her lungs with his essence. "It's like I can smell him." She went to the door and peeked through the peep hole.

"You're serious? You think he tracked you here like a bloodhound." Jewels put her hands on her hips. "Do you know how crazy you sound? He bit you like a vampire—"

"He didn't drink my blood, just bit my shoulder."

"Thanks for the clarification. So he's just a rabid dog. All men are dogs at one time or another."

"Not literally!" Callie ran her fingers through her hair. "Ugh. Maybe he did give me rabies! How the fuck am I supposed to know what's going on? Before this ingenious plan to get laid, at least my life was boring."

Jewels laughed.

"It isn't funny."

"Oh, it is too." She turned off the light.

"What are you doing?"

"Well, just because I think it's highly unlikely that he followed you here, it is possible."

Callie closed her eyes. She didn't know how, but he had found her. She also didn't question how she knew. Kean had said there was much she didn't understand. Perhaps

it would be best if he did the explaining where there would be witnesses. "Jewels, don't leave me alone with him. For a smart, independent woman, I'm too susceptible to him."

"He was that good, huh?"

Callie breathed in deeply. "The whole night has been unbelievable." Pulse points on her body began to throb to a new tempo. Blood flowed hot because he was close. *Her wolf-mate.*

Callie chuckled. Doubtful he'd be surprised by her confession to Jewels. If he knew to look for her here, he obviously realized she'd told about the night's events. At least now she could prove she wasn't crazy. Jewels was about to meet her...wolf lover. Maybe she was crazy.

Callie stood. "They're here." She went to the door and turned the lock.

"What! And you're letting them in?" Jewels turned on the end table lamp.

"Yes." Callie had to. The draw to the wolf overcame her normally good judgment. A part of him called to a part of her that, before the bite, didn't exist.

Callie opened the door and two unmistakable yellow eyes locked on her. A cyclone of sensations churned inside her belly. A whirling in her head drowned out any awareness but Kean. Lust heated her labia as her clitoris swelled. Every cell in her body became in sync with his. His breathing affected hers. She stepped to the side. In wolf form, Kean entered with another wolf at his heels.

Callie closed the door. "Jewels, they need something to cover themselves."

Jewels didn't move, just stared.

Callie turned to Kean, breathtaking in his beauty. "I already told Jewels everything. I was scared."

"You're talking to a dog. Are you nuts?" Jewels stood with her back against the wall as far from the wolves as possible. "I can't have pets in here."

"They aren't pets, but wild, free wolves."

"Will they bite?"

Callie rolled her eyes. "Well obviously," She yanked her dress to the side. "Yes. Now, either find something for them to cover up with or they'll be standing in your front room naked."

Jewels put her hands akimbo. "Really?" Tilting her head to the side, she said, "From what you've told me, that's an impressive sight. One I'd like to see for myself. I had a perfectly boring Halloween. If two werewolves just trick or treated at my door, I'll take the trick. Prove it."

Paws morphed into hands. Kean's spine lengthened and then he stood upright. All the moisture in Callie's mouth dried instantly. She struggled to swallow. "Kean," she whispered. And then the other wolf shifted.

"Oh my God!" Jewels slid down the wall until she sat on the floor. Callie understood her shock. Two virile naked men now stood in her living room.

Kean approached Callie. She sighed and then surprised herself by stepping into his arms. His hands were warm when he held her upper arms. Pulling her close, he tucked her head beneath his chin and she rested her cheek on his chest. Relief over his safety flooded her.

Kean had run miles to find her. How could he expend that level of exertion and not be depleted in stamina? Yet she could sense the simmering animal energy beneath the surface.

"How did you know where to find me?"

Kean kissed the top of her head. "I'll always know where you are and you will always be able to find me. That is how relationships are between life mates. We make a commitment." He gently stroked the bite on her shoulder. "I've already made mine to you. All you need to do is agree to be bound to me."

She shook her head and pushed away. "I've been married. There isn't any reason for me to ever want to again."

"Marriage is a contract. What we share is a sacred spiritual bond."

"Semantics. You need someone young, a woman to have children with and raise a family. I missed my opportunity."

Jewels giggled. "Would you have a litter of puppies?"

Kean shared a look with his friend. Callie recognized Melville from the club. He had a friendly face with an intimidating physique. Barrel-chested and with large powerful arms thick like pythons, Callie suspected he was the brawn and Kean the brains. However, in the men's room Kean had demonstrated his formidability.

Melville approached Jewels and offered his hand to help her up. "Come with me, lass. Me name is Melville. These two need a moment alone."

Jewels eyes widened. Her focus aligned with Melville's penis. Even flaccid the size was intimidating. "Melville, eh?" She took his hand. "I see your parents had a sense of humor."

Melville cocked his head.

"You know, Moby Dick?" She glanced at his penis again. "Your name is appropriate." She led him to the rear of the duplex. "I'm sure I can find you something to slip into. However, it might be a tight fit."

Callie groaned. Jewels' ever-adaptable outlook had her once again wishing she too could act on impulse. At the moment her instinct was to spread her thighs for Kean again. Desire brought about another wash of wetness. Without panties, she could feel her juices on her inner thigh. The muskiness of her arousal drifted to her nose. She turned to Kean noticing his stiffening erection. His chest rose and fell as he breathed.

"What's happening to me?" Intoxicated with hunger for the man, her mouth watered and an unfamiliar sensation tingled in the back of her throat. It took every ounce of will power not to growl. Her teeth ached to pierce his flesh. She wanted to drop to her hands and knees and beg him to fuck her from behind, hard and fast.

"Is Jewels safe?" She barely managed to speak. Her jaw strained to form the sounds. Tension coiled in her stomach. She didn't understand what was happening, but she knew Kean and only Kean could ease the throb settling deep in her being. This wasn't

just about sex. Her body craved him as if going through withdrawal. "Will this happen to Jewels if she has sex with Melville?" She labored for breath, afraid for Jewels.

"No. "

"Will he bite her?"

Kean rushed to Callie's side. "Only if she is his mate and she accepts him."

Callie narrowed her eyes. "Why does she get a choice? You didn't give me one."

He caressed her cheek, drew his finger around and under her chin, and lifted her face. "You came looking for me. "

Her skin burned from his touch. Callie crumbled to the floor. "Help me, Kean."

Callie grabbed onto him and pulled him down next to her. His skin scorched her fingertips. Hot, too hot to touch yet she couldn't stop. Her mouth opened over his skin. Dragging her tongue along Kean's neck to his ear, tasting. Drinking in his essence. Hands slid over his torso, across his chest, and down his stomach. Reaching his raging erection, she combed her fingers through the thatch of hair at his groin and gripped his full, hard shaft.

Bending over his groin, she took the head of his cock into her mouth. Beads of salty precum melted against her tongue. Circling the hard ridge of the head then stroking the smooth hot shaft, she savored all of him. Starved for his taste, her mouth grew wild, became greedy. Her head thrashed and she sucked him deep.

Kean's low growl became a roar. He ripped her from his body. She became aware that he'd partially shifted. Still human, but larger, more muscular. Hair thickened and covered more of his body. His fingers were long and the blunt edges of his nails were thick and appeared sharp. Fierce golden eyes held her in their stare. Kean had become both man and beast.

In a flash he was upon her, sealing their lips, plundering her mouth with his tongue. Growling his pleasure low and steady, she felt the vibration from her nipples to the center of her sex.

"Now." She pushed him to his back. With Kean lying on the floor, she straddled his hips, and poised over his erection. "We can hurry, before Jewels and Melville return."

Kean's strong hands ripped her tattered dress down the center allowing it to fall away from her body, exposing her beaded nipples to the cool air surrounding them. "Melville will keep her occupied." After tossing the dress off his thighs, Kean gripped her hips, flexed his muscles and thrust his scorching hot cock deep and fully inside of her. Releasing a howl, he arched off the floor. The veins in his neck bulged. Lips pulled back and revealed sharp canines. His nostrils flared. "Callie," he called.

She squeezed her thighs, stilling his movements. Never before had she been the aggressor, but tonight she had the need to dominate Kean. Instinctually knowing what she required to calm the clamoring in her mind, sex and soul. Claiming him, humming low in her throat, she shifted her hips and rocked her pelvis, stimulated her clit against the base of his shaft.

The muscles in his arms bunched. Kean's hands on her hips helped her to rise and lower, stroking her G spot with the large, smooth head of his cock.

Euphoria clouded her mind. She heard Kean in her thoughts. Whispered words of love echoed through her mind, warming her to the idea of mating for life. All she had to do was claim Kean for her mate as he had done to her. There would be no going back, the words reverberated once again. *Wolves mate for life.*

How could she trust emotions only hours old? A man—and beast—she'd only met...seemed convinced they were destined for each other. Having his body joined with hers made her a believer. Friction increased, tension built. His large cock slid in and out of her heat. He cupped her breasts and pinched her erect nipples.

"Kean! I'm burning up." She rocked faster. Stretching her neck, she howled from deep in her chest, the wail rolling from her diaphragm. Kean slid his finger into her slit and gently pressed against her hardened clit. Her orgasm hit like an unexpected earthquake. Juices flowed from her creamy cunt. Violent trembling followed a series of aftershocks, one rippling into the next. Arching her back, digging her nails into Kean's

chest, she closed her eyes and reveled in the grunts and moans of her mate's pleasure as much as her own. Saliva filled her mouth. Canines lengthened. Touching her tongue to the ridge of her teeth, she reveled in the power portent. Kean's scent filled her senses. Glands in the back of her throat committed him to memory. Running her hands to his shoulders, she pulled him to sitting.

Opening her mouth wide, she sank her teeth into the solid wall of his muscled chest. The flesh softened like butter allowing her sharp, virgin canines to sink deep. Blood coated her lips, floated across her tongue, not to drink but to forge the bond between them. She took part of him into her and made them one.

Kean stiffened. Shifting his body, he took control of their joining. Callie wrapped her legs around his waist and hooked her ankles behind his back bringing them more intimately together.

Kean trailed his fingers from her neck, over her scalp until he cupped the back of her head. With the great strength in his legs, he lifted her and positioned on his knees.

The animal emerging from her understood when an aggressive growl erupted from between his heavy panting. Kean pulled from her body and shoved her to her knees. Mounting her from behind, his cock thrust into her cunt. Kean grabbed her hair while his hips pumped like violent pistons.

Her back arched and she met each stroke. Low sounds vibrated from Kean. Then he bit into her shoulder. Callie screamed. He barely pierced the flesh. However the pressure held her immobile. Completing the mating, Kean threw his head back and howled, filling her with his warm seed.

"Callie?" His cock slipped from her body. He pulled her into his arms and pressed their foreheads together. "Are you okay?"

She nodded. And then Callie bent and ran her tongue over the wounds she'd inflicted with her bite. With each loving stroke against the sparse, springy hair and skin of his chest, the connection to her mate intensified. She placed her hand over the rampant beat of his heart. Heat radiated from his skin. She now understood what he

went through in the storage room. The drive to mate, bite and bond was impossible to withstand. The force that existed between them was powerful.

Kean whispered words near her ear that she'd never heard before.

She lifted her face to meet his eyes. "And what does that mean?"

"Words of love spoken only to my mate."

She marveled at the intensity in his eyes coupled with the wildness of his long, dark hair and whisker-covered jaw. "I've dreamed of you. I described to Jewels my ideal lover...always you."

Kean kissed her, softly at first and then with building passion. "I'll be more than your lover."

"Don't you find it a bit odd that we met only hours ago and now you're willing to commit your life to me? That isn't the way it's done."

"It is exactly how it is done for a werewolf. Lycan relationships aren't about getting to know each other and finding out how much we have in common. I will live my life for you and you will have my children."

She stiffened. "Whoa! I can't have children. I'm forty years old."

His hands caressed slow circles on her hips. "Don't you feel it? Your DNA is changing. Callie, a werewolf doesn't age like a human."

She put her hands over her ears. "I don't think I want to learn any more." She disengaged their bodies and slowly stood from his lap. "I need time to think. I'm ready to go home, take a long bath, and go to bed." Her dress lay in tatters so she took the throw from the back of the couch and covered herself.

Kean leaned up on his elbows obviously comfortable in his nudity.

Callie glanced toward the rear of the duplex. Jewels had been with Melville for a while. She couldn't help wondering if Jewels had decided to act on her desires. Jewels wanted a night with a handsome man to convince her she shouldn't get married, or to

give her one last memory before committing. A ceremony, not a lifelong bond like Kean offered. But Jewels didn't know that sex with Melville could change her.

"I'm worried," Callie glanced over. Kean bore her mark now. Would Jewels also let this Halloween night change her forever? "About Jewels."

"Leave them." Kean draped his arm around her shoulders. "Let me take you home."

She glanced down. Her eyebrow arched, indicating her thoughts regarding her state of undress.

"The way we'll be traveling you won't need clothing."

The air rushed from her lungs. Darkness encroached. She fought against reality. Full comprehension washed over her in a wave of nausea. Callie had changed.

Chapter Seven

Kean knew the moment confusion transformed to fear. Something was wrong. Struggles for air jarred Callie's body. Her flushed cheeks turned to pallor.

"Oh Kean. Oh my God. I'm a werewolf." Callie crossed the room and opened a door revealing a hall closet. Dropping the blanket, she shrugged into long trench coat. She tied the belt tight. Combing through her hair with her fingers did little to tame the disarray. "You want me to change like you do and run through the streets under the moonlight." She shook her head. "That's what's about to happen, isn't it?" She clutched fistfuls of coat at her chest. "My heart is racing. My muscles burn to run." She took a breath. "The same way my flesh burns for your touch. Will I always feel this way or does it only happen at the full moon?"

"The full moon is magical. It heightens our instincts."

"Do you maintain control of the animal or does the werewolf control you? Can you change at will? How do you return to your human form? Kean, right now I feel totally out of control!"

"You're thinking too much." This was why choosing a human mate was discouraged within the pack. Callie must wholly accept Kean and his wolf.

Her face contorted into a grimace. "Do you live as man or animal?"

"Both. And so will you. Let me show you." He held out his hand. He understood her fear, but they both now carried a mark of possession. When she sank her wolf teeth into his chest, he became hers. However, the bond wasn't fully formed until they mated as wolves. Both of them fully shifted.

"This is crazy." She looked around for her keys. "I'm a rational woman. I know that just because something feels incredible and appears to be one thing, doesn't guarantee that it is."

“I didn’t come to you in sheep’s clothing.”

“Ha-ha, not funny.”

“But I am a wolf. And Callie, so are you.”

It wasn’t as if she needed reminded. What she needed was time.

What would she say to her family? Alex? She couldn’t suppress a giggle imagining her ex-husband’s shock if she were to bare her teeth and growl. Jewels had always been there to offer her protection against her ex. Callie turned to Kean. She caught her breath at the vision of his beautifully built naked body. Her heart swelled and tears threatened. Kean offered her the one thing in life she never had but always wanted. *Children.*

Could she love him?

With some time, absolutely!

They both turned at the sound of a door opening. Callie bent, picked up the blanket and then tossed it to Kean. “Cover up.” Jewels received an eyeful earlier when Kean and Melville shifted. Once was enough. Callie put her hand to her forehead. Possessiveness? Just as Kean had demonstrated at the club on the dance floor. Callie didn’t want another female coveting her wolf.

“Oh.” Jewels stopped when she saw Kean and Callie. “I thought you two would have left by now.”

“Where is Melville?” Callie asked. “Are you okay?”

Jewels walked toward the kitchen. She nodded her head and indicated with her eyes that Callie should come with her. “I’ll be back in a minute,” she said to Kean and followed Jewels.

“This is incredible.” Jewels opened the fridge and retrieved two bottled waters. “Can you believe this?”

“You’ve got the ‘O’ glow.”

“So do you.” Jewels smiled.

"But were you bit? Did Melville claim you as his mate?"

Jewels sighed and her shoulders slumped. "No. But I'm not giving up. It's going to take some convincing, but I'll prove I'm the woman for him."

"Jewels, do you know what you're asking for? Do you realize what you're giving up?"

"Yes! And you should too. Kean loves you. Not because of how you look, or what you can do for him to further his career. Instant, unconditional love. Loyalty."

"Give me a break. He's known me for a few hours!"

"Doesn't matter. I know as sure as I'm standing here that I want Melville." Jewels laughed. "I'd always wondered why I dragged my feet over this whole marriage business. It's because I've been waiting for my mate. *Melville*. I bit him but he said I couldn't make him human." Her lips twitched into a quirky smile. "I'm not worried. Since you and Kean are mated, Melville is going to be seeing a lot of me. Every part of me in fact, as often as I can show him. I'm going to be sucking a lot of cock to wear him down."

"Jewels!"

"You saw his dick. How could I resist?" She guzzled her water. After wiping her mouth with the back of her hand she said, "How do you think my mom is going to react to my broken engagement? Do you think the news that my wedding is off will push her to the edge of that steep cliff? Stepping on sidewalk cracks didn't do it."

Callie couldn't believe Jewels reacted so nonchalantly to the fact that Melville and Kean were werewolves. "I have more to consider than fabulous sex before I run into the night with Kean."

"Like what?"

Callie didn't know what to say. She stood there mute because in truth she didn't have a life. She'd lived for Alex and when he walked out of the marriage, he left her

with nothing. Not even her pride because she begged him to stay even though the love had left the marriage years before. They'd never really had passion.

Kean was the complete antithesis of Alex. Strong. Virile. Callie's shoulders slumped. "I do want him, but I don't trust my judgment."

"With Kean you'll never have to worry. I am a great judge of character. If we had known each other when you married Alex I would have told you he was an ass and that you could do better. Callie, you are finally going to get what you deserve.

"Now, go home. I want Melville's undivided attention."

Back in the living room Callie found Kean sitting on the couch. Jewels winked and headed back toward the bedroom, flipping off the lights on her way. "Lock the door when you leave."

The glow of the moon cast shadows through the slatted blinds. Callie sat next to Kean keeping the trench coat closed over her bare thighs. Putting her hands on her knees, she leaned forward, and focused her thoughts.

Images of the dead wolf lying on the bathroom floor in the club colored her mind. And then a sharp stab of pain knifed through her chest. She glanced at Kean. Red-rimmed, glassy golden eyes stared back. Shock waves of awareness washed over her. The mental link to her wolf strengthened. She reached for his hand both seeking and offering silent comfort. He'd killed a friend...for her.

"Is Lycan law that different from society's? Will you be arrested for killing the other wolf? You were only acting in self-defense." Her grip tightened. "You protected me."

"Always." He gripped back.

"Kean?"

"Yes?"

"I want to run." Wild and free, she wanted to feel the pavement beneath her paws. Out of town and into the surrounding hills, she longed to be one with nature and one with her wolf. More than that, she wanted to share it with Kean.

Callie stood and unbelted the trench coat. She took Kean's hand in hers, noticing for the first time that her index and middle finger were now both the same length.

Kean stood, pulled her close, and pressed his lips to hers. Soft, yet firm, he demanded entrance into her mouth. For a moment, they shared a passion-promised embrace. And then Kean led her from the house.

Outside, in an effortless motion, Callie dropped to her knees. Before her hands touched the ground, she had shifted from human to wolf. Side by side, they ran into the night under a Halloween moon.

About the Author

KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen, and hot scenes between the pages of her books.

KyAnn welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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