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Ella Drake



**WOLF BITTEN**

**Wolf Bitten by Ella Drake**

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***By***

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### **Wolf Bitten**

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**Dedication**

To my own hero, always.  
And to the ladies of the Mudpuddle. I couldn't have done it without you.

## **Chapter One**

A mile behind Brock Wolfrik, smudge pots spewed rank smoke into the air while he ran from the last three of his thirty-six years. Dog kennels weren't good enough for dogs, much less a man who needed to stand tall without his fur on occasion. The three werewolves loping beside him would agree. Over their panting, he heard shots echoing behind them. All four picked up the pace while their hearts raced, thundering in his ears.

Their paws scrambled over a rocky ledge as they snuffled and sneezed to rid themselves of the pollution.

He wasn't entirely sure, but he judged their position to be in the foothills of the Appalachians, probably North Georgia. His PACK—Petrol Abolished Community—couldn't be far.

The Alphas of his PACK would be appalled to learn of Wolfsbane's dog-fighting ring. He didn't have time to inform them now, though. He had to find Allie. First, he had to get out of here.

The little white female who'd escaped with him fell back a bit. Weeks of living with petrol fumes coating her lungs had taken its toll. He didn't know her name. Males had been kept apart from the females, but he wouldn't have noticed anyway. He didn't know any of their names. Fighting for his life every time he'd been forced from his cage didn't allow time to get to know the other captives.

He flicked his head back to the other two males. The smaller lupine, his fur black with silver highlights, chuffed. Nose bobbing to the ground

and up, he waved Brock forward. Brock didn't need any other incentive. The one good thing about living with gas fires surrounding him for years, he'd developed a resistance to the corrosive allergy. He leapt into a dead run, leaving the trailing wolves behind. He didn't look back.

All he cared about now was finding his mate and taking her home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Allie Greene rubbed at the grease caked on her cheek and gave an oil change receipt to her customer. The woman smiled and pulled down her sunglasses, frowning at the motorcycle with a rumbling muffler blaring into the garage entrance.

Crossing the pavement, the shiny chrome and red hog pulled up to a pump. The woman and her minivan pulled out amid the waves of heat rising above the asphalt. Allie tugged the blue uniform canvas shirt down to cover her midriff and rubbed her hands on her khakis before she could catch herself from soiling them.

"Damn. I'll never get these clean," she huffed and moved toward the gas pumps.

"Don't matter none, Allie," replied the station owner, her boss and friend, Alfonso, who stepped up beside her and stroked his beard.

She stopped herself from replying that he was right, it didn't matter because the smell from her clothes effectively camouflaged her. He'd wonder if she'd cracked if she said something like that.

The sun reflected off the cycle and blurred the writing on the rider's leather jacket.

"I've got this one," Fonso said. He hooked his thumbs behind his overall straps and strolled to the customer, his red neck gleaming between his baseball cap-covered dark hair and his white T-shirt.

He grinned ear to ear before he drawled, "Hey brother. What can I do you for?"

*Brother?* There was no resemblance between the two. The tall and muscular customer towered over her friend.

"Just fill'er up." He shrugged out of his jacket to reveal an arm

covered in tats. When she approached, he turned in profile and exposed his piercings; lines of rings around the top of his ears, and another through one of his brows. Not the typical look for Duluth, Georgia. Maybe he'd taken a wrong turn somewhere in Atlanta and ended up out here in the suburban sprawl instead of Little Five Points. He'd fit in that eclectic neighborhood. "I'm on my way out past Toccoa Falls. Got a bitch to see."

"I'll bet you do," Fonso said around a chuckle.

*Bitch?* Let Fonso take care of the asshole.

Allie scowled and started to turn back to the service bay when the man threw his jacket over the back of his seat. An emblem she'd dreaded most of her life blared up at her, and she froze. Sweat trickled down the sides of her face, but she didn't move to wipe it.

Wolfsbane. The emblem of two swords crossed over the head of a howling wolf represented the hunters who preyed on the PACK. Even though she was completely human, she'd been raised in one of their peaceful communities and couldn't understand the motives of Wolfsbane. She'd run from home so she wouldn't have to couple with one of them, but they didn't cause trouble for anyone. They kept to themselves.

Fonso and the man murmured to each other, their voices too low for her to hear above the traffic rushing by on the interstate. Brock would want to know about this, but she didn't know where he was, and she sure didn't want to know. The last she'd seen him, he'd been pissed and didn't give her a chance to explain her fears. Not that she could tell him that she didn't want to mate with a half-man, half-animal. He wouldn't take that well, probably worse than he'd taken her refusal of marriage.

"Hey, Allie."

She started before she recognized her best friend's voice. Max gripped her arm from behind. "Why are you standing in the middle of the driveway?"

"Oh, just about to head back inside for a break. Fonso's got it covered out here," she said. By the time she peeked back over her shoulder, the dark-haired man had slipped his helmet and jacket back on.

Over the racket of the muffler, she yelled at Max, "Come on, let's get out of this heat."

The bell jingled over the door when they went inside to a cold wave of conditioned air. In the small front office, Allie grabbed two bottles of water from the mini-fridge and handed one to the tall and gangly Max, who wore a local band shirt and jeans, his usual outfit of choice.

"How 'bout we take a turn at your place for movie night?" Max's voice remained neutral, but the pleading in his eyes twinged her a little. Crowded by his three roommates, he obviously wanted to go to her studio apartment because they'd be alone.

"I don't think that's a good idea. My TV is about as big as a bread box," she said, trying to discourage him without an outright rejection.

"Come on, we can watch something old so it won't matter." Max flashed his most charming grin, his teeth white in his tanned face, the one that usually worked with other girls.

"Okay, you bring the popcorn, but I can't promise I won't fall asleep halfway through."

"That's okay," he said and grinned. "You can use me as a pillow."

"Uh-huh." She bent over the day's repair schedule to pretend interest.

She didn't think Brock would like her sleeping on Max. Not one bit. She'd been trying to ignore Max's attempts to move from friendship to something more. Something she couldn't give. Damn Brock for preying on her mind when she hadn't seen him in years. She didn't want him. Really, she didn't. Why not take what Max had to offer?

The door dinged again when Fonso entered.

"Guess break time is over." She downed the rest of her water in one big gulp and tried not to let her worry show when she asked, "Who was your friend?"

His usual jocularly hidden behind a mask of indifference, Fonso eyed her for a moment. "What friend?"

"On the hog." She tipped her head to the side toward the front of the station.

"Him? Not a friend. He's just passing through."

Before Allie could ask anything more, a car pulled up, and she headed outside.



"I'll see you tonight," Max said when she didn't bother saying good-bye. He touched her hand as they walked out before he crossed to his car. That bucket of bolts should've been too loud to surprise her, but somehow he'd parked it while she'd been studying the Wolfsbane scum.

Once she'd filled the customer's tank, she retreated to the overhang of the service bay. Fonso was still inside, making calls to customers with repair updates. She flipped open her mobile and hit speed dial for her mom, Sunnie, who'd promised to keep secret Allie's whereabouts. Sunnie knew where Allie had settled, to a point. She knew what city, but not her address or where she worked.

"Hi, Mom."

"How's my baby?" asked Sunnie, all sweet, slow molasses.

"Good, I guess. Listen, I don't want to worry you, 'cause I'm not in any danger or anything, but a Wolfsbane man was here at work a few minutes ago."

"Sweetheart, I think you should come home," her mom said. Though she said this every time they talked, she did sound worried this time.

"You know I can't."

"Brock's been in touch. He wants to know where you are."

Allie's mouth went dry, and butterflies tumbled through her stomach. If she were honest with herself, she might admit that the news excited her a little.

"Even more reason for me to stay away" she managed to say while her tongue tried to stick to the roof of her mouth. "I told you I couldn't marry him."

"Don't be so cruel to the poor boy. He bonded to you, and he won't be able to have another. He's a good man. Strong. Protective."

"Yeah, he's strong. That's part of the problem. He's dangerous."

"Sweetheart, you know he'd never hurt you," her mom cajoled. Sunnie continued the habitual pleading while Allie tuned her out. Her mother meant well, but she wasn't married to a werewolf either, so how could she expect her daughter to mate with a beast?

Brock would never hurt her? Allie knew no such thing. Why did

her mom always take his side? Why did the woman think her daughter had run away from home, anyway? Always giving her mom slack, Allie knew Sunnie owed everything to the PACk that had protected and sheltered them both from an abusive marriage. Gratitude could only go so far. Allie had danced around the issue long enough. It was hot, and she was tired and cranky. Not to mention, Brock had always been the best hunter.

The hair on the back of her neck crawled.

She turned quickly to look behind her. Nothing there but the inside of the garage filled with tools, the hydraulic lift, and the acrid smell of gas. Brock wouldn't be at a service station anyway. The PACk couldn't come to town because the effects of petroleum weakened them and made some deathly ill. She was safe here, as she'd planned. Working and living in the city threw off her scent, but add to it the effects of petrol, and Brock would never find her.

For a brief moment, the idea of seeing Brock again pinched her heart, but she stifled that weakness. If he found her, he'd want to mate. He'd want to bite her. Her neck tingled again.

Her mom continued pleading over the phone, but Allie hadn't followed the chatter.

"Mom, I've gotta go. I won't marry a man that you promised me to when I was born, for goodness sake. What are we, in the dark ages or something? Besides, I'm not going to do the dirty with a dog."

Her mom's sharp intake of breath almost made her apologize, but Sunnie needed to face the truth.

"Allie, Brock's not a dog," her mother chastised. "But he is a powerful hunter. He'll find you, and let me tell you, there's nothing more persuasive than a werewolf in love."

Allie refrained from asking why her mother would know that. She was too caught up in calming her leaping heart. "Bye, Mom. I'll call you later."

"Give him a chance. We both love you and want you home."

Allie wasn't going home. After Brock had proposed to her when she'd turned eighteen, she'd considered it, but then she'd stumbled on a

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wolf couple mating in the woods. The feral growls and nearly violent consummation had turned her stomach. She'd run and never looked back.

Could Brock love her, truly? Even after she'd left him?

It didn't matter. He'd never find her.

## Chapter Two

Awakened by the weight of Max's arm across her waist, Allie's heart plummeted. Her bedside lamp glared in her eyes despite the light peeking through the window blinds. "What have we done?"

"Done? We haven't done nuthin'," Max mumbled.

She scampered out of bed and knocked into the small end table. Her engagement ring pinged to the floor. Scooping it back up, she slipped it on her toe where she usually wore it, out of sight. In all the time of their friendship, Max had never asked about it until last night when she'd let him hold it. Her toe had been empty without the plain band, but she'd stubbornly ignored it, though it called to her all night.

"You've gotta get out of here. I need to clean your scent from my bed," she said after she'd calmed from her near panic attack.

"My scent?"

"Shit! I mean, go home. I'm late for work." Max would be too sleepy to remember her slip, or he would think she'd had a wack dream.

"Why do you work at that dump anyway?" he muttered and put his arm over his eyes. He hadn't budged.

"I like working on cars. Now, go." She pulled at him with more force than she'd intended. He hit the floor hard.

"Ow, dammit," he yelped.

"Go," she answered with no sympathy. She helped him up and guided him to the door. He rubbed his eyes as he toed on his shoes and left the laces untied.

Thankful Max didn't normally wear cologne, she counted on the smell of the garage to disguise her scent from the PACk, but if any of them could find her in this asphalt jungle, Brock could.

Unconcerned, Max sauntered into the bathroom. She gritted her teeth. He'd be out soon. He was in the only other room in the small loft, a sterile one-room unit in a low-income high rise. Another decision made to confuse her scent with others. To hide Max's presence, she ran through the steps to cleanse her room.

She courted bad luck. This was the first time she'd had another man in her room—even if she hadn't allowed him to put his dick inside her. Cruel Fate would have Brock show up at her door any moment and smell Max on her sheets as soon as he entered the room. He'd be pissed. And deadly.

Allie shoved Max out the door, promised to call later, and ripped the covers off the bed. She had an hour before she had to leave. Enough time for damage control. She stripped every bit of linen: sheets, towels, curtains. With no choice but to drop them at the cleaners, another expense to her shrinking savings, she threw the laundry into a bag and put it outside her door. Allie grabbed a bottle of cleaner, scrubbed her apartment, and thought about Brock, her usual past-time.

Brock had left the community and braved the world as a lone wolf. A move that went against PACk nature. When he'd made the sacrifice so Allie could grow up without his shadow, without his sexual hunger focused on her, even as a juvenile, she'd missed the gentle man she'd known her whole life. He'd trusted his family to keep her safe. On her eighteenth birthday, he'd returned, and she'd rejected him outright. They'd both left the PACk the same day, and she hadn't heard from him since.

*What was I thinking? I've held Max off for three years, only to lose my mind while Brock is on the hunt. Idiot!*

She had to face it. Never as affected as other lupines by petrol products like gas, plastics, and asphalt, Brock would find her. It was a matter of when.

Throughout the day, Allie considered the problem of Brock and

Max. If Brock was true to PACk behavior, he wouldn't want a human male to touch her. She had to end her friendship with Max.

By the time night came, Allie had exhausted herself with worry. After a long, hot shower, she slipped into her bed and sighed as the cool sheets covered her nude body. She drifted off to visions of the forests and mountains of home.

Too few hours had passed when Allie awoke to the red numbers on her alarm clock. A sensual fog drenched her. She dreamt of Brock again. His faceless form had haunted her for as long as she could remember, but tonight was unbearable. Erotic.

She reached into her nightstand and grabbed her vibrator, one of the few things that kept her sane with the heightened carnal images of wolf mating that plagued her dreams. Stuck between sleeping and waking, Allie pictured a hard man over her, driving into her willing body while she used the toy to complete the illusion.

In her fantasy, the door slid open. Her dream lover returned for another round of love play. When her bed creaked, her mouth watered in anticipation. She flipped on the vibrator in her rush to completion and used her other hand to tweak a nipple. A tongue lapped her folds, and her hips bucked into the air. The force of her climax startled her, and her eyes blinked wide.

"Damn," she muttered shakily.

"You smell of plastic," growled the shadow between her legs, highlighted by the door to her apartment wide open to the bright hallway.

He held her down and subdued her as she tried to fight him off. When the sound of his voice registered, she stopped struggling but remained tensed for flight. He pulled the vibrator from her body. The wet popping sound made her cheeks burn in humiliation.

"Despite the stink of that thing in your pussy, watching you pleasure yourself was quite enjoyable."

"Brock?"

"At least you weren't with a man." His chest vibrated with his snarl. He pushed her knees apart and put his nose into her crotch. And sniffed.

Allie struggled to get away, but hands of steel dug into her thighs and kept her immobile. A whiff of his clean, outdoor scent reached her to awaken her long-hidden yearning for this man.

"Don't." His guttural voice vibrated her outer lips. The air from his burrowing nose heated her. "You know the nature of the wolf. Don't fight me. Don't run. You're finally under me, and I need to scent you."

Brock rolled his head back and forth between her thighs and snuffled his nose as he circled around her wet heat. The tip of his nose moved inside her then out along her folds, parting her pubic hair to rub her clit. Her lurch nearly unseated him. The sensations forced a cry from her lips. Pausing, he moved his hands under her knees and pushed them up until they were as far as she could bend, almost to her face. He held her there, and the thrill coursing through her shocked her to her toes.

"Oh, baby. You're real," he said roughly, nearly inarticulate.

Tight, but without giving pain, his hands roughened, altered, against her skin. Her fiancé's short nails elongated and began to dig into her before he gentled his hold. He grunted, shook his head, and muttered, "No."

She'd run because of this, the nearly uncontrollable urges to mate, but she couldn't help but relish his nearness. Her body responded to his feral and dominating play between her legs. It was part of him, this need to leave his scent, to memorize hers, and to spread her juices all over his face. Any ideas of running while he neared his shift melted away like water through a sieve. Instead of wanting to run out the open door, she wanted to shut it and hold Brock in her empty arms, never to let him go.

"Brock," she whispered in order to keep them both calm. "You need to let go of my legs and shut the door."

Brock didn't respond but stared at her open before him, and she bit her lip against the urge to ask him to scent her again. It turned her on. He inhaled and looked at her as if he were a beast before a banquet. Of course, that's what he was. Even in the darkness, she could tell he watched her face as he lowered his head. He snarled again and continued to mark her.

This time, he moved further down. His nose lingered many heated

moments sniffing her ass. He nudged slightly inside the tiny rosette. Each small pressure there made her body lurch above the bed. Her toes curled.

"Please," she begged, not sure if she wanted him to stop or to finally take her. Was this torture or pleasure? Did she want him inside her, or to leave her in peace? She'd never been so wet in her life, never so sensitive. She'd certainly never wanted to be fucked until she was bow-legged. Easy capitulation to something she'd run from for three years, but damn. She wanted him. How could a twenty-one year old virgin be such a slut?

He jerked her toward him, the smooth cotton sheets sliding beneath her. He knelt between her legs and clutched her knees. With ease, he lifted her legs toward him and put her feet on his shoulders. His hard shaft nudged her wetness. She stilled. The moment was here, and she was scared shitless.

"Mate," his voice grunted in a tone shy of human.

He tensed, and she could tell he tried not to scare her, or hurt her. The hardness at her soaked entrance was a mixed blessing, an event she had dreamed of since she'd first understood desire, sometimes in terror, other times in heat. Hard as a statue, he remained motionless. She couldn't see his features, or his eyes, only his shadowed form. Why did he hesitate with his wolf barely contained?

He turned his head and pushed his nose along her toes. A low menacing growl erupted over their harsh breathing.

"Shit!" The word escaped before she could pull it back. Max had held her ring. How had the scent lingered after her showers? Oh, it didn't matter. Brock could sense Max. She breathed deeply to calm her nerves before her panic transferred to him.

When Brock moved from between her thighs, she shivered at the loss of his heat. The bed creaked when he stood with her foot shackled in his grip. She calmed her racing heart. His capabilities were well engrained in her. He sensed her fear, her distress, and her guilt. He smelled her every pheromone, heard the blood rush through her body, and sensed the slightest tremor or blush along her skin.

"You're hurting me," she whispered.



"I smell a man on you." His voice scratched with the barest hint of hurt underneath.

*Remain calm, reasonable. Talk him down before he shifts.*

"You spent a lot of time down there, memorizing me. Did you smell him there?" Mental fingers crossed, she hoped the plastic toy hadn't obliterated the evidence of her virginity.

To pacify Brock, she continued, "I've never had a man inside me."

"Man touched you. Sense it. Wolf want blood." Brock shook. He ran a finger over her clit and elicited a loud moan from her.

Now that he'd stopped his rush to mate, she wanted the dominant male between her legs with a ferociousness belying the incredible danger of his anger. Such a strong emotion could elude the bounds of his control. He wouldn't sense her willingness with his body fighting to shift. She made one last effort. If he consummated the mating, she could distract him from thoughts of another man. After all, she was technically a virgin. Once mated to her, he would be protective, possessive almost to the point of insanity. His scent would cover her, and Max's touches of friendship would not matter.

Despite her usual modesty and her inherited correct behavior, she panted, "Fuck me. Now. Mate with me."

Rather than heed her plea, Brock licked the band around her toe and sucked it into his mouth. The pleasure surged down her leg straight to her clit. She grunted. She nearly had an orgasm from having her toe suckled. He dropped her foot and shook so badly that his tremors transmitted to the bed.

"Blood," he said with a thick, unrecognizable grunt. Not the warm voice she had known as a child. "Yours or his."

"Take mine." Allie shot up in bed, alarmed, her desire gone. She subdued her fear. It would send him crashing toward his shift rather than help him keep restraint. "Virgin's blood."

He shook his head vigorously, and he took several loud gulps of air. His hands clutched his head as if he were holding it together.

"You have none," he struggled to speak. "Even if no man. Use that filth." His arm whipped down before the vibrator landed with a dull thud

on the bed next to her. "Wolf find him." His voice deteriorated to a gravely low as he hunched over. He sounded sorry, human again as he said, "Can't stop."

When he dropped to all fours, Allie sat up and looked over the edge of the bed. She knew what to expect, had seen it countless times in the PAcK, but she held her breath in anticipation of seeing his wolf.

*I've cracked. Why am I excited to see him shift? Especially since he'll kill Max?*

In the darkness, she couldn't see, but his hair must be growing on his arms. His claws would push from his hands, and his large form would grow lupine.

A dark shape against the white wall, as a wolf, he was huge. The largest she'd ever seen. She wished she could see the color of his fur and stroke the thick pelt with her hands.

His teeth gleamed before he let out a heart-wrenching howl. The wolf bounded out the open door.

### Chapter Three

“Arooooo...” The call to his mate forced from his upturned muzzle though he tried to remain quiet.

Carpet softened the force of his paws hitting the floor and muffled the click of his sharp nails. He snuffled along the hallway and ignored the stinging glare of the harsh lights. The heated mantra in his head repeated. *Blood. Touched my mate. Mine. My mate. Blood.*

He caught a whiff of the scent, the memorized smell of the interloper. He bounded toward the stairwell and stopped. A movement behind him broke through his determined intent. Behind him with flushed cheeks, his soon-to-be-mate had covered her body with filthy work clothes. *Beautiful. So beautiful. Mine.*

The call for blood overwhelmed the pull of his chosen. His elongated head swung from side to side. His actions stalled, stuck between the two strongest drives in his animalistic nature—the need to rut and the need to protect his mate at all costs.

The human side of Brock battled to overcome the frenetic wolf. Through the haze of the berserk, he regained rational thought. He grabbed the reins of his mind and focused on his woman.

He had scented no birth control on her. A hot receptacle for his seed, her fertile body softened, ready for him. Envisioning her large with his babe, he sat in the hallway, frozen. Wanting her to distraction, he ignored the bloodlust to maim or kill the other man for touching her. He couldn't come to her as an animal unfit to live in the PACK or even in this

tainted human world.

He watched her move toward him with deliberate movements. She'd learned to be careful around the werewolf, and he was thankful she'd lived with his PACK—before she ran. He focused on her and allowed her innocence and seductive curves to ease him from his battle rage. His thoughts cleared, no longer fuddled by the red haze.

Gloriously full breasts rose and fell with the anxiety she tried to suppress, but he could sense her blood race, hear the beat of her heart, and smell the nervous sheen of sweat with the slight tang of fear. Her thin, tight waist peeked through where her shirt wasn't closed all the way. Smudged with dirt and stinking of gas, the misbuttoned denim top lay rumpled against her. He wanted to soap her body to rid her of the abominable smell as badly as he wanted to shove his nose into her cunt again.

So young, her flushed face was unlined. Her lips, full and lush, trembled. When she licked them, he whimpered. His tongue lolled, drool flooded his mouth and dripped to the floor. She neared him. Forever a part of his being, her scent imprinted on him. Her crotch tempted him to jump her, even though she'd covered the delicious treat with her slacks.

The smell of her cream mixed with oil vapor. He sneezed.

Her silky mane of black hair fell to her shoulders. Bed tousled, fuck-me hair. He growled as she edged by him. Unbelievably horny and ready to finally, finally make her his, he needed to calm the beast to show her the man. Brock had waited twenty-one long years. So long.

When she sidled past him, he did not move or give in to the urge to chase. She wasn't wolf and couldn't protect herself if he played rough games with her. He retained enough humanity to meet her man to woman, but his growing excitement to play threatened his leash on his baser instincts. Allie pushed the red button for the elevator.

*Chase, chase.*

He yipped at her, and she cut her gaze his way. Brock jumped in the air and, unable to contain his growing frenzy, pranced in place. Unbelievably, she smiled at him before she stepped into the lift and allowed the door to close behind her.

What did that smile mean? Was she ready for him to hunt her? He was more than ready.

He dashed down the stairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Allie slid across the tile floor of the apartment lobby. The click of Brock's paws scrambled down the stairs. Closer and closer. Her heart raced when she stepped through the automatic doors.

*Yes!* As usual, a taxi waited at the curb of the hotel across the street. She hopped in.

"Do you know Fonso's garage off I-85?" she asked.

"Sure." The driver nodded and pulled away from the curb.

Allie reached for her purse. *Damn.* She'd rushed out without her wallet or money.

*I hope the hell the boss-man is there, or I'll have to borrow from the register.*

Wetting her dry lips, Allie angled toward the rear window. Her wolf skidded to a halt at the side of the road, thrust his snout into the air, and let loose a protracted wail.

Under the light of the awning he stood, braving discovery. Before, she'd been too frightened to really focus on him. She didn't have long now, either, now that the taxi sped along the street. Such a magnificent creature. He *was* hers. She could not deny it any longer.

His beautiful fur streaked with silver and glistened at the outer fringes. The light tips graduated to dark against almost black skin. His dark legs contrasted with his bright, sterling tail. Visible from this distance, arresting ice-blue eyes stared after the taxi.

Darting between shadows, he loped down the street. The light accentuated his muscles while he bunched low on the ground, spread wide at full bore, and streaked after them

"Breathtaking," she whispered.

"You say something?" The cabbie eyed her in the rearview.

"Nothing," she muttered and shook her head. The streetlights

flicked by, and she remained quiet over the rest of the short ride, but her foot tapped restlessly on the floorboard, and she shifted in her seat.

The chase was on. She needed to get Brock away from her apartment building and Max. Getting caught would be the icing on the cake.

She laughed. The driver stared at her in the mirror again. She couldn't help it. All these years dreading Brock and she wanted to stop the car and go to him.

Not vicious, the culture of the PACk only became deadly if danger threatened a mate or cub. Hierarchy loose, the alpha pair dominated but did not demand abject submission. Although, they did enforce obedience to their culture and moral codes. If those codes were broken, the Alphas could be brutal but never cruel. For the most part, the PACk led a peaceful existence in the southern Appalachians.

Three years ago, her mother had been thrilled to learn Brock would return and marry her daughter. Unsure of her future and more than a little nervous, Allie had walked the forest to think. She'd spied a zealous wolf coupling with the male behind, teeth bared. Though PACk females readily submitted to their males, this male had been brutal and even drew blood when he bit her. In the end, the male mounted the female, furiously entering her while holding her down by the neck. Allie had nearly lost her lunch.

Brock had returned that night and asked her to be his wife. She'd been frightened and disgusted at the thought of marrying something that fornicated as an animal. After a flat refusal, she'd fled. He might have been good-looking and hot as hell, but she couldn't handle the promise of feral sex and dominant play.

For years, dark images and sharp teeth had filled her dreams. In her darkest visions, she'd run like a rabbit before being caught and ravaged by a werewolf.

Now she'd seen his wolf, touched the man, and remembered the kind protector from her childhood. In the space of a heartbeat, his wicked tongue had awakened her buried need. With the last few minutes fanning the flames of desire, her remembered dreams also added fuel. She was on

fire for him. Her panties were soaked, but she didn't care. The scent would lure him to her, as long as the fumes of asphalt didn't overwhelm him.

The cab came to a halt outside the service station. The fluorescents splashed down over the concrete at the pumps, the inside of the station bright for all the world to see. It was eerie to see it lit like a Christmas tree with no one around. For security, the lights blared all night, but it had long since closed.

Empty. Fonso would not be here to lend her fare. It was who-knows-what-time in the middle of the night. She jumped out of the taxi.

"Hey, wait a minute." The driver yelled after her.

She didn't stop to bicker, since she intended to pay him. She yelled over her shoulder, "I'll be right back, and there's a good tip in the deal for you."

Allie jogged to the rear entry and scanned for any witnesses. She picked up a rock where she'd hidden a key. Allie unlocked the door, nudged it with her hip, and entered the security code into the pad on the wall. At the register, she keyed in her PIN and grabbed two twenties from the till.

A scuffle came from behind her, and she jolted. The driver stood in the door and eyed the register. She gulped and pushed the drawer shut. At the loud "ding" from the machine, the cabbie blinked and looked at her.

Under the counter at her knee, Fonso's gun gave her courage, though she'd never use it. Her words came steady and strong. "Thanks for waiting. Have a nice night."

The driver stood still for a moment, and she couldn't read his intent from his blank expression. A soft growl interrupted the silence. A giant, man-sized wolf, teeth bared, stalked into the office.

"Holy shit!" The heavy-set man backed away from Allie and circled away from Brock, who edged toward her with a deep grumbling.

"Is that thing yours?" he asked with a shaky, high voice that cracked. His face etched in fear, he backed toward the door.

"Yes, he's mine."

At her declaration, the cabbie darted out the door, and Brock grew quiet with a few left over chuffs. His blue eyes hadn't changed and were so like the man who'd been such a part of her life. His head was as high as her chest, so he had to bend to nudge her hand.

She ran her fingers lightly over his fur, eliciting a whimper of pleasure. Pleased with his response, she scratched behind his ears, ruffled the tuft under his chin, and skimmed across his back. Grabbing a fistful of his pelt, she tugged and sifted his coarse yet soft fur.

At his continued nudging, she sat in the office chair that creaked in protest. The force of his head dropping into her lap wheeled the chair back against the wall, and the windows in the small office shook in their casements. She stroked his head. His chest rumbled, and he licked her hand. When he started to nuzzle her crotch, she stiffened.

"Stop that. Not like this," she insisted.

Before she could push his nose away, he trembled. Recognizing the signs, she waited for his shift. Countless times, she'd seen others change, but now it struck her speechless.

His fur dropped off and scattered along the oil-stained floor in gossamer strands. As if a soft wind blew away the hair, golden skin appeared, and he straightened his legs with an audible pop, one at a time in a leisurely stretch. He kept his nose in her lap. His snout retreated, and his head rounded beneath her splayed fingertips. He groaned a human sound of a male in pain. To comfort, she rubbed through his jet-black, silky hair.

"I've missed you, Allie."

At his croaked admission, Allie began to cry like the ten-year-old he'd left behind. He stood to reveal a gloriously nude body in prime condition. An impressive erection strained in front of him with unabashed interest. She didn't have that kind of experience, but he seemed large to her. He wanted to slide all that inside her. Her tears stopped abruptly. The shock sliced through her from head to crotch and ended with an electric current to her clit.

He scooped her up and held her against him. His arms were like



heaven, a homecoming so sweet she gave in to the sobs again. She threw her arms around his neck and held on for dear life. Her life. She had been so empty without him. Now, warmth grew inside her, furling, encasing her heart. He was a man. Brock. Not an animal.

And she wanted him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brock loosened his grip after Allie stepped away with her every ragged breath tugging at him. She put another step between them and looked him in the eyes, tears glistening but no longer falling.

"I missed you, too," she said, and peace washed over him.

She pushed her hair out of her face and rubbed at the bared midriff that tantalized him. When she caught him looking, she smiled nervously for a moment then firmed her lips. With a flirtatious smirk, she unbuttoned her denim service shirt and threw it to the side to reveal her ample breasts.

His chest began that damn rumbling he hadn't been able to still since he'd caught her scent.

He took the one long step separating them. Intent on caressing that pure, beckoning pale skin, he hesitated for a blink of an eye. He didn't want to mar her perfection. He moved behind her before she could say a word and tickled her ribs. As she had when she was young, she leaned over, wrapped her arms around herself, and giggled. Unlike before, her sweet ass bumped into his erection, and he nearly came on the spot.

"Ssst," he hissed. His fingers hardened around her, no longer playful. Now demanding, seeking.

"Did I hurt you?" she asked and tipped her head back to face him over her shoulder.

If he hadn't scented her before to be sure, now he was certain she was inexperienced. She wouldn't mistake that groan if she'd ever been with a man. He would be her first and her last. His cock practically wept to be inside her.

"I'm fine," he answered with a tight voice that threatened to break.

"I'll be better if I can touch you."

She blushed. The red points on her cheeks coincided with a rush of heat from her. The scent of her arousal nearly shoved him past civility. He had to hold her but without hurting her. Brock needed to talk to keep his mind just this side of sanity.

"When you denied my offer of marriage," he began.

She tensed as if to interrupt, and the sorrow in her profile eased some of the old heartache. He silenced her with a finger on her lips. She kissed the tip of it. He trailed down her chin, throat, breast, and then brushed across her nipple. Her skin pebbled, and a light dusty hue rose on her neck and spread over her chest. The heat resonated on his own skin and sent shivers all over him.

"I got angry," he continued in a soft voice. His tale would not be pretty, but the woman standing patiently for his touch was beautiful and deserved tenderness.

"Shh," he said when she tried to turn and speak. "Wait."

He cupped Allie's pert breasts and massaged. They fit perfectly in his large hands. Much taller than her, he looked over her shoulder and straight down the valley of her breasts to the waistband of the slacks he wanted to tear off. He ran a finger down her side to stop on her hip and pulled her bottom flush against his erection.

To keep from ripping the rest of her clothes off, he kissed her neck and continued. "I ran and ran. The running wasn't enough. I stopped at an out of the way bar. I planned to think over a beer. Instead, I didn't think, and I got stupid and very drunk."

Allie reached over her shoulder to cup the side of his face, and he leaned into her gentle touch.

"What did you want to think about?" she asked. Her softness soothed more of the emptiness he'd carried for three years.

"Nothing. Well, about you. How to change your mind. What had caused that fear I saw in your eyes when you looked at me."

She cringed and dropped her hand, but she didn't move away. Before he could stop himself, he smoothed his hands on her stomach and eased a finger into the top of her pants. They both froze, but her growing

excitement grew thick in the air. He sucked in the scent and ran his tongue over his lips. Damn if he wasn't panting.

"Okay. It's okay for you to put your hand there," she said. There was no mistaking her compliance. Her pheromones thickly coated his mouth, but a nervous edge tinged her hunger.

"I want to put my hand there," he said. He nudged against her clothed backside with his cock in an unconscious response before he caught himself. "We'll take this one step at a time. We have all night, but I won't stop if I start. Are you ready for this, Allie?"

She didn't answer, but she didn't pull away. At least she hadn't run again.

Unable to resist, he licked her perfect, white neck, and she shuddered. Her trembling spread as he placed open-mouthed kisses up and down her throat and behind her ear. He touched his tongue to her pulse point and barely restrained the urge to nip.

He should take her home and do this properly. In his bed. A bed he hadn't slept in for eleven years. To avoid any potential complications, PACk law separated pledged mates when the youngest turned ten. When he'd left the first time, he knew she didn't understand. How old had she been when she'd become so beautiful? He'd certainly gotten a kick to his gut when he'd first seen her again for the first time. Until then he'd not understood the hunger to mate. Now, he needed to handle her fragile trust with care before he lost her forever.

"We were friends for ten years, weren't we Allie?"

"Yes," she said and relaxed against him again. Even though his erection prodded her back, she seemed comfortable there.

With a slowness that brought his teeth on edge, he stroked her sides, her stomach, and her breasts. All the while, he ran his fingers along her waist, slid the button free, and lowered her zipper. With soothing motions, he teased along the top of her panties but never dipped beneath, despite the need that gripped them both.

"I'd been away so long and had looked forward to a sweet homecoming, but when that didn't happen, I got trashed." He didn't want to spoil the moment, but she needed to know. Using a simplistic

explanation that was almost laughably false, he rushed the rest out before she could tense in response. "Wolfsbane caught me and put me in a cage. For three years. I escaped and came back to you."

She wheeled around in his arms with shock and anger in her expression. "I'm so, so sorry."

"Shh." He gripped her face and brought her lips to his. He kissed her hard. As hard as he'd wanted to everyday and every night he'd lived in that damned hell. Dreams of her had kept him sane. She was the reason he still lived.

Her arms went around his neck, and she opened her mouth to his. He plunged his tongue inside hers. In the rhythmic dance, he showed her how he wanted to take her. In and out, he savored her taste, a mix of mint toothpaste and the humid heat of home.

He backed her against the nearest wall and lifted her onto his thigh, all the while nibbling her plump bottom lip as she clung to him. Her hot pussy had soaked her pants, and the wetness on his leg made him moan low and long.

Pressed into her crotch, he shifted his leg in rhythm with her panting. If he didn't contain himself, he'd come from dry humping.

He slid his hand into her panties, and his mouth watered when he found her skin. He ran a finger along her slit. He brushed past her clitoris, and she whimpered. Not wanting to let her go, he slid one finger inside her hot pussy and clamped around the rise of her mound. When she started to ride his hand, he growled with his frustration to take it slow. Kneeling in a swift motion, he ripped her pants to her ankles with his other hand and quickly palmed her bottom.

"You're so hot." Brock pulled his hand from her and smelled the finger that had been touching her intimately. "And you smell good enough to eat."

"Sounds like a plan," she answered with bravado. Chewing the corner of her lip and blushing hotly, she gripped his hand to pull it back to her mound.

Her taste and smell exploded inside him, and the urge to mark her overtook his control. His teeth elongated to crowd his mouth before he

could clamp down on the shift.

So close. He'd been on top of her, in her bed, but though he'd almost gotten inside her then, she'd not want him like this. Not like an animal. He turned from her, but it was too late. She'd seen the partial shift. Though he craved to do so, he'd never bite her without permission, but the urge to change her, to make her his for his long life, nearly brought him to beg.

She cried out and tried to move past him. The pants around her ankles tripped her. He caught her before she hit the floor. At his touch, she screeched and scrambled away.

Before she could bolt to the door, he roared, "You will not run again."

She flinched, and he nearly let her go, but he couldn't.

He gripped her arm and ignored the fist battering at his chest and face. The pain of her punches was nothing, but every one of her fearful sobs tore into his heart.

He wouldn't let her go, not again, even if her rejection killed him.

\* \* \* \* \*

After long minutes of thrashing at Brock, Allie fought her way through the haze. Calm settled over her, only interrupted by her hitched breaths. He loosened his grip on her, and she realized she had to leave him.

The teeth pushing out of his mouth had brought her to her senses. She needed to call Max, and she needed to get out of here. She really owed Brock nothing, but she still couldn't look him in the eye when she finally edged away from him.

"There's a break room through that door. It has snacks and a couch. Make yourself comfortable. I'll be there after I clean myself up."

"You look perfect to me." He tilted her tear-streaked face and examined her red nose and puffy eyes. "Beautiful."

After kissing her on the forehead, he gave her the space she needed, but he still stood between her and the exit. Allie forced herself to

walk, not run, to the bathroom. She turned on the tap till the water ran cold while she blew her nose. Elegant, she was not. In the quiet room, water trickled down the drain as she bent to splash water on her face.

She looked in the mirror but didn't recognize the woman there. She'd nearly had sex with a wolf. She pinched her eyes closed. She still wanted Brock, but how could she?

Well, at least she'd distracted him from Max, and to be honest, now that she didn't see that mouthful of teeth, she had to admit that she'd wanted him. Even if she finally did the deed with him, she had to be sure her best friend was safe first. Her phone was in her pants. Thankfully, it hadn't fallen out when she'd had them around her ankles. She groaned at that image of herself.

To escape Brock's heightened hearing, Allie turned on the fan and ran the water. Then she sat on the toilet, flushed, and dialed Max.

"Come on, wake up," she whispered.

"Better be good," a groggy Max answered.

"Hey, it's Allie. Brock is here. Well, we're at the garage. Long story. Short version is that he is very dangerous to you right now. You need to call this number..."

She repeated the number several times until Max promised to get up and write it down.

"Promise to call," she said.

"Okay, alright already."

A thud at the door made her juggle with her phone to keep it from crashing to the floor. The wood splintered open and banged against the wall. Allie jumped up but had nowhere to run. Anger distorted Brock's handsome face into a scowl as he stalked through the mangled entrance with every tensed muscle bunched in his lean, nude body. Brock grabbed her hand and took the phone from her before she could disconnect the call.

Snarling into it, he didn't bother with polite or even impolite inquiries. He barked, "I'll deal with you later, but right now Allie's busy. She has to go get fucked."

Ignoring the screams coming from the phone, Brock dropped the

device, grabbed Allie, and threw her over his shoulder.

The breath whooshed from her lungs, and the blood rushed to her head, but before her outrage could build, he gave her bottom one hard slap and palmed it. Her body grew hot and wet in a millisecond.

“It’s time, Allie. No more delays.”

He carried her from the room.

## **Chapter Four**

Brock fondled the delectable ass in his hands and carried Allie into the back room. He refused to think of the man she'd called and did not acknowledge the completely foreign concept of jealousy as it threaded through his guts.

"Mine. All mine." He slapped her bottom again, this time harder, eliciting a squeal in return. His cock stiffened, but he ignored it, which was difficult to do while nude in the presence of his fiancée.

He took her to the couch and put her on her feet, demanding, "This place smells to high heaven. Why are we here?"

She glared at him in stony silence.

When she'd gone into the restroom, the scent of her gone, the stench of the office had overwhelmed him. Almost as if he were back in hell, he heard the clang of the cages, and his nose clogged from the polluting smudge pots. Though he should leave and give her a chance at a better man, a man without bitter hatred roiling inside him, he wasn't noble enough to give her up. And that pissed him off.

Strong and defiant, Allie blew out a rush of air and threw her hands in the air. "I work here."

Feet planted apart, he crossed his arms and scowled at her. "You work here because of the gas, trying to hide from me. Now I know why it took so long to find you. I should spank your pretty little ass for running from me."

She froze, cocked a brow, and straightened. He could see the anger



build. "Quit posturing. You're no big bad wolf here to eat Little Miss Riding Hood. You will stop ordering and throwing me around. I'm not your property."

"You *are* my property."

"No. I'm. Not." She gritted her teeth. "I am not ten anymore. I have my own life, my own friends. Maybe we have a future together, but not if you go all alpha on me."

He looked at her bared chest, "You certainly aren't ten, sweetheart."

He didn't know why he baited her, but he couldn't resist. She was pissed off, but at least she didn't look at him with fear anymore. Their heated exchange made his dick even harder, if that were possible. Her breasts heaved with exasperation, a beautiful sight. He continued to prod her sense of fair play, making her more incensed.

"I may not be the alpha of the PACK, but I'm your alpha. If I want to bend you over my knee for running, I will."

"You big oaf. Fur-ball! You need a leash, or better yet, a choke collar." She stood there, balled fists on her hips and her open jeans hanging low, exposing little yellow panties with white polka dots.

The fight left him in a whoosh, and he grinned. She looked at him and immediately, her face softened. Chuckling, he pulled her into his embrace. "I missed you so much. Your very presence soothes me, even if you're a spitting hellcat."

Punching him in his stomach in jest rather than in anger, she laughed. "I forgot how you like to rile people." Her voice hitched. "It's been so long."

"And you were so young" he said gruffly. "I'm glad you remember me. I remember everything about you. Even the scraped knee you got when you fell off the bike I gave you. But I certainly never felt like this toward you then."

He had his alluring betrothed in his arms, nearly naked, supple, and pliant. She bit the corner of her lip, and his cock hardened again, a swift and visceral response to her unconscious habit. Now relaxed in his arms, she subtly shifted her body back and forth and rubbed her hard

nipples against his chest. He followed her lead and remained utterly still, as if she were a doe stalked by him in the hunt. In a way, she was.

Sending tremors down to his toes, she ran her hands over his body to explore, much as he had done when scenting her earlier. After touching his every angle, plane, and expanse, she nudged his legs wider and moved her teasing hands down to fondle his balls. Besides himself, nobody had touched him there since she'd been born. His knees weakened. When she stroked his cock once, twice, he thought he might collapse.

"Yes," she crooned. "Who's the big bad wolf now?"

Without answer, he sat her on the couch and dropped onto his knees between her legs. He spread her wider and leaned over her to suckle. Her moans drove him closer to a mating frenzy he couldn't bridle, but he wanted to give her a gentle lover. Clamping down on his lust, he distanced himself, even as he moved his fingers to her mound and ground the heel of his palm against her.

"You know that I don't want to hurt you," he said and looked at her half-closed eyes. "You've only had that vibrator inside you?"

"Yes," she moaned and threw an arm over her face.

He suppressed his laugh. "It's not as big as I am. It still may hurt."

Arm thrown to the side at his declaration, she smiled at him slyly, a possessive look fleeting across her face. "Nothing is as big as you are."

Smirking, he slipped a finger inside her, holding her down with his other hand when her hips bucked. Her sexy whimpers and trembling body threatened his control, but he held his urges in a stranglehold, determined to make her first time glorious. He knew it would be for him. Just entering her would be heaven on earth. He slid a second finger inside her, used his thumb on the bundle of nerves at her apex, and watched with satisfaction as her head thrashed from side to side.

So sensitive.

She came hard, her pussy clamping down on his fingers. His mouth watered at the sight, at the slick of her cream, at the smell of her musk. He shouldn't have her. She'd never be able to truly love an animal. He had to have her. Now. Even if it meant losing his restraint and fucking her like an

animal in heat.

*I am an animal in heat.*

He shook his head hard. Allie mattered here, not him. Her body still trembled from release, but she held a hand out to him. That invitation was all it took.

Fisting his hands against the urge to take her hard, Brock moved over her and used one hand to position his bulbous head at her entrance. The slick heat there guided him, sucked him in, and welcomed him. Leaning slightly forward, he put his tip inside, and a riotous heat licked over him while his breath fluttered in his lungs and his extremities tingled.

"Sweet baby, damn. Allie. My Allie."

Sliding into her slowly, he couldn't stop the curses tumbling from his mouth, the heightened pleasure too much to bear. "That's it, take me in. Come on honey, take my cock and squeeze it dry."

Dizzy with the sight of his shaft breaching her, Brock reeled, his senses bombarded with Allie. Her sight, her sound, her slick welcome. He hadn't had a woman in over twenty-one years, and the forgotten pleasure almost had him lose it before he even got started. He slid back out; his cock glistened with her fluids before he rocked back home. With the last push, she whimpered and strained away from him. He eased out slightly and ran his hands along her lithe form.

Her discomfort helped contain his animalistic urges. "Shhh. Just wait. Don't move. Get used to me, love."

Her discomfort easing his urgency to come hard and fast, Brock kissed her aggressively and sought to draw her mind back into her obvious desire. That she wanted him softened his doubts, and he didn't want her ever to doubt his love for her. Never. He'd show her pleasure, and she'd never want to leave again. He nibbled on her nipples, and then soothed them with his tongue while he massaged her breasts until she began to undulate. She groaned as she moved her hips back and forth.

Her movements nudged him fully inside. Pressing against her, he rotated his groin but stayed deep. When he circled his hips, a flush spread over her chest.

"Yes, right there," she said with glazed eyes.

She grabbed his ass and held on, encouraging him with groans. In this position, Allie sitting on the couch with her bottom hanging part way off, he knelt between her legs, able to view her open to him, his dick buried inside. He took it slow, while his eyes nearly crossed at the sight of her scrumptious curves and his cock moving in and out of her. The power she had over him was complete and unbreakable.

The sight was so exquisite it bordered on painful, especially when the rosy hue on her chest spread wider and grew hotter while her breasts jiggled with his every thrust. His balls drew up and the ultimate pleasure mounted. Curses welled up from his mindless abandon until he streamed a guttural litany, "Come. That's it, cream for me, baby. Come."

His fingers parted her folds, and he flicked a finger across her clit.

She cried out and clutched at his arms.

When he could hold off no longer, he lightly pinched her nub. She came apart, shuddering around his shaft. He exploded inside her, pounding wildly as his semen pumped into her womb.

He let his head fall back and bellowed to the heavens. "Mine!"

Instead of cringing away from his animalistic roar, Allie buried her head against his chest and held him tightly.

Brock's chest lightened, and he smiled. Relief like he'd never known brought him down heavily to sit next to his mate.

She was his. He'd never let her go.

\* \* \* \* \*

Opening her eyes to the morning, and engulfed by a man, Allie tried to push away. Then the arms around her tightened, and the scent of outdoors and clean air eased her into his embrace.

This was not Max. A broad chest with a dusting of hair and incredible heat surrounded her. She smiled against the warm skin of her mate. The night before had been delicious.

*Mate.* She was happier than she'd ever been. Well, the happiest she'd ever been since developing a sex drive with her errant fiancé

nowhere to be found, even if she had been too frightened to actually have sex with a werewolf. A willing sacrifice to his sexual hunger, she'd met his passion head on, without fear, and his wild side hadn't hurt her. After being a fool for so long, she couldn't lose him now. Anticipating years ahead with Brock, she wanted to grab that life with both hands and not let go. Could she ask him to change her so she'd grow old with him, stay with him to the ripe old age of two hundred and fifty or so? He was no animal, but could she be one? Would she be able to ask him to make her a wolf?

The faint rays of morning sun filtered through the greasy windows and illuminated their intertwined bodies on the ancient brown leather couch. She had no idea how he had slept. The couch lumped in the middle and reeked of gas, even to her. To him, it must have been overwhelming. Then again, he had tortured and teased her body all night long. He must be exhausted.

She didn't move though she wanted to rinse off the sticky semen and her own moisture from their last bout. He really had done all the work. Not that she had experience with intercourse, but she was willing to learn. He had insisted she lay back and let him pleasure her. He showed her how much he worshiped her, had missed her. He had performed miracles.

Brock had confessed to periodically stalking her the year she'd turned eighteen. He'd watch her from both near and far. Sometimes for weeks on end, so close that her scent clogged his olfactory glands, excluding all other thoughts and feelings. He had known every aspect of her life in the PACK and had been devastated when she ran. She didn't want to imagine how he'd suffered at the hands of Wolfsbane.

"Didn't you know that you are my life, my love?" he'd asked, spearing her heart. "Every moment of everyday I was held by Wolfsbane, you were what kept me human and kept me alive."

Her kisses and murmurings of apology had ended in bliss underneath his body. She opened to his touch. When he sagged toward sleep and curled around her, she'd explained about Max. Brock understood.

"I'm glad for his sake that you weren't lovers."

He wouldn't hurt Max, but would she? Would he understand when she left with Brock? She had to leave this life, this job. Brock couldn't be free here.

She considered her mate now, his expression soft in sleep and lit fully in the sunlight. His lean face hinted that he'd gone without for some time, and her heart melted at the signs of hunger and deprivation. But there the signs ended. His hard and strong body showed no weakness but seemed full of power and lethal prowess.

Handsome features wore dark stubble, which she could still feel rubbing the inside of her legs. The whiskers had burned but made her even hotter for him. His full lips pursed in sleep had been incredibly soft against her skin. His black hair had a few wisps of silver. These were signs of his pelt, not the gray hair of aging. She knew many women would find it distinguished. She found it erotic, a reminder of his wildness. Wildness of nature, not of debasement. How could she think him a brutish animal?

His bright blue eyes opened, and he smiled sleepily at her, "You're awake, love."

Groaning as he stretched, his long body extended off the end of the couch. She enjoyed the sight of his manly attributes spread before her, susceptible to her lustful whims.

"You are magnificent," she said on a reverent breath. She clamped a fist around her wandering thoughts when her hands responded of their own accord by caressing his chest. "I could stay like this all day, but we have to leave now. My boss will be here soon."

As if she had called him forth just by speaking, she heard the key turn in the outer entrance. Relieved that they had shut the office door, she leapt toward her clothes and threw them on while Brock languidly sat up on the couch.

"What are you waiting for?" She glanced over her shoulder.

Chuckling, he swatted her bottom before she pulled up her jeans, "I don't have any clothes, love."

Before she could formulate a plan, she heard Fonso's muffled yell of, "Holy shit."

## **Wolf Bitten by Ella Drake**

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Allie sifted through cover stories. Maybe they had shaved a dog and lost Brock's clothes? The bottom dropped out of her stomach when she heard two things.

First, the bolt action of the rifle kept under the register.

Second, the malicious call of the man she thought she knew.

"Here puppy, puppy. Come to Fonso so he can pump you full of silver, you mangy werewolf scum."

## Chapter Five

"Let me take care of this." Allie reached for the door.

"The hell you say!"

She turned to Brock, slashed her hand through the air, and whispered. "Shush! He'll hear you. Trust me to handle this."

Before Brock could respond, she slipped through the door and clicked it shut behind her. He forced himself to stay put. Though he fought the need to tear and rend, he trusted her. He'd stay put for a minute.

Only a minute. Then he was going in.

\* \* \* \* \*

Allie shut the door behind her and cut off the beginnings of a low growl from Brock.

"Fonso! Glad you're here. Listen, I had to borrow money from the register for a cab—"

"Where's the mutt?" Fonso interrupted.

Fonso did not seem himself. She'd never seen such a fierce expression on his jovial face. His lips tightened in a grim, straight line, and his knuckles turned white on the rifle. As usual, he'd covered his stocky build in oil-stained overalls, black muscle shirt underneath. A bead of sweat ran from his hairline, down the side of his face, and into his shaggy brown beard.



"Allie." Brutal and cold, he enunciated each word. "Where is the wolf?"

"What wolf?" *Lame, lame, lame. Think, girl.* "Oh, you mean the hair on the floor? That was a joke. You remember my friend Max, right? Tall lanky kid, likes to wear rock band T-shirts. You'll never guess. Just the other day he wore a plain pink shirt, just to turn things on their head, you know? Anyway..."

A deep growl echoed through the room. Allie flinched.

Violently shaking, she put her hands out toward Fonso. The movement pulled the direction of his gaze to her and away from the wolf snarling in the doorway behind her. Scowling, Fonso motioned her toward the front entrance.

"Nice and slow, girl. Get out of here. I've got me a bitch to put down." He turned the barrel toward Brock.

The grumbling grew louder and closer.

"Listen, he's harmless, really. I'll clean the fur off the floor later, but right now, I'll just take the big guy home. 'Kay?"

Fonso looked sharply at her. "I guess we both know what he is, girly. I'm disappointed in you. Did he promise to change you? Don't believe him, fool. They can only do that to their bitches. They call them mates, but they're animals like they are. Now, I don't want to hurt you, but my duty is to take down any of his kind. If you get in the way, you're a casualty of war. Get out of here."

He reached for her outstretched arm. Not heeding the warning in Brock's ferocious growling, Fonso's hand closed around her wrist.

As soon as the fingers touched her skin, she sensed movement behind her. Brock leapt through the air, quick as lightening. Jaws closed around Fonso's forearm. At the cry of pain, Brock bore down harder. He shook Fonso back and forth until the man lost his grip on the rifle. It clattered to the floor. Brock jerked Fonso away from the weapon and into the nearest wall.

"Mmph," was the only sound Fonso made. He slid to the floor.

Before Allie could reach Fonso's side, the bell above the entrance clanked. In a blur, she took in the scene. Holding his bleeding arm, the

motionless Fonso eyed the ferocious wolf. Brock, teeth bared, had positioned himself between the gun and Fonso. Brock had his back to the door. The pinging announcement of an addition to the fray drove Brock's snarls to a fevered pitch.

*This is going to hell, fast.*

"Fuck! Is that a wolf?"

The voice behind her confirmed that she was indeed in hell. She froze in place. "Max, what are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here? What about that thing?" Max blanched at the sight of blood but still moved toward Fonso. Then he halted when the wolf blocked his path. He looked at Brock before he swung his attention back to the garage owner. He stood still, indecision in his features. "Hey, man. Are you alright?"

Fonso nodded his reply.

Even as a wolf, Brock's turmoil was easy to read. His blue-eyed stare darted between the two men as if he couldn't decide who to tear apart first, while his body held rigid with menace. This was why she had run. She loved her adopted family. She loved Brock. But an angry werewolf was unpredictable. Dangerous. When threatened, the wolf mind overwhelmed the rational thinking of the human mind.

He would not hurt her. Still, caution was necessary. She walked toward him slowly, purposefully, showing no fear. His fury abated a fraction at her nearness.

"Brock, please."

With a tentative hand, she reached out to scratch behind his ears, and she bent slightly to look into his eyes. "Brock, let go of the rage. Focus on me."

Allie had been so intent on Brock, watching his struggle apparent in his tortured visage, she didn't think of Max. Didn't consider what Max might do. The metallic scrape of the rifle lifted from the floor chilled her. When Brock's eyes flickered, she whispered, "Trust me."

Allie ignored Brock's grumblings and straightened. Fonso still leaned against the wall and thankfully, the bleeding in his arm seemed to have stopped. The man on the motorcycle made sense now. If Fonso sided

with Wolfsbane, which made his owning a car garage a good cover, then he knew to keep quiet, wait out the rage.

Allie turned to Max, kept a hand on Brock, and pulled the wolf close to her side. Max visibly shook. Her heart went out to him, but when he leveled the rifle at Brock, her empathy fled, overtaken by cold numbness. Friendship with Max paled in comparison to the debt she owed the PACK and the love for her mate.

"It's okay now. You can put down the gun," she soothed.

"Did you call that thing Brock? Damn, it's big," Max said.

"Max, please put it down."

"No way. No way in hell. You need to leave here with me. I called the number you gave me. Your mom told me to stay put and she'd come get you. But all night long, all I could think about was you with the man on the phone. He sounded wild, crazy. Now I come to see if you're okay, and you're coddling a gigantic fucking wolf! What the hell is going on?"

"Brock came for me, and..."

"Where is he? Where is that deadbeat son of a bitch?"

Brock tensed beneath her fingers. His growl filled the small room before he lunged at Max. The fur slipped along her hand, and his sleek body hurled past her. "No!"

The shot of the gun rocked her, and the world stood still. Shouting and angry sounds halted with momentary deafness, stark after the explosion. Harsh ringing in her ears signaled the return of her hearing.

The world moved again.

Allie screamed. The roar in her ears shattered. She fell to the floor next to the injured wolf. Blood streamed from his shoulder. She covered his body to protect him from further shots.

*Silver. Got to get the silver out.*

Her fingers explored his matting pelt, and she sickened at the warm stickiness and the sharp smell of his blood. At her touch, he quivered and whimpered. She soothed, "Shh, baby. I'm here. Easy."

The two men scuffled around the room, and their distant voices buzzed in her ear. She didn't bother with them. Every cell of her body filled with concern for Brock. She willed him to live. Eyes stinging,

blinking, she searched for the wound. She found a tear in his flesh, as if something had gouged out a line. She blew out the breath she'd been holding. The bullet had grazed him. She had to hope the damn thing hadn't been laced with *aconitum*, wolf's bane.

The injury stunk of burnt hair. The gaping wound smoked, and the silver sizzled along his skin. "You're going to be okay. The bullet just grazed you. There shouldn't be enough contact for poisoning."

Careful to avoid his injury, she ran her hands over him and searched for any other wounds. The silver caused pain for a PACK member, but it wasn't deadly unless wolf's bane allowed poisoning into the blood. The right mix would mean death. Since the bullet hadn't lodged, Brock should heal quickly.

She shifted Brock to a comfortable position. Max and Fonso eyed her and Brock warily. They both appeared on edge, ready to attack Brock in his weakened state.

"Allie," the deep voice of her employer and one-time friend sounded from above. "I don't know what's going on with you, why you're trying to protect that monster, but you need to show me your neck. If you haven't turned, then you walk out of here and let me put him out of his misery."

Wolfsbane members were determined. Allie would never change his mind, and he'd forget their friendship and kill her if she'd turned wolf. There would be no help from that quarter. She turned to Max.

Max held the rifle. Wide-eyed, he watched the wolf change into an unconscious man. Brock's fur fell to the floor. The hair settled on top of the mounds already there. A strangled sound came from Max. His face blanched, and he clutched the gun.

"Max, this is Brock. My fiancé has come for me."

## Chapter Six

Brock heard the sweet, soothing sound of his mate. She'd been a fantasy for so long and far from his reach. He wanted to stay in the delusion. Find the elusive enchantress and hold onto her forever. The pull of consciousness was unwelcome, and he struggled to stay in his haven. Reality without her was too painful. Too lonely. His cage too small. The fights tore a little of his soul every time he hurt another PACK member in the fighting ring. Dreams of her put him back together piece by piece to live one more day.

At the edges of his mind, the simple touch of her eased him. Her fingers sifted through his fur. His body twitched with delight. He burned. Hot for her. But the pain slithered in, dispelled the dream, and threw him awake to the excruciating fire along his shoulder.

Not still in a cage. Here, with Allie on the floor of this stinking car garage.

He shifted.

Muscles pulled, and skin stretched. Fur fell away and left him cold. His bare torso welcomed her warm, caressing hands. His sense of touch heightened, and his vision returned. With fuzzy shapes behind her, his soft creature, his siren, looked down at him. She crooned for him. Others talked. His brain managed to interpret her words, "My fiancé has come for me."

With a rush, his sense of smell returned and brought with it the heady scent of his mate, the filth of petroleum, the angry essence of the

hunter, and ...

*Fuck! The interloper.*

The man who his wolf wanted to maim. To rend. To tear to pieces. The man who she'd said was a friend. He fisted his hands against the killing urges.

Mouth dry, he managed, "So. You're the man who dared touch my mate."

Though her eyes were brown, they appeared black in the dim light of the garage. While she ignored his veiled threat to her friend, her fingers stroked his back. "Thank goodness you're awake."

She tried to distract him, calm him, but his wolf couldn't be pacified. "He may be your friend, but I can taste his lust for you with his every breath. If he touches you again, I'll tear him apart."

"Try, mutt." Max's voice was thin, reedy. He cleared his throat and looked at Allie, beseeching, "Allie, you can't stay with him. He's a... Whatever he is, he's not a man, but an animal. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it."

"We need to put him down." Fonso reached for the rifle.

Metal slid against metal, the bolt action of the rifle primed. Max waved him off, gripped the rifle, and pointed it at Brock.

Brock considered his options and ignored Fonso's cajoling Max to pull the trigger. If not for the poison that weakened him, he would have ripped out both their throats already. He stared Max in the eye and struggled to shake off the lethargy. He steeled himself against the weakness and hefted up to tower over his competition. He willed the boy to back down.

Max broke eye contact first.

*Weakling.*

Allie pushed between the two men. She forced the barrel up. Brock hadn't realized he had moved so close. Over the gas funk in the air, the aroma of fear emanated from Max. Brock's bestial nature struggled to unleash upon his rival. He hungered for battle.

Pushing between them, Allie's backside brushed against Brock's groin, and his cock lurched. His heightened sensitivity to her distracted

him from the boy. Keeping her flush against him, he backed away, arm around her waist.

"Max, put the gun down. Just—stop it! This is the man I love. I'm sorry, but I tried to tell you. You didn't want to understand."

Brock pulled her tight against his erection, unable to stop the motion of his hips, and rocked against her ass in imperceptible nudges.

"But how can you be with this animal? We're good together. You deserve a good life. I can give that to you. How can he? He's a fucking dog!"

"He's the only man I'll ever love. I won't have a life without him. I ran from him in fear, something he didn't deserve. He never gave me reason to fear."

"But..."

"No, Max. If you shoot him, I'll never forgive you. We'll never be together either way. Besides, can you shoot a man in cold blood?"

"He's not a man," interrupted Fonso.

"Enough!" Brock hugged Allie from behind. He needed to hold her.

*My woman loves me!*

"Let's go," he said in her ear. "He won't shoot. I can see it in his eyes. I need to leave before the wolf decides to kill one of your friends. I do trust you, Allie. And I don't want to hurt you by hurting them."

Confident of his assessment, Brock didn't wait to see Max's reaction. He directed Allie toward the door. When she edged toward it, he followed close behind. His back prickled up and down his exposed spine.

When he passed the Wolfsbane murderer, he clenched his teeth with an audible click. He needed to maim the man that had certainly murdered PAcK. A snarl ripped from his chest with the difficulty of giving up the kill. Though he belonged to the group that had imprisoned and tortured Brock, he couldn't harm Fonso. He wouldn't mar his first day mated to Allie.

"Allie, wait. Where are you going?"

Brock whipped his head around toward Max, the man who challenged for Allie. But Allie was Brock's. No other man could have her. He bared his teeth and stepped toward the interloper.

Fonso reached to take the rifle from Max. Brock lowered his head and grumbled, ready to pounce. Fonso froze.

Brock saw the courage build in Max and the younger man's desperation over Allie walking out the door. Relieved that Allie was indeed outside, Brock sensed the moment Max decided to shoot.

Brock refused to run. Refused to back down to these men. He'd never show fear to Wolfsbane again. He'd rather die.

As if in slow motion, Max's finger squeezed the trigger.

The barrel of the rifle flared. The muzzle rose a few centimeters with the recoil. The explosion bounced off the walls with a deafening thud.

Brock dove forward. The bullet thumped into the wall over where his shoulder had been. He extended full length across the small room. Adrenaline pumped through him, the rush of blood roaring in his ears.

Max juggled the gun. Fonso made a grab for the weapon and knocked it from Max's hands. Brock reached the rifle at the same time as two sets of hands clutched at the barrel. He yanked it free and sent the two men sprawling, the sweep of the gunstock shoving them to the side.

"If you follow us, I'll tear you apart and throw the pieces to the PACK."

The gun, tainted with silver, weighed heavy in his hand, but he threw it over his shoulder with as much ease as possible while the two men struggled, tangled on the floor.

Brock spun on his heel.

He showed his unconcerned back to the two men and walked out the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

After a visit to a local judge for the certificate, Allie was his. Well, he already considered her his, but he needed her to have that piece of paper.

In PACK law, she'd been his since he'd bonded to her twenty-one years ago. Neither human nor PACK law mattered. Only she mattered. For



him, she became his when she'd declared her love. A declaration in the heat of battle, but he'd take it. Still, she was human, and now that piece of paper proved he was hers.

In his home, for the first time since he left eleven years ago, the clean air was heaven. No pollutants to make him weak and cloud his nose. The familiar smells of PACk and the musky scent of his mate covered and soothed him. He wanted to see his wife.

*My wife.*

Brock opened the bathroom door. Beautiful with water sluicing down her body, she stood in the shower. The stream slapped against her skin and suds streamed down her curves. She washed the signs of petrol away. Too anxious to wait, he reached into the open tile shower and flipped off the water. He could smell her reaction, excitement over his presence. Her wet, glistening body beckoned to him.

She panted, her chest rising and falling, and her pert breasts moved enticingly with each breath. Her rosy nipples hardened, begging him to suckle.

He stood away from her and shrugged off his shirt. Her smooth and muscular stomach tightened under his perusal. His mouth watered to taste the neatly trimmed hair between her legs. His erection strained against his slacks. He tried to ease the pressure by running his hand down the front of his crotch. It didn't work.

Cursing, he stepped forward and slipped his arms around her. He pulled her against his hardness. The smoothness of her wet skin slid against his bare chest. Her hardened nipples pressed into him. Those points of passion made his head swim.

With gentle coercion he said, "So soft, so good. Do you feel how much I want you?"

He lifted her chin to place open-mouthed kisses on her throat. He trailed his tongue to the shell of her ear. He licked around the outside and blew hot desire inside. He scraped his teeth softly against her skin but resisted the urge to bear down. She broke out into goose bumps.

He swallowed the lump in his throat. Could she want his bite?

"Oh, yes, I feel you," she said.

"I can't believe how hard you make me."

Her hands still wet, she ran her fingers down his chest, spread them over his stomach which tightened in reflex. Tingles followed in her wake. She stopped at his waistband. The button closure popped open, and she lowered the zipper. The metallic zip cut through their harsh breathing. Reaching inside, she stroked up and down his erection. He rocked into her welcoming hand.

"I want you, too."

He groaned at her admission.

She kissed his chest. Her licks and nibbles covered him, making him crazy. Her mouth tortured all the exposed flesh she could reach. All the while, she continued to stroke him. He spread his legs and gave her complete access. She stopped at his nipple and tongued circles around it until he grabbed her head and angled her face up to meet his lips, hungry, searching. They kissed themselves breathless, and then he pulled back to look at her seriously. "You need to promise not to run again."

"Shut up and kiss me," she moaned.

Ever at her command, he kissed her. He slanted his lips across hers and pumped his groin against her soft stomach, but the urge to hear her promise nagged at him. He broke away. "You're mine."

"Just *do* me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

She would never run from him. Only *to* him.

She grabbed his hand and brought it to the moist heat between her thighs. He slipped a finger inside, cupped her mound, and rotated his palm against her clit. When she whimpered, he dropped to his knees before her and buried his face into her wet flesh.

Brock ran his tongue through her folds, lapped her outer lips, and blew hotly across her pubic hair. Parting her, he exhaled forcefully. Scorched air teased her, made her see white flashes while her legs refused to support her. Just as she was sure to fall, he gripped her thighs to support her with his strength. A strength that no longer intimidated but

offered protection and support.

Allie raked her hands into his hair, fisted the thick strands, and held him to her. He thrust his tongue inside. When he withdrew, she gasped. She needed him to fill her again. He pushed a finger inside her sheath while his tongue leisurely stroked her clit.

"Your mouth is pure sin," she managed past her tight throat.

His tongue swirled around her swollen bud. He added another finger and scissored them to stretch her before he pumped his fingers at a frenzied pace. When he sucked and pulled on her clitoris with more pressure, Allie came and bucked against his mouth. He rose, lifted her up off the floor, and wrapped her legs around his waist. He held his erection and positioned himself at her entrance.

"You're mine," he growled. He pushed her back against the wall and shoved inside her. He stopped halfway, her sheath tight, clamped around his hard flesh. "You're so tight. Relax, Allie."

She closed her eyes and leaned into him. She loved the fullness and ignored the burning sensation. He held her against him, one hand under her ass, the other around her waist. He started to pull out of her. "No, don't stop. I'm okay. Just give me a minute."

He kissed her, and the taste of herself excited her even more. As he sucked her tongue into his mouth, he went down on his knees and lowered them to the floor. On his heels, he positioned her to straddle his lap, still lodged only partially inside her. With tenderness, he stroked her sides and nuzzled her neck.

"You're so soft and hot," he said.

Their kisses turned sloppy and demanding. With her hands on his shoulders, she lowered onto him, inch by delicious inch. She struggled at first until he guided her into a slow ride with his hands on her hips. The slick slide was heaven and the feeling of his hard, living flesh inside of her was ambrosia. The anticipation of wanting him for most of her life, and his beautiful body underneath her, combined to create an intoxicating rush. She reached for the blinding white light.

"This is too good. Bite me, Brock."

The request excited him into action. He thrust harder, pumped into

her while clenching her waist, and bent his head to suck on her breasts. When he lightly bit down on her nipple, she shook and reached climax with a hot flush sweeping her head to toe.

Her eyes practically rolled back in her head, the sensation was so heady. He rotated his hips to lure her to further heights. With the pressure to her mound, she came again. Her clenching muscles pushed him to follow. His warm cum pumped deep in her center. Complete, sated as never before, Allie clutched the back of his head and held him at her breast. "I meant it. Bite me and complete the mating. Let me stay with you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Brock managed to open his eyes, his body lax after the tension of the last few weeks. He needed to get this right.

"Are you sure, Allie? I know you're frightened of the wolf. Could you deal with being one yourself? Fighting against your own emotions to keep your animal at bay?"

"Yes. I know you. I know your family. The PACK. There was never a reason to be afraid. I've loved you all my life. I want to love you for the rest of your long life."

He was hers to command. Not that he resisted her request. Not when it was what he wanted more than his next breath. He nuzzled her neck, held her close, and reluctantly slipped out of her wet paradise.

"Don't be scared. I'll have to partially shift. This will only hurt for a second."

At her nod, he stroked her hair and hugged her tightly. His mouth stretched and his teeth lengthened, but he ignored the pain. He licked her neck and forced the words past his partially shifted mouth. "I love you."

He sank his teeth into her, quickly, but she tensed with the pain.

"Oh," she grunted, but bravely held still.

He held her in a bruising crush to keep her still so he wouldn't damage her more than needed. The sweet taste of her blood rushed to his head. But he contained the lure. She was not prey. He was no animal. He

needed no further proof than now, when the blood call loomed, and he ignored it.

He withdrew from her neck and licked her wound until the blood flow stemmed.

He whispered to her, promising.

He would hold her through her change.

He would hold her when she had his babes.

He would hold her for all time.

The End

### **Author Bio**

As a child, Ella read books under the covers with a flashlight. There she found a special love of elves, dragons, and knights. Now that she's found her own knight in shining armor and happily ever after, she loves to write tales of fantasy hot enough to scorch the sheets. No flashlight needed.

[www.elladrake.com](http://www.elladrake.com)