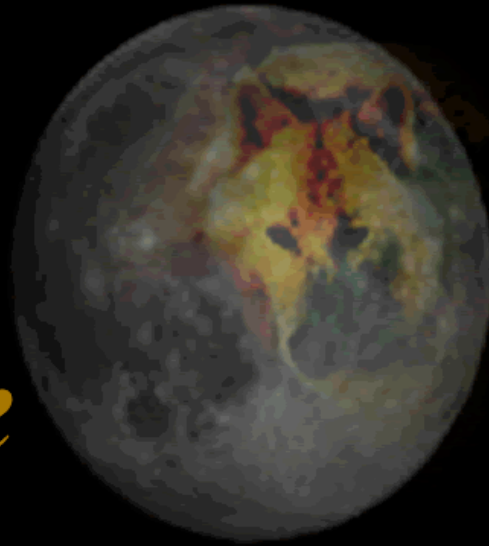


Chippewa Publishing Adult
Short Stories

*My
Name
is
Wallace*



Ella Scopilo

Chippewa Publishing
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My Name is Wallace

Ella Scopilo

Chippewa Publishing • Wisconsin

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She watched him as he downed the last drop out of the whiskey bottle and slammed it on the table. How long had he been coming to the bar and not one tiny smile or wave did he offer her? Sheila shook her head. Too long. The man was made of steel, and had a to-die-for torso. The five o'clock shadow look always covered his strong jaw line. Some evenings he came into the bar with his long brown hair tied back into a ponytail and other nights he let it fall around his face.

Tonight, it fell around his face. He had already loosened his tie and unbuttoned the first button of his shirt. She could see the very top of his curls that hid beneath the neatly pressed white shirt.

The man had money, that was for sure. Every night he came into the bar, he ordered the most expensive whiskey. One night Sheila noticed him leave in a black Lincoln and on another night, a BMW. Probably his wife's car.

“Ma’am, can I get another?” He motioned toward Sheila and pointed to the small bottle of whiskey.

Sheila was in shock. The first time in a month, he had even said a word to her. She didn't care if

it was just to order a whiskey. Hell, she didn't even care if it were to ask her where the bathroom was. His voice seemed to boil the blood in her veins and make the deepest places in her body come to life.

"Yes, sir." She smiled and winked as she put the bottle on the table. He handed her a five and when she put her hand in her pocket to offer change, he told her to keep it.

"Do you know what's going to happen to me tonight, ma'am?" He took a swig of his drink then sighed.

"No, sir. I don't know. I don't even know your name." Shelia shrugged.

"I'm going to lock myself into a room with a large juicy steak and around midnight when the moon comes over the mountain, I'm going to turn into a dog."

"What?" Sheila smirked. Great. She had been eyeing a looney for the past month.

"My name is Wallace and I'm a werewolf." He huffed.

"And I'm a vampire." Sheila laughed then started to walk away. Before she could get too far he grabbed her hand.

"Seriously." He pulled her near his side of the

bar then lifted his shirt.

She admired the ripple of his muscular torso then focused on the spot where he pointed his finger. There were teeth marks all right...causing a big and ugly scar just hidden beneath the patch of hair starting around his tight abdomen. She reached out to touch it, but he grabbed her hand.

“You don’t know what that will do to me.” He managed beneath a growl.

“You don’t know what you do to me.” A surprised look came over her face, and then she looked away.

“I’ve been watching you for a month, praying the next lunar night doesn’t do to me what it did the first time. I’ve wanted to get to know you, to hold you and love you.” He gulped another sip of his drink then pulled her close.

“Help me.” His thumb traced the outline of her cheek while his hand held the back of her head.

Sheila didn’t know whether to run and scream, or melt right there on the spot. She did neither, of course, and held her ground. “How can I help you?”

“Stay with me tonight.” His hazel eyes screamed in agony. She wanted to kiss his eyelids

and make the obvious pain go away.

“I don’t know you.” Sheila pulled away and filled a drink for another customer. She glanced at the corner where the man was sitting but he was gone.

*

It was too late for Sheila to be walking home at night, but with her car taken apart in the neighbor’s garage and the bus system on strike, there was no other way for her to get home. She turned from Main Street on to Whimple Avenue, just three blocks from her house, when a street gang of five men cornered her.

“Git me somma dat, man!” One of the men called out to the others.

Two of the men grabbed her arms. With several years of martial arts training, she was able to maneuver and plant a swift kick on the side of one of the men’s head and then in the gut of another. Both men rolled to the ground, but the leader continued to scream.

“Don let da bith git away wid it! Man!” He ran his fingers down the front of her shirt as two of the men held her feet down. She gagged and turned her head, not wanting to inhale anymore of

his weed and beer tainted breath.

“Let her go.” The voice soothed and comforted her. It was him. The man whose voice could make her insides melt. Wouldn’t it be nice if he wasn’t crazy and actually *could* turn into a wolf?

“Wha’chu talken bout, man? We gonna screw dis bitch then git you too. How ‘bout dat?”

“Try me.” Wallace took off his coat. Sheila noticed his hazel eyes were now glowing amber.

The men all jumped on him at once. At first, Shelia wanted to run, but the man was there to save her. She couldn’t just leave him! She jumped in toward one of the attackers and he quickly threw her to the ground. She watched in horror while Wallace looked as if he was getting a terrible beating.

Then it happened. A low growl started from beneath the crowd of men. Two men went flying in different directions. One man hit a pole and slid to the ground and the other landed on his rear but was soon able to run. Wallace stood, about a foot taller than before and much larger. His shoulders were wider too, as if it could be anymore possible. Hair stood out around his body but he remained in human form. His nice designer pants and white shirt were now torn from his body. All that

remained intact was his tie and the top part of his pants.

The two remaining men leaped toward his face with knives, but as they came closer, he grabbed the back of their heads and slammed them together.

With all the gangsters moaning in pain, unconscious or running away, there wasn't anyone left to fight. Sheila inched up to Wallace to look at a cut one of the knives made into his arm. He winced as she touched it, but soon it closed up on its own, as if magic healed the wound.

“Impossible.” She groaned then looked up at his face. His face was still very angular but it covered in a light coat of hair and his eyes still glowed amber.

“Should we go get that steak?” She smiled as she looked into his eyes. He was the same man at the bar, the same one she fell in love with. She used to scoff at love at first sight, until a month ago.

“I don't need it now.” He smiled and picked her up. As if she didn't weigh a thing, he carried her to an apartment on Mission Avenue then up three flights of stairs.

“Do you want to come in?” He growled.

Her thighs went damp at the thought and before she could say no, she walked into his apartment as he opened the door.

“Of course.” She smiled.

Wallace watched as she took her shirt off, then her pants and her shoes. She stepped closer to him, feeling the warmth of his thin coat of fur up against her bare skin. It was so different but so, sensual.

With one swipe of his hand, he managed to take off her bra and panties. He cupped her breast in his hand then flicked the nipple with his thumb. With his other hand, he pulled her mouth close to his. He kissed her with little nibbles of her cheeks then sucked on each trembling lip. Sheila whimpered as his tongue slowly explored her lips, tongue, and cheeks. She about went into convulsions as his mouth covered her erect nipple.

Slowly, but ever so carefully, Wallace picked Sheila up and then laid her on the bed with her knees hanging over the sides. She cried in pleasure as his tongue traced the back of her knee and up to the inside of her thighs.

“Yes!” She screamed as he buried his kiss over her swollen clit. She grabbed the back of his head, pulling him closer to her sex as she thrust

herself into his face.

“I don’t even know you!” She cooed when his fingers massaged her insides.

“I don’t care. I loved you the first moment I laid eyes on you.” Wallace laughed.

“Oh my God!” She screamed as he took longer laps with his tongue. She contracted around his fingers and felt her nipples tighten into hard buds.

When her hips stopped rocking, Wallace moved up from her thighs and took an aching bud into his mouth. His tongue swirled around the brown tip then he suckled one side and kneaded the other. Sheila felt his cock rock hard against her leg. She reached down to see what the sex of a werewolf would feel like but instead of finding something different, she felt him, smooth and familiar. He groaned as she cupped his balls then stroked the length.

“Are you ready for me?” He kissed her lips then her ears.

“Yes, Wallace.”

“Say my name again.” He growled.

“Wallace.” She giggled and he moaned.

“No one knows who I am like this!” He slid inside her, sending her deeper into more pleasure

than she had ever known.

“It is you, Wallace!” She half laughed and half cried in pleasure. He pumped harder inside her, sending those familiar vibrations screaming through her body once again.

“Yes, Wallace. Yes!” She screamed as they came together.

She felt the warmth of a tear on her shoulder as he slowed then relaxed against her body. The hair on his back, arms, and face slowly descended from the pores they came from. She looked at him again and smiled.

“What?” He stared at her, smiling for the first time since she laid eyes on him.

“Wallace.” She sneaked in once again. “Now, love me again later so I know both sides of you.”

“Anytime.” He growled. “But you’ll need to wait another month for that to happen again.”

“I’ll wait as long as it takes.” She sighed.

“And I’ll keep changing for you as long as it takes. I finally found the one for me and you don’t even care if I’m different.”

“Just don’t take my steak.” She bit his shoulder. “It’s mine.”

The End.

About the Author

Ella Scopilo lives in the rolling green hills of Wisconsin with her loving husband and 3 wonderful boys. She takes any time out that she can to write.

Other books by Ella Scopilo

Of Elves and Vampires: Trinity's Mark, Available at Chippewa Publishing at <http://www.chippewapublishing.com>