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**Under A Midnight Moon**  
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For Tempest and Cassandra, my broomstick sisters  
and writing partners-in-crime.

## Chapter One

“Ooh, lookie what we got here,” Adriana tittered as she steered the ancient, rust-brown Ford LTD into the parking lot of the Kwik Sack.

Betsey glanced up from the wad of bills she was counting to find out what her friend was snarling about, and saw a tangle of Harleys taking up over half of the parking lot, as well as most of the spaces along the front of the convenience store.

“Biker stallions,” Gemma said with a smirk as they pulled up into a parking space facing the newspaper machines. Adriana killed the engine, and Betsey craned her neck around her friend to get a good look at the group of male werewolves hanging out *en masse* with their bikes.

“Those are the new guys,” she said absently, and eased back in the passenger seat. She resumed counting the money they’d collected for the beer run as though finding some fifty-odd motorcycles parked anywhere inside the Silver city limits was a common occurrence.

“I’m surprised Ed hasn’t run them off yet,” Gemma murmured from the back seat, and Adriana gave a sharp laugh.

“Haven’t you heard? Ed Burke is in with the new pack leader like this.” She held up crossed fingers. “For whatever reason, he thinks this Cole guy can bring the pack back to its former glory. He’s not going to run off the man’s crew if he thinks like that.”

Gemma shook her head. “What a chump. Before you know it, there’ll be bikers hanging out here all the time, harassing the rest of us.”

“You don’t know that,” muttered Betsey. Adriana wagged a finger at her, her way of implying that Gemma was really on to something.

“What did I say? Remember? I told you Ivy should have re-mated. None of this would be going on now if she’d kept her status as pack leader—”

“Even if only over the females,” Gemma said.

“I don’t know. Laney seems okay.”

“Maybe she is,” Adriana told Betsey, “but she’s not true Alpha material. She’s not strong like Ivy.”

Betsey looked up. “Whatever *that* means...”

The new pack leaders had only been around for a few months. How could anyone know what the new Alpha Female was or was not capable of at this point in the game? Nevertheless, her defense of the new Alpha bitch sparked an instant uproar within the close confines of the car.

Adriana and Gemma went on and on sniping about the new Alphas, but they both seemed to forget the fact that Ivy *handpicked* her own brother and his mate to lead after her husband died. She made the conscious decision to step down—no one forced her to do anything.

Betsey sighed inwardly. While she went on counting bills in the dark, snatches of her friends’ heated conversation sank in, and suddenly she was glad the windows were rolled up. Deep down, she knew a lot of Adriana and Gemma’s argument came from listening to the disgruntled males that frequented the café where they worked.

“How do they think the pack is going to thrive with a ninety percent male population? Huh, Betsey? We didn’t have enough females before, and now—”

“Well, I’m not taking two mates, that’s for damn sure,” Gemma snarled. “So if that’s the grand plan this Cole Holbrook has for us—”

“Would you two listen to yourselves?” Betsey cut in. “I’m not sure about the breeding ratio, or what Cole’s plans are, but it definitely means better pickin’s for us females. Think about that. These guys will have to up their game if they intend to land a mate, and that can only benefit *us*.”

*That* shut them up—briefly.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” Adriana said with a sniff. She checked her lip gloss in the rearview mirror, flicked her dark brown bangs from her eyes. She then leaned over and smacked Betsey on the thigh. “So, anyway, how much did we rake in this time?”

Betsey counted out the last of the bills into her lap and looked up. “Seventy-six dollars—most of it in ones.”

“We’re rich!” Gemma hooted in the backseat, and Adriana cackled.

“Cheap bastards...” she breathed. “It’s like milking onions, I tell you.”

Betsey sighed. “Well, we’ve got what we’ve got, and they want beer. Pop the trunk and let’s do this.”

They climbed out of the car and the hoots, laughs, and fragments of gruff conversation coming from the bikers died down to a low rumble. Betsey felt every set of eyes in the parking lot look at them in interest, and her heart did an anxious little flip. She smoothed back her sunny blonde hair with a trembling hand and walked around the car to stand on the raised walkway leading to the entrance of the store.

Gemma pushed forward the driver seat to climb out, but before she could set foot onto the pavement, Adriana blocked her exit and growled down at her, “Stay here and watch the car.”

“Why? No one’s going to steal your Ford *POS*.”

Adriana blanched. “Ha-ha, keep it up, sister. It’s a long walk out to Miller’s Landing.” She snatched out the keys and slammed the door. “Ungrateful wench...”

Betsey chuckled to herself, and watched the tall brunette stalk around to the back and open the trunk. The car might be a heap, but it had the trunk space to match a walk-in closet. Most of the pack jokingly referred to her car the beer run *hotrod*.

She folded her arms over her chest and waited for Adriana to join her up on the walkway. No way was she going into the store by herself. She caught the faint scent of male lust lingering on the cool night air, and could tell by the look on Adriana’s face she smelled it too.

Tension tugged at her gut as they neared the door, but no one howled or spoke to them. No one tried to stop them from going inside the store. Adriana reached the door first and tugged it open.

In that same moment, Betsey felt a tingling along her spine and glanced over her shoulder into the crowd of males. Almost instantly, she met a pair of dark, smoldering eyes. It was *him*. Raven hair accentuated his finely chiseled face. He nodded at her, and heat rushed to her face. Betsey quickly lowered her lashes and stepped into the store.

“Whoa, what the hell was that?” Adriana asked when the door swung shut behind them.

“What was what?”

“That *eye* thing.”

“Huh?”

“Oh, come on. You think I didn’t see that? That thing with the eyes between you and the biker stallion back there.”

“There was no *thing*.”

“Yeah, right...” Adriana opened one of the cooler doors and yanked out a case of beer. She passed it to Betsey, and as she reached for another, she said speculatively, “Maybe there’s a reason why you and Jonas haven’t patched things up yet, hmm?”

“Yeah, there is—Jonas is a lying *cheat*.”

“That never stopped you from taking him back before,” Adriana said demurely.

Betsey’s blue eyes flashed with sudden fire. She yanked the second case of beer from Adriana’s fingers. “I’ve taken him back *twice*. Forgive me for wanting to give him the benefit of the doubt, but you can bet your ass it’s not happening again.”

“Yeah, okay. Calm down...” Adriana shrugged and tried to hide her red face. She tugged out a third and forth case from the racks and let the cooler door fall shut. “I was just saying—”

“We are *ancient* history,” Betsey snapped.

“I believe you.”

“Hey, Betsey!”

Her muscles bunched. *Speak of the rotting devil...* She turned on her heel to look at the handsome blond werewolf coming up behind her. “Jonas—”

“Where’ve you been all day? I’ve been trying to call you.” He leaned down to kiss her, and she turned her cheek just in time to avoid him planting a wet one right on her mouth. His lips grazed her cheek instead, and for a split second his blue eyes clouded with concern.

“What are you ladies up to tonight?”

“Well, there’s the pack run going on tonight,” Adriana told him. “It’s the first integrated run since the new guys rolled into town. It’s supposed to be a big deal.”

“Yeah, I heard about that,” Jonas snarled under his breath. “This town is getting a bit too crowded if you ask me.” He looked at Betsey, but she just rolled her eyes and looked away. She really wasn’t in the mood for more debate. *Whining ass males...* She stepped around him without another word and took her cases up to the check-out counter.

Jonas said nothing else, but Betsey was aware just how close he followed her and Adriana through the store. While the clerk rang up the cases, he stood to the side, watching and waiting by the chip rack. She knew he wanted a moment to talk in private, and he wasn’t going to get it. She’d had her fill of his excuses the last go-around.

“Thanks, and come again.”

Betsey smiled at the clerk and collected the change. Without a word or a glance directed at Jonas, she lifted up her two cases and started toward the door. Jonas rushed forward and held it open. Wise Adriana ducked her head and went out first. The second Betsey started through the door, Jonas closed it a fraction, capturing the two of them together in the doorway.

“Listen, Bets, I know you’re pissed at me, but maybe we can meet up later tonight—go for a run and talk it over.”

“I don’t think so,” she said stiffly, and glanced off toward the pack of bikers, looking for a familiar set of dark eyes. When Jonas still didn’t let her push through the door, she looked up at him with a frosty expression and slammed hard against it with her back. His fingers slipped and the door flew wide. “I mean it this time, Jonas—we’re finished. I’m not taking you back.”

## Chapter Two

Miller's Landing looked like a cramped, disorganized parking lot. Burn barrels threw off fire light every few feet, and music blared from any number of car stereos.

After no less than ten people asked her about Jonas, Betsey gave up the good fight trying to convince anyone that their relationship was over. Glad to be away from the constant questioning, she navigated her way through the maze of vehicles that took up most of the leaf strewn clearing. Her eyes strayed now and again to the jumble of motorcycles parked along the west-most stretch of the property. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise they kept to their own—so far no fights had broken out.

Despite the Alpha Council's intentions to integrate the pack, Betsey didn't envision any real blending for some time to come—not until the males started working together and living around each other outside the weekend meet ups and pack parties.

She made her way to the far left corner of the property, skirting the enormous bonfire closed in by the crumbling stone square that had once been the river rock foundation of the Miller home. She'd lost track of Adriana and Gemma hours ago, but she knew right where to find the car. Adriana always parked in the same place if she could help it.

At last she spotted the rusty behemoth and walked toward it. Nestled in the tall, grassy fringe of the neighboring tree line, the car looked a bit like abandoned wreckage. Betsey had never been more relieved to see it in her life.

She slammed the yawning trunk closed, and boosted herself up on the back of the car. It felt fantastic to be off her feet for awhile, and the break from the persistent questioning about Jonas was even better. She leaned back on her elbows, content to hang out and stargaze for a while, when suddenly her skin prickled and the hair on the back of her neck stood on end.

She sat up a little and glanced around. A few small, scattered groups lingered here and there—a group hung out around one of the burn barrels, and a few others were sitting on the tailgate of someone's truck. But they weren't paying any attention to her.

She glanced toward the motorcycles then, and that's when she saw him. He was leaning against the seat of his bike, and having a beer with his crew.

Betsey met his eyes and swallowed thickly. Her mouth felt dry as powder. It looked as though he was discussing her with his friends, but that didn't deter her from staring back at him. She couldn't help it. He was all dark hair, leather, and hard male muscle—a potent combination. Her heart kicked into overdrive as their gazes locked and lingered. He licked his lips and her stomach flipped anxiously.

"So are you going to introduce me? Or do you plan to wait until after the mating pact is issued?"

Betsey jumped at the unexpected voice, and looked up to find Adriana stalking slowly across a patch of soft ground. "Bitch, would you give it a rest already?"

"You give it a rest. You've been staring at each other all night."

"We have not. I didn't even know he was here until five minutes ago!"

"Yeah right..." Adriana glanced across the clearing at the raven haired biker. "I have to admit, though, it is kinda hard not to stare. He's pretty hot." She hopped up on the back end of the car next to Betsey and slipped off her heels. "Who knows? Maybe the two of you could pair up one night... sneak off and practice making some puppies."

“You really think so?” Betsey asked flippantly, holding back a snarl when Adriana offered her a wicked grin and shrugged.

“Well, *actually*, I was thinking Jonas might not like—”

Betsey growled under her breath. Tired of Adriana pushing her buttons, she leaped off the back of the car. With her eyes fixed on the sexy, dark-haired werewolf, she grabbed the hem of her cotton shirt and yanked it over her head.

The male paused with his beer bottle inches from his lips. He did a double take, and a feral light crept into his eyes. A small smile flirted at the corner of Betsey’s mouth as she tossed her shirt onto the back of the car.

“Betsey—” Adriana gasped at her in shock. “I was just kidding! What the hell are you doing?”

“I’m doing what we came here for,” she said as she slowly unbuttoned the fly of her jeans. “I’m going for a moonlight run.”

“With him? Are you serious?”

Betsey didn’t bother to answer her. She slipped off her boots and socks, and every male close enough to see her stopped what they were doing to watch.

When she slowly slid her jeans down her smooth thighs and kicked them off, her dark-eyed angel tossed down his beer. He leaned up from his bike and hastily tugged off his leather jacket. The black T shirt he wore beneath it quickly followed.

Betsey unhooked the catch of her bra and slid the silky, pale peach straps down her arms in a silent invitation. He narrowed his eyes a fraction, and hastily kicked off his boots. Her breasts were small, but perfect—a fact she knew without need of any male telling her so. She bared them to the moonlight, and shook back her long pale hair. A few of the other males began to shuffle and snarl at one another, but she offered them no illusions—she had eyes for only one male.

Heart pounding, she walked around the car, and while Adriana squawked and tittered and tried to talk her out of it, Betsey slipped out of her lacy thong and tossed it on the trunk of the car with the rest of her clothes.

“Are you crazy?” Adriana hissed at her. “He’s going to follow you, do you realize that?”

“Of course he will,” said Betsey.

Completely naked now, she glanced over her shoulder at him again. He was breathing so hard she could see the rise and fall of his chest. He worked at the fly of his jeans, and all the while his eyes never strayed from her face. Betsey rewarded him a come-hither look that promised him paradise.

A frenzied fight broke out among members of his crew, even as a chorus of mating howls rose up into the night air from somewhere across the lot. Betsey closed her eyes as the notes sparked along her nerves and vibrated through her soul. Moisture trickled between her thighs, and her pussy clenched in anticipation.

A knot of need coiled low in her stomach, and Betsey stopped resisting her inner beast. She lifted her face to the moon, and embraced the change.



### Chapter Three

In the body of a sleek white wolf, Betsey raced through the forest of oak and spruce and pine. She knew this stretch of woodland like the back of her hand, every turn and drop off, every fallen tree and patch of scruffy fern.

It would likely take her male a few minutes to catch up, so she slowed down as she reached the peak of a low hillock. She lingered there a moment, sniffing and pawing the ground. She then chased a rabbit into the brush.

The moon cut through the night blackened trees, creating shafts of soft blue light that fell broken over the leaf covered ground. She heard a distant rustling and lifted her head.

Her ears pricked. Someone was fast approaching.

She dashed off before the male could close in on her. She had a specific destination in mind, and couldn't afford him to catch up with her before she reached it.

Betsey heard the rippling water before she saw it. She raced toward it, leaping over a series of fallen limbs and scrubby undergrowth until she reached the edge of the ridge. She carefully kept her weight balanced on her front paws and made her way down the steep, rocky embankment to the shimmering creek below.

She hopped off the last mossy boulder and eased out into the icy water. It was there she reached for that niggling speck of conscience at the back of her mind, that bit of humanity that was always there, calling her back. She shifted easily into her human form, and leaned back in the waist deep creek, enjoying the feel of drifting water against her back.

"I thought you were going to run all night," said a rough voice from ridge above.

"Hmm..." Betsey smiled slyly. She opened her eyes and found him crouching on an outcropping of rock. "I thought about it. But then, I'd only be denying myself what I really want."

"What do you want, Betsey?"

She stood up slowly, her hair, shoulders, and breasts shedding glistening beads of water. "I want *you*, Chase Tillman."

He stood then, and Betsey reveled in the view she had of his beautiful male body—the broad shoulders, firm abs, and sculpted thighs.

He made his way down the embankment, and Betsey waited with a hammering heart. She wanted to touch him, to taste him, to feel him beneath her fingers. He wasted no time in sluiced through the water to her; however, when he was only a few feet away, he did a mock dive and disappeared under the rippling surface.

He popped up right in front of her a scant second later, and Betsey knew by the look on his face he wasn't playing around. He wanted her just as much as she wanted him. He pushed his dripping hair from his face and reached for her.

"Baby," he said in a husky voice. "I've been thinking about you all day." He dipped his head to lick a bead of water off the tip of her breast.

She sighed softly, cradling his head to her while he sucked at her taut nipples, first one and then the other. He released the second bud with a wet pop, and trailed his tongue up her chest to capture her mouth in a rough, hungry kiss.

Betsey matched his kiss. She rubbed her tongue greedily against his. He growled in pleasure, and she smoothed her hands over his shoulders, loving the feel of him, the warmth and security of his well-muscled body.

Chase tugged her hips closer to his, and she felt the brush of his hot erection against her belly. She smiled against his mouth. "Mm... We've got to stop meeting like this," she teased. "Someone might find out about us—think we're out here fooling around."

A gruff laugh rumbled in his throat. "I'm pretty sure you let the cat out of the bag when you singled me out for your little strip tease back at the camp."

"Didn't you like it?" She wrapped her arms around his neck and rubbed herself against him.

He thrust his cock up against her in response. "Can't you tell?"

She grinned like a fox. "Oh, is that what that's supposed to mean?"

He nipped her shoulder and she laughed against his chest. Joy speared through her. Just being close to him like this made her happy. She listened to the sound of his heart racing away under her ear, and she wanted to make this moment last forever.

He continued to caress her breasts, her buttocks, her thighs, and a desperate pulse built within her body. Her womb tightened, aching with need. She rubbed against him, needing him. "Chase, it's time." She pulled back to look into his eyes. "I—I want to do this."

He grew very still. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

She nipped his chin affectionately, and he growled down at her. "Betsey, look at me. We've talked about this. You know what I—" His breath caught. He held her away from him and "Are you sure?"

"I'm tired of tiptoeing around everyone else. I belong with you."

Her heart in her eyes, she waded away from him and leaned back against the rocks along the embankment. While he watched, she opened her thighs to him and stroked her hands over her slender body, surrendering herself to his gaze and his touch.

He followed her, and when he boosted himself out of the water to join her, she slid her hands over his chest, and then reached up to push his dripping hair out of his face.

"You're *absolutely* sure?"

"I love you, Chase." She kissed his shoulder, his neck.

"I know you do. And I've been in love with you since I first laid eyes on you. But I need to know if you're trying to tell me what I think you are—I need to hear you say it."

She stopped kissing him and held his face in her hands. Her face burned as she looked into his eyes. "I accept you. I want you for my mate."

Her gaze searched him. For a moment he didn't move, he simply stared down at her. And then his body began to shake. His breathing quickened and a possessive, rumbling growl bubbled up from deep inside. At last he dipped his head and kissed her fiercely.

Joy and contentment surged through her. Betsey held him close, and welcomed him to explore her body. She needed it as much as he did—to know that someone cared for her, loved her enough to commit himself to her. She stroked his back with her palms, and then she raked her nails along the trail of his spine in contrast. He snapped at her neck in approval, and for his efforts, she gripped his buttocks and ground her slick folds along his shaft.

He snarled in pleasure, and her insides clenched. The smell of her arousal rose like a heady perfume on the crisp, mountain air. He muttered words of love and commitment in a gruff voice, and then Betsey groaned as he began kissing his way down her body.

Chase trailed his hands over her, touching her everywhere, caressing, stroking. Betsey mewled in hot approval as he settled his shoulders between her thighs and parted her folds with his expert fingers.

“Oh, yes...” She rocked her hips gently as he stroked inside her. When he leaned forward and found her swollen clit with his tongue, heat shot through her body, from her innermost core to the top of her head.

As he continued his rough ministrations, she felt her desire rising and rising. She gripped the back of his head with her hand and urged him closer. “Oh, please— Chase... Oh, don’t stop...”

He sucked her furiously, his tongue lapping and stroking until the pleasure became too much, too great. It shot through her like a sudden flash of fire, and she clenched her hands in his hair as it consumed her.

When she at last stopped shaking, her orgasm settling into a warm glow in her bones, Chase moved over her and nudged the head of dick against her wet entrance.

“No more hiding, Betsey,” he ground out as he thrust into her. “When someone asks you the name of your mate, what will you tell them?”

“You,” she gasped. “I’ll— I’ll... tell them it’s you!”

Chase snarled in satisfaction and pounded into her. His cock stretched her, filled her, until she was panting, once again teetering on the verge of a climax.

“More! Chase! *Harder!*” She cried out as he speared into her. She wrapped her legs around him and clutched at his hips. He hit a sweet spot and shock flickered through her, making her cry out. She writhed beneath him as an orgasm slammed into her like a bolt of lightning.

Her face flushed, and she gazed up at him with her lips parted and her eyes glazed with passion. Chase snarled in satisfaction. He touched her face, and then he was trembling, unraveling, thrusting into her until the high sensation crashed down on him and he could only hang on and let it blaze out of control. His arms shook as his orgasm took him. Betsey had never seen anything so sexy in her life. She reached down and grabbed his rock hard buttocks, using his taut flesh for leverage as she alternately massaged and crushed his cock with her tight, inner walls.

“Ah, God, Betsey— *Fuck!*” He shuddered over her, spilling his seed deep into her sweet, clutching body.

## Chapter Four

The minute Betsey climbed off the back of Chase's motorcycle, he swept her into his arms and carried her across the moonlight dappled yard to her house.

To Betsey, it felt like her wedding night. Everything around her held a dreamlike quality—the way the chirruping crickets serenaded them, the hauntingly peaceful way the wind rustled the leaves. It was exciting, and a little frightening at the same time.

Her heart fluttered as Chase stomped up the front steps with her, and nudged the screen door open with his shoulder. They lingered under the eave of the door, kissing her for a breathless eternity before she finally reached down and turned the knob to let them inside.

"Welcome home," she whispered up at him.

The house was cool, quite, and dark. Chase carried her sideways through the doorway and stopped just over the threshold. "Think we should bother to turn on the lights?"

At that very moment, the table light flicked on as if his voice had somehow commanded it. Startled, she gaped at Chase, and then the color drained from her face as she turned her head and realized just who had turned on the lamp.

"Jonas!"

He rose from the couch. She had never seen him look so menacing. His face twisted in bitter fury. "I thought so. I figured something had to be going on behind my back."

Betsey bristled. "Behind *your* back?" She pushed her way out of Chase's arms and shifted uncomfortably. "I think you're forgetting whose house you're standing in." She pointed to the open door. "Get out!"

"Have *you* forgotten?" he snapped, and thumped his chest. "You're my bitch!"

"You fuck!" Chase gnashed his teeth in fury, his eyes glowing with sudden fire. He pushed Betsey behind him. "That's not what she told me tonight when she agreed to be my mate!"

Jonas let out a howl of rage, and lunged at Chase. "I *challenge!*"

"Jonas, no!"

Betsey leaped out of the way as the two males flew into each other like a pair of rabid dogs. They grabbed and twisted, one moment on the ground, the next hurling across the floor on their feet. They scattered furniture, crashed against her TV set, and knocked the lamp from the end table. It hit the floor with a loud crash, and the room went dark.

Temporarily blinded by the sudden darkness, she caught flashes of the fight only as they passed by the living room window. Claws slashed, teeth sank deep into both leather and flesh, sending a spray of black blood across the back of her couch.

They pounded each other with powerful fists—punishing each other's ribs as they tussled through her living room. They fell hard against her couch, shoving it back so hard it flipped over. The snapping and snarling continued until they rolled across the pieces of broken lamp.

Chase grunted in pain.

"Stop it!" Betsey screamed at them and ran toward the couch. "Jonas, no! What are you doing?"

Jonas slashed at him mercilessly, ripping easily through leather, cloth, and flesh. Chase fell back to get away from his claws, and Jonas made yet another lunge for him. This time, he was ready. He threw his feet up and slammed them into his opponent's chest. Bones crunched

and Jonas howled in pain. He staggered back several steps, and Chase jumped to his feet. He charged his attacker, knocking him backward through the front door.

Shaking from head to foot, Betsey rushed outside and watched the two males grappling on her front porch. They thundered across the wooden flooring like beasts, slamming into her porch swing before wavered back toward the railing. Jonas snatched Chase by the lapels of his jacket and tossed him against the living room window. The glass shattered; the curtain rod popped free inside the house, the ghost-white curtains tangling in the wreckage.

One minute they struggled against the shattered window, the glass remaining shards dropping like glittering shards of ice, and then somehow they charged back across the porch and went tumbling over the wooden railing.

“Oh my god— *Chase!*”

Betsey raced to the steps and jumped down into the yard. Chase had Jonas down, a knee on his chest, another on his throat. Jonas still fought, but it a hopeless struggle—he was pinned down by Chase’s claws.

“Yield, Jonas,” Betsey commanded in shaky voice as she fell to her knees beside him. He looked over at her with pain in his eyes, and she swallowed thickly. “Do you hear me? Please, yield—” She tucked her hair behind her ears, and gazed into his eyes. “I don’t love you anymore.”

Chase dug his claws in deeper. “Say it, Jonas, or I *will* kill you.”

“This... isn’t over, asshole,” snarled Jonas. Chase twisted his claws, and the other male thrashed wildly. At last he opened his eyes again, and looked over at Betsey. His eyes glittered with pain and hatred.

“I yield.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“That was completely stupid,” Betsey snapped at Chase as she helped him into her bedroom some minutes later. She guided him over to the bed where he flopped back on the dust blue comforter.

“It was necessary,” Chase rumbled moodily.

Her eyes flashed angrily, but Betsey said nothing. She wanted to yell at him, tell him he was lucky he hadn’t gotten his macho ass killed. Bruised and bloodied as he was; however, she decided to give him a break. She left him and went into the adjoining bathroom to rummage through her towel cabinets for the first-aid kit.

“I imagine we’ll both have to go before the council tomorrow and explain everything,” she called out from the bathroom. “Christ, I hope I don’t have to drag Gemma and Adriana before the pack leader. *That* is begging for disaster.”

“Why is that?” asked Chase.

“Because they hate him, that’s why.” Betsey returned to the bedroom with the open first-aid kit. She pulled out a packet of alcohol swabs and set the case on the nightstand. “He’ll bring them in for questioning and they’ll end up giving him the third degree about mating rights. No, really. You’re laughing, but I’m dead serious.”

“Oh, I’m sure you are,” he said as he sat up on the edge of the bed and stripped out of his jacket and shirt. “But I can assure you, there’s nothing to worry about. By morning, those two friends of yours are gonna have a *whole new outlook* on the mating situation here in Silver.”

Betsey stopped what she was doing and looked at him. "What do you mean?"  
"It's supposed to be a secret," he said as he folded his hands behind his head and lounged back on the bed. "But maybe if you come over here and give me a kiss, I'll tell you what you want to know."

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End

## Author's Bio

Cora Zane loves to write steamy and erotic romances about handsome heroes who will go out of their way to win the affection of their lady love. These men are strong, sexy, and not afraid of commitment. They know what they want, and are determined to get it. Cora believes it's a man's willingness to risk getting his heart broken that makes him all the more irresistible—and special.

Cora began writing erotic romances in 2005. Her other e-books include *Crossing Borders*, and *Bonding Experience*, which are currently available for purchase from [www.cobblestone-press.com](http://www.cobblestone-press.com). Both are installments in her ongoing Werekind Series. Cora's first ever erotic vampire novella, *Wicked Temptation*, is scheduled to be released Friday, October 13th, 2006 through [www.cobblestone-press.com](http://www.cobblestone-press.com).

You can email Cora at [corazane@aol.com](mailto:corazane@aol.com), or contact her by visiting her at one of the following places online:

Website: [www.corazane.com](http://www.corazane.com)  
Blogs: [www.corazane.blogspot.com](http://www.corazane.blogspot.com)  
[www.midnightmooncafe.blogspot.com](http://www.midnightmooncafe.blogspot.com)  
Myspace: [www.myspace.com/corazane](http://www.myspace.com/corazane)