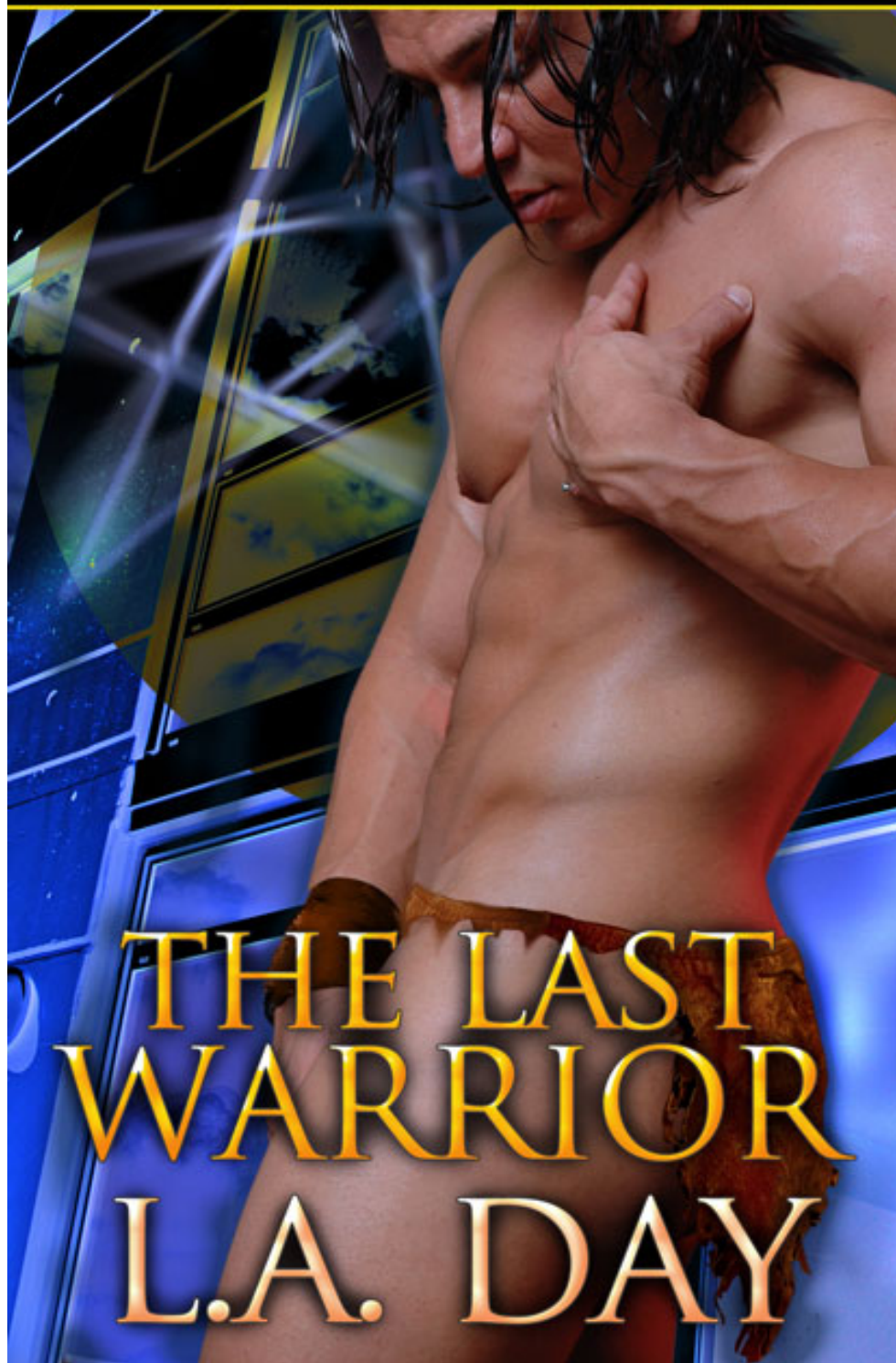


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



THE LAST
WARRIOR
L.A. DAY

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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The Last Warrior

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THE LAST WARRIOR

L.A. Day

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Author Note

The Yahi Indian tribe appeared to have vanished completely by the early 1900s, although there is some debate as to the exact date. Ishi, believed to be the last surviving Yahi, died in 1916. It has since been discovered he was of mixed heritage. Although the Yahi were a sub-group of the Yanas, much of their customs and beliefs are forever lost. I have embellished some of their beliefs for a creative story.

Chapter One

Candy-kissed nail polish enhanced the toe nudging the almost naked man lying on her floor. Groaning, he rolled onto his back. Her dreams had not done justice to this face. Deathly pallor couldn't detract from a face so rawly masculine. Long, sooty lashes bathed high, prominent cheekbones in shadows. A proud, slightly long, hawkish nose softened by sensual lips currently grimaced in pain. No, her dreams had not done justice to this man. Neither had they revealed the fact that he was of Native American descent and had a large bleeding wound on his side. Tara Montgomery gasped at the agony so deeply embedded in the dark eyes she glimpsed fleetingly.

Dropping to a knee at his side, Tara brushed the long black hair from his face before laying the back of her hand to his forehead. His flesh was feverishly hot and pale beneath her fingers. "What happened to you? You've obviously lost a lot of blood," she muttered to herself. Lunging to her feet, she dashed to the bathroom to run cold water on a rag. Tara returned quickly to his side, she hadn't brought him here to allow him to die. Fever-bright eyes fluttered once again and he muttered incoherently when the cold rag touched his skin. One hand reached up and grazed her arm, his eyes narrowed. With a strangled moan, his arm dropped and his head lulled to the side.

Her trembling fingers covered her lips. "What should I do now?" Examining his injury, she found it was red, irritated, coated with dried blood but the center still oozed fresh blood. Taking him to a hospital seemed a likely solution but therein lay a host of problems. She didn't know his name, where he was from or any other pertinent personal info. Okay, the hospital was out, for now anyway.

"There's no time to waste." She wasn't a woman who depended on anyone else. She could handle this. A healing spell seemed her best hope. Running quickly to her supply chest, she withdrew five anointed, virgin candles, a bloodstone and her healing

incense. The incense she made herself with allspice, bittersweet, cowslip, elder and a few other ingredients.

Tara positioned the red candles on the floor in the form of a five-pointed star then used the incense to cast a circle around the candle pentagram. She lit the candles in a clockwise pattern, and then sat herself within the ring. Crossing her legs, she threw her head back as she focused on centering her energies. Inhaling deeply, she closed her eyes, silently saying a cleansing chant. The combination revelation and binding spells she had cast to transport him had weakened her powers. Grasping the pentagram medallion suspended from a chain around her neck for a moment, she took a calming breath, "Grandmother, lend me your strength." Then, began her chant.

*"Ancient god, and great goddess,
I ask that this, my spell, you bless,
I seek to heal this man you see before me,
I ask your powers to heal the flesh,
to mend the soul.
In this spell, I place my trust,
when it is cast, he will be well.
With harm to none, and love to thee,
As I Will so it shall be!"*

She felt the storm of energy build, electricity crackled as she balanced the power of her ancestors. Forces warred within her soul. The medallion nestled between her breasts, heated against her flesh as she struggled to center her energies. Keeping her karma positive, she allowed the force to build within her. The room began to spin and a cloud of mist descended. She thought for a minute she would lose consciousness then

the force erupted from her body in a kaleidoscope of color. Tara collapsed backward, her chest heaving as she struggled to breathe.

Gathering what little energy she still possessed, she stepped out of the circle of incense, careful not to brush against a still burning candle. For the spell to be its most powerful, the candles had to burn completely. Tara pulled the sash of her robe tight as she moved to the man's side.

Concerned eyes scanned his form, looking for any sign of improvement. A more natural, light bronze color highlighted his cheekbones as she knelt to his side. Tara leaned closer, listening to him breathe. There was still a slight wheeze to his breath but the rasping death rattle no longer echoed through his chest. Definite improvement. Her lip curled in a satisfied smile. Sometimes being a witch paid dividends!

With her anxiety momentarily abated, she took a second to let her eyes explore the hard contours of his bronze flesh. She raised an unsteady hand to place on his chest but stopped herself. The touch she wished to place upon him was not one of a healer. She wanted to stroke all the naked, sinewy flesh exposed by his scanty attire. She needed to assure herself he was real, not a figment of her imagination or a dream. Hesitantly, she stopped. It would not be right with him incapacitated.

She couldn't believe that in this day and age Native American men still wore so little. "Not that I'm complaining," she whispered to herself. Except for the wound in his side, he was masculine perfection. The massive bronze arm thrown over his head bulged with lean muscles. Broad shoulders tapered to ripped abs. Her eyes traveled to his chest, a smooth, hairless chest capped by two dusky male nipples. She licked her lips, he was enough to tempt a saint.

Raising her hand to her mouth, she bit down on her finger. "Damn," she muttered under her breath with a husky giggle. She knew from her dreams that he was striking but this was impressive beyond belief. This wasn't the body of an average man.

He was an Adonis, a god. He could be a bronze statue of perfection. He looked as if he had just stepped out of an old western movie, complete with scanty loincloth. Her

eyes took a leisurely tour. Those rolling stomach muscles disappeared beneath the animal-skin cloth he wore around his...

She blinked rapidly.

"Holy shit!" she muttered in appreciation.

The package beneath the tight animal skin bulged generously. Desire flared in her body at the sight.

Nervously, she glanced back up at the man's gorgeous face. He was oblivious, still in a deep, healing sleep. Damn, what she wouldn't give for a peek under that cloth.

Letting her gaze wander again, she studied the thin line of hair that ran from his navel to the cloth. Her heartbeat accelerated as fingers and eyes ached to trail the stripe at leisure. Lust burned low in her stomach as she inhaled his intoxicating scent. Her nipples tingled. She wanted to blame it on excess energy from the spell but she couldn't. The slight pulses of energy that now traveled to her clit were a direct result of the man on the floor.

She really should remove the cloth and wash the dried blood off his side, thigh and anything else that might need attention. Good grief, just looking at him was making her wet. She shook her head at her thoughts and shoved off the floor to gather her supplies for a healing potion. She was a grown woman, damn it, not some adolescent schoolgirl.

* * * * *

Floating! He was floating and the mind-jarring pain was receding. He had thought when the Great Spirit lifted him his pain would disappear, but at least it was tolerable.

His eyes fluttered but he couldn't focus. There was a woman, a pale woman. He was lying on a hard surface. Warm hands teased his face and side. A voice chanted in his head. The language of the white man filtered through his mind. He lifted a hand to ward off the white-eyes spirit but he was too weak. Darkness closed in, the voice grew distant.

With a strangled gasp, Lone Wolf awoke. His eyes cast about and he tried to sit up. Pain roared and nausea rose. He relaxed back onto the hard flooring. This was not the land of the Great Spirit. A rustling sound alerted him he was not alone. Someone moved behind him, coming closer, and he lowered his lashes. He would wait. He was in no condition to fight so he would bide his time.

A pale-faced woman knelt next to him. Her eyes drilled his face and he concentrated on breathing deeply, evenly. She moved away and he watched her beneath his lashes. The woman had a body made for a man to enjoy. The sheer gown she wore did nothing to hide her generous curves. Flaming red hair cascaded across her shoulders, surrounding a creamy face with full lips and bright eyes. She was a woman any warrior would fight to own but he had no use for a white man's woman. As she moved away, her flowery scent lingered, teasing his senses.

Defiantly, he turned his eyes from her. He wondered how he had gotten to this place. He was inside a pale face's wooden dwelling, but a much more elaborate one than any he had seen before. He tried to remember what had happened. There had been a battle with the gold-seekers. Lone Wolf groaned inwardly as he remembered the devastation.

A cloud of dust and gunpowder was thick in the cool morning air as he battled a white gold seeker. Just as he pulled his knife from the lifeless body of his attacker, he was shot from behind. The sharp, breathtaking pain as the leaden ball entered his back only lasted a second. Blood erupted from his side as the shot exited. Staggering on unsteady feet, he fell forward, the numbness setting in as he lay in the dirt, feeling his life's blood drain out of him.

His friend Bear Claw dragging him into a nearby ditch and pressing a moss clump on his wound to slow the bleeding. With a promise to send help, Bear Claw returned to the battle. The sounds of the warfare raged around him. He tried to gain his feet in an attempt to aid his people. Unable to rise, he lay still, his eyes drooping closed. A bright light illuminated him, out of this

light a spirit reached for him, her gentle touch soothing, and he knew he had passed on to the spirit world.

Now he was here but why was he in a white man's dwelling? Obviously, his *spirit guide* was a white woman but why had she been at the battle scene and why had she chosen to help him?

* * * * *

Returning to the living room, Tara was surprised to find his dark eyes open, staring directly at her. The hairs on the back of her neck bristled as a chill traveled the length of her spine. Dark eyes rooted to her form with an intensity bordering on hate. Of course, what did she expect? If she woke up injured in a strange place with a man she didn't know, she wouldn't be very happy either.

Tara plastered a smile to her face. "Hello, I'm sure you're wondering what you're doing here." The words sounded stupid even to her ears.

The dark gaze followed her as she approached but he made no effort to speak or to move. His silent stare unnerved her. He possessed an air of danger, dark and irresistible. It might be wise to leave him alone until he was feeling better. The time for explanations could wait. He was in no condition to listen to a lengthy discussion on how she had managed to bring him here. She wasn't even sure what she should say. Usually, truth was the best policy but would he believe her? The reprieve wasn't unwelcome as she closed her mind to the worries that plagued her. She did not relish trying to explain her actions.

Sighing a deep breath of relief, she yanked a blanket off the back of the couch and sat down next to him. It was one of those southwestern woven blankets she had picked up at the flea market for ten dollars. Her patient raised his brow slightly as she spread it over him, but he didn't comment. He was probably critical of the workmanship—his clothing, what little he had, appeared authentic. The stitch and beadwork on his

loincloth was impressive, at least to her untrained eye. He probably lived on one of the reservations. He must have been performing in one of the tribal dances or something when he was injured.

After she covered most of his body with the blanket, she pulled his head into her lap. Long, silky hair slipped between the folds of her robe to caress her knees and thighs. Her mouth went dry and she swallowed hard. She had hoped covering his naked, bronze flesh might clear her head. *Wrong!*

Cradling his head in her lap was probably not a good idea but she couldn't resist stroking his ebony hair. "I think you're probably too weak to eat so I brought you some milk to help you get your strength back," she told him as she brought the glass to his dry, almost colorless lips.

Slowly his mouth opened as he took a tentative sip. He hesitated and then licked his lips. His long, pink tongue glided across his lips and her pussy clenched. Oh this is so wrong! The act should not have been erotic but this man made every move an erotic fantasy.

With a glance at her from beneath his impossibly long lashes, he parted his lips again, silently requesting another sip. This time, he drank greedily from the cup she held to his lips. After finishing the milk, his eyes fluttered and his lashes fanned his cheek as he dozed off. The flooring made a hard bed and she wished she could move him to the sofa but he was much too heavy for her to move. The floor would have to do for now because her powers felt drained.

Confident her administrations would help, she ran into her bedroom. Plucking the comforter from the bed, she returned with heavy, hurried strides. She covered him, tucking the blanket tightly to him. She didn't want him getting chilly. Leaning close, the feather-light touch of his breath fluttered across her cheek. He moaned in his sleep, his face contorting with pain and she shivered. "Don't worry, I won't let anything happen to you," she whispered the promise as she brushed her hand tenderly across his cheek.

In the bathroom, she stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her hair was a mess and what little makeup she applied yesterday had worn off during her dream-riddled sleep. The thin, sandalwood silk robe she wore hid little and kept gaping open, revealing more of her curves than was prudent, but she doubted if he was in any condition to notice.

Before jumping into the shower, she reached into her vanity and pulled out her waterproof, vibrating clit massager. The rabbit ears were just the thing to provide a little relief from the ache that stud on her floor had given her. Leaning heavily against the cool tile wall, she adjusted the water, letting steam build in the small stall. It was a shame to have to use Bob, her battery-operated boyfriend, with studly in the other room but sometimes a girl just needed a little quickie.

Tara pressed a button and the little vibe went into action. Anxiously, she nestled the massager between her pussy lips, finding her swollen clit. A startled gasp escaped her lips at the zip of sensation. It wouldn't take long this time. It wasn't often she was this hot before she even began. She didn't even have to call upon any of her usual fantasies to do the trick. Allowing her mind to drift to her almost naked houseguest fueled the raging flame.

Picturing what might lie beneath the bulging loincloth sent a little shiver up her spine. Imagining bronze flesh fully aroused, poised under her needy pussy had her mouth watering and her thighs quivering. That thought alone tripped her trigger and she groaned. Her clit pulsed as her pussy clenched in rhythm to the jolts of the vibe. Tara clamped her teeth on her bottom lip. It wouldn't do for her houseguest to hear her masturbating in the bathroom. Quickly scrubbing her body, she turned off the shower and grabbed a towel. Hurriedly drying, she couldn't wait to check on her patient.

A satisfied smile still lit her face as she wiggled into a pair of faded Levi's and a sky blue tank top that almost exactly matched the color of her eyes. She applied light makeup and combed her wild mane, pulling it back with a clasp and leaving wispy tendrils free to frame her face. Her hair was her best asset and this style showed its

multi-colored layers to its greatest advantage. She took a deep breath. Feeling better prepared to face him, she strolled quickly down the hall.

Silently, she approached the sleeping man, examining his face closely. His upper lip shone with a light covering of perspiration. His fever had broken, that was a good sign. She smiled, pleased he seemed to be improving rapidly. Her gaze traveled in appreciation over the ruggedly male features. Features she knew so well from his visits to her dreams. Now that the pale, somewhat pinched expression had disappeared, replaced by a smooth bronze complexion, she would guess his age to be somewhere in the mid-twenties.

He was certainly a nice piece of eye candy. Rugged features blessed with a wide forehead and perfectly arched, black eyebrows. His eyes she knew were dark, fathomless pits and the lashes covering them were long, thick and dark. The kind of lashes every woman dreamed of possessing. Her gaze moved to his lips that were no longer pale—instead a dusky red, almost feminine in their beauty. However, the strong jaw line and squared, cleft chin belied the beauty of his features, allowing his face a powerful masculine effect.

Her fingers itched to touch the indentation in his chin and without conscious thought one finger dipped into the cleft. His lips parted on a sigh and she glanced up to meet a hooded, lazy stare. Trapped by his scrutiny, she froze for a moment.

A bloom of heat lit her face, and she quickly jerked her hand back, rubbing the aforementioned finger as if it burned. His gaze held her spellbound until he lowered his eyes across her face and neck stopping at her chest. Following his gaze, she looked down. “Oops.” She threw up a hand to her shirt as she leaned over him. Her top gaped forward to reveal the globes of her breasts enclosed only by a lacy peach strapless bra. Swollen breasts were on display. Damn, she thought she had sated her desire, at least temporarily. She wished she had the nerve to pull her top off and offer her breasts up to him as a feast. Instead, she rocked back on her heels.

Silence pulsed in the room at his heavy-lidded look.

Her heart pounded rapid-fire. "So you're awake, your fever seems to have broken. How do you feel?" Her voice sounded breathless to her own ears.

The dark eyes cut to her face, but he remained mute. His look was arrogant, defiant and haughtily male.

"Okay, can I get you anything? Maybe you'd like something to drink?" Cocking her head to one side, she smoothed her hair from her face.

He raised a brow, pursed his lips and grunted at her.

"Huh," she huffed. How rude! So much for his appreciating all the hard work she had done to save his life.

"Obviously, you aren't going to answer me. I suppose you'll tell me when you need something." She spun and retreated to the kitchen, needing to put some space between them.

Filling the coffee pot with water, she poured it into the coffeemaker. She needed a cup right now, straight up black, strong coffee. Magic was quicker but she preferred her coffee brewed in the conventional way. It smelled better and aroma was half the pleasure. She stood at the kitchen window, overlooking her favorite spot as she waited for the coffee to percolate.

Herbs and plants grew wild across the privacy-fenced yard, allowing her seclusion for her jaunts under the full moon. Most evenings found her sitting in her swing under the large, fir tree gazing up at the stars dreaming of her perfect man. She glanced over her shoulder at the doorway leading to the living room. Obviously, she couldn't even dream up the perfect man. In her dreams, he was handsome, brave and a sex god. In reality, he was handsome and possibly a sex god but she thought of those dark eyes...more than a little scary.

Tara remembered the first time she'd seen the house. It had called to something deep within her. She had just moved to California, running from the whispers and suspicion of her hometown in southern Indiana. Her grandmother, well known in the

community, had often garnered whispers and rumors. Eccentric was one description, and some whispers even used the word witch.

Tara's mother had denied their heritage, trying to shield her from the truth. The outcome had been disastrous, fatal. So Tara had moved to Red Bluff after a confrontation with her mother in which Tara had refused to turn her back on what her mother described as *the old ways*.

Chapter Two

Two years had passed since the fight with her mother and here she was letting magic cause trouble for her again. She closed her eyes and moaned. What had she done? Some might consider her a witch but she had prided herself on living by the Wicca code—*An Ye Harm None, Do What Ye Will*. Nevertheless, this time she had used her powers selfishly to bring a man she didn't know into her house because she felt his pain in her dreams. Okay, truth time, it wasn't just because she felt his pain. It had started because he had invaded her dreams, arousing her body in a way no man had ever succeeded. Would she have risked such a spell if he hadn't been in danger? She honestly didn't know.

Tara felt her face flush at the thought of the dreams so vivid they seemed more a memory. His touch and heated breath upon her flesh as he whispered words of love and passion. It had all been so real that several times she awoke in the throes of orgasm. Her blood had been pounding in her veins, her pussy wet and sweetly aching with release. Her fingers covered in her own cream that she had worked unconsciously from her body. Something that none of her previous boyfriends had been able to wring out of her body.

"My god I'm pathetic." How many twenty-four-year-old women were desperate enough to use witchcraft to find a man? It was not that she couldn't attract a man. No, the problem was she had lousy taste in guys. Either they were lecherous wannabe lotharios or they were drawn by her powers. A Wiccan with her lineage had to be careful. That was a lesson she learned the hard way.

Last year, she had met a man she thought might be the one. Things seemed to be progressing nicely. Until she allowed him access to her bed and body. She shuddered at the memory. He gave new meaning to the term, *wham, bam, thank you, ma'am*. If that

wasn't bad enough he dumped her for a bimbo waitress he met at the bar. The worst part was he had blamed his digression on her. His words forever imprinted on her brain in bold, italicized letters—*I've found someone else, a woman that knows how to give a man what he needs. Not a frigid little girl...*

She wasn't frigid. It just took her longer than thirty-five and a half seconds to warm up, let alone reach completion.

She hoped the double-D bitch gave him what he needed—a swift kick in the ass. Men! Her lip curved in a slight smile as she remembered the curse she had put upon him. It was just temporary. A little mojo magic on his cock and presto, his little prick wouldn't hold an arousal, not that he could anyway. Of course, it wore off after about a month but at least she had some revenge and since it wasn't permanent, she didn't consider it truly evil. Lesson number one—never fuck with a witch!

Her other relationship was even worse. Her hands shook as an image of her grandmother lying pale and broken on the floor flashed into her head. Evil souls sought individuals of power. It was a lesson burnt into her memory.

The coffee was ready and she poured herself a large cup. Inhaling the intoxicating brew, she gulped—her first taste burning her tongue. “Damn,” she swore softly.

The sound of movement followed by a hushed moan disturbed her thoughts. She stepped around the corner into the living room and stopped in her tracks. Leaning on the doorframe, she silently watched her moody houseguest. She had thought he was impressive before.

Somehow, he had managed to pull himself up into a sitting position, allowing the blankets to fall down around his waist. The sinewy muscles of his arms and chest flexed in an impressive display as he examined his wound. His long, blue-black, straight hair fell forward like a curtain around his body. He appeared to be probing the injured area with his fingers, grunting in pain as he leaned back to rest against the couch.

Purposely, she strode forward. If he caused it to start bleeding again, he'd be sorry. She'd pour alcohol on it next time. As she approached, he glanced up at her,

straightening off the couch. He forced his weary body to sit straight, obviously unwilling to show any weakness in front of her. His head tilted at a proud angle and his dark eyes sought hers daringly.

She hesitated for a moment before approaching him. His eyes held an emotion close to disgust when he looked at her. It was unnerving. Those eyes sent a chill down her spine. They gleamed with anger and distrust but not obsessive, soul-sucking malice. No. His eyes unnerved her for a whole other reason.

Nearly strangling, she gulped another sip of coffee for courage before she squatted in front of him. It was too bad she hadn't added a dash of rum. She forced a smile to her face, trying to hide her anxiety. "Is everything okay?" she asked, eyeing him skeptically, trying for all she was worth to keep her eyes on his face and not the exposed bronze flesh.

No response. He continued to stare at her, his eyes now flat and emotionless.

Tara squirmed guiltily under the intense stare. "Okay, look I'm sorry I saved you. I guess I should have left you wherever you were to die."

His eyes roamed over her, his gaze stopping on the cup in her hand. He leaned forward, his nostrils flaring as he sniffed the air before he reached an unsteady hand for the cup. As his warm hand with long tapered fingers enclosed hers, a jolt shot up her arm. If he hadn't been holding her hand, he would have received baptism in hot coffee.

He didn't pull the cup from her hand, instead, just pulled her hand and all to his mouth, tilting the cup until he drained it. The temperature of the brew didn't seem to faze him. The back of her fingers brushed against his chin and a shiver shook her slight frame. Damn, she was sensitive to his touch.

He said something in a language she didn't understand then repeated it in a commanding voice, waving his hand dismissively.

Tara gawked at him in total surprise of not only his language but also his attitude.

When she didn't respond, he pointed to the cup and in the direction of the kitchen. She assumed he wanted more coffee. She realized he hadn't been ignoring her, he didn't

understand her. She wondered where he was from. She was sure all the Native Americans could speak English, so maybe she was wrong about his heritage. Maybe he was from some distant tribe in some foreign country.

Her grandmother's premonition played in her head — *a man will come for you from far away. You will know him when he comes.* Could it be? Another thought hit her. Oh my god, how was she going to explain to him how she had transported him here? She thought she'd transported him from a few hours away, not oceans away. Sweet goddess, this was turning into a real mess.

She wasn't sure how long she sat dumbfounded in front of him, long enough for him to repeat his request and gesture toward the kitchen again.

Tara shook her head. "For an injured man you sure are bossy." She looked at his arrogant face and smiled. "It sure would be a lot easier to stay mad at you if you were fat and ugly. No, leave it to me to rescue a bossy sex god."

Tara moved as if in a trance to the kitchen. She didn't understand his words but she recognized an order by the tone of his voice. "This just sucks. I find the perfect physical specimen and he doesn't speak English and still manages to be arrogant," she muttered half-heartedly. Refilling her cup, she pulled another mug out of the cupboard and filled it for him. She left the coffee black the same way she drank hers since she had no way of asking his preference.

* * * * *

Lone Wolf watched the woman closely. He could not deny she was attractive for a white woman. Her hair and eyes fascinated him. He had seen white women before but never one such as this. Her eyes sparkled as the many stars in the sky. She had hair of flames with a touch of gold. The thought of gold drew a grimace to his face. Gold meant much to the white man but not to him.

The woman walked away and his gaze followed. Never having seen a woman in pants before, he was intrigued. They hugged her rounded bottom, and the shirt she

wore was very small. He had little experience of white women. He had heard they were dirty and stupid, but this one was clean and her large blue eyes gleamed with intelligence and curiosity as she watched him.

He did not know where he was, or who she was. He remembered the first time he had seen her she had been wearing a gown so thin he could see the outline of her nipples. Now she wore the pants of a white man. It was very odd.

This dwelling with the silky blanket and flowered sitting bench must be one of the whorehouses of which the pale faces bragged. Her words of sex had surprised him. No maiden of his village would discuss mating with a man so casually. The white woman must be a whore, for he knew no other white woman would look at him and touch him in such a manner.

Yahis were not welcome inside a white man's whorehouse, but he had seen the women in front of them, displaying their well-used charms. They had dressed in revealing clothes similar to the gown he had first seen her wear and painted their pale faces. This one only used a little paint, but she was young and pretty, she did not need much yet, he supposed. As she gracefully walked back toward him he thought, yes, she must be a whore, why she had saved him he did not know.

Warriors of other tribes had told him that some white women were curious about bedding a savage, as they called his kind. Some had claimed to bed white women in secret. Knowing of no other reason a white woman would help a redskin, he supposed that was the reason. If so, he would oblige her before he left. It was a chore he would not mind and his shaft stirred at the thought. He had never taken a white woman to his hides, he had never desired one, but this one was different. She possessed a rare beauty that stirred not only his shaft but all of his senses.

He was intrigued. Yes, he would give her pleasure. Show her what it was like to have the large shaft of a red man buried deep between her pale, silky thighs. He would make sure it was an experience neither one of them would ever forget.

The white whore stopped and squatted in front of him, offering him a cup of the white man's coffee. Coffee was one thing the pale face did well. He wondered what other things the white whore did well. Her full, rosy lips drew back, revealing gleaming white teeth. He imagined taking those lips with his own or parting them with his thick shaft. They were lips made for wrapping around a man's rod and sucking his essence from him.

His own lips responded by curling up at the corners. Another part of his anatomy started to rise, but he willed it to stop. He was not well enough to please her and he wanted to make sure she enjoyed the experience as much as he would.

His tentative smile as he took the cup seemed to please her. "My name is Tara," she said, poking a finger at her chest.

"What is your name?" she asked, pointing a finger at him.

Lone Wolf smiled with secret pleasure. He would not tell her his name. The Yahi rarely spoke their names for it was taboo. There was no reason for her to know he understood her words—he would be gone from this place as soon as he was able to travel.

She tried again, repeating her name, touching one finger to her chest and then pointing at him.

Lone Wolf had to stop himself from laughing at the funny pale face that thought he could not understand her words. He had learned the pale face language as a child, from a white trapper who lived among his people. The trapper was the only white man Lone Wolf had trusted, but he was gone now, killed by the greedy white-eyes three summers ago.

Deciding to humor the white whore by the name of Tar-ah, he lifted the hand not holding his cup and poked at her chest. His finger brushed the softness of her shirt—it was unlike any he had felt. However, it was the feminine softness underneath that drew his attention.

"Tar-ah," he repeated roughly, the name felt right on his tongue.

She rewarded his effort by her bouncing up and down excitedly, her breasts covered by the thin cloth bouncing with her. He had to hide the gleam in his eyes. The neckline of her small shirt slipped lower, revealing her deep cleavage to his avid gaze, and his breath caught in his throat. Her breasts were full globes sitting high on her chest. The skin was creamy and smooth. Peaked nipples poked at the thin material and his fingers hungered to learn the texture of her flesh.

She giggled, delighted, as if she were a small girl child given her first cornhusk doll. This whore must be new to her trade for she still appeared very young and innocent. Maybe she still needed some teaching in the ways of pleasing men. He would be happy to help her. His mind came back to the present when he felt her finger jab him in the chest.

She hesitated. "Okay, now your name?"

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She repeated her name again, "Tara," and jabbed at herself impatiently. Then she slowly placed a finger in the middle of his chest. Her eyes, which had been staring into his, dropped to her finger resting on his massive, hairless chest. My god, he had muscles, not the bulging kind developed in a gym, but the natural kind gained from hard, physical activity. His skin tone was light, reddish brown over rippling muscles. A fine layer of dust covered him but it did nothing to hide his raw beauty. She bit her lip hard to stop herself from running her hand over his chest.

"I am going to have to find you some clothes. You are way too lethal sitting here all muscled, tanned and sexy." She giggled. "It's a good thing you can't understand me or you'd probably think I wanted to drag you off to my bed. Of course, I do but I'd never tell you that." She lowered her voice until it was almost a whisper. He stared at her in return and the heat in his eyes burned a path across her flesh. "Okay, if you won't tell me your name how about I call you...hmm...a good Indian name—Hung like Horse."

She shook her head. "Probably something a little nobler, don't worry I'll think of something."

She darted her gaze back up to his face, his dark eyes bore into hers, lips parted and his fiery gaze lowered slowly, perusing her curves. Heat flowed in the wake of his gaze, leaving her body in a sizzling, melting heap. Her heart turned over, even disheveled and covered in dust and blood, he was the most handsome, irresistible man she'd ever seen. She leaned closer, craving the touch of his lips upon hers, her whole body alive, waiting for the contact and then she hesitated. His eyes had returned to her face—they beckoned her. She could lose herself in their ebony depths. He was so close she could see the pores in his bronze flesh, the flecks of caramel brown in his dark eyes.

She stopped abruptly, shaking her head. What was she doing? Just minutes ago, this man was injured, lay bleeding and unconscious, and now she was panting after his body. She leaned back, pushed to her feet, paced the room and finally sat in the high back, floral print chair facing him. She glanced nervously at him then away. What he must think of her. A blush heated her pale checks and she wrung her hands as she coyly glanced back at him. "Sorry, the last thing you need is some desperate woman hunching on your injured body." Shrugging her shoulders, she plastered on a smile, hoping he understood. He might be arrogant but he certainly oozed sex appeal.

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Lone Wolf was intrigued and amused by her words. *Hung like Horse!* Soon, she would see for herself how close she was. Then he would alleviate both of their needs but right now, he had another pressing need. Draining the last of his coffee, he began to stand. The need to go outside and give relief to his body was great. As he got to his knees, a wave of dizziness hit him, his stomach somersaulted and he swayed. Immediately, the white woman rushed to his side. Her strong but gentle hands reached to steady him.

As he struggled to gain his feet, she supported him, her mouth flapping in constant protest. "What are you doing? You are going to start bleeding again." He was not sure why she talked so much, since she did not think he knew the words she spoke.

He finally managed to rise but leaned heavily against the large seating bench, his breath came hard. Since she was a whore, he assumed she would have no problem helping him outside to relieve one of the aches in his loins. His only problem was translating his need to her without revealing he spoke her language. He began by gesturing toward the door he assumed led outside.

"No, you aren't ready to leave. I don't know where to take you," she said. Adamantly, she shook her head, the mass of red curls tumbled around her shoulders, drawing his gaze.

As alluring as she was, he had another need. Grasping her chin between his thumb and forefinger, he forced her to look at him. Shaking his head in a negative manner, he again pointed at the door. She furrowed her brow at him. Calling on the patience he'd learned as a child, again he pointed at the door, this time though after pointing at the door he gestured to his shaft beneath his breechclout.

With wide eyes, the white whore watched him. Seeing the puzzled look upon her face, he tried again, this time he pointed at the cup, his shaft and then the door.

The look of confusion finally changed to an expression of comprehension and she smiled and nodded at him. He started toward the door but she held firmly to his arm, shaking her head. "This way."

Her arm wrapped around him, her shoulder fitting under his arm. As they walked, her body moved gently against his. The soft touch did not go unnoticed by his shaft as it throbbed to life. He gritted his teeth more from the pain in his shaft than the one in his side.

Lone Wolf assumed there must be another exit to her dwelling down the hall and gratefully leaned on her for support as she paced herself to his slow gait. She opened a door and he blinked as bright light hit him in the face. This door did not lead outside. It

was a small white room, lit by an unusually bright lamp and full of odd creations. He sighed deeply—he had walked all this way for nothing, and she still did not understand his need. Grabbing her shoulder, he shook his head. His need was growing great and he gestured to his shaft. He was considering speaking to her in her native tongue when she began to speak.

“This is a bathroom. Do you know bathroom?”

Shrugging his shoulders, he looked at her and she smiled hesitantly. “I know you don’t understand me so I will try to show you how this works.”

Leading him to stand in front of a short, white bowl, she began to explain, “This is a toilet, you can sit on it.” She pointed at the bowl. “Or being a man you can stand, depending on the nature of your business.” She leaned forward and flipped a lever. “When you have finished.” She waved her hand at the toilet. “You flush.” She moved from his side to stand at a tall washbowl. “When you finish there, you can wash your hands here, in the sink.” She demonstrated by turning a knob, pumping the soap out of the pottery dish, soaping and rinsing her hands. “Then dry your hands on this.” She shook the bright pink cloth at him.

“Okay?”

Lone Wolf nodded at her and she turned to the door. “I’ll wait out here. If you need me just call.” As he reached for his shaft beneath his clout, she hastily exited the room.

A smile touched his lips at her swift departure. One would think she had never seen a naked man. He supposed she was hesitant because of his Indian blood, most white-eyes considered his kind savages. He glanced around in amazement of the white man’s inventions. He had heard of lavish homes in the large white settlements but he had never seen any himself. He wondered how she had gotten him here, how long he had been unconscious. Flushing the toilet as she had instructed, he watched the swirling blue water. “White-eyes are very odd creatures,” he whispered too low for her to hear.

Slowly, he shuffled to the other contraption, some type of washbowl. He stared at his reflection in the glass hanging on the wall. He had seen his reflection before in the many lakes and streams surrounding the Yahi hunting grounds but this was a clear reflection of his features. He narrowed his eyes. Touching his hand to the glass, he had a disturbing thought. Would the looking glass trap his image forever inside? When he moved his hand from the glass, the image of his hand disappeared. He would not worry about this now.

Turning the knobs as she instructed, water poured into the bowl. This water he noticed was clear. He pushed down on the white handle of the clay container and his hand filled with sticky goo that smelled of sweet water. Rubbing his hands together, he created soap bubbles then he stuck them under the water to rinse. "Yowl!" Yanking his hands back, he threw bubbles across the room. She had not warned him the water would be so hot.

At his yell of pain, there was a knock at the door immediately followed by it opening. He stood at the sink with his back to her but could see her in the glass wall hanging. He glanced over his shoulder at her, narrowing his eyes.

"Sorry, I guess I forgot to warn you, the right side is cold and the left side is hot. Here let me." She adjusted the temperature and tested it. "Okay, try again."

Tentatively, he brought his hands under the water and rinsed them, then proceeded to shake his hands, flinging water everywhere.

"Towel." She held the pink material up to him.

Jerking the cloth from her, he dried his hands on it, amazed by the softness of the material. It was softer than well-worn buckskin. He brought the cloth to his face and sniffed, it smelled sweet.

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Mumbling to herself, she pulled another towel out of the cabinet and began to clean up the mess he made. She glanced at the floor, pleased that he had managed to use the

toilet correctly. She glanced at him and noticed his pinched, tired expression. Quickly putting the seat down on the commode, she motioned for him to sit. How could she worry about trivial matters when he'd had a near-death experience?

"I know you're tired but while I have you here I need to treat your wound. I wish you could tell me what happened to you." She noticed for the first time he also had a small wound on his back. It appeared the injury went clean through him. She bent over and examined the wound thoroughly, a small round hole that was nearly closed. It was in line with the larger hole on his side. It looked like a bullet hole to her. It entered his back and exited his front. "Shot in the back! Only a coward shoots someone in the back." She shook her head, thankful the wound appeared to be healing and most of the swelling and redness had disappeared.

She shivered as a grisly vision of him lying lifeless on the ground flashed before her eyes. He'd come too close to dying. "Blessed be," she muttered. If not for her spell...she wouldn't think about it.

"Okay, now you be a good boy while I put some medicine on your wounds and clean you up a bit." She smiled at him, using a cheerful tone, hoping to reassure him. Earlier while he slept, she had mixed up an herbal blend and cast a healing spell over it, now she applied it to the wound both front and back. Though he tensed when she touched the inflamed area, he gave no other outward sign of being in pain. She sat the clay bowl she had mixed her herbs in down on the vanity and began to soap a washcloth. She glanced nervously at his large body and her hands began to shake. She wasn't sure if it was nerves, arousal or both.

"Humph," he grunted at her.

"I uh...I'm going to wash your uh...the blood and mud off your leg," she said in a stutter. Kneeling in front of him, she reached the rag out toward his muscular thigh. Copper-colored skin stretched over honed muscles teased her eyes. Slowly, she rubbed the material against his leg, washing away the dried blood and dirt. She kept her eyes on her task, ignoring the heat rising in her face. She washed down his leg to his calf,

avoiding the inside of his powerful thigh and the exposed area of hip that his brief covering did not hide. This would be much easier if he still slept instead of watching her through those intense eyes.

She returned to the sink to rinse out her rag and glanced at her reflection in the mirror, her face a rosy glow. Worrying her bottom lip with her teeth, she turned back to him. She supposed she could take the easy route and cast a cleansing spell but that feat would be very difficult to explain, besides which she wouldn't want to miss this exploration of his body. Stupid she was not. She wouldn't miss this opportunity for the world even if she did blush like an adolescent.

He sat perfectly erect but veiled eyes watched as she washed him. She felt his heated gaze lingering on her breasts as she knelt before him and her hands trembled even more. He might be foreign and unable to understand her words but she understood the look in his eyes.

Hastily retreating to the sink, she refreshed the cloth. Returning to kneel at his side, she wouldn't meet his eyes as she washed the blood off his exposed hip. She held her breath when he adjusted the material covering him to give her a larger area to wash. The newly exposed skin was lighter in color but still bronze. As much as she enjoyed this, she couldn't help her nerves. She had never bathed a man before and certainly not a man so perfectly formed.

Gulping, she didn't immediately move to wash him. His warm breath fanned her cheeks, heating the already rosy flesh. Tentatively, she lowered her hand to the newly revealed skin. A twitching movement beneath his loincloth caught her eye. She shrieked nervously, jerking her hand back.

She cringed inwardly at her own anxiety. He probably thought she was a total dork. She had seen and touched naked men before but it had been dark.

A knuckle under her chin tilted her face so their gazes could meet. Reluctantly, her eyes lifted to meet his steady stare. As she gazed into his eyes, she was shocked to see anger flair to life. Grasping her hand in a surprisingly strong grip, he forced it to his

thigh. Placing her cloth-covered hand high on his inner leg, incidentally brushing the back of her hand against the swollen ridge of his cock. She wasn't sure if the intimate contact was intentional or not.

She flashed what she hoped passed for an angry glare his way. How dare he try to intimidate her, she was only trying to help. Well, she would show him who was in control. Shaking his hand off, she thoroughly washed his inner thigh, going all the way up to rub against the material pulled tight against his groin. The muscles of his stomach jerked convulsively but not a word passed his stoic lips.

Tara returned to the sink to rinse and re-soap her rag, this time though instead of warm water she used cold. "Let's see how you like this." It might even shrivel his massive arousal...well, that would be a shame but...

Without hesitation, she dropped between his parted thighs and moved her hand immediately to the inside of his other thigh. As soon as the cold rag touched his heated flesh, he gasped and the large muscles of his thigh flexed. She smiled smugly at her small victory.

Her triumph didn't last long. The bulge beneath his covering didn't diminish. Instead, it seemed to grow, having an unnerving effect on her. She struggled to hide her reaction when she looked up to meet his gaze. She smiled tightly at him but his only response was a sardonic arch of a dark brow.

She finished his thigh and moved to wash his back, avoiding the sore area. Her anger melted away and she sighed. Moving his hair out of her way, she revealed a thickly muscled back that tapered to a narrow waist with twin dimples just above the scanty loincloth. She bit the inside of her jaw to staunch a groan. What she wouldn't give to go down on her knees and dip her tongue into those tempting indents.

Not realizing he could understand her, she began to babble as she washed him. "Damn, you are a piece of work. I think I could just swallow you whole and this hair, I have friends who would kill for it," she murmured as her fingers stroked the long, silky strands.

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Lone Wolf stiffened at her words. No white man would take his scalp. Soon he would leave this place.

She was behind him now and he could not see her as she spoke. "I wish I knew where you came from. I wonder if you're married." The words whispered across his flesh. "Hopefully you're not. Surely I wouldn't have fantasy dreams about a married man. Of course, I suppose most women would fantasize about a man like you with all these muscles. Too bad you're injured." Her soft touch drifted across his shoulder and tense muscles contracted. He had to bite back a groan. Did this woman think he was made of stone? His shaft felt as heavy as a boulder beneath his clout.

Lone Wolf did not understand this white woman. In one sentence, she spoke of taking his scalp and in the next, desire for him. At times, she appeared to want him but in the next instant, she seemed to fear him. He supposed it was his Indian blood she feared. He had not meant to frighten her but her obvious fear of him had aroused fierce anger. He had done nothing to frighten her yet his savage blood had her hesitating to touch him. Doubt clouded his mind – would she hesitate if he were white?

He must have been unconscious longer than he thought or possibly his injury was not as severe as he had believed. It did not matter, as soon as he was well enough he would be leaving. His people needed him. He worried at what he would find when he returned. His last memory of his people was of many fallen bodies, too many fallen bodies. Bear Claw had survived though, he was certain. Bear Claw would help the people until he could return.

Tar-ah moved into his line of vision as she returned to the sink and his gaze followed her. The tight pants she wore exposed the generous curve of her bottom and thighs. He thought they were in a shape to be pleasing to a man. His mind turned to carnal thoughts about his caregiver. He was pleased she fantasized about him as well. By her words, it appeared she only hesitated because of his injury.

Soon she would realize he had amazing recuperating abilities, even more so than usual. He may not be at his very best but already his loins were demanding release. He'd been without the warmth of a woman in his hides for several weeks, having just returned from a long, scouting trip the evening before his village fell under attack.

At the thought of his village, he hardened his heart to her again. It was because of her people that he was injured and his village was in shambles. It was not difficult to realize feelings for this white woman were wrong but he could not deny the desire he felt for her. She fired his blood as no other ever had.

She stood in front of him once again, gazing at him with her soulful eyes. She leaned forward to brush his hair out of her way. Her fingers grazed a trail of heat across his shoulder. He longed to pull her into his arms and explore her bare flesh as she explored his.

"It's kind of funny. You sit here so stoic as I wash your body. Most men would enjoy this but I get the feeling you think you're doing me a favor but I don't mind."

Her laughter floated over him as her scent once again greeted his senses. The flowery fragrance overpowered by the scent of aroused woman. His eyes dropped to the juncture of her thighs. He wanted to lean forward and inhale her feminine aroma.

His gaze smoldered at her words and a smile tugged at the corner of his lips but he managed to control it before she noticed.

Tara washed across his shoulder to his neck. As she ran the cloth over his throat, he swallowed. Her touch was arousing and he had to grit his teeth to control his reaction. He did not want this white woman to know the effect her touch had upon him. He could show her no weakness.

Continuing on, she washed the dust and splattering of blood from his chest. When she noticed the scars on his chest, she moved closer to him. With one hand, she traced the faint scars. Her tender touch moved him deeply and he struggled to control his reaction.

“Great goddess, I heard of the sun dance ritual but I thought that went out of style generations ago. How barbaric.”

She perched between his splayed thighs. He wanted to remove his clout and offer her the aroused shaft. He could imagine wrapping his hands in her hair of fire as her lips parted over his distended flesh. He could not stop the shudder that shook his frame.

Her hand rested on his chest with her lips so close to him. The pain in his side faded compared to the ache throbbing in his loins and shaft. He knew from her own words that she desired him, and his body hungered for hers. If he thought he would not frighten her he would move her hand lower to cover his aching manhood.

His eyes devoured her. Originally, he had thought her pretty for a white-eyes. Now he realized she was a beautiful woman no matter what her skin color. Her fiery hair drew his attention. He had never seen a maiden with such hair, and he longed to run his fingers through the curls. She was fire and ice. Her hair rivaled the brilliance of flames and her eyes at times resembled crystallized ice only to erupt with the heat of a blue flame.

Fire or ice. Which was the true Tar-ah? Did her passions burn or freeze, he wondered. Soon he would discover her most intimate secrets.

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Her hand shook as she washed his chest—his six-pack abs rippled beneath her touch and a shudder rocked his body. She knew he was not as unaffected by her as he would have her believe by his stoic expression. It was odd — she didn’t even know his name but she felt as if she had known him forever. They shared a connection that went beyond words. Having seen him in her dreams, she felt she knew him, that he was already part of her.

When she finished his bath, she quickly stood between his parted thighs and tossed the rag into the sink. Her breasts, heaving slightly with excitement, were now even with

his face and she yearned to plant his face between them. It would be heaven to feel those full lips so intimately. She wondered if the feel of him suckling her breasts would be as potent as in her dreams. It was doubtful. In her experience with reality versus fiction, fiction usually won.

A large, dark hand clasped her hip and held her in front of him. Her nipples hardened. She hoped they weren't visible through her shirt. One glance confirmed they were. Maybe he wouldn't notice.

He had noticed. His heated eyes bore holes through her shirt. Those same needy eyes rose to meet hers and there was no mistaking the intensity of the look. The sinewy muscles of his throat worked up and down as he swallowed deeply, hungrily.

She licked her lips and waited – she was never good at making the first move.

Unaided he stood, his full six-two height towering over her. She tilted her head back to meet his gaze. Without hesitation, his head bent, his mouth meeting hers. His arms entwined her, bringing her up full against the hard contours of his body. His palms skimmed down her body, ruffling her shirt before resting at her hip. Cupping her ass, he brought her lower stomach in stark contact with his arousal.

She writhed against him as liquid heat flooded her veins. Blessed be, he was hard in all the right places.

Speechlessness was a rarity for her, but at this moment, she couldn't gather a coherent thought, let alone a protest. White-hot desire surged through her as her pulse increased in tempo. His firm lips brushed hers in a torturously tender yet sensuous caress.

She parted her lips in silent invitation and his tongue invaded, penetrated as their bodies strained together. His muscles corded tight under her hands, his back flexed. Her head swam, blood thundering furiously.

Yanking her lips from his, she drew in a sharp breath. Fierce emotion flashed in the depths of his eyes. With a blink, it disappeared. His head lowered, raining kisses on her

face, neck, settling on her ear. He nipped her lobe, suckling it into his mouth. Hot breath fanned her cheek. Nuzzling her face into the curve between his shoulder and neck, she inhaled deeply. His scent was heady, potent male. Her tongue snaked out, licking the sinewy length of his throat.

A torturous moan escaped his throat and he pulled back. His narrowed eyes studied her intently. Even though he hesitated, she knew he wanted her.

“Wow.” Her hand rose to press against her sensitized lips.

With a single finger under her chin, he lifted her face up until their eyes met. She felt her skin flush under his probing gaze. Knowledgeable, desire-filled eyes returned her stare and she wondered what she’d gotten herself into this time.

She shouldn’t let him affect her so but it was already too late. The muscles along his jaw clenched as he looked at her with hot, needy eyes.

He stood over her, looming, tall and powerful, a predator in the true sense of the word. Her heart tattooed a violent rhythm against her breastbone. The gentle, almost reverent kiss had shaken her more than she cared to admit. “I think I was wrong—reality may far surpass fiction.”

The current sizzling between them could generate enough power to supply a computer network.

Swallowing deeply, she took a step back. “It’s a good thing one of us had the sense to stop,” she whispered.

“I don’t know what came over me.” She attempted to smile at the looming giant. “I suppose you’re beat. I’ll take you to bed so you can sleep. That’s what your body needs most right now.” It wasn’t what she needed but she had to put his health first.

He inhaled sharply and her eyes flashed back to his.

She held out her hand, palm up, and waited. His large, warm palm settled over hers. “Come on,” she encouraged. She could only imagine what this obviously rugged

man would think of her bedroom. The canopy bed covered with an assortment of blue ruffled pillows and throws. It was definitely a woman's domain.

Chapter Three

Willingly, he let her guide him down the hall into another room, since he wished to join her in her sleeping hides. As they entered this room, she snapped her fingers, once again lighting the room. The light hung over a bed unlike any he had ever seen. He had been inside many cabins and had seen the white man's wooden beds and feather mattresses. This bed was large with wooden rails that reached almost to the ceiling. Across the rails dangled blue pieces of material. On top of the feather mattress were many unusual pillows. Stepping into the room, he noticed that the wooden floor had a covering also. It was made of a soft material, the color of buckskin. It felt as if he walked on thick spring grass.

He followed her toward her unusual bed of hides. "I know this is probably not what you are used to," she told him as he sat on the side of the bed. She motioned for him to get in the bed and he swung his legs up.

She grabbed at his feet. "Hold on, bud, no shoes in my bed."

Tar-ah unlaced one moccasin and pulled it off, her hands were gentle. He held his other foot up to her. As she removed his other moccasin, she commented, "You know what they say about men with large feet?" She giggled after her odd comment and glanced shyly at him. "I hope you're enjoying yourself. I suppose where you come from women line up to wash your body and take off your shoes, not to mention tuck you in their bed." The words were sarcastic as her gaze roamed his body.

The heat from her gaze was almost as potent as her touch and his shaft swelled with promise.

He heard the hitch in her breath as the state of his body became obvious.

"Yeah, they probably do." She tugged the covering to his waist. "I'll be back in a minute, let me get the comforter."

When she left the room, Lone Wolf undid the ties on his breechclout, releasing his shaft. Discarding it to join his moccasins on the floor, he settled the thin covering back over his shaft and waited for her to return. This sleeping platform was quite comfortable. He shifted on the feather mattress, it would be more so with her next to him. Settling into a mass of pillows, he glanced up. The blue material overhead resembled a bright summer sky. The illusion was not the same as lying upon his hides looking out the smoke hole of his lodge.

Tar-ah returned to the room dragging the large blue bed covering. Her white teeth worried her lower lip. When she approached the bed, she stepped on his clout and looked down. Nervous blue eyes darted to his and she swallowed hard. The long ridge of his shaft was apparent beneath the thin covering, and he did nothing to hide it. She should know what he had to offer. Her checks flushed a pretty pink and she wouldn't meet his gaze as she placed the cover on the bed.

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When she would have moved away from the bed, he flipped the covers on her side down and patted the bed next to him, making it apparent what he wanted. "Tar-ah," he coaxed, in a voice delicious as sin.

The way he said her name tugged at her heartstrings. Oh what that voice did to her. She wanted to join him but she was afraid. She wasn't very experienced and she didn't know him. He couldn't even understand her. What kind of future could they have? Not to mention his injury...

Her gaze slipped to his raging arousal that tented the comforter. He looked primed and ready. She was surprised he had enough blood left in his body to fill that massive-looking erection. She shook her head but before she could back away, his hand closed around her wrist and with amazing strength for his condition. He sat up, the blankets sliding down low on his abs doing little to disguise his arousal.

"Look I don't think..." She half-heartedly attempted to resist as he hauled her into the bed. Her resistance faded at the tender but impatient look on his face.

He raised fingers to her lips to silence her. His fiery gaze bore into hers in a silent plea. Lowering his lips, he gently took possession of hers. Tenderly at first then confidently he took her mouth.

Was there anything sexier than a man that was confident in his own sexuality?

His potent male presence enthralled Tara. His heated eyes beckoned, his strong arms engulfed and she was powerless to resist as her heart beat rapidly in her chest. The texture of his lips when they touched hers was velvet soft, yet firm and demanding.

She heard a whimper and was embarrassed to show such weakness.

Then his tongue was seeking entrance into her mouth and she parted her lips. His tongue swept within, mating with hers. Conquering hers. Tara's mind was swimming. She had never felt such overwhelming feelings in her life, all he was doing was kissing her and she was losing it. Trying to gain control, she planted a hand on his warm, bare chest to shove him away. Instead, her traitorous fingers swept across his smooth skin to tangle in the long hair that was falling around her like a curtain. She couldn't catch her breath. The air had grown thick with desire. Her lungs burned. If he didn't stop, she would die of oxygen deprivation.

Though she knew she should shove him away her body had other ideas and her defenses crumbled. With a soft moan, she gave herself over to his skilled lips. As he lowered his chest to press her into the soft mattress, the fullness of her breasts smashed beneath his bulk. Her pebbled nipples rasped against the lace of her bra.

Tara stiffened when she felt his hand slide along her body beneath her shirt, teasing the curve of her breast. It was a calloused hand, a large calloused hand, a man's hand. She shifted, aching for those fingers to enclose her breast fully.

"Please," she whispered, shifting, needing those fingers to move a scant inch farther. A finger slowly, torturously circled her rising nipple. She whimpered. He rolled

her elongating nipple between finger and thumb. She squealed as ripples of pleasure undulated low in her stomach.

Roughly, he tugged the wispy fabric covering her breasts. A vicious yank ripped the lace and her breasts were free. At the first touch of his thumb across her bare nipple, fire shot through her veins, and a constant throbbing began in her long-neglected pussy. She could swear the beat of her heart now centered between her aching thighs. Her eyes drifted shut, a deep moan escaping her lips. She had never felt this way before.

“Magical,” she whispered on borrowed breath.

“Tar-ah,” he moaned, his voice whiskey rough, and she nearly melted to a puddle. No one had ever said her name with such raw need and emotion.

Tara was in over her head. Her wits had long abandoned her and now she only acted on impulse. They had been unable to communicate verbally, but here in her bed their bodies seemed in complete harmony, just as in her dreams. He knew just what she wanted, what made her body burn. She was happy to let him guide her, to set the pace. The pace was too fast and at the same time too slow.

His mouth upon her breast sent tremors through her body and she arched her back, granting him total access to her awakened flesh. She hardly noticed him removing her clothes until she felt his warm, bare legs against hers. His thick, aroused cock brushed against her hip and she began to stiffen until his large, calloused fingers began stroking down her side to her thigh and back up across her curls to her flat abdomen. Butterflies danced in her stomach, her whole body began to tingle. Bold fingers swirled over her sex. She writhed under his hands and mouth. She closed her eyes, lost to sensations of heated delight.

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Pale, satiny skin covered her breasts. His mouth had never known the pleasure of such smooth texture. He released her nipple and leaned back for a moment, long enough to absorb the beauty laid bare before him. He had never seen such full, perfect

breasts. Their reddened tips puckered under his gaze. He traced a small blue vein on her flesh with his eyes and then his lips. This woman's creamy flesh was petal soft and smelled of sweet water. His already throbbing loins tightened more as his shaft grew impossibly longer, heavier.

His fingers nestled the folds at the juncture of her thighs and sweet cream was his reward. Her scent, the heady flavor of aroused woman, teased his senses. He gently probed her tender folds, assuring himself of her body's readiness for his possession. Every nerve in his body hummed to life, preparing for the moment when he could possess the living flame that was Tar-ah.

Her womanly scent enchanted him and he longed to savor her essence upon his tongue but first he had to enjoy her sweet depth with his throbbing shaft. With that thought in mind, his lips and fingers were relentless in preparing her to accept the deep penetration of his shaft.

He feared that if he stopped she would resist again, and it was too late for him to stop. This woman was his, she would know his touch upon her and inside her, and she would accept him as her lover and master.

He decided even if she was a white man's whore, he would take her home with him to warm his blankets. He felt her tremble from desire and fear and he knew she was not as experienced as he first thought, and it pleased him. He wished he could have been her first. However, he would be her last. He would give her such pleasure she would never seek pleasure in another warrior's hides. She cried out, panting, writhing and he knew she was ready.

Easing his body over hers, he parted her legs with his thighs and knelt boldly between them. This position exposed her swollen womanly folds surrounded by damp, fiery curls. His blood pounded furiously and he longed to mercilessly plunge his shaft into her depths, but he had no wish to scare his woman. He only wanted to pleasure her.

A startled gasp from her drew his attention and he realized she was staring at his arousal with a look of awe. His shifting of position gave her the first opportunity to see his fully erect shaft and her look was one of shock and fear. When her mouth gaped open and a look of protest entered her troubled gaze he moved quickly. Swooping down, he covered her lips, bringing her back under the spell of desire.

Slowly, he nudged her opening with the blunt head of his shaft. He found her wet and he teased her with just the tip. She was ready for him but very tight and he realized she had never lain with a man of his size. He entered her tentatively, allowing her body time to stretch and adjust to his girth.

She gasped as he pierced the tightness of her body with his largeness. Hesitating, he waited for her to move against him before tilting her hips and surging a little deeper. Liquid heat clenched his shaft tightly. He gritted his teeth in sweet agony. He wanted to take her deep and hard.

She stiffened at the deeper penetration and he crooned softly to her, gentle, relaxing words of care and comfort. Words he knew she would not understand.

She was perfect, so tight and wet. He could barely control himself but he did not want to hurt her. As she began to relax, he instigated a slow, rocking rhythm to his hips, and he alternately withdrew and then burrowed deeper. She lay beneath him with her eyes rolled back in ecstasy and her gleaming white teeth biting her bottom lip. She was the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen. He lowered his head to trace her full upper lip with the tip of his tongue and she opened her eyes to meet his hungry gaze. Her eyes were misty, full of wonder and a shaky moan escaped her lips.

That sound tore at the remnants of his control and he grasped her hips and surged endlessly into her welcoming depths. Long fingernails scraped at his shoulders but he felt no pain. With each plunging stroke, he drew nearer completion. Deep, craving need drove him harder, faster. Their sweat-sheened bodies gorged on euphoric sensations. Changing tempo, he plunged deeper, slower, dragging his shaft torturously through

her tight, weeping canal. Feminine muscles clamped on his throbbing rod then pulsed in rhythmic bliss.

His shaft was ready to explode and he halted, buried deep within her. For a moment, their eyes met and their souls touched. He was shocked—never had he felt this way with a woman upon his blankets. As he again began to move, his intent was to claim her heart and soul for all time.

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Tara collapsed in ecstasy under her lover's assault to her senses. She panted for breath as he once again began his slow thrusts inside her. The pleasure intensified, soon the pressure was building inside her, gaining momentum, and she began to move with him, seeking that euphoric feeling that had just blind-sided her.

Tara began to croon her delight as the emotions mounted inside her. "Oh great goddess...help me." Tremors ripped through her insides and her thighs began to tremble. She grasped at his broad shoulders, hanging onto him. She took a shaky breath—she needed release.

"More, give me more. I want it all." He was her rock in the storm of passion, beating at her quivering flesh.

His ardent mouth swallowed her moans of pleasure. Tilting her hips a little more, he plunged deeper into her pussy. His pace increased as she felt her time was near. One hand left her hip, his thumb finding her clit, rasping gently. She yanked her mouth away from his and sucked in a deep breath before crying out her pleasure to him as her climax came in vicious, bone-shattering waves.

He plunged once more to her core and spurted his hot come deep inside her. As ecstasy engulfed him, he threw back his head and roared his pleasure, then collapsed upon her, his arms taking most of his weight. He rolled to his back and gently shifted her to his side.

Tara's breathing began to return to normal and she pulled the sheet up to hide her nakedness. She couldn't believe she'd actually fucked her dream man. If she woke up and all this was just a dream, she was going to be royally pissed.

The first glimpse of his cock shouldn't have been a surprise. It was as beautiful as the rest of him. She had suspected a generous endowment but he was in possession of a massive, vein-riddled appendage that jutted from a dark nest of curls. She had been a little embarrassed to realize she was gawking at him as if she'd never seen a naked man. His initial entry had been an intense, mind-blowing stretch. If she hadn't been dripping wet, it might have hurt.

Remembering his injury, she pulled the sheet around her, sitting up. His side wasn't bleeding. In fact, it seemed to be healing nicely. She tried to keep her gaze from straying to his exposed cock but couldn't help a quick peek. It now lay semi-erect against his thigh. As she stared, it began to change, stiffening again. Growing larger to protrude almost straight up from his body. Great goddess, he was a sex machine and what a machine.

Swiftly averting her eyes up to his face, she found him watching her intently. His eyes gleaming as he growled deep in his throat. He rose up on one elbow and bent his knee rolling to his side. His pose reminded her of a pin-up poster in a magazine she once saw, but he put the male model to shame.

Tara watched as his intense eyes scanned her. He made a gesture with his hand that encouraged her closer. The other hand lowered to his cock, tracing the underside temptingly. An open-gripped fist massaged his cock and her mouth watered.

His show was riveting. She watched him play and her pussy throbbed with need. She wanted to move his hand and take charge but she hesitated, self-consciously clutching the sheet to her chest.

He gestured again and she scooted closer. He reached behind her head, trying to release the clasp in her hair. Reaching up, she released the clip, allowing her hair to swing free. As her hair cascaded around her, he yanked the sheet from her grasp,

exposing her breasts to his view. Heat bloomed across her cheeks. Even though he'd seen her up close and personal, she was still tentative under his bold gaze. Not so tentative she couldn't enjoy his erotic show.

"I wish you could understand me, or maybe it's a good thing you don't." She met his intense gaze with her own. "I never felt anything like what we just shared. I wish, uh, I want to do that again. I could stay here with you forever." She lowered her gaze to his pulsing erection. "I didn't realize a man could be so, so...large. I've seen pictures and I've read historical romance novels that suggested Native American men were the studs of the plains but..." She stopped speaking—a nervous giggle escaped her lips when his cock seemed to bob back and forth as if it was agreeing with her.

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Lying there on the bed recuperating, her eyes were a flame on his skin and he could not stop his body's reaction to her. Her sweet, fiery beauty called to something deep within him. Soon he would tell her that he understood her English words and that he would have her as his wife. He had taken her and would spend the night in her bed. In the morning, she would be his woman for all time. He would take her to his village. It would not be easy for her, since white-eyes were the enemy of his tribe. She would learn his ways and after she bore him children, his people would accept her. He studied her dainty hands with colored nails, so unlike the hands of the women of his tribe. He tried to imagine those hands weaving baskets, gathering nuts and berries—it would be difficult for her but she would learn.

First, before he told her his decision, he would enjoy her bountiful body again. Her whispered confession of feelings for him tore at his heart. He wished to speak words of their future to her. He groaned low in his throat. His woman was perfection—he would have to guard her well. The other warriors would be jealous of his prize but he would not share. No, she was for him alone, a prize he would not share with his warriors.

His shaft surged to life once more. Never had he been so ready so quickly. His hand trailed his length with her as a captive audience. The hunger on her face filled his loins with need.

Her glorious hair seemed to have a life of its own, a living flame burning brightly. However, it did not burn his hand, the silky strands curled around his fingers entrapping his hand the way she had entrapped his heart.

Lone Wolf knew she would be angry when he told her that he could understand her English words. He did not wish to anger his woman but now was not the time to confess his secret. Her words so poignant bore the truth within her heart. If she knew he understood her, she would not bare her heart and soul to him. He was surprised a white woman could have intense feelings for a Yahi warrior. It surprised him more that he could return them.

Soon he would tell her but now he would show her his love. He slid her hair back across her shoulder so he could look upon her breasts. Pulling one long curl forward, he tickled her nipple. The rosy tip puckered and her whole body shivered convulsively.

A grin tugged at his lips as she scooted closer. He knew her desire for him had ensnared her like a spider web, she was entrapped, his prey, his willing victim. He did not hesitate to pounce while she was vulnerable. His large hand slid into her hair, tugging her head to the right angle to meet his lips. He lowered his head, meshing their mouths.

At first, he took her lips gently, until she encouraged him by seeking out his tongue in a furious duel. At her nonverbal consent, he stroked deeper into her mouth. She tasted sweet and willing. Her taste fired his blood and he wanted more, much more.

Hands firmly caressed his chest, her long colored nails flicking his male nipple until it puckered into a tight nub. Her light caress stirred his hunger and he struggled to keep his control.

This time, he would take her slowly, the quick and furious joining of before had taken the edge off his burning desire. Now he would love her slowly and make her beg

for her release. He watched her eyes dilate as he began the torture of her senses. His hands enclosed the full mounds of her breasts, massaging them. His thumbs playing over the silky tips until they pebbled tightly. In his mind, he saw how in the future he would wrap these mounds around his shaft, stroking between them, milking his shaft with their perfection. His seed would shoot forth across her beautiful lips and face. He would encourage her to lick his seed from her lips. The image burned in his brain and fired his desire. His shaft throbbed with need. However, for now, that would have to wait.

Lone Wolf held tight reign on his own passions as he sought to teach her he was her body's master. Her body his instrument to play and he would play it to the fullest. Slowly,, he slid his thick index finger into her hot wet canal and her thighs clamped around his hand. Withdrawing his hand, he brought his fingertips to his lips, tasting her deep sweetness. Her flavor burst as an addictive tang upon his tongue.

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Tara gasped as he began a new assault upon her senses. His smoldering eyes burned with need and uncontrollable desire and her body responded to that look. Her aching pussy dampened and her breathing became shallow. She scooted closer until the tips of her breasts brushed his chest and his cock rubbed against her stomach. She had dreamed of the day when a man would look at her with such deep emotion blazing in his eyes. She only hoped the intensity would not die out when he discovered the dark secret that so few people knew.

Once again, his touch reduced her to mindlessness and she forgot her worries as she collapsed back on the bed, looking up at the powerful man leaning over her. His long hair hung down, the tips of it caressing her sensitive chest. He grinned wickedly, his eyes boring into hers, gauging her reaction as he began to caress her body.

Tara moved restlessly beneath him, her breasts felt swollen, heavy, and she couldn't catch her breath. His touch was firm yet gentle, igniting fires inside her, raging out of control. She arched her body up off the bed, begging for more. She felt him drag one

hand slowly down the center of her body, through her curls to caress her clit. Her breath caught in her throat as he stroked his large, rough fingers back and forth, finding her clit and rolling it between his fingers. A guttural moan escaped her parted lips, her head tossed back and forth across the pillow. She arched her hips, seeking more.

"Give me strength," she begged to endure such unholy torment.

Tara fought to open her passion-glazed eyes to look at the man who could bring such ecstasy with just the touch of a hand. He hovered above her, his eyes blazing and teeth gleaming. A shudder shook her frame. If she didn't know better, she would think he was a wild animal about to rip into her tender flesh. "Please, my love, please I can't take any more," she cried out to him.

She knew he didn't understand her words but she thought he might understand her body language. Then he forced her legs apart and devoured her dripping labia with his heated gaze. When his head began to lower with obvious intent, she moaned and thrashed in his embrace. The first swipe of his tongue set her nerves on edge. She wouldn't survive his assault upon her senses. "Blessed be."

He groaned sexy, masculine sounds of enjoyment that she felt vibrate through her body and she knew she was in trouble. Thick fingers spread her labia and his tongue tasted her hot, moist flesh, igniting infernos under her skin. His tongue stroked her and his teeth grazed the tender folds. Finding the hard nub of her clit, he took it between his teeth and worked it with his tongue. Her blood boiled and she tugged at his hair, trying to pull him away, but he was relentless. Her thighs began trembling around him, and he plunged his tongue deeper and began a vibrating hum that pushed her over the edge and she came for his lips and mouth. He licked up her cream as if it were a rare treat.

Her thighs, which had been tight around him, fell open, leaving her completely vulnerable to him. She had not the strength to close them. Passion-glazed eyes opened as he raised his head, his eyes meeting hers. His lips were wet with her juices and his tongue darted out to lick them. She whimpered for mercy.

That sound ignited a roguish smile of a bad boy who knew what he was doing to her and enjoying every minute. He arched his back like a cat and began to crawl up her body until he hovered directly over her. She swallowed deeply as the look in his eyes told her he was far from finished. He lowered his body to hers, his mouth, still wet with her juices, found and devoured her lips. She tasted herself on him, a musky flavor that wasn't altogether unpleasant.

His hands and lips were arousing passions that should have been completely sated. Coaxing her tongue into his mouth, he suckled hard upon it, sending sharp pulses straight to her cunt, causing her to gasp and moan into his mouth. One muscled thigh insinuated itself between her legs, nudging her pussy, and she arched against it, grinding on the corded length. He tilted her hips, bringing her cunt in direct contact with his thigh. Helplessly, she squirmed, rasping her pussy on his leg. She felt him chuckle deep in his chest as she coated his thigh with thick cream.

Only moments ago, she had been thoroughly satisfied, but he showed her once again how skillful he was. Tara moaned in protest when he moved his thigh away, angling himself next to her. He pulled her to him, placing her head in his lap, her face a scant inch from his very aroused cock. She blinked in surprise, raising her eyes to meet his. Half-closed, thick-lashed eyes glanced down at her as he nodded his head and grunted something at her in words she didn't understand. He wrapped his hand in her hair, raising her head. His finger brushed her lips before penetrating into her mouth. He slowly moved it in and out as she nibbled, licked and sucked at his thick finger, enjoying the salty taste them both combined. Heavy-lidded eyes watched her, and then he slipped his finger out, lowering her face closer to his cock.

He left her in little doubt as to what he wanted—oral sex! He wanted her lips wrapped around his big, delicious-looking cock. Just the thought made her squirm.

In the past, Tara had tried this a few times but found it somewhat disgusting, especially if the guy had already fucked her. However, just looking at him made her mouth water. She licked her lips, and then let her tongue streak out to lick his length

and circle his bulbous head. She traced the vein-riddled cock with her tongue and the nest of ebony curls tickled her nose as she circled the thick root. Reaching the head once again, she tongued the ultra-sensitive underside and dipped her tongue into the slit, tasting his pre-come. Grazing the tender flesh with her teeth, she nipped the tip. Gently biting down on the fleshy glands, she lifted her eyes to meet his hooded gaze. Reaching between his thighs, she found his heavy sac. Tara gently rolled the balls in her hand. They were hot and tight. Watching him all the while, she growled in her throat and his eyes flared hot with need.

Satisfied she had his attention, she wet her lips with her tongue. Then she rammed her mouth down over his cock, brushing the back of the throat. Swallowing deeply with him at the back of her throat had him groaning with pleasure. She relished this, the rhythmic stroking, the salty taste of his pre-come in her mouth igniting her own longing again, and her bottom began to wiggle as she suckled greedily on his luscious cock.

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He guided her with his hand as her mouth lapped at the head of his shaft. He had expected a shy, reluctant attempt—what he received set his loins aflame. Her tongue licked at him and her teeth grazed his shaft.

He swept her long hair up in one hand as he leaned back to fully enjoy the view. The sight was almost as good as the feel. He was much too large for her to take all of him into her mouth and one of her small hands wrapped around his lower shaft. Closing his eyes and gritting his teeth was the only way to stop from exploding in her mouth. When she touched his balls, he almost lost his seed to her hot mouth and hands. His woman had skills. Later, the thought might not please him as much as the action did now.

Although at some point he would enjoy shooting his seed deep into her throat, this time he wanted to spill his seed within her body. Running his fingers through her hair,

he tugged to loosen her grip. His woman refused to budge until she wrenched a guttural moan from his lips.

Finally extracting himself, he placed her on hands and knees and positioned himself behind her. He ran his hands over his woman's ass. It was nicely rounded. He leaned forward and nipped the tender flesh, chuckling at her yelp of surprise. He spread her cheeks, running his finger along the crack to her swollen folds. Flushed red and wet, they were ready for his possession. His shaft throbbed with need. From this position, he could enter her deeply, and he plunged into her moist heat as far as her tightness would allow. She stretched to capacity and her inner muscles clamped around him, milking him as he plunged into her.

A shaky gasp erupted as he entered her, and he hesitated. He was large and he feared causing her pain. When she pushed back against him, wiggling her bottom as if begging for more, he willingly complied.

Plunging fiercely, he landed balls deep in the sweetest, tightest paradise he had ever known. She moaned and bucked against him, squirming, fighting, begging for completion. She was hot, wet and her gyrations drove him wild. Reaching between her parted thighs, he found the nerve center of her feminine heat and he pressed tight grinding circles against it with his fingertips. Her little nub, swollen tight with need, greeted his fingers and he rubbed and squeezed the sensitive flesh.

"Oh my, please please..." she begged him for more and he gave it. He pulled himself back, the tip of his shaft just grazing her opening. Playing with her, he eased along her crack, teasing her anus. As she cried out to him, he plunged, burying himself fully in her tight, welcoming feminine core. She screamed as release came swiftly and she pulsed around his shaft. Relentlessly, he plunged until she lay limp and replete beneath him. Finally, he allowed his own release, exploding within her, filling her with his seed.

Lone Wolf lay back on the pillows sated, unable to move. His eyes began to close as he pulled her to his side, anchoring her with an arm across her middle, and he slept.

Chapter Four

Tara must have dozed because when she opened her eyes again, muted evening moonlight filtered through her mini blinds, lending the room a romantic air. She moved quietly so as not to wake him. He needed his rest. Before crawling from the bed, she checked him for any sign of fever and was pleased he seemed to be resting easily.

On tired legs, she made her way to the bathroom. She was sore. It was a good thing she had some of the healing herb mix left over. She had used muscles she didn't know she possessed. She saw her little vibe in the vanity and smiled—she certainly didn't need it. It might never satisfy her again after such a thorough lovemaking session. “Lovemaking?” she whispered the words. They hardly knew each other but still...she wouldn't get her hopes up. When he discovered her secret...she shook her head. It wouldn't be pretty.

She made her way quietly to the kitchen and searched her pantry for something to eat. She decided on soup. She had no idea what he liked to eat. She got out a couple of cans of chicken noodle soup and poured them in a pan to warm, then sat down at the table while the soup heated.

When she first sat upon the hard wooden chair, a moan escaped her lips. She hoped the herbal remedy kicked in soon. Tightening the sash on her robe, she moved to check the soup.

It was simmering nicely. She whirled around to get some bowls and gasped, startled that he stood close behind her. He moved so silently she hadn't heard him approach. She smiled shyly but couldn't meet his eyes. She glanced down then immediately her eyes darted back up—he hadn't bothered to dress, and as usual, his cock was as alert as he was.

Heat bloomed once again on her face. It seemed to amuse yet please him.

"Please sit down. I need to check your wound." She ushered him to a chair.

Grunting, he sat upon the hard, wooden chair with thighs spread wide, seemingly unconcerned that it put his thick cock and heavy sac on display for all to see. All right, so she was the only one to see, but still.

Squatting at his side, she studied his wound, it looked good, and at least it wasn't bleeding. Of course it was difficult to concentrate with his cock right there, seeming to wave at her. "This would be much easier if you wore clothes," she said, grabbing a dishcloth and throwing it over his arousal. The rooster print towel was ridiculous but appropriate—he was rather cocky after all. "I made some soup. We'll eat and then I'll apply more medicine." She knew he didn't understand her but it made her feel better to talk.

Tara placed the bowl in front of him and he eyed it suspiciously. He sniffed the bowl. It must have met with approval because he tasted it. "Mmm," he muttered, then proceeded to shovel the soup into his mouth. At least he used a spoon. He picked up the bowl and drained the last of the broth. So his table manners needed work, but he was probably hungry. She wondered how long it had been since he'd had a decent meal.

She sat down across the table from him, flinching when her bottom made contact with the hard surface of the chair once again. Damn, if that huge cock of his didn't make her tender.

He witnessed her look of discomfort as she sat, and his lips curled up knowingly. Her discomfort seemed to entertain him and she glared at him. He responded with a chuckle. She supposed all men were the same no matter where they came from.

Ignoring his amusement at her discomfort, she refilled his empty bowl. He had probably never eaten canned soup. He ate heartily, seeming to enjoy it. At least feeding him would be easy. That was a good thing since her cooking skills were lacking, unless she was cooking a brew of mojo. Most grandmothers passed down their favorite lasagna or cookie recipes—hers passed down her best spells.

She sighed and he glanced up at her. "I wish you could understand me. I don't know how we're ever going to learn to communicate." He arched his dark brows at her. "I mean out of my bed." She shook her head. "I wish we could talk."

"Talk." His devilish smile accompanied the word.

She glanced at him curiously. He repeated her words so maybe she could teach him. She was a teacher after all. Of course, she taught history but still, she was patient and he could learn. A wide grin split her face. "Yes, very good. Talk."

"You talk much," he told her, smiling mischievously, revealing those gleaming white teeth that did such naughty things to her body.

She narrowed her eyes. She knew she was a good teacher, but not this good. "You understand me? You speak English?" she screeched in horror. Thought processed in her mind. "Oh — my — goddess!"

He nodded his head. "I speak, but mostly listen." His dark eyes twinkled at her. His smirk didn't amuse her.

Tara rose to her feet, bumping the table, and her soup spilled out on the wooden surface. "You, you...understood everything...and when I said..." She shut her eyes. Oh please no, say it's not true. He couldn't understand...everything. He must think...

"Well, fuck! I don't give a rat's ass. You..." She couldn't think of anything foul enough. "You low-down, no-good...dog," she finally called him as she stood over him, trying to make her five-foot, six-inch frame appear menacing.

"Wolf."

"Wolf! What! Why wolf?" She glared at him, tapping one bare foot impatiently as he calmly explained to call him a wolf not a dog.

"My name, Lone Wolf."

She didn't care if his name was Elvis, he was still an ass to let her ramble on. She swung her open palm at the back of his head. A firm grip caught her arm and his eyes flashed fire. "White woman no hit warrior."

She glared right back. "No hit warrior." She wouldn't hit him she'd — she kicked his leg as hard as she could. Yelping, she grabbed at her toe, dancing on one foot. "Damn you and those sinewy muscles." Replacing her foot on the ground, she cursed him. "I ought to turn you into a toad."

His thick brows drew together as he leaned over to rub his shin. An arm shot out, grabbing her around the waist and pulling her into his lap. Bands of steel entwined her arms, holding her immobile. A smug smile tugged at his lips. She wanted to wipe that smirk off his face.

Glaring at him, she was getting madder by the minute but he just smiled and damn if that smile didn't get to her. She tried to think of something she could do to him, that wouldn't really hurt him, what type of spell she could use. At her thought, she heard her grandmother's voice in her head. *Your powers have a purpose, do not use them wrongly, they are to help not hurt. Harm to none, do as you will.* Damn, damn, damn, why had she promised her grandmother she wouldn't use her powers to hurt people?

She ran the gamut of emotions under Lone Wolf's watchful gaze. Finally, resolved, she calmed in his lap and his hold loosened.

"I no wish to hurt you," he told her. "You are my woman. I give much pleasure not pain." He nuzzled her neck and ear, his breath warm, his lips gentle. His tongue flicked the inner shell of her ear, and she shivered in his embrace. "I give you pleasure."

Tara relaxed as her anger began to fade. It wouldn't be so bad if she weren't such a fucking blabbermouth. It was no wonder he thought she would be willing to fuck him. He must think she was a slut. She couldn't remember everything she said in front of him but she knew a lot of it involved how much she wanted him. Did she mention how impressive some of his body parts were? Who knows what came out of her mouth. She didn't remember but he could probably recite every word. How embarrassing. She was most likely the easiest fuck he ever had.

"Lone Wolf, I'm not...I don't want you to think that I sleep around, that I'm a whore," she whispered the words, unable to meet his steady gaze.

Tender fingers grasped her chin raising her face to his. Understanding eyes met hers. "I have many others in my hides. I no judge white woman for past." A large, warm hand inserted itself beneath her robe, caressing her ass. With a firm but controlled swat, he slapped her bottom.

Tara yelped at the stinging caress. "Hey." She rubbed the stinging area.

"But now you mine." His fingers blazed a heated trail from her pussy to her ass, the tip of one finger just breaching her sphincter. "I not share this."

She gasped and pulled slightly away from his invading hand, furrowing her brow at his words. It was not that she planned to share but she didn't care for his tone. She reached down and grasped his cock in a firm, controlling grip. "I don't share, you don't share." She enjoyed watching his eyes light up at her response. She hoped he wasn't from some tribe that had multiple wives. Now, multiple husbands, if they all looked like him, maybe. Then again, she probably wouldn't survive it.

Another thought crossed her mind briefly. It was obvious that although he understood English he wasn't from around here but where was he from?

His hand moved again. She had to agree with him he did know how to give pleasure. She closed her mind to the problems of explaining her actions in bringing him here. For now, she would enjoy, later she would worry.

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As his woman calmed, he slid a hand to her breast, pinching her nipple, and she wiggled her bottom on his lap. His woman should not fear he would seek another in his hides. Never could he find another whose passions matched his own.

He pulled at the tie to her robe, exposing all her generous curves to his hungry eyes. The reddish curls between her thighs beckoned him and he slid his hand down between their downy softness. "This give you pleasure?"

She nodded her response as her breath hissed from her lips. He tugged her robe off, spinning her to straddle his lap. His stiff rod stood erect and ready under the towel. He

growled when Tar-ah yanked it out of the way. Joy lit her eyes and her pink tongue escaped to lick her lips. His shaft quivered, remembering the feel of those lips.

Lone Wolf leaned her back against the table, her red hair cascading down her back, her full, firm breasts thrust outward as an offering to his ravenous appetite. He lifted her spread thighs and surged into her. Her tightness overwhelmed him. The wound on his side would not kill him but she might, he thought as he plunged again, but he would leave this place a happy warrior.

"So good," he whispered the words to his woman.

Her arms wrapped around him. Leaning forward, she began to ride him, her breasts gliding across his chest. He filled his hands with the full globes of her rounded ass. Spreading her wider, he thrust deeper. He squeezed the full, soft mounds, helping to set the pace. With one finger, he again sought entrance into her other tight, puckered hole.

"No," she gasped and twisted, her tight canal all the while impaled on his shaft. The movement gave him pause and he nearly shot his seed within her. Using her overflowing cream as lubricant, he barely breached the entrance but he could feel her sphincter muscles tighten, sucking at his finger. Inserting his finger to the second knuckle, he wiggled it, preparing her. He wouldn't force the issue now but soon he would take her there as well. He would fill her ass with every inch of his shaft. Her velvet canal would swallow him whole, and she would scream with pleasure.

"Beautiful." He leaned forward, placing his face between her breasts, letting them ride over his nose and cheeks, inhaling her unique, fragrant sweetness. Occasionally, he would bite at them and eventually he gathered them in his hands, holding them together and began to take turns tugging at each nipple with his teeth. "Ride me, Tar-ah."

"Wolf. Please, oh please...help me," she screamed and shifted, grinding herself against his shaft. Soon she would have him losing control.

He stood, clearing the table with one arm, bowls and utensils hitting the floor. Lone Wolf did not care as he laid his woman on the wooden tabletop. He spread her thighs wide. Bringing her knees up, he thrust deeply. With a screech, the table scooted across the floor. Wrapping her legs securely around his waist, he plunged forcefully to her core. He glided easily within her tight, wet canal. One hand anchored her at the waist—the other invaded her slit, finding the nub of her desire.

“Now...now,” she begged.

He pinched the furrowed flesh, her spasms of release milked his shaft, his balls tightened, and he let loose the rolling rapture within her.

“Tar-ah,” her name burst from his lips.

* * * * *

Tara lay panting on the hard surface of the table, glancing up at him as a rivulet of sweat ran down the side of his face. He brushed at it with one massive bronze shoulder and biceps. Stepping back, his gaze swept the muddled floor. Without concern, he stepped over it as he walked out of the room.

She looked at the white and blue checked linoleum. A cracked bowl lay on its side next to the utensils. The broth trailed across the floor, pooling at the base of her refrigerator. “What a fucking mess.” Her gaze swung to the doorway. He’d strolled on out, leaving the cleanup to her. She reached for her discarded robe. “Noodles—yuck, and is that a tear?” With a wave of her hand, the mess disappeared and her robe appeared as new. “It’s a good thing I’m a witch or he’d be scrubbing linoleum.”

Obviously, wherever he was from, women did the menial chores. If the way he acted was any way to judge. The fact that she could clean up the disarray so easily wasn’t the point, since he didn’t know of her abilities. He just assumed she would clean it up because she was a woman. *Damn infuriating man!*

Just as she sank into the cushioned sofa his yell had her up and running. The bathroom door was open, and in the middle of the room stood Lone Wolf wrapped in

her pink shower curtain. She wanted to laugh but the look on his face combined with the water spraying all over the room deterred her.

She turned off the shower, only managing to soak half her robe, and turned with her hands on her hips to glare at him. "Usually, I pull the curtain when I take a shower, I don't wear it," she huffed and then couldn't hold back a snicker any longer. The big tough warrior didn't appear so intimidating with pink lace wrapped around his middle. "Pink's a good color for you."

His eyes narrowed, he didn't appear amused as he shoved the offending cloth to the floor. He took a menacing step toward her. "I wish to cleanse self."

As the curtain slid to the floor, her laughter died in her throat. Nude, he was nothing to laugh at. She shook her head, she knew better than to ask him to clean up after himself. Hell, looking at him it was hard to stay mad.

"Okay, since you ripped the curtain it's a bath for you." Tara adjusted the water, filling it with warm water. She reached for a bottle on the side of the tub. "A little cucumber and vanilla body soak should do the trick." She looked over her shoulder, catching him eyeing her ass. "Do you ever think of anything else?"

He shrugged his massive shoulders. While the tub was filling, she spread towels on the floor to sop up the water. It would be much easier to snap her fingers and clear the mess but that would be difficult to explain. With a resigned sigh, she dug in the closet for a beach towel. "All right, here is your wash rag and soap," she said, holding up the bar.

"This is shampoo, to wash your hair," she explained. "Please try to keep the water in the tub and when you are finished, this is your towel for drying. Any questions?"

He stared coolly at her. "It is not my fault I do not understand the white-eyes way. You have much to learn of my ways." With a sigh, he settled himself in the hot sudsy water. Her eyes followed him. He looked damn good in her tub.

Tara flopped back on the couch with a huff. She needed to apologize to him. She had been a sarcastic bitch. It was just that his yell had scared her and then she saw the water going everywhere. He was certainly over six feet of walking trouble but it wasn't his fault. She would have to be more helpful. She sat staring at the TV. It was a documentary on the nature channel about shark attacks. The graphic material didn't faze her deep thoughts.

A noise behind her caught her attention and she turned. Her mouth dropped open. He stood absolutely still, his gaze riveted to the television and her gaze riveted to him. She had thought him flawless before but now he was stunning. His long ebony hair was wet and slicked back from his strong face emphasizing his high tanned cheekbones. The large, red beach towel rode low on his hips and the color suited him perfectly. Bronze flesh gleamed with health and vitality, the scars on his chest only added to his devilish, dark appeal.

After a moment, he moved to her side on the couch, still staring at the television. "How does picture box work?" he asked in all sincerity.

"It's a television. It picks up signals from TV stations and transmits them somehow." She tried to explain, realizing she didn't fully understand the concept herself.

"How do people get inside box?"

"They aren't inside the box, it's complicated. They film the shows and project the image." She knew she wasn't explaining it very well. She snapped her fingers, turning the TV off. Damn, she really shouldn't use her powers in front of him. Usually, she was very careful but she felt secure with him.

His dark gaze zeroed in on her hand. "How that work, I tried to light the lamp that way and it not work."

She knew the time for avoiding the issue was over, it was time for a lot of explaining and she had many questions of her own. It was difficult to concentrate with

him sitting there half-dressed. She needed to buy him some clothes. "It's a trick, I'll have to show you but first we have other things to discuss."

"Yes, I am well, I need go home, help my people, I gone too long," he declared, folding his arms across his chest.

"Okay, but first I need to know where you are from." She tried to keep the hurt from her voice, at knowing he was anxious to leave.

"My village, where you found me." He shot her a look of puzzlement.

"I didn't find you exactly. What country are you from?"

"I live in Yahi country. We have lived there for many summers. Along the river white-eyes call Sack-re-mento." He furrowed his brow as he explained.

Tara stared at him. Yahi country? She had never heard of that. White-eyes, who were white-eyes? She frowned at him. "Did you say Sacramento River?"

He nodded.

The Sacramento River was just miles from here. He couldn't be from around here, something wasn't right.

"You can't live along the Sacramento River."

"I no lie. No more talk, it is time I go home." He made a chopping gesture with his hand before heading into the bedroom.

Tara batted her eyes. "Well, it seems lord and master has spoken," she whispered to herself as she followed his retreating backside. Tara entered the room behind him. He already had his leather breechclout wrapped around him and he was securing the sides.

"You must dress, we go now. I not wait for greedy white men to return."

"Lone Wolf, I still don't know where you live, I don't know how to get you home." She realized there was some confusion and she had no idea who the men he spoke of were. She assumed the white men must be the ones who shot him.

"This man not need your help. I find way." His boisterous tone held a note of command. She realized he expected her to do as he told her.

Suddenly, it all clicked into place, and her knees almost buckled at the enormity of what she had done. "Yahi, did you say Yahi?"

He nodded at her question as he sat upon her bed lacing his moccasins. "You wish to travel to my village dressed so?" He narrowed his gaze at her.

Grabbing a pair of jeans, she wiggled into them, barely managing the zipper. A few too many cappuccinos. Then, the thought struck her—he wanted to take her with him. She smiled, of course, that might change when he learned the truth.

Impatient eyes watched her and she yanked on a t-shirt over bare breasts just to make him happy. She had a feeling she was going to have to take him outside anyway. Her idea had to be wrong. He couldn't possibly mean the Yahi Indians that had lived in this area. They had been extinct for a hundred years.

Dressed, Lone Wolf strolled through the house with purpose. He stopped in the living room. "This door leads to outside?" At her nod, he opened it and stepped out onto her porch. She watched as his steps faltered and he stopped at the top of the stairs, looking out over her yard.

"Where are we?" his voice was thick with wonder.

Tara tried to see the world through his eyes. Her house was secluded, set back off the road. Large fir trees lined the driveway, but through the trees, you could see the neighboring houses, their porch lights illuminating them in the darkness. Right out front sat her car, a fire engine red sports car she had bought last year. She stopped behind him. The tension within him was palpable. He whirled around with a look of bewilderment on his face.

"Where you take me?" He grabbed her arm roughly, nearly lifting her off the ground. His face eased down close to hers. "What place is this? Why am I here?"

"Lone Wolf, I think we need to go inside and talk," her voice trembled. She wasn't afraid of him, she was afraid of what she had done to him.

He released her arm and strolled away from her to the other end of the porch, keeping his back to her. "How I get here?"

She walked closer to him, sitting in the swing. It creaked under her weight. "It's a long story. You might want to have a seat."

He didn't respond, not even to turn and look at her. He stood tall and proud, his long dark hair lifting on a gentle breeze then fluttering around his shoulders.

"It all began a month ago. I started having dreams." She cleared her throat. "I dreamed of a man—it was you. I don't know why I dreamed about you. Last night though when I dreamed of you, I felt your pain. I knew you were dying and I couldn't let you. So I brought you here, to save you." She hesitated. "I have powers, no one knows about them except my mother and father. I'm a — witch." Her stomach knotted in anguish as she uttered the dreaded word.

Startled eyes shot in her direction. "You are a witch doctor?" His look was disbelieving. She wasn't sure what Indians thought of witches. She hoped it didn't involve burning at the stake.

"I suppose you could call me that. The women of my family have special powers." She hesitated. "That's how I work the lights and the television with a snap of my finger."

He nodded his head as he considered her words. "Send me back the way you brought me. I no wish to live in white-eyes world," he demanded, seemingly unconcerned about the fact she was a witch.

"I can't." Her already shaky voice cracked and she began to sob. "I'm sorry, I can't."

"You must. My people are under attack by gold-seekers, they need my help."

Tara couldn't stop the flow of tears. She didn't know how to tell him the rest of the story. The story of the Yahi. "I'm sorry, but I don't know how."

Lone Wolf knelt in front of her, stopping the swing. His eyes filled with understanding and sought hers. "I go home, I take you with me, do not cry." The

calmness of his words was deceptive. There was a confident arrogance about this man that even this predicament didn't diminish.

The only way to get him home was a reversal spell that would put him back in the middle of the battle that had injured him and he would die. No, she wouldn't do it. Even if she could return him another way, she wouldn't do it, for she knew the fate of his tribe. They all perished. "Lone Wolf, what year was it when you left?"

"Year 1866," he replied with certainty.

"It's now year 2007." The realization of what she'd done was beginning to sink in. She had not only brought him through space but time as well.

He looked stunned as he sat back on his heels. He stared at her, shaking his head, his long hair swaying. "No." He gave a decided shake of his head.

Tara dropped to her knees in front of him and grasped his hands. "It's true, this is 2007, and we're in Tehama County, California. Your people, the Yahi, perished over a hundred years ago." He tried to pull back but she was tenacious. "I am truly sorry, but there is nothing for you to go back to."

* * * * *

Stunned, he swallowed deeply, rapidly blinking his eyes. He had known his people's situation was dire. There were too many white-eyes, and they had come to the land of the Yahi, killing the game just for the fur and leaving the meat to rot. If you killed one white-eyes, ten more came. His mother and father died by white-eyes hands several years ago. Then the gold-seekers had come, looking for the yellow metal in the ground. They had been the worst of all, killing innocent women and children for the joy of it. He shook his head, but to know his whole tribe was gone. "You are wrong. Send me back."

She tugged on him and he rose to his feet allowing her to lead him into the house. She sat on the brightly upholstered seating bench and he sat down next to her, staring

straight ahead. "I don't know everything but I know sometime in the 1860s your people became extinct because of the gold rush."

He heard her words and nodded his head but he was lost to his own thoughts. It was impossible to imagine his tribe gone but he had seen firsthand the destruction the gold-seekers wrought upon his people. Why did he live if all of his people died? His friend Bear Claw, his cousin Dancing Wolf, gone to the afterlife. He had experienced much death in his twenty-eight summers, but this was beyond belief. The Yahi were a peaceful tribe, they did not deserve this.

"I can research it for you on the computer, do a Google search about what happened, if you want me to."

He nodded his head but couldn't meet her eyes. He did not understand her words, Google search and computer. There was much in this world that made no sense to him. He turned away, clenching his jaw to stem the flow of emotion. His chest ached, his head pounded. Fresh grief tore at his heart.

He looked around his woman's home. He should have known this house did not belong in his time. Where did he go now—how did he live in this world? "You should have let me die with Yahi brothers." He didn't try to hide the despair in his voice. He realized now that it was very likely his whole tribe had died in that last battle, the battle that to him had been just yesterday. "This not my world." He gestured with his arm, "All of this not for me. The air is heavy, the sounds are wrong. Let me go home."

Tears pooled in her eyes as he stared at her. "No, I couldn't, I won't. I dreamed of you for a reason, you have a purpose."

"I have no purpose in this white man's world," he shouted.

She cringed, the tears flowing freely down her cheeks. "Things are different now, you'll see. Indian people and white people live side by side. They even marry and have children."

He raised his brow at her words. She was his woman but now he had nothing to offer. What good would he be to her? In time, she would tire of him. Pleasing her in

their hides would not be enough. He knew not how to provide for her in this world. He had worried the white-eyes would take over. Not in his worst nightmare had he dreamed of a world such as this. There was no place for him here. He was a warrior with no tribe.

He must convince her to send him back to his time, to let him die, as he should. Death did not scare him. "I know not these ways." He implored with his eyes and words. "You find way return me to my time. I no wish to be your captive."

"Lone Wolf, I can't send you back. Even if I could, I wouldn't. I would be sending you to your death and you have too much to live for. You are not my captive. I am probably yours."

He grunted at her words. "I have nothing," he said disgustedly. The Yahi were not a rich people but his lodge was always warm and full of food.

"You have me. I love you," she whispered back.

"You wish me to warm your hides until you tire of my savage ways." Bitterness spilled into the words. Was he to be her prize Indian stud?

"No. I want to help you, teach you and share my life with you." His heart clung to her words but his mind was not ready to listen.

"We will see how long 'til you tire of this savage." He was suddenly very tired. Standing, he glanced at Tar-ah, trails of tears lined her face. He did not mean to hurt her, but he had no words of comfort to offer. He had nothing to offer. Turning, he walked silently to the bedroom. Stripping, he lay down on the white-eyes bed. It felt foreign just like everything else in this white-eyes world.

Chapter Five

Sitting cross-legged on the couch, Tara weighed their options. She had the next two months off work for summer break. In that time she needed to prepare him for his new life. She could use her witchcraft to make him a new identity, but she knew he would never be happy here unless he had a purpose. She had no idea what kind of skills he had – well, none that he could use legally.

He would make a perfect model. He would look awesome in boxer briefs but she didn't think that would please him and it certainly wouldn't please her to have to share him with millions of drooling women. No, she needed to discover his interests. Tomorrow would be soon enough.

Quietly, she walked into the dark bedroom. He lay on the bed facing away from her. Just hours ago, they'd made love in this bed but now there was a wall between them and it was her fault. He didn't turn as she undressed so she tugged on her gown and slid in between the cool sheets. By his breathing, she didn't think he slept but he didn't seem approachable. She turned on her side, facing away from him. At least he was still close to her; ripples of heat from his body warmed her backside.

She tried to sleep but her mind was in turmoil. She knew in her heart if she had not rescued him he would have died. She had done the only thing she could and she wouldn't regret it, no matter what happened. The time she spent with Lone Wolf was more precious than her own life. She hadn't lied when she said she loved him. It might be sudden but she loved him. She thought she probably fell in love with him while he was just a dream.

"I love you," she whispered as she drifted off. She didn't see the man at her side turn his head to look at her.

Tonight was the first time in a long time he didn't invade her dreams. Instead, her grandmother visited her.

"You have done well, my child. I am so proud of you but there is still much for you to do. Soon you will learn what the purpose is. You have a strong man at your side. See that he stays there." Her grandmother's voice and smile were so gentle. It had been so long since she'd seen her.

Tara longed to touch her to absorb her warmth and strength. "I am sorry, Grandmother. It was my fault..." Tara cried.

"Shh, my child, it was not your fault. It was my time. I sacrificed my life to save yours and I would do so again. Evil is attracted to power, it always has been and it always will be. Guard yourself and yours well."

"I need your help. I don't know what to do."

"I will always be with you, lending you my strength, but you must make your own choices."

"What if I make a wrong choice? What about Lone Wolf, was I wrong to bring him here?"

"No, he belongs here, you will see and so will he...in time."

"He needs a purpose."

"He has already fulfilled part of his purpose but there is more he must accomplish. He will find his way. He is a strong warrior used to having his way," her grandmother chuckled. "He will be hard to tame but the rewards will be great."

As her grandmother turned and walked away, fading into the light, she turned back once and said, "Promise me, my child, you will teach your firstborn daughter our ways."

"I promise if I ever have a daughter, I will."

A smile curved her grandmother's lips. "You already do. Blessed be," she whispered as she faded completely away.

Tara's heart lurched and she sat up in the bed. It was just a dream, or was it? She placed a hand on her stomach—was she pregnant? She counted in her head—*oh my*

goddess. It was the right time of the month. She looked at the man sleeping at her side. Would he want a child? How would he feel about the child being a witch? So far, he hadn't reacted to the news but a child might change everything. What had she been thinking having unprotected sex? She hadn't been thinking at all, that was the problem. Her hand caressed her stomach. She didn't know how he'd feel about a child but she'd love it. Settling back in the bed, she pictured a dark-haired baby boy.

In the morning, she awoke alone. Fear gripped her heart and she hopped out of the bed and ran through the house, praying he wasn't gone. He wasn't in the bathroom, living room, guest room or kitchen. She peeked out the front door and didn't see him. She ran back into the kitchen, looking out the back window. She stopped, her heart pounding. There he was in the backyard. Kneeling on the grass, his arms outstretched, he appeared to be praying. Thank goddess he hadn't left her.

She put on a pot of coffee. Her first line of business would be to buy him clothes. It was positively indecent the way he was dressed and she wouldn't let anyone else see him like this. She peeked back out the window. Oh yeah, positively indecent.

While she waited on the coffee, she went on the computer, reading about the Yahi. Details were sketchy. Sometime in the 1860s, they became extinct; one lone warrior lived until 1916. It was a shame the way the Native Americans were treated, but it had all happened a long time ago and even the most powerful witch could not change history.

Lone Wolf came into the kitchen a few minutes later and she poured them both a cup of coffee. He sipped his silently. Staring into the ceramic cup, he began to speak, "I decided I have need to communicate with my spirit guide. I seek a vision quest."

"How do you do that?" she questioned. She'd studied some Native American cultures but she knew every tribe was different with different beliefs and customs.

"I must find space, without people, where I meditate and seek guidance. If Great Spirit brought me here, it must have reason."

"There is a wilderness park about twenty miles from here, we can go there." If this vision quest would ease his mind she was all for it. At least he was considering the possibility that he was here for a reason.

"I go alone."

"All right, I'll take you to the park and wait for you." There was no way she was going to let him wander the streets alone.

"I be gone several days. If I come back, I know what my future holds."

His words delivered a punch to her gut. "What do you mean if?"

"No one knows what Great Spirit intends for them. My time already long past, I should have perished with my people." His tone did not hold the utter hopelessness of yesterday. Instead, it had a quiet resolve. "Maybe Great Spirit has new destiny for this warrior."

She wasn't sure what to make of his words but she was sure he had a purpose here. Grandmother said he'd find his way. She'd trust in her words and wait for him to discover his destiny was here with her. She laid a hand on her stomach. He belonged here with his family.

"Before we go, I have to buy you some clothes. You can't go around dressed like that." She eyed the brief covering over his groin closely. She could work some mojo but she didn't like to use her magic for material gain.

Lone Wolf reached under the flap at the front of his breechclout and withdrew a rawhide pouch, tossing it at her. "I have yellow gold. Does it still hold value to the white man?"

The pouch was heavy for its size. She pulled the drawstring and looked inside. Blinking, she looked again. Tipping the pouch, golden nuggets poured into her hand. "Sweet goddess, Lone Wolf, this is a small fortune."

Unconcerned, Lone Wolf shrugged his massive shoulders, his muscles rippling. "We go buy clothes now."

"I'll have to go alone until I get something to fit you. Here, you keep this." She handed the pouch back to him. "We'll have to take it somewhere to convert it to cash if you want or you can just keep it."

It was the fastest shopping trip in Tara's history. Usually, she lingered in the bookstore, drinking cappuccino, then browsed the mall. Today she headed straight for the big and tall store. She was afraid he would leave if she left him alone for long.

Relief washed over her to find him on the couch with a cup of coffee browsing a magazine. She tilted her head to see the cover. *Victoria's Secret*, she should have known. Men hadn't changed much in a hundred years or so.

She dumped the contents of her bags on the couch and turned back to him. She licked her lips as her eyes roamed his body. "You need to drop the loincloth, big boy." His brows shot up but he didn't hesitate to release the tie. Buckskin fluttered to the floor. He seemed a little tense and edgy for sex but his cock responded under her gaze.

He reached for the underwear she held in her hands. Shaking them out, he eyed them critically. Damn if he didn't put them on, covering his impressive erection. "What a waste," she muttered to herself. He had to adjust his cock to fit into the boxer-briefs. Lord, he did wonders for boxer-briefs.

Extra-large shirts molded his shoulders and chest. The jeans were more difficult. She'd bought three different sizes but 32/36 seemed to fit him best. Riding low on his lean hips, they molded his large muscular thighs and his too-perfect ass. If the crotch were a little tight who would complain. He had put on the dark red t-shirt she bought because she said it was her favorite. She didn't buy him shoes since he could wear his moccasins for now.

* * * * *

The new clothes felt tight and confining on him. His wardrobe had consisted of a breechclout, vest and occasional leggings. The things she called underwear were not so bad and the t-shirts were fine. The jeans would take getting used to. They were stiffer

than buckskin and tighter. The zipper seemed to be located in a dangerous area, just the rasping sound made him want to flinch, but he would adjust, for now.

He was what Tar-ah called properly attired. It was time to go. "We go now," he commanded.

"Why don't we wait until tomorrow?"

"No, I go now." Lone Wolf was anxious to seek his vision quest. He did not feel he belonged here, he might never belong here but he would seek guidance before he made his final decision.

"If we're going, we need to pack." Tar-ah picked his clothes up off the couch, heading for her bedroom.

She gave him a bag made of material similar to his jeans. He stuffed some of the clothes she bought into the bag along with his breechclout. While he packed, Tar-ah packed clothes into another bag. "There is a hotel near the preserve. I'll stay in a room there while you are on your quest.

"If you're done, let's get some food from the kitchen."

Tar-ah searched through a cabinet. He did not tell her he would fast on his quest because he knew she would only worry.

"Oh look, you should like this. It's beef jerky."

Lone Wolf looked at the brightly colored bag containing shredded meat. "Pemmican?"

"It should be similar."

"I need knife." Following Tar-ah, he surveyed the open drawer. There were many knives, mostly small. Some did not appear sharp. One knife in particular drew his gaze. It was a large knife with a wooden handle.

Lone Wolf lifted the knife, spinning and flipping it in his hand to test weight and balance. Flicking his thumb across the blade, he tested the sharpness. It was not as good as his blade but it would do.

He tucked the knife into the waist of his pants.

"Lone Wolf, you can't walk around like that."

He glanced at his woman. "Why?"

"No one carries weapons like that. The park ranger would never let you into the reserve."

"What is this park ranger?"

"Park rangers are responsible for taking care of the park and visitors. They are like park police, park protectors. They watch for people that might be trouble." Tar-ah pointed at the knife. "Like that, you look like trouble. It would be best if you put the knife in your satchel."

Lone Wolf did as she asked. This new world was strange and not carrying his weapon made him feel vulnerable.

"What about bug spray? And you know there are poisonous snakes around."

Lone Wolf chuckled. "The world has changed much but still some is the same. I know about bugs and snakes. This warrior protects himself."

"I guess that was kind of silly. I just worry." He smiled and drew his woman into his arms, holding her to his heart. His woman cared for him. This was good.

When they went outside, amazement struck anew at the white-eyes inventions. They would leave on his quest in a metal box she called a car. She explained to him that when she started the car there would be a noise, but that was normal. The engine of her car was relatively quiet, just a large purr. The picture box inside the car was quite loud. Reaching across him, she fastened a strap across his chest.

Lone Wolf looked around the car. "Where is picture box?" he asked.

"It's not a TV, this is a radio." She pointed to the radio. "It only plays music and people talk, sound only, no picture." She turned a knob and the sound lowered to a more reasonable level.

Lone Wolf eyed the radio and wrinkled his brow — he did not understand these fast, jumbled words they spoke. “What is meaning of this?” He pointed at the radio.

“It’s rap music, there isn’t a meaning. Let me change the station.”

Tar-ah flashed him a grin. The sound changed to a crooning sound much like that of a dying animal. Lone Wolf shook his head. White-eyes were still odd creatures.

The boxcar began to move and the first rocking sensation took him by surprise but after a moment, he relaxed in his seat. He watched out the window as they drove along. There were many houses and large buildings. They drove on hard, black roads, nothing looked the same except the shape of the mountains off in the distance. They still held the same outline. From the angle of the mountains, he knew where he should have been but it did not look the same. Most of the trees were gone, replaced by pale face buildings. Some pale faces walked beside the road leading dogs tied by ropes. He wondered where the wild animals lived. Did people lead them by ropes or were they extinct and forgotten as the Yahi?

Most of the drive was silent until another boxcar pulled out in front of Tar-ah. She slammed her hand on what she called a *steering wheel* and a loud noise erupted. As she passed the other boxcar, she gestured at them with a finger. “Idiot!” she yelled.

His knuckles whitened as he held the armrest, watching the exchange in confusion. Tar-ah muttered words he thought were not nice under her breath. After a moment, he questioned her. He flipped his middle finger straight up. “What is the meaning of this?”

“That’s a rude gesture,” she explained.

“What it mean?”

She hesitated a moment before answering him. “It means—fuck you,” she murmured.

“What is meaning of fuck you?”

“Uh, fuck is kind of another word for sex. You do know what sex means, right?”

“This I know.” He smiled then furrowed his brow. “Sex is insult?”

A laugh escaped Tar-ah's lips and she shook her head at him. With one hand, she flipped her hair back out of her face. "Sex isn't an insult. However, when you give someone the finger it is. Fuck is a bad word for sex."

"When you give someone the finger it means you wish to have bad sex with them? This I would not like." He shook his head. His woman had confusing ideas. "You not have sex with anyone else or have fuck either." She was his woman and she would have no other. He did not know what his future held, if it would be here or in the past, but if he lived, he expected her to be at his side. It was her duty.

Tar-ah laughed harder. "No, I won't have sex or fuck anyone else, only you." Her hand landed on his thigh and squeezed. His shaft reacted instantly to the contact but it was in jeopardy of losing circulation within the tight jean-pants.

"We not have bad sex, we have good sex," he told her.

"That depends on your meaning of bad, I suppose."

"White people talk in much riddles."

Tar-ah stopped the car in front of a large white-eyes building. "This is where I plan to stay while you're on your quest. Let's go see if they have a room."

She trotted off toward the building but he hesitated by the boxcar. She looked back at him, raising her brow. "Are you coming?"

"Will they allow a Yahi warrior inside?" He hated to ask the question, it made him feel inferior.

His woman came back to his side and linked her arm through his. "Things are different now. Not only can you come inside with me but you can stay in a room with me." She leaned close to him, whispering softly in his ear. "It's not against the law for an Indian to have sex with a white woman anymore." She tugged his hair, pulling his lips down to meet hers. Her tongue boldly entered his mouth and he stiffened. At the touch of her lips, he longed to pull her into a more intimate embrace but he had been brought up not to show affection in public. When she pulled back, he noticed a young couple walking toward them and he eyed the man warily.

As they passed, the white man shot him a knowing grin and a wink. Lone Wolf's lip curled up at the corner but his eyes still followed the white man suspiciously – twenty-eight years of teaching did not vanish overnight.

The lobby was another mystery. The furnishings were influenced by the culture of The People. On the walls, there were pictures of various tribes. Why would the white men kill the redskins then decorate buildings in their honor? He would never understand the workings of a white man's mind.

"Lone Wolf." He turned at his woman's voice. Tar-ah walked up to him. "I got a room, let's go."

The room she would be staying in was small but clean, it had two beds, a wooden table of sorts, with a picture box on top of it and a small bathroom. The pictures hanging over the bed also portrayed the life of a local tribe. Lone Wolf stared at them. "Why they have pictures of redskins?"

She seemed to choose her words carefully. "The wilderness park down the road that I am taking you to is the Ishi Wilderness Park, it is dedicated to the last surviving Yahi warrior." Although the words should not be a surprise, it startled him and he flinched noticeably. Tar-ah wrapped her arms around him. "Of course we know there is still one more Yahi warrior alive." Her head rested against his chest. "Did you know Ishi?"

"Yahi speak Hoka language and Ishi mean man." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh that's right. Ishi never told anyone his name. So they named him Ishi." He remained silent at her words.

"Can you stay here with me tonight and start your quest tomorrow?" His woman asked the question hesitantly but with great emotion in her voice.

His heart pounded. He was glad Tar-ah wished to be with him again. "I stay with you this night." Lone Wolf wanted to make sure he had at least one more night in her arms. He did not know what his future held, but he knew what he held in his arms – his

soul mate, the only woman he would ever love. He squeezed her to him and her scent teased his senses. "Maybe I fuck you bad."

* * * * *

Tara laughed at his innocent interpretation and looked up into his ebony eyes. They were once again dark, smoldering pits. Maybe it wasn't so innocent after all. "You, my dear warrior, may love me any way you wish."

With wicked intent, his lips descended to hers, devouring her mouth. After a moment, he lifted her and placed her upon one of the beds. The t-shirt flew over his head landing on the floor, the same time he landed on the bed next to her.

Her eyes devoured the bronze flesh he just revealed. She glanced at his wound and it appeared almost healed. Sparing it not another thought, she resumed her perusal, long, blue-black hair cascaded around his shoulders and bronze muscular chest, and his skin gleamed in the artificial light. He looked like the wild Indian warrior he had been until days ago. She closed her eyes, trying to picture him in his time. A vivid picture of him standing along a riverbank with another Indian man flashed in her head. The other man wore braids in his hair and had a thin scar on his right cheek.

She opened her eyes. Did the vision have any significance? "Do you know a man with a scar on his cheek?"

"Bear Claw."

"I don't know. I just saw you with another man. He wore braids and had a scar on his right cheek."

He nodded vigorously. "That is Bear Claw. You saw him, is he alive?"

"Lone Wolf, I couldn't imagine he'd be alive. It was probably a memory I picked up on. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned it."

He brushed her hair back. "No, this is good, my woman have strong medicine."

She wondered how so perfect a man had remained unmarried at his age. Maybe he wasn't. She knew many Indians had multiple wives. As his lips brushed her neck, she asked, "Lone Wolf, are you married?"

Lone Wolf looked into her eyes, his own twinkling with mischief. "I have wife."

Her stomach crashed and she felt physically ill. She had to sit up. His wife would be long dead but that didn't erase the fact that she stole another woman's husband. He might have even have had children. She gasped for breath, tears threatening to overflow her eyes. "What have I done?" She wasn't supposed to use her powers to hurt others.

Lone Wolf turned her to face him, the twinkle gone from his eyes. "You my wife," he explained. "If warrior takes woman and spend night in lodge, she his wife."

Her jaw slackened in surprise—he considered her his wife. She was pleased until she began to wonder if he thought she had trapped him. "Lone Wolf, in the white world it's a little more complicated. You don't have to be my husband. We can just be lovers for now."

"You no wish to have savage husband?" His arms dropped to his side and he turned his head away. She realized he thought she meant she didn't want him. That was the furthest thing from the truth.

"Hey, warrior." She caressed his cheek. "There's nothing I want more than to have you as my husband, but I don't want to trap you. I brought you to this time, to my house, my lodge. You didn't choose me as your wife."

Her words returned a grin to his face. "I did not have to stay in lodge all night."

She supposed that was his way of saying he wanted her as his wife. Her hand dropped to her stomach—that was a good thing. She didn't want to be a single mother. *With a little polish, he would make the perfect husband and father,* she thought as her lips curled up in a smile. "Lone Wolf, do you want children?" she asked.

"I want many children." His words hesitated for a moment. "You not wish for children. I filled you with much seed."

Assuming he meant his hot load of come, she replied, "No, I want children, lots of dark-haired little boys." She wiggled her eyebrows. "And at least one little girl." She hoped he wouldn't mind their daughter being a witch. He referred to her powers with ease. She hoped he wouldn't change his mind when he learned her darkest secret.

He slid her hand to his groin and molded her fingers to the thick arousal bound tightly by his jeans. Lowering her to the bed, he blanketed her with his body. "We fuck now. Maybe I put baby in soft belly."

Obviously, she needed to be careful about the new words she taught him. Thoughts of teaching him left her mind as he began to nibble on her throat. His big, warm hands were under her shirt enclosing her breasts. She hadn't bothered with a bra and now she was glad. His hands were like magic, the power in his touch more potent than any she possessed.

He hopped off the bed, shucking the jeans and underwear down his long legs and stepping out of them. She had to smile at the dance he performed while trying to remove the tight jeans. The moccasins came off without him bothering with the laces.

Tara avidly starred at him—she would never tire of marveling at his bronze body. He was slightly lighter in color across his groin and hips but there wasn't a big difference. She didn't waste a lot of time in deep thought when he joined her once again on the bed. "That's a nice cock you got there, stud."

"What is cock?"

"This." She trailed a finger up the length of him, enjoying his gasp of surprise.

"What white man word for this?" He didn't hesitate to palm her between her legs.

"Technically, it's called a vagina, but usually a pussy or a cunt." She wasn't used to speaking so explicitly to a man and it was somewhat exciting. At least, it was with him.

Lone Wolf yanked her shirt over her head.

His eyes narrowed as they traveled to her waist and she realized he'd spotted her bellybutton ring. She had removed it for cleaning and just replaced it this morning. He poked at it with his finger. "What this?" he asked in a low voice.

Tara felt him run his finger across it. "It's a bellybutton ring, my bellybutton is pierced just like my ears and I wear a ring in it."

He lowered his head to suckle the ring into his mouth, tugging at it with his teeth. One hand was still on her breasts, the other moved to unsnap her jeans, tugging them down, exposing the sensitive flesh of her lower stomach. His mouth moved down, biting at the sensitive skin.

Tara's hand trembled as she ran it through his thick hair and across his massive shoulders to his tightly muscled back. She had always been attracted to tall, dark and handsome men and he certainly fit into that category. His large muscles rippled under her caressing stroke. Her own body was beginning to tremble inside and she felt herself dampening between her legs.

He pulled her jeans the rest of the way off her body and moved between her trembling thighs. His fingers stroked her pussy, her cream allowing easy access to her waiting heat. She groaned and arched against his hand. "Your pussy wet for me."

"Lone Wolf, please..." she begged, reaching for his heavy cock, trying to guide him to her.

He let her grasp his cock but he would not allow her to pull him closer. "I give much pleasure this night, Tar-ah. This only beginning."

She whimpered and he stroked his fingers deeper, grinding his thumb into her clit. Her heels hit the bed and dug in, arching into his hand, seeking the touch she wanted. Her pussy clenched on his fingers. "Oh great goddess, Lone Wolf," she cried out, staring into his dark gaze as waves of bliss rolled through her.

Collapsing back upon the bed, she shut her eyes, gasping for breath. She felt him lie down next to her, his warm body brushing her from shoulder to knee. One eye opened

to find him propped up on his elbow next to her, gazing at her face. Reaching up, she caressed his cheek and he turned his head to place a kiss upon the palm of her hand. "Tar-ah want more?"

She moaned her approval as he rolled her onto her stomach, massaging her shoulders and along the length of her back. She groaned under his skilled hands. "You should be illegal."

He stretched full length on top of her, his cock pulsing along the crack of her ass. She had a sudden urge to press back against the hard length. She thought of him taking her that way, his huge cock parting her virgin ass. Her blood boiled and she broke into a sweat. She knew he wanted to penetrate her anally but she wasn't sure she could take it.

He arched, grinding his arousal in the seam of her buttocks. He rubbed his thick cock against her ass, inflaming the just sated fire of her flesh. He slid down until the tip of his erection just grazed the opening of her dripping pussy and she wiggled back, begging silently for possession. He plunged into her, once, twice, and then pulled out. She cried out in protest.

He slapped her right butt cheek with just enough pop to sting. "Hey!"

"Lay still or I not give you what you want." His large hand in the small of her back held her down. He began to bite at the mounds of her bottom, his teeth grazed, his lips and tongue caressed. She gasped as each bite sent little shock waves through her system, culminating between her thighs.

Once again, he moved to enter her weeping canal, stroking deep within her, only to withdraw, leaving her hanging. "Tar-ah like my cock?"

"Yes," she gasped.

He plunged once more only to stop again.

"Lone Wolf, are you trying to torture me?"

"You say I love you any way I want. I love this way."

Groaning in protest, she tried to roll over, but once again his hand descended to hold her to the bed. Using his knees, he spread her thighs wide and arched her back, exposing her completely to him. Lowering his head, his hot breath fanned her labia before his mouth kissed the waiting lips. His tongue slipped inside, licking her intimately. "I like taste of my...pussy."

His hot breath fanned her sex before his lips lowered again. She shivered, knowing what was to come. He was relentless, his teeth nibbled her delicate folds, and his tongue probed her depths until she thrust back toward him, begging for more.

Before she knew what was happening he flipped her onto her back and moved to straddle her rib cage, laying his cock between her breasts. A large hand engulfed each breast, holding them together for his engorged length to slide between. She tilted her head so she could watch the erotic display. When his tip came close to her face, she couldn't resist licking out at it. His cock dallied just long enough on his upward thrust for her tongue to lick the tip, which gleamed with his essence. It was salty, musky, uniquely him.

Using a pillow to hold her head in place, he parted her lips with his fingers and surged between them. Each time he thrust forward, she opened her mouth to accept the tip of his cock. "You like taste my...cock?"

Tara never had the chance to answer before he changed tactics once again.

Sliding back down her body, he placed a pillow under her hips to tilt them upward. He brought her legs up, forcing her thighs toward her stomach, arching her even further to give him a better angle for his next target. Using her cream to ease the way, he moved lower, probing another entrance.

Realizing his intent a moment too late, she sucked in a deep, shaky breath as he entered her virgin ass. "Lone Wolf, no...I never..." White light burst behind her eyes at his first thrust. He stopped barely within her body. Their gazes locked, his intense eyes probed hers as he began to move. The pain was swift.

"Relax."

She wondered how he'd relax with a red-hot poker shoved up his ass. He rasped her clit, at the same time receding only to thrust further. Pain became pain-pleasure as white-hot fire erupted in her veins. "Ahh, ohh," she gasped. "Oh yeah." She groaned as her eyes rolled back in her head.

He slid his index finger into her pussy, filling her, making the other possession even tighter. "Tar-ah," he groaned. "You never fuck this way?"

She met his gaze, shaking her head, and his eyes flared with triumph and need. She was glad she'd saved this for him.

He had only entered her partially. She grasped at his hips, pulling him deeper into her body. Her heart pounded, this unnatural deed somehow became not only wanted but also needed. The look in his eyes boiled her blood. Thoughts of right or wrong didn't matter. Did right or wrong enter into it if it brought them both pleasure? He moved fully into her and she arched against him. His finger slid deeper as his thumb flicked her tight nub and she writhed beneath him, twisting in delicious agony. Fighting to breathe as sharp erotic pleasure pulsed in time with his thrusts, she tumbled head-long into bliss. He grasped her hips, firmly plunging one last time before joining her in ecstasy.

A growl from her stomach interrupted their catnap. She looked over at him, giggling. "I guess I worked up an appetite."

He smiled lazily at her. "If we were in my lodge, I hunt rabbit or deer to feed my hungry wife."

Rolling over to reach for the menu lying on the bedside table, she told him, "Here we have room service."

She scanned the menu, it was basic — hamburger, pizza, chicken sandwich and steak sub. She loved pizza but she wasn't sure he would. She should probably stick with some type of meat since he had wolfed down the bacon and eggs she made earlier.

"You think you'd like a hamburger?"

Arching one dark brow at her, he shrugged. "You decide what this man eats."

"All right." She ordered two hamburgers with fries and a chicken sandwich, just in case.

When the food arrived, he examined it curiously. She had ordered the burgers with the works. Lettuce, tomato, onion, pickle, mayo, mustard and ketchup Tara named each item as he held it up. He threw the lettuce to the side. After one bite, he pulled the tomato off as well.

She didn't realize when he reached for his cup he'd never had a carbonated drink before. He swallowed, coughed then gulped. His eyes began to water.

"Oh shit." She ran to the bathroom for a glass of water. "Here, drink this." He took a tentative sip.

"Are you okay?"

He nodded his head, coughing into his hand. "Is that the white-man's fire water?"

"No, that was just pop. It's an acquired taste." She eyed him speculatively. "You've never drank whiskey...firewater?"

"No, it not good for you. It make a man stupid in the head."

"I have to agree with you there."

He managed to eat the burger, chicken and most of the fries without complaint. While they ate he turned on the television, he was engrossed in Scooby Doo. Shaggy and Scooby were hiding from a zombie and eating Scooby snacks. She tried to explain to him what a cartoon was. She wasn't sure if he understood but he seemed to find the show amusing, and it was her favorite cartoon as well.

When the cartoon went off, he began flipping channels. The remote seemed to become part of his hand just as it did with most modern men. He stopped when he came across previews for pay-for-view spice channels. The expression on his face was priceless. She had to laugh as he blinked and turned his head to one side, trying to get a better view. The previews didn't show any actual sexual acts but they insinuated them.

"You like this?" she asked sassily.

His eyes darted nervously from the television to her and back. His lips curved into a sensual smile, stretching out next to her on the bed. His gleaming gaze met hers and she read amusement in his eyes. He slid his warm hand under the robe she had donned when the food arrived.

"I like mine better," he said, stroking a thumb across her nipple.

"Yours?" she huffed. "These aren't yours, I don't belong to you." She wasn't any man's possession. This wasn't the first time he insinuated ownership and it was time she set him straight.

He seemed to take the words as a challenge. "I teach who master is," he told her in a deep voice.

Not believing his audacity, she shoved at his hand and squeaked, "Master? Oh no you didn't say master."

His practiced lips descended to hers, cutting off anything else she had to say. She tried to turn her head but he tangled his fist in her hair, holding her still for his assault. One hand ripped her robe open and he lowered himself over her already melting body.

She tried to resist, but he was too strong and the emotions he evoked inside her were too powerful. She couldn't give in that easily. She shoved at his chest but he didn't move. Her nails raked his shoulders, digging in too deeply, unknowingly drawing blood before burying themselves in his thick, dark hair, cradling his head closer. Powerlessly, she opened her mouth, admitting his tongue, suckling it.

Disengaging, he arched his upper body and she glimpsed the damage to his shoulders. Half-moon-shaped craters bloomed with blood against his bronze flesh, in a few spots the blood streamed off his shoulders to drip on her. At her gasp, his smug gaze flew back to hers.

"I'm sorry. I just..." She couldn't believe she had inflicted injury upon him. She had just healed him.

"It matters not. Claw me, bite me, I not mind." Reaching up, she pulled him down to meet her lips. Kissing each mark, she licked the blood from one shoulder. It was warm and tasted of iron. She moved her head to the other shoulder, repeating the process. After she licked the blood off him, she began to suckle at the injury, the taste of his blood upon her lips ignited pagan passions deep within her. She arched against his thigh, grinding her pussy on his thickly muscled leg.

"Tar-ah," he growled. "Suck me as you suck my shaft." His large hands cupped her ass, tilting her hips. Wrapping her legs around him, she welcomed his thick cock into her achy depth. He plunged and retreated, plunged and retreated, all the while her tongue and lips suckled at him, her teeth grazing the muscles bulging along his shoulder and neck.

He pillaged her pussy with no mercy, stretching her with his wide cock, and her pussy wept for joy. Eventually, she had to tear her mouth from him. She sucked great gasps of air to her burning lungs. Her mind spun out of control as she watched him above her. His muscles bulged and rippled. She had to close her eyes, the intensity too much for her. The impressive visual, a still frame in her mind, overloaded her already taxed senses. Her whole body began to tingle, and tremors wracked her legs. Opening her eyes, she gazed at him once more as the world fell out from beneath her.

Finding his release, he collapsed on top of her, supporting his weight on his forearms. Rolling to his side, he cradled her closely. Bringing one hand up, he placed it upon her breast over her heart. "Mine." It was only one word but the depth of emotion said it all.

She could not even think to protest. She belonged to him. Heart, body and soul belonged to this proud warrior. A secretive smile curled her lips as she snuggled to his side without protest.

She dozed in his arms. Awaking some time later, she glanced at the window. It was dark, the room illuminated by only the glow of the moon. Lone Wolf sprawled at her side, one arm thrown over his head. He breathed deeply, evenly as she watched. For

hours, she lay awake just gazing at him as he slept. She didn't want to miss a moment, in case these were their last.

Chapter Six

Awaking, she stretched and yawned. Opening her eyes, she blinked. She'd forgotten where they were. Her eyes found him across the room, staring out the window. He was already dressed, his long hair damp from a recent bath. Her eyes pooled with tears as she met his resolve-filled gaze. Moving into the circle of his arms, she felt safe and secure. Tilting her head up, she stared at his face, hoping it was not the last time she looked upon it.

"Promise me you'll return to me," she begged. Her lips trembled but she refused to break down in front of him.

Lowering his lips to brush across hers, he whispered, "I make no promise. I return if I can to you, my wife." He blinked his eyes rapidly. She had to listen closely to his lowly spoken words. "If I not return, you remember this man."

She couldn't hold the tears any longer and they poured down her cheeks. "I could never forget you. I love you," she said thickly, her throat convulsing in a sob. She considered telling him of her dream that she might be expecting his child but that wouldn't be fair to him.

He gathered her closer, lowering his lips to her ear. "Know that this warrior holds love in his heart for his woman." Abruptly he sat her back on her feet. She knew it was not the Indian way to show such emotion. It was not the way of a warrior to cry in his woman's arms. Without another word, he reached for his pack and strolled out the door.

Throwing on a robe, she ran to the door. She shut her eyes and lifted one hand, chanting under her breath. Her protection spell was strong and she'd packed a talisman into his bag when he wasn't looking. After he disappeared from sight, she closed the

door and sat on their rumpled bed. "Grandmother, watch out for him." Her hair ruffled from a nonexistent breeze.

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Tar-ah had shown him the entrance to the Ishi Wilderness Preserve and he found it easily. A white man dressed in uniform sat in front of a wooden lodge. Tar-ah had called him a park ranger. The man lifted his hand in greeting and Lone Wolf nodded in return. The white man showed no apparent animosity toward him because of his Yahi blood. Taking a path to his right, he began his journey into the foothills.

Stopping just inside the tree line, he inhaled deeply. Exhaling on a sigh, he surveyed the lay of the land. Ponderosa pines and oak trees still dominated the riparian forest. He took his bearings. Much was different, much was the same. The paths were now wider, the trees had grown but the lay of the land remained the same. He breathed deeply, this land, the rich scent of earth and greenery fed the blood of the Yahi.

As he hiked the foothills, deeper into the preserve, he thought it must have been a dream—at any time, one of his blood brothers would appear before him. He caught sight of his jean-clad thigh—it was not a dream, it was a nightmare. Except for Tar-ah—would he give up Tar-ah to return to the past? A fist gripped his heart and squeezed. He did not know if he could but he was not sure if he had a choice.

A cup on the ground drew his gaze. It resembled the cups that had held the drink Tar-ah called pop. Could white-eyes leave nothing unspoiled? He picked it up, smashed it, then stuffed it into a pocket on the side of his bag. A small cloth pouch was tucked into his bag. It smelled of sage, he brought it to his nose. Sage and Tar-ah, his woman and her magic, he shook his head and tucked the pouch into his pants pocket.

The forest grew darker as the sun dipped in the sky. He left the path, traveling through heavy undergrowth. Stopping, he looked around. He had been in this very spot with Bear Claw not more than a few days ago. He eyed a vine-covered boulder. It was the one. Just days ago, he'd moved the boulder, now moss and vegetation covered

it. Dropping his pack to the ground, he removed his knife. He hacked at the vines, the knife was not the sharpest but it worked.

Laying a shoulder to the boulder, he shoved. It rocked but didn't move. Time had settled it firmly in the ground. Bending his knees, he used his legs to heave the settled stone. It moved enough for him to duck behind it, entering a hidden cave. He stopped, letting his eyes adjust to the filtered light. The cave had a natural skylight, a deep crater in the ground opening into the cave. It allowed some natural light and made the perfect filter for the smoke of a fire. He used this cave often while traveling. It had been his secret with Bear Claw.

His eyes adjusted to the light. On the ground along the wall, he recognized what remained of his belongings, his parfleche and an extra hunting bow and arrows. He took a step and stumbled. Skeletal remains of a man lay on the ground.

He flashed back in his mind to the last visit to this cave. Bear Claw and he had entered the cave surprised to find two gold-seekers in their hidden lair. The gold-seekers had gone for their guns but both had fallen dead from arrows to their hearts before they could raise their weapons.

Bear Claw and he had each killed one of the men, they had left their bodies where they had fallen, intending to return the next day to remove their remains. They had not gotten the chance. Seeing their bodies in the same place they had left them made him realize that Bear Claw had not survived the attack. If he had, he would have returned to the cave at some point. It was proof not only of the demise of his tribe but also of how much time had passed.

Fresh grief tore at his heart. Until now, there had been a glimmer of hope that somehow his tribe survived. He gathered up the remains of the two men and dumped them into a large pit in the back of the cave. They deserved no better.

Light flickered along the back wall of the cave. The shimmering gold drew his gaze and at his feet lay bags of gold mined by the dead gold-seekers. He kicked at a bag and

nuggets spilled onto the floor of the cave. Lone Wolf and Bear Claw had known of the gold – it was where he had gotten the nuggets he had given to Tar-ah.

Lone Wolf went in search of dry wood to start a fire. Returning to the cave, he dropped his wood into the fire pit. Searching his parfleche, he found his flint rock and started the fire. As sparks ignited the kindling, he stared into the fire.

After a moment, he began to search through his belongings—he knew what they held. He had left them here days ago. Finding his extra breechclout, he studied it. It had weathered well. He stripped off the white man's clothes and donned his own clout.

His tobacco pouch was still intact but the tobacco inside had dried to dust. His bone-handled knife appeared the same as he left it but his bow and arrows had rotted and had no strength. Time had taken its toll on his belongings and yet he had not aged. He felt young and rejuvenated, he had healed at an amazing speed. His woman had strong medicine.

He sat entranced before the fire. Here in this place he knew so well, he felt connected to his spirit guide.

Staring into the flames, he thought of Tar-ah. Certain flames were the exact color of her hair. He already missed her. "Tar-ah," he whispered. He wondered when he had become so weak that a white woman could control his every thought. As a warrior, he had trained to tune out needs and hungers for long periods. He had seen her just this morning and already he hungered to hold her again.

Closing his eyes, he concentrated on shutting out all diversions. It would take many hours to call forth his spirit guide, and he must prepare. With eyes closed, he leaned his head back, his long hair hanging loose down his back. He began a low, methodical chant.

Much time passed as he sat still upon the ground, the sun set and rose once more, still he did not move. His eyes were open but he could not see as a misty cloud surrounded him. Out of the center of the cloud a large grey wolf appeared, it sat upon

its haunches staring at him. He felt no fear for he knew this wolf—it was his guide. He could hear the beat of many drums and he shut his eyes, listening to the steady beat.

The wolf began to speak, “The mighty Yahi have fallen, they are no more. You are the last warrior sent ahead in time to prepare for what is to come. The white-eyes rule the world but they have lost direction. They need warriors who are brave and pure of heart to restore the world before it is too late. The white-eyes think only of the few not of the many. They pollute the lands and waters. Your woman is not an ordinary woman. She holds great powers, as does the girl child your seed has planted. She will help you on your quest, as will the other warriors to follow. Many nations of warriors will have to set aside their differences and work together to save the Mother Earth. Teach the children how the world should be.”

Opening his eyes once more, he saw the wolf was no longer alone. A female wolf with a reddish coat had come to stand at his side. “No longer are you the Lone Wolf, now you are the leader of the wolf pack, the grey wolf.” The large wolf stood, looking at him a moment longer. “You are the first, there will be more to follow, they will need your help, I will seek you out.” Turning, he trotted back into the mist, the reddish wolf followed close behind. Before she disappeared, she looked back at him—her eyes were blue, the exact color of Tar-ah’s.

Lone Wolf awoke thirsty. He was unsure how long he slept, and the early morning sun had just risen. He took a drink of the bottled water Tar-ah had insisted he pack. It was warm but at least it was wet. The fire had burned completely out, even the ashes had cooled. Rising, he stretched his long legs from their cramped position. He thought about his vision. He had a purpose to help save Mother Earth, and then he remembered something else. Caught up in the vision it had not registered at the time, the wolf had said his woman had power and so did the girl child she carried. A large smile split his somber face. “I will be a father.” He could not wait to tell Tar-ah.

* * * * *

Tara awoke back at the hotel. These past two days had been the longest of her life, and if she didn’t hear from Lone Wolf soon she would go crazy. Her only comfort was that he had come to her in her dreams. The first night she had seen him sitting by a

campfire, dressed in a breechclout, his long hair hanging loose. He had stared into the flames not moving.

Last night, he had appeared to her again, still sitting on the floor of what appeared to be a cave, behind him the wall glowed with a mysterious golden color. As she watched him, two wolves approached him. Fear had clutched at her heart, but the wolves had sat down next to him like harmless pets. He sat perfectly still the whole time until he was fading away. His eyes opened up, it felt as if he was looking directly at her and he smiled. She could still feel the effects of that smile—it had touched her very soul.

She would wait one more day. If he didn't come to her today, tomorrow she would do the revealing spell again, just to seek him out and make sure he was okay. All of this time alone had given her time to think, to consider why her mother had turned her back on the Wiccan ways. Now that she thought she was pregnant, she could understand her mother's desire to protect her. As she knew from firsthand experience, there were many who sought to use a witch's power for evil. She had learned and she would teach her child. Never would she allow evilness to harm her family. Her grandmother's death would not be in vain.

* * * * *

The sun was dropping low in the sky when Lone Wolf reached the parking lot of the lodge. He was relieved to see Tar-ah's boxcar sitting in the same spot it was when he left. His pace quickened as he drew closer. Before he could lift his hand to knock on the door, it opened wide and a bundle of red fire hit him in the chest, wrapping around his body.

He managed to carry her into the room and close the door behind him before lowering his lips to hers. "This man miss his woman."

Her only reply was a squeal as she planted kisses all over his face and neck. Finally, she looked up, her teary eyes meeting his gaze. "I missed you too. You'll never know how much."

Jerking his head toward the bed, he said, "Come, we talk."

He lowered her to sit on the bed and sat down next to her, gathering her close to his side. "My vision spoke of many things. I sent here to help save Mother Earth from white-eyes destruction. We must keep water and land clean to survive. We must teach the children." He tilted her face up to his, looking deep into her blue eyes. "My vision also tell me you powerful woman, as is our girl child growing in your womb." He smiled as he watched her eyes explode with color.

Crying, Tar-ah wiped at her eyes. "I know, I had a vision. Grandmother told me." Laughter escaped her parted lips, and then she hesitated. "Lone Wolf, all girl children in my family are witches."

He saw her watchful gaze upon him and smiled. Nodding, he said, "My vision tells me this is so." Softly he kissed her lips with promise. "I will love my witch daughter as I love my witch wife." He caressed her still flat stomach. So much had changed in so little time, at least in his mind. Just days ago, he was a warrior of his tribe. Now he lived in a new world with his woman and he would soon be a father. Out of all the sorrows of the past came a ray of sunshine.

"I love you too, my handsome warrior." She placed a tender hand on his cheek. "There are things you must understand though. My mother turned her back on me and her own powers. Witchcraft is not evil but it has the power to do great harm if used improperly."

Lying back on the bed, he pulled her next to him and she told her story. "I didn't know of my powers until I was a teenager. My grandmother taught me about them because my mother wouldn't, but I didn't know enough. I didn't realize when an evil soul pursued me to rob me of my gift. Because of me and my foolishness, my grandmother lost her life protecting me." A mournful sob escaped her lips as she

confessed her darkest secret. "I was young and stupid. I thought he loved me but he only wanted to use my gifts and me. I'll never forget how his eyes turned black as he tried to strip me of my powers and absorb them himself. If not for my grandmother, he would have succeeded."

Lone Wolf tugged his woman closer. "I sorry I not here to protect you. From this day forward, I protect my woman and girl child. I keep you safe even in this world." This was a promise he would give his life to keep. The spirit guide had promised he would find his way in this world.

"I won't turn my back on my gift. I have learned to handle my powers. I will teach our daughter so she does not make my mistakes. I promise you I will never use the powers to inflict harm unless I have to protect someone. I made this promise to my grandmother and I make it to you."

"I know you have good heart. Lone Wolf trusts his wife." His lips curled up at the corner. "You no turn me into toad." He remembered her threat of days ago.

"No. I love you just the way you are. Warts really aren't that attractive and bronze is a much better color than green on you."

His heart accelerated as his woman beamed at him.

"Lone Wolf, there's something else." Her voice held an edge of panic. "My vision of Bear Claw, I had it again while you were gone. This time, I realized you were both wearing jeans."

"Jeans." He digested her words for a moment.

"I don't know how, but I think Bear Claw is alive or will be."

Lone Wolf gave a shout and grabbed Tar-ah. "My vision say others will follow. We must prepare."

Happy tears filled his woman's eyes. "We'll find him. I'll do a locator spell."

Hugging her to his side, he could not contain his joy. Later, there would be time to talk of the vision and of the two bags of gold in his backpack and the many more where

they came from. The land was now a preserve but once it was Yahi land – in his heart, it would always be Yahi land. He would use the gold for the good of the people only. He would not use it for selfish gain. However, for now, for now he would be selfish, he would think only of pleasing his wife and himself.

“Tar-ah’s pussy miss my cock?” he whispered the words, delighted to see her eyes flare with need.

“I’m really going to have to watch the words I teach you,” Tar-ah protested while pulling her shirt over her head.

“I teach you ways of fucking and you teach me words for fucking.” His jeans hit the floor.

“Lone Wolf!”

“It fair trade,” he promised as he pulled her jeans off. Her panties quickly followed.

“If we’re trading I guess I’ll have to think up a lot more dirty words.”

“We can study old words.” He wasted no time in thrusting deeply into his woman’s wet body. “My cock go in my pussy.”

Tar-ah’s breath hissed from between her lips at the first plunge. “Oh yeah, but we really have to work on this dominant attitude of yours.”

“Dom-a-nut?” He did not know this word.

“You know, the way you think you own me.”

“Who have your heart?” He accented his question with a long, slow thrust of his hips.

“You do but...”

“Who take your body and give you pleasure?”

“You,” the word tumbled from shaky lips.

“It fair trade. I take your heart and body and I give you mine. Fair trade.”

“Fair trade,” Tar-ah agreed. She realized he didn’t really think he owned her. He believed she belonged to him and he belonged to her. He couldn’t be more right.

Lone Wolf slowly pushed in and pulled back, his woman’s body suckled at his cock. His balls tightened and his cock thickened, preparing to fire its load deep into her body. It had been too long since he enjoyed her sweetness. He felt Tar-ah’s pussy begin to ripple as she found her first release. He ground harder into her tight, wet hole. He would not be far behind her but he would give her much pleasure before he was finished this day.

Chapter Seven

"See those four stars and then the three that trail off them? That's The Big Dipper." Tara pointed out stars as they lounged in a two-person chair on the balcony.

"The Big Dipper?"

"Yeah."

"I have big dipper for you." Shifting her on to his lap, his thick erection pressed intimately against her ass.

"Lone Wolf," she gasped, fanning herself with one hand. "It sure is warm out here tonight."

"Yes. You should take robe off."

"Not out here, someone might see." Tara glanced nervously around, holding the edges of the robe together. A horn blasted in the parking lot and she jumped, a squeak escaping her lips.

"We go inside." Standing up, he threw her over his shoulder, ducking through the sliding glass door. Inside, he dumped her on the bed they hadn't used earlier. Her legs sprawled awkwardly. Obviously, her little talk hadn't changed his dominant nature. Her eyes roamed his form. Damn, whoever invented boxer-briefs knew what they were doing.

"Come here." Tara patted the bed next to her. "Let me see my big dipper up close."

Lone Wolf's brow shot upward but in a fluid motion, he pushed the briefs off and slid in next to her. She swallowed deeply. "I think it's my turn to play." His eyes twinkled at her words.

He stretched flat on the bed with one knee bent. "Play but take robe off first."

"Hey, we're doing it my way."

Nodding his head, his eyes met hers. "Take robe off."

"Fine." She pulled the tie and let the silk slide off her shoulders. Her skin heated under his eyes, she hated the fact she blushed so easily. Raising a hand, he beckoned her closer.

"I'm supposed to be in charge here."

Wrinkling his forehead, his eyes narrowed on her. "If you in charge, take charge," his impatient tone brought a smile to her lips.

She trailed a finger up his thigh. Tight, sinewy muscles flexed. A sigh escaped her lips—she could learn to like this. Over his hipbone, the finger followed every rise and dip of his abs. His breath hissed out when she bypassed his cock. Shifting, her hair slid forward across his chest and stomach as her lips touched a stiff male nipple.

Her tongue flicked the tip. "You like that." She lifted her eyes to meet his.

Dark eyes peered from beneath heavy lids. He nodded his head, licking his lips. She nipped the little bud. Growling, he arched his back.

"How about that!"

His hands tried to gather her to him but she shook them off. "No, it's my way."

With a huff, he threw his arms over his head. Still, it didn't stop him from shifting his hips. The tip of his cock brushed her leg. Two could play this game. Closing her eyes, she concentrated her energies.

"Tar-ah," his voice was a combination growl and groan.

She couldn't help smiling. He was stretched spread-eagle on the bed, invisible bands held his ankles and wrists. She'd never tried anything like this and she giggled at the thrill.

Eyes full of excitement and hunger watched her. "You okay with this?" She would never use her powers to force anything between them.

He nodded his head. His hips bucked straight up and his breath hissed from his body. Her hand hovered over his erect cock. Tiny bursts of energy traveled his length.

In her mind, she multiplied her mouth and tongue dozens of times. Every tiny mouth now pressed against his cock and balls. Every shift of her tongue magnified dozens of times.

Their eyes met, her mouth open and her tongue flickered, tempting his mind, torturing his body. His eyes dilated as his breath rasped. She manipulated dozens of miniature mouth and tongues licking and suckling every inch of his cock and balls, their hot tongues vigorously stroking his stiff rod.

The tendons in Lone Wolf's arms and legs stood out as he strained at his bonds. Muttering words she couldn't understand, his hips arched and fell in an achingly familiar rhythm.

One tiny tongue dipped into the slit at the head of his cock, lapping his pre-come. His salty taste burst on her tongue. She groaned, inhaling his heady scent and flavor, and her pussy twitched in want of fulfillment.

His balls tightened beneath the invisible caress, his skin rippled, alerting her to the imminent eruption.

Her power wavered as her wits began to shatter and with a wave of her hand, the mouths dispersed and he collapsed onto the bed. "You didn't think I'd let you off that easy, did you?" she gasped.

He chuckled as he struggled for breath. "Ply me with your witch's torture but be prepared for mine." His eyes lowered and a zap of energy exploded in her pussy. She shifted beneath his gaze, damn him and those needy eyes. They got to her every time.

Maybe a different type of torture was in order. Piling pillows behind her, she settled. Half-sitting with legs bent and spread, she faced him. He swallowed deeply.

With a wave of her hand, a pillow wedged beneath his head, supporting it. She didn't want him to miss the show.

Her fingers ran through her soft, curly hair and she tempted him with a peek of her damp folds. The liquid heat of his gaze bore into her flesh. With a thought, her curls vanished and her cunt lay denuded for his eyes.

He licked his lips, his eyes flickering over her exposed pussy. "Tar-ah," his husky voice titillated her nerves.

With a slight tremor to her hand, she parted her folds and cream slicked her fingers. Her fingers rode up and down her folds, finding and circling her clit. She shifted her legs, needy and hungry. Her pussy ached for his possession but she wouldn't give in just yet.

"Tar-ah."

"What do you want, lover? This?" She held up her damp finger. "You want a taste?" She dipped her fingers down again, gathering more of her body's juices. She offered her fingers and he strained at his bonds.

Leaning forward, she trailed her fingers over his lips and his tongue hungrily lapped at them. "More," he demanded. "Let me lick you."

"Ohh I'm not ready to give up the power yet."

"Leave me tied. Straddle my mouth," his voice was needy, nearly pleading.

"Mmm, I'm thinking about straddling your cock."

Grasping his erection, she tugged the turgid length. "Oh yeah, I'm going to ride you and play with your balls."

Straddling his groin, she glanced over her shoulder. Heavy-lidded eyes met hers as she began the slow torturous slide down his long cock. With his rod seated deep within her, she grasped his nuts, massaging them, rolling them lightly in her hands. She wiggled in place and a groan was his only response. It felt so right to have him buried in her cunt.

Lifting up, she allowed her tight inner muscles to drag slowly against his rigid flesh. His hips bucked forcefully, driving his cock deeply. She screamed and light exploded behind her eyes.

Strong hands descended on her hips, holding her in place as he plunged fiercely into her welcoming depths. She realized she had lost control but could not find the energy to try to exert her will again.

Rolling over, he stuffed pillows beneath her stomach, tipping her ass up for his amusement. His long, deep strokes had her thighs trembling, her inner muscles began to clamp, seeking release.

His cock pulled out, the wet head gliding along the crack of her ass. She writhed. Damn him, he wouldn't. She glanced over her shoulder to see gleaming teeth and eyes.

"Lone Wolf."

"What do you want...lover? This?"

His cock breached the rim of her pussy. She wiggled back, absorbing him within her aching pussy.

Slowly he thrust once...twice, and withdrew. "This isn't funny," she gasped.

His thumb rasped her clit as a finger pierced her hole. "It's not funny but it feel so good." Another finger entered her, setting a pace that would soon send her over the edge.

"Lone Wolf, please..."

"My pussy want my cock?"

"Yes!"

"You want me to be dom-a-nut?"

"Yes — please — yes."

Both hands grasped her hips and he thrust deeply. "Sweet goddess...yes."

She pushed back, accepting every inch, everything he had to give. He filled her, stretched her and her pussy wept with joy. Her scalp began to tingle and shivers shot

her spine. His big hands spread her cheeks and he slammed balls deep. A thumb pierced her sphincter, followed by a second. She gasped and bucked.

It was too tight, she couldn't take it. Her ass clamped his thumbs, her pussy pulsing around his cock. She screamed and collapsed forward. He came down on top of her, his hot come filling her pussy.

Unmoving, they both shuddered with aftershocks of release.

Finally, Lone Wolf spoke, "You not like me to take charge, you not want a dom-a-nut man?"

"Lone Wolf, I love for you to dominate me. I love the way you love me but every once in a while I need to know that I can make you want me the way I want you. That you are as hungry for me as I am for you."

Lone Wolf chuckled and rolled over, curling her up to his side. "You only need smile to make me want you. I always hungry for you. My heart, my soul, my body hunger for you."

Sated and content, she snuggled against him. His semi-erect cock nuzzled her bottom. She sighed. "I need some sleep." She yawned.

"Sleep. I be here when you awake." Her eyes began to droop.

Tara awoke a little later to find Lone Wolf asleep at her side. It was the first peaceful sleep she'd had in days. Not only was her mind content now that he'd agreed to stay, but her body was content and sated. If she wasn't already pregnant, she knew it wouldn't be long.

She'd always read that American Indians had stamina—that they could run all day and hunt buffalo with just a bow and arrow. But if Lone Wolf was an example, their real skills were in the bedroom, the kitchen, the bathroom or... Tara chuckled silently not wanting to wake him. He needed his rest. He had more than earned it.

She still couldn't believe she was so fortunate to have found a man such as him. It was more than his skills as a lover, although they certainly didn't hurt. It was the man within. His heart was good and pure. He believed the world was a good place. That he could make it a better place and she believed him too. Through his eyes, the world took on a different color.

She would help him any way she could. She knew he would do anything for her. Her lip curled. Fair trade indeed. She was getting a bargain but she wouldn't tell him that. No, he was cocky enough. She glanced over at him. *He was that!*

She'd let him claim title to her heart and body as long as she could claim his. It was one hell of a sweet deal.

About the Author

L.A. Day exists only in the mind of an ordinary wife and mother. An avid reader since early childhood, she began writing romance in her teens. Now, 20+ years later she's progressed to erotic romance. Supported by her husband of many years, she spends her evenings in front of the computer.

She now has a chance to bring her stories to life for everyone to enjoy. Her favorite genre is erotic romance with a paranormal twist. She feels that if you're going to create an alpha male character, why not make him bigger, stronger, more well endowed than any human man could ever be? It is fantasy, after all. Thanks to Ellora's Cave, L.A. Day can live her fantasy, making money for thinking about sex 24/7.

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

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