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DEVARIAN TRILOGY

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Girl's Best Friend

by Sierra Dafoe

"Sucker," Karen muttered to herself as she glanced in the rear view mirror. From the back seat, a pair of sapphire-blue eyes stared back at her.

What kind of dog had blue eyes, anyway?

"Stupid, stupid sucker." She scowled at her reflection as she waited for the light to change. Hair stringy, eyes like burned-out

cinders -- she looked like hell, damn it. How long had it been since she'd had a proper night's sleep?

As if she didn't know, she thought bitterly. Tears prickled at the corner of her weary eyes, making them sting. The light changed. Karen gritted her jaw and stepped on the gas. From the back seat, the dog watched her, its unearthly blue eyes following her every move.

She'd meant to get a cat, damn it. Something small and fuzzy that wouldn't take too much care, wouldn't complicate her life too much. Something that would make at least a dent in the vast emptiness of the left side of her bed. Randy's side. But she wasn't going to think about that, no sir. Not right now. Not ever, if she could help it.

No. Far better to think about what in hell she was going to tell her landlord. If she ended up having to move over a damn dog...

And what the hell was it, anyway? The people at the pound hadn't known. Some kind of Siberian husky mix, maybe. Karen had snorted. With those eyes, what else could it be? But it was far too rangy, far too *big* for just a husky. What *else* was it, she'd wanted to know. Sitting upright, now, in the backseat, its head was actually higher than hers. Shepherd, maybe, the pound people had guessed, maybe Irish wolfhound.

Maybe.

Karen tilted the mirror again and glanced back at the dog. Its intelligent, unreadable eyes gazed back at her. He was a handsome beast, she had to admit, spine held straight, thick, silky-soft black fur lightening to cream on his underbelly and face. Black markings ringed those remarkable eyes, almost as if someone had taken eyeliner to him.

Him, indeed; he hadn't been fixed yet, they'd told her, he'd only just been brought in. Someone had found him, nosing through trashcans down along the waterfront. He might be a stray, they warned her. The owner might show up looking for him.

He didn't look like a stray. Didn't have that unkempt air that dogs who aren't used to looking out for themselves develop after a few days on their own. He looked...

He looked *abandoned*, Karen thought. He looked like he'd been left to his own devices a long, long time ago and had managed just fine, thank you -- no matter how much his fuzzy canine heart might have been broken.

And so would she, Karen swore. Just because Randy had abruptly decided that six years of Karen Demers was enough for him didn't mean she had to go to pieces. She lifted her chin firmly. She would be fine. She and--

"Hey dog," she said conversationally. The animal's ears pricked forward, and Karen smiled slightly. The motion felt strange on her face, foreign. How long had it been since she'd smiled at all?

She knew the answer to that one, too.

Firmly, she pushed the thought aside, forced her tone to be light and playful.

"So tell me, dog, you come here often?"

The dog stared back at her soberly, and then turned his weary gaze to the window as if to say that not only did he come here often, he had been here many, many times. And there was nothing funny about it.

Nothing at all.

At three o'clock that morning, Karen was inclined to agree. Outside the massive west-facing windows, a fat hazy moon, just past full, sank slowly toward the Pacific. Diamonds of golden light sparkled across the lazy waves, and the clear night air carried the soft hush of surf and the scent of the ocean. The whole world, it seemed, lay wrapped in the nocturnal balm of sleep -- except for her.

Automatically, she rolled to the left, toward the space which, until three weeks before, had been filled with warmth and comfort and the delight of firm, smooth flesh beside her own. Now it gaped, a black, hollow chasm with a knife-edge of pain along its rim. She flinched away from it and lay, rigid on her back, feeling hot, bitter tears slip down her cheeks.

Damn him, Karen whispered silently. *Oh, damn him all to hell*. Her fists clenched and unclenched at her sides. She didn't have *time* for this, she thought furiously. Her life didn't have room for complications, or dogs, or broken hearts. There was nothing in her world except work, and more work, and hard, empty hours of darkness with tears slowly soaking her pillow.

Her chest heaved. Her breathing was loud in the silence, and the sound of those ragged, tearing gasps, as forlorn in the night as a lost ship adrift, made her sob in earnest. She heard a soft padding as the dog, which till now hadn't moved from the spot it had taken, stretched under the windows where it could watch her every move, rose and slowly approached her bed.

Karen rolled over. Those clear, gleaming eyes were almost silver in the moonlight. They studied her quizzically. Karen gasped a bitter chuckle. "Yeah, here it is, dog. My dark, shameful secret. Karen Demers done had her heart broke."

The dog dropped his head, nuzzled his nose under her clenched hand. Slowly her fingers opened, stroking the thick fur. "He was such a prick, too. And I knew it. I just... God! I don't have time to date, to play the field... I... Fuck!" It was true, she thought, even as the tears coursed down her cheeks. Working in film development barely gave her time to piss, let alone have a relationship. Which might have been part of the problem, she suspected. But it hardly mattered now.

"I'm so tired, dog." And she was. Tired to the bone of work, of sleepless nights... From somewhere she mustered a small, rueful smile. "I bet you don't even know what that's like."

The dog yanked his head back, drawing it upright. He loomed over her, little more than a black, rangy shadow against the moonlight. Those crystal eyes gazed down at her and Karen gazed back, captured by something in them, something deep and ageless. There were centuries in those eyes, eons of weary existence that made her own exhaustion seem suddenly trivial. Purposefully, the dog turned away, and Karen felt a sudden sinking in the pit of her stomach, and a hot flush of shame. Even a dog! She was so worthless even a dog would reject her.

Sobbing, she curled into a ball around her pillow. Then, amazingly, she heard a noise from the far side of the bed. The mattress dipped as the dog put its forepaws up on it.

Karen froze, staring into the darkness, feeling a sudden tension along her spine -- a tension that was not unpleasant, exactly. It was... waiting, expectant, tinged with something akin to fear. An image flashed in her mind as she lay there, the white curtains around the window shifting softly in the breeze, lit by the low, golden rays of the moon and the dog stood, equally tense, leaning against the side of the bed which Randy had left vacant -- this was how a bride felt, she thought. Excited, nervous... What a ridiculous thought! But she couldn't help holding

her breath as the dog climbed, gently but firmly, onto the bed.

The mattress sank under his massive weight. He lay down quickly, not circling and shifting like other dogs. It shocked her to realize he was almost as long as she was, lying down -- she could feel a soft radiance of heat all the way down her side. Silken fur brushed against her, a whisper of softness against her naked skin. Sudden heat flared deep inside her.

Christ, Karen thought, it's been so long a dog turns me on!

She laughed unhappily, and the dog raised his head to look at her. Tears swam down her cheeks as she shook her head. "You wouldn't understand, dog." Apologetically, she raised her hand and stroked the baby-fine white fur of his face. The dog's eyes closed, almost as if in some inner pain, and Karen stopped, uncertain. Then it opened its eyes again, leaned over, and tenderly licked a tear from her cheek.

That small, gentle gesture completely undid her, and she rolled over, wrapping her arm across his broad, sturdy back, and sobbed into the fragrant softness of his fur.

Some time later Karen raised her head. Outside the window, the moon dipped its feet in the Pacific, sending a broad golden ribbon of light across the waves. In its reflection she could see the dog clearly, his head turned to look down at her as she lay, nestled against his side. She smiled tenderly, and ran her hands through his fur. It was like petting velvet, she thought, a velvet so plush and thick you could bury your fingers in it, press your whole body against it...

What was she thinking? Karen was shocked to realize her mouth was flooded with saliva. That wasn't the only part of her that was suddenly, shockingly wet, either. She shook her head abruptly and drew back.

The dog was panting lightly, his back rising and falling under her hand with the motions of his chest. He turned his head and grinned down at her, as if reading her thoughts. Which was, of course, impossible. And if he could... Karen blushed.

The dog shifted in the darkness, rising to his feet, and Karen was painfully aware of his scent; deep, wild, slightly musky. It was a masculine scent, absolutely. The ruff of his neck brushed against her chest as he lowered his head over her. Warm, moist breaths stirred her hair, and she could feel him sniffing her, his muzzle moving over her face, her neck... A hot, wet tongue lapped across her breast, sending a jolt of fire shooting straight to her clit. As if following its path, the dog nuzzled down her belly, deftly inserting its muzzle between her thighs. That long, deliciously hot tongue snaked out, and...

Karen jerked upright and sprang from the bed. "What the hell do you think you're--"

The dog sat on the bed, his eyes like living sapphires staring at her mutely. *Of course mutely*, Karen told herself fiercely, *he's a dog! It's a dog! Did you really expect it to answer you?*

The dog grinned. Amusement flickered in those crystal-blue eyes. No. Impossible. It had to be the moonlight -- how could a dog know what she was thinking? It was definitely the moonlight.

Only, she realized suddenly, there wasn't any.

"Look, Fido," said Karen. "This is ridiculous. I... You don't even have a name!" The dog opened his mouth, for all the world as if he were about to speak. Then he stopped abruptly, an expression of almost comical confusion on his face. But dogs didn't have faces. And they most definitely didn't have cheekbones. Or Adam's apples. Or broad, rolling shoulders...

Except this one did.

Karen staggered backward until she felt the bedroom wall against her naked back. "What... I--"

"Shh." The dog raised a finger to his lips. Dogs didn't have fingers. Or lips, either, for that matter. Karen felt something skitter inside her like a panicked mouse. Her gaze darted toward the door. Naked as she was, she could feel her legs tensing, ready to sprint out into the night, carrying her back to the sane, quiet streets of Bel Aire. They could arrest her for whatever they liked, she didn't care -- MOVIE EXECUTIVE ARRESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE was a headline that wouldn't even rate page three, in LA. And compared to the alternative of staying here while her mind went to pieces as surely as her heart had...

"Wait."

The command stilled her. She glanced at the man sitting now at the foot of her bed. And he was most definitely a man. None of this was possible. Especially not the massive cock resting, half-hard, against his long, muscular thigh. Especially not that.

Karen swallowed, and looked away.

"Patrick," he said.

"What?"

"I do have a name. It's Patrick." She stared at him blankly. He shifted, looking embarrassed. "Look, can I make us some tea? It's been a long night..."

"No. You're a dog. I'm not letting a dog named Patrick make me tea." She was in shock, Karen realized. Hallucinating. None of this was even vaguely possible. She'd probably crashed on the way home, and was now in a coma somewhere...

"Does that feel like you're hallucinating?" A deft tongue trailed down the curve of her neck. She was, she suddenly realized, backed against the wall with a man -- an enormous man with thick, jet-black hair -- nibbling at her neck. Her mind scurried around in circles. Her body,

however, was having no problem with the situation at all. Starved for attention, it thrummed under his touch. Karen gasped as he slid his hands around her waist, tugging her away from the wall and firmly against him. His mouth clamped down on hers and Karen closed her eyes, losing herself in the taste of his tongue in her mouth, his lips against hers...

He drew back, and she opened her eyes again to see his staring down at her, their cerulean gleam surrounded by lashes so black and thick he might have been wearing mascara. There was hunger in those eyes, a hunger as great as her own, or greater. "You don't know, Karen, how long I've waited, how long I've hoped..."

"Hoped for what?"

"For this," he said simply. He raised his hand to her shoulder and slid it slowly down, tickling the outer curve of her breast before cupping it. Bending before her, he drew her nipple between his lips, grasping it lightly with his teeth as he flicked his hot tongue across it. Karen moaned, and arched her back, pushing her breast harder against his face. His hands closed around them, squeezing, and his mouth clamped around her nipple, sucking it with ravenous need.

Karen leaned back against the wall, her hands buried in his thick black hair, feeling his jaw working as he tugged at her breast. The lips of her pussy thickened around her throbbing, swollen clit, and suddenly she wanted him to take her now, *now*, before her mind could start thinking, before she could remember how impossible all of this was...

With a noise that was very like a growl, he slid his hands down to her bottom, grabbing her cheeks. God, he was strong! His massive shoulders bunched as he lifted her, planting her back firmly against the wall as he raised her to his level. Her feet dangled a full foot off the floor, and she felt the head of his cock nudging between her thighs. It was enormous -- easily the thickness of her wrist -- and she swallowed, suddenly remembering her nervousness as he'd climbed onto the bed.

He pressed against her, and almost against her will she raised her legs, wrapping her thighs around his firm, lean waist. She felt his hands clamp harder, spreading her ass, and suddenly he was inside her, shoving deeper, deeper... She rocked her head back and felt him press into her, further than she'd ever thought possible, filling her till she thought she'd split open in ecstasy.

Then, burying his face in the hollow of her neck, he gave a last, wild lunge and sank home. Karen screamed. The hard ridge of his pubic bone strained against her clit, grinding, and she felt herself topple helplessly over the edge. Her passage spasmed around the huge, rock-hard cock inside it, and she heard him groan against her throat, straining not to come. He held her, his whole body quivering, his bared teeth pressing into the flesh of her neck.

Werewolf. The word whispered suddenly, clearly, in her mind. *He's a damned werewolf, Karen, and he's going to rip your throat out...*

But he didn't move. Slowly, the shudders that shook Karen eased, and she felt a tension she'd

barely realized was there seep from her limbs like rainwater soaking into the earth. She slumped, suddenly grateful for the powerful arms holding her, every muscle in her body loose for the first time in months.

More gently than she could have ever imagined, Patrick rocked against her. She could feel that huge cock tugging at her swollen tender lips as he pulled out slightly, making her more aware than ever of the sheer size of him, the way his cock stretched her cunt wide and filled it in a way no man had.

In a way, Karen thought suddenly, no man ever *could*.

Startled into awareness, she felt him sliding his mouth blindly along her cheekbone, seeking her lips. She laced her fingers through the hair at his nape and tugged sharply, feeling him gasp and stiffen, his cock throbbing inside her. But it had the desired effect -- he raised his head. His eyes, a clear, intense, impossible blue, gazed into hers. Emotions roiled under that blazing color -- desire, yearning, doubt...

She smiled. "Hello, Patrick. Is this where you bite me?"

The grin that crossed his features was as bright and unexpected as the color of his eyes. "Only if you ask. I take it you've figured it out?" She nodded. "And that you're not hallucinating?"

"Nope. I am the proud new owner of a Siberian husky named Patrick who has, for some inexplicable reason, a slight Irish brogue and a taste for tea. Why tea, I wonder?"

"You might as well ask why the brogue."

Karen grinned. "Irish wolfhound. Am I right?"

Patrick laughed and, rocking his hips forward, pressed against her clit again, rubbing himself against it, against her, *inside* her. Karen gasped.

"Do you like that?"

She panted, her nipples tightening to small hard points again. Patrick looked down at them ruefully. "Seems a pity to leave them wanting, but with my hands so marvelously full of your asscheeks..."

"The bed," Karen panted, and felt herself lifted again. His cock jabbed inside her as he carried her to the bed, then slid out smoothly as he lowered her to it. She gasped at the sudden, painful emptiness.

"Don't worry, lass, we'll fix that soon enough. But first..." His eyes dropped to her upturned breasts. He reached out, tickled one erect nipple with a teasing finger, then drew back, just looking at her. Karen arched her back, writhing on the bed like a wild thing. God, how she wanted him to touch her, grab her! Never in her life had she felt such pure, pulsing, animal

lust. She wanted him to fuck her, fill her, come and come and come till she was full of his juices. He grinned down at her and Karen realized his grin was another thing that, like his eyes, had not changed.

"So you do read minds."

"Ah, I don't need to," he replied, his voice rough with desire. "You think a werewolf can't smell when a bitch is in heat?"

"Don't call me bitch."

"Don't call me Fido."

"Deal."

They grinned at each other. Then Patrick knelt between her thighs and dragged her calves over his shoulder. She saw him glance down, his eyes going wide with lust. She could imagine what he saw, well, enough; the huge, swollen head of his cock pressed against her cunt, the pink, tender folds of her opening glistening with her juices...

"Ah, lass," he breathed, and rocked forward, shoving himself inside her. One hand trailed up her belly and closed around her breast while the other slid down the back of her thigh, his thumb curving around to flick over her pulsing clit. Slowly, slowly, he pulled back, sliding the full length of his shaft back out till she felt the meaty rim of his head pulsing just inside her. She gasped, biting her lip, terrified that he would pull out and leave her again with that deep, aching emptiness, that painful, yearning need...

He didn't. Instead, hearing her gasp, he snorted like a horse and grabbed her breast, pinching her nipple, and slammed himself into her. Pain and delight shot through her, intermingled, increasing her need, making her writhe below him, egging him on. He pistoned into her, again, harder, his cock savaging her cunt, splitting her open, his thumb pressing harder and harder against her full, aching clit.

Letting go of her breast, he grabbed her hips, pulling her tight against him as he pounded into her, as relentless as a thunderstorm or a cresting tidal wave. The room swam away and there was nothing but the sound of his groans, the fierce lunging of his immense, straining cock, the pulsing of her cunt as she opened wide for him, wider, wanting to feel him take her more deeply than any man ever had.

With a roar, he rose to his feet, sliding both hands under her and dragging her up to meet him. His fingers dug into her asscheeks, holding her helpless, her legs hooked over his broad, massive shoulders. She looked up into eyes that blazed like diamonds, like crystalline fire, as he hammered into her hungry, waiting cunt, down and down into her hot, burning flesh.

His fingers gripped her ass, pulling her wide open. She could feel his heavy, swollen balls pounding against her asshole, and felt a sudden craving need...

"You want it both ways, don't you, lass?" His eyes shone with lust. She nodded. "Tell me, then. Tell me."

Her tongue felt thick in her mouth, her words slurred with drunken longing. "Fuck me, Patrick. I want you to fuck me. My mouth, my ass, anywhere you want..."

As she writhed in anticipation, he slid a long finger through the wetness trickling between her thighs. Slowly, probing gently, he worked it into her ass. He slowed down his pace, gliding his finger in and out with the same smooth, gentle rhythm as his cock.

Karen felt her sphincter relax under the firm, steady movement, inviting him deeper. He accepted the invitation, plunging deep inside her, at the same time thrusting his cock in to the hilt.

"God! YES!" She cried, tossing her head. Mindlessly, she raised a hand to her crotch, slid her fingers around her clit and rubbed, faster and faster. She felt his gaze on her, his eyes glued to her fingers working her clit, felt his cock swell even further inside her.

Never had she felt anything vaguely like this. A wild yearning filled her and she shoved upward, against his thrusts, impaling herself on the twin shafts invading her. She wiggled her hips, sending his finger deep inside her, tightening her cunt around the enormous, rock-hard cock inside it. She heard him gasp and, grinning, snaked her other hand under her thigh, feeling his heavy balls brush against her seeking fingers. Groaning, he pushed forward, shoving his balls into the palm of her hand. She squeezed them lightly, then harder as she heard him growl, deep in his throat, and felt his cock throb and loose the first of its juices.

"Oh, Christ," he breathed, trapped as she was by waves of sensation. "Oh, yes, lassie, squeeze them harder."

She clamped her fingers down, grinding his balls with one hand and her clit with the other as he jammed a second finger deep in her ass. Spreading his fingers apart, he stretched her wide, making her ache for more, and more. No man, Karen thought wildly, would ever be enough after this. No man could even come close.

She felt a roaring, crimson wave building deep beneath his thrusting fingers, rising like wildfire along the length of her passage, her muscles tightening down on his cock till he groaned with mindless desire. Her fingers locked around her clit, dragging her into that roaring, searing heat, and her mind went blank with ecstasy as wetness exploded in her cunt and he came in wave after wave of spurting, shuddering lust.

Karen swam back to consciousness slowly to find herself where she'd begun; nestled against the warm, firm length of him with her arm draped across his back. She slid her hand up his smooth, rolling skin, feeling the powerful muscles and the broad, heavy shoulder blades, then toyed lightly with the thick, silky-black hair at the nape of his neck.

"So what happens?" she murmured. "Do you, you know, change back?"

He turned his head, lay with his cheek on the pillow. Those deep sapphire eyes gazed into hers, making no apology, offering no explanations. That was fine, she thought muzzily. There'd be plenty of time for those.

"Every month?"

He nodded.

"Well, then," she said, her voice rich with salacious amusement, "I guess we'll just have to do it doggie-style."

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