

ESCAPE



Runaway Home

Camille Anthony

Changeling Press

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Fleeing the shame of being rejected in favor of an Omega, Jackson Southerly, alpha wolf, has run away to one of his family's ski resorts.

Fleeing the shame of being left at the altar, Sioux Brown has traded in her tickets to the Bahamas and run away to the snowy slopes of Colorado, where she plans to lick her wounds in solitude.

The snow in their hearts melts as they share the deserted lobby in the dark of night, but will their growing attraction survive the light of day?

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"Mmmm..." Sioux Brown awoke cocooned in a nest of warm blankets. She arched her back, bare skin sliding smoothly on silken sheets, stretching pleasantly flaccid muscles in a languid morning ritual.

"Good morning, doll."

"Aarrghhhhhh!" The slow, gravel and silk voice acted like a bucket of ice water on her drowsing mind. With a scream shrill enough to shatter glass, she ripped her way out of sheets, blankets and quilts. Heart pounding, pulse skittering out of sync, she leaped free of the bed and promptly tripped on a trailing corner of the top comforter. She landed on her butt, still yelling.

"Holy ambulance sirens, Sioux. You're going to bring security down on us! Please! Stop while I still have eardrums." A sleepy white man sat up in the disarray of blankets, hands clapped over his ears.

Sioux gulped, stopping only long enough to gather more breath. She screamed again, but couldn't decide if it was from fear or excitement. Because really, if the man was going to hurt her, it seemed he'd had all night to do it. Even frightened half out of her chocolate skin, Sioux couldn't help noticing juicy details.

There was a hunky, hairy, naked white man in her bed. His dense swirls of chest hair almost hid flat brown nipples and he sported a six-pack she could quench her thirst with all day long. His thick mop of tangled black hair fell over a broad brow that narrowed into a striking craggy face. Not handsome per se, yet not butt-ugly, either... interesting. Nice mouth too.

He sat up, knees apart, the edge of the sheet covering his assets from the hips down. It was thin enough she could see the shadow of his muscular legs, as well as the

outline -- the huge outline of what promised to be a monster cock jutting between his thighs.

Sioux stopped screaming long enough to demand, "Who are you and what are you doing in my bed?"

The man sighed. "See, I was afraid of this. Something told me you didn't drink often, and couldn't be held responsible for your decisions."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "You know nothing about my drinking habits."

"I know you got plastered on two baby drinks." He smiled at her, displaying a cute dimple in his left cheek. "'Course, I might be wrong. Maybe it wasn't the drink that had you acting the way you did last night. Maybe it was me. One can live in hope..."

That last was said under his breath, but Sioux had exceptional hearing. She folded her lips together in a disapproving line, hands fisted on her hips. Oh Lord, what did she done last night? "Exactly how was I acting?"

He opened his lips and his mouth moved, but nothing came out. His dark blue eyes twinkled as his gaze slowly roved over her body.

She glared at him, waiting for an answer. "What the hell are you grinning at?"

"The great view."

Frowning, she glanced down. At acres of bare black skin. "Crap!"

She bent and snatched up a shirt -- probably his as it didn't begin to cover her full breasts, let alone all the stuff below. With an incoherent grunt, she snatched at the sheet -- the blankets having fallen to the other side of the bed -- snarling when he refused to relinquish his section. "Let go!"

He obeyed. As she went tumbling backward, falling on her ass for the second time in five minutes, she caught a glimpse of what the sheet had covered. "Holy shit!" -- Then, as her butt registered the hardness of the floor -- "Ouch!"

He was off the bed in a flash, kneeling at her side, his hands roving over her abundant flesh in frantic sweeps. "Oh, sweetheart, baby, where are you hurt?"

Sweetheart? Baby? A little overdone with concern, wasn't he? She'd suffered a pratfall on her cushioned tush. It was embarrassing as hell, but hardly dangerous, yet

he was acting as if she'd been in a major car crash. She tried to push him away. "It's nothing. Let me up."

The man knelt with one knee bent, one foot planted firmly on the floor supporting his big frame. In the open space between his legs hung... well, he was hung! And it was bobbing there, just about eye-height, happy to see her.

She couldn't help it. When that much man was on display, it was a woman's duty to stare. Who started that myth about black men being the only guys who had big cocks, anyway?

Heaven help her, but it was gorgeous. The substantial column thrust more than eight solid inches upward from a bed of dense black curls. It curved like a fleshy scimitar. The empurpled rounded head was wider than the thick stalk, much wider. She would feel it when that blunt weapon rammed through the mouth of her vagina. Boy, howdy, would she feel it. That thing would stretch her pussy almost to bursting as it entered, and every time thereafter as it thrust in and out of her tight sheath.

Sioux caught her breath, pulse pounding as she imagined him slowly easing past the extended entrance of her pussy before pulling all the way out, just to force his way back through on every stroke. She broke out in a sweat.

"... what you see?"

"Huh?" She lifted dazed eyes to his face, cheeks heating as she realized he'd caught her staring and probably drooling.

He murmured softly, the deep tones stroking more than her fancy. "I said, dare I hope you like what you see? Because I definitely adore what I'm looking at." His hands stopped checking for injuries and sought out erogenous zones. By her straining nipples and fevered cunt, he didn't miss a one.

Sioux barely noticed losing the sheet. She was too busy clutching the man's broad shoulders as he easily hefted her off the floor. "What are you doing? Stop, you can't carry me!"

“Yes, I can. You’re not that heavy.” With a minimum of steps, he carted her to the bed and lowered her to the mattress. “And I’m about to do what I resisted doing last night, much as I wanted to.”

“And that is?”

Surprisingly, she didn’t feel a smidgeon of embarrassment, letting him lift her arms high, guide her fingers around the spindles of the ornate headboard. With a stern look that ordered “Stay there!” he ghosted broad hands down her full curves, ending at the juncture of her thighs. His fingers combed through her kinky black bush.

“Make love to you.” His words came out on a sexy groan just as he pushed her legs wider apart and knelt in the space between. Eyes riveted on her pussy, he brushed the fingers of one hand through her wild tangle of hair, tugging a bit. Using his thumbs, he parted her labia, revealing the dark pink flesh, awash with her fluid desire. His eyes went hot. “God, you’re beautiful here. Like dusky chocolate with a liquid cherry center. You remind me of a dark earth goddess. I want to worship you...” He flicked his tongue at her.

Sioux sucked in a shaky breath, trying to control the heat caused by his sexy words and actions. Dayam, but he talked good sex! “Who the hell are you? And why aren’t you already inside me?”

With what looked like supreme effort, the man tore his gaze away from her dripping pussy. “Baby, as I told you last night, my name is Jack. Jackson Southerly... and the only reason I’m not fucking you right now is because the first order of business is eating this luscious pussy.”

She froze in shock. “Good googly-moogly, the Hotel Southerly family?”

He dropped a kiss on her pubic mound. “Our Pack’s into a whole lot more than hotels, babe. It didn’t bother you last night.”

She dropped her head back with a laugh. “I was drunk.”

“I’ll say,” he crooned, thrumming his thumb over her exposed clit.

Sioux bit back a shriek as fire ignited in her cunt. Her belly quaked and shivered, clitoris pulsed as she lifted her hips, wanting more sensation.

"If I don't eat the coochie, you don't give the hoochie." He quirked an eyebrow, smiling. "Isn't that how you put it last night?"

Sioux gasped and flung a forearm over her burning face. She couldn't believe she'd actually said that out loud. Sure, she joked like that with her girlfriends, but she could never bring herself to actually say such nasty things to a man. She was too shy. One of the reasons Ray claimed he left her for his boyfriend. "I'm glad my potty mouth didn't run you off."

"You kidding? Just call me the big bad wolf because I love the honey of a sweet brown sugar sister. I can't wait to slurp you up."

"Why me? I look nothing like the other women staying at this hotel."

"Thank God for that." Jack sighed, rolling to his side and cradling his head on her thigh. His fingers continued playing in her folds, thumbing her clit, keeping her motor revved and humming.

"I'm worried about how much of our conversation you've forgotten. It could be important." He settled more heavily on her thigh. "Okay, the short version. When I was ten, my father married again: a beautiful voluptuous black woman whom I grew to love. Millie became the mom I'd never had. I grew up wanting a black woman like my mom."

He stretched his arm out along her leg. "I love the darkness of your skin. Look how we contrast -- dark and white, moonlight and sunlight. I adore the fullness of your lips, the rounded curves of your body. Hell, I love the texture of your hair." His fingers tugged at a clump of wiry, kinky pubic growth. "... like wiry fur. But you're so much more than eye candy, it scares me. You're bright, witty and well-read. When I asked if the seat beside you was taken, you turned to the empty chair. 'Harvey,' you said, 'I'm gonna have to ask you to vacate... this hunk wants your chair'."

Jack chuckled, shaking his head. "We clicked. I learned more about you in one night than I'd learned about my ex-girlfriend in six months. I told you about myself. You shared everything... except why you were sitting at the bar crying your eyes out into your Seagram's and Seven."

Sioux fidgeted under his absent stroking, nerve endings simmering on low heat. She felt her face heating as she avoided his eyes. "It's not something I'm proud of."

"See, that's so unfair. I told you all about Delores dumping me for a damned Omega. I ran away from home, worked this hotel so I wouldn't have to face the pack. I haven't taken a vacation for a year, trying to avoid the situation."

Ignoring the confusing talk of packs and omega, she focused on one thing. "Someone dumped you?"

"After six months of engagement, she decided the racial and species tension was too much." He grinned up at her. "I'm glad now."

Sioux huffed. "You're well rid of her sorry ass."

Jack's facial expression blanked. "What makes you think so?"

"You're a wonderful man, Jack, worth fighting for!"

"You believe that or just saying it?"

The haze that was the night before began to clear. Sioux recalled the gentle way this white man had come up to her, offering a hanky and an un-judging ear, felt again the warmth of the fire and Jack's heated looks as they'd talked and laughed the night away. She thrilled, remembering how their conversation segued into open-mouthed kisses, their hands frantic in the darkened corner of the lounge.

Shame-faced, she recalled she hadn't believed him when he'd explained his true nature. Escorting her to her room, he'd proved it by changing into a wolf and back. Instead of being frightening, she'd been turned on. Drunk with lust and Seagram's, she'd tossed off her clothes and begged him to fuck her. Jack had been gentle, refusing to compromise his honor by taking advantage of her vulnerable state. Instead, he'd rocked her against his knee, brought her to crying orgasm then held her while she slept.

She placed her hand on his cheek, feeling the rough stubble of his morning beard. "I remember you were a true gentleman, no animal. Anyone else would have taken me last night. That kind of honor is rare these days."

He pressed a kiss into her palm. "Thank you. So my question now is, am I honorable enough to hear why you were crying? After all, I came clean to you..." His

laugh failed miserably, telling Sioux her response was important. Her next words would impact on their budding relationship. God, she hoped this was a budding relationship...

"Day before yesterday was my wedding day. Ray Whitfield and I were engaged for six months. He ditched me at the altar. Sent a letter explaining he'd eloped with his boyfriend. He said I wasn't woman enough to stop him longing for Alan."

Jack growled. "That dog!"

She sighed. "I just ran away. I traded our tickets to the Bahamas for this ski resort, figuring the last thing I'd find on the slopes was a brother. Most white guys aren't interested in chunky black sisters."

"This white guy is definitely interested in this chunky black sister. Dare I hope you have a taste for wild vanilla?"

She lifted the leg he rested on, giving the back of his head a thump. "I can grow to love vanilla... as long as there's some nuts mixed up in there."

"Nuts, I got. How 'bout butter pecan?" He held his hairy arm up for her perusal. "I'm not your average white guy."

She smiled, meeting the blue glint of his heated gaze. The wolf inside him had her stomach muscles tightening. "Lucky me. I found a butter pecan snowman."

Jack laughed again. This one sounded real. "I think I was the one finding you, but I'll settle for we found each other." He rose up to drop a kiss on her open mouth. "Oh, baby, when you strode through the lobby, bigger than life -- you made all those blonde snow-bunnies look pale and anemic in contrast. Do you believe in fate? I knew right then, everything in my life had led up to this point -- me meeting you here."

Sioux sighed. "If I didn't believe before, I think this -- us -- would change my mind."

His hand took wicked liberties, and suddenly she'd had enough, and not nearly enough. She caught his eye and geared up her courage. "Last night was wonderful. You protected me from myself and showed you were a man who could be trusted. But this

morning is a different story. I'm not drunk, now, and I don't need a gentleman. I need you. Inside me. Fuck me, Jack. Please."

A wide grin split Jack's lean cheeks. "Oh, babe, I want to do just that. I intend to fuck you so hard your hair will straighten." He sobered, clear blue eyes intent and steady. "But first, I need to tell you that you are all the woman this wolf or any man could handle and it will be my pleasure to prove that to you."

Sioux fought tears. "Oh baby, thank you."

"Forget Ray. He's history. The future is you and me and right now I want a taste of this creamy pie. Open up."

He helped her lift her legs over his shoulders before bending his head, tongue flicking out to tease her clit. Sioux's fingers curled in the sheets. Her toes curled against Jack's strong back. It was hairy like his chest and she gleefully rubbed her feet in the coarse growth. Dang, but she loved a furry wolfman.

She loved what he was doing between her legs, how he was doing it. Man, Jack was a loud lover, moaning and slurping and shit while he ate the hell out of her pussy. Teeth, tongue and hands devoured her, biting at her clit, tugging and lapping at it ferociously. Two fingers plunged deep inside her, scissoring to stretch her vaginal walls, readying her for the thicker intrusion of his cock.

Sioux twisted under the erotic whip of his tongue and fingers, panting out little helpless cries as he drove her up, drove her toward the sharp, serrated edge of completion. Funny, he didn't feel like an animal or a white man while he loved her, he just felt like her man... maybe her forever man.

"Bathe my face, baby!" Jack growled. "Come for me!"

"Not alone, Jack!" she protested, tugging at his neck, begging him to come up, put himself inside her.

With a needy groan, he kissed his way up her body, stopping to salute her navel and nipples.

"What hard sweet chocolate kisses," he praised, licking and sucking a thick nubbin into his hot mouth.

Sioux mewled as the broad tip of his cock nudged her sex. She flung her legs wider, opening to him, trembling with anticipation. Just as she'd imagined, the blunt tip stretched her, made her narrow sheath burn. She moaned in carnal excitement, watching him work that long thick cock in her tight vagina. With a guttural curse, he retreated, letting the fat head pop out, before pounding back in, punching through the drenched narrow entrance.

"Jack!" she screamed, thighs closing around his pistoning hips, head thrashing.

"Damn, I'm coming and your hair's still kinky!" He thrust hard, howled and bit her neck as his hot seed blasted the walls of her womb.

In the drowsy aftermath, Sioux smiled. "I'm glad I ran away, Jack. Come home with me?"

Groaning, Jack squeezed her hand. "I'm already home, babe. We mate for life."

Camille Anthony

A fertile imagination and a love of both romance and science fiction fuels her writing. Her favorite stories are those of strong, honorable people -- whatever the race or planet of origin -- who are driven by love and lust to find and do that one special someone. Camille likes her heroines feisty, her heroes dominant and her passion red hot! She loves to hear from her readers. You can e-mail her at CamilleAnthony@CamilleAnthony.com or visit her website at www.camilleanthony.com. Your comments and suggestions are appreciated.