

ESCAPE



Werewolf Cove

Marteeka Karland

Changeling Press

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Isabella loves Connor, but she refuses to be the “girlfriend” anymore. Will a little fun in the sun bring her sexy werewolf to heel?

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Isabella's groan echoed when she entered her apartment. "That son of a bitch." The apartment was empty. Nothing remained. The one room, one bath apartment was as bare as the day she'd rented it two weeks before. Even the cat was gone.

She'd moved out of her boyfriend's home and into this tiny apartment because after three years, she was still the "girlfriend." He hadn't liked her leaving, and she'd just bet he was the one responsible for this.

If she'd had a chair, she'd have collapsed. After a twelve-hour shift in the ER, all she wanted to do was rest a few minutes before leaving for the airport. The end of this shift marked the beginning of a two-week vacation. She'd been looking forward to the exclusive resort on Maui she'd saved an entire year to be able to pay for on her own. It would have been her three-year anniversary present to her now-ex-boyfriend, but she'd decided to go by herself. She needed the vacation. She probably should stay and deal with all this, but if she did, she'd lose her deposit. Thank God she'd already put her suitcase in her car.

This was the perfect end to a perfect day. Her little mishap with her ex-boyfriend, Dr. Connor Anderson, hadn't helped.

She shivered. That "little mishap" would have curled her toes if she hadn't had an eighteen-gauge needle stuck through her thumb. OK, so it had still curled her toes. He was fifteen years her senior, and she'd always had the feeling he was hiding something dark and forbidding, but he was easily the sexiest man she'd ever seen. She'd jammed that stupid needle into her thumb because she'd been watching his ass instead of the flush she was drawing.

She'd stood there a few seconds, unable to believe what she'd done. Then her vision started going black around the edges, she got lightheaded, and her knees gave

way. She would have fallen to the floor if he hadn't caught her. She hadn't known what to say, and she'd actually wanted to cry. The pain from the needle wasn't nearly as bad as the pain in her heart. Still, she'd be damned if she'd shed a single tear over him. He didn't want her for a wife, and she deserved better.

But something happened later that night that made her think maybe he was hurting as much as she.

The paramedics who brought their patients to the ER usually hit on her. She'd always turned them down, and it had grown into a game. This time, when Jose made one of his usual comments, Connor growled -- literally. His six and a half foot frame, all solid, bulky muscle, was enough to make the shorter man back up a couple of steps, but not enough to make him keep his mouth shut.

"You better quit that growling, doc. People are gonna think you're a dog."

The paramedic chuckled, but Connor hadn't seemed to recognize the attempt at humor. Instead, he replied in a deadly, low voice, "That's exactly what I am, ambulance driver. And my bite is definitely worse than my bark."

It wasn't the exchange that was memorable, though calling a medic an "ambulance driver" was amusing. What settled in her belly and made her cunt throb in anticipation was the territorial way he had defended her. It was like he was staking his claim. Letting every other male in the vicinity know she belonged to him. Isabella had no doubt this was a man who'd be the aggressive lover she craved. This was totally different from the man who'd said he was afraid to be too aggressive in bed because he didn't want to hurt her.

She wasn't into anything extreme. She just wanted a lover to sweep her off her feet and fuck her until they were both sated and sleepy. Unless she missed her guess, the man growling in her defense wanted to do exactly that.

Oh, well. She'd think about him later. Two weeks should give her plenty of time. Her life could wait. She *wanted* it to wait. Right now, she had a flight to catch.

* * *

Connor ached with despair. How could one guy be so damned unlucky? He desperately wanted Isabella for his mate, but she was human. Werewolves always mated with their own kind. Still, he simply had been unable to let her go. Now, she'd left him.

He'd booked his usual suite at the Hawaiian Dreams Resort when he'd found out Isabella's vacation included a trip. They'd planned time off together, but not a trip. Knowing she'd planned on going without him tore at his soul.

He had booked a first class window seat on the opposite side from the entry ramp, hoping she wouldn't notice him when she boarded. It had worked like a charm.

When the "fasten seatbelt" light was turned off, Connor stood and made his way to coach. There she was. Halfway back by the window, sound asleep, she looked like an angel who'd lost her wings -- lovely, but heartbroken. That did it.

He snagged a stewardess as she walked by. "Come with me."

"Sir?"

"I'm moving a passenger to first class to sit with me and I need your help."

"Sir, I'm not allowed to authorize --"

"I paid for it. I'll let anyone I wish sit there." He always bought the seat next to him so he would be alone. He handed her the second boarding pass.

"Very well, sir."

Connor led the way. When he reached Isabella's seat, one look was all it took for the two men in the next to her to get out of his way. Connor moved her blanket, unfastened her seatbelt, and carefully lifted her sleeping form. She mumbled, but slipped her arms around his neck and snuggled into him.

"Get her carryon. I'm sure it has her name on it. Isabella McDowin. It's probably that damned computer she always carries with her."

The stewardess retrieved the bag from the overhead compartment and Connor carried Isabella back to his seat. Instead of seating her next to him, he settled her in his lap and spread a blanket over her. She snuggled closer. He vowed then this would be a very good couple of weeks indeed.

* * *

Something smelled good. She was wrapped in a warmth you couldn't get from a blanket. Snuggling into the solid body beneath her, she froze. She was supposed to be on a plane, not in the arms of a man.

She forced her eyes open. "Connor?" She rubbed her eyes. "What's going on?"

"Are you alone?" His voice was gruff, and even in the dim light of the plane she saw lust in his eyes.

"I'm still free, if that's what you're asking."

"No. You're not free." His arms tightened around her. "You'll never be free again." That should have scared her, but instead she experienced a surge of heat and need that made her shiver.

She looked into his eyes, trying to meet him stare for stare, but her gaze wandered to his mouth. Oh, God, she wanted to kiss him. She'd always loved kissing him. His mouth was so full and lush, she couldn't help but want those lips against hers again.

The lights were out for the in-flight movie. There was no one sitting next to them. The only people anywhere close looked like they were asleep. What would it hurt? Just one little kiss.

She raised a hand to his cheek with the intention of pulling him to her, but instead she moved toward him. When their lips met, Isabella could have sworn someone lit up the cabin of the plane with fireworks. Her mouth tingled, and she heard someone moan. Was that her?

"You have no idea what I'm going to do to you over the next two weeks, Isabella. After that, the rest of our lives will be one long erotic adventure."

Was he serious? When he pulled her roughly to him, the reality of it took her breath. He knew she wouldn't stay unless he married her. What did he mean?

She kissed him back with everything she had. Her tongue darted out to meet his and began an exotic tango. He was aggressive. Unlike any other time he'd kissed her, he

demanded. What she didn't give quickly enough, he took. He pulled her close and caressed one breast underneath the blanket.

"Perfect," he said between kisses. "Your body has always been perfect for me. Curves in all the right places." His big hand moved from her breast to her waist, down her leg, and back up. She shivered. "You're always so delicious in bed. Before I'm through, you'll beg me to keep you. You'll never want to be away from me again. You belong with me."

Who could argue with that?

* * *

It took every ounce of self-control for him to let Isabella walk beside him. She had her computer and he had his carry-on, so carrying her would have been awkward. As it was, he held tightly to her hand. She was not getting away from him now that he finally had her just where she wanted him. Or... something like that.

Once inside the airport, Connor found the car his brother always had waiting for him. He didn't give Isabella a chance to protest, but simply dragged her to the car and pushed her inside.

"Connor, I can't go with you until I've done something about my own reservations and that damned deposit. They have to know I'm not coming."

He grinned. "Well, now, I wouldn't say that exactly." She hit him. "Where were you staying?"

"The Hawaiian Dream Resort."

"Don't worry about it. That's where I'm staying, too. My brother owns the place, so don't worry about your deposit."

She raised an eyebrow. "How convenient."

His mouth found hers again. The limo provided all the privacy they needed. Connor tugged her silk shirt from the waist of her tight skirt and pulled one cup of her bra aside. The pink nipple was already pebbled, and he couldn't resist a taste. She whimpered when his teeth tugged the sensitive peak, followed closely by his tongue. Her fingers dug into his hair, pulling him closer.

"Connor, we've got to get something straight before we go any further -- Sweet Jesus, don't stop!" Her breathless moan spurred him on, even though he knew she wanted -- needed -- to talk.

Connor growled. His wolf self wanted to claim her, but his human self knew this wasn't the time. As he came up from her chest, her neck proved too tempting to resist. He laved and sucked before he nipped. She squealed, but held him fast.

"You're mine, Isabella. Always mine. That's all we need to straighten out."

* * *

The limo didn't stop at the front of the resort, but continued down the lane to a beach-side bungalow. Isabella didn't have time to marvel at the beauty of this place. Instead, Connor pulled her from the car, swooped her up in his arms and headed toward the beach, calling over his shoulder for the driver to take their luggage inside.

Waves crashed and slid up the pristine white sand. The blue sky was marred only by the occasional puffy cloud. Warm, wondrously bright sunshine kissed their skin, and Isabella sighed. The beauty was comparable only to that of the man who cradled her so possessively.

This was truly paradise.

He took her to a sandy cove ringed by tall rocks, away from prying eyes. Waves licked the sand close to them as the water advanced and retreated. The wildness in his eyes excited her beyond belief, but it was obvious he was holding back, probably because he was afraid he'd hurt her. Their size difference wasn't tremendous, but he was a large man. His size was one of the things that excited her. The idea of having all that muscle out of control in his lust was highly arousing.

She wanted to ask him about his secret. She knew he had one. She also knew he saw it as something awful. Dark. Terrible. But somehow, it didn't seem to matter. Whatever it was, it was part of him. If it was part of him, it couldn't be that bad.

Instead of making him bare his soul for her, she simply said, "I won't break," as she shrugged out of her blouse. "If you want me, take me like an animal. That's how I plan to take you."

With her words, something inside him snapped. He threw his head back and howled. Sweat beaded on his skin as he tore the shirt from his body. She shrugged from her skirt and before her panties could follow, Connor grabbed them by the waist and tore the flimsy garment from her hips. Well, she'd asked for it.

He pushed her onto the warm sand before shoving her legs apart and diving between them. Isabella's cries were carried out to sea when he latched onto her clit. She hooked her hands around her knees and pulled her legs to her chest to allow him greater access. One large finger entered her, then two, then three. He plunged into her several times, all the while tormenting her clit and cunt lips.

Just when Isabella thought she'd explode, he pulled out of her pussy and crawled up her body. He said nothing as he settled himself in the cradle of her hips, and she felt the blunt tip of his cock probing her slick entrance. With one hard thrust, he sheathed himself inside her. Nothing separated them from each other. This was an Alpha Male claiming his mate.

He surged into her, ever harder, ever stronger. The force of his thrusts made her body dig into the wet sand. Waves occasionally washed over them, building in intensity the longer they fucked, and mimicking the urgency Isabella felt as Connor took her mind and body to the edge. He followed her movement in the sand, not allowing even his frenzied loving to carry her away from him. Isabella locked her ankles around his waist and pulled him to her even harder.

And it was lovemaking. Isabella didn't doubt that any more than she doubted her love for this man. Sure, it was fantastic sex with animalistic fucking, but their love for each other showed in the way they clung to together, the way each tried to maximize the other's pleasure with touches, words of encouragement, even scratches and bites when necessary. All of it made her feel as if he was finally giving her all of himself, and she accepted him with open arms. She had him now, and she would never let him go.

"Now, Isabella. I'm changing, and I can't stop it." He started to pull away from her, but she held him tightly to her with her legs. He was still inside her, but now sat back on his knees.

This was it. This was his big secret. Could she handle it? The answer came almost instantly. Her heart pounded as she smiled, grabbing one of his hands and kissing the palm. "Don't try. I love you. All of you. Everything that you are." This was the part he'd been holding back from the world. From her. She was more than ready.

As she spoke, black and silver fur grew from his body. He raised himself to his knees, but continued thrusting into her. His hands grew claws, and his face sprouted a short canine snout. His torso and legs were covered in fur, but otherwise retained his muscular, human form. None of it mattered. She wouldn't have stopped this for the world. Finally. After three years of emotional agony, Isabella had captured Connor Anderson's heart.

He howled and gripped her thighs as he pounded relentlessly into her. She knew he was close. So was she. Dipping her hand to her clit, she manipulated it, knowing he adored watching her touch herself. It didn't take long for either of them after that.

She screamed her orgasm, and his howls of pleasure grew until she felt him empty his warm essence inside her. Still, it took several moments for either of them to come down from their sexually induced high. Once Connor did, he resumed his human form and Isabella sighed. She rather liked the wolf.

When he finally collapsed on top of her and rolled them to their sides, Isabella laughed with joy.

"I don't see anything so damned funny." His grumble was half-hearted at best.

"Oh, Connor. Had I known moving out was all it would take for you to come around, I'd have done it a long time ago. And what'd you do with my cat?"

"She's home. The maid is looking after her until we get back."

"Just as long as you didn't eat her."

"Witch."

"Wolf."

They both laughed.

"Don't you forget it, either." He kissed the tip of her nose. "How is it you can accept I'm a werewolf so easily?"

She laughed, draping her body over him. "You've not read my books, have you?"

"Books?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Haven't you ever wondered why I carry my laptop with me everywhere I go?"

"Well, yeah, but --"

"I write, Connor. Paranormal erotic romances."

"Erotic? This could be fun."

She swatted at him playfully. "The point is, I get to live out my deepest fantasies through my characters." She grinned at him wickedly. "And I've always had a thing for werewolves."

He closed his eyes and groaned. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Probably the same reason you didn't tell me your secret. I was afraid you'd laugh, or scoff, or not accept that part of my life."

"Ok. Lessoned learned."

"Wanna help me with some research?"

He grinned. "What'd you have in mind?"

Marteeka Karland

Marteeka is an ordinary woman with an overactive imagination. Thank God for a computer, or tape recorder, or pen and paper... whatever she can create a story with! Her husband sometimes thinks she's nuts and asks her every time she gets frustrated with her latest deadline, "Is it really worth all this?" And every time, she answers, "HELL YES!"

Apart from writing, Marteeka's alter ego has worked in the Emergency Room for more years than she'll admit. She has a loving husband, who still chuckles when he tells a buddy exactly what that Goddess of Water T-shirt is all about, and a son who is blissfully ignorant to anything other than he's not allowed to "push buttons" on Mommy's computer.

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