



HOWLING MAGIC

by

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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT ***HOWLING MAGIC***

“Howling Magic is a compelling story of one woman, her sexual curiosity and the conflicts that come from that curiosity. The chemistry between Gale and her werewolf is intense.... I guarantee you'll want to find out more about these fascinating characters and their story.”

Trang Black

Ecataromance Reviews

Dedication

Chapter 1

Targu, Romania 1895

It was forbidden to interact with them.

Gale sat in the thick leaves of the Silver Leaf tree watching the beautiful man bathing in the pond at the bottom of the rise. The tree was positioned near the top of the gently sloping hillside, a perfect location to observe without being seen.

He believed himself to be alone and was completely uninhibited as he gently cleaned his manhood. Because of his large hands, she was unable to see everything, but it was clear to her what he was doing as he stood with his hands moving in his pelvic area. Her heart fluttered with excitement as she watched the rippling play of muscles on his broad chest and across his wide shoulders as he turned this way and that to reach down his long legs.

Without fur, his body appeared to be built the same as the bodies of the Fey men, though his muscles definitely seemed denser, which she guessed would explain the speed and agility of his kind, the Lukos.

He stood thigh-deep in the water and rubbed sand over his flesh, then sat and rinsed in the water to swish away the dirt.

Gale's heart fluttered as the man climbed from the water onto the flat rock platform and rubbed an orange peel over his

flesh. She could easily imagine the enticing citrus scent from his body filling her lungs. She watched his muscles flex and form a washboard as he rubbed the orange peel slowly down his flat stomach. She envisioned what it would feel like to have the kind of power he had in his body at her command, to be able to run swiftly through the trees and leap obstacles in her path. She could almost feel the wind blowing through her hair and caressing her cheeks as she jumped a ravine with the confidence that the opposite side could easily be reached.

He stretched out on his back then spread his legs and braced his head in his palms, letting the sun's heat dry his skin. Her eyes memorized his contours and planes. He was perfect in form, sculptured and hard. She appreciated the genius of the artist who had wrapped tender flesh around that hard, appealing structure.

Gale didn't know how the Lukos managed to shed their protective coat to shape-shift into human form. While they claimed to be wolves, everyone called them werewolves because of their ability to take on human form.

The thick fur that normally covered his body while he ran through the jungle wasn't present. Although Gale admired the abundant pelage that protected his flesh from the stickers in the woods, seeing him now with his flesh exposed stunned her. His naked beauty literally froze her mind and she could think of nothing else.

She focused her eyes on the thick manhood that lay against his inner thigh for a few moments, wondering if it worked the same as the organs of the Fey men. It certainly appeared to be the same, perhaps a little larger in girth and length.

An aspiring artist, Gale was extremely curious about the structure of the body. Also, it was a good excuse if she got caught peeking. Like her aunt, a very talented artist in her own right, Gale enjoyed touching, watching, and analyzing everything around her. Her mind was always sifting information she learned, making logical conclusions and cataloging for future needs.

Talen, one of the Fey men, said she was just nosy, but he had removed his clothing and allowed her to touch his torso to discover what a man's body felt like. The silken texture of his smooth skin had only served to increase her curiosity. Exploring his body with her fingertips, she had enjoyed touching him, but she hadn't felt the same thrill she was experiencing now.

She sat still to prevent being noticed between the leaves and craned her neck to change her angle of view. Her gaze slowly slid over the man's flat stomach up to the broad chest, and she longed to touch the werewolf's flesh. His chest moved with each calm breath he took. Her gaze slid from that broad chest up to the hard planes of his face. His eyes were closed so she risked moving a few leaves to get a better view. His lips were full and his nose straight with a slight hump in the middle. Long dark eyelashes brushing his cheeks matched his dark brown hair. The hair brushed back over his head was damp from the water and glistened in the sunlight. His wide brow had tiny indentations and he looked to be pondering something important.

Gale guessed this werewolf to be in his prime judging by everything she had seen. How she wished she could sketch him like this and save the image for future drawings.

Her limbs were starting to ache from remaining in the same position for so long a time. She groaned silently and slid her hip into a different position on the thick, sturdy tree limb, then straightened out her legs.

This werewolf had something that stimulated her. Though she knew it could probably never really happen, she wondered if it were possible for a Fey female to merge with a werewolf. Gale knew she was going to have fantasies about making love with this male until she knew for certain whether it was possible. Since she was forbidden to be here, there was unfortunately no one she could ask.

What she needed to do was watch some werewolves make love, then she would know if their lovemaking was done in the same way as the Fey's. *That would be an interesting thing to see.*

When she was certain the man slept, Gale eased off the limb and made her way down the tree trunk with as little noise as possible. When she reached the ground, she took one last look at the man.

Temptation whispered in her ear, *Move closer. Take a closer look.*

She knew she needed to run while it was safe but Gale hesitated, glancing up the trail to ensure there was no one to catch her. Nibbling on her lower lip, she left the tree and moved across the hillside and around the large boulder that overlooked the platform where the man lay. She grasped the natural grooves in the rock with her hands and feet and pulled herself up the huge boulder. When she reached the flat area at the top of the boulder, she stretched out and lay down on her stomach. Her breasts pressed against the stone, she wasted a moment and closed her eyes to pretend it was his hard chest

she was pressed upon. Her nipples pebbled into tight beads of awareness and her crotch throbbed with a mild ache. She was reacting to him as she never had with anyone.

From this location, she had a great view of his body. Lying on the ledge above his reclining form, she was able to see his features and firm, muscled chest in detail. If she could hide here, she could sketch him with accuracy. She would have a firm foundation for her paper, no fear of moving leaves, and he would never know. In the future, she would bring paper and leads in case she had another opportunity to draw.

She bit her lip, unsure of whether she should even return. After all, it was forbidden for her to interact with the werewolves. But on the other hand there was no specific law that said she couldn't watch or draw them. She could climb onto the rock on her stomach to prevent being seen, but once she was at the top, a new position would be needed if she was to sketch with ease.

She sat in a small groove in the rock to test the location for balance and ensure she was able to look down over the edge to where he lay. It seemed perfect.

The man's hand slipped from beneath his head and moved to the nudger lying on his thigh. He grasped the engorged organ and began stroking it with his fingers, his hand moving up and down the cylinder-shaped shaft. She had seen men nudging against ladies with protruding erections in their breeches, which was why she nicknamed an erect penis a nudger. She knew what it was because she had watched a few of the older couples making love. She easily understood that it was a pleasurable experience for both parties, although she hadn't been able to bring herself to try it. Once she felt she had found the

right man, she would give it a try, but she refused to be rushed.

He continued to stroke and his erection grew harder. His heavy lids opened and sky blue eyes looked at the trees around the pond. Knowing she should leave, as this should be a private time for him, the temptation to remain still overpowered her logic and Gale lingered. She ducked her head when his gaze lifted toward the boulder where she was hiding. Turning away from her location, his gaze moved down the tree line then stopped and lingered.

She scanned the trees, curious as to what had attracted his attention. Her gaze dipped to the tree trunks then down at the ground. There beside one of the tree trunks sat a shifting wolf, watching the werewolf in human form stroke himself. Her gaze flashed back to the male below. He watched the werewolf for a few moments while he continued to stroke. Her gaze moved once more to the now partially shifted werewolf beside the tree trunk. She saw the movement of its paw turning into a hand and then it was a human hand stroking up and down his nudger. It was a male watching him! Shocked, she shifted her gaze to the man beside the pond. His gaze was now focused on the clouds floating overhead. It didn't appear to bother him that another male could see what he was doing.

Gale lay down to stay out of view and crawled to the edge of the boulder where a tree limb lay. She was easily able to shift her gaze back and forth between the two males once she lifted her head within the leaves. Her beautiful male was still pumping his shaft while staring at the sky. His fist beat faster, making a slapping sound, and then it left the organ standing stiff above his pelvis. Taking his fingers to his mouth,

he licked them and moved them back to his protruding erection. He rubbed his fingers over the tip and a deep guttural groan rose from him. He grabbed the shaft in a firm grip and pumped it hard and fast.

Gale breathed harshly between parted lips; she had never been so excited in her life. Her heart was thumping so hard her chest was shaking. There was a deep ache in her female core, and she felt slick and needy. She had never wanted a male's nudger in her before, but she felt she would enjoy his. He needed a woman to appease his lust, and she knew he could satisfy her body's hunger. Her whole body seemed to be shaking from the rapid rush of blood through her feminine core.

Her ears seemed to be ringing, though she was able to hear the werewolf's moans clearly. His movements had become jerky, and he groaned as his body bowed with tension. Suddenly he dropped his head back and howled, white stuff spewing from his erection and landing on his thigh and stomach.

He lifted his intense, satisfied eyes toward the clouds then shifted to the tree over her head. Fearing she was caught, she froze, unable to breathe, but her body continued to shake from the tension his arousal had caused. He looked right at her hiding place within the tree leaves, a deep, promising smile spreading his lips.

She filled her lungs with a silent gasp.

To her relief, he lowered his gaze and sat up. Standing, he moved to the edge of the rock ledge he had lain upon and slid into the water. He splashed his body and smiled in a contented manner while he rubbed down his front.

“I have never been watched before. It made it exciting for me. Come back tomorrow at this time and we can try something else.”

Had she been discovered? She dared not move for fear of being heard. No way was she going to acknowledge him. For all she knew, he could be talking to the other Lukos at the line of trees. It was far away but they were wolves, and their hearing was known to be exceptional. He hadn't actually said anything that could not have been meant for the other werewolf.

He finished washing and hoisted himself back onto the ledge. He lay down and covered his eyes with his arm. The werewolf at the tree trunk was now holding his limp nudger, a splattered white liquid on the ground before him. He shifted back into wolf form and ambled into the trees until he disappeared.

Tomorrow Gale would definitely be here early with her paper and leads. He had said he would come, even if the other wolf didn't appear. She knew she had to return to catch his image on paper tomorrow. Her heart fluttered and the mere thought of it added to her excited feeling.

She waited until his breathing was deep and she was certain he was dozing before she moved down the boulder as quietly as possible. Careful not to step on any twigs or dried leaves, she made her way through the sparse trees. Finally she slipped into the dense thicket and knew she was safe from discovery.

Gale strolled casually through the trees, her body still throbbing with excitement. Images of his beautiful body danced in her mind.

Sarge was just coming out of her hut as Gale entered the Fey village. Her friend closed the cottage door and advanced

quickly toward her on long, thin legs. Sarge grasped her arm and stepped in close to her side until her friend's bony arm bumped against Gale's body. The two moved forward briskly, their steps in unison.

"Where have you been? Your mother has been looking for you. She said you had promised to carry some food to the elders for her."

"Oh, no! Yes, I did say I would. I will go now, thanks." Sarge's hand fell from her arm as Gale ran up the narrow street to her home. Throwing the door open, she strode inside. "Mom, I'm home. Do you have that food ready to go yet?" she called.

"I thought you'd forgotten. Where've you been?" Her mother's melodious voice came from her bedroom.

"Scouting out a spot to do some drawings," she spoke loudly so her mother could hear.

Salle stepped through the doorway of her bedroom into the front room. "The only reason you would need to scout out a new spot is you have found another man foolish enough to strip down for you. You know the only reason they do it is because they think you are going to make love once they have their clothes off?"

Gale shrugged. "That is their problem. I never agreed to intercourse. I said I would sketch, and that is what I did. If it soothes their ego to tell others that we had sex, it only makes it easier for me to get models." She didn't want to believe Talen had spread the rumor that they had been intimate. What she assumed happened was that he had mentioned removing his clothes and her touching him. Whomever he had told was probably the one who started the rumor.

Several of the men had offered to pose for her since the tale had spread. Sketching them from a distance, she hadn't touched the new models and she hadn't allowed them to touch her. She believed the new models had implied they had made love to her to save face with their friends. Therefore the rumors had grown. She didn't believe any of them had actually come straight out and lied about her.

Her mother had heard the gossip and asked her about it. Once she had explained what she believed happened, her mother had been satisfied.

"Do you want us to intervene?" Salle had asked.

"No, I would rather ignore it. I don't want to risk losing the models. The gossip doesn't bother me, besides, no one would risk Father's wrath by forcing me to do anything I didn't wish to do."

Gale strolled to the kitchen area and lifted the cauldron, and once balanced, she carried it to the door. "I'll be back soon. I hope you saved me some of this, it smells great."

"Your father doesn't like that you go off alone with these men. What if one of them decides to force you to do something you don't want to do?"

"It won't happen, Mom, there is not a man in the village who doesn't know Dad would wither their manhood if they were to do something like that to me. I am also able to do some of my own protecting, you know."

Salle sighed, raking her fingers through the blonde tresses lying on her shoulder which were identical in color to Gale's. "That is the only reason I allow it." Cutting her gaze back to her daughter, she smiled. Salle was only fifteen years older than Gale. Her mother had been a young bride and she was still lovely. She had flashing yellow tiger-eyes similar to Gale's

and still had a youthful figure that rivaled her daughter's. Gale had tried to get her mother to pose nude for her, but her father had forbidden it.

"Someone will see it and learn how lovely she really is and I am getting too old to fight constantly to keep her," Warren had claimed. His words had made her mother preen with delight.

"You could be right, Dad," Gale had easily agreed, patting him on the shoulder. "You are getting on in years."

Gale smiled at the memory of her father's disgruntlement, but he had been the one who had said he was getting old. Her parents were wonderful, caring people, and she knew how lucky she was to have them. They could have given her a hard time about her sketches if they hadn't understood her need to express her artistic side. Her bedroom walls were papered with sketches she had done over the years. She hoped soon to have a showing of her work at the art gallery as her aunt often did. Gale wanted to earn money as well as a reputation as a great artist. Not the nudes, of course. Those were all safely stored in a protective leather pouch, and locked in the cedar chest at the foot of her bed.

She took the food up the side of the mountain to the cabin the elders had built years before when they had feared the werewolves would do violence to them while they were in wolf form. Over the years, they had never attacked the Fey. No one seemed to know why they didn't attack, especially since the Lukos often harassed the humans in the neighboring village. It was assumed they were afraid of the Fey's ability to work magic. Some Fey believed magic had already been used to prevent the Lukos from doing harm to their people, but

still the rule forbidding interaction between the Fey and Lukos was in place.

Gale wondered why it had never been changed. *Were the elders afraid that somehow interaction would lead to an attack by the wolves?*

When she reached the top of the cliff, she greeted the wise elders warmly. The Fey held their elders in high regard. Most of them were on a trip to the old country to visit family and friends they hadn't seen in years. The Drakes had stayed behind to lend their aid if needed by the villagers. The elders were no longer able to tend a garden, so the women of the village took them food. Her mother insisted on preparing the food on the days she was to deliver so Mistress Drake could rest.

The Drakes were with the original Fey who arrived to live in these woods. Their wisdom had been gained by many years of learning experiences. They were able to make logical decisions when younger Fey members would react with emotions. The Drakes never lacked company; many of the seniors felt there was much still to be learned from them about the old ways and came to be schooled.

Gale passed the pot to Mistress Drake then sat down to visit with them. During the course of the conversation, she asked why the law forbidding interaction with the werewolves had never been changed.

"They are different from us, child," Master Drake said. His hair had turned silver long ago, and his face was wrinkled from age. His sad brown eyes were faded. He was a knowledgeable man, and she enjoyed their conversations.

"Yes, I understand that, but they are also similar to us, are they not?"

“Not in the least. Werewolves are predators, physical creatures controlled by their animal natures. They are violent and seek only their gratification. We are a peaceful people of the woods, in harmony with nature. The two would never be able to have a peaceful relationship. It is best to leave a situation that works unbothered,” Mistress Drake said. Her hair was a combination of blonde and silver, and her golden eyes were filled with warmth.

“Long ago the males were rogues bent on killing and raping our women. There were many fights,” Master Drake whispered, leaning close. “Their physical strength is greater than ours. Were it not for our magic, I fear we would have been lost.

“So it was determined that the rule was a good one, and it was established and magic was used to convince their leader to make the decree a law for his people. It’s said that some didn’t want to follow their leader’s law so magic may have been utilized to enforce it. We don’t know, but the attacks eventually stopped.” He shrugged. “This way everyone is happy. They stay in their side of the woods and we remain in ours.”

“I suppose. Still it does seem to be a shame that we cannot be friends. Perhaps they have changed,” Gale suggested. “There have been no problems for so many years now.”

“I wish I could agree with you, but with their nature, I don’t think it is wise to take the risk,” Master Drake stated with a sad expression on his face that made her feel guilty for bringing up the subject.

Allowing the subject to die, they talked while the elders ate. Gale excused herself once the meal was completed and started down the mountain.

The winding trail took her to the edge of the cliff that overlooked a valley in wolf territory. Sitting on the ledge, she looked down to the peaceful valley. It was a typical valley floor covered with leaves, and there were no wolves to be seen in the area.

Gale sat awhile enjoying the serenity of the whispers of nature caressing her spirit. A wolf suddenly appeared, ambling across the valley, his muscular hips pumping with each step. He was a beautiful animal that moved with a smooth grace, and his shiny dark brown fur appeared soft.

Suddenly the wolf stopped, grasped a tree trunk with his front paws and walked his body upward, until he was standing on his hind legs. His body shifted, and the fur began to disappear. In a matter of moments, the back of a man who looked physically like any Fey male stood in the valley.

The man's skin started out pink then slowly darkened as though forming a protective outer layer. His body turned a dark golden tan except one spot on his shoulder that stayed pink; it appeared to be a rounded scar. The muscles in his back rippled, his buttocks were nicely round and his thighs were thick. His body was lightly dusted with short, dark hairs. He turned slowly and presented the thick muscled arms and the rounded curve of his hipbone at his flat stomach, then finally faced her fully.

Gale recognized the beautiful male as the one she had seen at the pond. It was an odd coincidence that she would run into him twice in one day. Once again she took a moment to admire his fine human form. She stared at the strong rounded jaw, long, straight nose that had probably gained the slight hump from a past break, and his firm, masculine lips. His chest was broad and dusted with dark hair, the muscles

rippling over his ribs down to his flat stomach. A patch of brown hair formed a necklace for his manhood and dusted his scrotum.

He lifted eyes the color of a light blue sky to the ledge where she sat as though he had known all along she sat there.

“Are you enjoying the view?” His deep timbre surprised her. Looking straight at her, he held her immobile like a startled doe.

“I am not allowed to talk to you.”

“Then don’t talk. Come down here and we can find something pleasurable to occupy our time.” He smiled, his gaze hot with promise.

She shook her head and lifted her body from the stone ridge, dusting her bottom as she turned her back and walked away from the cliff. He had been beautiful and shiny in his dark fur, but without it he was breathtaking.

He had been a full wolf when he entered the valley. She wondered in which form he was the most comfortable.

Gale returned to her home and ate a bowl of stew for dinner. She couldn’t tell her mother about the beautiful werewolf as she knew it would only make them suspicious of her outings. As long as her family thought she was within Fey territory, they wouldn’t worry over what she might be doing.

After dinner she practiced magic with her parents. They did simple things for amusement, while it honed their skills. Gale put pointed ears on her father. “I always did think those pointed ears were cute.”

Her father changed Gale’s hair color to silver. “And I always thought you looked just like your grandmother Pearl,” he chuckled.

Salle made her husband’s hair disappear. “Payback.”

When Gale retired to her bedchamber, she stripped all of her clothing away. Normally she wore a long shirt to bed. Tonight Gale wanted to know what it felt like to lie exposed to the air completely nude like the werewolf was earlier. Her mind had continuing visions of what she had seen, after being stimulated in the afternoon, and she was unable to shake the memory. Her hand rubbed over her curls at the apex of her sex and over her breasts. She lingered there playing with her nipples, pretending that her hands were the werewolf's. She drifted to sleep holding her breasts cupped in her hands.

Chapter 2

The following morning Gale ate a hardy meal and then stuffed fruit into a pouch tied at her waist. She had dressed in a full skirt that reached her knees and a loose blouse. Fetching the pouch with her leads and paper, she hung the carrying strap over her shoulder. Last she slid her feet into moccasins and started toward the entrance door. “I will be gone for most of the day, Mom, if the weather holds.”

“Just be careful. You know how I worry,” Salle called from the kitchen.

“Don’t expect me for lunch.” Gale left the house and strolled through the village as though this day was like any other. She didn’t want to attract attention to herself or someone might decide to follow. She was nervous because she was breaking the rule and was therefore overly cautious. Gale knew she was overreacting, but because of the gossip surrounding her, she suddenly felt self-conscious.

Walking into the thicket, she moved between the closely grown tree trunks. She slid behind one of the trees and leaned against the trunk, waiting to see if anyone was following. She turned off the regular path and headed in the direction of the pond. She stopped twice and pretended interest in the view, waiting. No one came. Once she was certain no one was following, she made her way through the woods to the backside

of the boulder she had hid upon the day before. She topped the hill behind some bushes and hurried down the hillside between the trees. She was unable to see the valley floor because of the underbrush and tree leaves.

She approached the pond behind the boulder as it would conceal her, but it also blocked her view of the valley. Gale climbed the boulder slowly, careful not to make noise or draw attention to her presence. She didn't want to startle him, if the male had arrived before her. If caught, it would be difficult to explain why she wanted to sketch him. How was she to explain that she wanted to sketch him without his knowledge in hope that he would do something sexual again? She didn't think it would be smart to get him mad.

When she reached the top of the boulder, she scanned the area below and found it vacant. She snapped off a limb with leaves and arranged it before her. Next she arranged the leads and paper. Once her body was positioned, she merely had to wait for his appearance.

A smaller wolf came to the pool and took a short swim. She shape-shifted as she rose from the water, her wet fur disappearing, and it was now easy to see her breasts and the split between her thighs. As the female-wolf sat at the edge of the water, her lingering fur clinging to her wet form, Gale made a quick sketch of her. The werewolf stood, shook the excess water from her fur, and then walked into the trees.

Gale knew she had arrived early but she hadn't realized how much until the time seemed to linger on and on. She spent the time working on the sketch of the shifting female wolf.

The man arrived after a long, boring time had passed. He crossed the clearing toward the pool. It pleased her that he

was in human form today. Lifting her lead, she started sketching immediately to have time to capture his features and muscular form. He dove into the pond and swam around before once again using sand to scrub his skin clean. His flesh had a healthy glow when he climbed onto the rock ledge and stretched out on his back with one knee raised. She worked quickly to capture all the details and lines of his body.

When she looked up again to peek through the leaves, he was tugging on his nudger again. She flipped to a new page and started a new sketch, one of him holding his manhood. She worked rapidly, knowing she could go back and add details later if she didn't have time now. First she wanted to ensure that she captured the image.

When she had nearly completed her rough draft, she looked up to see the other werewolf from the day before approaching him from the trees. The man lying on the ground was looking straight ahead at the pond and didn't appear to have noticed the approaching male.

When the Lukos reached the rock ledge, he must have made a sound because the reclining man turned to look at him. Rising to his feet, he stopped stroking himself as the new arrival stepped onto the ledge and advanced to his side. Standing facing each other, they spoke in low tones. The Lukos shifted almost instantly into a full gray wolf. The man that held her interest shook his head and the wolf looked to be pleading with him.

The gray wolf changed his form, growing larger and partially shifted again until he was standing on two feet, covered in fur, but it appeared to have stretched apart revealing specks of flesh between the strands that were beginning to look more like hair than fur. She realized that the two were shifting. The

scar on the dark brown-haired male was tiny now, but still visible if one was looking for it. They shifted until they had human forms with short hair all over their bodies.

Clamping his hand onto the shorter man's shoulder, the brown werewolf pushed the other man to his knees. He grasped the gray werewolf's hair on top of his head and roughly shoved his nudger into his mouth.

Gale gasped and clamped her hand over her mouth. The dark brown werewolf looked up at the boulder and she ducked down. When she peeked up again, he was scanning the area, but he didn't appear to have seen her. Blowing out a deep silent breath, she started sketching the scene below. The men seemed to flow in perfect harmony. The brown werewolf pulled and pumped his shaft into the gray's mouth, while the gray werewolf sucked and licked at the other's erection. She studied the flexing of the brown's buttocks and the working of his back muscles. Her werewolf pumped his hips, driving his pelvis against the gray's mouth, increasing his speed. He held tight to the hair on the gray's head and seemed to be undisturbed by the pained expression on his face. She noticed on several occasions he stopped moving and the gray's tongue would flick out and slide along his shaft.

Stars, it was arousing to watch them. Excitement throbbed through her body.

Gale managed to catch that licking tongue in her drawing. This was going to be the most erotic drawing she had ever sketched. The brown werewolf rammed himself into the gray's mouth then held the kneeling man's face firmly pressed to his pelvis. White juice formed at the edge of the gray's mouth. When the brown-haired man pulled back slowly, the gray's long tongue licked the withdrawing shaft. Her were-

wolf pulled all the way out, and the tip must still have had something on it because the gray werewolf licked it several times eagerly. His long tongue slid up the tip, curled around the head then slid away, moving down the shaft again.

She added the scene to the side of the sketch.

Her rough draft was finished, the werewolves were satisfied, and now only she was aching. Her heart pounded hard in her chest, the veins in her neck pulsing with the rushing blood. Slumping against the boulder, she closed her eyes and concentrated on calming her breathing. Her whole body vibrated with need. Gale had trembled with tension and sexual awareness after watching him yesterday, but it was nothing compared to the stimulation today. She didn't know how much more she could stand without going down and begging him to show her how to satisfy her needs.

Gale panted heavily, her back pressed against the boulder. She didn't watch what was happening below. She was half afraid to look, because if they did much more she would go totally insane from lust.

"Did you enjoy it? Come tomorrow and I will try to arrange something different," he said in a deep purring timbre of a man sexually sated.

Was he talking to the wolf or me? Twisting she glanced between the leaves and watched as her werewolf moved into the trees on the far side of the small clearing. From the corner of her eye, she saw the gray wolf moving in the opposite direction as he slipped into the trees. He must have been speaking to the gray werewolf.

She wiped her forehead with trembling fingers. Could she endure watching another encounter? Deciding that she had

seen enough for the day, she gathered her things and slipped from the boulder.

Her body was too tense, her nipples too sensitive and hard to return to the village. Once she was safe on Fey land, she lingered in the trees and sketched a few squirrels, a chipmunk, and a doe. At least she would have some drawings that she could show her mother. She definitely couldn't show her mother the ones with the two werewolves. Her mother didn't object to nude drawings, but Gale figured Salle would draw the line at sketches of sexual encounters.

When Gale felt she was calm enough to face her family without becoming embarrassed, she headed home. Occasionally on the way she felt as though she were being followed. She stopped behind some trees and waited, but no one ever appeared.

Finally at home, she went straight to her room to put away her supplies and the sketches she didn't wish to show her family. Before the evening meal, she showed her parents the sketches she had made of the animals and the female wolf.

"Where did you see a female werewolf?" her father queried, rubbing his chin.

"Lukos land. I had a clear view of her. I was on the ridge up by the elders last evening and I saw a werewolf when I looked down in the valley below the cliff. I thought it might be a good location to see them for sketching." It wasn't a total lie. She had looked into the valley the evening before, and she hadn't said that was the location where she saw the female. She merely allowed them to assume that was where she had seen the werewolf. The last thing she wanted was for her family to know where the pond was located. Even if she didn't go

there tomorrow she could go there in the future if she didn't reveal the location.

"Well you certainly managed to get a lot of detail considering the distance, and the time lapse."

Gale couldn't tell if her mother was truly complimenting her, or if she was speaking wryly. "I may have overdone that a bit. I had to guess at most of the details." Again not a total lie, she had sketched the woman quickly and added details after the female had departed.

Her father, Warren was a few years older than Salle with silver streaks in his blonde hair. During the day he worked the community farmland on the far side of the village, raising food for them as well as the village. He was exhausted from the physical labor and usually rested after the meal while Gale and Salle cleaned the house. When Warren was rested he often walked up behind her mother and wrapped his arms around her waist then suggested retiring for the night. This night they were nearly finished cleaning when he suggested it was time for bed.

"Go ahead, Mom. I'll finish this, and then I want to take a walk over to Sarge's for a little while." Gale finished clearing the table quickly then quit the cabin. Her parents needed to be alone occasionally. Gale tried to ensure that they had time together without their daughter. They never asked and never acted happy she was going out at night, but she knew it helped keep their romance thriving. At least she had decided it helped, as they seemed to be still romantically interested in each other after many years of marriage.

She strolled over to Sarge's house and knocked on the door. Sarge came out and sat on the porch steps with her so they could talk in private. "Your parents doing it again?"

“Yeah, I guess.”

“I wonder if my parents ever do. They certainly hide it from me if they do.”

“I don’t think sex is really important to everyone for them to have a happy marriage. Look at the elders, they can’t possibly at their age but they are happy. Your parents seem happy.”

“It doesn’t matter how many times I’ve been with a man, just the thought of my parents together weirds me out.”

“I don’t think about it, it is something I know without wanting to know. Have you ever watched anyone do it?”

“Yeah, after you mentioned you had done it, I watched Tam and Jaen do it before I would try it with Karl. Why?”

“Well, you know I have watched people a couple of times, but I had never seen a man make love to a mouth before today.”

Sarge gasped. “Did you say mouth?”

She nodded. “Have you every done that, or seen it done?”

Sarge shook her head. “I have never heard of such a thing. Tell me about it.”

Gale explained the best she could what she had seen and how it appeared to please both people, carefully concealing the fact that both were male and werewolves. If Fey males made love in this way, she didn’t know and didn’t care to know. She was merely interested in the fact that it could be done in this manner. The licking intrigued her, and she wondered what a swollen penis would taste and feel like against her tongue and in her mouth. “It would be one way to do it without fear of babies,” she pointed out.

“How does the girl get satisfied?”

"I don't know, that was all I saw." Again it wasn't a lie. She didn't know how a girl would get satisfied under those circumstances. *Maybe I will see that next time.*

"Do you think they will go there again?"

She shook her head. "It isn't a private spot. I think they thought they were alone, and they weren't, of course, because I was there. I wouldn't expect them to make a habit of sex in a location where they would be observed."

"True. Tam was initially uncomfortable about letting me watch, but Jaen didn't care. I explained that I was scared and wasn't being weird, so she agreed. We had to go way off to a spot they were certain no one would happen upon them. I sat behind a tree, so they could pretend they were alone, but I think it really excited Jaen. I wouldn't want to be watched. But if it was for a friend like you or her, because you were scared, I would."

"I imagine these people would be angry if they knew I watched them, so don't say anything to anyone."

"I promise, but I do think I will suggest trying it to Karl, just to try something different. Do you think he knows about it, and he might know how a girl gets satisfied?"

"Well if he does, let me know. How are you going to explain knowing about it?"

"Hum. I will say I overheard it talked about somewhere."

"Well, let me know if he knows." Standing, Gale dusted grit from her behind. "I guess I will head home." She wanted to get home and look at her sketch again, after talking about what she had seen.

She waved to Sarge as she left and strolled toward her home. When she entered, a low-burning fire illuminated the room enough for her to see where she was going. In her bed-

room she lit a candle and placed it on her drawing table. She took out the sketches of her werewolf and admired his beautiful body. His body appealed to her as no other ever had. She studied the sketch of him lying in the sun and sighed. He was so tantalizing she longed to be lying at his side.

Next she withdrew the sketch of him stroking his hard man's root. Pretending that he knew she was drawing him while he had sexual encounters excited her. He certainly knew how to pleasure himself. This was a self-indulgent man, but he was still her dream man.

Gale removed her clothing and ran her hands over her body, pretending it was his hands touching her. It was amazing how good it felt to have her hands on her body. No wonder he had touched himself. Were he here right now, she would beg him to make love to her.

After blowing out the light, she moved to her cot and stretched out. Closing her eyes she imagined that she had been the one on her knees before him, pleasuring him. The problem was she had no idea what he would feel like against her tongue or in her mouth. She couldn't imagine what the taste of the seed he spewed would be like, or how he would feel pumping into her mouth.

A groan of desire rumbled in her throat as she drifted into a dream of her sexy werewolf. In her dream, he was her ideal male and once they met, he was mad with love and lust for her. He would do anything to pleasure her, even allow her to watch while someone else pleased him. The pond became their special spot. They would be the only people who ever bathed in the cool waters. There would be no fear of being observed while they made love beside the gently flowing pool.

* * * *

In the morning, Gale was determined to stay away from the clearing at the pond. If she was going to be a serious artist, she had to sketch pictures that could be shown and sold. It would be a waste of time to sketch more pictures of him. The drawings she had would have to be enough to satisfy her craving for him. She could pull out the sketches any time she wanted to dream about him, and she had enough to fulfill her need. But as the morning seemed to stretch endlessly before her, Gale found she was growing anxious to go to the clearing. She wanted to see him again. She didn't care if he was alone or with another. Something inside kept urging her to go to the clearing.

After that dream last night, she was tempted to discover if they really could have a relationship. *Who was he? What was his name?* What she really wanted to do was talk to him and learn if he could be the right man for her.

Why was she so attracted to him?

She paced the living room and tried to remind herself of all the reasons she didn't need to see him again. If he caught her spying on him, she was certain she would die of embarrassment, and if he didn't kill her, he would probably make her regret it. He was a werewolf, it was forbidden for her to talk to him. She wanted to learn about him, and not just physically, but to touch his hand while they talked, and share secret smiles with him. *And just where would the secret smiles stem from, our sexual activities?*

To her horror, she felt captivated by the male, and she hadn't even met him! She wanted to see him again. She had to learn if this was a growing attachment she was feeling or merely an attraction to a handsome man.

Gale gave in to the demands of her body to see him, and went to the bedchamber for the leads and paper. Was she brave enough to start a conversation? She knew he was willing to talk to her, he already had. Could she just go up to him and ask if she could sketch his picture? *What if he said no?*

Upon leaving her house, she strode directly to the trees. First she headed in the opposite direction from the clearing, worried again that she might be followed. Deep in the forest she switched directions and headed for the clearing. She stopped and sat to sketch a scene of the brook, trees, and vines growing around it. It was a lovely scene and one she could proudly display. She was convinced she hadn't been followed so she felt it was safe to continue to the pond.

Inside she was feeling anxious that he would be gone before she arrived. He had to have some responsibilities that took up his time. No one could be free all the time. Just as she had to deliver sketches for the gift shop to sell, he had to do something during the day.

When Gale arrived at the clearing, she again reached the back of the boulder and quietly climbed to the top. The broken branch with leaves for concealment was still lying across the top. The leaves were slightly drooping but Gale hoped it wouldn't be noticeable from a distance.

She gazed between the leaves of the branch, scanning the clearing for his presence. He wasn't there.

Disappointment settled on her shoulders like a weight. She decided it wouldn't hurt for her to have a drawing of the area so she sketched the clearing. Later she would have the scene to add behind anyone who arrived for her to sketch. This appeared to be a common bathing place for the werewolves, so someone would probably come along.

Two women entered the clearing, their arms were interlocked at the elbows. They were werewolves too, as this was their area and pond.

She arched her light eyebrows. *The women could be interesting.* At the very least she would be able to sell the sketches of them if she chose to.

Gale turned to a clean page to begin sketching them as they removed their clothing and entered the pool. The women laughed and giggled as they bathed each other.

Gale felt a twinge of envy. They were having a wonderful time, and the water certainly looked refreshing. The Fey's ability to adjust to temperature changes of ten degrees or more prevented them from feeling hot and cold for more than a moment or two during the time of adjustment. She had never known what swimming in a cold pool or a hot whirlpool felt like. Without the Fey ability, did a person stay cold the whole time in a pool? Was that why their nipples were hard, or was it because they were excited to be with each other? If werewolves were attracted to their own sex, how did they reproduce? Or did they refrain from intercourse until they found their one true mate, as she planned to do? Only they appeared to be as the elder described, physical creatures handling their lust the way that was acceptable to werewolves.

The women rose from the pond and crawled onto the rock ledge and stretched out to dry. They had a light dusting of hair on their legs. Their pubic hair was as thick and curly as the hair on their heads. Their skin was a deep brown that glimmered in the sunlight. One had brown, shoulder-length curly hair the other had black hair that framed her head reaching mid-neck.

But it was their pubic hair that attracted her attention. Gale had no pubic hair. She would be a disappointment to her werewolf, if werewolves preferred women with thick pubic hair like theirs.

She paused to sigh while she sketched the women. There was so much she didn't know about these people, or understand at all. The sexual behavior of werewolves was confusing. She had little doubt their traditions and behaviors on special occasions would be strange to her also.

The Lukos women were lying in each other's arms kissing, caressing breasts, and eventually raking their fingers through the thick pubic hair.

A wolf suddenly entered the clearing, causing the women to sit up and separate. The wolf shifted into human form, and Gale realized it was the gray werewolf from yesterday. He said something to the women and they returned to kissing and ignored him. He slid into the water and began bathing with the sand stone. Gale quickly began sketching him in the pool next to the women fondling each other. The man in the pond raked his hand through the short dark hair on his chest. Together with the women, it made a great sketch.

Leaving the pool, he strolled to where the women were cuddled together, still kissing. Shaking his dripping hair, he sprayed them with a fine mist of water. The women squealed, then sat up and scolded him loud enough for her to hear.

"Stop that, can't you see we were busy?" one of the women said, wiping the water from her chest. She had petite breasts and a flat stomach. The woman at her side had rounded breasts and a small rounded stomach.

"Well, don't let me stop you, do continue." Tossing a hand into the air he walked away and disappeared into the

trees. The ladies giggled, amused by the encounter and reached for each other again. Their hands moved between the other's thighs.

Their fingers moved within the thick mats of pubic hair. Curious, Gale slid her hand beneath her skirt and between her female lips. Finding moisture between her legs, she slid her fingers around, exploring the smooth flesh within her labia. Her fingers touched a sensitive spot and her pelvis jerked. Biting her lips, she prevented the moan that built in her throat from escaping. She decided it was something she shouldn't be doing here. Silence was necessary if she was to continue watching the women. Gale pulled her hand away reluctantly.

Gale rolled onto the side of her left thigh and kept her right leg raised for support as she twisted to rest on her arm to observe the women.

The woman with black hair was lying on her back while the one with brown hair licked her breasts. As she watched, the two women shifted partially into wolf form. The fine downy hair on their bodies became covered in thin blonde hair that turned darker as it became fur. Arching her eyebrows, Gale drew out a new page and started sketching the scene.

She could continue coming to this spot and build a whole collection of wolf erotic art to sell. However, she would need to alter facial features to prevent the art looking like the real person. There was no problem of the art being discovered by the wolves as the gallery was in the valley, and the wolves were not allowed to shop at their stores. It seemed they were troublemakers and the shopkeepers started refusing to admit them. One rumor said two wolves had gotten into a huge fight in a glass shop and broke most of the stock. That was

when the town sheriff had ordered all of the wolves from town and told them never to return. If their tempers were that bad with each other, she hated to think what they would do to her if they discovered her sketching their sexual acts.

The brown-haired woman had moved her head between the other woman's thighs. Gale quickly changed paper. Her hand flew over the page as she tried to capture the scene before it changed. These wolves certainly had hot personalities in more ways than one.

Gale suddenly felt something touch her leg and she jumped, spinning her head around to see what had stroked her.

A man, her beautiful male werewolf in human form was right beside her legs. Covering his mouth with his finger, he shushed her response to his arrival. His gaze shifted to her sketch then lifted to her face. The heat of a blush burned her cheeks. Not only was she caught spying on the wolves and drawing their sexual acts, she was caught with her skirt up, legs parted, and her private area exposed.

"Continue, don't let me disturb you," he whispered and then smiled. His hand touched her ankle and stroked gently.

She brushed at him with her hand and he growled softly, startling her. She snatched her hand back to her side.

"Draw," he commanded in a slightly louder murmur. The raising of his voice was as much a warning as the growl had been.

Breathing between parted lips, she felt trapped and excited. She knew they shouldn't even be talking, much less touching, but she couldn't tell him no. Partly because of his command that had thrilled her, but mostly because she had wanted him to want her. To have him touching her was an ex-

citing adventure she had believed she would be denied. She didn't want him to stop, not yet.

Gale glanced at the female werewolves happily enjoying their carnal pleasure, and felt that she understood a little of what they were feeling. Then she felt a hot, wet tongue lick her leg. Her head snapped around as her leg muscle switched in reaction to the sensation of the soft wet tongue sliding up her skin. A shiver of pleasure shook her body. Although his face was only a little over a nose distance from her skin, because of the upward slant of the boulder, he could easily look up her leg to watch her reaction, which was exactly what he was doing. He had known licking her would gain a reaction from her.

Lifting his head, he smiled, and pointed at the paper. His long tongue lapped up her leg toward her knee. "Draw," he growled softly. She swallowed anxiously and tried to move her leg to shift into a more modest position. He shook his head and snarled, holding her ankle in place.

At least he didn't bare his teeth, she thought with panicky amusement.

She turned back to the paper and moved her hand to the page. He continued to lick up her leg, and his large, warm and callused hand massaged her foot. Shivers of thrilling delight ran through her leg. She tried to shift her hips to drop her pelvis to the cold stone, knowing that his location provided him a perfect view of her private area. His hand on her hip stopped her.

Casting a glance at him, her green gaze locked with his sky blue orbs. His fingers slipped down her hip across the base of her buttocks and touched her folds. She opened her mouth to protest.

“You want them to catch you here with those drawings?” he threatened, his dark eyebrows lifted.

She shook her head and he indicated for her to turn around by turning his finger in a half circle. She forced herself to obey and faced the pad, her legs trembling with excitement as she watched the women and felt his hand moving on her crotch. *Stars*, this was exciting her. The black-haired woman with the larger breasts was straddling the other’s face. The woman underneath was licking the woman’s privates. Shocked, Gale stared in amazement, unable to look away from the scene. *What would that feel like?*

The werewolf’s hand stroked the inside of her quivering thigh again, moving higher and higher. Her man was touching her; that alone caused her to get excited but combined with the view of the women below, it was enough to make her allow anything he wanted.

His fingers slid into the juices between her folds and spread it around. He found that sensitive spot inside the front of her female nether lips. She jumped and moaned softly, unable to control her reaction. He growled at her in warning as she turned to stop him, so she jerked her head back around to face the women. She puffed quiet breaths between parted lips, afraid to make a sound.

Gale shook too much to continue sketching, but as he had ordered her to draw, she withdrew a new sheet of paper and placed it on top. Trembling all over with tension, she placed the lead on the paper, not moving it, concentrating instead on what he was doing to her. Later she would sketch the scene of the two of them from the view that she imagined in her mind.

He licked the front of her knee and then slid his head between her thighs and licked the sensitive back of her knees. Turning his head, he nibbled up her inner thigh.

“Mine.” This was her man. Since she had first seen him, she had claimed him as her own. Now he was claiming her, and it thrilled her. She no longer cared if the women discovered her spying. All that mattered was that her werewolf continue what he was doing.

Shifting her gaze to the women, Gale watched the pink tongue lap the woman above. Even from here, she could see the woman on top was trembling. Deep moans of pleasure rose from her parted lips. It was impossible not to want to feel those sensations pleasuring the women.

The hot tongue licking up her inner thigh stopped the breath in her throat. He was close, and she could feel his hot breath on her female folds. Her leg was shaking so hard that he clasped her knee in his large palm and held it to still the shudders. His nose nuzzled her smooth pubic mound. “No hair, you are so soft.” His tongue licked her experimentally, hot and wet. He groaned low, a deep rumble of pleasure in his throat. “You make my blood throb with desire. I cannot resist.” The second lick was full commitment, from the juices at her core up her nether lips to her mound. He seemed to shove his face into it. His tongue slipped between her nether lips and found the sensitive nub that throbbed within.

Then he was lapping greedily at her female core. The sensations were so strong her body flinched, tempted to pull away, but there was so much pleasure flooding her mind that she couldn’t move more than a fraction. She felt as if he was showing her the source of magic. This moment was burned into her mind forever. An inner voice urged her to spread her

legs even wider and give him free access to everything she had. Her mind cried, *Yes, oh yes! More!*

Holding onto the edge of the rock, she dropped her head between her arms, panting heavily. *Stars!* It was becoming increasingly difficult to remain on her side with one leg held up by the man's hand. Her leg was quivering with tension and increasing strain.

Then pushing her leg over, he turned her onto her back and licked up her juices again. Thrusting his tongue into her sheath, he rubbed his nose against that spot, that receptive nub that was driving her wild with want. He explored her with his mouth, his head moving up and down, his hair gently brushing her thighs. With his tongue working magic on her body, he clamped his mouth over that oh-so-sensitive spot and suckled hard.

Turning her face against her arm she smothered her hoarse moan as stars fell from the sky and landed on her tender nub, lavishing her hungry body with a shower of warm sparks. She would never look into the night sky again without thinking of this wonderful moment.

Cupping her buttocks tightly in his hands, he devoured the juices of her orgasm, holding her up to his face as though eating a slice of melon. Of its own accord, her pelvis arched up to meet him, begging for more. He lifted his head and smiled at her. It was a bragging "I won" smile that caused her to turn her face away in embarrassment while heat burned her cheeks. She tried to pull away, but he held her firmly in place and growled a low, "Mine," before lowering his face between her thighs once more.

After the absence of his mouth, her skin was newly alive and receptive to his touch when he returned to her flesh. The

intensity of the sensations seemed doubled. She bit her lower lip as she moaned, unable to prevent it from escaping. The women below had no trouble revealing their pleasure, their deep moans and cries of rapture rose from the area below providing them some sound coverage. Gale covered her mouth with her arm and bit into the muscle, her body jerking and shaking, and begging for more. Something, a finger, maybe two, pushed inside her sheath while he sucked on her velvet hood.

Her eyes grew wide, her back arched and her insides seemed to burst. A flood of supreme pleasure spewed forth. Luckily she lost her breath and the cry in her throat was trapped, as her body shuddered and bucked against him. She gasped for breath and panted heavily, too exhausted to move.

He slid his hands from her hips and crawled up her body to kiss her mouth. Her heart pounded hard in her chest. He licked her lips and suckled her bottom lip into his mouth while she struggled to gain control of her breath. It didn't bother her that she might taste her own juice on his luscious lips. The important thing was she had felt his velvety lips against her own.

Rising above her, he smiled and kissed the tip of her nose, then he moved down her body and pulled away. His eyes were intense with passion. He crawled quickly down the boulder to the ground, then stood and shoved his hand into his pockets, which drew her gaze to the bulge between them. He lifted confident eyes to her that promised there would be more between them. Instinctively she knew she had pleased him with her response to his loving. His hot gaze traveled up her body before he turned his back and strolled away, whistling.

Gale dropped her head back and gazed at the sky, while her breathing calmed and her heart slowed to a normal rate. This werewolf had done the most intimate thing she could imagine to her and she still didn't even know his name.

Closing her eyes, she covered them with the back of her arm. *Stars, it was wonderful.* It had been life altering, and he had strolled calmly away as though he hadn't just shattered her into a million pieces. But she had detected a pleased swagger in his movements. Perhaps when he had strolled away it hadn't been calmly, but pleased with himself because he had just shattered her into those pieces.

She sat up and rubbed her forehead. It was exciting, but it also made her feel guilty. She wasn't supposed to interact with werewolves, but she couldn't resist looking for him, watching him. Now she wanted to touch him.

Her face felt flushed by the blush rushing into her skin. Not only had she been caught spying on their sexual encounters, she had participated in her own. It was true she did feel affected by what had taken place. Gale didn't believe she would ever feel as though she were the same person again. Still, she didn't regret it for a moment.

She gathered her papers and leads and crawled quietly down the boulder, and then hurried into the trees. Once concealed by the trees, she ran through the thicket and returned to the security of the Fey lands. She felt comforted by the vibes of power that surrounded her and soothed her battered emotions once she was on Fey soil again.

Gale felt light in spirit as she strolled down the trails to the village. Entering her house, she went straight to her bed-chamber and put the sketches in the bottom of her leather pouch. Withdrawing the other sketches, she added the new to

the back of the stack. Closing the pouch, she tied it and returned it to the storage chest and then locked it.

Since she wanted to be alone, she left her home again and slipped into the trees. Once alone she was free to release the pent-up emotions bursting to spring free.

Tears slipped from her eyes and ran down her cheeks. Gale wiped them away. She knew she could never return to their land now and it made her feel as though her heart had a chunk torn away.

Was it possible that he had intended to give her a reason to return? She shook her head. *It didn't matter what he intended.* What mattered was that he had pointed out the danger she was putting herself in at the pond. What he had done was wonderful and she had enjoyed it, but it had been him, her beautiful man. If it had been a different man, she wouldn't have felt the same during or after.

She wiped the tears from her cheeks as she walked to the waterfall. After removing her clothing, she waded into the water and dove beneath. She swam under the falls and felt the cold water pounding onto her shoulders. Rolling she spread her legs and allowed the water to splash against her core. Her head popped up behind the falls and she inhaled a deep breath. Swimming backward, she reached the rocks then pulled herself onto them, folded her hands over her face, and cried. Her heart felt broken. She had to give up her dreams of the beautiful werewolf and this was her special place, it always made her feel comforted. She adored it here. Today she felt weighted beneath the emotions of her dreams of the werewolf as well as her sexual desires, as both were hopeless situations.

She allowed her tears to roll freely into the churning waters. Once her tears slowed, she slid from the rocks and swam

into the cascading water to allow it to pour over her form and scrape away the pain she was feeling. Cupping her nose, she was able to breathe in spite of the water's attempt to drown her.

When she felt comforted, she ducked beneath the water and swam toward the outer pool. When Gale rose from the water, her memory of visiting the pond of the werewolves had remained there. Wading from the water she felt light-hearted, as though she hadn't a care in the world. How she loved this place; it always made her feel refreshed.

She tugged her skirt and halter-top on. The cold air of the mountain made this entire area uninhabitable for humans, but the climate was perfect for the Fey. Any climate was perfect for a Fey. Their bodies adjusted almost instantly to any ten-degree temperature change encompassing them. It was like always living in perfect early summer weather year-round. It was her understanding that the werewolf also had this ability to adjust. "No, I won't think of them anymore."

When she opened her eyes, she smiled. She had been thinking of hiding along the borders of their lands and sketching pictures of them, if any came near. However, there were not many good locations to sketch. The cliffs near the elders' cabin overlooked werewolf property, but other than that, the opportunities were not promising. She was tempted to slip onto their land and hide, but there was greater risk with that option. She had no way of knowing how they would react if she were caught.

On Fey land, she felt safe, although the wolves could enter their territory as easily as the Fey could enter the Lukos homeland, though there had not been an attack on Fey land since her parents had been in their twenties. Many believed a

spell had been cast on the Fey village to prevent the werewolves from attacking, but no one seemed to remember anyone actually casting the spell.

She had asked her parents and hadn't been pleased with the answer. "It would take a powerful Fey to cast a protection spell over the whole village. But I doubt anyone has the ability to wield enough power that would protect all living on our lands from harm. Although a few of the areas have had some charms worked on them," Salle had said, and her father had nodded agreement.

Gale hummed as she strolled through the trees toward the village. Once in town, she stopped to chat with Sarge before continuing to her home to do her evening chores.

Locating her mother in the kitchen area, she helped prepare the evening meal and carried the extra to the elders. On her return trip, she avoided the edge of the cliff overlooking Lukos land. The temptation was still calling to her to sketch the werewolves. If she could catch the change from man to wolf and back on paper, she would be the only one to have accomplished it. Werewolf portraits would be original and she would have one of a kind art. Was she brave enough to ask them to model for her?

She wished she knew more about the werewolves. They had been kept separate all of her life, so most of what she knew were rumors. She had no way of knowing if any of it was based on facts. She had to turn from this temptation. It was against the laws of their people to speak to the Lukos.

Returning home, she cleaned while her mother and father rested in the front room. She needed the activity to keep her mind busy, and she seemed to have more energy this one evening than she ever had in the past.

“What is wrong, dear?” Her mother’s voice startled her.

Twisting Gale glanced over her shoulder at her mother, then looked at the bowl she was cleaning. “I don’t know what you mean.” She rubbed over the bowl a second time to be thorough. “Perhaps I spent too much time in the pool today. I swam too long, but I’m not tired in the least.”

“I hope you are being careful which pool you swim in. You know some of them are charmed. They can be quite dangerous.”

Gale smiled tiredly. “This pool will not harm me. In fact I felt wonderful when I stepped from the water.”

“Well, you are only a dedicated cleaner when you are troubled. Did something happen with that boy you were sketching? You know your father and I are here for you always.” Salle spoke with gentle understanding. “You do understand about making love? It isn’t a bad thing, it is...”

“You don’t need to explain, Mother. I understand that making love can be a pleasure for both parties. It merely isn’t something I wish to discuss, when I am not the one receiving the pleasure.”

“You will soon be wed and then you will be the one receiving. We haven’t arranged a marriage yet, as you haven’t been inclined toward domestication. Do you think you are ready?”

Ah, so this was where the conversation was being led.

“No, Mother, my art is more important to me than being obliged to care for a husband’s home.” She dried her hands and tossed the linen across the drying bar. Then she turned to face her mother.

“Your father and I thought it best to arrange a marriage that won’t tie you to a house. We know how much art means

to you and also want you to be able to continue.” Salle leaned her hip against the doorframe in a relaxed stance and crossed her arms beneath her breasts.

“Thank you, Mother, that is exactly the kind of marriage I would wish, if I must wed.” Gale leaned across the table and adjusted the flower arrangement in the center.

“You know you are expected to marry. We are the most powerful of our kind. We are obligated to breed. Our powers must be continued through our children.”

“I am not an only child, there are eight of us, if I recall correctly,” Gale teased. A smile tugged at her lips as she flashed a glance over her shoulder at her mother.

Her mother swatted her lightly on the behind. “You are the youngest, and as powerful as any in our line, so you are obligated. All we need is your approval.”

“Find me a man with a servant to do the cleaning and cooking, who won’t prevent me from doing my art, and I will marry him.” Knowing there was no one like that, Gale knew she wouldn’t be marrying anyone anytime soon.

“Then we have your approval to go ahead?” Salle’s eyes were suddenly alight with excitement, a smile blossoming on her lips.

“Certainly.” Gale waved a careless hand. “But don’t get too excited, Mom, finding someone to fulfill the conditions could take some looking.” It only seemed fair to remind her mother of the reality of the unlikelihood of finding that perfect man.

Walking up behind Gale, her mother hugged her from behind. “Goodnight, dear, don’t stay up too late.” Releasing her, Salle moved away.

“What you mean is don’t make a lot of noise, so you can get some rest.”

Salle chuckled. “Exactly, I always knew you were gifted.”

After her parents retired, Gale dusted and straightened up the house a bit. When she finally grew tired, she retired to her bedchamber. She removed her clothes and slipped into her nightgown and then crawled onto the bed.

Gazing at the ceiling, unfamiliar emotions flowed through her body. Thoughts of a handsome man making love to her flickered in her mind, and her body clenched with feelings of pleasure. Groaning she turned onto her side and forced her mind to think of this imaginary man her parents were going to find who would suit her perfectly. She smiled when she thought of the shock on the man’s face when he learned she expected to leave the cooking and cleaning to another while she strolled around sketching. Then she thought of her parents’ disappointment when they had to admit defeat. Eventually they would admit she was unacceptable as a wife, and finally leave her in peace to enjoy her work.

Chapter 3

When Gale awoke, she felt melancholy. After dressing, she cleaned her teeth with ground herbs and chewed a sprig of mint before going to the front room. Finding her mother sitting at the dining table drinking tea, Gale greeted her tiredly.

“You don’t sound as though you rested well,” her mother empathized.

“I slept all right, but I still feel tired. Did you make enough tea for two?”

“I did, but your father drank it.” Salle held a cup between both hands and took a sip.

“Wonderful, would you like me to make you some more while I am making my own?” wryly she queried.

“No, I think this will be enough for a while. Have you found a new special place to sketch?”

Turning to the stove, she frowned. “No I haven’t found any place of interest. I have mostly been wandering the forest looking for something of interest.”

“Your father and I were discussing your marriage this morning.”

“Must we discuss it? I really don’t think there is any hurry to worry over details.”

“You said if we found a man with servants, and would not interfere with your art that you would marry him,” Salle quoted her almost verbatim.

She sighed. "If you find such a man, I will marry him. Now can we drop the subject?" she reluctantly agreed.

"All right. I'm going to visit the elders this morning. Would you like to come?"

"Not today, Mother. I need to prepare some sketches for the gift shop."

"Been spending too much time drawing naked people again," Salle teased.

"No," she responded dryly. "I haven't done a nude in some time. Not that I don't enjoy doing them, but I cannot sell them at the gift shop. If I ever get a showing at the art gallery, then I might be able to show and sell them, but I don't have one arranged and it could be a long time before I do."

"Hasn't the gallery contacted you? When I spoke to Sera last week, she seemed most excited that you would be showing at the gallery soon."

"No." She poured hot water over the tea leaves, and then returned the pot to the stove.

"Well, I'm certain you won't have a problem providing the sketches even if she waits until the last minute to contact you with a definite date. You can always add the nudes to make the collection larger."

"I don't have enough for a showing, and they must be matted and framed before they can be shown."

"That isn't really a problem, is it? You can have them matted in the village."

"Matted, but they don't keep frames in stock. They must be ordered, and then the frame shop can mat them for me. It's all a complicated mess that will take weeks. I have sent the first measurements to the gift shop and ordered the first frames."

“It certainly sounds as though you have everything under control.”

“I hope,” she said glumly as she carried her cup to the table and sat on the low-backed chair.

Salle rose from the table and carried her cup to the sink. “I need to get going. I have several things I need to do today. It sounds like you have a lot of work to do also.” Her mother waved and left the house.

Gale sipped the tea. She didn’t feel motivated to sketch, or even to work on the rough drafts she had started. Taking her time, she drank the tea thinking of all the work and time she had into a showing that was probably never going to happen if she didn’t have enough art prepared. She carried her empty cup to the sink, and then washed the dirty cups. Her mother normally did the cooking and since she hadn’t bothered today, Gale decided she wouldn’t waste her time with it either.

She walked to the front room and sat on the sofa. Lifting a magazine from the table, she flipped through the pages, but she had no interest in reading. Sighing, she returned to her bedroom and crawled onto the bed. She merely needed a little more rest to lift her spirits, and taking a nap would clear her mind.

* * * *

All that week she moped around the house. Gale couldn’t make herself interested in sketching. One evening her mother asked her why she wasn’t working.

“I need a vacation. I’m feeling exhausted.”

The next week, she still wasn’t ready to sketch. After she had lain around on the sofa all day, she felt as tired as when the day had started.

“Gale, are you feeling all right? Are you feeling sickly?”
Salle queried in a concerned tone.

“I’m fine, Mother, just tired.”

“You are depressed. Warren, is it possible she has been cursed, or been in a charmed pool that’s harmed her?”

Her father lifted his gaze from the paper he was reading, and lowered the page. “Gale, have you been messing around with your memory? I told you it was dangerous.”

“No, Father, I don’t think so.”

“You know if anything is upsetting you that you can always come to your mother and me for help?”

“I’m not distressed, I’m tired,” glumly she said, and slumped in the side chair facing the settee where her parents sat.

“Do you think it’s a curse? That is if she hasn’t erased her own memories,” Salle asked Warren, a frown wrinkling her brow.

When Gale opened her mouth to refute the claim that she had dabbled with her memory, her father injected, “It’s not a curse, it’s not harmful enough. Of course it could be a charmed pool.”

“There is nothing wrong with my memory. I am not sleeping well. I’m just exhausted,” she defended.

“If losing the memory made you sad, that would cause you to be depressed, and depression can make you tired and unmotivated. Have you drawn anything in the past week?” Warren demanded with a concerned expression.

“No. I doubt that erasing a memory would ever cross my mind.” Pouting, Gale wanted them to leave her alone. “I am merely tired. I still know how to draw.”

“Prove it,” Salle challenged.

Going to her bedroom, she fetched her supplies and carried them to the front room. Sitting at the table, she sketched her father's face. Taking her time, she added details to the drawing, and then lifted the page for them to see.

"You certainly haven't lost your ability." Her mother appeared relieved for a moment then sobered. "I don't know what has happened to you. Perhaps a spell erased your love for drawing, your passion."

"I cannot imagine that could ever happen, even with a spell, but you are beginning to make me worried. If I don't feel better in a few days and start drawing again, I will cast my own drawing spell."

"Don't even risk that. I am telling you tampering with the mind is dangerous. One misspoken word can cause a world of damage," Warren warned. "Just wait and give me time to look into this."

Gale released a frustrated sigh. *Why don't they just leave me alone and let me rest? I'll be fine.* "I just demonstrated I don't need help with my sketching, I need rest."

Her parents let the subject drop, and she walked over to Sarge's house for a visit. When Sarge opened the door, she invited Gale inside. They went into Sarge's bedroom to visit in private. Sitting on the one stuffed chair in Sarge's bedroom, Gale faced the bed. Crawling onto her bed, Sarge plopped down on her belly and propped on her elbows to gaze at Gale.

"I was thinking about that couple that you watched having sex."

Gale frowned. *That was long ago and Sarge had sex herself since then. What was there to think about?* "Why?"

"Because he made love to her mouth. I wish you would tell me whom you saw. I am dying to know."

Gale had never seen such a thing; she supposed Sarge had conversations with another young lady from the village and had confused their conversations. "It does sound interesting, but it is awful strange. Do you suppose he was attempting to find a way to relieve himself without fear of giving her a baby?"

"Could be," Sarge considered. "It doesn't matter. What matters is we have learned something new to try. You know if you weren't so nosy, we wouldn't learn a lot of things."

"I'm not nosy, I'm curious."

"Will you at least tell me the man's name?"

Gale shook her head. "I don't know what you are talking about. I don't remember seeing a man doing that."

"All right, play dumb, but I am going to keep asking." Sarge lifted her legs at the knees, crossing her ankles in the air above her knees.

They talked for a long time about the strange things that people would do for love but not the actual act itself. Which was beneficial for Gale as she didn't remember the incident her friend mentioned, and now she was wondering if she had been made to forget that memory, and why? Had she seen something she shouldn't have, was someone merely being mean, or was it a mistake?

When she returned to her home, Gale's parents were sitting in the front room deep in conversation. They stopped talking abruptly when she opened the door and stepped inside. Frowning she turned her back to them while she barred the door for the night.

"I gather you were talking about me since you stopped talking. Sarge just mentioned a memory that I don't recall. I

seem to have forgotten things, but I don't know what or why."

"Don't panic, dear, we will find out what happened and get it corrected," Warren promised.

She bid them goodnight and retired.

Once inside her bedroom, she closed the door and leaned against it. The talking in the outer room started the moment the latch clicked. Unable to make out the words through the thick walls, she was still able to hear the murmurs and rumbling of their voices. Sighing she removed her clothes and slipped into her nightgown. She wasn't in the mood to draw tonight either. It was so unlike her to be this way. Perhaps it was the pressure of preparing for a new gallery showing of her work. She hadn't gotten a definite date from the Sighisoara Gallery and it was making her worry that they didn't think her work was good enough for a showing.

Chapter 4

The following day Gale went to the pool after eating the noonday meal. She strolled into the rippling waves, and greeted the cascading waters. She dove into the water and came up raking her long hair from her face. Gale never worried that her clothing was getting wet and clinging to her body while she played in the magical pool. No one ever came to this area of the forest as it was close to the werewolf lands, and the other Fey were fearful of being attacked.

Most of her life, since she had been allowed to roam free, Gale had this pool to herself. She considered this her private pond. When she visited the waters, she was able to connect with nature. It nourished her spirit and it was so peaceful she could let her dreams flow freely. The waters welcomed her by swirling around her body, dragging her short skirt and scarf with its current.

Gale felt revived as she made her way to the bank. She pulled her body from the water and noticed that she was no longer alone.

On the far side of the pond, a male wolf shape-shifting into a man had joined her. It was a graceful change and didn't appear to hurt him physically. Standing tall, he was now a handsome man with dark brown hair that sparkled when the sunlight from between the leaves overhead touched it. He

picked up a pair of cotton breeches and drew them up his long legs and covered his hips, which were a golden tan like his torso. A tunic shirt was tugged over his head, the hem falling to his crotch. He moved smoothly, practically gliding as he stepped on clumps of tall grass while circling the edge of the water.

The waterfall seemed to roar in her ears as her blood began to pound through her veins. Her breathing increased into shallow deep breaths. He was the most beautiful man she had ever seen. Not in the sense of being pretty, he wasn't, although he was attractive. More importantly, he was masculine and strong with an aura of power. Her body clenched with longing to possess and be possessed by this man. Deep inside she knew that she wanted to be pressed against his body, made of strength caged in velvet flesh. She wanted to be wrapped in his arms and his love. She wanted this man!

He must have smelled her sexual scent, her arousal, because as he approached, an easy smile brightened his entire face. He had an air of satisfaction.

"Hello, I was beginning to fear I would never see you again." He spoke in a deep timbre, rich with vibrations that sent slivers of pleasure from her ears through her body.

"You must leave here at once. I am not allowed to speak to you or any of your kind," Gale breathlessly said.

He stopped ten feet away to stare at her. "Why should I leave, you came to our lands and watched us. Why haven't you been back?"

Shaking her head Gale lay down on the grass to dry. "I wouldn't do that. I'm forbidden to have contact with you. Go away," she spoke in a normal voice as though his leaving or staying bothered her not. Her racing heart was hoping he

would remain, while her sense of obligation to the rules forced her to repeat the rules of separation.

“I’ll not leave. If you can visit my land, I can visit yours. There is no need for you to pretend you don’t remember me, or that I made love to you. We both enjoyed it. There can be nothing wrong in doing something we both received pleasure from.”

“Very funny. If I cannot speak to you, I certainly cannot make love with you. Go away before someone catches you here.”

“Are you afraid someone will see us together? You could arrange to meet me on our land.”

“I am ignoring you.”

“Will you come to the pond?”

“I don’t know anything about your lands.”

“The place where we met before, the rock overlooking the pond where you watched me bathe. I don’t know what you call it, I call it a pond.”

“I am not allowed to visit your lands, and it is my understanding that you are not allowed here. I don’t break the rules. I suggest you do the same before you are caught on Fey land.”

“Is that what this is about? You were caught? Were you punished?”

Refusing to continue a conversation with this stranger she had been forbidden to speak with, Gale kept her lips closed in spite of the urge she felt to talk to him.

“Getting you punished was never my wish. I hope they were lenient. I am sorry if you were punished, still I would have thought you were an adventuress. You had to be brave to come onto our land,” he challenged.

"I didn't," she insisted. "You must have me mistaken for someone else. Now go away." She glared at him, rising on one elbow. How dare he confuse her with someone else; it was insulting.

"Denying what we have shared isn't going to work. I was there, if you will recall, each time you paid a visit. Didn't you enjoy the little shows I supplied for you?"

"I believe you have a serious mental problem." Gale gained her feet and dusted off her buttocks.

"Are you ashamed of making love with a Lycanthrope?"

"Had I made love to a Lycanthrope, or anyone else, I would not be ashamed. Were I ashamed, I wouldn't have done it to begin with." She eased a little farther away from him. She knew werewolves were fast devils, and it was doubtful she could escape. She quickly chanted a silent no harm spell. Most times her magic worked. She was still a young Fey and magic was an unstable thing, which was why the strongest of the Fey were obliged to breed.

It was heartbreaking. He didn't live up to his perfect aura, and it would be foolish for her to risk her safety with an unknown wolf. She was going to shake the dust from the banks of her private stream from her body and escape before this werewolf did something dastardly. Knowing she was in a dangerous situation, her main concern was escaping. This werewolf was brave. He felt no fear over being caught on Fey land, nor was he afraid of what they might do to him for speaking to her. Therefore, he would feel no fear over committing a simple rape.

What am I thinking? He would have to be truly deranged to risk harming me. I am not without powers to protect myself.

Keeping a wary eye on the werewolf, she suddenly sprinted into the trees. Thank the sky he wasn't ignorant enough to enter her village, so it was more of a game of cat evading dog. She was going to teach him not to confuse her with another woman, and the next time they met, he would know exactly who she was.

Weaving behind the tree trunks, she concealed herself from the creature behind her. She couldn't outrun him, but she could hide from him. Leaning against the tree trunk, she listened for sounds of pursuit. Silence greeted her ears, and she knew she had escaped his presence. She pushed away from the tree trunk and advanced to the next large trunk and circled around it. A hand shot out and grasped her arm at the elbow. Gale gasped a small startled shriek and twisted around to face her captor.

The werewolf was smiling at her. How did he get ahead of her? "Are you a fool? My father will shrivel your family jewels if you hurt me," she warned in a haughty tone.

He chuckled. "Family jewels, a polite way of saying something that would be highly offensive. I shouldn't like that to happen, so I suggest you don't do anything that may cause me to harm you by accident. I cannot even begin to tell you how offended I would be should either of those occurrences happen."

"Indeed, then I suggest you release my arm."

"I will in a moment, first I want you to come somewhere with me."

"Why?"

"Don't be afraid. I won't harm you. I merely want to talk in a location where we won't be spotted by anyone approach-

ing. That will give me a moment to slip away should anyone come to this area.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know.” Twisting his head, he glanced around the area. “Come on, I am sure we will find something close by.” His large hand circled her wrist, and then he turned and started walking.

His broad back now to her, she admired his confidence. Perhaps he wasn’t deranged after all. He probably wanted to explain that she looked very similar to this other woman.

Weaving between the large tree trunks, he circled some bushes and spotted a group of large boulders. “There—that should give us some cover.”

“I don’t know why you are wasting our time. You could already have stated whatever it is you wished to say to me while we have been walking.”

“It wouldn’t have been polite for me to have a conversation, while my concentration was on searching for a safer area.” He spoke in a persuasive tone.

“You are deliberately missing my point, sir.”

“Oh, I don’t believe I am. What I wish to say should be said to your face.” Reaching the boulders, there was a gap separating the rocks, revealing a narrow space between them. “Besides, you don’t want to be seen breaking a rule and talking to me.” He had the audacity to wink at her. He had her trapped to his mercy and he knew it. He stepped into the area between the boulders, but continued to hold onto her wrist. She was unafraid and followed him without hesitation.

As he turned to face her, he stepped against the largest boulder rising high above his head and leaned his back against it. Gale stopped before him and waited for him to release her

wrist. When he did he grasped her waist and held her in place before him.

“You are a beautiful woman.” He lifted a hand to her cheek. His fingers gently smoothed hair from her cheek over the small outer shell of her pointed ear. His hand dropped to her shoulder and he pulled her forward. Resisting his tug, she reluctantly moved one step forward then stopped. Leaning forward, he murmured against her ear, “You’re curious about sexual situations. I can supply you with all the stimulation you need.” His hot breath blew on her ear.

A shudder of awareness shook her body. “I don’t know where you got your information, but I’m curious about many things. As for stimulation, as an artist, I receive that from many sources. Your assistance isn’t necessary.” The fact that he did stimulate her was not lost on Gale. She couldn’t help but wonder what form of stimulation he could supply. *Would it include him? Was he offering himself as a supplier for my needs?* He was a handsome man and she was attracted, so perhaps she should reconsider her refusal. Gale knew it was useless to wish for such things, but if he weren’t a werewolf, she would be more than willing to consider his offer.

She pulled far enough away to remove his breath from her ear, though he still held her shoulders and kept her close.

His warm breath feathered across her high cheekbones. “It is true you would have no trouble finding men willing to offer their assistance, as long as you were willing to give them your body. However, can you get women to pose nude and make love while you draw them? Does your taste run in that direction?”

Her eyes tightened into a squint as she glared at him. “What do you mean by that?”

He chuckled. "You know exactly what I mean. No, I didn't think the Fey were as adventurous as the werewolves. Will the women of the Fey allow you to watch while they kiss, suckle each other's nipples, and lick pussy? Somehow I cannot imagine the Fey women being that bold."

She opened her mouth to speak.

He prevented her by covering her lips with his long fingers. "Do you want to have sexual relations with all the men in the Fey village? I have a feeling that after you have made love to a few of them, the information will spread through the whole male community, then all of them will expect you to spread your legs for them. Would they still respect you after you had sex with so many merely to have subjects to draw?" He shook his head. "Would you be able to conceal your activities from your parents? Now, if you were willing to consider *my offer...*" His finger touched her throat and slid down her chest and stopped between her breasts. "Respect would never be an issue. Your Fey people could continue to hold you in high regard, and your parents would never need to know anything you did in the wolf village."

Grasping his wrist, she pulled his hand away from her breasts. "I have never been so insulted," she fumed. "I have a good mind to shrink your jewels myself."

He scratched the side of his head. "Well, it seems I haven't gotten you mad enough to lose control. Shall we try something different?" His hand slid to the center of her back between her shoulder blades and pulled her against his chest. His mouth covered her lips. Taking advantage of her shock, his tongue thrust into her mouth and stroked in a provocative manner.

Gale pushed at his shoulders, and when that didn't work, she balled her hands into fists and beat against his shoulders. It was when she started hitting the side of his head that he grasped her hands in his large grip. Since he wasn't holding her in place, she was able to pull her mouth away.

"You mud-wallowing, flea-riddled, mangy mongrel. I'll bite your tongue if you do that again."

"Bite me, princess, and you will regret it," he warned so softly that she knew it was a real threat. Pulling her hands around to the back of her neck, he shoved them together, and then held them both in one of his. Their hands held her head in place as he claimed her mouth again. Keeping her lips tightly pressed together, she intended to foil his intent.

He surprised her by kissing her lips gently. A large hand covered her breasts. His finger and thumb found her nipple and plucked gently at it. The instant sensation inside her breast sent a streak of lightening to her pelvis. Her gasp of shock brought a smile to his lips. Even if she couldn't see it, she could feel it.

Gale stomped down on his instep. Grunting he shifted the position of their bodies, forcing her off balance. Keeping her feet on the ground was necessary to prevent relying entirely on him for support. She breathed heavily through her nostrils. Her open eyes glared into his cobalt ones. It didn't seem to disturb him, and he smiled against her mouth.

His fingers continued to pluck at her hard nipple; in between he rolled, flicked, and thumped the turgid flesh.

Gale had never been bombarded by so many pleasurable sensations in rapid succession. Her clit throbbed. She closed her eyes as a rumble of pleasure rose in her throat. Warm and

wet his tongue slid into her mouth again. This time she welcomed the new tingles he ignited within her mouth.

Kissing a werewolf had to be as forbidden as speaking to one. Today she had broken a rule that had been in place long before she was born. While she didn't know the reason for the rule, she was sure there must be a good one.

The elders didn't make frivolous rules. They didn't overburden the Fey with unnecessary rules to govern their behavior. Fey parents taught their children right from wrong, magic, honor, and respect; there was no reason to invent rules to implement the things parents would enforce.

The ache in her clit grew more persistent. It was an itch that needed to be scratched. She shifted her body and pressed her pelvis against the hard torso before her. A moan of regret and need whimpered within her chest when she couldn't find solid contact against him. He shifted his body, and she determined that he was moving away to prevent her pelvis from touching him. Instead his knee pushed between her thighs. His foot pressing against the boulder behind him, he lifted her crotch onto his thigh. Wiggling in pleasure, she rocked her crotch on his hard thigh.

"Hot little puss," he murmured against her mouth.

"Hum?" Her eyelids lifting, she met his sky blue stare. Leaving her breast, his hand then settled on his thigh. His fingers pushed between her crotch and his thigh and pressed up against her clit. A lance of pleasure shot through her pelvis. Her eyes closed allowing her to sink into the blissful feeling without distraction. A moan was torn from her throat. He abandoned her mouth to kiss along her cheek.

"If you were naked I would lick your whole body," his deep voice suggested.

His words sent a surge of longing through her body. “Release my hands,” she whispered in a pleading tone.

He released one hand and placed the other on his crotch to press her fingers against his engorged manhood.

“That sounds good, but...” She let the sentence trail away as a fresh wave of longing clenched her pelvis muscles.

“And while I lick your dripping crotch, you could wrap those luscious lips around my manhood and suckle me.”

His words brought Gale back to her sensible mind. He was only truly interested in his sexual appetites and how to pleasure himself. Common sense should have warned her that a werewolf wouldn’t really be attracted to a Fey. If they were, there would have been times over the years when the werewolves would have approached the Fey.

She had allowed loneliness to overrule logic. She had also allowed him to make a fool of her. Lucky for her, his loose tongue had spoiled his plan for some adventurous sexual dabbling with a Fey.

Pushing away from him, Gale stumbled back. “I have no intentions of ever doing that, especially for a werewolf. I may have enjoyed a little kissing. As I told you, I am curious about many things. However, you don’t arouse me enough for me to even consider what you want.” It was true her body felt heavy with desire, but her mind wasn’t interested in indulging in a brief affair with a werewolf, even if he was more attractive than any male she had ever encountered. Briefly she wondered if he would pose for her.

“Really. You aren’t aroused by me?”

“Not in the slightest,” she denied, looking him in the face, but avoiding a direct connection with his blue gaze darkened by emotion.

“Then can you explain what is on my thigh?” He lowered his head, looking down at his raised thigh. Mimicking him, she looked down and instantly felt the heat rise in her face as her gaze settled on the wet spot on his thigh.

“I was in the water before.” It was a lame excuse for the evidence of her obvious arousal, but she was willing to give it a try. He might not know that much about the Fey.

Shaking his head, he lifted blue eyes to her burning face. “You were dry within minutes of stepping from the water. You see, I do know quite a bit about the Fey. Your people are a special interest of mine. I enjoy studying people, and the Fey are as diverse a race as any that walks this country.”

“I am glad I was able to assist you with your studies. Why don’t you go to the elders on top of the bluff and ask for permission to study us? Then you wouldn’t be forced to sneak around, dragging people behind boulders and attempting to seduce them.”

“Ah, I have ruffled your fur in the wrong direction. It was not my intention.”

“I do not have fur. That is your area of expertise.” Crossing her arms under her breasts, she moved to the opening between the huge stones. “Exactly what was your intent?”

“Today I didn’t have a purpose other than finding you and discussing our mutual arrangements.”

“There will be none.”

“I think you should take this conversation seriously.”

“I am as serious as a lethal attack by a wild beast. I want nothing to do with a werewolf, and I shall thank you never to approach me or address me again. Should you find a Fey willing to accept your quest for knowledge, as long as they agree, you are welcome to use them anyway you like. I will even

mention to the elders that it might be a good thing for you to be allowed to speak to some of our people, but that is as far as I am willing to go.” Stepping into the opening between the boulders, she disappeared from view. She sat high on the boulder and looked down on the scene as the werewolf stepped from the circle within the huge rocks.

Quickly he scanned the area before him, looking for her. His hands balled into fists, he marched across the small clearing between the trees and the rocks. Stopping at the edge of the trees, he looked around. He turned in a complete circle to encompass the entire area, his gaze moving in the direction where she sat crouched upon the stone. Ducking from sight, she waited a moment, then another, giving him time to study the area where the rocks were located before moving on. When she peeked her head up, he was looking toward the rocks. His nose twitched. He had picked up her scent, only he thought it was lingering aromas from where they had spent those moments among the boulders. His nose twitched again, and then a grin lifted the edges of his mouth.

“You can run, but you cannot hide from me, little puss. I have your scent stored in my memory. I can find you even if you cover your body in tomato juice to kill your scent. You are a marked woman, puss. Your time as a free person is limited.” He shoved his hands into the pocket of his breeches, then turned and strolled away into the concealing tree trunks and brush.

What was this “little puss” label he had dubbed her with? She wasn’t related to the felines of the forest. Did she have a scent similar to the large cats? Frowning, she pushed from the boulder and landed in a crouched position near the ground with her fingers landing lightly on the leaves covering the for-

est floor. She rose slowly, straightening her knees and spine, watching the trees where the male werewolf had disappeared.

It was easy to admit that he made her feel special, more than special, she felt physically alert to the ache in her pelvis. He had made her aware of her body, as no other male had before.

“And he’s a forbidden werewolf.” Sighing she strolled to the trees, and took the path that circled the pool.

He was in her swimming water when she arrived. His clothing was stretched across the bushes beside the pool, drying in the sunlight. *How dare he use my pool to bathe! Does he not have water upon his land?*

A smile lifted the edges of her mouth. Perhaps he was afraid to return to his land with the scent of a Fey upon his clothing and person.

Her pool had the powers to calm her thoughts, which made it easier for her to make decisions. She had noticed this affect the waters had on her when she was a child. For a moment, she wondered if the pool had any effect on him. Then he stood and the large erection came into view and all other thoughts fled. A smile spread her lips. Was that beauty for her? Oh, she hoped it was. She hoped it made him ache the rest of the day just as her clit still throbbed.

Her favorite spot was concealed by magic when she was here. She didn’t understand how the werewolf had discovered her secret pool. However, when he had walked, he appeared to know exactly where he was heading. Had he come before today and spied on her while she bathed? A thrill raced through her body at the thought of him watching her. Had he seen her naked? Had the sight of her nude body excited him?

She certainly hoped her body had excited him as much as his had her.

His shoulders were broad, his chest was wide with a dusting of hair across it narrowing as it continued down his body then pooled around the thick rod protruding from his pelvis. The hair ran over his scrotum sac, spreading over his thick thighs and covering his legs to his large feet. He had a beautiful body, the mere sight of it making her clit throb with the pulsing of the blood running through her body.

His head tilted up, then lowered and turned in her direction. His lips puckered as he whistled a low steady sound. Cupping his hands around his mouth he called, "I smell you, little puss. You will never be able to escape me. I have your scent. I can find you anywhere you roam."

A shudder of apprehension ran through her body. *Was that a threat, a warning? What did he mean?* Keeping her body hidden behind the trees, she circled and drew closer to him. She watched him draw his clothing on with feelings of regret. It amused her to watch as he struggled to shove his hard shaft into his breeches. Finally, he left the flap open and the engorged root extended through the opening, closing the material above his manhood at the waist to keep his breeches from sliding down.

"I'm all clean and ready for that licking, little puss." He didn't call out loud this time. Instead he spoke in a normal voice, as though he knew she was close.

Shards of glass in his ass, could he really track a Fey who was invisible? Not even another Fey could do that. I have to find out how he is doing it. I wonder if that is why the Lukos and Fey don't get along?

Gale projected her voice so he wouldn't know the direction it came from. The words would drift down to him from above his head. "Find me and answer one question, then I will lick your iron pole," she softly teased. Then she moved with undetectable stealth through the bush toward the open caves. There were tunnels through the mountain, used to protect them when things like hail and tornadoes came from the sky. Their ability to adjust to extreme temperatures didn't protect them from flying objects. There was a honeycomb of tunnels through the mountain that the Fey used when the big storms came.

Casting her senses forward in the form of bat echo radar, she checked the tunnels to ensure they were empty. It was one thing to tease a Fey, quite another to be caught with a Werewolf. She had to be certain no one would catch her with him, especially if she did do the intimate thing she had promised. Unfortunately for her, the Fey didn't break promises. She would still have to learn if he could track here, even if he refused to answer the question. The information alone would be invaluable to the Fey.

She entered the darkness of the cave then moved to one of the openings where light filtered in and illuminated the surrounding area. She needed him to step from the shadow into the light so she could see his eyes and expression when he answered her question to help her discover if he was indeed telling the truth. She waited, leaning against the wall. Hearing no sound she cast out another radar sounding. It echoed back to her revealing someone was approaching down the tunnel.

This was a bad idea. Why did I choose the caves? My body won't be discovered until there is a storm if he decides to kill me! Her heart beat rapidly from excitement when the head of his erection

appeared in the beam of light. Moving slowly forward, the shaft slid from the darkness, teasing her. His slow approach calmed her fears. They claimed animals could smell fear. Had he smelled her growing fear? Only his manhood protruded from the shadows. "That erection could belong to anyone," she murmured softly.

"But you know it doesn't." His face slowly broke free of the shadows, and then slid back inside the darkness. She knew that after adjusting to the darkness, his eyes could see everything, while she could only see what was in the light. His big fist appeared and circled his erection and began stroking, building his excitement and hers.

"How did you find me?"

A soft chuckle came from the darkness. "I am a beast, remember? I can track your scent."

She determined he was finished speaking after a moment of silence while he clasped his fingers around the bulbous red head and squeezed. "That is it? For that little bit of information you expect me to lick your knob?" Her hands landed on her hips. "I don't think so, smelling my scent isn't going to work. Perfume, different soaps, many things can change my scent. You might have been able to find me today but that doesn't mean you could find me tomorrow."

"Your basic scent doesn't change. I will find you tomorrow to prove it. Today you will lick and suckle my erection."

"I don't believe it. Tomorrow will only prove that you got a licking for a lie. I think we should wait until you prove your claim."

"That wasn't what you said. Today it was find you and answer a question. Tomorrow what lie are you going to use as an excuse not to honor your word?"

Her chin jerked as though he had slapped her. “I honor my word. Step into the light.” She patted the wall beside her.

“No, that wouldn’t be wise. Here I can see if anyone is approaching through the tunnel while watching your lovely face suck my manhood.”

Nothing protruding from the darkness but his erection, it would be like suckling a meat rod without a human connected. A giggle pushed up from her lungs at the silly thought. She approached it, looking up where his face would be in the shadows. “This is not a trap, Werewolf. I don’t want to be seen breaking the rules anymore than you wish to be caught on our land. I’m amazed that you’re brave enough to wander around in here.”

“It shows you don’t understand the temptation of your pussy.”

She gasped. “Is that what you mean when you call me puss? You are talking about my...”

“Pussy,” he supplied in a husky timbre. “I can smell your desire for me. I learned your scent while licking your pussy the other week.”

“See, now that shows you have me mixed up with someone else. I have never had—” A memory of a man’s head buried against her crotch flashed in her mind.

“Remember now, puss?”

“Impossible, you are planting thoughts in my head. I would never allow a stranger—” Another vision flashed in her mind, of him looking up at her with his tongue reaching out to stroke between her spread labia. The parted female folds revealed her clit and the tip of his tongue touching it.

Her clit started aching hard in response to the memory. *Was it a memory, or wishful thinking?* Why would she think, or

even imagine, such a thing? She had never even considered a man doing that to a woman before.

“You will find this easier to do on your knees. If you want, you can rub your clit while suckling me. I won’t be shocked, or offended in the slightest. Female Lukos do it all the time.”

Confused thoughts battled in her mind, but obligation forced her to sink to her knees and take his shaft in hand. “I’ve never done this. You will need to tell me how and what you want me to do.”

“Don’t use your teeth, wrap your lips over them. Take the head slowly into your mouth and play with it with your tongue.”

She followed his directions and did as instructed.

“Ah, that’s it, baby, now play with it with your lips, tongue, and suck on it too. Oh yeah, like that. After a few minutes of that you want to slide your mouth farther on me, pressing down with your lips as you take me deeper into your mouth. Try to take it all and continue the licking and sucking, then alternate back to the head.”

His directions were complete. He caressed her cheek, explored the curl of her pointed ear, while deep moans of pleasure growled forth from his powerful chest. It was odd having him in her mouth, but exciting too. He was soft as a flower petal on the outside, inside was as hard as a bone, and had ridges and bulging veins. Truly painful looking, but he didn’t seem to be feeling anything but pleasure.

His deep guttural moans vibrated all the way from her ears to her throbbing clit. The pants between her thighs felt wet; out of curiosity, she slid her hand between her thighs to discover if she was really as wet as she thought. She was

soaked, and highly sensitive to her own touch. As she drew her fingers forward from her slit her fingernail rubbed over her aching nub. A moan of pleasure tore through her chest and landed in her throat.

“That’s how to do it, baby. Pleasure us both.”

She pulled back to speak. “No.” Withdrawing her hand, she placed it on his thigh and held onto his strong muscle. She wasn’t going to perform that act for him also. This was enough payment for the information she had earned.

He held the back of her head, grasping her hair tightly between his fingers, then began pumping into her mouth. It took her total concentration to maintain pressure on his shaft and keep her teeth away from his velvety flesh. Moaning he pumped faster, her fingers on the base prevented him from doing any damage to the back of her throat. He spewed his seed in the back of her throat then stopped, holding her head in place. She had no choice but to swallow or choke. It had an odd flavor that remained in her mouth even though she had swallowed it down. She kept the suction on his member, as he sighed and withdrew until it popped from her mouth.

“Oh, baby, you are going to make your husband a very happy man. I may just speak to that elder you told me about, so I can be that happy man.”

“In your dreams maybe, the elders would never allow it.” Wiping her lips, she swallowed to rid her mouth of the flavor of his seed. “Your spew doesn’t leave a good taste in my mouth.”

“Here, I picked this on the way in.” He held out a mint leaf in the light for her to take.

Chuckling she accepted it and put it in her mouth and chewed. “Thanks.”

“My pleasure, I assure you.” Holding out his hand, he grasped her arm and shoved her, toppling her to the ground on her back.

“Hey!” Coming down on top of her, he claimed her mouth in a seductively through kiss. He panted for breath when he lifted his mouth, and she lay there too weak to move. He slid down her body. She tried to struggle up as he approached her pelvis. His large hand settled on her chest. “What are you doing? I didn’t agree to this.” His nose rubbed against her sensitive labia, pressing down on her throbbing clit. “Oh!” His fingers slid within the crotch of her panties and thrust into her wet sheath. Gale gasped, her body bowing up as the deep thrusting feeling of fullness filled her lower body with pleasure.

“I cannot leave you in this condition. It would be cruel.”

“I am not making love with a Lukos,” she panted.

“Who said I wanted to make love? I do want to satisfy you, though.” His thick fingers continue to pump into her body. Opening his hot mouth, he covered her nether lips at the clit. His hard tongue began thrusting and poking against her clit through the soft material.

It wasn’t enough. She wanted more. *If he’s going to do this, he should at least do it right.* Gale had never felt so frustrated and needy in her life. “Oh please!” she pleaded.

“What do you need, little puss?” Once he lifted his mouth from her, he rubbed his chin up and down her labia and against her clit. She groaned from need. The sound of his husky voice calling her little puss was endearing. Her heart ached with longing, but her body had taken control of her mind, needing, wanting, demanding more.

“I need more, please.”

“More is me, little puss. Do you want me?”

“Oh yes, please, anything.”

His hand pulled back, withdrawing his fingers from her body. She tried to scoot down and follow his hand, and groaned with regret over the loss, because he wouldn't allow her to follow. His hand pulled her panties down her legs and she tugged her feet back, eager to kick the cloth away. Anything that kept him away, or hindered his touch needed to be gone and quickly. Panting heavily, she watched him crawl back up her body, his nose nuzzling her crotch, then his hot tongue lapped upward between her labia until it settled on the hard nub of her clit. Her body jerked hard as the sudden intense feeling was unbearable. “Too much, I cannot take it.”

“You'll take it and love it.” His fingers, at least two, pushed into her sheath, seeking her female core. His hot tongue rubbed back and forth over her clit.

Her upper body twisted and her arms thrashed until her fingers dug into the dirt, her restless legs moving about as her pelvis moved up and down to meet his thrusts. She was out of control and all she could think of was the next wave of sensations. “Yes, yes, more.”

Rising above her, he gazed at her with passionate blue eyes. “I want to enter you now. I want to love your body with mine.”

“Yes,” she panted. “I need you.”

Leaning over her body, he claimed her mouth in a gentle kiss that quickly grew passionate. His engorged erection pushed into her tight sheath, rubbing against her core. She cried out and arched up to meet each thrust of his pelvis. Her mind was in a haze, thinking only of the shudders of pleasure shaking through her body. Her cries of ecstasy echoed off the

walls of the tunnel. His deep keening howl quickly followed, but he kept moving, pushing and rocking into her until the last quiver of her climax subsided.

“Your body really needed that. You shouldn’t make it wait so long for release.”

She looked up at him with hurt emotions. *How could he say something like that during such an emotional moment?* “I am sorry I don’t lay down with everything I see like a man might. I happen to be choosy.” She shoved at his chest, and he rolled away.

“I didn’t mean that the way it sounded. I meant you need to lay with *me* more.”

“It is forbidden, as you well know. This was a one-time thing. It will never happen again.”

“You think you are really going to be able to resist lying with me, after knowing how wonderful it is between us?” He spoke with confidence, as though he knew something she didn’t.

She pulled on her panties and rose. “I will simply pretend this never happened, so it’s not a problem.” Turning from his stunned expression with a feeling of deep satisfaction, she strode away into the darkness of the tunnel. She wanted to give him a taste of what he had done to her.

“So that was what you did.” His words floated after her a hollow echo in the tunnel. “You did something to make yourself forget with your magic.”

She strode from the tunnel, a frown wrinkling her eyebrows. His final words bothered her. *What had he meant by “You did something?”* Why did everyone assume she did something? She had noticed that Sarge mentioned things that she knew nothing about. Her friend had expected her to know

exactly what she was talking about. She knew she had some memory loss, but did it include this werewolf? *Is it really possible that I made love with him before, a werewolf? Did I erase the memory to shed the guilt of what I had done?* She didn't believe she would have messed with her memory. Therefore, was her guilt-free conscience the product of other magic, like a charmed pond? Could it be possible she was really a bad person, a rule breaker?

How many Fey men and werewolves have I lain with?

Gale knew she wouldn't have allowed another person to use magic on her memory. Her parents had warned her against tampering with nature when she was growing up, but perhaps another had placed a spell on her or the pool.

She dove beneath the water and came up on the backside of the waterfall. The werewolf couldn't follow her scent through water. Sitting on the ledge behind the fall, she formulated a new plan for her future. She was a grown woman now and it was time she started behaving like an adult. Also, she would become more responsible about taking care of chores.

While she was thinking, the memory of the werewolf floated away.

Chapter 5

Gale was feeling depressed and unmotivated again, but couldn't decide why she was feeling so down. Helping her mother clean and cook was a responsibility that she accepted and did without complaint that day. Everything else she found excuses to procrastinate until a later time. There was nothing she wanted to do. She had no interest in drawing. Sighisoara Gallery contacted her about the showing. She scheduled it for late in the summer, putting it off until the last showing of the season. Her parents were looking at her oddly, and worried about her health.

"Gale, you promised you wouldn't be messing with your mind, but you obviously have, or that pond has," Warren scolded.

"You should cast a spell preventing her from going to that pond. I think that is a better idea," her mother suggested.

"You know it is too dangerous to mess with nature," her father countered in an offended tone. "Gale, did you cast a spell on the pond? You have, or it has apparently removed a memory that was important to you."

"I am fine. I don't know why you keep bringing up the subject. Can't a lady have a bit of the blues on occasion? It's not like I am sick, and it will pass. I am bored from doing the same thing every day. I am merely searching for something

new to do.” It was logical, and a perfectly good reason for feeling at odds with herself.

“So now you suddenly feel that chores are an interesting diversion? You hate spending time in the house cleaning,” her father reminded her in a disbelieving tone.

“You haven’t fallen in love by chance?” her mother asked with a suspicious expression.

“No, Mother, I have met no one who has sparked an interest in me. Most of the young men have lived here all my life and haven’t changed enough since their youth to appeal to me. I’m not saying I could never be interested in any of the young men. Only that at present there isn’t anyone who interests me.”

Her parents stared at her while she spoke. When she finally stopped talking, her mother cast a glance of silent communication to Warren. It had always bugged her that her parents understood each other so well that they could convey an idea with merely an exchange of glances. Gale had teased them that they thought with one brain and their conversations must be boring. Her mother would merely smile serenely, and her father would nod as though understanding or agreeing.

Tonight the communication was brief. Her mother turned an expectant expression upon her, but it was her father who spoke.

“If you are certain you are feeling all right, I have some news that might lift your spirits.” Warren rose from his chair and strode over to take the drawing from her that she had been making an occasional mark upon. Holding it before him, he gazed at his wife’s likeness that was remarkably lifelike. “Your mother and I have found you a husband. Now before

you go getting upset, let me explain that he is as you asked. He is affluent and has people to cook and clean and he has no desire to prevent you from drawing. In fact, he is proud to be gaining an artistic wife.”

“Who is he? He cannot possibly be from around here.”

Her father sank onto the sofa beside her mother. Laying the sketch on the cushion beside him, he took Salle’s hand and held it as though to give her moral support.

Was what they had to say that horrifying?

“His name is Daggar Shields, and he lives close by. Let me explain before you say anything. He is the chieftain of the Lukos. It’s like a king of the leaders of the werewolf packs. You mentioned to the elders that you thought we should attempt relations. They have been secretly discussing a merger of our kinds for some time, and the only way for it to work is to start at the top. It was tried in the past but the couple was not in a superior position and they were mocked and it caused a lot of problems. But if the chieftain weds a powerful Fey, no one will say a word. It is the only way to merge and remove the barriers between our kinds. The problem had been deciding which Fey would be a proper match for the chieftain. Since you mentioned an interest in forming friendships and you are a powerful Fey, you became a perfect choice.” Warren struggled though the speech that he had apparently been preparing to present.

“We of course checked on your requirements before making any conclusions, and since he fits all you mentioned, we agreed,” her mother injected.

“I expressed an interest in werewolves? When?” Frowning she tried to remember the incident. Her mind drew a complete blank. It didn’t matter anyway; they had already

made the pact with the werewolf. Gale knew it couldn't be changed.

"A couple of weeks ago, I believe the elders said," Salle said. Frowning she raked her hand through her long blonde hair. "Say something."

"What is there to say? You have already agreed. When is the marriage to take place?"

"Next week. He is coming tomorrow to meet with you, and tell us what arrangements he has planned. He is arranging everything, all we need to do is invite everyone and show up. He will be here after lunch. I want you to wear your best clothes, and be nice to him."

"All right." Rising from the low-back table chair, she sighed. "If you will excuse me, I will go tell Sarge the news." After she walked across the room, she opened the outer door and stepped through.

As she was closing the door, she heard her mother say, "You notice she said 'the news', not the good news." The door clicked and she started up the path.

Once crossed the village road, she made her way to Sarge's home. Sarge opened the door and invited her inside. Shaking her head, Gale motioned for her friend to step out. "I need to talk in private."

Stepping onto the porch, Sarge pulled the door closed and moved with her to the steps. They sat on the middle step. Gale clasped her hands before her and placed them on her knees.

"I'm getting married."

"What? To whom?"

"The chieftain of the werewolves. His name is Daggar Shields."

"A werewolf! That is impossible!" Sarge's startled voice sounded loud in the quiet night.

Gale explained about the merger plan. "I haven't met him, so I don't know anything about him."

"You have such exciting things happen to you. First you see that man making love to someone's mouth, and now this."

She didn't remember the incident. *Was it the same man?* It was doubtful she had been anywhere a chieftain would be found. He would no doubt be protected and surrounded by guards everywhere he went if he was really like a king. How did one become chieftain of the werewolves?

"Being nosy has some benefits."

"I still plan to try it, making love to Karl with my mouth. You made it sound so exciting."

"Hum, I wonder if Daggar will want me to do that to him? I cannot really imagine the correct way to do it."

"Well you said you saw licking, and what might have been sucking, that is a beginning. After that we can just experiment. Do you think you will try it?"

"Perhaps. I guess it will really depend on Daggar. Mrs. Daggar Shields." Gale tried the name and wrinkled her nose. "Gale Shields. Well, that does sound better than Gale Tremil."

"You can keep your name," Sarge suggested.

"I know, but they want it to be an alliance through marriage. They will expect me to have a true marriage and merge completely with my new family, which means taking his name."

"I don't think that will be necessary."

"Well, I don't need to make the decision right this minute. I guess I should be heading home." Sighing she rose and

dusted her bottom, and then walked down the steps and across the lawn to the road. She didn't feel any better. If anything, she really felt depressed now. *Marriage to a stranger was bad enough, but wed to a werewolf?* She shuddered at the thought. All of her life she had been forbidden to even speak to the Lukos and now they expected her to share a bed and bear children with one. How could her parents have done such a thing to her? Were they so afraid that she would never wed that they were desperate to find her a husband?

Returning to her home, Gale entered and walked straight to her bedroom. She needed to do something to occupy her mind, and the only thing she could think of was to work. She removed the sketches for the gift shop from storage and took them from the leather satchel. She flipped through them and found one she thought could use improvement. Gale carried it to the table in the corner. Using lead she had stored in her room, she began working on improving the sketch. Not truly in the mood for sketching, she forced herself to continue working anyway. The evening passed slowly. She finally decided she could stand no more of this dreadful day. She bathed and retired to her featherbed.

* * * *

The following morning, Gale had to prepare to meet her future husband. It was beyond her powers to imagine herself married and with a husband of another race. If she wasn't to cook and clean, what was she to do with her time when she wasn't sketching? Sewing was as boring as cooking and cleaning. She did it when necessary, but it wasn't a pleasant thing to do to pass the time. She could visit with her new husband but what did one talk to a chieftain about at the end of the day? "What did you do today, dear?"

“Oh I had a meeting with the pack leaders. We discussed the rules and made a few new ones.”

Shaking her head over the pretend conversation, she wondered if he would even speak to her. After all, she wasn't a princess, or royalty. She wasn't even a child or grandchild of the elders. Her blood was strong with the Fey powers of magic, but she was still beneath him in status. Would he mock her? Make her life miserable, or perhaps he would merely ignore her and leave her alone with her art? Could that be why he said he didn't care if she continued drawing? It might be the only thing she would have to keep her company. It was doubtful the Lukos women would want to become her friends. She didn't even know what to call the women. *What was proper? Werewoman, werelass, or perhaps werebitch?*

Her future stretched long and lonely before her. If he did give her children, she would at least have them to keep her company for a time. However, as they grew, they too would realize they had royal blood and she had none. She would even be beneath her children.

There was nothing she could do but accept her fate. The Fey did not break their word, no matter the enticement to do exactly the opposite of that vow. It didn't matter that her parents had made the pact. She had said she would wed if they found a man to meet her demands. In turn they had made the contract in good faith. It would not only shame her, it would also shame her parents were she to break the contract. The Fey would never forgive such a crime against their firm beliefs. The elders would never forgive the damage she would do to the alliance they were attempting to form. Her family would be ostracized, outcast for the remains of their lives.

Even her brothers and sister wouldn't be allowed to visit, as their mates and families would fear receiving the same fate.

Resigned to her fate, Gale brushed her long hair that reached mid-buttocks and then braided it. The blonde sparkled in the sunlight coming from the window. Her eyes sparkled like dark emeralds in the looking glass. Her lips had a natural rose tint and her nose was small.

She wondered what her soon-to-be husband would see when he looked at her. *Would he see an attractive Fey with a petite body and oval face surrounded by long golden tresses, or would he merely see a peasant girl trying to raise her social position through marriage?*

"It doesn't matter. Just as it won't matter if he has warts on his face, or if he is twisted and scarred from battles." Dressed in a dark green crepe dress with a satin ribbon around her waist, she slid her feet into matching green slippers. When she was as prepared as she could be, she sat at her drawing table and continued working on the sketch she had worked on the previous night. She added tiny flowers in the long grass growing along the edge of the stream. A weeping willow was added beside the waterfall, and a turtle on a rock. The extra details gave her work a finished look. Satisfied, she was studying the drawing to determine if there was any last detail she had missed when her mother knocked on her door and then opened it. Twisting around, Gale glanced over her shoulder.

"Chieftain Shields has arrived, dear," her mother informed her, poking her head in the doorway. "Your father and I will take a walk and give you time to become acquainted."

"Thank you, Mother, I will be there in a moment." Laying the sketch on the leather pouch, she wiped her hands on a

clean cloth to remove any dust from the lead. After she dropped the linen onto the desk, she rose and strode to her bedroom door. Her heart seemed to be skipping, and it was difficult to breathe. Pausing for a moment, she inhaled a deep breath and then opened the door and stepped into the family room.

Sitting in a side chair, the chieftain was in profile to her as she entered the room. As his head turned in her direction, she noticed in a flash his dark hair, a straight nose with a slight hump in the middle, full masculine lips, and firm strong jaw. He was staring at her with breathtaking light blue eyes. He was more handsome than she had believed possible. This male was too masculine to be considered even for a moment feminine.

He moved gracefully, yet gave the appearance of leashed strength. Broad shoulders, lean waist and thighs were encased in black, she saw in a quick scan down his frame. Returning upward more slowly, she paid more attention to the fit of his clothing. Black breeches hugged his small buttocks, calves, and thighs and disappeared inside black knee-high boots. A black tunic with a half moon on its side neckline stopped at his hipbones.

"I am sorry Mother didn't remain to introduce us. She felt we would be more comfortable alone." Rubbing her palms together, she advanced a step and held out her hand. "I'm Gale Treemil."

"Daggar Shields." Smiling he enclosed her hand within both of his large palms. "Well, if it isn't the lovely lady from the pond. Are you surprised, or did you know it was me?"

“Of course I knew. Mother said you were here.” Pulling her hand from his grasp, she motioned to the sitting area. “Shall we sit?”

He stared at her. “I meant did you know who I was the other day?”

Since he didn’t move, she circled around him and moved to the sofa. “The other day? When my parents told me about the arrangement, yes, they told me you were the chieftain.” Sitting primly with her knees together, she clasped her hands. “But that didn’t spark recognition. Have we met before?”

“Well not officially. I didn’t know your name and you didn’t know mine.”

She sighed with relief. This was proving to be more difficult than she had expected. He was talking in riddles. *Would his words always be so confusing?* “Then how could I have known who you were?” Had she run into him in the woods; had they passed each other when he was visiting the elders? Had they spoken? “I’m afraid I don’t recall, but I do meet a lot of people when I’m out scouting for locations to sketch.”

Twisting around, Daggar circled the sofa and returned to the chair facing where she sat. “Do you make love with strange men so often that you cannot recall them?” His dark brow tugged downward, he didn’t appear in the least pleased.

Had she made love to a stranger? “We didn’t even know the other’s name, yet made love?” she questioned dryly. She had found the necessary hole in his conversation to prove it was a lie. She had never spoken to a werewolf, it was forbidden.

“Well we didn’t spend a lot of time in conversation, but we climaxed. I consider that making love.”

"I did?" Her lungs were instantly having difficulty drawing breaths. "I am sorry I don't remember, but then you knew that, didn't you?" A thought occurred to her. "My parents put you up to this. Did they believe it would make it easier for me to be comfortable with you? Well it isn't working. You are only making me more uncomfortable than I already was over this situation."

A look of dark anger settled over his face. He suddenly seemed fierce; the animal that lurked within was barely concealed beneath the mask of human flesh.

Was it possible he wasn't lying? Wishing she could curl into a ball and hide, she hunched her shoulders.

"You really don't remember? How many men have you made love to?"

"Does it matter? I doubt you are a virgin." She didn't remember one, but he was claiming to be one she had lain with. *Were there others?*

"Of course not..." he blurted, then stopped abruptly and seemed to reconsider. The anger melted as quickly as it had arrived. "You really don't remember me making you come on the rock? You said you were going to forget what happened at the tunnel, but I didn't think you would do it immediately. I thought you would savor the information for a while at least."

Swallowing a lump, she shook her head, unable to look him in the face. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"You didn't forget it, you erased it," he exclaimed.

"I didn't, it is dangerous to mess with the mind and I wouldn't do that."

Hesitating, he regained control and shook his head. "You are a fool, Gale Treemil."

Gale nodded. "It appears in this case I may be if I did indeed erase my memory. Still, I am sorry I don't understand why I would become involved with you. Why did I, we, make love on a rock? I cannot imagine doing such a thing."

"No, I suppose you couldn't, which is probably why you don't remember."

Curling up his fingers, he glanced down at his nails, inspecting them. Gale suspected it was a habit he did without conscious thought when thinking through a situation. "Would you believe I enticed you there so I could make love to you?"

Relief flooded her body. Shaking her head, a grin tugged her lips. "No. This is a joke, isn't it? Did you see me sketching on a rock?"

"You were drawing, is sketching what you call it?"

"Yes." Her voice was barely a whisper. She felt embarrassed to be caught without a memory. It had never happened to her in the past. "You saw me sketching on a rock, but we didn't introduce ourselves. Are you certain I saw you? I get involved in what I am doing and don't always pay attention to what is going on around me."

"You really don't remember, do you? On the big boulder just inside Lukos territory, you were drawing me the first day, and the second. The third day you were sketching two female werewolves making love, and I saw you touching yourself between your legs. I came over and suckled your clit until you climaxed."

Her face burned as heat rose into her cheeks, her heart skipped then it continued beating at a heavy hard pace, not rapid, merely weighted as though it was working hard. The good thing was that she knew now he was lying, as she didn't have any sketches of him or of two women making love. She

hadn't sketched any nudes in a while. She may have lost the memory somehow, but it wasn't because she had met this man. "It is an interesting tale. You must keep your people very entertained."

"I like sex. I used it to entice you into coming back to see me. I masturbated for you that first day. I even allowed a male Lukos to suck me off the second day to excite you, and it worked. By the time you arrived the third day and watched the two women making love, you were hot and ready for me."

"I think you are crude to use this opportunity to speak so personally to me. I would have thought a chieftain would find such behavior beneath him." Rising from the sofa, she then circled around the opposite end from him. "You can conclude your business with my parents. We have met. I do not believe further communication is necessary."

Gale strode quickly to her bedroom, closed and barred the door. Leaning against the wood, she inhaled deeply, trying to calm the hard thudding heartbeat shaking her body. Standing pressed to the door, she listened for sounds in the outer room. Soon sounds of his footsteps crossed toward the outer door. The steps hesitated outside her door, and she waited, holding her breath, too tense to move from the door.

His slow, heavy steps sounded as tired as she felt, or was it that he sounded resigned when he spoke to her through the door? "Then I can assume you don't wish to discuss my expectations of our marriage, or the arrangements. I won't bother you with the details, I will handle them and all you need to do is show up at the correct time. We will need to discuss sex at some time. If you prefer to wait until after our marriage, I won't complain. I assumed you were a virgin on the boulder

by your shy behavior and the apparent shock over the pleasure you received,” he said through the wood door. “That was before you invited me to the tunnel to suck my erection.”

His footsteps moved away and she heard the entrance door open and close. Her gaze settled on the chest where her sketches were stored. She should have taken them out and proved that she didn’t have the drawings he claimed she had made.

What he had described would certainly add to her collection and make her closer to being prepared for the gallery showing. “The showing! I never should have talked to anyone at Sighisoara Gallery about a showing until I was prepared.” She pushed away from the door and walked to the chest then removed the leather satchel. Opening it as she walked to the drawing table, she saw the same drawings she had for weeks. Shuffling through them, she hesitated when she found a drawing of two women making love and a man bathing in a pond. The next was of the two women making love in a more explicit way, one was between the legs of the other. Shifting the paper to the side, she revealed the sketch of Daggar, lying on a stone, stroking his nudger.

If the drawings were real, did that mean what he had said was true? Had she erased her memory to forget he had made love to her? Was she even still a virgin? Or had she made love to half of the males in the village and erased the memory? “Oh stars!” She didn’t believe she would completely disobey a direct command from her parents about something as important as her mind. Therefore she had to assume something else had happened to her memory. *But what?* The pool always made her feel calm, had someone charmed the pond? Had the cool wa-

ters stolen her memories? And if they had, how was she to get them back?

Sinking upon the stool, she moved the page of him aside and revealed another one of him, standing naked with his engorged nudger halfway inside the mouth of a male on his knees. Placing her elbows on the tabletop beside the drawings, she clasped the sides of her head and stared at her pictures. "He was telling the truth."

Chapter 6

Her parents were excited about the wedding. They told everyone in the village, partially to prepare them, but mostly to brag that Daggar was the chieftain. They had gone to the village to purchase her a wedding dress in soft green, a short nightgown of jersey material that clung to her curves and new shoes.

Gale talked to her parents and explained what she thought may have happened to her memories. Her parents believed it might not be too late for her to reclaim them. So while they prepared for the wedding, Gale spent her time at the waterfall, attempting to reclaim the lost memories. Suddenly she felt they were important. Each and every one of them, she wanted back. She had used every spell she could think of so far, and none had worked.

Standing before the falls, she pointed at the water. “Give forth your stored memories to me. I command it by the powers of the sun and moon, by the spring frost and the leaping frogs.” Closing her eyes, she held her hands high and waited, she was including everything in the spell now that she could think of. Nothing came to mind, no new memories sprang to life. “Great waters, holder of memories lost, restore to me what I have lost. I reclaim my memories from your flowing

water and accept them into my mind. I decree this by the powers of the Fey.”

She finally dropped her arms because she knew she was wasting her time. After what Daggar had said, she really wanted the memories back. If she had allowed him, a total stranger, to make love to her, how many more had there been? Had she made love to the men who had modeled nude for her? They had certainly wanted her to. Had she been willful and wild and made love to them and the guilt had transmitted to the waters and they had taken the memories from her to restore her calm? That did seem logical as the waters always relaxed her.

However, that didn't solve her problem. She still wasn't interested in sketching, to be totally honest, and she had no real interest in anything. She was always tired and Gale knew that somehow her delight in living had been altered.

Whatever it was she had lost, the waters weren't giving it up. Sitting down on the grass, she stared at the falls. Could she reclaim her memories if she could reverse the spell?

Gale spent the remains of the day formulating counter spells that sounded appropriate for the situation and the churning waters. When it grew late and she had no choice, she stood and strolled to the village.

Joining her parents for the evening meal, she picked at her food. Even it offered no pleasure to her and as she hadn't eaten all day, her body was starved. Putting the food in her mouth she chewed and swallowed, and repeated the process. It was a duty, a necessary thing that had to be done; there was no enjoyment of the flavors bursting in her mouth. Salle was an excellent cook and the food was always perfectly cooked and delicious.

It had taken Daggar to make her realize all that she had lost. Gale hadn't told her parents. She didn't want them to know what a fool she had been. After dinner, she went to visit Sarge.

Sitting on Sarge's front steps, she told her friend how she had lost her memories and now she wanted them back and couldn't retrieve them. Sarge was sympathetic but could offer no help. Still it felt good to be able to tell someone.

"I agree, it is better that you not tell your parents. I'm certain if you relax, the spell will come to you."

"Do you really think that is all I need to do, relax and the correct words will come?"

"Why not? It sounds as though you have tried everything else."

Gale considered the logic of Sarge's words. "All right, I'm going to give it a try."

Returning to her parent's home, Gale found Talen waiting on her. He was one of the men she had sketched, but they weren't really close friends. "Hello, Talen, what are you doing here?"

"I told you I would pose for you again before the gallery showing, remember? I haven't been able to find you around lately. I thought I might be able to catch you at night. Your mother said you were at Sarge's home and would return soon, so I waited. When and where do you want to do it?"

Nibbling on her lower lip, she considered his words. She needed more sketches, but she didn't remember arranging to do another sketch of Talen. As he was here and offering himself, why should she complain? Models had to be found. There was no reason she couldn't use Talen. "I think by the gardens. Wouldn't that be a good background?"

Talen shrugged. "How are we going to do it when the folks are always working there?"

"In the evening when you get off work we could go. They should all be gone by then, and the glow over the plants by the setting sun as well." The weather was cold. The sun's rays were growing weaker as winter advanced. The elements of nature could spoil their opportunity. "You work how late at the stables?"

"I usually work until dark, but I can leave early a few days and no one will mind."

"All right, let's meet there tomorrow."

"Have you gotten the gallery showing arranged?"

"All set." She gave him the date the showing would begin.

"That's great. You want me to talk to some of the men for you and scout you up some models?"

"I don't know when I can do them. I am getting married in three days."

"So soon, can't you postpone it?"

"Nope, it has to be done, my parents made a pact with him."

"Well, I will see you tomorrow then." After rising from the steps, Talen strolled away.

* * * *

The following afternoon she met Talen at the field. Gale wasn't in the mood to sketch him, but she knew she had to if she was ever going to achieve her goals. Talen's blonde hair lay on his shoulders, his face was narrow and his eyes large and inset with heavy blonde eyebrows. He was a decent looking man, but he wasn't as handsome as Daggar. His body was lean, but she knew his skin was soft, except for his callused hands. Working in the stables was building muscles in his

shoulders, chest, and arms. He appeared larger than the last time she had sketched him. He peeled off his shirt and tossed it onto the ground, then shucked his pants. Bare skin glowed in the evening light. There was no hair at all on his body. Talen's flesh was as smooth as a youth, and like all Fey, he didn't have pubic hair around his organ.

"Just stand before the fields," she instructed, glancing around for a location to work.

"Aren't you going to touch me again?" He appeared to be confused by her lack of physical interest in his body.

Silently she sighed. Why was it so difficult for men to understand that posing nude for her drawings was business and not a sexual thing? Looking at him now, she felt no desire, no physical awareness for him other than that he was of the male gender. Although she had touched him last time, it had been merely curiosity of the male form, as Talen had claimed before she was nosy, and she had no desire to touch him now. In fact she had no desire to touch anyone, except perhaps her handsome future husband, Daggar.

"Not this time, thanks." Sitting on a fallen log, she arranged her leads and papers. Holding the paper on a wood plate, she held up her lead prepared to begin.

"I don't want you to sketch me like this, I don't want a picture of me with my manhood flaccid. No one will want to see it or buy it. The others will make fun of me. You need to touch me so I can grow."

"Can't you do it yourself?"

His blonde eyebrow arched. "Yes I can. Do you want me to touch myself?"

"I do if that is what you need to do," she said absently. Looking down at the sketchpad, she began to draw his outline and the field beyond him.

"Fine." Grasping his limp nudger, he started pulling and tugging on it. Something about his movements seemed familiar. Staring at him she struggled to reclaim the memory. She didn't remember ever seeing a man do that before, still she seemed to understand what he was doing and why.

"Blast and be damned." Daggar's harsh words came from the trees. "Is this what you always do? Watch naked men touch themselves while you sketch their pictures? I cannot leave you alone for a minute if this is how you are going to be spending your time." Stepping from the trees, Daggar glared at her.

"You are welcome to stay and watch, Chieftain Shields." Pointing at the log at her side, she returned her attention to the man standing naked before her. She didn't understand what Daggar's problem was, but he had agreed to allow her to work and she wasn't going to start asking his permission, now or ever. As far as she was concerned he had already given his permission for her to do as she pleased in the realm of art and she intended to use the freedom. Talen was standing before them with his pants clasped over his privates. "You don't need to worry, Daggar is my future husband, and he knows this is merely my work. Continue to stroke yourself as often as you wish or need to keep your erection." Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Daggar settle on the log at her side.

"I don't believe that will be a problem now that I am here, will it?" Daggar queried.

Minutely Talen shook his head and dropped his pants. "Not as long as Gale is here to watch me." His organ was

standing at full erection, curving toward his stomach. "It appears you watching her looking at me is stimulating me," Talen explained.

"Indeed?" Daggar questioned dryly.

Casting him a warning glance, she faced Talen and asked, "Shall we begin?"

Talen nodded. "What you want me to do?"

"Nothing special is necessary. Turn slightly as though you are looking at the setting sun."

"I cannot look at the sun, it hurts my eyes."

"Just look up at the sky in that direction." That was all the direction she felt was necessary. He did as she instructed and she nodded her approval. "Good, stay there." While drawing, she felt conscious of Daggar shifting his gaze from Talen to her and back again. A small smile twitched his mouth. Shifting on the log, she was able to see both men. She sketched Daggar in the corner of the drawing looking at Talen. She altered both faces enough to ensure that it would be impossible for anyone to positively identify the subjects in the sketch.

Talen had no trouble maintaining his erection. He didn't even need to touch himself, but his member bobbed occasionally.

When she had a good outline and began on the drawing, she dismissed Talen. "I will see you tomorrow, Talen." Forgetting Talen, she shifted her attention to Daggar. "What did you think was going to happen? Are you satisfied that I can draw a nude man without offering sexual favors?"

"You didn't promise him anything?"

"No." Gathering up her work supplies, she stuffed them into the leather satchel. "May I ask why you are here? I was

under the impression that you wouldn't be around until the wedding."

"I don't know what gave you that idea. I never said I wouldn't be back. Besides we need to get to know each other. I think we should at least be comfortable with one another when we are married." As he stood, he dusted the seat of his leather breeches. "Shall we stroll and talk?" He turned in the direction he wanted to walk.

Gale nodded, and holding the satchel before her stomach, she moved to his side assuming he had a location in mind. He started walking and she moved with him. Matching his strides to her steps, they moved into the trees. "What do you want to talk about?"

"You can start by telling how you felt when he touched himself." He spoke in a mildly interested timbre.

"I didn't feel anything, why?" Shaking her head, she flashed him a glance as she stepped around a small bush. There were small trees and bushes growing between the trees. Mostly they were walking over fallen sticks and leaves, straw, and moving around limbs and logs. Around them there were wild blueberry bushes and blackberry briars, muscadine vines, poison ivy, poison oak, and a vast assortment of wild flowers and weeds in the spots where the trees allowed light to reach the ground.

"You weren't stimulated at all?"

"No."

"What is wrong with you?"

Cocking her head to cast him a glance, she wrinkled her brow. "I admit that I haven't felt normal lately. I am normally motivated and eager to work, but lately I just have no motiva-

tion at all. I feel tired and kind of numb. Like I don't have any emotions. Is that what you wanted to know?"

"Hm. Do you have any idea why?"

"My parents suspect it is because my memory has been tampered with by the pool I swim in. They think it may be charmed. I have been trying to reverse the spell that may have taken my memories, but I have been unable to do so."

"Do you think it is possible someone has cast a spell directly upon you?"

Biting her lower lip, she considered his words as she circled a tree. She shook her head. "I cannot think of anyone who would do such a thing. I haven't offended anyone to my knowledge."

"Haven't you? I think if you consider it, you will discover that you offended that man." He tipped his head to the side. "You weren't excited or stimulated by his naked body. In fact, you showed a definite lack of interest, which can be very insulting to a man. Have you sketched him before?"

"Yes, and I doubt I offended him then. He allowed me to touch him, and he grew hard."

"Did you pleasure him?"

"That is a very personal question. I don't think it is any of your business what I have done in the past. You are merely trying to make up an excuse to prevent me from sketching him. Well, it isn't going to work. I will not marry you if I cannot sketch as I wish."

Moving to her side, he slid his arm around her waist and assisted her over a limb that had fallen across the path. "I am not making excuses. Your parents said they think there is something wrong with your emotions. I am merely trying to help you discover why." His warm hand caressed her back at

her waist as she moved. He didn't drop his hand as they continued walking.

"Did you satisfy him when you touched him?"

"No," she firmly stated. "As far as I remember, I did nothing to encourage him to believe I would either."

"I see."

"Then you must understand why I must postpone the wedding. I need to get my problems worked out before I make a major commitment to you. I have been forbidden all of my life to have even a conversation with a werewolf. Suddenly I am betrothed to one and I am feeling very confused and conflicted over the whole situation. Had I grown up associating with your people, I would know about the beliefs, habits, traditions and so forth. I don't know anything about your kind. I don't even know what a chieftain is. Mother said it is like a king, is that correct?"

"Yes, on a much smaller scale. I don't have a whole country to worry about. I am only over the Lukos. That is the real name of the werewolf."

"That sounds very impressive. See I didn't even know what you...about your being a Lycanthrope. May I ask why you agreed to marry one of us? Why not wed a princess from one of the other villages?"

"I only decided recently to wed. It was my hope to form an alliance with your people, so I approached your elders."

"Oh, I must admit I am surprised you would be willing to marry someone that you haven't hand-picked."

His dark eyebrows arched, although he wasn't looking at her. "What makes you think I haven't hand-picked you?"

"You don't need to attempt to flatter me. Mother explained to me why I was chosen."

“Really, would you tell me how you were singled out from all the women?”

She explained it all to him, and apologized for being the interference that caused the decision to swing in her direction. “I don’t actually remember the conversation I had with the elders on the subject of forming a friendship with your people, but they remembered me.”

“I hope you aren’t disappointed that you were chosen,” Daggar stated.

“Oh no, I am honored, of course, to help bring about an alliance with our people.”

“Now you are only being polite.”

“That you agreed to allow me to continue with my art was the deciding factor, and my parents agreed to the pact. So you are to blame also.”

“As I said, I did have something to do with the decision to choose you.”

“A minor amount. How old are you?”

He chuckled. “I’m twenty-eight. You are twenty-three. We are both adults and are expected to wed. But at my age, I need to settle down and ensure I have an heir to assume responsibility when I grow old. I will check into pushing the wedding back and let you know. The priests are as bossy with me as they are with everyone.” A wry grin tugged his lips. Then placing a hand on her arm, he stopped and faced her. “I must be honest. I cannot postpone the wedding and remain faithful to you unless we start having intercourse now.”

“Now?” she exclaimed, startled.

A charming grin lifted his mouth higher on one side than the other, revealing white teeth and one longer canine. His grin made her feel foolish for reacting so startled to his re-

quest. There was amusement in his tone. "Well, not this instant, but yes, I would like us to start being intimate."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing it will make our wedding night less tension-filled. For another, if you're not having physical release from anyone else then you're going to need it from me."

"And you, are you going to need sexual relief from me?" she countered.

"Certainly, I'm a male werewolf, we've strong sexual appetites."

"I'll consider it."

His grin hiked up again on the side. "You do that."

Smiling, Gale knew she must accept his vague response concerning the marriage postponement, if she pushed him now, Daggar would probably push for the sex.

"When you watched from the boulders, you grew excited. It's my understanding you haven't been excited since I made love to you. Wouldn't you like to discover if I'm able to stimulate you?" he queried.

"I don't think that's necessary. You must realize you would be putting a lot of pressure on me to meet your expectations. The marriage pact has been made. I'll do my duty after we are wed. I don't think it would be good to be pressured into being intimate with you before the marriage takes place."

"You're afraid I cannot stimulate you," he stated in an understanding manner. Sliding his hand up the center of her back, he caressed her shoulder blades.

"Yes," she admitted, whispering.

"Take me to the place you think stole your memories."

"We are nearly there, it is just ahead. Why do you want to use the excuse of seducing me as some sort of medical treatment?" A teasing smile lifted her lips.

"Just show me where you go."

"It is over there." She pointed in the direction of the waterfall. The sound of the water was growing with each step, a pounding, sluicing sound. Moving together, his fingertips pressing and stroking upon her back, they advanced through the trees to the falls. After reaching the stream, they moved to the small pool formed at the base of the falls.

"How did water take your memories?"

"I don't know, a charm perhaps."

"Tell me what you would do now if you were feeling upset."

Sighing, she looked at the waters. "I would swim beneath the falls. It always seems to calm me."

"Let's go." He stepped into the swirling waters and held out his hand for her. "Let's do what you would do."

"This is a waste of time, the waters are holding my memories. We might both come out without memories."

"You don't have anything you want to forget, now do you?"

She shook her head.

"Good. Keep in your mind that you wish you memories back." When she didn't take his extended hand, he urged with a serious expression as though he were asking for her trust. "It's worth a try."

She nodded. "Yes, it is." They waded until the water was waist deep. Gale dove beneath the waters and swam beneath the falls. Coming up behind the falling water, she stepped to the side looking into the water for Daggar's form. She spotted

his shoulder, and then his hand grasped her ankle. His head popped up and he cast her a warm smile. As he rose from the water, his hand trailed up her leg and stroked her inner thigh.

“Nice place, now what?” he queried, speaking loud to be heard over the pounding waters. They were standing behind the cascading waters.

“Instead of losing a memory, I try to reclaim it,” she explained, talking loudly. “But this is a waste of time. I have already tried this.”

“Humor me.”

Flattening her mouth, she moved into the waters and thought of how she would like to have the memories returned. She thought of drawing the memories into her body. She stepped into the falling water and relaxed. Joining her, he gathered her against his hard torso and kissed her mouth while the water sluiced over their bodies. Holding her off the bottom of the pool, his firm thigh easily slid between hers, and then he set her down on it.

Thoughts started coming into her mind. Memories of watching him lying by a pond on a rock while she was hiding in a tree, watching. Memories of him bathing while she spied from the rock overhang on the hillside, and of him touching himself, stroking his erection up and down, giving himself pleasure until he spewed his seed, and of him being suckled by a male werewolf on his knees before Daggar, his large nudger sliding in and out of the Lukos’ mouth. She gasped in shock, then sputtered as she inadvertently sucked water into her body. Pushing backward, she slipped from his thigh. Memories of lying on the rock and Daggar licking her between her legs followed.

Raking the hair from her face that the pounding waters had forced forward, Gale stepped from the waterfall. As she slid onto the rock shelf, she gazed at him with new eyes. He was beautiful, and he aroused her emotions in an odd way.

“Any luck?”

“Yes, I remembered a few things.”

“What kind of things? Anything concerning me?”

“I know you made love with a male.” *How many men have I been with?* “And I know we must cancel this marriage.”

“I did that to arouse you. I admit that I am willing to experiment to excite you, but I prefer women.”

He advanced on her until he made her nervous and she had to step back. “In three months, you would be telling me that I had known you preferred men, and I only pretended to believe otherwise so I could marry the chieftain.”

He reached out, with that charming grin tugging his lips that she remembered. Her heart leapt at the thought of him wanting to touch her. She felt sudden physical awareness of his leashed power and it made her uncomfortable. She wanted to escape. “I think we should go now.”

Shaking his head, his hand raised and his thumb stroked her lower lip. “You don’t have to be nervous. Remember that I am going to be your husband. I won’t hurt you.” His other large hand grasped her side and held her in place while he stepped forward and once again pressed his body to her wet form. Inviting heat emanated from him, making her realize the waters they stood in were cold. He slid his hand beneath her chin, and lifted her face gently to claim her mouth.

Gale had no intention of being involved in his seduction. She stood stiffly and waited for him to stop.

Against her will, it felt as though her bones were melting. Her blood pounded in her ears, or was it the falls? The warmth of his hand slid up her back pressing her forward, holding her closer against his hard frame. Her body trembled from the tension of holding herself away. When his hand covered her breast and squeezed, a moan floated up from her chest. Taking advantage of the opening, his tongue slipped into her mouth, hot, hard, and delicious, and he tasted of orange. Warm breath tickled her cheek.

Thoughts of the male Lukos suckling him teased her mind. Did she object that he had allowed that, or was it not any of her business? For all she knew, she could have been doing the same thing with women. Her tongue responded of its own accord and danced with his, stroked, and wiggled away.

"I don't remember a lot, I could have slept with every man in the village." Deep down, she feared she had.

"I hardly think so. You felt so guilty about us making love, you somehow managed to get it erased, but even if you have slept with everyone you know, that was in the past. You will be the wife of the chieftain; no man would dare touch you."

"You mean no werewolf would touch me," she corrected. "And what about you?"

"Oh, I will definitely touch you."

"You know what I am asking, are you going to continue sleeping with anyone who strikes your fancy?"

Releasing her, he dove beneath the falls and came out on the opposite side. "Let's get dry."

After she angled off the rock, she sank beneath the water and glided through the water until she floated before him. It wasn't lost on her that he had avoided her question. She re-

mained underwater and grasped his breeches then yanked them down and swam away. She heard his bark of laughter, and then he was crashing into the water at her side.

His arms wrapped around her and held her down as she tried to swim to the surface for air. She struggled against him, but he lay down on her body, holding her submerged, and claimed her mouth. Her lungs burned until she was forced to release the air struggling to break free. She looked at him, knowing if he didn't release her immediately, she would drown. Struggling wouldn't help.

He claimed her mouth and she thought how ironic, she was going to drown while being kissed. He forced his tongue between her lips and breathed air into her mouth, sharing his air. When he lifted his head, he rose above the water. He straightened and tugged her up with him. Holding her limp body against his side, he walked from the water and laid her down on the grass. Sinking onto the grass at her side, his fingers raked the strings of wet hair from her face.

"The first time I found you at this pond, you were drying in the sun. Do you remember it yet?"

Gale shook her head, breathing deeply; she was wrapped up in the pleasure of being able to breathe at present.

"I want you to tell me when you remember that day."

"I may not ever."

"That would be a shame, to never remember the first time you made love with your husband." He shook his head. "I would punish you for that were it your fault. Then again when I make love to you, it will be the first as far as you're concerned."

She nodded. "Did I do...what the man did?"

“Yes indeed, and an excellent job you did too. I guess I will need to instruct you all over again.”

A frown tugged her eyebrows as she shifted, seeking a more comfortable position to ease her sudden discomfort. “Can I request that you do something for me I would never ask a man to do under normal conditions?”

The grin started and grew wide into a full smile. “I’m a Lycanthrope, there is nothing you can ask that will shock me. I will be more than happy to give you pleasure.”

“Then would you rub my left foot? It is cramping across the top.”

The smile faded from his lips.

Pretending innocence, she knew exactly what he had thought. He had believed he was volunteering for some form of sexual request. He looked down at her foot, and it was clear that he was struggling to overcome disappointment. He had wanted more. He moved to sit at her feet, then lifted her left foot and placed it on his thick thigh. She flinched when he started rubbing his warm hand over the cramped muscle in her foot. Moving slowly, he massaged the resisting flesh until it relaxed. The foot massage sent chills up her leg.

His warm hand moved up her leg to soothe the chills away. “I can smell your growing lust. God, I want that juice on my tongue.” Shifting he licked up her inner calf to the knee.

Gale gasped. “You are supposed to be massaging my foot.”

“I am, but your leg muscles are shaking from tension. They need to relax also, so the foot cramp will go away. If I cannot get rid of the tight muscles, the cramp will come back, and you won’t be able to walk.”

“All right.” That heavenly sensation did it; she was committed to all of her body being teased. It was a foolish thing to do, but deep inside her mind, a little voice was telling her to let him do it.

His massaging fingers moved up her leg, and soft lips started feathering light kisses to her inner thigh. Her legs parted of their own accord. His hair brushed against her female lips and a groan rumbled in her throat. Turning his head, his mouth covered her female folds. Hot and wet, his tongue licked the lips of her crotch. He licked and suckled them gently into his mouth, teasing and torturing.

Her legs were spread wide now, asking him to give her more. Silently she begged him to touch her more intimately with his mouth. Moans of pleasure floated from her parched throat. She couldn’t seem to get enough air in her lungs. Her hands fisted in his hair.

“Oh, please,” she begged.

His tongue darted between her nether lips and licked her again. He pulled back and spread her labia and then lapped her nub, the hard pressure increasing and decreasing. His fingers pushed into her sheath and she cried out. “Oh stars, yes!” Her back arched, the muscles inside her tightened making her body bow upward as she tried to slide her female core downward to get closer to him. He thrust his fingers in and out, and tension seemed to pool in her lower body. Then he withdrew and stopped. His tongue disappeared. She longed for more and whimpered at the loss, tears filling her eyes. Rising above her, he lifted her hips from the ground and impaled her with his nudger.

“Oooooohhh.” Gale had never felt anything so heavenly in her life. She locked her legs around his waist and met his

thrusts. It was as though her mind had gone completely insane and all it could think of was the sensations and getting more of them. She panted heavily for breath, and thrust her pelvis against his. The pooling sensations returned and she felt as though she must race toward him. He pulled away from her and she cried out in anguish. "No. Please, please don't stop."

"Roll over, get on your knees and I will give you more." She did as instructed and was rewarded by the return of his hard erection. Holding her hips, he pounded into her hard, beating against her with his pelvis. This, all of this was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened in her life. If marriage to him was going to give her more of this, she didn't care if he had once longed for men as long as he desired her now.

"You are mine. My mate and I adore you."

His words sent her over the top. Her body burst into fragments. It felt as though she had touched the heavens, which so amazed her. It also filled her with curiosity.

"I love you." His husky declaration was followed by a howl of pleasure. She glanced around, and discovered that he had shifted and was part wolf. Long hair covered his body, but he still had a human shape. He was beautiful. Collapsing on his side beside her, he panted heavily.

"That was beyond anything I had ever have imagined with someone I love." Before her eyes, he shifted until he was human but with prominent features and long whiskers on his cheeks. It was a scruffy look but it was also adorable. Then he licked his longer than usual tongue onto his cheek for her to see. He rose above her, a huge lusty male with lecherous intent.

Afraid to move, she remained frozen as he moved around her body sniffing her as though his senses were still heightened like those of the wolf. Reaching her pelvis area, he pushed his face between her thighs. Gale gasped. She didn't know what to do. He lifted his head and gazed at her with piercing eyes. Then he lowered his head and shoved his face between her thighs again. He growled deep and fierce.

Frightened by the warning, she parted her legs. His long tongue lapped, thanking or rewarding her for behaving. He licked her from anus to clit, while she quivered with anxiety. What the werewolf was doing felt good, but she was too nervous to appreciate the sensations his tongue was supplying. As he licked, he shifted into his normal human form.

"You tell me one minute you love me, and the next you scare me to death by allowing your animal side to sneak out," she accused.

"Sorry, my love, I forgot that you do not know about my people." Rising above her, he smiled, pushing into her once more. Her body surprised her by welcoming his return. "I was exhausted by that wonderful climax. I let my animal out a little to refurbish my energy, so I can make love to you again."

He proceeded to demonstrate that he had fully restored his abilities. He held her hips and drove into her hard and fast. He seemed wild and out of control, as though the animal had taken over. Daggar dropped over her and exposed her breasts. His mouth lowered and suckled her nipples, increasing the delicious pleasure his erection was giving. Sinking her fingers into his soft hair, she held him to her breasts. It was unbelievable the things he was making her feel. A few moments later they both shattered again. He pumped his seed into her, giving her more sensations of completed satisfaction.

“It wasn’t like this before, was it?”

A memory flashed in her mind. *“Oh, baby, you are going to make your husband a very happy man. I may just speak to that elder you told me about, so I can be that happy man.”* His words rang clearly in her mind.

“No, but as I have spent more time with you, my feelings have grown. I need you all the time, with me, sharing everything, and raising our children.”

“I know I will never feel this longing for another man. This is a mating of the souls.” Inside she was rejoicing, he had gone to the elders and requested her for his wife. He may not admit it, but he had.

“Then you do love me?”

She gazed into blue eyes darkened from passion and wished she could give him the answer he wished, but lying would be wrong. “It’s not possible. I barely know you, but something inside me seems to recognize you, perhaps because some of the memories have returned.”

They dressed and he escorted her home. “I want you to come to my village tomorrow. I want you to see what my life is like, and get to know me.”

“I would like that.” Gale wanted to know everything about him now. She might not remember the first time they had made love, but she did remember how she had felt about him when she had first seen him. He was hers and she would get to keep him. A grin spreading her lips, Gale clasped his arm and snuggled closer to him. “I think I could fall in love with you.”

Chapter 7

The following day, Daggar arrived in the morning and escorted her to his village. He told her about the pond she had visited. "It is really my private bathing pond, but I allow a few of my trusted guards and family members to share it. They are actually there to guard me; if I were to be attacked, they would shift and charge the intruder. If they had spotted you upon that rock before me, you could have been badly harmed. But I spotted you first and warned them not to touch you."

"You mean that day you came upon the rock and licked me, if I had revealed my presence, they wouldn't have harmed me?" She shoved against his arm. "That was mean."

"No, you wanted me to do it. The threat gave you an excuse to allow me. If you truly hadn't wanted my touch, you would have run away, or at least cried out and concealed your artwork. Maybe even cast a protective spell."

"I did that the first time I arrived."

"See, we never could have harmed you."

"My spells normally work, but not always, as that stingy pool with my memories has demonstrated."

"Don't let it worry you. You are young and your powers will grow as you get older."

"You really think so?"

"I know it to be true. In fact, you are extremely powerful for one so young."

"Um yes, I have heard that all of my life."

When they arrived at the village, she discovered the people to be friendly. Several wished to pose for her once they learned about her artwork. Their food at lunchtime was delivered by men and women from the kitchen. Daggar politely introduced her to everyone, even those serving them, as his soul mate. The food consisted of delicious vegetables, which surprised her. She commented on this and was informed that although most of the wolves were meat eaters, the chieftain wasn't.

After the meal, he escorted her around the village and introduced her to his people. He knew everyone's name and was friendly to all. He made a couple of decisions when asked his opinion, but he was also interested in their thoughts on the situation. She knew he was acting normally because no one appeared shocked by his behavior. Even the children stopped to say hello to him and were polite when he introduced her. Everyone seemed to think of him as a friend. His people respected him, and she was proud to be on his arm.

At the end of the day, he escorted her back to her village. "Well, what do you think? Do you think you can live with my people?"

"Yes, I would like to learn more about them, and they seem to be highly interested in sex."

He nodded. "It is a favorite pastime. Most wolves do not wed until they meet their soul mate."

"Would you have married me if we weren't soul mates?"

"Yes, for our people to have an alliance, I would have wed you and been a good husband. I may even have fallen in

love with you. I think I already had a little, but I wouldn't, couldn't love you as I would my soul mate. As I do you." Leaning against the large trunk of a tree, he gazed into her eyes.

"When are we to wed? You don't need to change the date if you haven't already."

"We were wed yesterday when we discovered we were soul mates, but we shall wait and have the ceremony of your people, so we shall be married in their eyes as well."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and whispered, "I knew I was falling in love with you."

"I love you too."

"Tell me honestly, did you go to the elders and request me for your wife?"

A darling half grin lifted the corner of his mouth. "So you remembered I said I was going to."

She nodded.

"I didn't want to tell you I had done it when you didn't remember me saying I was thinking about it. I didn't think you would believe me."

* * * *

They were married the following weekend during a large outdoor ceremony that both Fey and Lycanthrope attended. Afterward they had a feast, with dancing and Fey wine, until the night grew dark. Daggar and Gale sat in throne chairs that were reserved for special occasions to honor the occupants. At dark the werewolves picked up Daggar and Gale in their chairs and carried them to Lukos territory. The mob of laughing and frolicking Lukos was followed by similarly happy Fey. Once they reached Daggar's home, the throne chairs were settled on the ground before the house. Then the revelers

melted into the darkness. Singing and soft music came to them from the trees through the darkness.

“Are they going to stay out there all night?”

“They serenade you, my sweet. Enjoy it, this is the only tradition strictly for the chieftain and his mate.” He stood before her.

“Are they going to stay out there all night?” Frowning she looked up at his shadowed face and queried again.

Laughing Daggar lifted her into his arms. “I’ll make you forget all about them.”

“Promise?”

“Absolutely.” He advanced to the entrance of his house and kicked the door open, then carried her inside. Once he kicked the door closed, he dropped the wood bar in place. Daggar placed a gentle kiss on her lips as he strode to the bedroom. Someone had slipped inside and lit candles all over the room. Furniture was sparsely scattered around. The main feature of the room was a huge bed with a satin cover, topped by a velvet canopy and bed curtains that completely concealed the mattress except where parted on the side for them to enter.

“It’s beautiful, Daggar, but a little intimidating. Almost as though we are going to be sleeping on a huge throne.”

He chuckled. “You have a weird way of looking at things, probably because you are an artist. It is the central focus of the room, merely because it is the place I will be sharing love with my wife. I had my old one burned and this one made especially for us. The large size will give us room to go wild in comfort and the babies can sleep with us occasionally.”

“Why did you burn the old one? Did you share it with others?” she questioned suspiciously.

“It was only large enough for one. I have never shared this house with another woman, not even for a night, my nosy little wife.” He carried her to the bed and tossed her onto the mattress. She sank upon soft layers of thick quilts.

Standing at the side of the bed, he divested his clothing while she wiggled out of her gown and tossed it to the floor. Naked they faced each other.

“I think I would be nervous if I hadn’t drunk wine,” she admitted.

“We have made love before.”

“I know, but it wasn’t my wedding night. It feels different.”

“Allow me to prove to you that it is not.” He dropped his knee on the mattress and slipped onto the bed at her side. His arms gathered her against his chest and he claimed her lips in a deep kiss. He probed her mouth, their tongues dancing sensually against each other. His large hands caressed her smooth flesh.

Exactly like the previous times they had made love, all thoughts and concerns vanished from her mind. Her world was once more tightly focused on this large wonderful man. Moaning softly as his hand covered her breasts and stroked the turgid nipples, she slid her fingers over his back. Caressing and touching his satin flesh, she didn’t believe she would ever get enough of him to satisfy her questing touch. She stroked her fingertips through the light hair covering his thigh, and received instant gratification when his deep growling moan filled her ears. He made her feel special and irresistible.

He laid her back onto the bed and then beginning at the side of her mouth, his hot tongue slid down to her jaw, lingering to lick her jaw-line. His large warm hands caressed over

her breasts and stomach, tantalizing her body with promises for more. His mouth continued its downward exploration, licking the heated area of her throat where the large vein throbbed.

He succeeded in melting her mind. She stared at the canopy overhead and ran her fingers through his soft hair. Moaning she held his head in place when he covered her nipple and began suckling.

When he pulled away from her nipple, he glanced up at her face. "Roll over." When she was facing the satin cover, he began licking her back. Moving downward, he licked her butt cheeks. His hands spread her thighs as he licked down the crack of her buttocks and continued down until he reached her clit. Shocked, she stared at the satin cover and moaned, as he pleased her body. A few minutes later he twisted around, his body straddling her back. His hot tongue continued lapping at her crotch, while the heat of his hard erection rubbed across her back. She thought about rolling over and taking the silken head into her mouth, but he had requested this position. If he wanted her in this position, then this is where she would remain.

The temptation of reaching his lapping tongue sooner had her arching her hips back to raise her clit closer. The way he loved her was wild and basic, and totally intriguing. Sliding his erection down her back, he rubbed the soft bag of his scrotum over her buttock. When he withdrew his body from her back, he moved to her side as he rose up on his knees.

"Pull your legs in," he instructed in a voice husky with desire. "Keep your head down and don't move." Spreading her legs, he moved between her knees. She had never felt so exposed to anyone in her life. "There will be no secrets, no ta-

boos between us.” His wet tongue licked her sphincter, and her whole pelvis area clenched in reaction. Then his hot mouth settled over her opening and his tongue delved into her sheath, probing and exploring. Panting she wiggled her pelvis, moving her clit up to reach his chin. As though reading her mind, his mouth moved to her clit to suck upon the little velvet flower. His finger probed her sheath, and slid up to her sphincter and rubbed her juices over the opening.

Lapping her from clit to sheath opening he licked up her juices. Deep moans of appreciation were torn from her chest. Licking up the cheek of her buttocks, he closed his fingers around her clit and squeezed it gently.

“Oh stars, what are you doing to me?” It was so heavenly she didn’t want him to stop, but it was driving her into such a frenzy that she didn’t think she could stand any more.

“Claiming you, all of you, as mine.”

“Can you postpone some of it until later? I don’t think I can stand much more.”

“No, stay just as you are.” The bed lifted as his weight rose from it. She felt truly naked lying in this exposed position, but she was excited and the thought of him looking at her in this position added more stimulus.

“Good girl. I am going to make love to you now, so just relax.” He moved onto the bed. Placing a hand over the crack of her buttocks, he spread her cheeks with his fingers. Something slick and hard was pushed into her sphincter, making her very aware of tingling in the opening of her ass. Now it felt full as well as stimulated. Something, smooth, narrow, and long ran along the interior seam of her buttocks. It didn’t make her embarrassed; it made her feel free of all inhibitions.

“What is that?” she gasped.

“Just something to add to your pleasure. A small carved penis about the size of my thumb, with a base to prevent it from going all the way inside you.” Moving his thighs against the back of her legs, he positioned the soft head of his hard shaft against her opening and pushed slowly inside. Whimpering in relief, she ground her pelvis against him. He reached around her and clamped his fingers over her clit. Her control broke. She rocked hard against him, gasping and moaning in pleasure.

Daggar remained still concentrating on keeping his fingers attached to her clit while she bucked against him. With a cry, she pushed hard against his pelvis, her sheath muscles pulsing around him as her climax burst free.

Placing his arm around her ribs, Daggar lifted her up against his torso. She wrapped her arms around his neck and twisted her head up to kiss him. His tongue danced with hers while his hand moved to her breast. Squeezing her nipple, he rolled it gently between thumb and finger, his hips rocking his engorged flesh inside her body.

“Oh stars, Daggar, that feels wonderful.”

Surprising her he fell forward, landing on his outstretched arms. Moving rapidly he thrust into her hard, pounding her clit with his scrotum. Quickly he had stimulated her again. She dropped her shoulders to the bed, reached between her thighs and cupped her hand to catch his scrotum for a quick caress as it slapped her body. His deep growl of appreciation was quickly followed by a roar as he spewed his seed into her body.

He rolled to his side carrying her with him still impaled on his body. Squeezing her against his chest, he panted heavily for breath.

They relaxed there for several minutes, just resting. “If you pull out, I can take this thing out of my ass.”

“Why, just leave it in.”

“All right, but next time it is going in your ass.”

He grinned. “All right.”

Twisting onto her back, she gazed up at his adorable face. “You wouldn’t mind?”

He shook his head. “I tested it on myself before using it on you.”

She grinned. “Really?”

“I had to make certain it wouldn’t hurt you.”

“That was very considerate of you, thank you.”

“You’re most welcome.”

Rubbing up the middle of her stomach to her rib cage and breast then back down again, he caressed her until she fell asleep.

She didn’t know if it was the music and singing outside the cabin, or the naked body rubbing against her, but Gale awoke throbbing with excitement several times during the night. Each time Daggar was ready and willing to make love.

* * * *

Their lands were close enough to her family that she didn’t feel separated from her previous life. Knowing she could visit her people at anytime, she didn’t feel the isolation of being a stranger among his people.

Gale quickly discovered there were many advantages to being a chieftain’s wife, aside from great loving. There were no obligations inherited with the new position, except to be the chieftain’s lover and companion, which she was happy to do. She was free to pursue her art.

When Gale finally had her gallery showing, she was carrying Daggar's child.

* * * *

The proud father-to-be stood by her side bragging about her art to anyone who would listen, his smile growing even larger if the person happened to mention the coming baby. The show was a great success. All of her work was sold and she had requests for more. The owner of Sighisoara Gallery asked her to schedule another showing for the spring. Gale knew with her chieftain standing at her side, grinning proudly and shaking hands with the Fey, that her life was perfect now that she had found her soul mate.

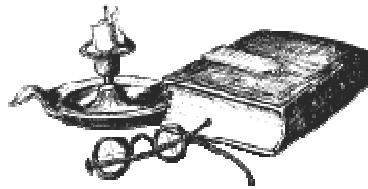
They had an even greater success with the alliance between the Lukos and the Fey. Her Chieftain Daggar, she was proud to boast, deserved all the credit for that success. Her memories were slowly returning and although they weren't all back, she believed the important ones were restored.

Life was good.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Belita Renn is a retired hairstylist who started writing when she was seven, although she waited many years before attempting to publish her work. A fan of her third cousin, actor Buster Keaton, her first book of comic short stories was published in 2000 under the name Belita Keaton. Her first romance was published in 2004 under the name Kim Parson. She switched to Belita Renn when she started writing erotic romance. To learn more about Belita's books, visit her website at www.kimparson.20m.com or www.belitarenn.com.

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