

The Warder Series
Book 3



The Warder's
Wolf
Viola Grace

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The Warder's Wolf - Book 3: The Warders Series

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Viola Grace

*To my sister, who didn't freak out when she
learned what I was writing.*

Chapter One

Ruana's hands shook as she finished smoothing her dress over her hips. Her friends were meeting her at the Howl and would no doubt give her a hard time for her choice of clothing. They tended to wear short leather skirts and even shorter tops. She had opted for a spring dress of cotton. It covered everything and fell to her knees.

Those knees buckled as another bolt of lust flared through her and left her panting. Over the last two days she had gone into heat, and her clit was trying to kill her. Never in her memory had she been this aroused and no amount of masturbation was taking the edge off. Her clit was sore and sensitive to the lightest touch, and yet she still couldn't cum. No. Not couldn't, wouldn't. Her body refused to obey her demands.

Well, if she could catch the attention of one of them tonight, then her little problem would be over.

Her friends had already arrived and taken root

at the bar when she showed up. Ruana wandered over to them, letting her senses catch a glimpse of her prey. Good. There were at least four wolves in the crowd, if all went well, this might even be easy.

Keena introduced her to the bartender. Ruana extended her hand to shake his. Zan took her hand in his and raised it to his lips. As she waited to get her hand back, she felt his tongue flick across her skin and her legs nearly buckled under her. Her teeth bit her lip to stifle the moan that the tiny gesture had brought on. Meeting his eyes over her hand, she could see his wicked grin. Lord he was good looking. It was no wonder that her friends talked about him constantly.

"May I have my hand back now?" Her fingers wiggled to draw attention to their captivity, and he reluctantly let his prize be snatched away to its owner.

"This is your first time here." The low rumble of his speech carried through the higher pitched voices of all the women swarming the bar.

"Yes." It was all that needed to be said. She would have been here sooner, naked, if she had known that he smelled as good as he looked. His scent clung to the hand that he had touched, and she could still feel the warmth of his skin against hers.

"Make sure and tell me before you leave,

wouldn't want to start a stampede." He gave her a serious look, then a wink.

She flashed him a small smile, and turned back to the flamboyant humans who had invited her. He watched her for a few moments and then got James to take over the bar. He had a few calls to make.

Three hours later, Ruana was beyond bored. Her friends were off dancing with the guys that they had picked up, but not one of the candidates she spotted had come anywhere near her. Six perfectly good werewolves scented a female in heat, and not one of them made a move. Her dress must be uglier than she thought.

She walked up to the bar and spoke to the bartender. He was blonde and attractive enough, but not her type. "Is Zan still here?"

He turned to her with a bored look, "I know you must be one of his many fans, but I am not going to tell you where he is sweetie." He took a close look at her, "And besides, a librarian isn't really his type."

She blushed furiously, and cursed the damned dress again. "Its ok, he just told me to let him know when I was leaving. Since he's the only guy who spoke to me tonight, I wanted to say thanks and goodnight." She gave him a short smile and headed for the door, and the cab that was always out front.

But when she got outside, the cab was gone. She turned to go back into the club, but her way was barred by three of the six possibilities she had identified.

She turned to run and found that the other three had taken up a flanking position. "Oh shit."

* * * *

Inside the Howl, Zan finished his queries in the back room and came out, his eyes scanning the establishment for any signs of Ruana. The calls had taken longer than he had thought.

"Hey James, did a girl come up here looking for me?"

"Can you narrow it down? About five from your fan club have been by- one to say that she was leaving without waiting to see your beautiful face again." James grimaced and loaded glasses onto a tray for a run through the dishwasher. All of his attention was on it, ignoring the women clamoring at the sight of Zan behind the bar once more.

"Mousy, in a plain cotton dress?"

"Yep, that's the one." James turned to look at his employer and took a step back at the fury in his eyes.

"How long ago?"

"Five minutes, maybe less? A few guys

followed her out, but who could be that desperate?" James was talking to air as Zan vaulted over the bar and headed for the door at a breakneck pace.

* * * *

"Uh, guys. I just want to take a cab home. No trouble." She spread her hands to her sides, and prepared to fire a defense spell. She was a little rusty and could probably only hit two of them, but she hoped it would slow them down.

"Choose, bitch." The three flanking her moved closer.

"Uh, choose what? What exactly are my options here?" Slowly she turned her head, and looked for another way out.

"You have to choose one of us to fuck, or we will choose for you. And we won't limit the number." This growl came from in front of her. One of the three blocking the entrance to the club. She saw a movement behind them and then, as she was thinking on how she could talk her way out of this one, she heard a howl.

All of her suitors froze. They shared frustrated glances between them and disappeared into the night. A minute after the howl, there was no hint of any danger left in the area. But Ruana couldn't move. She slowly backed toward the door of the

club.

Fear at what had almost happened shook her to the core. This was why she had just stayed home the last five times that the heat had struck.

It was damned dangerous.

Out of the shadows Zan appeared. He walked casually up to her and asked, "So are you willing to take me on? It might beat the alternative."

"At this point, I would go with Satan if he said he had a place for me." Ruana noticed that she was actually shaking where she stood.

"Not too complimentary, but follow me." His easy saunter led them around to the back of the bar and a small employee parking lot. He wandered up to a small sporty car and opened the passenger door.

"Get in," He held open the door for her, and she slid into the embrace of the leather in the small black sports car.

Once he had gotten into the driver's seat, he locked the doors again. "No sense taking chances."

They drove for over an hour until they reached a whitewashed farmhouse on an enormous yard. The way he drove the car, Ruana wouldn't have been surprised to find that he and the machine were bonded on a genetic level.

"Here we are." He slid out from under the wheel and came around to her side of the car,

holding the door for her once again. "C'mon out, I won't hurt you."

She forced herself out of her shock and surprise at what had occurred at the Howl, and sluggishly began to make her way out of the car. "I noticed that you didn't say that you don't bite."

He grinned at her, relieved that she seemed to be coming back to reality. "I don't make promises that I can't keep."

"Good to know."

"Come inside. I'll get you a glass of wine. You're way too tense."

He led the way into the farmhouse, and to her relief, turned on the lights as he entered each room.

The rooms were tidy, and lived in. The oak furnishings were gleaming in the light cast by the floor lamps. The couches were lightly scuffed and the drapes a soothing blue. The fading scent of sunlight was still in the room, the heat of the day combined with Zan's light musk to make a heady blend. This was his territory and she was a little nervous to be invited.

"So, um. Do you rescue a lot of girls like me?" She was wandering into the kitchen behind him and watching him open a bottle of wine.

"Nah, most know what they want, and who they want it from. As you know, the fact that you have no pack affiliation makes you an easy

target." The cork came free with a soft 'pop' and he reached up to get a wine glass from the cupboard.

"How did you know that I don't belong to a pack?" She was wary once again, the throbbing in her lower body at the sight of him reaching for the glass, pushed aside for the moment.

"Easy." He turned and handed her the glass of wine. It was a delicate pink and smelled of flowers and berries. "I checked."

She thanked him and took a cautious sip. The flavors exploded on her tongue. The only thing that she could think that it tasted like was wild summer. Her breath came out in a shuddering sigh and she took another delicate sip. Wow.

As she met his gray eyes, she felt she had to ask, "Ok, I am new at this. Where exactly does that leave me? My not having a pack, I mean."

"Prey to any and all who want to take advantage of you. With no recourse and no one to protect you. Basically raw meat." He was matter of fact, but still watching her closely.

"Ah, I thought as much. If it hadn't gotten so bad, I would never have broken cover." She looked down and was surprised to find that she was at the bottom of her glass.

"If what hadn't gotten so bad?" His voice was distant, even though he was sitting across from her.

"If I hadn't gone into heat again." She shook her head to clear it. "The pounding in my blood is unbearable. My thighs are slick with my own juices, I want to touch myself, but it does no good, the fire only climbs higher."

His head cocked to one side. "How often has this happened? It doesn't seem like this is the first time you have gone into heat."

She blushed scarlet. "May I have some more wine? Thank you." She sipped again. "Naw, this is the fifth or sixth time it's happened. The other times it started to go away after a few days, but this time, it just keeps getting stronger."

"What did you do the other times?" His voice seemed to be coming from another room, but he was still there in front of her.

"Oh, I masturbated until it felt like my fingers were going to fall off. Burned out a few pairs of batteries, that kind of thing." The wine was gone again. She giggled.

"Can I have some more wine? It tastes really good." She was incredibly relaxed right now, no cares in the world. And when Zan got up from the table she smiled at him. Not a grin, but a slow smile that started in her eyes and slowly drew her full lips away from her teeth. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips and she was amazed at the effect that it had on him.

One moment he was standing next to the table,

and the next moment, she was on it. "Oh."

His eyes met hers as he slowly slid his hands under her skirt, and up her thighs. When he reached the molten heat between them, he let out a lurid curse and pulled her legs apart to stand between her knees.

Her panties tore away in his hands, and then she felt his fingers stroking the flesh and parting the lips of her sex. He returned one hand to his jeans and unbuttoned and unzipped them while keeping his eyes on hers.

A furious blush had spread over Ruana- this was what she wanted, what she craved, but not something that she was used to. The last time she had felt a man's hard length moving inside her, it was just after high school and not all that pleasant. She sensed that this time, things would be different.

With a few small movements of his hand, he was free of the confining fabric. Ruana looked down and watched the angry purple head of his cock move toward her. Her weight was resting on her hands, and her thighs were spread wide on the table. Now, based on the determined look in his eyes, she was going to be seriously fucked.

Two fingers slid inside her and began to move, then he added a third. They slid in and out, hard and fast, and she squealed and arched against them. Just as her body was letting her find her

rhythm, the fingers withdrew.

"No! More!" Her only coherent thoughts came out in a wail. Her hands fisted on the table and she whimpered.

Zan did not even respond to her, but pulled her hips to the edge of the table and set the head of his cock against her. Her slick heat embraced the head of his member with a relieved flutter. Slowly he moved deeper and deeper within her, until he was buried to the balls.

"Oh, god yes!" She groaned in relief. Then he began to thrust.

He was very slow and extremely thorough. Each thrust rubbed the sensitive tissues within her pussy and caused her to arch toward him. He was taking her weight with his hands on her lower back and working her against his thrusts as he pushed and slid through her slick channel.

Without knowing it, her hands had moved to his shoulders, and her fingers were twisting in his hair. He began to pick up speed, and was beginning to pound her against his cock with each inward thrust.

She felt the spiral of tension build within her, and dropped one of her hands off of his shoulder to rub circles around her clit. The wetness that had spread out of her from their fucking had made it easy. In only a few passes, she felt the tension grow and heard him growl from above her. Her

eyes flew up to meet his and one of his hands pulled hers aside, just when she was almost there!

"What?" No other words passed through the haze of pleasure as his wicked fingers took over from where she had left off.

"Mine." More of a grunt than a word, but its meaning was unmistakable.

His fingers circled, pinched and flicked at her clit as his cock slammed into her with renewed effort.

"Oh, hell!" She screamed and clutched at him as her back arched and her legs wrapped around his waist to hold him within her as she came. He continued to pound into her, against the tension surrounding his shaft, trying to hold him within her. Her orgasm went on and on, a fresh pulse of sensation with every plunge and withdrawal over her sensitive tissues.

When her release had run its course, she fell limply onto the table, feeling the mad rush of energy that now filled Zan's body. Every thrust took him to the hilt. Pounding away at her in a burst of motion that soon had him howling as his own orgasm claimed him.

Ruana felt his climax within her, and felt the wetness of his seed as it released in the depths of her belly. If she had had the energy, she might have held him when he collapsed on her, but she didn't. She lay on the heavy oak table and

struggled to catch her breath, wondering if this was it, and she could go now.

She closed her eyes and took stock of her body. Beneath the throbbing satisfaction was the hunger for more. As if woken by her thoughts, the hunger began to grow again. The rest of her was ready for round two as well. She only had one tiny injury on her ass where Zan's fingers had bruised her.

Between her thighs she felt him stirring again and shuddered in response to the bolt of heat that went through her. Zan's head rested against her breast, and the nipple near his mouth came to swift attention as his breath blew over it through the thin layers of clothing. She squirmed gently under him, wanting more, but not sure how to ask for it. One of her hands slid through the dark silk of his hair, and caressed the back of his neck.

He raised his head. "Care for another round?" He kissed the tip of her nose and then kissed her lips for the first time. His hips rocked gently against her as his tongue slid into her mouth.

It seemed that they kissed and slowly moved together for hours, bodies sighing and clothing rustling against each other, but abruptly it was too much for Ruana. Her legs locked at the base of his spine and pulled him into her with all the force she possessed. He grunted in reaction and flipped, so that his back was now against the table and she was kneeling over him. Her hands braced against

his stomach and she rode him like a wild thing, moving up and down on his bursting erection as he howled and arched under her. She continued to fuck herself on his arching body as she felt his balls empty within her. Her hands came up and clawed at her breasts through her dress and she pinched her nipples with a vicious grip.

The pain blended with the pleasure, she gasped and fell forward as another wave of ecstasy claimed her.

Zan wrapped his arms around her and smoothed her auburn hair off of her face. His heart was slowing under her and she started to laugh as she realized that they were both still fully clothed. It started as a little hiccup of giggles and when she felt him slip from her sore and soaked cunt, it turned into a howl of laughter.

He started to sit up, and as he did, she fell to one side. Then off of the table and onto the floor. Ruana landed with a thump. For a moment she was silent- then the hilarity gripped her once again. Tears streamed down her face as she gripped her ribs and curled into a ball of hysterics. Zan went over to the sink and tidied himself up, then came over to her with a washcloth in his hand.

The room smelled of heat and sex, with the unmistakable muskiness that the wer had as their own.

He turned her onto her back and forced her thighs apart with one hand while cleaning off the sticky evidence of their coupling with the other. When he was through he asked, "Are you ever going to stop laughing?" He was hunkered down next to her and looking at her with great attention to every detail of her writhing anatomy.

Her convulsive laughter must be the result of too long an abstinence. There was no other reason that she could think of to have collapsed with hilarity after the hottest sex of her life.

Still giggling, she tugged her skirt down once again and sat up.

"Dare I ask what was funny?" He gave her his hand and tugged her to her feet. Somewhere along the way she had lost her shoes. Her toes wiggled against the hardwood floor.

She grinned at him, "Well, aside from the messed up hair, you and I look like we just spent an evening playing scrabble." A giggle broke free once again. "Do you know where my shoes went?"

"Somewhere under the table. Hey, get back here." He was left talking to air as everything but her backside disappeared under the table. It was a very nice backside, but he would have to see it without clothing on to be sure.

"Aha! Got 'em." Brandishing the strappy sandals triumphantly she appeared on the other

side of the table from him. Hopping from foot to foot she put the sandals back on.

"Ruana, we need to talk." Zan was serious, he knew what was coming, and was dreading it. The truth was, they were far from finished.

"No Zan, we don't need to talk. Can I call a cab from here, or will you give me a ride back into town?" She brushed the front of her dress straight-then frowned. She could feel the evidence of his climax slowly making its way down her thighs. Her nose wrinkled at the scent and she turned back to him with an expectant look on her face.

"Oh, so now that you have what you need, you don't want me anymore. Very nice." He sat back at the table and crossed his arms over his chest, while crossing his legs at the ankle.

"So, can I get a ride or what?" She really had no frame of reference for this type of activity, but he looked offended. "I thought that you would be happy that I didn't want to stick around."

"Not really, we still need to talk. Have a seat." He gestured to the chair that she had previously occupied.

"Um, how about we talk another time, I really want to get home." She shifted from foot to foot.

"Well, be off with you then. You can't get a cab from here, but about an hour's walk down the road you should find a gas station, you can get a cab from there. If you make it." His eyes were hot,

and she felt a frisson of fear as she noticed something rising behind his eyes that had not been there before.

"Oh crud." A trickle of sensation ran down her spine. Part of it was fear, but she was ashamed to admit that the heat was riding again. "How long are you going to give me?" She quickly flipped her shoes off and started to back out the door.

"You have ten minutes. I would go now if I were you." The wildness was rising in his eyes, and there was a flush to his skin that had not been there before. He seemed alive with energy, and it was barely contained. In a few moments, he was not going to bother containing his hunger at all.

She ran.

Chapter Two

She left her shoes in the kitchen and bolted out the door as if all the hounds of hell were on her heels. Down the driveway and into the woods, she ran. She tried to mask her scent as best as she could, but having quizzed her mother on the mating habits of werewolves, she knew that he could probably find her anywhere she went. Thanks to their earlier mating, she reeked of his musk.

She stumbled blindly in the dark, trees and branches snagging and tearing at her clothing. A branch whipped across her face and she flinched with pain, her heart pounding in her ears.

In the distance, she heard a howl, and ran faster. She tripped and fell into a stream. She got up, her hands bleeding from the rocks and moved down the stream as quickly as she could. As much as fear was riding her hard, arousal had started to creep into her flesh as well. Through the damp of her dress, she felt her nipples pushing at the

confines of her bra. The wetness between her thighs was scalding hot, a sharp contrast to the icy cold of the water swirling around her ankles.

She heard another howl and froze in place. It seemed close. Really close. She held her breath and listened with everything in her. The wind shifted and she could smell him. He had not transformed completely, there was man mixed in with the wolf, and she shuddered with arousal once again. It meant that he intended to fuck her when he found her- that was not even a question. It was the only reason that he would not have changed all the way. In wolf form, he may have tormented her, bit her and chased her, perhaps even killed her. The partial form was only good for being able to move and act as a man, at the same time that he took on the most effective tracking abilities given to him by the wolf within.

She was in serious trouble.

Ruana left the stream and ran on numb feet through the woods once again, stumbling, crashing into trees and brambles. She fell. Her arms moved under her to push her up and she heard him. She listened to the careful steps coming toward her. Her body shook with panic as she thought of what she could do next.

Desperate for cover, she rolled under a nearby bush and tried to tuck her arms and legs against her body. She could hear his footsteps coming

closer and tried to hold her breath and quiet her heartbeat. Her eyes closed and she listened to his steps pass her hiding place, she could hear him scenting the air, snuffling through his extended muzzle. She kept herself completely still, and did not even breathe the sigh of relief that she felt burning within her when he kept going.

Her breath blasted out of her when a clawed, furred hand, wrapped around one ankle and dragged her out from under the bush. She screamed in panic and flipped to her back, to find a grey muzzle and burning amber eyes boring into her own.

With casual brutality his claws tore through her dress and shredded her bra. She was left sitting in scraps of fabric where her dress used to be, her breasts heaving as her lungs fought for air through the constriction of panic.

She slowly edged back from her suitor, stopping when he growled in protest. His eyes roamed over her body slowly and his hands took hold of her hips to bring her under him. She kept as still as possible as the muzzle went over her from head to toe, pausing to carefully inspect the scent of their earlier mating. Her body was shaking, partially due to her fear. There was also the animal part of her that was awakening with lust at his presence.

He lifted her off of the dirt and bracken

covering the forest floor, and turned her onto her knees. His hands stroked her from neck to hips in a soothing motion, only occasionally drawing blood with his claws. When her shaking had stilled, he began to lick her. First at the back of her neck, then across her shoulders. His hot tongue constantly moving and tasting her flesh. The wet expanse of his tongue triggered an answering warm wetness between her thighs. She clenched them together as if to deny her response.

His snarl and his hand separating her thighs let her know in no uncertain terms that she was not to deny him. Her head fell forward and she let him have free reign of her body.

He tasted every portion of her flesh, his muzzle and tongue lapping between her buttocks, across her anus and down to her weeping flesh. A shiver started in her core and her muscles tensed for battle. She felt his teeth on the inside of her thigh and she snapped.

Naked and aroused she leapt to her feet and tried to escape. She had no chance. She had only managed to run a few yards when the warm, furred body slammed into her and bore her to the ground. She whimpered and fought him, pushing away from the ground and lifting them both with strength that she didn't know she possessed. He forced her down once again with his weight and closed his teeth on her neck. She stilled.

Giving in to the inevitable, she relaxed against him. He loosened his jaws and she rolled to her back and then offered her neck to him.

The golden eyes above his muzzle gleamed in the darkness, reflecting all available light. His teeth gently closed against her throat as she arched her neck into his jaws, and he bit her hard enough to break the skin. A pleased rumble left his throat and he released her neck to lick at her chin.

Her hands found his shoulders and she caressed the fur and muscle, reminding herself of the man behind the monster. His teeth found her nipples and she shivered again. Then, almost came as the darts of sensation ran through her. His muzzle nipped, licked and tormented her breasts. Pain and pleasure drawing together. On her own, playing with her nipples had always gotten her wet, but what he was doing now was almost criminal. She sobbed, twisting against him, and he moved on.

His lapping tongue found the hollow of her belly, and delved lower, between the thighs that she spread for him as he made his way to her core.

When he discovered her flowing honey he snarled his approval and once again flipped her to her belly, then drew her up to her knees. This time he acted immediately, the large stiff head of his erection prodding at her entrance. He rubbed

himself against her from her clitoris to her open warmth- then thrust his hips forward.

She grunted at the first impact on her delicate flesh, the bulbous head moved into her an inch, then withdrew and moved forward again. In this form he was quite a bit larger than as a human. She hissed her discomfort, then moaned her pleasure as he continued to work his way into her.

Inch by inch, he buried himself in her, then began a rapid fire piston-like of thrusts. Drawing out, then hammering forward, throwing her onto her elbows just to maintain her balance. His clawed hands dug into her hips and pulled her onto him. Fucking her with savage ferocity that left her breathless as the spiral of tension in her body drew tight, then snapped.

She screamed, her voice transforming to a howl of satisfaction as his voice joined hers. Distantly, she heard his howl of triumph as it echoed through the trees. His body pumped violently into hers and she heard his final grunt of satisfaction as he shoved himself into her one last time, then withdrew to drip the last of his cum onto the woodland carpet of moss. For the first time in her life, Ruana fainted.

* * * *

She dreamed. Dreamed of being hunted through

the forest, being chased by a wolf. Her heart was pounding, and she couldn't see. He was right behind her. He would be on her any second.

Ruana woke, gasping for air, her heart beating like a drum.

"Oh, thank god." She fell back into her sheets and stretched under her comforter. It had all been a dream. The whole thing. Probably brought on by her going into heat again. She laughed at herself, like she would ever be desperate enough to go to a bar, to pick up a werewolf to satisfy her cravings. This morning though, the heat seemed to be over. She felt rested, relaxed and the pounding arousal was finally gone. Maybe the dream had done it for her.

She checked her alarm. "Damn." She had overslept. Seriously overslept. She was due to meet her parents for Sunday dinner at four, and it was almost two.

She flipped the blankets and sheets aside, swung her legs out of bed and stood up. And promptly collapsed. Her legs would not hold her, the muscles were sore and unprepared to bear her weight.

"What the hell?" Then she froze. Coating the insides of her thighs were evidence of her nocturnal activities, a strong musky scent came to her as she examined herself.

Pushing herself upright with the bed, she

wobbled to the bathroom and surveyed her devastation for herself. Claw marks covered her skin, tracing red over the pale flesh. Welts had formed on her neck from the bite, and her hands were covered with dirt. "Oh, shit."

She jumped into the shower and started to scrub. As much to remove the dirt as to banish the memories of the night.

She finished her ablutions and got dressed, choosing a high necked shirt to camouflage the marks on her neck. She tried to put on a pair of jeans, but found the fabric too abrasive on her sore flesh. She opted for a denim skirt instead.

Her face seemed a little flushed, so she applied her 'five-minute makeover' then was out the door and off to meet her parents for dinner.

Her mom was gracious as always, but her father was a little stilted when he hugged her. She sighed. He could smell Zan on her. She didn't even question it.

When her mother left them alone to get some dessert from the kitchen he pulled her into the other room and asked her, "Ok. Ruana, who was it? I need to know."

"His name was Zan, Dad. That's all I know." She kept her voice to a whisper, so that her mother wouldn't hear. Her mom never wanted to listen to Ruana's comments on being a half werewolf. She liked to pretend that her little girl was completely

normal, and the only supernatural items that she had inherited came from the witch blood on her own side of the family.

"I can't believe this. Did you get a last name?" His whisper was just as urgent as hers.

"No, you see, there were these six other werewolves who had kind of cornered me..." Ruana's mother came back in and that was the end of that discussion for now, but the way her dad's eyes had bugged out, she knew she was in for a phone call.

Just because he had left the pack to marry her mother, didn't mean that he had given up on their traditions. Some male messing with his daughter would not be tolerated. He still had his family to call on if he needed it. Ruana was hoping that he didn't.

She left her parents' house after she washed the dinner dishes. She had been home for three whole minutes before the phone rang, and she filled her father in on the pertinent details. No, she didn't get his last name. Yes, six other wolves had cornered her. Yes, Zan had come to her rescue. No, she didn't know where he lived. Yes, she was fine and her heat seemed to be over. Yes, she loved him too. Goodbye.

Slowly and methodically she thumped her head against the wall next to the phone. She could not believe the chain of events that had led her to that

discussion with her father. Wasn't sex with strangers supposed to be all the rage? Her dad was raging alright. So much for hoping for a quiet solution.

Ah well. There was always tomorrow. A whole new chance to humiliate herself awaited.

Chapter Three

She carefully laid out her clothing for the next day at work, watched a movie, and then went to bed after changing the sheets. Dirt and cum had crusted on the bedding. She could not bear to climb into that mess. She carefully set her alarm and went to sleep.

She had the same dream, but this time when she woke up there was no pressure on her legs, no twinges in her thighs and no strange musky scents on her body.

She got dressed in slacks and a long-sleeved, button down shirt, and went to work. Keena met her at her desk. "So, where did you get off to on Saturday? Find a hot guy?"

Her friend was relentless, so Ruana compromised. "Yeah, I found a hot stud on Saturday, got laid and here I am." It was true, lacking in details, but true.

"Wow, you're so lucky. All of the good looking guys disappeared around eleven, and after that it

was just poor guys whose wives had kicked them out for the night." Keena did not seem upset by the circumstance and Ruana got the feeling that one of those 'poor guys' had gotten lucky as well.

"The boss wants to see you at ten. His wife is in as well. Must be some kind of internal audit." Keena walked away, sashaying for the benefit of the guy from the mail room who had wandered onto their floor.

Paperwork of the endless variety that piled up on the average clerks' desk kept her busy until ten, at which point she stood, walked down to the CEO's door and knocked. The door said Maxwell Masters, but everyone called him Max.

"Come in, Ruana." Max's voice was unmistakable. It was a bass rumble that usually held a trace of amusement, but could occasionally rise to a cold roar that sent employees scurrying for cover. His wife had a gentling effect on him, but that was when the cold intelligence rose to the surface.

"Hey Max, you wanted to see me?" She sauntered into the room. Arissa was there as expected, but the second guest in the room caused her to stumble and almost fall.

As Zan's steadying arm came around her, she looked wildly at her boss. "Oh, god." The signs of the werewolf were easy to see, now that she was looking for them. Arissa as well. Damn.

"It was a setup. The whole thing was a setup." Zan helped her into a chair and she buried her face in her hands. She was not upset, she was mortified. Humiliated.

Her voice was muffled behind her hands, "Max, you were the one who told Keena to take me to the Howl." It was a statement. She had finally put two and two together.

"Actually, it was me." Arissa's smooth and low voice was gentle. "You were in heat, Ruana. If we didn't send you into a controlled situation, you could have been hurt."

"You didn't tell them about my fan club?" She looked at Zan, her voice almost hysterical. She knew that the whites of her eyes were showing, like a panicked deer. Ruana had never felt more like herded prey in her life.

"How many?" Max's voice was grim. Ruana was afraid to look up, but she could *feel* the hunter rising behind that desk. Now that she had physically contacted with a werewolf, her senses were going on overdrive.

"Six. They followed her out of the club. Despite the ugly dress." Her head lifted, and a startled laugh left her before she could stop it. Zan was watching for her reaction and tried to send her a soothing smile. It was more of a grimace, but he did try.

Max tapped his hand against the desk to regain

their attention. "Any clan members among them?"

"All of them. I scared them off, but they're going to petition for her." Zan was just as grim as his brother.

His brother's eyes closed in resignation. "Ah hell. Are you ready for the challenges? Will you take them or let them have her?"

She was indignant, "Hey!"

"I will take them." Zan's voice was implacable.

"Arisa, what the hell are they talking about?" She knew she sounded shrill, but this was not the kind of meeting she had been braced for. She had spent her morning memorizing inventory questions that he might ask.

Arisa sighed and looked at her husband. At his nod, she began to fill Ruana in. "Ok, now you know your father left the clans when he married your mother. Right?" At Ru's nod she kept going.

"You were born of mixed blood, this usually results in a girl being born without any attributes of a werewolf at all." Arissa smiled kindly, "Not so with you. You may not be able to change shape, but you have the strength, the reflexes and the intelligence of the highest werewolf families. You also do something that only one in twenty full blood wer female's do. You go into heat. Frequently, and obviously. The long and short of it is that you can have fully powered sons and daughters, who are just about guaranteed to be

Alphas, the highest ranking in the clans.”

“Offspring of a female in heat are stronger, faster, and more intelligent than that of the average werewolf female. This makes you a valuable bargaining chip. The various clans are bidding on any female with this particular trait. Once discovered, you have nowhere to hide.”

“I am only sorry that our little plan to get you to Zan at that time caused you to become exposed to the rest of the clans. The bidding war has already started. Zan will be challenged for the right to be your lover until you conceive. Then the next clan will be in line, after that first child is born.”

“...And on and on, until I die in childbirth. Not a very pleasant future.” Tears seeped from her eyes as she contemplated her fate. Endless mating with strangers to produce children that could literally bite your head off. “Is there any way out of this? Anywhere I can hide?”

“No. Once you were spotted, an alarm went out trying to find your identity. Your erstwhile suitors were very excited to come across one of your type with no clan protection. But there is something that you can do.” Arissa’s voice was soft, and she looked like she wanted to cry herself.

Ruana was desperate- tears were slowly tracking down her cheeks. The only outlet for emotions that made her want to scream in anger.

"What? Anything. You name it and I am there."

Zan took over the conversation. "What Max wants us to try is a little complicated. You become my mate. Permanently. We marry and register it with the state. Not one clan can challenge our relationship after that. You will belong to me, and I to you. And hey! You can stop working for this tyrant." Across the room, Max smiled at that. Well, she thought it was a smile, he bared his teeth.

"Wait a minute- we still have your clan to contend with. Don't we?" She was finally coming around into the planning stages.

"I'll start making calls. Zan, you get her out of here. Anyone of those who saw you could identify you and come to find her here. They all know where I am and that you are my brother."

Zan tugged her to her feet and was halfway out the door with Ruana before she added "Hey, you still have to pay me for working today."

The door closed on their laughter, and she took Zan's arm as he led her out of the office and to his car. The secretaries giggled and pointed at them as they walked the halls. It was an occasion of monumental proportions that the 'little librarian' had a man. And the boss's brother, wow. The sports car was a devastating blue in the daylight. She was amazed. Last night it had looked black.

She had always been a sucker for blue. "Your

car is wonderful."

"Thanks." He opened the passenger door for her.

She nervously drew her shaking hands across the seats. "Mm, leather interior. Nice."

He slid into the driver's seat and started the car. "You are chatty today. On Saturday you hardly said a word."

"On Saturday I was scared out of my wits. I hadn't ever done that before."

"What, picked up a guy in a bar and fucked him senseless? You were very good at it." He smiled over at her as he headed for the highway.

"Thanks. You know I never thought that what came afterward would be so, pleasant." Her face was completely bland, but she knew that that would get a rise out of him.

"You enjoyed being chased through the woods, almost torn apart and mauled by a wild beast?"

"It had its moments." She glanced over at his crotch and noticed the bulge that seemed to be growing behind the fabric. "Like when you pinned me to the ground with your body, and I felt your enormous cock pressing into my ass as I lay helpless."

A few beads of sweat had formed on his brow, and the bulge in his trousers was no longer small.

"While I am driving, could we please talk about the weather?" It was a barely human snarl, but she

understood it.

"Ok, new topic. How did you get me into my house?"

He gave her a sardonic look. "You left your purse in my kitchen. I can read a drivers license, and use a key."

She felt her face heat. "Why did you take me home then?"

"So you would have familiar things around you when you woke up. I knew what would happen on Monday. Max had invited me to the meeting when Arissa had them bring you to me."

Ruana was silent. She carefully watched the route that he took into the farming areas around the city. They passed the Howl, the bar lying dormant in the sun, and she averted her gaze. She watched the countryside fly by the window once again.

"Why did you let them convince you to go to the Howl on Saturday? You really don't seem the type." He broke the silence after a few miles had passed.

She turned her face toward the window and kept her mouth shut. She had been kicking herself since the moment she had walked into the bar, and she wasn't about to let him know that. He was nice enough for a werewolf, but she could not forget her father's admonishing words about wer. Basic instinct was valued over intellect, and the

most cruel and violent of behaviors were applauded if they helped you move through the ranks of the clan.

Zan may have helped her out by separating her from the others, but he was just as capable as they were of taking what he wanted, should she protest.

She sighed and broke the silence. "So what is the type that frequents the Howl?"

"Usually women in short skirts and tops slit down to the navel so that their tits hang out. They come in, get hammered, drool over the wolves that are in the bar, pick one up, and get hammered all over again." He grinned and winked at her as she turned to stare at him in appalled amazement.

"So, what you are saying is that I stuck out the second that I walked through the door." She sank further into the embrace of the leather and squirmed uncomfortably.

He let out a harsh bark of laughter. "No, I stuck out the second that you walked through the door. Damned uncomfortable in those jeans, I will have you know."

"You know, I never expected Max's brother to be so...crude. He's so polite at the office." She was trying hard not to smile, and failing miserably.

She smiled at his wicked chuckle. "Most men are fairly crude given the opportunity. It's only the formal bonds of normal society that keep us from

making all kinds of unfortunate statements and noises in public." He smiled. "And some of us do it anyway, but Max has his business to run. He had higher priorities the whole time we were growing up."

"Is he the older brother?"

"Naw, my younger by about three years. I taught him everything he knows, including how to run a business. We are both of alpha standing, but have no urge to run the clan. Too much politics."

His hands were steady on the wheel, his eyes distant. He was obviously lost in some kind of memory. The grim set of his mouth was an indication that it was not a pleasant scene that he was recalling.

Silence fell again.

"Is there going to be trouble because of me? Because if there is, can I make a few calls?"

"By the time we get you safely stashed at my farmhouse, half of the clans will know that there is a breeding female available, and the smart ones will know that you have no protection." He sounded as if he were talking to a child. Explaining the facts to her in simple terms.

"Fine. But can I call someone that can help? Yes or no?" She waited. And waited.

From inside his coat pocket, he brought out a cell phone. "Fine, call anyone you want. But the

clans will handle this.”

Ruana flipped open the tiny phone and dialed her mother’s number at work. When she was put through she told her mother everything as quickly as she could. Her mother sat in stony silence on the other end of the call.

Finally, “Mom, do you think you can call out some of the cousins for this? Does it fall within Warder jurisdiction? Great Mom. Thanks. And can you make the call to Anryn? I think she would really get a kick out of this.”

Zan had been listening carefully. “What is a Warder? And who all is coming?”

“Long story on the clan, but currently it is a network of witches and warlocks related by blood who specialize in defensive magic. There is a clan that I belong to, The Warders.”

“And the Warders will use all means to defend my choice of mate, but only once. So you had better have a detailed stock portfolio ready for my mom and the elders to go over, or kiss your ass goodbye.” For the first time in days, Ruana felt confident.

Her mother had been surprised, but not shocked, and had swiftly realized the peril that her daughter was in. Calling in the clan was standard procedure, and would surprise the hell out of the werewolves coming after her.

“Mom is going to call me back in a few minutes.

I gave her your cell number. The clan should start arriving this afternoon, I think you have enough room for them to camp out."

"What clan? I thought that your father had left his clan associations behind." Zan was a little confused by the conversation that he had overheard.

Ruana started to snicker. "Not my father's clan. They won't have anything to do with us." She paused for a few moments, then dropped the bomb. "My mother's."

"Your mom is a wer?"

A short bark of laughter answered him. "No. My mom is a witch. Of the Warder clan. We are the largest and least respected of all of the magical clans in Realm." She looked perversely smug as she described her family.

"Realm? There are clan legends and histories, but none of us have been there." He was looking a little white around the eyes. "So, your mom is a witch?"

"One of the best Warders of the last generation." Her chest puffed up with pride. "That was how my parents met. She laid a trap for him, and caught him."

"What kind of a trap?"

"Nothing invasive. Just a set of standing stones. She needed his help tracking down a rogue wer from his clan. He refused to participate willingly,

so she trapped him.” Then seduced him, but she was not about to tell Zan that. The slightly trappy behavior of her relatives was not something she was particularly proud of.

Mind you, last weekend hadn’t been all bad. Perhaps she could see the attraction in jumping guys after all. Well, Zan anyway.

The car turned into the farmhouse’s drive. She smiled at the whitewashed porch and expansive lawn. There was serenity in the expanse of greenery surrounding the house in the woods. She felt part of her relax. It was the same part of her that hated the congestion of the city, longed for the hunt, the chase and bringing down her prey.

Ruana shook her head. She had never hunted. She looked over at Zan and noted the relaxed, blissful look on his face as he took in the sight of his home. Her mind probed at the emotions that were rising within her, and she noted the distinctly masculine tone that they were taking on.

Aw, hell. They were bonding.

Chapter Four

Zan's cell phone rang. Ruana grabbed at it and checked the caller ID. It was her mom. Thank god.

"Hi Mom. What's the verdict?" She listened carefully and looked over at Zan's attentive expression. He was obviously puzzled at the turn of events that she was pulling on him, and slightly off balance.

Her mother's voice came through clearly. "We can have Anryn there as soon as you get a four foot reflective surface ready. The rest of the available clan members will be there by nightfall."

Ruana covered the lower portion of the phone with her hand and asked him, "Do you have a large mirror in the house?"

"How large?" He placed one of his hands on her lower back and steered her to the front door.

"About four feet." She turned back to the phone. "Four feet. Right, Mom?"

"Yes, dear. Just lay your hand on it, and she

will come through. She's waiting for you." Her voice dropped to a hushed level. "Are you sure that he's the one, sweetie? It isn't too late to have you pulled out of there."

"Mom, he's willing to take on the rest of the clan champions to keep me. So, yeah. He's the one." Saying it out loud made it final. No matter what happened later this evening, she wanted Zan.

"Well, Ru, as long as he's the one you want. I am sure that your father and I will get along fine with him. We should be there after your dad gets off work. Anryn will bring us through Realm for the engagement ceremony." Victoria paused for a moment. "Be careful, Ruana. I love you."

"Love you too Mom. Goodbye." With a punch of her thumb, she disconnected the call and then turned to the mirror that Zan had led her to.

Zan had grinned when she said that he was the one, but now he sobered. "So, how is your mother taking this?" His concern was obvious.

"Pretty well, considering that this is something she has always dreaded actually happening." Ruana shrugged and looked around her.

It was obviously his bedroom. The king-sized bed gave it away. The room had the same lived-in feeling as the parts of his house that she had already seen. It was also spotless.

Great, he was a neat freak. This was boding ill

for the future.

"Ruana, the mirror?" He stood aside. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Me. Nothing. My cousin Anryn however is going to use it as a gateway. Better stand a little further to one side. She tends to come through running." She held her hand over the mirror's surface, a tingling warmth jumping from the glass to her skin.

"Ok, I am going to give you the short course here." Ruana drew her hand back and took his to drag him over to have a seat on the bed. "If you don't want to be involved with me after you see my family, you can just let me go. My family is magic. My mother is a descendent of one of the oldest bloodlines of magical humans."

She drew a deep breath and continued. "We have a family curse that keeps us from being accepted in the regular society of Realm. Realm is an alternate dimension that acts as a haven and a training ground for those of magical families. And all the non-human races, of course."

"Because of my family's stigma, we are not usually welcomed as in-laws by the other families, so we find mates elsewhere. Usually in the non-human races. My cousin Anryn is half-dryad. I myself have more mixed blood in me than human. Our talents are varied, but one thing is certain. We can all cast wards. Magical barriers that keep out

whatever we tell them to. Kinda like your computer's firewall."

"Anryn is coming for two reasons. One is that she is currently the most powerful Warder that we have. Two is because her husband will be hot on her heels, and he will probably give an entire werewolf clan a run for it's money." She smiled brightly at his stunned face. "Ready?"

"As I could ever be. Invite your cousin." He sat still, watching carefully as her hand hovered over the surface of the glass once more.

"Here we go." Ruana's hand plunged into the glass, with only the briefest of hesitation. It rippled, and in the movement Zan could make out a figure, getting larger.

Seconds later, two hands plunged free of the mirror with the rest of the body soon following. The female figure tucked and rolled to a stop against the bed. "Close the mirror!"

Startled, Ruana began to pull her hand away from the rippled surface. It was stuck. She looked into the mirror and saw burning golden eyes glaring at her. They belonged to the clawed hand that was wrapped around her wrist, holding her in place.

"Ruana!" Zan was on his feet the second that Anryn had tumbled through, he grabbed the hand that was holding her, and wrenched it off. His arms swiftly wrapped around her and drew her

from the mirror's surface as the golden eyes faded away.

"Are you ok, Ruana? Sorry, he was really close behind me." Anryn stood and stretched. Her olive skin pulling over her smooth muscles.

"Yeah, I'm fine. What is up with Decklyn?" Ruana relaxed into his grip and leaned against the strong wall of his chest. "He looked mad."

"Well, we kind of had an argument about me coming here. He has gotten really paranoid lately about my safety." She flipped her hair over one nude shoulder, and twisted.

"Why just lately?"

"Ah, something to do with the pregnancy. He thinks I might put myself in danger." Anryn finished stretching. "Introductions please?" She wandered over to where Zan still had Ruana in his grip, still unabashedly naked after her trip through the mirror. The only thing she was wearing was a tattoo and a choker of dark blue opal. It pulsed gently, glowing from within.

"My name is Anryn Warder. You would be the werewolf who slept with my cousin?" Anryn's brow arched over her bright green eyes. At first glance her skin appeared to be an olive tone, but upon closer inspection, she was actually green. A deep blue tattoo with an intricate pattern ran across her neck and collar bone. The tone set off her midnight hair which was the only thing she

was wearing over her form.

He set Ruana off to the side and bowed. "Aleczander Masters, please to meet you. May I offer you some clothing?"

"Gentlemanly conduct. Oh, he's a keeper. Yeah, a shirt or something would be great." She crossed her arms over her breasts and waited while he rummaged through the closet behind the mirror.

She caught the white dress shirt that he threw at her. A delicate sniff told her that it had just come back from the cleaners. Great, one less thing for Decklyn to get upset over. The less she irritated her husband the better. The last time she had been grounded for a week. That was when he had discovered her ticklish spots.

"Thanks." She shrugged into it and then straightened her shoulders. "Ok, shall we go downstairs and plan the defense, or do you want to have some private time together?"

Both of them looked longingly over at the bed, then at each other. Zan made the decision. "Downstairs. I think it's time for lunch anyway." He ushered them out of the room and down the stairway to the kitchen.

The ladies sat on the kitchen stools and watched him prepare a selection of sandwiches. There had been at least four minutes of silence when it finally clicked. Ruana jumped to her feet and shrieked in delight as she embraced her

cousin. "You're pregnant! Congratulations! How long? When are you due?"

"Enough, enough. I am just ending my first month. Hopefully, the little one will keep to mommy's biology and not daddy's." She patted her softly curved belly gently. There was no hint of her pregnancy in her body yet, but the glow surrounding her proved it.

"Do you know if it's a boy or girl?"

"It's a boy. But I saw that one coming even before I met Decklyn, remember?" She was referring of course to a bunch of the cousins sneaking into Realm to go to the Vision Falls. It was to find out if they would fall for humans, or something else. Decklyn definitely qualified in the second category.

"Oh, of course. You know, I had forgotten all about that." She looked over at Zan where he was still busy pursuing the last of the mayonnaise. A brilliant smile broke over her features.

She crouched down to whisper. "So, if Zan agrees, can you do it? The hand-fasting I mean."

Anryn whispered back, "As soon as I get Albina and her Djinn here. Just let me have lunch first."

"Lunch is ready. You might want to eat it now." Zan's whisper caused Anryn to blink then laugh out loud. He had leaned in over the table and was only inches from their hushed conversation.

"Right, let's eat." Without further ado, she grabbed one of the sandwiches and began to devour it in a manner most disturbing to the couple watching her.

With a muffled "Sorry." she kept stuffing her face until the sandwich, a plate of pickles, and half of a bag of chips had been demolished.

Ruana carefully kept her food out of her cousin's reach. She ate slowly, knowing that a second meal that day would not be likely. Zan followed her example, hoarding his food away from the remorseless eating machine that was sharing the table with them.

Finally, brushing crumbs and debris from her lips, Anryn faced them. "Ok. Now I need to know before we go any further, are you two willing to spend the rest of your lives together? Divorce won't kill this bond. You will in effect become one soul." She burped delicately. "Zan, I know that this is coming on you kinda fast, but you're going to have to keep up."

"You agreed to marry Ruana to protect her from the werewolf clans that are bidding on her. There is no need for that. Her clan can protect her and you for that matter. But if you truly want to have her in your care for the rest of your life, we can hand-fast you today. It is a legally binding ceremony, and will let you call on the Warder clan as you need it."

"You can think it over, but don't take too long. There are delegations from three of the werewolf clans on their way here at this moment, and they will be here in three hours. Fortunately, my husband will arrive here in two."

"Oh, and just so you are clear on this. The hand-fasting is only temporary. You'll need to suffer through an official Realm wedding before you can get her pregnant. But have fun practicing." She gave Zan a brilliant smile and he actually blushed in response to her frank appraisal.

She stopped to take a deep breath. "I'm going to set a few wards around your property. I'll be back in about an hour and a half. Talk it over." Giving Ruana a peck on the cheek, and Zan a clap on the shoulder, she left the farmhouse to give them some privacy.

Idly she walked through the yard and picked up pebbles. With a flick of her mind she charged them with warding power and then padded barefoot into the woods.

* * * *

Zan looked over at Ruana, "Whew. Your cousin is a little, hmm... focused. And green. She is definitely green."

Ruana was tidying up the lunch dishes. "I told

you that she was half dryad. Didn't you believe me?"

"Well, she was more than I expected. What exactly is her husband? He didn't look human either." Zan moved to help her, drying and putting the dishes away as she washed them.

Amusement crossed her face. "Oh, I don't want to spoil the surprise. Besides, you'll meet him soon enough. He should be here this afternoon." She paused for a moment. "I hope that he remembers to shield his presence. He might scare your neighbors."

With hands dripping with foam and water she turned to him, "Zan, are you sure about me? I mean, we only just met."

"Yes, I am sure. I was prepared to fight the other wer clans to keep you, remember?" His hands gripped her hips and pulled her to him. He drew his head down to her neck and inhaled deeply. "Are you sure that your family will be able to convince them to leave you with me?"

Her head fell back, her wet hands grabbing his shoulders for support. "Trust me, they won't be able to touch me once we've been hand-fastened." Her actions exposed the bite marks on her neck. He snarled his approval at the marks of his possession on her body.

Ravenous, his eyes burning with heat, he took her mouth with his. Her fingers slid up to twine in

his hair and hold his mouth against hers as he ravaged her. She lifted her legs to wrap around his waist and, using the counter at her back to brace herself, rubbed herself slowly against him.

The air came out of him in a shuddering groan. His hands held her hips against him, taking her weight, and began to walk to his bedroom with her twined around him.

Ruana began to shake in his grasp. Lust fired along every nerve. This was far different than the uncontrollable heat of the week before. This was deliberate arousal, surrendering to her desires for the first time by her own choice. As he took her to his bed, she hoped that she wasn't making the biggest mistake of her life.

Chapter Five

Ruana very swiftly found the difference between last week and now. Then it was sex, a violent drive to release and satisfaction. Now, it was making love. Forging a bond between them, as Zan slowly peeled her clothing from her to place it neatly on a nearby chair. Neat freak. As he uncovered each inch of delicate flesh, he tasted it. Pressing his mouth against her in a kiss that had her sighing in enjoyment.

She tried to return the favor, reaching for the buttons on his shirt and undoing two of them before his hands drew hers aside.

“Next time, I promise. This time, let me.” His kiss found the sensitive spot on the side of her neck, and her head tilted to allow him to make use of his discovery.

As he progressed with his unveiling, she moaned, panted and whimpered in turn. At last she stood before him, clad only in quivering eagerness. This too, was far different from the last

time. She had not been unclothed to his human eyes. Nor he to hers.

His eyes devoured her from head to toe. Pausing at her neck, breasts, hips and caressing her legs in a burning path that raised goose bumps on her. "I had no idea," was all that he said.

They would be the last words spoken for an hour.

With impatient movements he pulled his own clothing off. Sparing none of the care that he had shown while undressing her. His shirt flew off in one direction, his pants in another. His shoes disappeared and his socks evaporated. When his hands began to draw off his briefs, Ruana flushed and looked away. She had not seen him nude before, only felt him.

With a smile and eager hands he reached for her, drawing her against him. She felt the hard length of his cock against her belly, and shifted her hips to rub her soft skin against him. He grunted in response to the caress and lifted her onto the bed. Laying her out on her back and hovering over her on raised arms. His body completely shielded hers from the daylight, and she could only make out the shadows of his face above her, surrounded as he was by the afternoon sun.

Deliberately, he lowered his body onto hers. Murmuring in pleasure at the contact of her soft flesh, the slide of her thighs parting to

accommodate him. She felt the liquid heat leaking from her, wetting the curls at the juncture of her thighs. As his weight settled on her, her hips arched against him, seeking more thorough contact. Her thighs lifted high against his hips opening her body wide in invitation to the fiery shaft that waited just outside her reach.

He moved to lodge his cock within her entrance, then waited. Her body squirmed, unable to impale herself without his assistance. She met his eyes, finally opening her eyes after closing them to sensation. As her eyes locked with his, he slowly drove his flesh into hers. Every time she closed her eyes, he stopped until she opened them again.

She bit her lip and moaned as he was finally, fully within her. She kept her gaze on him as he began to thrust gently, and experimentally closed her eyes to have him stop once again.

She laughed gently, then focused on his face as he made love to her, her hands moving into his hair and stroking his shoulders. Time slowed. All too soon she felt the shivers of her release beginning within her. Breathy cries flew out of her throat, her hands turned to claws, digging into Zan's flesh as he buried himself within hers.

She began to buck against him with every thrust, keeping her gaze on his face, though her eyes had gone blind with pleasure. A howl burst

from her throat as she lifted them both off the bed with her orgasm. Her back arched, all of their weight borne on her shoulders as her channel pulsed around him, until she slumped with boneless exhaustion back onto the sheets.

He stopped again. She lifted heavy lashes to see the satisfaction and masculine pleasure on his face at her obvious exhaustion. Once she had opened her eyes, he began to thrust again. In less than a dozen strokes, she felt him shudder and his own howl of release rent the air. The sticky pearls of semen broadcasted into their new home. Zan's eyes had gone blind during his orgasm as well, his body and mind focused on the divine release of pleasure. Her aftershocks milked him as he slowly collapsed against her, burying his face in the pillow, resting his weight on her warm, sated body.

Minutes passed, Ruana lay fighting to regain her breath. His weight on her was not helping. He seemed to figure it out though, and shifted to the side, pulling free of her body with a sigh of regret.

Still not speaking, he cuddled her against him, and breathed deeply of their combined scents. The silence stretched between them. Finally, he spoke again. "Yes, Ruana. I am sure."

Tilting her head back, she saw the truth in his eyes. She moved and kissed his lips gently, "So am I, Zan. So am I."

Slow and rhythmic applause broke out. Zan flipped quickly to put himself between Ru and the intruder. Anryn stood in the doorway, leaning against the frame of the open door, her hands making a loud noise in the empty hallway.

"Very impressive cousin." Anryn walked into the room, the borrowed shirt as pristine as when she had first put it on. It did not look at all like she had been wandering in the woods. Unless of course, one looked at her feet, which were stained with dirt and leaves.

"Is he as good as he looks?" Unabashed, she perched on the side of the bed and looked at her satisfied and blushing cousin.

"Anryn, could you give us some privacy. Please." Ruana's voice was husky from her screams, she tried to tug the sheets up to cover herself, but Zan was sitting on them.

"Already did, Ru. Two hours worth. Albina and Imaran are downstairs." She got off the bed and sauntered to the door. "Decklyn is only ten minutes away, you might want to be dressed when he arrives." With a short laugh, she disappeared. "It wouldn't do to look like prey."

Ruana looked over at Zan. "Two hours?" Her voice was weak.

"It only seemed like a few minutes to me as well." He shook off his bemusement. By nature he was territorial, but now his territory was being

invaded by his new mate's family. The sacrifices he was willing to make. He rose to his feet and scooped her off the tangled sheets.

Moving swiftly, he herded her into the en suite bathroom and shoved them both into the shower. As his hands moved over her curves, he promised himself that the next time that they were together, they would take their time.

He soaped and rinsed them both, then wrapped a towel around his hips, where a tent belied his interest in her naked form, and dried her swiftly with another.

She looked longingly at the erection that had so obviously been caused by the close contact in the shower. "You know, sometimes, I hate my family."

Zan just laughed. A strained sound that echoed off of the bathroom tiles. "Let's just get dressed, and get this over with." He looked over at the devastation in the bedroom and shook his head. Wandering over to the dresser, he opened a drawer and pulled out some briefs for himself.

"I can't wait to see how you get into those." Ruana took a longing look once more at his erection as he attempted to wedge it behind the cotton fabric. Her own clothes were all located on the chair where he had put them. Her dressing was quick and painless, but she caught him grimacing out of the corner of her eye as he zipped

his jeans up over his briefs.

"Am I decent?" She checked the mirror once more, to make sure that everything was tucked into it's proper place. His arms wrapped around her and murmured into her ear. "I would say that you were fantastic. Not just decent."

He had pulled on a shirt, but not done up the buttons. His skin radiated heat and she snuggled into his embrace, reveling in the contact. She inhaled deeply and the scent of their coupling was still hanging in the air.

"Do me a favor, Zan?"

"Sure Ruana. What do you need?"

"Don't go too far, ok? I don't want Decklyn to eat you." A tiny laugh escaped her lips, but he gave her a startled squeeze as her reflection told him that she wasn't kidding.

Heavy wing beats filled the air. "He's here. Stay close."

"What the hell?" But he was talking to air as she slipped from his grasp to make her way to the door.

"Coming? Time to meet the in-laws." Ruana skipped out of the room and made her way down the stairs to the front door, Zan hard on her heels.

"Holy shit!" There was no other word that sprang to mind as he watched a dragon land in the yard outside the door.

Over forty-five feet long, Decklyn had navy

scales and golden eyes. Zan was soon to learn that those eyes followed him in all forms.

Anryn wandered out of the house and straight up to the ferocious beast that was snorting smoke in agitation.

"Hey honey! You made good time." She reached up and stroked her hand down his scaled, reptilian neck. He let out a snort and pulled away from the caress. "Why don't you shift forms and I can introduce you to Ruana's choice."

Her hand reached out once again, this time to scratch him under his chin. "C'mon honey. Let's be civil about this. The baby is fine, and I'm not going to spend the next nine months chained to your bed." An evil leer lit her face, "As much fun as that has been."

A resigned huff flew out of the dragon's mouth and he shook his enormous head in frustration. Slowly he began to shrink, taking the shape of a man, but retaining the wings and claws that he had possessed in his earlier form. He was handsome enough. His features hewn by a rough hand, his scales almost imperceptible in the human form. He was also naked.

"Don't ever run from me again Anryn." His hands grabbed her arms and he lifted her effortlessly to hold her eye to eye with him. His golden slitted eyes burning into her green and black gaze. She dangled in the air unconcerned,

waiting. Finally he sighed and brought her in for a gentle kiss. Her hands came up to cup his face and soon she was sliding down to stand on her own two feet once again.

"You know that when the clan needs me, I'm there. It would be best in the future if you put aside your anti-social behavior patterns and just came with me." Her hands restlessly stroked his shoulders and chest. Petting and soothing him.

His arms wrapped around her and held her close. Breathing in her scent, resigning himself to a lifetime of chasing this woman around the globe. Not the worst fate he could have imagined. At least the view from behind was pleasant.

Decklyn grinned then, exposing his teeth, causing Zan to flinch. Those were some serious fangs.

"Decklyn, I would like to introduce you to Ruana's wolf, Zan. Zan, this is Decklyn." How she could make herself understood while mashed against the enormous chest was beyond Zan, but her voice chimed out clearly.

"Please to meet you." Decklyn reluctantly released his mate and extended his hand to Zan. He took it in a handshake that was polite and controlled on both their parts.

Ruana hovered nervously nearby. She did know that Decklyn had, at some point in the past, hunted members of wer clans for sport. She hoped

that he would be polite.

"You as well, please come inside. I'll see if I can find you something to wear."

"Wear? Oh, right." He shrugged and followed Zan into the house. Each male keeping his female within his embrace as they entered the house.

Zan was brought up short as he saw the other members of the Warder clan that Anryn had mentioned earlier.

"Albina and Imaran I presume?" The pale woman with white hair stood next to a man with obvious exotic ancestors. He sighed and shook his head, then walked forward to take their hands. He would have to ask Ruana about warding his house to keep out her family after this was all over. The intrusions to his territory were setting his nerves on edge.

"I'm sorry, we would have introduced ourselves when we arrived, but you were...occupied." Albina's voice was quiet. Everything about her was so serene it was unnerving. The only spot of color in her face were her blue eyes and the red flower of her mouth.

In contrast her companion was a study in the harsh colors of the desert. Mahogany skin, black hair and deep black eyes took Zan's measure as he approached them.

Satisfied with what he saw, Imaran offered his assistance. "I see that Anryn and Decklyn have

been traveling without clothing again.” He clapped his hands together, and where an afghan had lain against the couch, clothing for the couple appeared.

“I think I need a cup of coffee.” Zan walked swiftly to the kitchen, still keeping Ruana in tow.

“Zan, could you let go now? I promise not to take off.” She spoke to him in low tones, knowing that his nerves had had enough of a jolt for the moment.

“Huh? Oh sure.” He filled the carafe with water and began the mundane activity of making coffee for the oddest group of beings that he had ever imagined.

And he had just signed on to join the family.

Chapter Six

The coffee maker chugged away, the dripping and chirping of the mechanism the only noise in the silence surrounding Zan. The smell crept through the kitchen with the insidious insistence endemic to the beverage.

"A little overwhelming aren't they? You are regretting your decision now aren't you?" Ruana was miserable, tears welling in her eyes. Her fingers picked at the tabletop, shaking slightly.

"Ruana, just give me a moment, ok?" His hand reached out to grasp hers across the table, his thumb began to rub against her palm, giving her what comfort he could. His mind was still grappling with dragons, djinn, dryads and witches. Well, he was a werewolf, so why not?

Seeking comfort, Ru moved over to sit in his lap, cuddling against him. She could feel his confusion battering at her mind. The bonding was something that she was not going to tell him about until...well, maybe in ten years. She figured that

he might have come out of his shock by then. She dug deeper into the emotions that were leaking into her mind, and she found his resolve to have her. He still hadn't changed his mind. She sighed in relief and snuggled closer as she let his mind work through the new information that challenged everything he had ever believed.

* * * *

"So, how do you think he's taking it?" Imaran conjured drinks for them all.

"Fairly well, I think." Anryn frowned at Decklyn as he took her wine away. "I can occasionally have a glass you know."

"Best to abstain until the baby arrives. I read it in a women's magazine." Albina started laughing. The air of authority that the dragon assumed was almost ridiculous, until Anryn added her two cents.

"He's not kidding. He has read every damned book on modern pregnancy and the appropriate diet for me that it's no wonder I ran." Despite her acerbic comments, she snuggled against her mate and pulled his arm around her. The clothing that Imaran had provided was comfortable, but covered less than Zan's shirt. The halter top and sarong were made of a gossamer fabric.

Fortunately Decklyn gave off a lot of heat. He

was wearing a similar outfit, a loose vest that left his wings free, with a wrap kilt. The fabric was nice and soft. She breathed deeply and slowly, nodding into one of the naps that she had become infamous for since she had become pregnant.

"Imaran, may I complement you on your choice of clothing?" Decklyn's voice was deep and soft, carefully not waking Anryn. "She hasn't cuddled with me like this since the first week we were together."

Imaran dropped his own voice to a whisper. "You mean the week when you used your talents to knock her out, then seduced her?" A dark chuckle rolled over the sleeping dryad and she stirred and shifted restlessly.

Decklyn resettled her quickly, stroking her arms and thigh to calm her. "Yes, that week."

* * * *

Twisting in his chair, Zan filled the coffee cup he had put on the counter. He slowly sipped the dark, bracing brew. Ruana kept her head clear of the mug. He seemed to really need that coffee.

"So, you take your coffee black?" Idle chitchat seemed the way to go.

He seemed willing to play along. "Yes, how do you take yours?"

"Three cream, three sugars, more like syrup

than coffee." She paused for a moment. "Do you think that we could rejoin the others in the living room? We need to make some plans."

"Are there any more of your clan joining us today?"

"Only my mom and dad, possibly one other. Are you expecting yours?"

"Max and Arissa. Our pack Alpha, Merlin. Oh, and his bodyguards. Anyone else will be an uninvited guest."

"Ok. My troops are ready." Ruana thought for a moment. "Oh, hell." In an instant she was out of his lap and heading for the living room. Entering the room to find Anryn snoring gently in Decklyn's arms, she stopped short, Zan right behind her.

Whispering, "When is she going to wake up?" she crept closer to the couples making themselves at home.

"In about ten minutes, what's up?" It was not the first time that she had heard Albina's inner voice, but the strength of it always surprised her. It was at such odds with her delicate appearance.

"Zan has some relatives coming to the house today. I am afraid that the wards will hurt them, or leave them vulnerable. A rough start with his pack is not what I need right now."

"I'll have Decklyn wake her then. She can nap later." A smile lit Albina's face. *"Actually, now that she's pregnant, she can nap right after she alters the*

wards."

Decklyn frowned for a moment and then slowly began to rub Anryn's back. Less than a minute later, she was sitting up and rubbing her eyes.

Ruana explained the situation, Zan standing behind her, his alarm creeping into her mind. Anryn yawned, rose and stumbled for the door. She missed.

Decklyn rose up off the couch and sighed as he steered her out the door and down the driveway.

The rest of them sat in silence after Ruana had fetched coffee and cream for them. Ten minutes later, looking considerably more alert, Anryn walked through the door, Decklyn on her heels.

"Well, I'm glad you woke me up. Not only was your family on their way, but there were three werewolves snagged in the outer ward. Decklyn scared them off." She didn't go into detail, but resumed her seat on the couch, then scooted over as her husband sat next to her, carefully settling his wings over the back of the couch once again.

Albina perked up, "Perfect timing. Ruana, your parents are here." As she finished speaking, the door shuddered under the knocking of David's fist.

Zan went to the door, to meet his soon-to-be father-in-law. The two wolves sized each other up. Each glaring at the other to assert their superiority.

"Mom! Call him off!" Ruana went to Zan's side,

and Victoria went to David's. Each female broke the eye contact that the males had going by the simple expedience of stepping between them.

With no respect for the traditions of the werewolf way of life, the women dragged the men into the living room.

"Sit down David! Behave or I'll send you home." Victoria was much more aggressive than usual, but after all, her baby's happiness was at stake. Stupid macho posturing was not going to wreck it.

He sat. The sullen expression on his face would have made her laugh, if Zan had not been wearing its twin.

"Dad, this is Aleczander Masters. Brother to Maxwell Masters, of the Silverfang clan. Zan this is my father David Weldon, and my mother Victoria."

"Call me Vicky, dear."

"Pleased to meet you both. Be welcome in my house."

David relaxed into the couch and smiled ruefully at Zan, then glanced over to his daughter. "Well, at least you had the sense to choose someone who could protect you."

He didn't get the chance to elaborate on that point as the door swung open to admit Max, Arissa and a man whom she could only guess was Merlin. It was rather funny, as Merlin bore a

startling resemblance to both Max and Zan. Only he was an older version.

Zan jumped to attention and hastened to make the introductions. "Ruana Weldon, this is the Alpha of the Silverfang clan, Merlin Masters. My father."

Chapter Seven

“I am pleased to welcome you to our clan, Ruana. Max has spoken well of you.” Merlin was as handsome as his sons, the silver streaks running through his hair the only indicator of greater age.

“I am honored to meet you as well.” She went up to him and placed her forehead in the center of his chest, neck bent in submission. His hand came up to close on the back of her neck, and she felt the pressure of his grip. She didn’t move. She kept her breathing even, despite the pain that was beginning to radiate from her neck. Minutes flew by in silence as he applied sufficient pressure to crush the neck of a regular human. Finally, she reached her threshold and her legs buckled under her.

Merlin caught her and raised her back to a standing position and held her at arms length until her legs would once again hold her weight.

Zan was right behind her to take her from

Merlin as he handed her over.

"You have a strong one there Zan. Take care of her." Merlin looked extremely pleased.

"My turn." Victoria stood and addressed the members of the Warder clan that were in attendance. "Do any of you have reservations about welcoming Zan into our clan?"

Silence. The werewolves looked vaguely puzzled. None of the Warder clan members who had arrived had any objections to the match. They had all discretely tested and probed him with magic as soon as they had arrived. He passed the tests. With the added bonus of his not running screaming from the farmhouse when he met them.

"Will you defend Ruana's choice?"

"Aye." Five voices spoke as one, David adding to the crowd.

"Will you witness the hand-fasting? Right here...right now?"

"Aye."

A grin broke over Victoria's face. "Anryn, open a gateway to Realm. I think we have a final guest."

The rest of the Warder clan burst into laughter. They knew what was coming, or more to the point who.

Anryn wandered out the door once again, completely oblivious to the admiring looks from Merlin and Max. Decklyn was not. His fangs came out, gleaming and vicious. The two wolves took a

good look at the dragon following his wife out the door and kept their eyes to themselves.

The rest of the crowd trailed them out, the wolves puzzled and the Warders laughing. Anryn took up a position between two trees and stretched her arms out from her sides.

Ruana took Zan's hand and whispered, "Watch this."

A shimmering light surrounded Anryn, building swiftly to a blinding glow that had the wolves yelping in confusion. A circle of light shot from her to the two trees she had selected. It formed a web between them, thickening in width until a shimmering doorway was visible.

From the doorway, a figure emerged. Graceful, tall and garbed in flowing robes, it was impossible to determine the sex of the figure. As it cleared the gateway, Anryn closed it. Decklyn moved in and caught her in his arms as she slumped forward. "You're done for today."

"Eylonwy!" Ruana rushed forward and threw her arms around the figure.

As the light faded behind it, the figure was shown to be female. With extremely pointy ears. She hugged Ruana in return and walked forward to greet the rest of the clan members. After a round of hugs all around she turned to be introduced to the others.

"Eylonwy Warder, this is the Alpha of the

Silverfang clan, Merlin Masters, his daughter-in-law Arissa Masters, and his sons Maxwell and Aleczander." Victoria made the introductions. "Members of the Silverfang clan, this is our elder Eylonwy Warder. She oversees all unions of our clan members. She also has the ability to bind magic into the union, defending both members against all attacks."

Eylonwy smiled graciously and shook the hands of the Masters family, one by one. At Zan she stopped. "Are you ready to join our little circus?" Her full lips parted in a grin.

He took a deep breath and looked at the expectant faces around him, "I am."

"Then shall we?" A graceful hand swept forward and flowers bloomed around the two trees that had housed the gateway. In a matter of moments that corner of the yard was covered in a riot of color that created a beautiful and natural setting for the ceremony.

"Zan, Ruana, will you step forward? Anryn, Merlin. You as well." Eylonwy backed into position, her rainbow robes flowing around her graceful form as she moved. "Sorry for the hurry people, but we are under the gun here. I can feel them coming."

From the air, it seemed, she drew a length of red silk cord between her fingers. She gestured for Ruana and Zan to take each other's hands. Silently

she bound their hands together.

"Bride, do you give yourself of your own free will?"

With a long look at Zan, "I do."

"Groom, do you give yourself of your own free will?"

Zan looked to their joined hands, around at her family and his, then, "I do."

Another cord appeared in her hand and Eylonwy wrapped it around the first. "I call upon the Air to witness." A gentle wind blew through the bower, ruffling the petals of the flowers and scenting the area with perfume.

"I call upon the Earth to witness." Another cord tied into place, as a rose bush sprang up between the couple.

"I call upon Fire to witness." Another cord appeared, and a rock near the couple burst into flame.

"I call upon Water to witness." Dew formed on the roses as the next cord went on.

"Warders, please surround the couple. Join hands. I call upon the Warders to bind, witness and protect." As she finished speaking, power flared between the joined hands of the women surrounding the couple. The bindings disappeared, becoming one with the two who had just sworn their joining. Eylonwy smiled as the hand-fasting completed. It was her specialty, and

her natural magic lent itself well to the joining of lives. After five hundred years, she still loved her job.

Zan and Ruana staggered back as the flash faded. They stood blinking in the rush of power that was flowing through them. "It is finished. They are bound as one for a year and a day. Let no one try to put the union asunder." Eylonwy raised her hands in the air, and then released them all with a gesture.

The husbands came forward to collect their wives, and Eylonwy wandered over to Anryn. Placing glowing hands on her shoulders, improving her color and earning a look of thanks from Decklyn. She transferred her power to her cousin in a few seconds, then stood with a grim look on her elegant face.

"Alright Anryn, drop the wards. Let them come."

* * * *

The wolves did not know what was holding them at bay. The three of the Yellowpaw clan that had attacked earlier had run back to their clans with tales of monsters.

If the Silverfangs had been willing to bargain for the bitch, this would not have happened. But even allowing them the first child from the bitch

had not been enough. They wanted to keep her. That was not going to happen. They wanted that bitch for their clans, and they were willing to kill the Silverfangs to get her. There were only three there, after all.

They felt the instant that the barrier melted and surged forward in a wave. Sixteen members of the Goldeneye clan were involved in the attack, eight members of the Fightinghart clan were with them.

As one they rushed through the woods, never questioning that they were all taking the same path to the farmhouse. They could hear voices in the light of the farmhouse ahead and moved faster.

Chapter Eight

The Warders faced the attacking wolves. Several of the werewolves had transferred into the half-change form that would give them the most power during an attack. The others figured that they had the Silverfangs outnumbered.

The Warders took up flanking position on Ruana and Zan. The newly bonded couple was front and center when the attackers broke through the cover of the trees. Hitting the wall of power, that Anryn had laid down earlier on Ruana's behalf, caused some of them to flip through the air at the impact.

Ruana heard a few bones break as they hit the ground and took a deep breath then asked the question that they had to answer. "What do you want here?"

"We have come for you bitch. The next time you go into heat, one of us will fuck you until you pop pregnant. Then we will wait for the next time. The same thing will happen again. Hey, we might

even have a lottery to see who plows you next...maybe a raffle?" His voice dissolved into twisted laughter.

"You may not have her. By the decrees of her clan and mine. She and I are married in front of witnesses." Zan's voice was strong, but he edged her back behind him. She stepped aside, then moved around him.

Decklyn was suddenly behind Zan, restraining him. "Let her do this. It's what she does best."

With an inviting smile on her lips, Ruana walked forward swinging her hips. "If you want me, try to take me." Her arms raised, palms up and she waited.

It didn't take long. The first wer to grab her wrist and tug with a leer in his eyes, screamed as a lightning bolt of power went through him. His body flipped backward and he lay moaning and smoking gently. The second went the way of the first.

The third came up behind her and had to be peeled off of her as the shock had locked his muscles into rigor.

"Are you getting the hint yet? I am not up for grabs. I can destroy anyone who dares to touch me. I belong only to Zan, only to the Silverfang clan, and only to the Warder clan. You can take that back to your Alpha's and let them know that hunting season is over."

Shocked and confused, they only paused a moment before dragging their wounded off of the yard and down the road.

"You mean, you could have done that at any time?" Zan's voice was a gentle whisper as he held her close, trying to stop her shaking.

"No, the hand-fasting gave me the extra power I needed. No one can touch me with lust now but you." She turned into his arms and started to cry. At first it was a gentle sobbing, but soon it grew into uncontrollable wrenching hysterics. He lifted her into his arms and began to walk back into the house.

Eylonwy stepped in front of him, "I will see everyone safely home." She leaned forward and gave him a gentle kiss on his forehead. "Don't worry, she always cries at weddings." He smiled at her and took his sobbing bride into the house one more time. Only to be thwarted by his brother, "What the hell just happened here?"

"I'll explain tomorrow, now get out of my way or I'll go through you." He was no longer smiling as Ruana's crying seemed to get weaker with every passing moment.

Hurriedly he carried her up the stairs and into his bedroom once again. Carefully turning the mirror against the wall as soon as he laid her down on the bed.

She looked up at him with eyes red and

swollen, "I hurt them. I never meant to hurt them. I only used to stun them enough to make them back off."

Oh, so that was the problem. He removed his clothes, then started on hers. She was limp in his arms as he peeled off her shirt and pants. Her white bra and panties glowed in the dim light of the tiny lamp next to the bed. It was wired to the light switch, he usually did not need a lot of light in the dark, but tonight he wanted the light of a thousand candles.

Her bra closed in back so he had to release the clasp by reaching around her and she quickly grabbed him and held him close. She wanted comfort, and was willing to tackle him to get it.

She had been so passive in his arms that her sudden movement caught him off guard, and off balance. He fell to his back and a second later she had discarded both her bra and the matching prim panties.

"My turn." She braced her hands next to his shoulders and slowly drew her body against his. Over and over she repeated the caress of her flesh against him. Her nipples had hardened to points and she shivered in response as they dragged through his chest hair. Her knees were astride his hips rubbing her pelvis against his hardening erection with every twisted push-up she did. She moved forward a few inches more, to let his hard

hot cock rest against the sopping wetness of her open cunt.

She continued to rock against him, driving the flames in her loins higher and higher. He started to groan with every stroke. On shaking arms, she pushed herself astride him. Pulling her knees in beside his hips, his engorged cock brushed against the weeping channel between her thighs. Taking a deep and shuddering breath, she began to slowly and cautiously lower herself onto him.

As he slid home she drew a sighing breath of relief. Oh god, it felt good. She inhaled his scent as she began to move on him. Her head tilted back and her eyes closed as she rose and fell on him, reveling in the slow slide of his pulsing flesh within her slick walls. She moved faster and faster, driving for her own release, taking Zan along for the ride.

She felt her orgasm approaching, and felt his hands on her breasts as her hips began to stutter in their rhythm. Ruana's eyes opened, she moved her head to meet his gaze as his devilish fingers twisted and kneaded the flushed mounds of her breasts. Their eyes remained locked as he trailed one hand down to twist his middle finger against her clit in a short circular motion. Her breath rushed out of her and she froze as she came with the twist of his hand.

As her back arched, she felt him begin to come

within her, his eyes glowing into hers in the darkness. Ruana's body shook as it milked Zan's cock of its payload, the delicate palpitations of her flesh caressing him with gentle insistence. She dropped forward, crawling onto his chest as he slipped from within her welcoming heat.

"Mmm. Nice." She burrowed her nose the join between his neck and shoulder. She inhaled deeply, enjoying their scents twined together.

It seemed eons before Zan commented as well, but perhaps it took him that long to recover. "I heartily agree."

A sudden realization made her raise her head. "Hey, wait a minute. Did I just do all the work?"

Her comfortable resting spot was suddenly undergoing an earthquake. He stopped laughing for a moment. "Yep. And I look forward to you doing it again. Soon."

She groaned and put her face into the pillow next to him. "Mf, tngt m dmt."

"What?" He tugged at her hair, lifting her face away from her muffler.

She glared at him, well as well as she could with the sated pulse flowing through her veins. "Not tonight you don't. I need a nap."

He chuckled again and then cuddled her against him. He flipped a sheet over them both, and lay back, breathing deeply. "This has been a very eventful day. I think we both need our rest."

He pressed a sweet kiss against her forehead and held her close as her breathing slowed into the even rhythm of sleep.

As he drifted off to his own rest, his voice issued a thin wave of sound. "Ruana, thanks for wearing that damned ugly dress."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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