



Hunter's Moon

by

M.J. Spickett



The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal, and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Fantasy Games – Hunter's Moon
Copyright © 2006 M.J. Spickett
Coverart by Carol MacLeod

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books 2007
Look for us online at
www.extasybooks.com

HUNTER'S MOON

BY

M.J. SPICKETT

Hunter's Moon

"Do you really need to go out tonight, Kayla?" Kevin asked, his arms tight around my waist, his body hard against my back.

I hugged his hands around my belly and smiled at our reflection in the full length mirror. Tonight was the first night in weeks that we had to ourselves. No kids, no meetings, no double shift or criminal to chase down. It should have been a night to enjoy together, but it was the first of three full moons and, while I didn't really have to worry about it, there were several new werewolves that lacked the control I had. It meant I had to teach them to hunt when I would rather spend my time with my husband.

"You know how the newbies are, Kev. I'm their alpha, it's my duty," I explained, as I did every other month. My pack wasn't allowed to convert humans to werewolves, but every so often an accident happened and I had to deal with it.

I leaned my head back onto his shoulder and offered my lips. He happily obliged me with a passionate kiss and his hands traveled up my belly to my bare, firm breasts. He caressed them,

tweaked my nipples until fire burned in my belly. I moaned at the delicious sensation, my core suddenly moist with need. Damn, I hated that he did this to me when he knew I had to leave.

"Kevin..." I breathed and tried to pull away, but he held me close and one hand lowered to tease my pussy. I inhaled sharply and subconsciously opened my legs so his fingers could delve deeper into my core. "Oh God...Kevin, I...we can't."

"Says who?"

He swept me up into his strong arms. His chocolate brown eyes were alight with arousal. I loved the way his long black hair bounced along his muscled back as he carried me across the room and playfully dumped me onto the bed. His deep red tan looked even darker when he was horny. I definitely had to learn not strip in front of him, especially on the full moon, but he liked to watch me change forms. While I found it rather disgusting to have my human form tear apart as my beast fought to emerge, he found it utterly fascinating.

I couldn't fathom why. It was painful. My bones broke and reformed to accommodate the smaller form of my wolf. Some days I swear he wanted me to bite him in werewolf form and change him, too. But I was careful, ever so careful. I refused to let him suffer from the virus as I had

over the last eight years. Thankfully, I never had to give up sex to protect him. The virus was transmitted through saliva while between forms, not human or wolf, but werewolf, and I rarely allowed myself to stay in the between state because that was when the beast seemed to have the most control.

His lips moved over my body to kiss and lick every inch of my front until he buried his face between my legs. I cried out. His tongue delved deep into my folds. It swirled within me and sent wave upon wave of ecstasy through me. I thrashed under him, but he grasped my hips and balanced my knees on his shoulders. I bit my lips and held back my cries. If I held on long enough, he would have to thrust his thick, hard cock into me and bring us both relief. But it was hard. He knew my body better than even me. After almost twenty years of being together, he knew the quickest way to get me off.

My back arched at the unfathomable pleasure he pulled from me and it was a fight not to scream my need. His fingers delved in with his tongue to stroke my clit, the rhythm alternating between gentle and soft to rough and needy and I could no longer hold back my cries of encouragement. My head thrashed against the mound of pillows and I buried my hands in his thick hair to try to control him. But Kevin was like me, he may be purely

human, but he had the heart of a wolf. His swirling tongue paused long enough to nip at my folds and send another wave of pleasure mixed with pain. I loved it when he bit me.

Kevin got up on his knees and pulled my rear up off the bed. I heard him pull down his zipper and the next thing I knew his hard length pushed past my folds and thrust deeply into me. I couldn't hold my cries back anymore. I screamed, loud and hard and was thankful that the kids were not in the house. I had no control on our thrusts. He held my hips up high, his thrusts deep and hard as he pounded into me with practiced ease and knowledge of my body no other man had.

He leaned forward and grasped my hands, his dark eyes locked on mine as his powerful thrusts became rapid, almost painful as he doubled me over, my knees almost to my shoulders. It was a difficult position, not one that I could control, but it brought about a wave of sensations that I could only dream. Next to doggy style, this was one of my favorites. It didn't take long for either of us to cum. His head flew back as his seed burst into me and triggered my own orgasm.

We lay together as bliss washed over us, but we couldn't stay like this for long. I had to get up and head out before my new werewolves changed. Their beasts called to mine.

Reluctantly, Kevin let me up and I climbed off the bed. There was no need to switch forms on the bed. Last thing I wanted was blood and goo on my sheets. Goo was exceptionally hard to clean off linen and I doubted the mattress would survive the change either. Kevin and I already had to replace two during the last eight years because I had torn them to shreds during the change. Mattresses simply weren't made to accommodate a changing shapeshifter.

Kevin adjusted his pants and followed me. His hand combed through my long black hair and he nuzzled me from behind, one hand between my legs to stroke my folds once more. The man was insatiable! "How long do you think you'll be out?" he asked, his voice dejected despite the sex.

"I wish I knew. If they take to it well then I can pair them up with one of the veterans. Then I'll do a quick hunt myself and be back by one." I turned in the circle of his arms. "I'm sorry, Kev. I'll try to be back early."

A schoolboy pout filled his face and I almost buckled under the puppy dog look he gave me. I held myself firm and gave him a quick kiss before he seduced me again. He was hot and there was no getting past that, but I had to go or be lost in his beautiful eyes. And lord knew just how much I wanted to lose myself to him.

The transformation began almost without thought and I pulled away from him before I accidentally hurt him. I grunted in pain as my bones cracked and flesh tore. I doubled over and let it ride over me. There was no avoiding the pain, all I could do was accept it and wait until it passed. My center of gravity lowered as my body reformed. My vision changed from color to black and white and my senses of smell and hearing heightened. The pain eased away and I shivered and shook away the excess goo clogging my dark grey fur.

Kevin laughed and shielded himself with his arms from the moisture. "Kayla, darling, I'm going to start keeping your hair blower nearby if you insist on drowning me every time you shift." He buried his large hand in my thick fur nonetheless and a rumble of satisfaction went through my chest.

I could only bark, my human voice now lost to me, and rub up against his hip. I loved the smell of him when I was like this. He smelt of musk and cider, the scent of a true shaman. I rubbed against him and flicked my tail at his belly. He scratched my head, an annoying habit I bared for the sake of our children when they were still too young to understand why mommy became a wolf whenever the moon was full or when the beast

reared its ugly head. I needed to feed, but first I needed to train my new wolves.

With one last brush of my tail deliberately against his groin, I scampered into the hall and down the stairs to the back door. The cool autumn night air met me as I slipped out back. The night was young and my beast called out to others of my kind. It was time to hunt.

* * * *

It was later than I thought when I finished hunting with the new weres. The night grew chilly as the hours passed. Frost was now a thin coat over the foliage of the forest. Fallen branches and leafs littered the ground to make each and every sound seem ten times louder than it should. I hated this time of year. The only thing worse was winter. There was never enough food, the small animals scarcer as the pending snow grew closer with each passing day. It took hours to find suitable prey for my new wolves and next to forever for them to catch it. In the end, I had to make the kills. I only hoped tomorrow would be better.

Now I had to focus on myself. There was no way I wanted to go home on an empty stomach. It was just too dangerous. Last time I had almost killed the cat. It was not an experience I wanted to go through again. Besides, cats don't taste good.

I'm sure it has something to do with what's in the cat food these days. Whatever it was, I will never eat a cat again.

I lifted my head and sniffed the air. There was a raccoon nearby, but the tang of garbage wafted off it and I grimaced in disgust. Augh, pass. Maybe there was a juicy rabbit out here somewhere. I couldn't smell any. Disappointment filled me. I needed to hunt and feed the beast before I went home. This was going to be a long night.

My senses perked. I lifted my head and scented the air. The deep musk of fur filled the air. Wolf. There was another wolf in the area. With it out of sight, it was impossible to tell whether it was real or another werewolf. My pack knew better than to disturb me while I hunted. It was the only time I ever got to myself and a part of me was still too human to hunt in a pack. Besides, I needed the time alone to think before I returned to the reality of police life and motherhood.

The wolf piqued my curiosity and I pushed back the need to feed for a new hunt. The wolf was male, I knew that much and there was something familiar in his scent. It sent me loping over fallen logs and over growth in search of him. Small critters scurried away in my wake. They hid from me, but I paid no mind. The woods were alive, thick and lush, despite the coolness of late autumn. Fallen leaves cushioned the ground, damp

from the recent rain. They made no sound as my paws landed on them and sprang along until I came upon a large pond deep in the center of the forest. I'd never been here before. It looked like something out of a fairy tale.

There on the other side, stood a silver timber wolf. I stared at it in bewilderment. Silver wolves were rare, especially amongst the werewolves. And he was definitely a werewolf. He was too large to be a normal wolf. Golden eyes stared through long silver lashes. My heart beat a little faster. He must be a new were in Ravenwood as I'd never seen him before.

He lifted his great head to the full moon high above and gave a deep howl. I copied it.

The moon reflected off the pond to give the clearing an eerie glow and made the strange wolf all the more ethereal. He pranced toward me in an almost carefree nature, completely unwolf like and utterly oblivious to the dangers around him. I got low on my hunches and gave a warning growl. He paused for a moment, tilted his head then barked and continued toward me. Either he did understand or he didn't care. He snapped at my jaws, barked and again paused. An almost human grin pulled at his muzzle and looked even more wolfish. He reared upward and playfully jumped at me. His paws poked me and I snapped. A pain filled yelp came from him and I dug my

teeth deep into the scruff around his neck. He jumped back, his eyes wide in shock and pain. Definitely a new shifter.

He favored his left paw as he backed away. I must have scratched him when he pounced on me. Oh well, it was a good lesson for him.

Large gold eyes stared at me then narrowed. Ahh...now he got it. He got low on his hunches and growled. I mimicked the growl and dared him to try again. Foolishly, he did. I rolled and kicked him hard in the belly. He yelped and hit the ground hard. For a moment, he lay there and panted, his bright eyes confused and pained as he stared over his paws at me. Then he rolled as I ran at him, my teeth bared to take a good chunk out of him. To my surprise, he shifted as he rolled to his feet. He came up in werewolf form and I snarled. Damn, this boy was hot. Silver fur clung to toned muscles and a shock of raven black hair flowed from his head midway down his back. My eyes roamed over his large form settled on his crotch. Our little tussle had excited him, his large cock hard and erect, and balls low and heavy.

It was enough of a distraction that I didn't have a chance to defend myself when he tackled me. We rolled on the grass and fought for dominance. I growled and snapped at him, but now that he was in werewolf form, he had hands that were able to hold my muzzle shut and away

from his tender throat. I growled deep in my throat and summoned my own transformation. Pain radiated through my body and I howled in agony as my bones broke and reformed. Fur and flesh tore and clear liquid spilled around me. I have no idea how the were above me could change so quickly and effortlessly. Despite the number of years I've been a were, I could never get used to the pain involved in changing forms.

I lay beneath him and panted in pain. He nuzzled me. His large, clawed hands caressed my furred sides. A growl rumbled deep in my chest and, with a simple movement learned through my years in the police department as well as defending my title as pack alpha, I flipped him onto his back and straddled his hips. His hard erection poked my rear and a lopsided grin lifted his canine features into a self-satisfied smile. Blood bastard was enjoying himself!

He grabbed my arm as I got up and yanked me back down. "Stay," he growled.

I snarled, "Let me go." The beast roared within me and I balled one fist, claws outward, ready to slash him open.

"No." One hand buried itself in the fur at the back of my neck and pulled me down enough for him to lick under my chin in a sign of submission.

I paused and stared down at him in confusion. My fist unclenched and I relaxed slightly. My ears

flattened against my head and eyes fluttered as his rough tongue licked along my jaw and teased one ear. I leaned forward and braced my hands on either side of his head. The simple movement gave him better access to other parts of my upper body and he took full advantage of it. His hands moved up and down my sides and I moaned in delight as his thumbs tweaked my hard nipples. Ancients, he knew what he was doing.

A cry escaped me as his hot breath caressed my breasts. They grew impossible hard, nipples at attention and begged to be suckled. He happily obliged. His lips enveloped my right nipple and I gasped. It was as if there was a string connecting it to my groin. I grew wet with need and the sudden desire to have his mouth between my legs. I did the next best thing and sheathed that thick, hot erection deep into my core. His head arched back and a howl burst from deep in his throat. I screamed, too, as his length stretched my folds and filled me completely. Only one man had ever been able to do that.

I bit deep into his exposed neck. My sharp canines pierced the flesh to draw blood. I wasn't to kill so much as to mark him as mine. A very human moan filled him and he held my head against the hollow of his throat as I roared him in acceptance that I was dominant. His free hand massaged my hip, but he didn't try to take control.

I lapped at the warm, sweet blood and savored the salty taste. It tasted so delicious. Mixed with his scent it was heavenly, almost better than sex. But under the musk and fur came a familiar scent. I nuzzled him. I wanted that scent all over me, to be a part of me, to roll in his fur.

A large hand cupped my cheek and lifted my head to his. His muzzle bumped against mine and his tongue licked my lips in a blatant attempt to kiss me. He gave a small whine and I growled. His eyes narrowed. "Stop being so bossy," he growled. I blinked. The voice was even familiar.

Before I could question it, he rolled me back onto the ground, his erection still deep inside me. I gasped in surprise. His large hands pinned mine to either side of my head. My growl turned into a choked gasp as he moved his hips. They pounded against mine. My back arched with each stroke over my clit.

He lowered his head to mine as I arched my head back in ecstasy and nuzzled my neck once more. His sharp teeth buried into my flesh, not drawing blood, but in definite show that I was his and no one else's. I was beyond caring. He was the most powerful were I'd met in a long time.

That thought evaporated as he changed his pace. He moved in a circular pattern, his thick erection rubbed against my clit repeatedly to send shivers of desire through every inch of my body as

his teeth worried my collarbone. It was as if the two places were connected as one and I thrashed under the unbelievable sensations. His large body pressed mine into the damp earth, his thrusts rhythmic , timed and aimed to give me the utmost pleasure, as if he new my body better than me. Whatever anxiety I felt toward him vanished with every brush of his cock against that little spot deep inside me that sent shooting stars flying against my closed eyelids. I moaned and succumbed to his desires. I rubbed my foot against his furred calf and rocked my hips in time with his thrusts. It was as if our bodies vanished and our souls merged into one—one being, one heart, one desire, one mind.

I inhaled as realization dawned on me. My body tensed for one brief moment as my mind became mine again. Then I relaxed and smiled. I don't know how it happened, or how he did it, and I really didn't care. I shifted my hips and wrapped my legs tightly around his waist.

"Harder," I growled as I forced myself to change back to my human form. This was potentially dangerous, but I trusted him as I trusted no other. The beast howled in rage and demanded I stay in were form, but I fought it and took back control. Since the werewolf form was closer to my human one, it didn't hurt half as much.

His golden eyes widened then he grinned and nuzzled me again. Again, his transformation was smooth and flawless and I envied whatever magick he used. Long raven black hair fell over us in a cool satin curtain, the smell of shampoo and sweat, a tantalizing scent that fed my desire. His thrusts became harder, almost desperate. He was close—I could feel it in the tension of his bronze body.

The moment I was fully human again, he let go of my hands and kissed me with such passion he stole my breath. I wrapped my arms around his neck and dragged him to me, our tongues in a battle for dominance. His thrusts became more urgent, more desperate and there was no way to keep up with him. I cried into his mouth and he swallowed my cries deep into his belly, as if he could always make them a part of him. He pounded harder into me. If it were humanly possible, he would have torn me in two and come out the other side. Nonetheless, I clung to him and begged him to thrust harder. My fingernails raked his muscled back and dug deep welts. It inspired him on until his body spasmed with orgasm. His juices filled me to send another wave of orgasms through me in a shockwave that bent my back into a perfect bow.

I shuddered and fought to relearn how to breathe. His pace faltered until, with a great sigh,

he lay against my chest and together we slipped into slumber.

* * * *

I awoke to the crackling of a warm fire. Orange and gold danced before me from a pitted fire mere feet from me. The early dawn was still dark with only the barest hints of red and orange piercing the thick tree line. It reflected off the smooth surface of the pond. A thin layer of frost crested the ground to freeze my toes. It was still quite cool and I shivered despite the warmth of the roaring fire.

My shaman lover pulled my back closer against his front, his arms possessive and warm. I twined my fingers through his large ones and smiled lovingly down at them. The long pianist fingers were just as perfect as the first time they ever touched my body almost twenty years ago. I knew every scar and callus, and his awful habit of chewing his nails just before a big presentation the board of education. They were the fingers that had brought me so much pleasure during those long tense years when we fought to raise our children and support our ever growing family. They were the hands of the father of my children and the man I loved with all my heart.

His body pressed firmly against mine, his thick length already at attention in the fog of his mind, not yet fully awake. I nuzzled my rear against him and enjoyed the feel of all that meat against the small of my back. His chuckle was like music to my ears. "Morning," he murmured as his lips brushed against my ear lobe.

"Hmm...morning," I murmured and rolled in the circle of his arms to face him. He looked like a survivor of a werewolf attack. I suppose he was and I grinned up at him and lifted my leg onto his hip to rub my groin against his cock. "So...uhm...how did you...you know?"

He grasped my ass and pulled me against him, the head of his dick brushed against my folds. His smile was his usual charming, lopsided grin that made him look ten years younger and eyes boyishly bright. He stroked my arm. "I found a spell in the vault. I've been waiting until I had a tuff of your fur to complete the ritual."

"You should have told me." I inhaled and propped myself up on one elbow. I blinked in surprise and mild confusion. Kevin was a shaman and dealt in magick. Quite frankly, despite being a paranormal investigator, I still couldn't wrap my head around the concept. I still didn't fully understand shapeshifting either and I've been shifting for eight years now. But there was one

thing I did understand. "Shit! I bit you. I thought you were a real werewolf!"

His grin grew and chocolate eyes sparkled. "So?"

"So the virus is now in your system and...and... You planned this!" I pulled away and got to my feet before he could stop me. "Damn it, Kevin. We agreed..." Tears sprang to my eyes as the realization of what I had done hit me like a brick wall. My knees felt weak. I had to get some distance between us.

His arms wrapped around me from behind and pulled me against his hard body. I shuddered at the mix of emotions that rampaged through me. He pushed my hair aside and kissed my collarbone. It stung to remind me of the torn flesh where he had worried at it only hours ago.

"We agreed when the kids were old enough to care for themselves that you would convert me. I've waited eight long years, baby. The girls are off to college and Chris spends more time with his friends than at home. It's time, Kayla. It's time we start thinking of us." He turned me around to face him. "Do you really think I'd put myself through all this if I didn't want to be with you?" He frowned at the deep claw marks on his chest and arms and his left wrist was a map of teeth marks.

My stomach knotted. I couldn't believe I did that to him. He must be in massive pain, but he

hid it well and that only made me feel sicker. My eyes moistened with tears. Damn, I should have been more careful. Werewolf or not, I could have killed him and not known it was him until it was too late.

His frown deepened at my remorseful look. "Don't start blaming yourself, Kay. I knew what I was getting into when I performed the ritual. To be honest, I thought it would be worse than this—a broken bone or two—at least a week in the hospital. This, this is nothing, darling. I can handle this."

My breath shuddered as I gauged his injuries. I bit my lip. The bite marks were deep and would scar if not for the virus flowing through his blood stream. By the next full moon, his wolf would emerge and we would hunt together. His body would be fully healed and not a scar left except for those he had before the attack. Damn, if I didn't know better I would have thought he was attacked and the PID would be sent out to hunt his attacker. In this case me, despite the spell and the fact he had foolishly jumped on me. Oh yeah, there's something I don't want to try to explain to the chief.

A small smile lifted my lips. Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea. The pack demanded that I take a wolf king and I always wanted Kevin as my king. Now he was. Now my pack would be strong

and fully defended. An alpha, whether male or female, needed a mate, a king or queen at their side to protect the pack and stand against any who may try to take it for their own.

I got up on my tip toes and wrapped my arms around his neck. "Well then, I suppose I should give you the proper welcoming, uh?"

His erection became ramrod straight and pressed against my belly. His large hands cupped my ass and gave it a healthy squeeze. "I'm open to new experiences, but this time lets keep the biting to a minimum."

I chuckled and brushed my lips against his before I licked his ear. "I can't make any promises," I breathed and nipped his ear lobe. His breath was shaky and he ground himself against my hip. I gasped. His fingers slid down my ass and between my cheeks to my pussy. I became wet within moments and clung to him. "Kevin..."

"Chris won't be home for hours," he remarked. He lifted me up, my legs wrapped tightly around his hips, and pressed me firmly against the closest tree. The rough bark scraped against my back but I barely felt it as Kevin's delicious sweet mouth crushed mine in a fierce kiss. Perhaps this was destined. Kevin seemed to have already adjusted to his new found strength and power. He had wanted this for years, to share my world and hunt at my side. Now he could. I

kissed him with all the passion I had held back since the day I became a werewolf and let the beast ride me. After all, Kevin had to learn how to control his beast one way or another.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

M.J. Spickett lives in Northern Ontario, along the shores of Lake Huron. When she isn't writing M.J. can be found either practicing martial arts or deep in occult research (her second passion). She is also a passionate reader and enjoys anything to do with urban fantasy and can often be found curled up in bed with a novel, when not plotting her own.