



**GINGERSNAPS**  
Changeling Press

# **Gingersnaps: Canine Cop**

## **B.J. McCall**

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**Tas Rivers is working undercover as a canine cop to capture the culprits killing rare, endangered white wolves. Tas can handle the job, but living with her sexy human partner is getting to be more than she can endure.**

**Alone for holiday, with only his partner for company, Ranger Cooper Holt makes a Christmas wish, one Santa is unlikely to deliver.**

**Sometimes you get what you wish for.**

## Chapter One

Ranger Cooper Holt shut off the SUV's engine and eyed the rustic but sturdy cabin. He reached over and ruffled the thick fur between the ears of his partner, Tas. "Nothing better than Christmas in the mountains."

The dog licked his hand, giving her canine approval.

Crisp with the promise of snow, cold air brushed Cooper's face as he left the warmth of the SUV. Tas leapt out of the vehicle and with her nose to the ground, explored the area.

When a special team was put together to stop the poaching of rare and endangered white wolves, Cooper's training as a ranger and his knowledge of the terrain was a perfect fit for this assignment.

A loner by nature, Cooper had balked when he'd learned he was getting a partner. He'd never suspected that his partner would be a highly trained canine who was part wolf.

Relieved that the cabin's roof and chimney were in good condition, Cooper dug a set of keys out of his jeans pocket. A gasoline generator stood at the far edge of a deck that ran the length of the front. Beneath a lean-to a cord of wood was stacked, plenty of fuel to keep the cabin warm.

Cooper stepped onto the deck and unlocked the door. Tas followed him inside.

A braided rug covered most of the plank floor and a fireplace dominated one wall. The bed would easily accommodate his six foot two inch frame and the over-stuffed chair looked comfortable. A postage-stamp-sized bathroom with a narrow shower stall and a kitchenette offered modern comforts.

Tas sniffed the fireplace and whined softly.

"I can take a hint," Cooper said. Despite her thick coat of lush white fur, Tas loved to lie before a crackling fire. He hustled outside to gather wood.

Once the fire was started, Cooper tackled the generator. By sundown, the small refrigerator was humming, the water heater was thumping and the lamps were burning.

He looked at Tas. "Hungry?"

Tas rose from the rug and trotted to the pantry where he'd stored the canned and dry goods along with a bag of dog food. Cooper scooped dry food into a bowl and placed it on the floor.

"My food supply is limited. You'll have to eat dog food."

Tas's silvery-blue eyes blinked and with a flick of her bushy tail, she trotted back to the fireplace.

"Suit yourself," Cooper said.

He made two peanut butter sandwiches. Before he took his first bite, Tas was sitting at his feet. Cooper tried to ignore her as he ate, but she batted her big eyes at him. More often than not she persuaded him to share most of his meals. He tore off a piece of his sandwich and offered it to Tas.

She gently took the portion from his fingers. When she finished, she stared at his sandwich as if willing it from his hand. From the first day she'd arrived, Cooper hadn't been able to resist her compelling eyes. Cooper often felt he understood what Tas was thinking.

A beautiful animal, Tas was sleek and slender, yet fast and agile. She was the smartest dog he'd ever encountered.

Cooper had started speaking to her as if she were a person and she'd responded so positively an amazing bond had formed between them. They worked well together, as if they'd been partners for years instead of weeks.

Cooper didn't want to think about what would happen when the assignment was over. Tas owned a piece of his heart and he couldn't bear the thought of losing her. Never a pet, she was truly a partner.

"What the hell," Cooper said, giving Tas the second sandwich.

Deciding to make it an early night, Cooper unpacked his shaving kit, shampoo, soap, and towels. Tomorrow was Christmas Eve and they had a long trek through wolf country planned. He hoped to spot and document the presence of the elusive white wolves. If all went well and there was no evidence of poachers in the area he'd spend a quiet Christmas Day in the cabin then move on to another part of the national reserve.

Cooper let Tas outside and stood on the deck while she slipped into the bushes. He shook his head. He'd never owned a dog that preferred privacy.

Back inside, he unrolled his sleeping bag on the bed. A quick shower and two fingers of brandy before bed sounded good.

\* \* \*

Watching Cooper strip off his clothes was better than any male stripper show Tas Rivers had ever seen, not that she'd seen all that many. The slide of denim over Cooper's taut butt brought a sigh of appreciation. Her ranger was tall with wide shoulders, long legs and lean muscles. The urge to nip one firm cheek sent a wicked quiver all the way to the tip of Tas's tail.

These nightly displays of naked flesh were driving Tas crazy. If he wore pajamas, her life undercover would be far easier. While on assignment she had to remain in her wolvern form and play the part of a trained law enforcement canine. She'd taken undercover assignments before, but Cooper sorely tested her will.

When he stepped out of the shower, Tas had a full frontal view. His dark hair was plastered to his skull and water beaded his lean face. His warm brown eyes were framed with arched eyebrows and long lashes. His nose was slightly crooked and his lips curved into generous smiles that stole her breath.

Thankfully, Cooper mistook her excited admiration for panting.

He grabbed the towel and dried his hair. The motion set his flaccid, but long cock dangling. His morning erections were so impressive that Tas yearned to take little Cooper for a hard ride.

During the weeks she'd partnered with the sexy ranger, she'd been with him twenty-four seven, sharing his life and his home. She knew him as few others did and every day she fell a little more in love with him.

When Cooper walked into the kitchen area, Tas rubbed her flank along the side of his leg and licked the back of his thigh. His clean, male scent curled through her sensitive nostrils. Her tongue snaked up his thigh and edged toward one firm cheek. He stepped to one side and dug his fingers into her thick fur. He stroked her along the length of her spine. Tas loved the feel of his big hands. Cooper was strong, but always gentle.

He poured a shot of brandy into a glass and stood before the fireplace, staring into the crackling flames. Tas had no idea what Cooper was thinking, but his cock began to stiffen.

Tas whined. The man was driving her crazy.

Cooper drank the shot. "Maybe Santa will fulfill my Christmas wish and bring me a woman. Damn, it's been a long time."

He had no idea how long it had been for her. Tas exhaled, mimicking a human groan as Cooper walked to the bed and climbed into the sleeping bag.

Tas laid her chin on her paws and tried to force the image of her naked ranger out of her brain. It was times like this she wished she weren't a sentient being in a she-wolf's body.



## Chapter Two

Cooper rolled out of bed at first light and jumped into the shower. He plugged in his four-cup coffee maker and let Tas outside.

He made three peanut butter sandwiches, ate two and fed one to Tas. He filled a mug with coffee then poured some into a small bowl. Sharing his coffee with Tas had become a morning ritual.

Cooper set the bowl on the floor. The dog loved coffee. She loved people food and beer, too.

If she didn't have fur and four legs, he'd think she was human.

Cooper put on his jacket and adjusted his wide-brimmed felt hat. He picked up the loaded rifle he'd set next to the door and looked at Tas. "Ready to get those poachers?"

Tas woofed and thumped her tail against the braided rug.

Cooper followed Tas along a narrow trail. A few miles into their trek, Tas ran ahead. When she started barking, Cooper knew she'd encountered something he needed to see.

He found her standing beside an illegal trap, the hinged metal set to catch a paw in its cruel jaws. Her ability to follow trails used by the wolves and discover traps was uncanny. Cooper disabled the vicious snare.

Tas found two more traps for Cooper to disable before tiny flakes of snow began to fall. One of these days he was going to catch the trappers in the act and haul them off to jail. If he had his way, the fines would be higher and the sentences longer.

A low woof from Tas alerted Cooper that she had caught the scent of wolves. She switched to a new trail leading up the mountainside. Cooper followed.

The trail led around a narrow ledge. A flash of white higher on the mountain caught Cooper's eye. Tas took off, darting around boulders and pines. He lifted the binoculars hanging around his neck and caught glimpses of her white tail as she climbed. A wolf's howl rent the air. Tas barked.

Fangs exposed, three large wolves circled Tas. Cooper's heart rate jumped. He dropped the binoculars and lifted the rifle, placing a wolf in his sight. His heart almost stopped when Tas and the wolves disappeared into the thick brush.

Calling her name, Cooper continued up the trail.

As quickly as she'd disappeared, Tas sprang out of the brush and barked. Cooper ran a hand over her ears and down her flanks, checking for bites. She appeared to be fine.

After another half hour of climbing Cooper spotted another wolf. This time Tas remained at his side. Tonight, he'd document the sightings. When the snowfall began to pick up, he decided they'd put in a good day's work.

"Let's head for home, Tas," he said, taking a steeper, but shorter trail along a rushing mountain creek.

Cooper wanted to reach the cabin well before nightfall. It was Christmas Eve and he looked forward to sitting before the fire, listening to Christmas music on his portable CD player and sharing a beer with Tas.

\* \* \*

Walking ahead of Cooper, Tas picked her way along the steep trail. It was snowing hard now and the wind was blowing. She figured they still had a good mile to the cabin.

Cooper's grunt and the rumble of tumbling rocks sent a shot of fear through Tas's heart. She spun around, nearly losing her footing.

Arms flung wide, her ranger fell from the narrow path, plunging down a steep drop into the raging water. He disappeared beneath the thundering whitewater.

Heart pounding, Tas leaped into the frigid water.

When Cooper's head popped up, Tas swam hard.

A short distance downstream Cooper caught hold of a branch of a fallen tree hanging over the creek. He tossed his rifle onto shore and called her name.

Fighting the strong current, Tas swam toward him. He grabbed hold of her collar and together they scrambled out of the creek and onto the muddy bank.

She shook the water off of her fur.

Moaning, Cooper lay on his back. His handsome face twisted in pain. "You okay, Tas?"

He was the one who had fallen and yet he was worried about her. Tas gave him a soft woof and licked his face.

Cooper pushed his wet hair off his forehead. He grimaced and rolled to his left. "Damn, I lost my favorite hat and the binoculars." Teeth clamped together, he stood. "Let's get back to the cabin before I freeze to death."

Tas forged a winding path up the steep slope to the trail. Cooper climbed up behind her. Visibility was limited as snow swirled around them and the mile to the cabin stretched as shivers wracked the ranger's body. His progress was slow, but steady.

Whenever he stopped, Tas raced to his side and barked until he started walking.

By the time they reached the cabin, Cooper's face was drawn and his lips were trembling from the cold and turning blue. The ranger managed to open the door. His shoulders sagging, he sank to the floor and curled into a fetal position beside his rifle.

Tas rushed to his side and barked, but Cooper didn't respond.

The fire was out and the residual warmth was disappearing quickly as cold air and swirling snow rushed through the open door. Cooper's core temperature had to be dropping.

Tas had to act quickly to help Cooper. While undercover she'd never revealed her human form, but this wasn't the time to go by the book. Her partner was in serious trouble. She needed human hands to build a fire and strip the sodden clothes from his freezing body.

Muscles contracted and stretched, bones reshaped and lengthened and shimmering fur transformed into soft pliant skin. Naked, Tas shivered as cold air brushed her breasts, belly and legs. After so many weeks in wolven form Tas embraced the change and set to work to save her partner.

Tas shut the cabin door against the cold winter air and borrowed Cooper's sweatshirt and sweatpants to keep warm. She threw kindling on the smoldering ashes of last night's fire. When the flames caught, she added dry logs.

The fire burned steady as she laid out the sleeping bag next to Cooper. She removed his boots and socks, striped off his wet clothes and rolled him onto the sleeping bag before the flicking flames. Recalling Cooper kept a spare sleeping bag in the vehicle, she raced outside. Tas retrieved the bag, ignoring the cold bite of snow on her bare feet.

She laid the second bag on top of him and zipped them together.

With warmed towels, she dried his hair and rubbed down his chest. Whenever she touched his right shoulder, he flinched in pain. His upper back, near the shoulder, was bruised, the skin discoloring. Carefully, Tas placed a pillow beneath his head and tucked the sleeping bag beneath his chin. Still, he shivered.

"Cooper."

His eyes fluttered, but didn't open. "Cold," he said through chattering teeth.

Tas added more logs to the fire. She removed the sweats and stood before the fire until her skin was hot. Then she climbed into the sleeping bag. The iciness of Cooper's skin sent a shock through her body, but Tas wrapped an arm around his waist and held him tight.

Slowly, her warmth seeped into his body and his shivering ceased. As Cooper's skin heated, her own burned and a deep thrum pounded between her legs.

Tas tried to ignore the feel of his male body. The breadth of his chest, his flat belly and his hard muscled thighs stirred her repressed yearnings for her human partner. She ran her fingers up Cooper's spine and stroked his back and lean hip. Beneath her palm, his skin was smooth and growing warmer.

His hot, male scent tapped into her she-wolf senses and set her body aflame. She caressed one firm butt cheek and his cock jerked.

Her skin tingled and another heat, raw and urgent, raged through tissue, muscle and bone. The desire she'd suppressed for weeks surged as Cooper's hand slid up and down her back. She gasped as his big hands skated over the curve of her hips to squeeze her ass.

Tas whispered his name, loving the sound of it. She said it again. "Cooper. Make love to me."

He answered with a throaty groan and pressed his hot shaft against her belly.

She shouldn't let this happen, shouldn't give into her needs and exploit his when he was simply reacting instinctively and without conscious thought. He had no idea she was a sentient being, a shape-shifter capable of taking wolf or human form. He didn't understand who or what she was and the right thing to do was to climb out of this sleeping bag.

But Tas didn't want to do the right thing. She wanted this. She wanted him. The time would come soon enough for her to move on to another assignment, but now that the opportunity had presented itself to make love with Cooper, Tas couldn't resist.

What better way to boost his core temperature than to heat his blood in the most primitive method?

Maybe all she'd ever get was this one purely sensual moment with Cooper. Relationships between weres and humans were difficult at best and it took a special connection to make them work.

Tas palmed his throbbing cock. He was long, thick and hard as steel. She stroked his hot flesh, caressing his length until his eyes fluttered. "You're safe," she whispered, placing kisses on his cheek, chin and lips. "I'm going to make you warm, very warm."

Acting instinctually, his lips caught hers and his hold on her ass tightened. Tas deepened the kiss, demanding more.

He answered by kneading her ass. She rolled on top of him and rubbed her breasts against his chest as she seated the broad head of his cock at the entrance of her

already weeping pussy. Restricted by the sleeping bag, Tas rocked her hips. Slick and ready, she took his hard length, gasping as he filled her.

She fucked him like a woman possessed. Tas had ached for this moment, for the feeling of total rapture.

She moved against him, relishing the feel of her breasts sliding along his solid chest and her belly rubbing against his ridged abdomen.

Rocking back, she rode him, her motion slow and intense. She clamped down on his cock, feeling each hard inch of his male flesh. Need surged, swelling her aching folds. She milked him, taking him fast, then slow, drawing out her pleasure and doing all the things she'd dreamed about for weeks.

Healing heat welled inside her and poured from her skin. The cold seeped from his flesh. Riding him hard and furious, her pent-up emotions exploded in a swollen avalanche of relief and joy. With a strangled gasp and a tightening of his muscles, Cooper joined her in climax.

Her heart pounded and her breath came in ragged puffs. Without saying a word, her lover relaxed and slid into a deep slumber.

She'd crossed a line, physically and emotionally. Tas couldn't deny her heart's ache any more than she could stop breathing. Come Christmas morning would Cooper be pleased to discover his partner was a she-wolf?

## Chapter Three

Delicious and warm, soft and supple, the woman's rounded body fit perfectly to his. Her breasts were firm and full against his chest and his cock was cradled in the vee of her thighs. She lay on top of him, her legs twined with his.

He wrapped his arms around her, seeking her warmth and reveling in her heat. He stroked her from shoulder to hip, filling his hands with her flesh.

She shifted, lifting her breasts from his chest. Copper shuddered as cool air skated over his skin.

A palm was pressed to his forehead. "How are you?"

He didn't recognize the voice. As his mind slid toward consciousness, the cold came touching him with icy fingers and the dream began to slip away. He lifted his head and tried to open his eyes. Pain rocketed through his right shoulder. Moaning, Cooper closed his eyes and gingerly rested his head on the pillow. He withdrew from the pain and sought the woman waiting for him in the recesses of his mind.

She was still with him, all softness and warmth, a fantasy he didn't want to end.

Lips slid over his, soft and lush, drawing him back into the painless comfort of his dream. A wonderful heat surrounded him and sweet licks of fire burst in his balls.

Soft flesh tipped by a taut nub brushed his lips. Raw need surged through blood and bone as he suckled the offered breast. Beneath his fingers, the dream woman's skin was soft, her form slender and her ass perfectly curved to fit his hands.

His cock stretched as he stroked the gentle slope of her hips. He slid his hands lower to her thighs and ran his fingertips up the softer inside. Her weight shifted, her belly rolling against his cock.

A deep, needy hunger rose inside him, swelling his cock and thundering through his chest.

Her breast slid away.

His eyes fluttered, but he squeezed them shut, lest the woman vanish and the deep cold return.

It had been so long and Cooper didn't want to lose her. With her there was no cold or pain, only warmth and pleasure. So much pleasure. He wanted the solace of her soft female body, the immense comfort he found in her arms. His body ached to make love, to experience hot sex and sweet release.

Caught in a hot, comforting cocoon, he climbed between her legs. He pushed away the twinge of pain and concentrated on the soft female body beneath his. Hips rocking, Cooper thrust, sinking slowly into her wet, silky warmth. Her pussy was slick and moist, hot and tight, utterly amazing.

Buried deep inside her, he stilled and absorbed her special heat. Maybe he'd died and gone to heaven. Or maybe Santa was real and he'd gotten his Christmas wish.

The woman's warm breath feathered his neck. Her gentle moan sent hot shivers along his spine. Her soft curves cushioned his battered body and her hot folds surrounded his aching cock.

He thrust deep, bringing another moan from his dream woman. Need surged, heating his blood and driving his body. Cooper thrust, harder, faster. The nip to his earlobe urged him on. He thrust into her pliant, willing flesh, until his heart threatened to jump out of his chest and his lungs screamed from exertion.

Her pussy clenched around him, yanking the climax from deep inside his balls. The flood of heat and semen exhausted him, sapping his strength and dropping him into sweet oblivion.

\* \* \*

Tas awoke. Spooned along her naked back, Cooper was snoring softly. She ran her hand along her thigh. Her hand, not her paw. She blinked her eyes. The glow of the dying fire cast shadows on the cabin walls.

The memories came in a flood. Cooper falling into the rushing whitewater, the long trek home in the snow.



She unzipped the sleeping bag and slid away from Cooper's warmth. She slipped on the sweatshirt and pants and a pair of socks. Despite the size difference Tas put on Cooper's boots. All the wood he'd stacked on the hearth before they'd left the cabin this morning was gone.

Tas hustled outside to gather logs. She rebuilt the fire, adding wood until the flames danced a bright red and orange.

"Who are you?"

She'd dreamed about the moment when Cooper would see her as a woman, but she feared his reaction when he learned the truth. Not everyone accepted werewolves. Because of their shape-shifting abilities and superior strength, her kind was often confronted with distrust and suspicion.

Tas turned and faced Cooper. Confusion clouding his eyes, he looked around. "Where's Tas? Outside?"

"She's fine. How are you feeling?"

The ranger sat up, wincing with pain. "I was hit by a falling rock, several in fact."

"I know," she said, moving closer. "What else do you remember?"

"Plunging into the creek, snow falling so hard I could barely see the trail. Tas barking at me, keeping me moving."

"Are you thirsty?"

He nodded.

Tas felt his gaze follow her as she walked to the pantry and grabbed a bottle of water. She twisted off the cap and handed it to him. He took a sip, then downed half of the bottle.

"You must be starving. How about a bowl of soup?"

She started to rise, but he caught her arm. "You haven't told me your name."

Tas wasn't ready to tell him the whole truth, but she wasn't going to lie to him. She gave him her middle and last name. "Janae Rivers."

His gaze searched her face. "You work for the government, Janae?"

Okay, a tiny white lie. "I study wolves for a private preservation group, the Northern Foundation. I'm particularly interested in the endangered white wolves."

He released her arm and glanced around. "Where's your pack? Your supplies?" His gaze slid back to her. "You're wearing my sweats."

"My supplies are at the mouth of the valley. I hiked in, got caught in the snowstorm. I heard a dog barking and I found you half-frozen. Your dog led us to this cabin."

"You undressed me?"

"Our clothes were soaked through."

"How long have I been asleep?" he asked, glancing at the illuminated dial on his watch. "It's Christmas."

Tas smiled. "Merry Christmas, Cooper."

"You know my name?"

"It's on your ID." Understanding that he was trying to sort out what had happened, Tas jumped up before he could ask her another question. "Let's celebrate with a shot of brandy."

She grabbed the bottle off the kitchen counter and removed the cap. She took a swig and joined Cooper before the fire. He drank from the bottle and handed it back to her. He started to climb out of the sleeping bag. "Maybe you should turn around."

"I undressed you, but if it makes you more comfortable," Tas said, turning to face the cabin door.

While he visited the bathroom, Tas arranged the sleeping bags on the bed. After weeks in her wolf form, she was tired of sleeping on the floor.

When he came out of the bathroom, Tas was opening a can of chicken noodle soup. "You should get into bed and stay warm. The soup will be hot in a minute."

He quickly slid between the insulated bags. After a few minutes he asked, "Where's Tas? She's been outside too long."

His concern pleased her. "She's fine."

"Why isn't she here with me?"

Only another lie would put his mind at rest. "She's with the white wolves."

"She's what?"

He started to climb out of bed, but Tas handed him a bowl of hot soup. "They're her kindred. She'll be safe with them." That part was true. The pack leader had offered her shelter from the coming storm, but Tas wasn't willing to leave Cooper. The wolves wanted nothing to do with humans. After seeing those traps, she couldn't blame them, but she made sure the leader understood that Cooper had disabled the vicious snares. She'd given the pack leader her word that the poachers would be caught and punished.

Tas perched on the edge of the bed. The soup was delicious.

"She'd be safer here with me. She may be part wolf, but she isn't a part of their pack."

"Don't worry about your dog," Tas said, watching him devour the soup. "She'll come back."

After they finished the soup, Cooper thanked her. Tas placed the empty bowls on the kitchen counter and added another log to the fire. She turned to find Cooper rubbing his temples. "Does your head hurt?"

"I had a really strange dream," he said.

"Doesn't surprise me," she said, sitting on the edge of the bed next to him. "You were shivering violently when we reached the cabin."

"I've never had such vivid hallucinations."

"You're wondering if we shared your sleeping bags?"

His gaze met hers. "Did we?"

"I thought it was the best thing to get you warm. To keep us both warm."

His beautiful mouth spread into a grin. "I think it worked."

She glanced at the windows. "We have a few hours till daylight, plenty of time for Santa to visit."

Cooper lifted the edge of the sleeping bag. "We could wait together. See if he shows up."

"I've always enjoyed waiting up for Santa."

## Chapter Four

As far as Cooper was concerned, Santa had already come and granted his Christmas wish. Janae was gorgeous. Her eyes were a silvery blue, oddly familiar, but Cooper knew he'd never seen her before. No man in his right mind would forget such a beauty.

Her hair was long and platinum blonde. Her lips were full, her smile generous and sensual. His breath hitched as she pulled off the sweatshirt. Janae's breasts were firm and deliciously rounded with nipples that made his mouth water.

By the time she'd pushed the sweatpants off her hips and exposed a triangle of blonde curls, Cooper was rock hard. In one sensuous fluid movement she climbed in beside him. Soft and round, her body slid against his, awakening sensory memories.

Although his recollections weren't crystal clear, the shape of her body, the softness of her skin and her scent had an intoxicating familiarity. They'd made love, but this time he intended to explore every curve and hollow of her body *and* remember every touch, every nuance of their lovemaking.

He bent his head, touching his lips to hers. Her lips were soft beneath his and her mouth hot.

He cupped her breast, relishing her soft flesh and hard nipple. He rolled the taut peak between his thumb and forefinger. Recalling the lushness of her flesh, he kissed a path down her neck to her breast. Her back arched as he sucked her nipple into his mouth.

Need gripped his balls.

She grasped his swollen cock, rubbing her thumb over the sensitive head. Her fingers played along his length, tugging on his straining flesh.

Each tug of his mouth on her breast was answered by the eager caress of her hand on his cock. Her fingertip traced the central vein, up and down his aching shaft. The pad of her thumb skated over the sensitive head.

If she kept touching him like that, he'd come. Cooper didn't want a quick ending. He wanted to fuck her, but he needed to taste her first, experience the hot rush of her climax on his tongue.

He grasped her wrists and held her arms to the side. Then he suckled her nipples, switching between them until she writhed beneath him. "Please, Cooper. Oh, God."

Cooper held her fast as he slowly kissed and licked a path to the thatch of blonde curls between her legs. He inhaled her musky scent, letting the perfume of her arousal fill his nostrils and tease his already sensually intoxicated brain. Drunk with desire, Cooper rubbed his face in the soft mound.

A slow lick to her moist slit sent a tremor down his spine. She quivered, hot and ready. Her hips arched, pushing her pussy eagerly against his mouth.

Cooper loved burying his tongue inside her, but he wanted to do more than indulge in his own pleasures, he wanted to make Janae's climax extraordinary. He needed to please her as no other had or would.

He released her hands and molded his around her ass. He feasted in the pleasure of her silky flesh.

She fisted his hair. "Please."

Capturing her clit, he suckled, drawing on her sweet bud. He slid a finger inside her tight folds, until her skin was slick and her breath came in harsh, ragged puffs.

A gush of hot, creamy nectar followed her cry of pleasure. Her essence glossed his lips and her taste rested sweetly on his tongue.

"Wow! I felt that all the way to my curled toes."

The compliment set Cooper's heart to hammering. He lifted his head and licked the delicious taste of her from his lips. "I curled your toes?"

Her grasp on his hair eased, slender fingers sliding through the damp strands. “Oh, yeah. I’m not sure they’ll ever straighten out again.”

He rose onto his hands and knees, positioning his hips between her spread thighs. Janae cupped his head, pulling his mouth to hers. Her tongue slid between his lips, hot and demanding.

She wrapped a leg around his waist, drawing him close. Cooper angled his straining cock, seeking the wet heat of her pussy. Their hips shifted. Then he found her and thrust.

Cooper drove into her slick sheath, crying out as her wet folds tightened around him. She cradled him, moving in sensuous rhythm, accepting every heated thrust.

Her soft body surged against him, rocking, taking him for the ride of his life. Heat coiled in his balls and perspiration slicked his back as he thrust faster and deeper.

A keening cry escaped her lips as her pussy clenched around him.

His climax surging from his balls, Cooper touched heaven. Slowly, he came back to Earth.

“That was amazing,” she said, between ragged breaths.

The sex was amazing, the experience so intense Cooper trembled long after the wild thumping of his heart eased into a normal rhythm. Cooper rolled to one side and Janae curled her soft body to his. He watched the light cast by the fire dance on the ceiling, trying to answer the questions spinning in his brain.

How does a beautiful woman magically appear in the middle of a snowstorm? A woman who’d fulfilled his every sexual fantasy. What were the odds? A trillion to one?

Where were Janae’s clothes? Why couldn’t he remember meeting her on the trail?

And where the hell was Tas? Why would she run off during a critical situation when she’d never left his side before?

Nothing made sense, nothing except that maybe Santa was real and Christmas wishes did come true.

## Chapter Five

Tas rolled over and sniffed the air. Her nose twitched in pure delight. Freshly brewed coffee scented the air.

She lifted her head. Dressed in jeans and a plaid shirt, Cooper was hunkered down before the fireplace staring at something in his hand.

Tas raised her head. "Good morning. How are you feeling?"

Cooper stood and turned, displaying the item that had held his attention. Her holiday collar, red with green trees, dangled from his fingers.

"Where the hell is Tas?" The fierceness of his gaze forced her hand. She had to tell him and accept his reaction.

Tas sat up and held the sleeping bag to her chest. "What do you know about werewolves?"

Shoulders tensed, he took a step toward her. "I want to know about my partner. If anything has happened to her..."

Tas patted the bed. "Come here, Cooper."

His hand clenched around the collar. "If you know anything about Tas, you best tell me now."

"I can tell you anything and everything about Tas, if you'll sit right here and talk to me."

He moved to the foot of the bed and folded his arms. "Talk."

"Look into my eyes."

"I don't have time for games, Janae."

"You want it straight?"

He jerked his head in the affirmative as if steeling himself for bad news.

"My name is Tas Rivers. Janae is my middle name. I'm a werewolf and a special agent working for Endangered Species Enforcement. I catch poachers."

His eyes widened in shock and disbelief.

"You gave me that collar two weeks ago. You wanted me to look pretty for the holidays."

He shook his head.

"You share your coffee with me every morning. And you let me lick from your ice cream cones when no one is looking. You call your parents every Sunday night and you kiss your sister's photo by your bedside even though Erika passed away ten years ago."

His breath caught, strangling in his throat. "Mother of God," he whispered.

His hands were shaking, jingling the canine law enforcement ID tags hanging from her collar. She hated wearing a dog collar, but going undercover required it.

Although the existence of werewolves was documented, the social interaction between weres and humans remained limited. Many humans refused to accept or believe in werewolves. Some considered them abominations.

"What I am must be a shock to you. I'm sorry, I never intended --"

"You're sorry!" Cooper threw her collar onto the bed. "Don't you think you should have told me before last night? Before we --"

He strode to the door and yanked it open. A blast of cold air entered the tiny cabin as he walked out, slamming the door behind him. Tas scrambled out of bed and dressed in his sweats. She peeked out the window. His back to her, Cooper stood in the falling snow, back rigid and head down.

A fist gripped her heart and squeezed. From the first day she'd entered law enforcement, Tas had faced intolerance and distrust. She'd thought she'd grown immune to the pain, but nothing in her life experience had prepared her for the anguish of Cooper's rejection.

She tried to hold back the tears, but something deep within her broke and she cried out. Cooper turned. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, too.



Their gazes met, locked, held. Heart pounding in her chest, Tas reached out and touched the glass. She whispered his name.

Then he moved toward the door. Tas took a step forward as the door swung open, banging against the wall. For several heartbeats, they stared at one another.

"Tas?" His voice was soft, barely audible. He reached out and cupped her face in his hands. "My God. It's really you."

She nodded, tried to smile. "First encounter with a she-wolf?"

"You can transform into a person?"

"Whether wolf or woman, I think and feel."

"No wonder you understood everything I said."

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you, but I work undercover. I've broken a lot of cases because the bad guys thought I was a dog."

His thumb skated over her cheek. "You broke your cover to help me."

"You'd have done the same for me." She placed her hands on his chest. "I had no right to take advantage of the situation, but I'm not sorry about what happened last night. I understand your resentment and I'll understand if you want another partner."

"I don't want another partner. When I thought something had happened to you, that you might be hurt or worse, I --" He drew in a breath. "I realized how much I cared about you."

"You care about the wolf. What about the woman?"

"Last night was amazing. One day you're my canine partner. Then you're my human lover. I'm trying to get a handle on this werewolf thing."

Tas understood he was confused by his emotional and physical reactions. "Whatever form I take, I'm still a sentient being. I think, I feel, I reason. The physical part of our relationship exists only when I'm in human form, when we're the same."

"So, all these weeks, you've understood everything I've said and done."

"I have."

"You can communicate with the white wolves?"

"Our packs are related. This mountain pack has lived here for centuries."

Cooper raked his fingers through his hair. "I thought you were just an amazing animal."

He needed time to come to terms with the situation, get used to the idea that she was a shape-shifter. "Coffee smells good," Tas said. "Why don't we have a cup?"

Tas poured two mugs and they sat before the fire. The minutes ticked away while Cooper sipped his coffee. Tas knew he was digesting the influx of information her revelation had thrown at him. Finally, he broke his silence. "What's it like when you transform?"

"It's such a normal part of my life, I don't think much about it. It's not painful, if that's what you're thinking."

He looked at his hand. "I can't imagine being anything other than what I am."

When he glanced at her, Tas grinned. "Neither can I. I love being a human and a wolf. I love the freedom, running for miles, rolling in the grass on dewy mornings and howling at the full moon."

"You do that? Howl at the moon?"

"You bet. While working undercover, I have to restrain myself."

He smiled at her humor, but his eyes were serious and thoughtful. "Can this work? You know, werewolf and human? You and me?"

Tas set her mug on the hearth and looked him directly in the eyes. "Do you want it to work?"

"I'm crazy about you."

"How crazy?"

He set aside his mug and cupped the nape of her neck, drawing her face close to his. "I don't want to lose you, Tas, ever."

"I'm good with forever."

His lips touched hers, gentle at first, then sweetly demanding. She was breathless by the time he ended the kiss.

"I'm willing to do whatever it takes," he said. "Give you whatever you need to make it work."

"Let's start with spending Christmas in bed. You did ask Santa for a woman."

His eyes widened. "You understood? You saw? Of course you did."

"You must have been a very good boy this year."

His eyes burned, fiery hot. "I can be naughty, too."

A bone-melting heat spread through Tas. She'd found her life mate. "Looks like Santa granted my Christmas wish, too."

## **B.J. McCall**

A multi-published author of contemporary and futuristic sensual romance, B.J. McCall is a West Virginia native now residing in Northern California. Thanks to an older sister who was a librarian, reading became B.J.'s favorite pastime. B.J.'s idea of the perfect way to spend a rainy afternoon or a day at the beach is reading a Romance novel. The phrase "Do what you love," applies to B.J. -- she loves to write and each story is special. She hopes her readers will enjoy each and every one of them. Visit her website at [www.BJMcCall.com](http://www.BJMcCall.com).