

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Hot Moon  
Rising

*Desiree Holt*

Naughty  
Nooners

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Hot Moon Rising

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# ***HOT MOON RISING***

**Desiree Holt**

*Dedication*

*To Karen, who introduced me to the wolf.*

## Chapter One

Charlie Aquino glided his car slowly to the curb, cut the engine and headlights, and rolled down his window. It was quiet in this little cul de sac where Derek and the rest of his group—er, pack—lived. He scanned the house that he drove by every night on his way home, after a long shift for the sheriff's department. Just looking at the house, hoping for a glimpse of her, calmed him. Soothed all those frayed and jangled nerves.

Sometimes a light would be on. Other times, like now, the little house would be completely dark.

Was she outside, running? Alone or with her "friends"? He closed his eyes and Liane Cosa's face swam before his eyes. High cheekbones, amber eyes and a silken waterfall of ash blonde hair. When she smiled at him, the bottom fell out of his heart.

*Jesus, Aquino. You've really lost your mind.*

But a year had made a lot of difference in his life. Twelve months ago he and Jesse Farrell had been working the gang task force for the sheriff. The most exotic things in their lives were the devious gang leaders who always lay in wait. And he'd never heard of a shapeshifter. Now his partner was married to one and he, for his sins, was falling helplessly in love with another one.

The group of cottages lining the cul de sac were where Liane and her friends lived. Her pack, for they were all shifters like Liane. Alexa Farrell, Jesse's wife, had worked out a deal with a developer she did graphic designs for. Derek and his group would provide security at the developer's construction sites in return for nominal pay and free rent at cottages he hadn't been able to sell anyway.

At first the shifter thing had really freaked him out but now, a year later, it had become part of his life. Especially after he met Liane. And how weird was that, falling

for a wolf? But like Alexa, Liane had an exotic quality about her that pulled at him and made his cock so hard every time he looked at her he was afraid it would break off.

From the moment he met her at Jesse and Alexa's place, he wanted her more than any other woman he'd ever met. He made it a point to run into her whenever he could. Buy her coffee. A drink, if he could coax her into it. Twice he'd actually talked her into dinner.

But she was wary of him and he could understand why. Humans were suspect. Jesse and Alexa had worked out fine but Alexa had landed in Florida because of a disastrous experience with her previous human love. Charlie was sure Liane always had that in the back of her mind.

Sometimes when he drove by she'd be outside in the warmth of a Florida evening, sitting on her porch swing. He'd stop, make his way to the porch and coax her into offering him a cold drink. Sitting next to her, the scent of her teasing his nostrils, her thigh so soft next to his, the fabric of her t-shirt outlining her full breasts, he had all he could do to keep from throwing her to the porch floor and taking her there.

But Charlie Aquino had more class than that, he reminded himself. Except that lust was steadily winning out over class. He only knew if he didn't get to fuck her pretty soon he'd self destruct.

If the house was dark, like tonight, he always waited a while, staring at the copse of trees behind the cottages, hoping for a glimpse of her in wolf form. The first time he saw her it took his breath away – gorgeous, magnificent, silver coat shimmering. And the more he saw her as a wolf, the more he fell in love with her. Go figure.

He slouched against the back of the seat, wondering where she'd gone to tonight. Was she out with one of the males in the pack? Shit. He never thought he'd be jealous of a wolf. Unconsciously he fingered the condom he'd been carrying in his pocket for weeks. Hoping for a chance – not just for sex because he'd come to realize that what he felt for her was a lot more than that. He wanted the chance to explore those feelings.

And then he saw her, right at the edge of her yard, a magnificent silver wolf gleaming in the bright, full moonlight. And alone.

She'd never let him get close to her when she was in her wolf form, no matter how many times he'd hinted at it. If she spotted his car cruising by, she raced into the trees behind the cottages. No matter how long he waited, she wouldn't emerge. Yet here she was tonight, knowing full well he was sitting there hoping to catch a glimpse of her. And she hadn't moved. Hadn't cut and run.

Very quietly he opened the car door, closing it behind him and walking toward her with slow, careful steps.

*Please don't run. Please, please, stay where you are.*

As if she heard his silent prayer, she remained motionless, watching him. As he drew closer he could see the moon reflected in her warm amber eyes and he could have sworn she was smiling at him.

He stopped about two feet away, not sure what to do next. Forcing himself to stay completely still, he breathed slowly even as his heartbeat ratcheted up. The next move was up to her.

Finally, when the tension was thick enough to cut, she ambled slowly toward him, stopping directly in front of him and nudging his hand with her head. He slid his fingers through the magnificent silver coat that felt as soft as the finest silk. Electric thrills speared the length of his arm and shot through his body.

She nudged at him again, then lowered her head and pressed her nose to his crotch. Her long, pink tongue snaked out and licked the length of his fly. Sweat broke out on his body as his cock leaped to life in response.

He threaded both hands through her coat, holding her head, lifting it slightly so he could lock his gaze with hers.

"I want you," he said hoarsely. "You have no idea how badly I want to make love to you, Liane. Right now."

She shook her head and slipped from his grasp, backing up two steps.

"No." He reached out a hand. "Don't run away from me. I know who and what you are and it's fine with me. Look at Jesse and Alexa. They made it work."

Jesse and Alexa? Was his mind telling him he wanted the same kind of relationship with Liane? Holy shit! Was this what he'd been building up to? Could she handle that? Could *he*?

"Stop," he commanded, when she took another step backwards. "Please. You'll never know what we could have if you don't give it a chance."

He held his breath for what seemed an eternity. Then streaks of light shimmered in front of him, exploding into a cloud of stars. When they faded away Liane stood before him, completely naked, completely glorious. And thoroughly tempting.

His cock was so hard it threatened to rip through the fabric of his jeans. He took a deep breath to steady himself, gain some measure of control and held out a hand to her.

"You are so beautiful," he breathed. "I have to touch you. Please."

One step at a time, her eyes reading his, she walked forward until she could touch his hand. He closed his fingers around hers and tugged her closer.

"I see you every night," she told him. "I thought for sure you'd get tired of it. Give up."

"You're worth waiting for." He looked down at her. "I've waited a long time for this, Liane. I want to kiss you. Is that all right?"

He wanted to yank her into his arms but he didn't want to frighten her, either.

She tilted her head. "You don't mind kissing a wolf?"

"I'm kissing Liane," he told her. "Whatever form you're in."

She breathed a soft sigh and moved into the circle of his arms. Her skin was so soft beneath his hands it felt like spun silk, her lips the same. He tried to make the kiss gentle but one touch and heat consumed him like a flash fire. His tongue traced the seam of her lips and when she opened for him he thrust inside, ready to devour her.



*Who's the wolf here?*

He tasted the inside of her lips, the edge of her teeth, the warm, wet cavern of her mouth. Sucking at her tongue, he pulled it into his own mouth, tangling with it, sure he'd never get enough of it. His hands came up to cup her cheeks, tilting her head this way and that to give him a better angle. The heat from the kiss lit up every nerve in his body, clear to his toes and his cock throbbed with anticipation.

When he lifted his head to look at her, he lost himself in her eyes. Every shade of amber reflected in the moonlight but it was the mixture of hope and fear that really got to him.

"I won't hurt you," he promised. "Ever."

"I'm afraid," she said. "But I want you."

"You never have to be afraid of me. Not for any reason."

"There's a heavy quilt on the back porch," she said in a hesitant voice.

Charlie cocked an eyebrow at her. "You don't want to go inside?"

She gave him a hesitant smile, watching him, judging him. "Wolves like to mate outdoors."

He knew she was testing him. Could he take her in human form knowing she was wolf? Okay, fine. Whatever she wanted. In seconds he had the quilt spread out on the grass, the moon lighting up the yard like a spotlight.

Holding her gaze, watching *her* reactions, Charlie stripped off his t-shirt, then unzipped his jeans and kicked away both pants and boxers in one movement. His cock sprang free, throbbing with such intensity he was afraid things would be over before he got started.

He took her hand again and knelt on the quilt, tugging her down with him. With his fingertips he caressed the line of her cheekbones and jaw, touched the pulse beating so hard at the hollow of her throat. When he lowered his hands to brush his fingers

across her dark nipples she gasped and arched toward him. The nipples hardened beneath his touch like diamonds.

Bending his head, he licked at them then briefly took each one into his mouth, sucked it and released it, flicking the tip with his tongue. He hated letting go of them but he wanted to explore every bit of her body. *Then* he'd go back and do her nipples justice.

His hand continued its journey between the valley of her high, firm breasts, tracing the line of her rib cage, one fingertip twirling in the indentation of her navel. When he slid his hand lower and felt the softness of her public curls he couldn't stop himself. He bent his head and trailed the tip of his tongue through them, tugging at them with his teeth.

As his tongue foraged in the curls his hand caressed her inner thighs, his fingers tracing the line where hip and thigh joined, reveling in the silken feel of her, the pleasure of touching her. When he could hold back no longer, he nudged her thighs apart and traced the line of her slit with one shaking finger, terrified that at any moment he'd do something to turn her off and she'd leap away.

But as he probed the dampness of her pussy lips a small sigh escaped her lips and her hips arched toward him. As his mouth continued to travel over the soft curls on her mound, his thumb found her clit and brushed back and forth. Immediately her cream bathed his fingers where they touched her cunt.

*Jesus! She was so responsive!*

Emboldened by her reaction, he moved his head until his lips closed over the peak of her clit and he slid one finger into the hot well of her vagina. He thought for sure her heat would burn his fingers. The harder he sucked on her clit, the wetter her cunt grew. She was tight, her inner muscles flexing against him as he added a second finger, then a third. When he began to move them rhythmically in and out of her, some part of her unlocked and she forced her hips higher, her head thrashing back and forth on the quilt.

Impatient for the full taste of her, he pulled his fingers free, knelt between her thighs and opened the lips of her pussy. Inhaling her scent, he thrust his tongue inside, fucking her with it in the same motion he would soon use with his cock. With thumb and forefinger he lightly pinched her clit, tugging on it in cadence with the thrusts of his tongue in and out of her drenched cunt. When the walls of her cunt began to flutter and flex, he stabbed his tongue harder and further into her.

She was moaning now, choppy little whimpers, her hands fisted in the quilt as her body urged him not to stop.

Her climax crashed through her without warning, shaking her from head to toe. She cried out with her release and Charlie rode her through it, his tongue never leaving its place inside her, his thumb and forefinger never relinquishing the steady massage of her clit. He held on until the last tiny spasm died away and he felt the tension leave her body. Then he crawled up to cradle her in his arms, his hand stroking her face, his lips pressing lightly on hers.

"Taste yourself on me," he urged, licking her lips to make them open. "Do you like that? Does it arouse you?"

She looked at him, her amber eyes glittering. "Yes."

Her own tongue came out, traced a path over his lips, then her mouth opened for his exploration. She hummed against him as their flavors blended and her hips rolled back and forth. One of her hands came up to stroke his back and a slim leg curled itself over one of his, pulling him closer against her.

When he drew his head back, they were both panting for air. "You taste like every sweet treat in the world, Liane. I could drink from that little pussy of yours until there wasn't a drop left, then I'd make you come again and start all over."

And lord knew, he wanted just that. None of the intense, highly erotic dreams he'd had of her had even come close to the reality and he hadn't even fucked her yet. He was in danger of losing himself, falling into love as well as lust and he knew it. But

somehow the difference between them no longer mattered. He was entranced by her in wolf form as he was in her human shape.

"But I want to taste you too," she protested, her hand drifting toward his groin and his aching erection.

"If you do I'll come too soon," he argued. "I'm so hot for you I'm surprised I can still hold it together."

"Just let me put my lips around your cock for a minute," she pleaded. "Let me touch your balls."

*Holy shit! I'm gonna need every bit of self control I can find here.*

But he obligingly rolled onto his back and Liane sat up and looked at him. From timid and tentative she'd suddenly become bold and inquisitive. Without preamble she wrapped her small fingers around his cock, barely able to completely take the width. Bending her head, she swiped her tongue across the flared head, then prodded the slit with the tip of her tongue.

*Holy hell!*

His hips nearly came off the quilt and he threaded his fingers through the silken fall of her hair to anchor himself. The lash of her tongue on his shaft was a feathery caress that sent hot and cold shivers racing up and down his spine. When the tip of her small tongue probed into the slit at the center of the head, he clutched harder at her head, more aroused than he'd ever been in his life.

Finally, after her tongue teased and her fingers cradled his balls, working him into a frenzy, she opened her lips wide and took the length of him into her mouth.

## Chapter Two

Liane had been so afraid at first. From the moment she met Charlie Aquino she felt a magnetic pull that she fought and resisted. She knew enough about the disastrous mating of human and wolf. Even though Alexa had found happiness with Jesse, Liane's first human relationship had nearly destroyed her.

But just being near Charlie, talking to him, aroused her to the point where her nipples were always hard and her panties always wet. What frightened her the most wasn't just the sex thing. She genuinely *liked* Charlie. Could see the two of them together. And when he'd peeled off his clothes tonight—oh, lordy. He'd taken her breath away.

He was magnificent in his naked glory. Tall and rugged, with muscles as hard as her oak trees and thick hair on his chest as dark as the heavy mane on his head. He wore it long, just past his shoulders, as much because of personal preference as a need to blend in with the gangs he and Jesse were working to bring down. His cock looked enormous in the moonlight, rising majestically from the thick, dark nest of curls at his groin. She could drink in the sight of him forever.

She'd thought long and hard before revealing herself to him in wolf form. Letting him see her shift had been a much bigger step. But he hadn't run screaming back to his car. Now here they were, engaged in what promised to be the best sex she'd ever experienced in her life. What would happen after this? Once he thought about it in the light of day, would he be repulsed? Would he shun her?

Pushing the thought from her mind she bent to her pleasurable task, sucking his cock, feeling the thickness of it as it pushed against the roof of her mouth. His taste was incredible, the skin velvety soft over hard steel, the drops of pre-cum with a delightful

salty-sweet flavor. Her hand cupped his balls, rolling them with her fingers, loving the feel of the fine hair on the pleated skin.

He moved so swiftly that before she realized it his cock had popped from her mouth and she was flat on her back, his hands pinning her shoulders to the quilt.

"Enough." His voice was hoarse. "You're driving me crazy. I'm about two seconds away from spilling myself in your mouth and that's not where I want it to happen. Not this first time."

He scrambled for his jeans, pulling a foil wrapper from his pocket and ripping it open with his teeth. Holding his cock in her mouth had heated her blood and moistened the walls of her pussy with fresh cream. She watched as he rolled the condom onto his cock, wishing he could fuck her pussy and her mouth at the same time. She wanted to taste the mingling of their flavors, the blending of the essence of their two bodies.

Tonight was a risk. She knew it. Had waited for it. Pushed it away as long as she could. And exactly what she feared had happened. The sexual link between them was stronger than she'd even anticipated. Not to mention the jumble of emotions that just being touched by him brought roaring to the surface.

Whenever they'd been together it was hard to ignore the signals Charlie broadcast about his feelings for her. But she also knew all too well that between shifter and human those feelings could disappear with the wind. But even if tomorrow he decided he couldn't hack the shifter thing, couldn't bear to be with her again, she'd decided she wanted this one night.

Every nerve in her body sparked, every pulse throbbed with delicious anticipation as she waited impatiently for him to sheath himself. When he slid his hands beneath her buttocks and lifted her, opening her even wider for him, she wanted to scream at him to hurry. To do it *now*.

Instead he paused, staring at her, the moonlight reflecting the heat in his eyes. "God, your cunt is so beautiful. *You're* so beautiful."

One thick finger traced the length of her slit from her pounding clit to her vagina, then back again.

*Put it in. Put it in.*

When the head of his cock pressed against her vaginal opening, she almost wept with relief but then other sensations took over her body. The muscles in her cunt fluttered, her stomach muscles clenched, pulses throbbed with an insistent beat and she could hear the roaring of blood in her ears. Inch by inch he pushed himself into her, her tissues stretching to accommodate him as her liquid heat flooded him, easing his way.

Outlined in the moonlight, his long hair falling loose from its usual tieback, eyes glinting with passion, he looked like a warrior come to claim his prize. His face was in shadow but she could make out the sheen of sweat on it, the high plains of his cheeks.

The angle he held her at allowed him to penetrate deep inside her, so deep she felt the tip of his cock when it touched her womb. The mini-climax caught her by surprise, rippling through her, her vaginal muscles milking his cock with light spasms. It was gone almost before she realized it had started but when she looked up at Charlie she saw the realization in his eyes. And the satisfaction.

But not smugness. Not like...the others. He was enjoying her pleasure, an uncommon reaction in the men she'd taken to her bed.

She might have thought about her choices a little more but Charlie began to move, his fingers gripping her ass, his balls slapping harder and harder against her skin as the pace of his thrusts increased. In and out. In and out.

"I wanted...to take this...slowly," he managed to gasp, "but damn it all, Liane, you ...set me...on fire."

In and out, In and out.

The clawing fingers of desire reached through her system, making her nipples tingle, her breasts ache and the pulse in her womb throb. Sliding his forearm beneath her to balance her, he moved his other hand to the top of her pussy, his thumb and

forefinger capturing her clit. In a moment he matched his strokes there with the plunging of his cock in her vagina.

*Ohgodohgodohgod.*

She couldn't feel anything any more except the thick, hot penis thrusting into her. It seemed to fill her entire body, until there was nothing left except her cunt and his hard, driving shaft. She closed her eyes and let her head drop back, losing herself in the battering of sensations.

"Lock you ankles behind me," he ordered in a choppy voice. "Now."

Using the arm beneath her for leverage he tugged her forward. If possible she pulled him even deeper. His hips rolled as his thumb and forefinger worked her clit harder and harder.

The ribbon of desire inside her that had been coiled so tightly began to unwind and her cunt muscles clamped down on him with such force she heard him gasp.

"Look at me," he commanded as his hips pistoned in their demanding rhythm. "Do it, Liane."

With great effort she opened her eyes and saw him staring down at her.

"Now, Liane. Let go...*now!*

Not that she could have stopped it. He pinched her clit hard, thrust one last time and she exploded, a burst of power consuming her body. They tumbled over the edge of the cliff together, falling through a swatch of black velvet. He wrapped his other arm around her and clutched her to him as their bodies shattered in the moonlight, his heart battering her ribs. Or was it hers? It was impossible to tell. She'd been grabbed by a cyclone and tossed about like a leaf in the wind. Spasms racked her over and over, tearing at her muscles, draining her of every drop of energy.

And all the while he held her gaze, eyes boring into her as if he could see into her very soul.



At last it was done, the energy flowing out of them, bodies limp and spent, glued together as they hauled air into tortured lungs.

The next thing she felt was the light dusting of kisses as his lips traveled over her face, his tongue licking the seam of her lips, his teeth nipping her ear lobes. She sighed, an exhalation of air that seemed to have been dragged up from her very toes.

"You okay?" Charlie asked, his voice still uneven, his breathing still slightly ragged.

She shifted beneath him. "More than okay." She studied what she could see of his face. "And you?"

His white teeth gleamed in the moonlight as a slow smile curved his lips. "Oh, darlin'. I'm better than I've ever been in my life."

With great care he slid his arms out from beneath her before pulling his cock from the clasp of her pussy. As sore as she felt, she was still bereft by the loss of his presence inside her, the absence of his powerful shaft filling her. Driving her. Bringing her to a climax of epic proportions.

He placed an open-mouthed kiss on her clit before standing, one that gave birth to another wave of tiny undulations. She caught her breath at the last pulse beats in her cunt, then watched him dispose of the condom in the remnants of the wrapper. He tucked it into his jeans, obviously to deal with later, then stretched out beside her again. He slid an arm beneath her and tucked her head against his shoulder, his free hand caressing every part of her body he could reach.

Liane had never felt so satiated, so replete, in her life. So emotionally fulfilled. And so scared. Would he be back? Would he want more from her than sex? When he cleared his throat she tried not to tense in anticipation.

"Problem?" he asked, his warm breathe fanning her cheek.

She shook her head. "How could I have a problem? This was unbelievable. *You're* unbelievable."

"Good." He was so silent she could almost hear the gears shifting in his brain.  
"Listen, Liane..."

She pressed her fingers against his lips. "Don't say it. Please."

He took a closer look at her face. "Don't say what? What's the matter?"

"It's all right, Charlie. You didn't force me into anything. This was my choice. And I know..."

"Know what?" he sat up so fast his arm yanked out from under her. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"It's one thing to intellectually know about shifters. Even to see them. But it's hard to—"

"You must think I'm some piece of shit." He was angry, his voice harsh. "You think all I wanted was a quick fuck with someone who's...different and then I'm going to run away? Even after a year, you don't know me very well."

"I just—"

He bent his head and kissed her, hard. "I was about to ask you if I could come by again tomorrow night. And not just for the sex. To talk. To spend more time together." He raked his fingers through his hair. "I know it's late. Jesse and I don't get the primo shift. But I was hoping...damn it, anyway."

This was the last thing he'd expected but he should have known. He remembered how hard it had been for Jesse at first. But also how quickly he and Alexa got past their...differences.

Liane sat up and put her small hands on either side of his face as he willed the anger to leave him.

"Charlie, I'm just letting you know you have an out if you want it."

"Well, I don't, damn it. I want more. Much more. How does *that* sound to you?"

She kissed him then and he felt her lips smile against his. "It sounds wonderful."

"I love you in both forms, Liane. Yeah, that's right. Love. I haven't been hanging out here for a year just because of some sick fascination. I *love* you."

She took one of his hands and pressed it against her left breast. "Feel how hard my heart beats?" she asked.

He nodded.

"That means I love you too. But let's not wait until tomorrow night. Come into the house with me. We'll talk and hang out together." She touched her mouth to his again. "And have more wonderful sex. But right now we'd better get inside before my friends start looking out their back windows."

She rose lightly to her feet and held out a hand to him. He gathered his clothes and the quilt and followed her to the back porch. A strange peace had stolen over him, the first he'd had since he and Jesse had started working on the gang task force, putting their lives out there every night.

Inside the house she stopped, tugging at his hand.

"In case you wanted to know, I won't shift any more tonight. It takes energy and you certainly made sure I used up plenty of it." She grinned at him.

"It doesn't scare me if you do," he told her in a low voice. "The only thing that could scare me is if you told me you didn't love me."

She through her arms around him and pressed her body to his. "No worries on that score, big boy. The wolf and me—you've got us for life."

## About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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