

Changeling Press

Leona Grey



SO MANY
WOLVES

So Many Wolves
by Leona Grey

Changeling Press LLC

www.changelingpress.com

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First published in 2009, 2009

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ISBN: 978-1-60521-155-8

Formats Available:

HTML, Adobe PDF,

MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:

Changeling Press LLC

PO Box 1046

Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046

www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Katriena Knights

Cover Artist: Karen Fox

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Julia has been looking forward to her friend's weeklong Mardi Gras party for months. Not only does she love Mardi Gras, she also knows David, who rejected her, will be there, and she intends to show him just how sexy a curvy woman can be. Then she meets the mysterious and ruggedly handsome Galen, who pushes all thoughts of David out of her head. But the party takes on a whole new meaning when she finds out he's a werewolf, along with most of the male guests. And they all came to see her. So what's a girl to do with so many wolves?

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Chapter 1

Julia stood anxiously as the salesperson finished lacing up her corset. She had always loved them, but in her life, there just weren't a lot of opportunities for corset-wearing. However, her friend Alanna's Mardi Gras party was the perfect place and not just for that. She would also get to try out her hopefully newly expanded psychic abilities. Julia smiled in anticipation.

"All done," announced Stephanie, the saleslady. Julia turned to the mirror and shook her head. It looked better than she'd thought it would. She was a bit on the heavy side, but she tried to think of herself as curvy—definitely not the type of woman most men go for.

"Wow, that's hot." Stephanie admired her appreciatively. "If I was a guy, I'd do you." Julia raised her eyebrows and Stephanie blushed, but only slightly. "Well, it's the truth; you'll be turning some heads in this."

"That's what I'm hoping for. What should I wear with it, though?"

"Hmm, wait just a minute," Stephanie said as she rushed off.

Julia studied herself more closely in the mirror. The corset was a deep crimson with black lace accents. Her skin fairly glowed against the rich fabric and her breasts looked great in it. That was one good thing about being curvy—at least she had breasts. Stephanie had laced it so it was comfortably snug, accentuating her naturally small waist which curved

into full hips that were covered in a short, black, silky skirt that also laced up in back so that it fit her shape perfectly.

Maybe her figure was too full for some people's tastes, but there was no doubt in her mind that she would be getting some attention tonight. Usually, she was just pretty, not beautiful enough to really be noticed, but for the rest of this week she was shedding her comfortable, safe clothes for something that would make her feel good. Tonight, people would really see her.

Stephanie walked in with some silver accessories. "I think these will look great. A little bit of leather and chains to balance out the silk and lace."

"Ooooh," replied Julia as she held a silver chain choker up to her neck. Oh, yeah, it was perfect. It had a knife-shaped pendant that dangled tantalizingly above her breasts. With the jewelry on and her makeup done she would look like a classy dominatrix.

The sound of a quick, bustling gait alerted Julia that her friend had finally arrived. Alanna knocked on the dressing room door. "I made it. Can I see?" She opened the door before Julia could reply and whistled. "I love it."

"Me, too. I just wish I didn't have these freckles." Julia frowned.

"There is nothing wrong with freckles," Alanna replied. She started messing with Julia's hair, twisting the shoulder-length, deep brown strands into a knot behind her head. "You should wear your hair up, I think. It shows off more skin. Ooh, and I have the perfect shoes!"

"Okay, get out now so I can get dressed."

"I don't know," said Alanna, "I think you should wear it out of the store. At least the top."

"But I have to pay for it."

"I can just take the tag off," offered Stephanie. "You wore black pants anyway, so you'll match."

"Really? You don't mind?"

"Go for it. If people ask where you got your clothes, just send them my way."

"Thanks! Oh, can someone loosen me up before you go?"

"I got it," said Alanna. Stephanie took the tag from the corset and went to add up Julia's purchases. "Have you thought about what you want to wear tomorrow night?" asked Alanna.

"I haven't decided yet. I have four outfits at home to choose from, and I saw these realistic-looking horns at the costume store that I'd like to have. I have to say, this was a great idea. A Mardi Gras party every night of the week with full costumes and everything. I love it. Do you think David will be there tonight?"

"I'm sure he will, and don't give me all the credit. It was your idea, too. That's why you've been hoarding costumes for the past six months."

Julia ignored the fact that her friend had changed the subject from David as quickly as possible. David worked with Collin, Alanna's husband. Alanna didn't like him very much after she'd overheard him telling Collin that he would never date a woman larger than a size six. Julia had had a slight crush on him up until that point. Now, she just wanted to prove to him how sexy a curvy woman could be.

"There, the skirt should be loose enough now," Alanna announced. "Hand it to me when you've got it off so Stephanie can ring it up."

When Julia walked out her purchases were all added up and ready to go. It was expensive, but she'd been saving for this ever since the idea popped into her head last Mardi Gras. Besides, it was worth the looks she got on the way to her car.

* * * *

The guests had started arriving about an hour ago, all in their costumes. A pharaoh walked by with Lady Godiva on his arm, and Eve was dancing with a serpent. Julia wore her new clothes, fangs that slipped over her canines, and dark gothic makeup that made her green eyes smolder. She kept her psychic senses open as she scanned the room for David.

In her teen years, she had sometimes gotten impressions from people or objects but other things had been more important to her at the time, like boys and hairspray. A few months ago, it was brought back to her attention. She'd shared a cab with a nervous young man, and when he'd accidentally bumped her with his elbow she knew his nervousness was because he was about to propose to his girlfriend.

That same day, she went out and bought a book on developing her psychic senses. She'd even considered trying to find a teacher or mentor when she saw a wedding announcement for the young man in the paper.

"He's standing over there, in the sailor suit," Alanna said irritably, pointing to David using her fairy wand.

"Look, Alanna, I'm not interested in him anymore. I just ... I don't know why, but for some reason I need him to see me like this. Just once, I want him to look at me like a woman and not just another friendly fat girl." Julia knew that his opinion of her shouldn't matter. She even felt kind of ashamed for dressing up like this, but an evil little part of her brain wanted David to want her, just so she could turn him down.

"But why? There are other guys here who think you're sexy."

"I actually liked him. I even asked him out once. It would be unbelievably satisfying to turn him down, Mr. Blond Hair and Blue Eyes All-American Man. It's probably petty, but I need this. Okay?"

"And after this, you won't worry about him anymore?"

"Of course not! I wouldn't date him now if he asked."

"Well, come back when you're done, so I can talk to you."

"All right, I will. Here goes." Julia flashed a mischievous grin as she swayed over to the drinks table. She wasn't too intent on her target to notice that the man talking to Collin was watching her every move, though.

"Excuse me," she said as she squeezed between David and a medieval knight. "I need some water." She leaned over the table just a little so the server could hear her. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed that David was looking her over.

"Nice outfit," he said with a smile in his voice. She smiled around her fangs and looked up at him. "Thanks," she said as she turned to watch a guy in a caveman outfit walk by.

"Oh, hey, Julia! I didn't recognize you."

"Oh, um, Kevin, right?"

"David. I'm Collin's friend." Still, she did not look at him, just to let him know how disinterested she was. "Do you want to dance?" he asked.

"No, but thanks anyway." With that, she grinned and sauntered over to Alanna, proud of herself for ignoring him so well when he was finally showing interest. Alanna grinned back at her.

"See that guy talking to Collin?" Alanna asked. "He's been asking about you. He's a contractor Collin works with sometimes."

Julia peeked over at him, studying him while he was turned away from her. He was dressed as a pirate with one of those puffy white shirts, a sash, and a sword. It looked pretty realistic, especially since his head was shaven and she could see that he had a tattoo on his neck.

"Seriously, when you were with David, Galen—that's his name—didn't take his eyes off you one time."

She peeked over at him again, and this time he was looking at her. His shirt was open, showcasing a thick, muscular chest. He had the type of body a man gets from physical labor, not from spending half his life in the gym. She had always found that extremely appealing. He had a dark goatee, and his blue eyes studied her boldly. He moved toward them, holding Julia's gaze.

"Hi, I'm Galen." His deep, gravelly voice matched his rugged features and strong jaw. "Would you like to dance?"

"Yes." She sounded more interested than she meant to when she said that, but he just put his hand on the small of her back and led her to the dance floor. She could tell his hand was large because she could feel the heat of it, even through the thick brocade of her corset. Alanna watched them with amusement as she talked to her husband.

"My name is Julia, by the way."

"I know. I asked Collin about you."

"Really? Why?"

He stopped and looked at her. "Because you are the sexiest woman here." She just raised her eyebrows, and they continued walking. In truth, she didn't know how to respond. She wasn't used to such compliments.

Once on the dance floor, it didn't take them long to catch the rhythm of the pounding club music. He watched her hungrily as she swayed, and he held her attention, as well. He danced in a completely masculine way, and his eyes had a silvery cast under the lights.

They got closer and closer as they danced. The heated look in his eyes made her feel powerful and reckless. So she leaned forward and kissed him.

She meant it to be playful, but his skin seemed to heat as their mouths touched. He placed one large warm hand at the back of her neck. His kiss was deep and passionate and satisfying.

Then she felt something. Her psychic senses opened for a brief moment, and she learned something very important about him. He was a werewolf.

She pulled back and looked at him. His jaw clenched as he slid his hand down her neck, over her shoulder, and down her arm to capture her wrist. "Don't kiss me like that again unless you plan to go home with me," he warned.

Something about the way he watched her called out to a wild place inside her. She needed to get away from him, just for a moment, so she could think. "Um, will you excuse me for a minute?" She hurried away before he could answer.

David stopped her on the way to the bathroom. "Hey, Julia, are you dating that guy you've been dancing with? 'Cuz, I was thinking maybe we could go somewhere, you know, just the two of us." He flashed a grin that was supposed to be charming, but in his sailor suit he ended up looking like a little boy.

"No, we're not dating." She tried to leave but he leaned over and put his hand on her hip, pulling her close.

"Good, we can go then."

She didn't know what he was drinking but he'd had too much. "No, thanks. Um, I really need to go to the bathroom." She started to walk away again, but he touched her behind, and she swung around and slapped him without even thinking.

"Oh, David, I didn't mean to do that, really." Then she saw Galen walking up and she hurried to the bathroom.

Looking in the mirror, she fixed her lipstick. Galen probably had red lips now, too. She didn't know what to think of him. He was a werewolf and a good person. Weren't werewolves supposed to be ruthless and bloodthirsty? The thought of him being a werewolf was frightening in a

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superficial way but she knew in her bones that he was a man of deep feelings, far too caring to hurt anyone.

She felt the need to confirm that and figure out how he worked. Wouldn't it be interesting to know a real werewolf, anyway? She should at least look into it, for the sake of science. He didn't seem dangerous. Well, he did, but in a sexy way, and they would be surrounded by people. Yes, she would kiss him again, in the name of science.

* * * *

Galen frowned, berating himself for his lack of finesse. Among the sea of outrageously dressed people, she had stood out like a beam of moonlight, called to him like a dream. He wanted her, the bold minx. She had the type of body he loved—voluptuous, full in all the right places. She had hips a man could hold onto and thighs to wrap around him softly. He could just imagine all that softness pressed against him, with no clothes in the way. When she kissed him, he could taste the fire in her. He knew she could sense the wildness in him, but she hadn't seemed afraid until they kissed.

He would never forgive himself if he frightened her away. She deserved to be seduced, but he only knew one way to do that—not with words, but with his body. Besides, there were too many other wolves who would be happy to claim her if he couldn't. Thankfully, they were his friends. So they wouldn't interfere, but if he screwed up they would have no problem taking his place.

At least Wade wasn't here. Wade had no such qualms. If Galen didn't stake a claim, or if she didn't come home with

him tonight, someone else would be with her tomorrow, trying to touch her. He couldn't allow that.

She finally came out, fiddling with her hair and looking determined. He tried not to let his desire show on his face, but he couldn't look at her without wanting her. She walked up to him slowly.

"I'm sorry if I offended you. I meant no disrespect, believe me," he said sincerely.

She stared into his eyes for a moment, while he held his breath. "I'm not going home with you, but I will kiss you again." She reached up and drew his head down, tilting her face up to his.

Once again, his body responded warmly to the brush of her lips and the scent of her warm, sweet body. Maybe he'd been mistaken. Maybe it wasn't him that scared her, but her own passion. She certainly didn't seem scared when she sucked his bottom lip between her teeth. He massaged her tongue with his, pulling her close. He forgot everything, for a moment, but pulled back before he could lose all sense. There were too many people around, and he wanted her to himself. He had made up his mind to seduce her, and he needed privacy for that. He spotted a door and pulled her toward it with his arm around her waist.

"Wait," she breathed. He stopped and looked at her, not bothering to hide his passion this time. She stopped resisting.

He pulled her into an empty storage room and pushed her against the door a little more roughly than he meant to, but she didn't seem to mind. As a matter of fact, she seemed to like it. He kissed her again, not holding back this time. She

responded in kind and sucked on his tongue. It drove him crazy. He pinned her with his body, her bountiful curves just begging to be touched by him.

She ran her hands over his stomach and chest, pushing his shirt off. Then he pulled her forward and wrapped his powerful arms around her. Her hands roamed his back, his broad shoulders. He kissed her neck, her collarbone, her chest. She was so soft and tantalizing, he couldn't have pulled away if he'd wanted to. The scent of her desire inflamed him, and he nipped her breast, trying to be gentle. He didn't want to leave a mark that could be seen by just anyone.

He softly sucked the skin of her breasts, displayed so invitingly, and dragged his tongue in the valley between them. He wanted to rip the corset from her, but this was seduction. He would only touch part of her breasts ... tonight. She would have to wait for that, dream about it, and he would, too. He deftly loosened the lacing of her skirt but had to pause for a moment when she sucked on his neck. He captured her lips again while sliding a hand beneath her skirt to touch the soft flesh on the inside of her thigh. Her breathing was heavy, and she made soft, low noises as her hands roamed over his flesh.

Impatient, needing to feel more of her, he pushed the skirt down her legs. She wore no underwear. Damn, she was sexy, standing there all full and soft, wearing nothing but a corset and high heels. She smiled seductively and stroked her chest lightly with her fingertips. His nostrils flared and he kissed her hard. He pushed her against the door again and raised her knee so he could feel the heat of her wet pussy against his

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cock. He rolled his hips, enjoying her moan of pleasure. What he really wanted was to strip his pants off and be inside her, but he wouldn't. Tonight, he would seduce her, so he could have her again tomorrow.

He wanted this woman addicted to him. He wanted to enjoy all she had to offer, and that was plenty. His heavy cock strained against his pants but he leashed his animal hunger so that he could pleasure her more fully. He covered her hot pussy with his palm, and she rubbed herself against him. His fingers parted her smooth, moist flesh. He slowly pushed a finger inside her, and she contracted around him.

Again, he had to resist the urge to bury himself in her, but the sound of her hungry moans when he found her G-spot made it worthwhile. He stroked her deeply on the inside while his thumb circled her clit. She made a surprised sound and squeezed his ass. He smiled and continued to stroke her, inside and out, until she cried out and shuddered around his stroking hand.

He kissed her until her body calmed. She leaned her head back and looked at him. Holding her gaze, he put his finger in his mouth and sucked her juices from it. She closed her eyes and trembled.

When she'd gathered her senses, she put her skirt on and watched him from the corner of her eye as he pulled on his shirt. Then she put her hand to his cheek and kissed him gently before leaving the room. He smiled at the closed door.

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Julia sat in a warm bath, wondering at what had happened at the party. She hadn't even said goodbye to Alanna, just called a cab and went home. Galen's touch haunted her still. She'd only meant to kiss him the second time, but something had happened. It was like the doors to her mind were blown open. Instead of just learning something about him like usual, she'd been drawn in. She felt him, she knew him. They had barely spoken, yet she knew more about him than any of the men she'd dated. She knew he was a good man, strong and true.

She couldn't push him away. She'd never felt so connected with anyone, and it was completely intoxicating. She'd expected him to make love to her, his desire was so strong. But he wouldn't, because he had a stronger need to please her. He wanted to see her again, to have her again. He was as drawn to her as she was to him. It was almost frightening to have such intense need directed at her.

There was no longer any doubt in her mind that he was, indeed, a werewolf. No human male exuded such heat. She wanted to taste that heat again, more fully this time. It didn't matter that they'd just met. A girl didn't get a chance like this every day, and she planned to take advantage of it. How much more wild would he be, if they made love? How wild would she be? David's opinion of her no longer mattered because Galen wanted her so feverishly.

Tomorrow, she would tell him that she knew he was a werewolf. After being so close to him, she was a little ashamed for not mentioning it. She smiled mischievously—she would wear the belly dancer costume. From the way he'd

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watched her while she danced, she knew he would appreciate it. She could even belly dance a little. She sank deeper into the water, imagining what tomorrow would hold.

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Chapter 2

Julia fidgeted with her costume. Last night with Galen she had felt bold and sexual, but now, as she was leaving her apartment, she began to lose faith in herself. This costume showed her belly, which was definitely not her favorite feature. After much debate, she decided to wear it anyway because she knew he would appreciate it, the same way she knew he would be waiting there for her. She could just wear a jacket until she got to the party and hope that the sparkling purple fabric would draw attention away from her middle.

She looked around her apartment once more, hoping to find the knife-shaped pendant she'd lost sometime last night. Oh, well. Maybe it was in the storage room.

She arrived and reluctantly took off her coat. She planned to find Alanna so they could talk, but spotted Galen first. He strolled over to her, in a goth costume this time. He wore black leather pants, a leather vest, a studded collar, and her pendant as an earring.

"I've been looking for that," she said.

He smiled and leaned over to kiss her neck. "Meet me in the storage room," he said in his seductive voice and walked away.

She had a hard time not following him right then, but she needed to talk to her friend first. Besides, she could watch his butt as he walked away in those leather pants.

Alanna had just finished dancing with her husband when Julia saw her. Julia gestured for her to "come here." Alanna

looked at her in surprise. "That's quite an outfit. Collin was just saying he wants me to get one like it. Did you wear it for anyone in particular?"

"How did you know?"

Alanna sighed, flipping the hair of her blond wig out of her face. "You said that after last night you would be done with David."

"I'm not wearing this for David," was Julia's startled reply.

"Oh," Alanna purred with interest. "So you're wearing it for Galen, then. Is that why you didn't say goodbye to me last night?"

"Yes, but I didn't go home with him. Actually, I was going to ask what you knew about him."

Alanna grinned like a cat. "Well, Collin says he's a good guy, honest. He seems to genuinely like him. The question is, do you like him?"

"Yes, but I hardly know him. I'm not sure what to think, really. We barely talked."

"Just go with your gut. We know he's not a bad guy, so just have fun and see where it goes."

"You really think I should?"

"Oh, yeah, enjoy yourself. Enjoy him. Enjoy that outfit. Have you seen him tonight? Honey, if I had a man like that interested in me, I wouldn't be standing here talking to my friend."

Julia laughed. Alanna had a way of uncomplicating things, which was what made her such a good friend. "Well, I guess I'll see you later, then."

"I hope not," replied Alanna.

Julia laughed again and made her way to the storage room. She could almost feel Galen behind the door. She took a deep breath and went in, and just studied him for a moment. There was something more to him this evening, something magnetic. There was no visible change, but he was different somehow.

"Are you going to dance for me?" he asked.

"I might, but I wanted to talk to you first."

He frowned at her serious tone and crossed his muscular arms over his chest. If she hadn't glimpsed his true nature, she might have been ashamed of what they'd done here last night. But she knew that he valued their interlude as much as she did. Maybe that would be a good way to start their conversation. "You know, I should feel ashamed about what we did, but I don't."

"Good. I wouldn't want you to regret what we shared."

"There is something else I feel bad about, though."

His face darkened menacingly. "You have a boyfriend," he stated. "I should have guessed."

"No," she snorted. "I don't have a boyfriend, or a husband, or a lover. Nothing like that."

"You have a lover, now, if you want one." The way he said the word lover made her shiver. He was in earnest.

She cleared her throat. "Do you believe in the supernatural? Psychics and vampires, that sort of thing?"

"I've never met a vampire, but I have known a few psychics."

"What about werewolves?"

He eyed her suspiciously. "What about them?"

"Do you know any?"

"Do you?"

"Actually, I do. When I kissed you last night, I found out you were a werewolf."

He just stared. "You think I'm a werewolf because of the way I kiss?" he said slowly.

"I think you're a werewolf because I'm a little bit psychic, and when we kissed I made a psychic connection to you. I saw you, Galen. I know who you are."

"All right, so I'm a werewolf. You knew that, and still you came in here with me." He walked slowly toward her and stroked her jaw. "You must like danger, to be alone with a werewolf," he murmured softly. He loomed over her, and she stared him squarely in the eye.

"I know you won't hurt me. Like I said, I know who you are. I know you on the inside, Galen. You are a good man."

"Why did you come in here?"

"I didn't feel right about not telling you. Though, to be fair, you didn't tell me, either."

He looked down and pushed away from her. "I'm sorry for that. I wanted you, and I didn't think you would be with me if you knew."

"But I did know."

He looked up, then, his eyes glittering. "Yes. You knew and you still let me touch you. Why is that, Julia?" He trailed the tips of his fingers down her arm, giving her chills.

"Because I like the way you look at me. I liked what I saw in you when you were touching me."

"And will you let me touch you again?" he whispered in her ear.

"I shouldn't."

He nuzzled her neck. "But you want to. I can smell your desire, Julia." He kissed her shoulder. "Come home with me. Let me make love to you in my bed so I have your scent on my sheets." His hand continued to trail lightly over her skin. "Or, if you don't want to make love, I'll just fuck you right here." He bit her neck.

"Fuck me, then."

He gave a dark laugh at that. "Say that again," he commanded.

She grinned. "No."

He smiled wickedly at her, teeth elongating and eyes flashing silver. "I can make you say it."

"You can try."

He laughed again and turned her around, pinning both her arms to her sides with one of his.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" he asked as he rubbed his thick, hard shaft against her backside. She nodded. "Are you wearing panties tonight?" She nodded again. "Then be very still." Something smooth and hard tickled down her spine. She looked back and saw that it was a wickedly sharp claw. That should have frightened her, but it didn't. He wouldn't harm her. Instead, he lifted her gauzy skirt and cut her underwear off. She almost came right then.

He tucked her panties into his pocket. "I'm keeping these," he grated and ground his leather-clad pelvis against her bare bottom. She pushed back against him. "Mmm, I like that."

Such a nice round ass." He pulled her head to the side and licked her neck, continuing to grind against her. Then his hands came around and squeezed her breasts hard, massaging them, rolling her hardened nipples between his fingers. She moaned and bit her lip. "Turn around and take this top off. Show me your breasts." She shook her head. He bit her hard on the shoulder and sucked the skin into his mouth. "Take your top off," he commanded again. This time, she obeyed. He stared at her breasts hungrily and licked his lips.

One of his hands held both her wrists behind her back. The other massaged her left breast while he took her right breast into his mouth, sucking, nibbling, biting, then kissing softly. She panted, she was so hungry for him. No one had ever taken control of her like this, and she liked it. He bit her nipple, and she cried out. He moved up over her chest and neck to her mouth. She nipped at his tongue, and he growled. Letting go of her wrists abruptly, he laid her on her back on the floor. He nibbled at her stomach and licked her bellybutton. "Spread your legs," he rumbled as he lifted her skirt. "Keep them open," he said, as he stood and started removing his vest. "I want to look at you while I undress."

Her eyes roamed over his deep chest as he slipped his boots off and unzipped his pants. He wore no underwear tonight. She drew in her breath at the sight of his cock. It was big, maybe too big, and pierced at the tip by a steel bar.

Her mouth watered at the thought of him inside her. He knelt in front of her, staring at her before delivering one long lick to the tender, exposed flesh between her legs. Hooking

his arms beneath her knees, he pulled her forward so he could drive himself into her. She writhed around him—he was so large that he could really hurt her if he wasn't careful. Ever so slowly, he pulled out and pushed back in once, twice, three times.

The sensation of the steel bar stroking her on the inside was new and exciting, pushing her past thought. "Fuck me, Galen." He closed his eyes and thrust hard and deep, holding her hips. He grunted, she arched her back. "Galen," she said again.

His powerful thrusts rocked her whole body, stealing her senses. He put one of her legs over his shoulder so his hand would be free to play with her breast. It didn't take him long to find her G-spot in this position. She was thankful that the music was loud because she couldn't stifle her cries and he was groaning more loudly by the minute. When she climaxed, she actually shouted. He ground his teeth while the moist walls of her pussy squeezed his shaft with an exquisite pressure.

He lay fully upon her then, wrapping her legs around his waist. His silvery blue stare burned her as he sought his own release, but not before she reached orgasm a second time. She contracted so hard that her stomach muscles ached. They panted against each other.

"You make me want to lose control, Julia. How do you do that?"

She shook her head, unable to reply.

"Thank you for trusting me," he whispered, kissing her ear. She wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

"Just out of curiosity, why did you take my pendant?" she asked.

He chuckled and leaned back. "I didn't. I realized it was stuck to my shirt after you left." He smelled her hair. "Did you know you smell like white chocolate and spice?"

"Do I?"

"Yes, and you're spicier when you're turned on." He kissed her neck.

She pulled his head back so she could see his eyes. They were still silver. "I would love to stay with you like this, but the floor's starting to get uncomfortable."

"Sorry," he said and sat up. He eyed her abundant curves and she blushed. "Don't be embarrassed," he said huskily. "I just love to look at you."

"I don't know why," she responded, rather bitterly, hurriedly putting her top back on.

"Because you look like a woman should."

She laughed in disbelief. "Most people would disagree with you, there."

"Most people are idiots," he said seriously.

"You really feel that way, don't you?"

"Of course." He grinned devilishly. "Can't you tell?" As a matter of fact, she could. He was erect again, and she felt the urge to pet that dusky skin, feel him pulse in her hands. She looked into his eyes, letting him see what she was thinking.

He lowered his head and leaned forward to kiss her, but she held him back. "Not here," she whispered against his lips. He took a long, deep breath and started to dress himself. She

just sat there and watched, saddened that he had to cover that strong, masculine physique.

He held a hand down to her. "My lady." She laughed at his mock gallantry, so out of step with his earlier actions. Once standing, she couldn't resist the urge to kiss him again and rub her palm over the bulge in his pants, just to tease him a little. He growled and massaged her breast tenderly, teasing her back. She gave a low laugh and pulled away from him.

"Will you leave with me?" he asked.

"But people might know what we were doing," she said, surprised.

"Who cares?"

She thought about it. Did she really care if other people knew? Not at the moment. She nodded her head and as they walked out together, he put his arm around her waist possessively. She did not mind in the least. It was empowering to have such a warm, sensual man treat her like she was beautiful, something to be cherished and guarded. Her stomach rumbled.

"Are you hungry?" he asked with concern.

"Yeah, I forgot to eat dinner."

He started to say something else but stopped.

* * * *

Galen stopped walking when he saw Wade approaching, eyeing Julia. His teeth lengthened when Wade said to her in an intimate tone, "You smell like sex, pretty one." Her back stiffened and Galen pulled her closer, but he wouldn't look

away from Wade. He probably wouldn't try to take Julia physically, but with Wade, one could never be sure.

"You just keep your nose to yourself, buddy," she replied hotly.

"That's rather difficult, lovely, when you're dressed so ... enticingly." With his arm around her shoulders Galen could feel the heat of her blush as the blood rushed to her face and neck. He could tell she wanted to hunch her shoulders and was proud when she resisted the urge. Instead she stood up straighter.

"She didn't dress for you," he snarled.

"She hasn't gone home with you, though, has she?" Wade said with a smirk. He addressed Julia again. "Did he tell you that until you go home with him, you're fair game? Unlike the others, I won't hold back for his sake."

At that moment, Collin and his wife walked up behind Wade. Galen chanced a look around. All the wolves in the room were watching. Galen narrowed his eyes. "You should leave," Galen pronounced.

Wade started to reply but Alanna cut him off. "Just go. I need to talk to my friend."

Wade gritted his teeth and stalked away smoothly. "Don't worry about him," Alanna said, taking Julia's hand. "Let's go over here and chat, okay?" Galen didn't want to let Julia go, but he could tell she wanted to be with her friend. He squeezed her gently and let Alanna lead her away.

* * * *

Alanna eyed Wade's retreating back, shaking her head as if exasperated. "Sorry about that. I didn't plan for you to meet him yet, but he crashed the party."

Come to think of it, Julia reflected, he had been in a business suit instead of a costume. He seemed very much the businessman—smooth, predatory, and above all, cold. He had greedy eyes—a shame since they were a deep brown. On someone else, they might have been nice.

Alanna led her to a secluded corner and sighed. Julia watched her friend search for words, a rare occurrence. With a small huff, Alanna started speaking. "Okay, I'm just going to say this and hope you know enough not to think I'm crazy." So, in a rather dizzying manner, with much hand waving and raising of eyebrows, Alanna began.

"Galen's a werewolf, as are Collin and half the men here. We invited them for you, so you could choose one. See, you are meant to be with a werewolf. I am too—it's just the way we're made. When Collin met you he recognized that, and I had the bright idea to invite all the wolves here so you can pick one. I kind of thought you would like Galen best, and he was really interested in you, so I introduced you. Now, I know you're confused and you don't know how you feel about him, but I know you. You don't sleep with just anybody, Julia, and I've never known you to sleep with someone you've just met. Think about that." Finally, Alanna breathed again.

"I thought it was some mystical werewolf sex magic or something," Julia muttered, suddenly self-conscious. "Since you know all about this," she said accusingly, "what did Wade mean about me going home with Galen?"

"That's how you tell them you've made a choice. It shows that you trust him."

"And what was that stuff about me being fair game?"

"Oh, that." Alanna laughed nervously. "It means they'll all try to get you in bed, basically. This is a lot to take in, so I'm going to tell the guys to back off for tonight, give you some time to think."

Julia frowned. "They haven't bothered me so far."

"That was before Wade stepped in," said Alanna. "Now that Galen's got competition, anyway, they're all going to be after you. You'll have more suitors than you know what to do with." Alanna tried to make her voice light, but behind it she seemed nervous.

This wasn't as appealing as it should have been. "Why didn't you mention this before?"

"Would you have believed me?"

"Maybe. I'm more open-minded than you think. And I'm not sure I like the idea of a bunch of strangers fighting over me like a piece of meat."

"It's not like that. They're all very respectful of women. Can you blame them for wanting a chance at you? Look, I know how you feel, literally. I've been there. Give them a chance. With a very few exceptions, they're pretty good guys."

"I need to talk to Galen. I've got to know what his real feelings are. If this is all about possessing me, I'm going to serve him his ass on a platter."

"Umm, I don't think you have to worry about that but there might be another problem. I'm not sure I can convince

the other guys to let you speak to him privately. See, you have to be fair. If you go out with Galen, you'll have to go out with all the others. That's why I set up the party—equal opportunities. That is, unless you want to choose Galen right now."

"As in boyfriend?"

"More like husband."

"No, thanks. I wish I'd worn a different outfit." Julia crossed her arms to cover her belly, and then dropped them because it made her breasts more noticeable. "That Wade guy keeps staring, and it's creepy."

"Oh, just forget about him. How about this—you and Galen stay here and talk. I'll make the other guys leave you alone."

"Can you make Wade stop staring?"

"Probably not."

"I guess it'll have to do," Julia replied. Alanna patted her hand and walked off.

Julia closed her eyes and sighed. This was turning out to be quite a night. First, she'd had great sex with a werewolf. Then, two handsome men had fought over her. Granted, Wade was unbelievably rude and she didn't like him, but he was handsome. Her lips curled up slightly. She'd never had men fight over her before. It was rather flattering.

Galen walked over and hugged her. Her momentary fears about his motives were forgotten. At the first touch, she knew his feelings were real. By no means was he in love with her but he could see it happening later. She breathed deeply of his scent, leather, metal, warm man ... well, werewolf.

"How are you?" he asked as they sat down.

"Confused. Alanna said if I wanted to date you, I have to date all your friends." He just nodded. "Why? It makes no sense."

"It gives everyone a fair chance. The only reason I got to spend time with you is because they all agreed to it. Until Wade stepped in, of course."

"It still seems strange."

"It makes sense, really. By the time you decide who you want, you'll know all the men in your new family. We're very close. Once a woman makes her choice, all jealousy is forgotten. No more competition—we respect her decision." He leaned toward her over the table. "We treat women well."

She blushed a little. "So I've noticed. Except Wade. He was extremely rude."

"That's why he has no woman. The rest of us are content to let him be because it gives us better odds." He rubbed his thumb over the back of her hand, looking at her with warm eyes. "I wish we were alone right now," he rumbled softly.

"Me, too. Look, I like you, but I'm not willing to marry you. I would like to date you, but I don't want to date all your friends. Is there any way to get Wade to agree with the others and let us date?"

"Not unless he gets something out of it. He's used to being in control, and he won't settle for less than that." Julia's stomach growled and Galen laughed quietly. "You need to eat. I would take you out, if I could."

She smiled sadly. "If I kiss you goodnight, do I have to kiss everyone else?"

He quirked up one side of his mouth. "Not tonight. Alanna took care of that." They stood and held each other.

"You better make it good," she said. "We may not get to do this again." He stroked her cheek with the back of his hand and lowered his mouth to hers. She had no idea how long they stood there kissing, under the eyes of all the werewolves in the room. She wanted to enjoy his mouth completely, while she had the chance. Then, of course, her stomach growled again and broke the mood.

"Go eat," he said. "I don't want you skinny." One look around the room showed a number of men, or werewolves, actually, staring at her. She shook her head and walked out, ignoring everything. She had things to think about.

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Chapter 3

Julia didn't go to the Mardi Gras party the next night. She had hoped to figure out what to do about the werewolf situation, but she kept getting distracted by—what else—werewolves. They were showing up everywhere—on elevators, walking down the street in front of her building, even at her hairstylist's. Some of them very politely asked her out, and she very politely declined. Some just came up to her and said they wanted to sleep with her. The only one who had interested her at all was Jonathan, the one in the elevator.

When he'd gotten into the elevator with her at the mall after work, she thought nothing of it other than that he made her think of David. Something about his smile. Thankfully, they were alone when he addressed her.

"I know how to fix your problem."

She eyed him. "What problem?"

"So many werewolves. I have an idea how you can decide between us."

"Really?" He motioned her closer and dropped his voice. "All you have to do is sleep with all of us and choose the one who's the best lover. Everybody wins." He smiled, very proud of himself.

She gave him one of her dirtiest looks. "I don't have that kind of time."

"Take two or three at a time, and it'll go much faster."

The man was completely serious. She stalked out of the elevator without looking back, but she couldn't get the image

out of her mind. All the werewolves she had seen so far had been handsome, all different, but definitely good-looking. Throughout the day, she would just be walking along, trying to forget about the last werewolf to proposition her. Suddenly, she'd be picturing him and one or two others, in her bed, with that look in their eyes.

That evening, she left a desperate message for Alanna to meet her for lunch tomorrow, pleeeeeeease. Things were getting out of hand and Alanna seemed to have the inside scoop.

So, here she sat at her favorite deli, waiting for her friend and ignoring the werewolf who was watching her. She could see out of the corner of her eye that he was approaching the table, but she refused to acknowledge him until forced to.

Someone intercepted him and shooed him away. It was Alanna. Julia smiled in pure relief. "How do you do that? Why do they listen to you?"

"It's just one of the perks of the job," replied Alanna. "You can do it, too, once you make your choice."

"But until then, no one will listen to me. Look, I need some help here. I have no idea how to deal with all this ... attention."

Alanna's face grew serious. "So, being hit on by hordes of sexy men is unappealing to you?"

"I appreciate the irony here, but I thought about what you said. You were right—I don't sleep with just anyone. I don't want to date the other guys. I know they're handsome, but I don't think about them. I want to see Galen again. I want to know if there's something between us. How do I do that?"

"There's one way I can think of," Alanna mumbled into her menu.

"Well..." Julia prompted.

"If one of them ever tried to hurt you, he would be out of the running."

"You mean Wade."

"If he was out of the way, the others would probably step back since you're obviously interested in Galen."

"It's good in theory, but how could I protect myself if he really wanted to hurt me?"

"There's an old rule that says you can pick someone to act as chaperone while you're on a date. You know, in case your date gets to be too much to handle."

Julia wrinkled her nose in distaste. "You want me to go on a date with Wade? Eww! And how could I make him try to hurt me with a chaperone sitting right there?"

"He wouldn't have to know there's a chaperone. As for getting him angry enough to hurt you, prick his pride. Wade is one of the most arrogant people I know. So that shouldn't be hard to do, and he can't stand the fact that you want to be with Galen. Let Wade try to win you over, and then imply that he's less of a man than Galen. He won't be able to keep his temper."

"And how do I know my chaperone could protect me? Wade could break my neck before the chaperone had time to get there."

Alanna smiled like the Cheshire cat. "You haven't seen these guys move. Believe me, Collin's fast. He'll be close enough to get to you before Wade can raise a finger."

Julia sat quietly and considered this new option while their order was laid out before them. "This sounds dangerous," she said finally.

"It's really not. Make Collin your chaperone, and he will protect you. I wouldn't have mentioned it otherwise."

Julia hesitated but she trusted Alanna more than anyone else. If Alanna said Collin could do it, then Julia believed her. "Okay."

Alanna handed her an expensive-looking business card. "This is Wade's number. He'll be so full of himself when you ask him out."

Julia grimaced at the thought. After some light conversation and general relief that the wolves were leaving her alone for the moment, Julia decided it was time to go. She took off work early and made the dreaded phone call using her cell phone. Putting it off would've just made it harder.

"Wade? This is Julia from the Mardi Gras party."

"I thought you'd try to get in touch. What can I do for you?" Ugh, the smugness, and so condescending, too.

"I thought we might go out to dinner."

"Wonderful. How about French?"

"That's fine. Eight o'clock?"

"Sure, and wear something nice. The restaurant I'm taking you to is very expensive."

"Great," she said brightly. The fact that he wanted a woman who would be impressed by that said a lot about his character.

Once at home, she was startled by someone knocking on the glass door to her balcony. A note slid under the door. She took it and stepped back, wary of who had been standing out there waiting for her to come home. A werewolf, no doubt. They were more persistent than she could have imagined.

The note happened to be from her favorite werewolf, Galen. It read:

Julia,

I missed you last night. I hoped to at least get to see you in another sexy costume. But, I'm also glad no one else saw you that way. Because of the rules of equality, I can't speak to you or touch you, but there are ways around that. Let me in, sweet. Strip for me, touch yourself while I watch. It's within the rules to do all these things, so you won't be obligated to do it for anyone else. Let me in. I need to see your sweet body again.

Galen

Julia pulled back the curtain that covered the door. Galen stood there in a plain, white T-shirt and faded old jeans. He looked perfectly edible. She slid the door open and motioned him inside, careful not to touch, though she wanted to. She loved the way the muscles of his back felt when they were flexing beneath her hands.

She closed the door and walked to her bed, exaggerating the roll of her hips. As usual, his longing look gave her the courage to be bold sexually, the confidence to do what she wanted. Tonight, she wanted to tease him.

First, she slipped off her high heels. Then, she unbuttoned her turquoise blouse slowly, watching his face as she did so.

She caressed her breasts through her silky bra, delighting in his rather obvious reaction. She removed her shirt and bra completely, still watching him, noting what turned him on. She played with her nipples and it was not just for his benefit—she liked it. Being watched by him was titillating. She could see the thoughts running through his mind, and it made her wet. If he tried to take her now, she would be ready for him.

An evil thought ran through her mind. She lifted her breast in her hand and licked her own nipple. He groaned and rubbed himself through his jeans. She did it a little bit longer, just to watch him squirm. She liked that such a powerful man was so affected by her. In a way, she had power over him, and he didn't seem to mind.

She ran her hands down her thighs and spread her knees wide. He seemed almost desperate for a look at her. She had worn no panties, so the skirt would lie smoothly. He clenched his fists on the arms of the chair and growled softly.

She slid the skirt up so she could touch herself. She worked herself with her fingers, keeping her legs open to his burning gaze. After a few minutes, it was no longer a show for him, though he enjoyed it. She moaned and bit her lip and worked her clit, imagining that Galen was doing those things to her. Her pussy clenched hard, wanting something to hold on to.

She slid the skirt off and crawled over to where Galen sat. "Do these rules say I can't touch you?" she asked huskily. He shook his head. She could tell he was fighting not to touch her.

She placed her cheek against his thigh as she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Like her, he wore no underwear. She smiled and kissed the warm, smooth head of his penis where it was pierced. He inhaled sharply. Reaching down, she coated her fingers in her own wetness and spread it over him. He gripped the chair arms again, until she could hear the wood straining, as she worked her fist up and down and over him.

"I can't take this," he said so softly she barely heard him. "Fuck it," he said. He picked her up and tossed her onto the bed. Pulling her to the edge, he drove into her waiting wetness, his hands flexing on her hips.

Again, the metal bar at the tip of his straining cock coaxed her to delirium. It was such a contrast to the soft skin of his hardened penis. They pushed against each other, neither trying to find a rhythm. They just needed to move.

She clutched his arms, needing something to hold onto. It was hard for her not to be loud. This was one of her favorite positions, but she didn't want to get either of them in trouble. They were taking a chance, and she didn't want someone else's rules to ruin their personal moment. It felt good to know she was being bad with her werewolf, for the third time this week.

He began to push harder, and she had to bite his arm to keep from crying out as she came. He bit his own lip, even bringing a little blood, but he made no noise. His head dropped forward, and he looked at her from beneath his eyelashes.

* * * *

As he looked at her flushed face, Galen wondered if he could seduce her into coming home with him. Of course, his pride wouldn't let him. He wanted her to make that decision with a clear head, but at this moment it was tempting. If she came home with him now, they could spend the rest of the night in bed, or on the floor, or the kitchen table. He knew he should leave before someone saw them, but she was so ... sensual. Her soft skin and sweet, spicy smell were a delight. He had even begun to miss her scent, at times.

He took off his shirt and pulled her forward so their bare chests were in full contact. He held her there for a moment, feeling the pulse of her heart against his own chest. Finally, he forced himself to let her go. He cupped her face in his hands, trying to find the right words.

"I know you're not ready to come home with me, so I won't ask. I can't say I'm ready to marry you, either, but I don't want to stop seeing you. I want to know you. I want that chance."

She smiled and kissed him softly. "Me, too. You need to go," she murmured, looking a little worried. He nodded and let his hands drop. He wanted to kiss her again, but if he did he wouldn't leave.

He left the way he'd come in, by the balcony. Something made him uneasy. Maybe it was knowing they'd done something that could get them in big trouble. In any case, he decided to stay near her place in case it was something else making him feel this way.

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Chapter 4

Julia fought not to make the disgusted noise that had been lodged in her throat all evening. She'd known before they went out that Wade was completely caught up in himself, but putting up with that through an entire date was different altogether. The worst part was, he still thought she was interested in him. She'd started the date by asking him about his job, his car, his hobbies. The conversation had never ended—it was still going on.

"...as if he knew the difference between a dinghy and a yacht. The man has no taste. So, I offered to take him on mine and he had nothing else to say. I can't stand posers..."

It was her own fault. She'd thought to act interested—that way when she implied that Galen was better than him, he would be more likely to strike out. She'd stopped listening about an hour into the date, but he didn't seem to mind. She wondered how she ever could have thought him handsome. It took only a few minutes of listening to him to know he was one of the ugliest men she'd ever met.

She tried not to judge people by first encounters, and there was obviously some rivalry between Wade and Galen. Some small part of her brain had given Wade the benefit of the doubt, that maybe he wasn't as much of a jerk as he seemed to be. He'd turned out to be worse than she'd expected. He was one of those powerful businessmen that you expected to see with arm candy that looked like a Playboy Bunny. He was that type of guy, but his tastes were

different. In an attempt to impress her, he'd informed her of the type of woman he liked.

"I'll be honest—I'm a breast man. I like a slim woman as much as the next man but it's so rare to find one with real breasts and I only like real ones. I can't tell you how many women I've turned down because of that."

She really hadn't thought people like him existed outside of the movies. What a creep! Still, she smiled and nodded, just in case, but it probably wouldn't have mattered. He was sure she was in love with him.

Any time he talked about women, Playboy types or not, he showed a lack of respect. Julia couldn't stand disrespectful people. She mentally shook her head at his comments all the way to the car. On the drive to her home, she was just about to tell him exactly what she thought about him when she realized he was looking at her expectantly. "I'm sorry, what?"

He gave her a slightly annoyed look. "I said, are you ready?"

Her brows drew together. "For what?"

"For me. I'm going to make love to you right here. Ever had sex in a Mercedes?"

She stared at his self-satisfied smile. "You unbelievable prick! What is wrong with you?! If having sex with you, which I have no intention of doing, is as boring as listening to you talk, I'd be better off with a blow-up doll. I've never met anyone so full of himself. Do you know how much of a turnoff that is? I don't care how much money you have or what you drive, I would choose Galen over you any day because he

treats me well. Besides that, he's more of a man than you can hope to be."

Oh, crap. Wade's face was red and she could see his teeth growing. His eyes glowed with cold menace. She knew she was supposed to make him mad, but right about now it seemed like a really stupid idea. She hadn't meant to say all of that but it had just kind of happened and now she was in for it.

Damn, her tongue was always running ahead of her brain. Where the hell was Collin? She slipped her hand into her purse and flipped open the knife she'd brought, just in case. Wade's eyes narrowed when he heard the click.

"Think your little knife is going to stop me, bitch? You'll have to learn not to speak to me like that. Do you want me to prove that I'm a man?" She scooted back against the door and went to open it, but he shut it so hard the glass cracked. Her knife was at his throat. He laughed, with his face so close to hers they were breathing each other's air. He grabbed her wrist and started to squeeze, then his door opened and Collin and Galen were dragging him out of the car. He didn't let go, so she was dragged along with him until Galen broke his arm to make him let her go.

Galen looked at her reddened wrist and the knife as she crawled out of the car on shaking legs. "You can put that away. We've got him." She stood and looked at the now helpless Wade. When she was satisfied he couldn't break free of them, she put the knife away.

"Where the hell were you?" she yelled at Collin.

"I was there but ... I'm ashamed to say it. I thought you two were getting romantic. I'm sorry."

Julia didn't know what to say to that, so she just shook her head. She would deal with him later. "Alanna is so going to kick your ass," she mumbled. "Some chaperone you are. What now?"

"We tell the others," Collin replied, face red with shame and anger. "Come with us." They walked away, holding Wade between them. "I couldn't hear your conversation so I was just using what my eyes told me. What kind of ass gets his car soundproofed, anyway? I thought he was just trying to sound important when he talked about crap like that." Just as Alanna was always mentioning, Collin tended to think out loud when angry.

"What about his car?" she called.

"Leave it," Collin commanded. Wade snarled and protested, but they just dragged him along. A small smile of satisfaction curled her lips. She hoped his fancy car got stolen and sold for parts.

* * * *

Galen glanced at Julia as they got out of Collin's SUV. She had been quiet the whole way. He'd wanted to touch her and reassure her, almost as much as he wanted to beat Wade's head in for what he'd done. Galen had followed her since the night before, because that uneasy feeling had stayed with him. When Collin showed up, Galen had known what she was up to.

Collin had eyed him. "I'd probably have to knock you out to keep you away, so let's just work together. But you have to follow the rules."

Galen had agreed, but it chafed that he couldn't just take Wade into the woods and beat him, maybe tie him to a tree after. He glanced at Julia again.

She strode confidently up to Collin's house but quailed when she realized the entire pack was there. They had hounded her constantly for the last couple of days. It probably made her uncomfortable to be in a room with all of them while wearing a sexy black dress. It bothered him that she'd dressed like that for Wade, but it was her choice.

Galen looked at the faces of the other wolves in the room. They were all focused on Wade, and they were angry.

"You all know why we're here," Collin announced loudly. "What should this wolf's punishment be for hurting one of our women?"

"Tie him up and let Galen pound him," Stefan yelled. Others voiced their agreement.

Then, Alanna stepped forward. "Why don't we let her decide?" There were mumbles among the wolves. "It is only fair," Alanna went on. "Julia is the one who almost got hurt."

Julia seemed at a loss when the werewolves agreed.

"Let me beat him," Galen growled.

She seemed to consider it for a moment, then shook her head. "I have something better." She walked over to where Wade knelt on the floor. She bent over him to speak in his ear, but with their exceptional hearing most everyone in the room would know what she said.

"You couldn't win me. Even with all your money, I don't want you and everyone here knows that you failed. Everyone here knows that you aren't man enough for me. Now, I'm going to kiss Galen right in front of you and I'm going to enjoy it and there's not a damn thing you can do about it."

She reached for Galen but Wade tried to lunge forward. "They broke the rules," he shouted. "He was with her last night. I hired someone to watch them."

The room went silent. Everyone stared at them.

"I touched him, that's not against the rules."

Wade's face held malignant satisfaction as he spoke the damning words. "Actually, you touched yourself while he watched. Then you touched him. Then he fucked you on your bed. Rules are rules, lovely. You have to be fair." All the men in the room looked at her. She wanted to sink into the floor.

"Well, you guys need to seriously rethink your strategy. If you hadn't been such pains in the first place, we wouldn't have had to sneak around to be together and I wouldn't have had to try to get Wade to hurt me just so I could spend some time with someone I care for."

They just kept staring. Collin drew their attention by asking if everyone agreed that Wade was disqualified. When they voiced their assent, Collin practically tossed Wade out the door. Collin looked to his wife, now standing with Julia.

"Now what?"

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Chapter 5

Julia eyed the surrounding werewolves. Jonathan, the one from the elevator, stepped forward. "Obviously, we can't make her sleep with all of us, that would be rape." Julia sighed in relief when the others agreed. "But," he continued, "what if she wanted to do it?"

There were louder sounds of agreement. Julia's fear shot right back up. Having little fantasies about two or three men was one thing, but the thought of all of them together was too frightening. Alanna squeezed her hand, and Julia wished it was Galen reassuring her.

"Oh, cut the theatrics, Jonathan," Alanna responded. "What do you really want?"

He thought about that for a moment. "Have her pick two of us to be with her at one time. Would that satisfy everyone?" Someone made a comment about her satisfaction depending on who she chose, and they all laughed.

Finally, Galen spoke up. "Stop being such asses. You're scaring her."

Jonathan and the others apologized, looking more like chastised children than fearsome werewolves. That put her at ease, somewhat.

"She could choose you as part of the group, Galen. You know, to make her feel safe." This from Alanna. Julia stared at her friend in disbelief.

Galen turned her face toward him. "Do you want this?" he asked. She looked away, not wanting him to see that the idea

excited her. "It's okay to be turned on by it, Julia. I understand. Do you want this?"

"Wouldn't it bother you?" she asked, still not looking at him. She didn't really believe that it was okay to want to be with more than one man. He tilted her face up to make her look at him.

"I don't want to share you, but seeing you so excited might be worth it. Just once." The look in his eyes said that he was telling the truth.

Julia turned back to Alanna. "If I don't want to do this, what will happen?"

"They won't force you to have sex with anybody, but if you don't do this you'll have to date all of them. Except Collin, of course. The only alternative is not to date any of them."

"But, I thought with Wade out of the way, the others would let us date."

"They would have, but you broke the rules, chick. Make your decision. It's not like it would be a hardship to have sex with two or three guys." Alanna was actually annoyed—Julia could hear it in her voice. Maybe Julia was taking this too seriously. Sure, she wanted to date Galen, but this was no everyday opportunity. Maybe, just this once, she could sleep with more than one man and not feel bad about it.

She peeked at Galen. "Is there anyone you would have a problem with?"

He shook his head no. His eyes blazed, and even though they weren't touching, she could feel his body warming up at the thought. He was getting excited.

She surveyed the men in the room. Definitely not Jonathan—he was looking far too happy with himself. She decided on Angus, a lean man with auburn hair who had politely asked her out and actually backed off when she said no, and another man she hadn't met. Might as well have the fantasy of sex with a stranger, as well. At least she knew she would be safe.

She told them her choices. Jonathan looked extremely disappointed. Angus bowed his head to her, and the stranger raised his eyebrows in surprise. She had picked him because he had kind eyes. They were a warm brown. He wasn't the most handsome man in the room—that would be Galen—but he was appealing.

Alanna shooed the other men out the door and informed Julia that she and Collin would be staying in a hotel for the night.

"I don't care what you do or where you do it, just don't tell me about it." After Collin went through the door, she signed for Julia to call her. Julia smiled and waved her away. She turned to the three men and had no idea what to do or say. It occurred to her that maybe they should discuss logistics but she wasn't about to start that conversation.

"I'm thirsty," said Galen, obviously needing to fill the tense silence. "Anyone else?" They all nodded and went to the kitchen. The men seemed as nervous as she was. They stood in Alanna's kitchen sipping tea and trying not to look at each other.

Julia had an embarrassing thought. She cleared her throat.

"I didn't ask if you guys wanted to do this. You may not even find me attractive. If you don't want to stay, you don't have to." She looked up; they were staring at her like she was crazy. "What?"

Angus chuckled. "I don't think you understand. It's not you we're uncomfortable with, it's Galen. Make no mistake, I want you, but I don't want to get started and then have Galen try to clobber me."

She looked to the other man. "And you?"

"I want you," he said in a surprisingly young voice. She waited for him to say more, but he didn't.

Instead, Galen added, "Timothy is our poet. He rarely speaks, because he is shy, but his writing is very expressive."

Timothy looked down. He seemed much younger than she thought at first, but he also seemed mature. She had to ask his age. He was twenty-one, Galen told her, barely legal. But Timothy made no move to leave what was, to her, a rather intimidating situation.

"As long as you both respect her wishes, I will keep my temper. I swear." Galen's declaration apparently put them at ease because they started eyeing her. Angus' green gaze openly roamed over her body. Timothy studied her intensely from beneath soft, brown curls. Galen just plain smoldered at her. She had no idea what to do next, but she wasn't worried about it anymore. She set her tea on the counter and walked out of the room. She knew they would follow.

Collin did well in his business and they had a very nice house. A very nice house with a huge bed in the guest bedroom. "Let's start out one at a time and work up slowly,"

Julia said. Galen started to join her on the bed. He frowned when she said no. "If I start with you, I won't stop." He grinned a little, though he still seemed disappointed.

To her surprise, Timothy approached. He ran a hand through her hair, softly touched her face. "You're exquisite," he said. "Like a painting." Touching words for someone who had just met her. She looked to Galen and Angus.

"He doesn't say much, but when he speaks he is sincere," Angus answered her unspoken question.

Timothy kissed her bare shoulder tenderly and pulled her legs across his lap. He continued to kiss her, but only where the dress left her skin bare. He stroked her legs the same way, only to the hem of her dress. The anticipation was a sweet sort of seduction.

Julia looked at Galen. She wanted to see how he was reacting to this. He seemed caught between jealousy and intense arousal. That look made her panties grow wetter.

Then Timothy kissed her mouth and she couldn't see Galen anymore. Timothy's left hand stroked her breast through the slinky fabric of the dress while his other one slipped up her leg, beneath the hem. Her thighs quivered in anticipation. The kiss was intense, not like the soft touch of his hands on her skin.

Then someone was behind her, kissing her neck. Timothy's mouth moved to her chest. Galen had removed his shirt, but still stood and watched, meaning Angus was behind her. Angus gripped her other breast and squeezed. Julia gasped. Her panties and thighs were already soaked. Two men had their hands on her, and Galen watched with that burning

gaze. She eyed his jeans, where his cock strained the fabric. He unbuttoned them and started stroking himself as Angus' hands slipped into her bra and Timothy started kissing up her bare thighs.

All this sensation was overwhelming and drew a soft moan from her. She couldn't look away from Galen stroking his thick cock until Angus unzipped her dress and started suckling her nipples, at which point she had to close her eyes. Her hands searched blindly, needing to touch someone. She grasped Timothy's shirt and pulled it from him, running her hands over his smooth skin. He stared at her bare breasts. He'd been concentrating on her thighs before, but now he latched on to her breast, loving it with his mouth and hands. She moaned and sank her hand into his soft brown curls.

Angus pressed his hard, naked cock against her bare thigh, and she gripped him with her other hand. His hands began to roam her body as she pumped him vigorously. One of those hands found her wetness, and he sank one finger into her.

Galen started coming toward them. She watched him as she took Timothy into her other hand. He was wet for her, too. He pushed himself against her palm, while she just held him. He came quickly, and she kissed him while Galen stood right in front of her and watched. Angus followed soon after, covering her breast with warm, milky fluid. The three of them sank back to the bed together, still entwined and breathing loudly.

"Undress her," Galen demanded in a gravelly voice. He still seemed a little jealous, but mostly he was turned on. His glorious pierced cock pulsed, framed by his open jeans. The

hot look in his eyes as the other men undressed her made her quiver in very intimate places. She hadn't come yet, and she knew one touch from him would send her over the edge.

She lay there naked and spread out for him. Timothy and Angus had started touching her again. Galen knelt and ran one finger over her slick opening, and that was all it took. Angus kissed her, muffling her cries of completion.

"Enough," Galen snarled, and drove into her hard and deep. It felt so good it was almost painful, and it caused her to scream and jerk. She whimpered—it was all too much.

He began to thrust inside her so deeply that he touched her womb. She cried out with every move he made. Her inarticulate cries became one word, "Galen," screamed over and over as she came hard, quivering around him. He pounded her, cursing at how wet and tight she was. Her orgasm seemed to go on and on. Without really realizing it, she pulled someone's hair and sank her fingernails into the back of the man that tugged on her nipple. The other man bit her breast.

Galen pulled out of her to lay his mouth on her pussy. "No, no," she cried. "I need you inside me." He growled around her clit, and she screamed.

"Say, 'I need you inside me now, Galen'," he commanded.

She looked him in the eye and said almost angrily, "Galen, damn it, I need your big fucking cock inside me right now."

His hands flexed possessively and he said, "Hold her down." Her hands were pinned to the bed. He held her legs open and licked her one more time to tease her, but when he

rose up between her legs she knew she had provoked the beast.

His silver eyes glowed when he pulled her legs up and shoved into her. He held her calves to his chest as he drove into her mercilessly. There was an edge of pain because he felt so large this way, but it only enhanced the pleasure. She writhed but couldn't budge the hands that held her down. She wanted to touch someone badly, but then he came, screaming, and the feel of him pulsing inside her sensitive pussy pushed her into another mind-blowing orgasm.

At some point, Timothy and Angus quietly left the room. Julia couldn't move, and she was deliciously sore. The muscles of Galen's back trembled slightly under her hands.

"Julia," he breathed. "I don't know how to feel right now. Seeing you with them was maddening, but when you looked at me that way I had to touch myself. I had to show you, and them, that you were mine. I had to be inside you. I was afraid I would hurt you, you know, but when I pulled out and you said what you said ... fuck, I couldn't help myself. And then you came screaming my name and I knew that even though they had touched you, it was me you wanted. That was the best part." He looked up at her then. "Are you going to want to do that again? Will I have to compete with that?"

She gave a short laugh. "Oh, honey, that was great but I don't think I could take it more than once. I just want you." He looked kind of cute with his bald head and neck tattoo, grinning from ear to ear. She would never tell him that, it would probably hurt his ego, but she could not help but smile back. "We should send Timothy and Angus a thank you card

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or fruit basket or something." They both laughed hysterically, even though it was not that funny. They were just that tired.

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Epilogue

Julia lay next to Galen in her bed. They were actually dating like normal people now. Though he did make her try on the rest of her sexy costumes for him, and he asked her to wear the fangs occasionally. More importantly than that, they enjoyed each other's company. His strong and steady affection gave her a sense of stability that she'd been lacking.

When Alanna had informed her over the phone one day that the pack had decided to back off again and let the two of them date, they were both ecstatic. Which, of course, led to some pretty hot sex in the middle of her kitchen almost before she'd even hung up the phone. She didn't know if they were in love, but they were getting there.

The doorbell rang and she slipped out of bed and put on a robe, leaving him sleeping. Quiet Timothy stood outside; she hugged him and asked what brought him to her door. He smiled brightly and handed her some papers. "I wanted to give you this," he said. He kissed her cheek softly and walked away. She shut the door and read over the papers in her hand. Her face began to heat.

"Who was that?" Galen called, striding naked into her living room.

"Umm," she said, trying to figure out what to say. She decided honesty was best. "Timothy brought this. You were right—he is very expressive."

Galen looked it over and his eyebrows rose. The papers described their encounter from Timothy's point of view. It was

poetic, really, but the idea embarrassed her a little. He made her sound like a goddess. He even compared her to Freya at one point.

"Well." Galen had to clear his throat. "He seems to appreciate you, at least. 'The skin on the inside of your thigh is like a rose petal, flushed and soft.' I think he has a crush on you. Don't get any ideas," he warned. "You are mine."

She pretended to inspect her nails. "Well, I haven't gone home with you yet. I still have options." She peeked at him from the corner of her eye.

He eyed her in return. "Wicked woman. I'll make you scream my name."

"Promise?"

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Leona Grey

Leona Grey lives in the South, about ten miles away from The Middle of Nowhere. Her home is far enough away from civilization that she can let her dark side out to play when she so desires. She loves her family, reading, writing, dancing, and walking around her house naked when her child is not there. Erotic romances are her guilty pleasure and she wonders if she should be worried that writing them seems so natural. Tell her what you think. She loves to hear from readers. She can be contacted by email at leonagrey@yahoo.com. Or feel free to visit her website: www.geocities.com/leonagrey.
