

Urban Ladies Series

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Drive By Wolf

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Chapter One

This shit doesn't happen in the city. Not in my neighborhood.

What fool's dumb enough to take their trash out after dark round there unless they're packing something big and powerful? Not me. Like I told Derrick, my teenage son, if it's not in the alley before the moon rises, well the trash men won't get it until the next go round. That's the rule.

But you already know the rules are made to be broken. And always at the most inopportune time, when you're about to get your life rearranged for you.

That particular night when *it* happened, I was home alone. Derrick was spending the weekend with his Dad. You know the type, the kind that comes around only when it's convenient and when he has a little change in his pocket he can use to buy my son's love. People say you can't buy a kid's affections. Yeah well, they haven't been a fourteen year old boy with friends who have the latest PSP, handheld, cell and whatever else they can get their hands on these day.

Don't get me wrong. Derrick knew his father's game, could smell his bull long before he rang the bell once every six months or so. But he wasn't stupid enough not to smile and kindly thank his father when he was showing off either. So he went along for the ride. I was pretty confident that loser wouldn't taint my boy's sharp mind in just two days.

That left me with the trash he forgot to put out, and the smell of rotting food I could smell on the way down the steps as I went about cleaning the house. There was nothing worse than scrubbing and cleaning everything only to have it ruined by the stench of day old fish.

When I couldn't stomach it anymore, I broke down and bagged the stuff up, changed the trash bag and stood at the back door peaking out. I was hoping one of my neighbors happened to go out too. For a minute, I thought about calling Ree next door to see if she would watch me as I went. What was the use of that when I knew Friday night meant my girl was humping it with her latest man, either in her bed or his. That girl was freaky. I admit I was jealous, but damn she had some hot muscle in and out of her house for months, a different one every week. Shouldn't be any surprise though. Boyfriend fifty-five, or whatever, paid for some body work and now Ree was so hot, I almost wanted her—if I went that way. Which I didn't.

The back alley was quiet. I had to hand it to the folks in this block, they kept it clean. That didn't stop the druggies sliding through or the drive bys, but it was a least some small comfort. Normally, Mr. Jenkins across the way had a flood light that came on when there was movement, and most of the time it just stayed on—maybe it picked up the neighborhood strays—but tonight it was out. I almost didn't go out there.

Finally, I slipped off the chain, turned the key in the dead bolt and followed with the lock in the doorknob. When that was done and I had opened the door, I had to use another key to unlock the screen door. Can't be too careful.

As I inched open the screen, I couldn't remember if the security system had beeped because I opened the door. Not that it was active. I couldn't afford the bill. The system had come with the house.

With my throat dry and no spit to wet it, I stumbled down my steep wrought iron steps to the ground and ran to the end of the yard. All the while I was trying to pick up if anybody was ready to jump me or shoot me. I couldn't hear a thing over the jingle of my earrings I had forgotten to remove after I got home from work, and my fearful breathing wasn't helping either.

"Shit, shit, shit," I whispered, finding my trashcan turned over and the top missing. The night was too dark and I was too scared to fumble around for it, so I just tossed the bag in, yanked open the gate and threw the trashcan down the steps to the alley. Of course it fell over and the contents sprung out. Mr. Jenkins would lecture me on that, so I better get it.

I searched the area. Voices of guys laughing came to me from somewhere further down. A bottle broke, and someone cursed another person out for it. I still couldn't see them. With my attention on righting the garbage and trying to be sure the guys I heard weren't headed my way, I didn't even hear the thing sneaking up behind.

Like I said, in this neighborhood, you're scared of getting shot, not bitten. Yeah, you read that right. *Bitten*. The thing grabbed me before I knew what was happening. An arm wrapped around my waist, jerking me off my feet, a good foot higher in the air. Enough to get my neck right where it needed it.

A hairy hand with sharp claws covered my mouth and wrenched my head to the left. The arm at my waist forced me back against a body so unyielding and so massive, I started losing consciousness from fear alone. But my brain didn't have that much mercy. I stayed alert long enough to hear the predatory snarl and to feel the jagged teeth tear at my flesh.

My scream was muffled. This thing was actually eating my neck, and as blood thick and warm ran down onto my favorite powder blue teddy, I couldn't help feeling relief that it wasn't my baby out here being mulled by a monster. That was my last thought before I blacked out.

* * * *

I woke up in a corn field. Not really. Mr. Jenkins had the nerve to be growing corn in his little yard, no bigger than a minute. I don't know, but maybe I got confused at some point and wandered over there looking for shelter. A person could hide in there if he wanted to. But that wasn't the craziest part, slipping across the alley to the neighbor's property

instead of heading into my house to call 911. No, the part that had my ass freaking out, was that I was laying on top of a man. A *naked* man.

With the early morning light beaming down on us, I got a good look. First he was white. There wasn't even a light-skinned person on my block. Then he had this wild silky black hair that must reach to his shoulders, but as it lay all about his head, I wasn't too sure. His lashes were so dark and long they looked fake. And his lips were a little thicker than any white guy's lips I had seen. Made me wonder what it would be like to kiss him.

Thinking that embarrassed and shocked me, so I continued my examination of this man I was stretched out on. His body was developed like one of those buff guys on steroids or something, but somehow I thought it was natural. And when I sat up, thinking I better get out of here, I got another shocker. His dick was rock hard, and it poked against my panties like it had found a home.

I jumped up so fast, I fell over flat on my face. My head was spinning, and then I remembered that creature from the night before, how it had torn into my neck. I put a hand up and found a small wound and dried blood. *Impossible*.

"Are you okay?" The man had awakened and was sitting up just as calm as you please watching me make a fool of myself, while he was the one butt naked.

I scrambled away on my hands and knees. Dirt stained my teddy and went up my fingernails. I was destroying Mr. Jenkins' corn, and if I didn't get out of there quick, he was liable to bring out a bat and beat me to death. Crazy white guy could die alone.

Not daring to look back, I stood and made for the gate. As soon as I got it unlatched, a hand came down on my shoulder. I screamed. For the second time, a hand covered my mouth and I was lifted off my feet. Without so much as a by your fucking leave, the stranger carried me across the alley, up the steps and into my back door.

When he dropped me to turn and lock the door, I dug out my sharpest knife and turned on him. "Who the hell are you and are you the fuck that made that...that thing attack me last night?"

"I'm sorry," he said gently.

I wanted to cuss him out. I didn't need his sorry. But my head was spinning faster. My knife wavered. The only thing registering right then was that now that he was awake I could see he had smoky gray eyes and his piece was still solid. Visions of me humping it invaded my mind. I screeched and backed away like he caused it. "Stop that!"

He smiled. "You're ill. It will get better, but you need to rest. Let me help you."

He took a step closer, but I backed away, holding the knife up like a shield. “F-Forget you.” My head dipped, the knife dropped, but before I could crash face first on the floor, he caught me.

The scent of a dog hit my nostrils as he lifted me and wrapped my legs around his waist. I remember thinking that was uncalled for as it shoved his erection right up between my legs to press again at my panties. I was going to tell him off as soon as I had just a little nap.

Chapter Two

The next time I became alert, I was laying in my bed. I squinted toward my bedroom door and realized it was shut yet I could hear Mr. Jenkins carrying on about some vandal tearing up his precious corn. My bedroom was in the front of my house. I should not have been able to hear him, let alone make out every word.

When the sleep finally rolled off me, I slowly became aware of something licking my wound. *What the fuck?* I thought that damn stranger left my back door open and some stray dog has come in my house. But then the stray threw his leg over mine. A bare, muscled—*yummy*—tanned leg.

I sprung up from the bed only to throw myself on the floor. I was just as naked as he had been. Now I was really pissed. That pervert had taken off my clothes? “Who do you think you are?” I screamed, face down with my hands covering my boobs like he could see them anyway. And really while I had been knocked out, he obviously got his eye full.

He jumped off the bed and landed above me, one foot on either side of my hips. “I’m sorry, miss. Your clothes were soiled, covered in dirt. I didn’t think you would want them staining your bed sheets.

“Well...” I couldn’t think of a good come back to beat him down. “Well what are you still doing here? You did your good Samaritan act. Get the hell out of my house.”

“I can’t at the moment.”

“What?” I turned over ready to cuss his ass out, only to come face-to-face with his dick hanging right in my face. A thousand thoughts raced through my mind. *Girl, you are still naked. You’re showing it all. He’s naked. Punch him in the balls to hurry him on the way. Give his dick a nice long lick.* I gasped at that last thought and froze in place. I couldn’t move a muscle if I broke out into a sweat willing it. After swallowing something like fifteen times to calm myself, I found my voice. “Do you have to wave that shit in my face? Damn.”

In answer, the stranger reached down and hooked his hands under my arms. My anger and excitement went into over drive when his thumbs brushed the sides of my bare breasts. Just how many months since I had had me some was a mystery.

Chelle, you are not fucking a strange white guy and that’s final.

He deposited me on the bed, and I drew a sheet over myself. While he stood looking around for somewhere to put his huge body, I yanked open my dresser and pulled out the hand mirror from the top drawer. The wound on my neck was almost gone. The dried blood was also gone, licked away by Freaky-Deaky here.

“Because you’re the finest man I’ve ever seen and I feel like maybe you...possibly saved my life, I’m going to give you a head start before I call the cops.”

I looked up to see the plea in his sexy eyes. “Just two hours until sun down. Please?”

Common sense should have had me scared shitless, but he didn’t—I’ll kick myself later for thinking this lame crap—but he didn’t *smell* like he was going to do me harm. That thought was what scared me, because something told me it was true. I could trust my sense of smell to let me know if a person was a threat. What the hell?

“Just who are you? *What* are you, a vampire?”

He chuckled at that, revealing seriously straight, white teeth. “No, not a vampire. Do they even exist?”

“Funny.”

Big and Sexy leaned toward me and whispered in my ear. “My name is Kyle, but you can call me lover if you like.”

“You did not just come on to me,” I accused. “And put on some damn clothes already.”

Kyle shrugged. “I have none, and your son’s are too small. Don’t you have a man?”

I wasn’t admitting shit to him. “Yes, I do thank you, but his clothes are at his house. He’s due to come over soon so you should get going.”

The disbelief was plain in his eyes.

“You don’t know me?” I snapped, hating that he was right. The last man I had run across in the grocery store, fine as I don’t know what, was looking for a sugar mama. My money didn’t stretch that far. Even then just to get a little, I had thought about it for all of a minute.

His gray eyes glinted. “No, I don’t know you, but if you were mine, I would be here all the time, feasting between your sweet thighs and nibbling at your dark chocolate nipples. How could he possibly keep himself away?”

At his bold words, I was panting and fanning myself. I wanted to go crank up the air conditioner but was too scared to move. My snatch was so wet, I think I might have left a wet spot on the bed. Thinking it was time to change the subject, I said. “What happened last night? And how can I have only this little nothing of a gash when that thing tore my whole throat open? And why don’t you have any clothes on? I mean they mug people around here, but damn they never stole anybody’s drawers off them.”

Kyle threw back his head and almost barked his hearty laugh. Watching him, a low rumble started in my chest, and I felt like I was going to jump him. I actually leaned into it, ready to attack. The feeling was unreal.

He wiped the tears streaming from his eyes. “You are a treasure.”

I rolled my eyes.

“I did not mean for any of this to happen. I got so hungry, had denied myself too long. To complicate things, the construction work had driven the small animals further away and—”

“What are you talking about!”

Before he could answer, we both heard something at the same time. The cats. For some strange reason, cats hung out at my front door, looking for a hand out. I never gave them anything, thinking that would only encourage them more, but denying them didn’t discourage the little hairballs.

Now, for no reason, I felt hostility rising in me. I think I might have barked! I shot up off the bed, forgetting the sheet and leaped forward to spring downstairs after the cats. Before I could take a step, Kyle stopped me. He stood behind me with his arms around my waist. In that second, our bodies were molded together. His long tool wedged between my legs and slid along my moist center.

The unintentional move made us both weak. Our legs buckled until we landed on the floor, him on top of me. Like a dog in heat, I arched my back and pressed into him. The tip of his shaft slid inside my tunnel. I howled.

“Oh no. What’s wrong with me?” I cried out.

Kyle’s breathing was so shallow, it was noisy. He seemed to be fighting tooth and nail not to drive his dick any deeper. I, having zero self-control, kept bucking back to get it in. He jerked backwards and at the same time pushed me forward.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” he chanted.

“Look, damn it. Start explaining and stop saying you’re sorry. This shit is starting to freak me out. What’s going on? I can hear a whisper like a shout. I can smell...like...everything, and all my emotions are whacked out. So you better confess, because I feel like I want to rip out your heart with my teeth! And that ain’t natural!”

He nodded, reached out to help me to my feet and I let him. I forgot about covering my body and just stood there. Kyle stretched a hand toward my breast, and my jacked up body arched to put it in his hand. He drew back before we made contact.

“Sit down. What I have to say will not be easy for you to hear,” he sighed. “Just know I never meant this to happen. I’ve never hurt anyone to my knowledge, because I was taught right from the start what the rules were and how to handle my special needs and abilities. Even then it felt impossible to handle.”

I stared at him like he took leave of his senses, or like I had. This was the Twilight Zone, for real. “Just what are you, Kyle? Better still, what has happened to me?”

Chapter Three

“I’m a werewolf, and because I bit you, now so are you.” His declaration sounded to me like “I’m fucking screwed and because I am so are you.”

I hated him. And when I was angry I attacked and when I was turned on, I attacked. Since meeting Kyle, I had two modes—*calm* and *out-of-control*.

“You! You did this to me?” I sounded like a drama queen on a bad acting TV show. I lunged for him. My fingernails were suddenly like claws. I tore at his skin before he caught my wrists. He was sitting on the bed and the impact of me landing on him sent him backwards. Another discovery. I wasn’t just horny, I was sex-crazed. When I landed on his chest, I started licking his skin. I humped against his stomach, and not finding his dick, I slid lower. For the second time, the tip eased inside me. Oh, he was big, so painfully, wonderfully big.

I threw back my head and howled, wiggling to make it go deeper. But the pleasure killer let go of my wrists and grabbed my hips to haul me off him. I was near tears.

Kyle planted me on my back against the bed. I watched his gaze lick my skin just as surely as I had his chest a second ago. His look stopped at my breasts, and I’m telling you he was fighting a war in his own mind not to suck my nipples. I teased him because I was on fire. “You know you want it. Ever had a black woman? I taste like chocolate.”

“Chelle, don’t.” He closed his eyes.

“How do you know my name?”

He nodded toward a piece of mail on the dresser. “I assumed that is you.”

I squirmed beneath his hold. “Come on, just once. What can it hurt? We’re adults. Please? I’m on fire. I need you inside me right now. I need to come. Now! Come on!” At the same time I was begging a man to fuck me which I had never done in my entire life, at the back of my mind was the tiny voice of common sense saying, *Girl, you done lost your damn mind. Stop acting like a ‘ho*. Common sense had zero strength right about then.

“Once will never be enough. I need to explain everything to you first. And then you can decide,” he told me.

I frowned. “Decide what?”

“Decide if you will live here and follow the rules to the letter or go away—far away—to a place I know where you can be free and do whatever with no threat from humans.”

I gulped. “Humans?”

He stroked my face. I turned away. “You are no longer human, Chelle. The sooner you realize that, the better. If you are to live among humans, you must follow the rules or you risk exposing us all, and there are some who will not let you live if they think you will expose us.”

“The hell you say! I’m not leaving my son. You can forget it.”

His expression turned harsh. “Then listen and listen good. You are now a werewolf. That means you will be swayed by the moon. Period. No resistance to it. You are like a dog on steroids. Every single one of your desires, your emotions, is in hyper drive. If you don’t learn to know the signals of lost control, you will hurt yourself and others.” He paused and stared into my eyes to drive his point home. “You *will* hurt others if you don’t obey the signals.”

Derrick’s face flashed in my mind. This was serious. I swallowed and nodded for him to continue.

“For the most part there are three nights of the month you have to worry about. The full moon, the waxing moon and the waning moon. The full, of course, is the worst. You will spend that entire night in werewolf form, period. When the moon rises, you better be somewhere to work out the drive, or else. You hunt and you mate.”

“Mate?”

“Sex. You have sex. Because you’re brand new, it’s much worse.”

I gave him a dirty look. “You are just trying to get in my panties.”

He laughed. “Did you forget you tried to force yourself on me more than once?” He eyed my dark curls which I made no move to cover. Damn, I was already a wild animal. He flicked his brows upward in amusement. “Not that I don’t want it, believe me. I can smell you, so intoxicating I want to eat for a month without stopping, right between your legs.”

I snapped at him to attack, but he held me easily. I whimpered like a puppy, aching from head to toe, wanting it even more at his words.

“Focus!” he roared. I settled down. “Like I said, on the full moon you are in werewolf or full wolf form all night. End of story. But during the other two nights, you can switch back and forth at will when the moon is up. You must hunt and you must indulge your sex drive on all three nights.”

“Why?”

“Because if you don’t you will lose control, and you will attack someone. You must plan ahead, have a lover who understands your needs, and who can handle a female werewolf.

That means another werewolf for you because you're new. With time and experience, you can mate with a human and not rip him to pieces."

I was skeptical. "Oh come on, Kyle, stop exaggerating. Rip him to pieces? Shit, you'd think I was—"

"An animal? You are!" He was looking like he wanted to shake some sense into me. I was feeling like I wanted to bite his head off for getting me into this shit. Literally.

"It's your fault!" I screamed at him. I tried to call up some of the increased muscle I felt inside, but even with the added power, I was no match for a man as big as him. And he was probably calling on some of his own. I so needed to kick his ass.

"I'm—"

"Don't say it."

He sighed. "To make up in a way for what I have done to you, I am willing to be your lover."

I laughed. "How giving of you."

Amusement darkened his sexy eyes. "Yes, for my good deed I will perform as your lover for one year, three nights a month."

"One year?"

"That's a good estimate of how long it takes a new werewolf to learn some control so that she or he can mate with anyone he or she chooses. The routine will be down. You'll have picked out your hunting grounds and become used to the call of the wolf in you."

"Just how many women have you 'helped' in this way?" I demanded, like he was mine.

He didn't bother to answer that personal question, but judging from his hot as hell body, there had to be plenty, well, if there were plenty of new werewolves. Then again maybe there weren't given the werewolves liked to keep their existence quiet. They didn't need new recruits, I was guessing. But he could do human women. That brought another question to mind.

"About disease..." I began.

"Null." His attention was half on my navel ring, a whim of two years ago on my birthday when I was feeling old and wanted to turn back the hands of time. I liked it. At least it made my not so perfect abs look sexier. Kyle stared at it like it was candy. "We have a strong immune system. Nothing hangs on for more than an instant. We also heal incredibly fast."

I wasn't completely buying everything he said. I mean maybe some wild animal, like a rat or something attacked me, and he happened along and saw a chance to get a warm bed and free meal. Maybe he was a bum who had wandered in the wrong part of town.

That didn't explain why I could smell everything. In fact, my own womanly scent was strongest. If it was in my nostrils, it must be in his if he was what he said. I spread my legs wide and had the satisfaction of seeing him jerk and blow hard out his nose. He made that funny snuffling sound like dogs when you wave meat in front of them, letting them sniff but not letting them taste. They start drooling. Kyle wasn't drooling but his eyes had gone glassy, and he held them on my navel like it was too dangerous to look anywhere else.

I had the urge to taunt, *Now what, boy?*

"I still don't know that any of this is real. Okay, so I'm horny. That doesn't prove that I'll lose control and hump anything moving. I was just out of whack from being attacked last night. That's all." My reasoning sounded straight to my own ears.

Kyle grinned and glanced toward my window. "The waning moon will be visible very soon. We'll see, huh?"

I did a double take. "This is the third and last night?"

He laughed. "You'll miss me when I'm gone? Yes, this is it, which is why I was so out of control last night as to have attacked you. It was a full moon and I had not planned properly. It never happened before. A portion of my regular hunting grounds had been under construction." He grumbled. "Damn humans. All the creatures I would have hunted had migrated into safer territory. And I had been late leaving work. That's another lesson to be learned, Chelle. Work, home, kids, nothing must interfere with the moon. Or you will be sorry."

My heart was about to leap out of my chest. My ass of a boss wasn't going for the I-need-the-night-off-to-fuck-a-werewolf excuse. In spite of my situation, that struck me as funny, and I started laughing until Kyle interrupted.

"Ready?" he said.

I gulped.

Chapter Four

I still thought he was nuts. I lay there on my bed flat on my back. Kyle had rolled away and was lying beside me. My sexual desires were alive, sure, but I wasn't out of control. They were more heightened, but I kind of put that down to increased sense of smell. Kyle's male scent was still giving me visions of licking him all over. I stupidly wondered if I should have gone to the emergency room. I could be infected right now, and here I was listening to some half ass story about werewolves.

And while all this was marching across my mind, the moon just seemed to appear from nowhere. The race was on, and it entailed how quickly I could get Kyle's dick buried inside me.

I jumped across the space between us to land on his chest. My canine teeth grew out long and sharp. My nails followed. I didn't even notice at first that I had stabbed him with them in his sides until he jerked. My eyes itched, and I could almost feel the extra hair on my body. "Are you still going to fight me off?" I growled.

His eyes darkened to black. I figured mine looked the same. "No, you want me in you?"

"Yes! *Now*."

I didn't wait for him to take his time. The lycan blood swimming through my veins was boiling high. I used my hold in his sides to shoot myself lower. His curved rod shot up my moist passage, this time all the way. I let loose a call that sounded like an animal as I worked him. I was so wet and he was so big it was a tight fit, but even the discomfort set me off. In a few seconds, I climaxed.

When my howl grew louder, Kyle covered my mouth. "Easy, baby. We should have been doing this in a more secure place, not a row home where the walls are paper thin." His voice was tight. I got the impression he was about to explode, but I wanted to ride longer.

I pulled his hand away from my mouth. "No not yet. Not yet. I want to ride all night," I pleaded.

Kyle ran a hand up my back, then took hold of my hair to snatch it back. He sat up and growled in my ear. "Don't worry. I can keep up. You'll beg me to stop."

"Never!"

He was rough, so amazingly rough. We pumped each other hard, me facing him on his lap. Kyle held my hair so that my neck was exposed, and he bit again into my neck. This time, he wasn't bent on eating me, and I wasn't terrified. The move took our passion up a notch.

But his licking at my neck confined me too much. I had too much aggression now to be held in place. I tore away his hands from my hair, and grabbed some of his. His head snapped back. I could have laughed when he growled in anger at the interruption to his feast. I didn't care; this was my party.

Shoving him down against the bed, I raised up off his cock and flipped around so that I could gain access to his pride and joy with my mouth. His thing seemed even bigger after being in me. As I stroked it, I was sure it was harder too. He was so wet, coated with my creamy juice. The scent of my own body was intoxicating.

I stuffed him into my mouth with one hand and took hold of his balls with the other. Sucking as hard as I could and squeezing his balls actually made me come again. I licked him like a lollipop while I moaned and wiggled my ass, riding the waves of pleasure. My movements must have been too much for Kyle. He hoisted my hips up in the air and moved me over to rest on his face.

The next thing I knew, his long tongue was snaking in and put my box. He was eating up my come faster than I was licking it up off his dick. Suddenly, we were in a competition to see who would come first. My sexy wolf hadn't even released yet. I was seriously craving his juice. I mean I could smell it all the way down his rock hard staff, and I wanted at it. The desire was so intense, I nipped at the sides of his thick head, whimpering and licking.

"Come on. I want it so much."

He had been holding on to his control, because as soon as I begged, he let loose. My mouth was flooded with the most delicious, creamy male flow I'd ever tasted. I couldn't describe the flavor as I downed it, but it was a wild and tangy like a werewolf's should be. I sucked and sucked, squeezing his balls, and coaxing out more.

Only after I had finished my drink did I let myself enjoy what he was doing with his tongue. I sat up and smashed my cootchie against his face. I knew I must be cutting off his breath, but he ate like he was starving and didn't seem to care. I rode him hard, at the same time pinching my nipples and teasing them. When his lips closed over my clit, I screamed. I let loose, crying and trembling as I came. This was the best sex I had ever had, and it was just too good.

I felt a desperation rising in me, and I couldn't figure out what it was. I howled and squirmed, even as Kyle brought me to climax after mind-numbing climax, I still felt unsatisfied. I started to blame him.

I wrenched myself from his mouth and moved off the bed. Like a nut, I pointed my finger at him. "What's your problem? You're not doing it right or something." My anger increased. I tore at my hair and screeched high enough to rattle the windows.

Kyle climbed off the bed moving toward me. “You don’t understand, Chelle. You need to—”

“No!” I screamed. My body shook and I fell down on the carpet, but forced myself up. Everything seemed out of focus. *What’s happening to me?* Sexual desire, scents, everything was making me crazy. Kyle leaped on me and I fought hard. I bit him and tore at his flesh. He slammed my hands to my sides and flipped me away from him, holding me tight against his body. I screamed, angry at him when he entered me hard. He dragged us connected across the room to the bed and we fell face down.

While he plowed into me so hard it hurt, he spoke in my ear. “You are new, Chelle. Your body is fighting the wolf. You need to change and you need to hunt. You won’t feel...straight until you do. This will help.”

By this, he meant his banging my ass like nobody’s business. I thought he was just a pervert looking to hurt me, but he was right. The pain and pleasure combined, helped to cool my wild emotions. I couldn’t believe I was coming again with his extra rough treatment. I guess we were part animal. No wonder he said I couldn’t mate with a human until I gained control. The guy’s dick would have been torn off.

Kyle’s soothing voice continued in my ear after we had both settled down. “Now, we’re going to a place where I like to hunt. I’ll teach you to change from human form to werewolf to full wolf. You’ll feed and then I’ll give you some last tips before the night is over.

I looked at him like his mind had left the building. “Excuse me? *Feed*. Just what are you expecting I’m going to eat?”

He smiled then kissed my cheek. “Trust me, you can eat whatever you want among humans, but you *will* crave your food in the wild—alive before you kill it, and raw before you eat it.”

My stomach churned. Kyle had been right about everything up until this point. I prayed he was wrong on this. Everybody knew my steak had to be practically burnt before I ate it, and if it wasn’t, I went off on somebody. This new life was going to be a real bitch.

Chapter Five

My first night as a werewolf behind me, I now had to contend with regular every day stuff, like going to work, raising a teenage son and nosy neighbors who heard wolf calls that seemed like they were coming from my place. I had had to lie and say it was some crazy B horror movie I had rented and turned the TV up too loud. Needless to say, I would be following Kyle's advice from now on. Get out of dodge until the wolf in my veins was good and satisfied.

That brings me to the fact that again he had been right about the hunt. I thought I would freak running around out in the woods somewhere, in the dark. One night I had driven down by these docks somewhere when I got lost going home. My heart had hammered so hard it hurt until I was back to regular streetlights and row houses. I thought the same thing would occur this time too. Nope, the tables had seriously turned. I was the hunter and it was...incomparable to any other experience.

After some instruction, Kyle had me shape-shift. My bones cracked like they were breaking. Hair grew out of my face, hands and every other place. My muscles thickened and became denser. In human form, I was about five foot six. As a werewolf, I had to be almost six feet. How the hell that could be possible, I don't know. And I still didn't see the need to be a werewolf. I mean, we fucked as humans and hunted as full wolves. What was the purpose of the in between?

"Okay, Chelle, are you ready?" Kyle asked when I had finally mastered the wolf.

A shiver ran over me. "No, I'm not!" I snapped. "I'm not hunting and eating any raw animals, so you can forget it. That's the grossest thing I've ever heard and the minute I get this whole thing together, I'm jumping your ass and putting you down for destroying my life!"

Truth was, I had jumped him a couple times already after he had eased the sexual hunger in me. He was so much bigger and so much more skilled, he had easily kicked me off with a warning and a baring of sharp teeth.

"You can try," he growled. "What's done is done, and I have apologized. I know that doesn't fix it, but nothing will. When it happened to me, I think I cried every day for a month. So get used to it. If you don't hunt, you will go crazy and kill anything in your path, even if it is not a full moon. You may even kill your son. Is that what you want?"

"Of course not, you ass—"

"And save the name calling!" He leaped at me and nipped my ear. I yelped, jumped away and for a few minutes forgot how to speak English. I was standing there barking at him like a dog. I scared myself. Could I forget my humanity in this form? Kyle seemed to read my mind. "You will learn to sniff out disease in animals. Yes, we have a high immune system, but we are not impervious to sickness. If you bite the wrong prey, you

can pick up a disease that eventually affects your shifting ability. I have heard of others who have lost their mind, lost their ability to turn back to a human.”

I shuddered. Not be a human again? This was a nightmare, for real.

“But I am convinced that that was from carelessness. The wolf didn’t feed when he needed to, and then he was so hungry he ate whatever was in his path. *You* will not be so stupid, will you?”

I longed to tell him to kiss my ass, but if Kyle didn’t teach me, I was going to be the next one to lose it. So I kept my mouth shut and listened to all he told me. Turns out, raw meat was so delicious to me now that I almost couldn’t get enough. We tracked using our heightened sense of smell, enjoyed the thrill of chasing our swift-footed prey until we captured them. And then we feasted. After my belly was full, my sexual desire returned, and Kyle satisfied that for the rest of the night.

Near dawn, we padded home exhausted. Kyle kissed me goodnight as if we had been out on a date, and told me he would see me at the next waxing moon at twilight. I couldn’t wait to do it all again.

* * * *

Derrick arrived back on Sunday night looking relieved to be home. As soon as he entered the door he paused and stared at me like he’d never seen me before. “Ma, what did you do this weekend?” he said with a curious frown.

I froze, looked down at myself and sniffed the air. I had showered and checked every nook and cranny of my body for any extra hair. So what was he seeing on me? “What? What’s the matter?”

He shrugged, tossing his duffel bag on the couch. “I don’t know. You’re different, like...There’s this look in your eyes.”

I rolled my eyes and put my hands on my hips. “Boy, please. Get that bag upstairs. I need to run out to the grocery store. I forgot to pick up something for your breakfast tomorrow since you blew through that cereal before you left.”

He mumbled something before heading upstairs with his bag. I grabbed a snack baggie I had put together earlier, my purse and car keys and headed out the door. That was another thing. Even when I wasn’t on the hunt, I was hungry a lot. I didn’t let Derrick know, but I had nearly eaten us out of house and home. How in the hell I was going to support the wolf, I didn’t know. Kyle had said I would eventually regulate my hunger, but damn, when? When I was out on the street begging for handouts?

* * * *

The grocery store was a whole other ballgame. I strolled down the aisles trying not to make that snuffling noise. The scents of food were intoxicating. I wanted to jump inside the meat bins and just eat. I was standing there holding a t-bone up to my nose just breathing it in with my eyes closed when I heard someone clear their throat. I opened my eyes to see this fine brother standing beside me.

He grinned and crossed his arms over his chest. “Do you two need to be alone?”

I knew right then what it was Derrick has seen in my eyes. Aggression. Werewolves were alpha all the way, and I was no different. I put the meat down in slow motion, while leaning back to eyeball this guy. He was dressed in all black sweats, that didn’t even attempt to hide the muscled thighs, the package—though when I think about it Kyle’s dick was all that, long and thick as shit—or the rest of his sexy body. I openly licked my lips, turned and walked right up on him.

Taking a long sniff, I drew in his male scent and I was wet and ready. As far as my body knew, he had useable equipment I could ride for the night. Granted, like Kyle said, I wasn’t wild as on the full moon, but my drive was seriously high. I took another sniff and frowned. *Human. Why, oh why?*

The man was turned on by my open sexuality. His grin widened. “You like what you see?”

“Hell yeah,” I blurted.

“You want some?” he offered.

My mouth watered. I almost did one of those begging things a dog does, sitting on his hind legs with his paws up and panting. I did have to swallow down a small bark of agreement. Kyle didn’t say I would have doggish ways outside the moon, damn it. Maybe it was all included in that first year deal.

What could it hurt to sleep with this guy when it wasn’t a full moon? “Sure,” I said as nonchalantly as possible.

He indicated my half full cart. “You want to finish that first?”

Was he crazy? I grabbed hold of his arm and dragged him toward the exit. I hoped he didn’t mind doing it in the car because I was going to be ripping apart those sweat pants as soon as the car door closed.

Chapter Six

We were in the parking lot. The guy was lying in the car and I was outside it pacing back and forth and chewing my fingernails to nubs. Customers occasionally eyed me as they came and went from the store, but I did my best not to look like a lunatic out there so no one would call the cops.

“Where the fuck is he?” I screeched for the fifth time.

As soon as I said that, a red sports car turned down my row and parked in the open space beside me. Kyle slipped out looking as yummy as he had the night before. I swallowed my desires, which I should have done with the guy in my car.

The grey eyes turned almost black didn’t look happy. “One night, Chelle,” he grumbled. “One freaking night and you screw up.”

“Look, I’m sorry. I’m new, and I don’t need you coming down here getting on me about it. I’ve already been kicking myself.”

“Oh you don’t need me?”

“You know what I mean!” I nearly screamed it.

He marched up on me, getting in my face. “You called me. Remember that. Said you killed a human.” He lifted me up off my feet so that they dangled in the air while he looked like he was going to bite my head off. “Did you have sex with him?”

“Are you jealous?”

He let me fall. I crumpled to the ground and then scrambled to my feet embarrassed. Why couldn’t he have had turned me into a cat, with grace and beauty? By the time I was ready to attack him for his rough treatment, he was already opening my back door and cursed up a storm when he saw the man.

“Damn it, Chelle!” He glanced around to see if anyone was around. No one was near. It was getting late. Kyle reached inside to check the guy’s pulse. “He’s alive.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. “I cracked his skull really hard on the side of the door. I mean *really* hard.”

“I can feel. He’s bleeding from a head wound...and several other places. I’ll have to take care of him.”

“W-What do you mean take care of him?” My throat had gone dry.

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Can’t we just take him to the hospital?” I had called Kyle because I thought I had murdered a human, and panic had made me crazy for a little while. When I calmed, I remembered he had given me contact numbers and instructions to call any time I needed him. I was sure he didn’t expect the call the very next day.

Kyle at first didn’t answer. He shut my door and faced me with a grim look on his face. “Well let’s see. You had sex with him.”

“I didn’t!” Calming myself, I looked at the ground. “I didn’t get to that, I was so worked up.”

He sighed, not seeming to be anymore relieved that I admitted not riding the guy like I wanted to. “Either way, at some point, you went nuts with his body. He looks like a pin cushion. You dug your nails into his body like you did me. And from the looks of it, you bit him. I told you in no uncertain terms are you to bite a human or they will turn!”

I gasped. “Oh no. Oh no. He’s going to...”

“No, he won’t.”

I frowned, “But you said—”

“If you bite a human as a werewolf, he will turn. If you bite him as a human, you will cause us and all our kind a hell of a lot of trouble. If I take him to the hospital, they will find traces of your wolf DNA in him. It will mutate his cells but not allow him to turn into a werewolf. They will have a field day trying to figure out what’s with the mutations. And we will be at risk. Do you get it?”

I nodded dumbly. I didn’t really get it, but I was feeling overwhelmed with thoughts of almost destroying this human’s life as mine had been. Kyle didn’t admit what he would do, but what could he do? Would the mutations cease after while? Would his human immune system fight off my wolf infection? I thought it wasn’t likely, but I was too terrified to ask. Right then, I was good with blissful ignorance.

When I didn’t say anything, Kyle stepped up to me. He shook me a few times, and I was just about to drag a newly grown nail across his face when he stopped. “You cannot have sex with a human. You cannot, Chelle. Can’t!”

“Okay, okay. I get it.”

Without warning, he released me and leaned down to kiss my lips. For a while, we silently tongue-kissed, moaning with pleasure. I slid my hand down to his dick and found it hard. I was about to reach in and take hold of it, but he stopped me and drew back. “We have to get out of here. Get in your car and follow me.”

This time, I didn't hold back. I dragged my nails across his face and cursed him out. He simply turned on his heels and slipped into his car. When he had started his engine, he looked back at me waiting. I saw that the scratch on his left cheek was already fading.

The ass didn't leave me any choice. I walked around to the driver's side of my car and climbed in. Soon we were pulled over to the side of a dark road with no streetlights. We killed the headlights on our cars and turned off the overhead light. Both of use could see just fine in the pitch black.

Kyle popped his trunk and pulled out a blanket to spread over the passenger side of his car. He transferred the human from my car to his and then pulled out a spray bottle and a cloth from his trunk. *What the fuck?* He had obviously done this before.

Before he started cleaning the door and backseat of my car, he indicated a spot a little down the road. "Go over there. This will hurt your nose."

When he turned his head, I flipped him the bird and did as he said. The man was right. When that liquid hit the leather, even from yards away, the sting in my nostrils was intense. I yelped and covered my nose. Tears filled my eyes, and I jumped up and down. How was I going to drive home with that smell?

Turned out that I didn't have to worry. Whatever the concoction was, the scent faded quickly. As I jogged back over, I heard Kyle on his cell giving instructions to someone. He didn't explain what he had said or what he intended. I sighed.

He put away his cleaning supplies and closed his trunk before turning back to me. "I've arranged for everything. Chelle, don't let this happen again."

"I won't. I promise."

For a moment he stood glaring at me as if determining if I was serious, and then he looked down at my shorts and strappy heels. "Take those off."

I didn't ask questions. I kicked off my shoes and stepped out of my shorts and panties. I knew just what he intended.

Kyle hiked me up on the hood of my car, checked to see if I was wet—of course I was—and let me have it. Right there on the side of a dark road, with a guy unconscious in his car, two werewolves were humping each other like the animals they were.

I whimpered and gripped his ass cheeks while I wrapped my legs around him. In one night, I had forgotten how big Kyle was. His shaft filled me and stretched my cootchie, plunging deep and hard until I screamed my climax into the quiet night air.

Chapter Seven

Knowing I prefer day, my boss put me on night shift all that first week. And wouldn't you know I couldn't sleep during the day which meant I was out by nine and late for work at eleven-thirty at night. I tried sneaking in behind a delivery of boxes to the loading dock, but he was standing right there waiting.

"Chelle!"

"What!"

The man was all of four feet nine with a gigantic belly that always made me imagine he was carrying triplets. He tugged at what was left of his hair when I agitated him. I never saw whether he did it with other people. "Chelle, you're half hour late! You obviously don't need this job."

I panicked. "That's not true, Mr. Nowicky. I do need this job. Bad." Even more now since I was waiting for the appetite to chill. "Look, I'm sorry. You know I have a hard time with the night shift."

"Everybody rotates. Period!" He sniffed. "You're not special. Now since you can't get in here when the floor assignments are done, you can take the perfume counter for a couple hours."

Shit no! "Mr. Nowicky, nobody even comes in here to buy perfume in the middle of the night. You have got to be freaking kidding me." I wanted to say 'fucking' but the last time I did, he had the nerve to dock me. What was I going to do; he held all the cards.

He didn't give a rat's ass apparently. He turned away and began scanning his clipboard like the matter was closed. I ran after him.

"Please reconsider. I can't do the perfume counter. I just can't!" All too well, I remembered the smell of that crap Kyle used to clean my car. A perfume counter must be a thousand times worse. And to test my thought, I lifted my nose to the air. Wicky-Mart was forty thousand square feet and the perfume counter was near the front with me standing in the docking area at the back. The strong scent lit the air around me. I sneezed a few times.

Mr. Nowicky turned back to me with a serious expression of dislike in his eyes. "You can work there for the rest of your shift, or you can go home and not come back."

When he swung away again, I snarled at the back of his head, thinking surely Kyle could get a friend to dump this jerk in a back alley somewhere. That thought made me remember the other human, and I nearly lost the dinner I had scarfed down earlier. I was still convincing myself that Kyle had taken him to a friend who knew how to make him better, and that he was back to his own life no worse for the wear.

Accepting my fate, I schlepped myself up to the front. The closer I came to the perfume, the more my nose burned. By the time I got there, I was holding my nose, my eyes were running, I was sneezing uncontrollably and my head was pounding.

I had miserably waved away two customers looking for other departments when Ree came strutting around the corner. As usual she was wearing something too short and too tight, with cleavage coming at you live. I eyed her weave which one of her men had paid for her to get for five hundred dollars. Oh yes, my hair had grown out some in the short time I had been a werewolf. Just this morning, I had woke up with it a good three inches longer and seemingly twice as thick. Streaks of brown mixed with the black. But mine wasn't silky and bone straight like Ree's. My hair was thick and coarse. I hated it.

"Hey, girl," Ree exclaimed. "Oh my goodness, what did you do with your hair. Sexy!"

"Sexy!" I shrieked around sneezes, "it's wild and uncontrollable. I can only pull it into a ponytail because out it's too big." I grabbed hold of the end of my hair. "And look, it's still growing!"

"Well, baby, I think it's hot." She grinned. "So what's up with the sneezing? Allergies?"

"Smell," I whimpered.

Ree took my arm and pulled me out from behind the counter. "Well, come on. I need a smoke break. You can keep me company."

We strolled down an aisle, zigzagging through the store in Ree's zany idea of a stealth move to avoid our boss. Funny thing was, it usually worked. The girl was seriously lucky. We were almost to the outside door when my nose began to clear and the sneezing stopped.

Ree rubbed my back. "Damn, girl. You got it bad. You should tell the old freak you can't work the perfume counter. You're liable to sneeze out a lung."

I rolled my eyes. "I told his ass, but he didn't care because I was late. I can't do it though, Ree. There's no way I'll last all night. My, uh, allergy is worse than you can imagine." I wasn't sure yet if I wanted to share my secret with her. Kyle had said to keep my mouth shut, but this thing was a big deal. I needed somebody I could confide in. And since Ree didn't have that many girlfriends—something about their men not keeping their eyes off her ass—she was the only one I had to share with.

The employees' side door, where most of us who smoked gathered, came into sight but I stopped cold. Now that my nose was clear, I could smell again and something strange was in the air. I turned to Ree.

"Go ahead; I'll catch up. Gotta pee."

She went out and I turned to go sniffing around. Over in the pet section against the back wall was a guy standing in front of the kittens, watching them play. The scene wasn't unusual. Plenty of people liked watching the little fur balls, satisfying that longing for a pet while not taking on the responsibility and expense. But this guy wasn't right somehow. And the kittens were all pressed up against the back wall of their cages, mewling like a dog was bearing down on them. *A dog?*

I sniffed the air again. *Fuck!* Werewolf.

Chapter Eight

I strolled as casually over to him as I could. “Um, sir, I’m afraid you’re upsetting the animals. I’m going to have to ask you to move on. Sometimes they sense something about a person and—”

He turned to face me. My words stuck in my throat. The madness Kyle mentioned that’s possible when a werewolf eats the wrong thing? Bingo. Here it was. His eyes had that crazed look. They were just plain black, no distinguishable pupil and the hooded coat he wore was covering the fact that he was apparently stuck in werewolf form.

Saliva dripped from his fangs when he bared them at me and snarled as he moved toward me. I backed up ready to piss myself. “Um, on second thought, have at them. What the fuck do I care?”

Too late. He was contemplating those innocent kittens for a meal and I distracted him. Now I was going to be his feast. He lunged; I screamed. Or tried to. Somebody put a hand over my mouth and lifted me away just as someone else launched themselves on top of him. Just like that, the psycho was floored and the guy on top of him slammed a thick needle in his neck. That beast never knew what hit him. He was unconscious or maybe he was dead. I wasn’t sure.

The person holding me let me go. I whirled to face him, and he nodded politely. “Our secret is safe,” he whispered and walked away.

When I turned back toward the other two, they were gone. Kyle wasn’t playing. The werewolves would do anything to keep their secret. I thought about what would have happened to Kyle or to me if the others knew about his little nighttime accident of turning me. I had the feeling they would kill him for fear he would do it again.

That night, I didn’t share my secret with Ree. I was still too shaken up at all the crap that happened to me in the first week. I just went home in the morning and crashed, hoping I would wake up later and find out that my life was just the same and I was still blissfully unaware that mythical creatures existed.

* * * *

At the waxing moon, Kyle showed up to pick me up. I was already packed and had the next three nights off from work. My temporary lover had come through again for me and called in a couple of favors. Those favors entailed having his boys rough up Mr. Nowicky to make him back off of me some. He was still rude and did whatever he could to make my life a living hell, but at least I could get three nights off once a month from now on, with no argument. He was too much of a dumbass to connect the nights with the full moon, so we were safe.

I tossed my bag in the trunk and hopped into Kyle's sports car. The buttery leather was sweet. I hunkered down and put the seat back some. My miniskirt rose, and Kyle stretched his hand across to play between my legs while he drove.

"So how was your first month?" he asked.

I laughed. "You know how. You rescued me like fifty times in the first week."

"It will get better. Trust me."

I sighed. "Kyle, about that thing that happened in my store. Those other werewolves...and that crazy one..."

"It won't happen to you."

"How do you know?"

He gave me a squeeze that made me moan, but I refused to be distracted. I stilled his hand, but didn't force him to move it away. I was horny as hell.

"You don't have to worry because I'm going to teach you just like I was taught. Like I said. I'll watch what you eat and come when you call. All you have to do is do what I tell you."

"In other words, follow your commands with no questions asked," I snapped. It would be a cold day in hell.

"Something like that." He winked and turned back to the road. "Like now. Take off that top. I've been craving your breasts ever since I start over here. I want a look at those mocha nipples. Mmm, I can almost taste them."

If he didn't get me close on an orgasm just saying that, I would have ignored him. As it was, I was hot! I crossed my arms and took hold of the bottom of my blouse to yank it over my head. My breasts were small and pert enough not to wear a bra and I wasn't wearing one to Kyle's delight. Werewolves had no shame when it came to nakedness. I could care less that we weren't yet out of the city.

Kyle reached across to stroke and pinch my nipple. I groaned, arching into his touch. He growled. His teeth elongated and his voice dropped several octaves. "I'm going to lick you from top to bottom tonight."

"Me first," I said, smacking my lips with hunger.

* * * *

Seven months. I was getting the hang of things, and my life had risen from the shit hole I had considered it to be. Well kind of. I was still eating myself out of house and home, which meant little money for luxuries, and I had neglected to pay the electric bill this month which meant lights out until I scraped together the money. But, I hadn't mauled a human in months and sex and hunting with Kyle had only gotten better with time. Ree had taken my secret well, even after I flashed my fangs to convince her. And my son and ex-husband were still in the dark about me. All was calm.

Then a scratching at my back door late one night made me think another rogue wolf was looking for a free meal. I only heard the soft knock because...well...I hear everything.

As I went down to check it out, lamenting not being able to change when the moon wasn't full, I was at least comforted with the fact that I could still grow my fingernails at will and I was stronger than three grown men.

When I opened the door after peeking out, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Ree fell into my arms looking as pale as death, with blood all over her neck. My heart stopped. "Oh no. Not again!"

The End