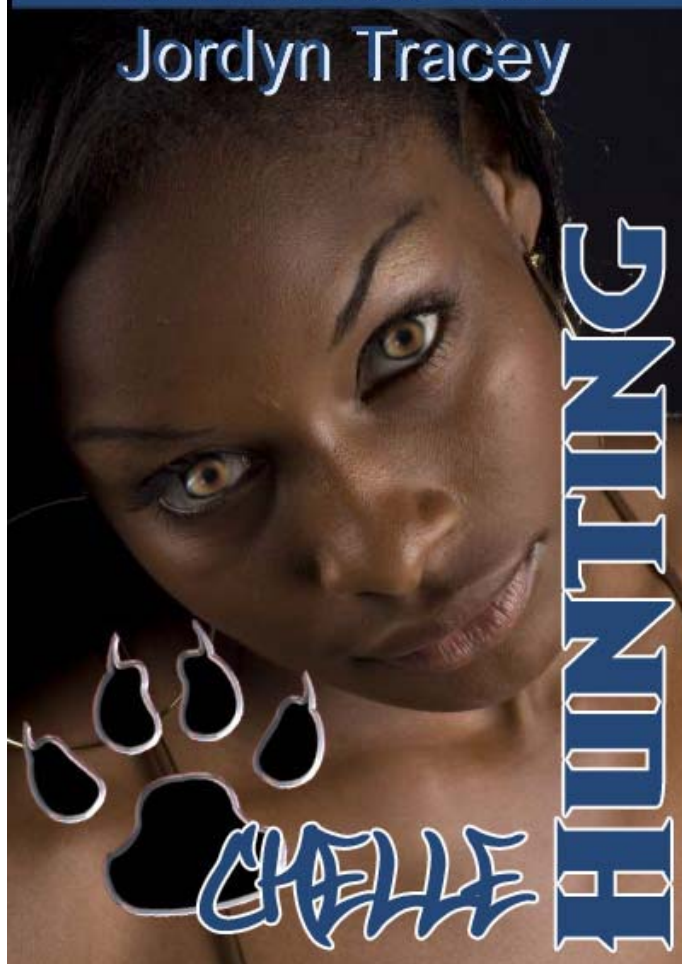


Urban Ladies Series

Jordyn Tracey



Chelle Hunting

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Chapter One

Everybody kept saying Kyle was my boyfriend, but I knew the deal right from the start. He was there just to get me acclimated to my new life as a werewolf, to teach me how to hunt safely and to fuck me when I was about to go out of my mind with sexual desire. That's it. There was no love there, and even after months of him being my only lover, had I come across another werewolf during the full moon or felt sure I wouldn't kill a human male, I would have taken another lover. Sexual desire like I experienced my first year wasn't conducive to a monogamous relationship. So I wasn't too sure if I was just missing a lover or missing him in particular when his ass went missing.

I knew something was up the first of the three nights we always went away together. I had been trying to get a customer settled. I kept checking my watch. If this bitch didn't back off before the sun went down, I was going to rip her throat out for sure. Mr. Nowicky, my boss, knew better than to put me in customer service. Since becoming a werewolf, my aggression was so high, there was zero ability to deal with bullshit from others. Kyle had said I would learn self-control, but even after all this time, I hadn't seen the evidence.

For the hundredth time in the last hour, I rolled my eyes. "Look, miss, you're not getting your money back for this dress. I can see the arm pit stains right here. You wore it. And," I lifted the dress nearer to my nose, "I can smell your scent all over it." I had a nose like a bloodhound. If I knew a person's scent, even if I was in the back of the store, I could smell when they entered at the front. And that's how I knew, right in the middle of arguing with this woman, that a werewolf was inside Wicky-Mart.

All of my kind had a similar smell. Kyle had been training me to pinpoint the subtle differences, and I could pick his out from others, but I couldn't define other werewolves. I just knew they were my kind.

"I'm telling you I didn't wear this dress!" the woman screamed at me. "It's too big. I want my money back!"

I let my gaze rove over her short plump figure. "No, it's the right size."

She turned red, like I was insulting her body. "How dare you? I want to speak to your supervisor."

I rolled my eyes again. I glanced at my watch. *Shit!* Sundown in minutes. Right while she was still fussing, I flipped out my cell phone and dialed Kyle again. He hadn't been answering. Every single month, like clockwork he would pick me up and we'd head out to our hunting ground for sex and food. *Where the fuck is he?*

The cell rang and rang until the voicemail picked up. His sexy voice made chills run over my body, remembering how hot he was. The beep sounded. I turned my back on the customer. "Kyle, where the fuck are you? It's about sundown. I told you I was running

late, but you know what happens. Please, I don't want to hurt anyone. Call me!" I whispered as much as I could. It was the same message I had left repeatedly.

Right from the start, Kyle had made it plain, fuck around on your needs and you will hurt someone. Simple. I could not miss going away for anything, and I had been a fool not to leave work on time so I could be packed and ready to leave.

Another glance at my watch was unnecessary. Someone had opened the door to the back of the building. Through a narrow space, I saw the moon. My lycan blood sang for release. I gripped the counter and breathed heavily. If I moved back slowly, maybe the woman wouldn't make me angry enough to attack her.

For a good ten minutes, I stood willing my fingers to let go of the counter. The woman was shouting, but I fought not to hear her. Not an easy thing. And then the bitch had the nerve to reach out and grab my arm to gain my attention. A rumble started in the back of my throat. It was low. With all the yelling and people coming and going, the loud speaker announcing a sale, maybe she didn't hear the threat to her life. I was two seconds off her, envisioning ripping the blond hair out of her head, biting her throat, whatever it took.

Inside my mouth, my teeth sharpened. I could feel the tickle of hair growing in my ears. Before I would have been grossed out by this, but it was wolf nature by now. My growl increased and I knew my eyes switched color like they did when the change came over me. I leaned toward the woman. For the first time, it was coming through to her thick mind that she was in danger.

My nails grew out sharp and hard. I curled them in, ready to rip at her flesh. I launched myself forward to jump across the counter. A breeze blew my hair across my face and I slammed into stone, my nails barely penetrating the flesh beneath the hot pink top in front of me.

Ree turned with a sweet smile. "Hey girl, you were just leaving right? I got this."

I could have kissed her. Ree, my best friend. I had forgotten my girl only worked at night, and that she drank blood infrequently so she was able to come straight to work the moment she woke. Was I ever thankful, the woman could move almost as fast as light. She had stepped in front of me and made me crash into her brick hard body, a weird phenomenon of vampires.

Still on the edge of losing control, I just nodded and fled. I moved through the store at a clip, to get to the employees section to pick up my purse and some other things. Again, I smelled the other werewolf. He was moving with me, somewhere. He was hot on my scent. From the looks of it, he would meet me before I made it to my destination. Ever since that time the werewolves invaded our store and took down a sick werewolf, I was kind of scared of the others. Kyle hadn't been joking when he said they would kill to keep humans from confirming their existence. I wasn't planning on getting in their way.

Picking up speed, I zipped through the aisles. I resisted the temptation to allow my bones to crack and reform into the werewolf. I was a good six inches taller when that happened, and if I thought my coarse black and brown hair was a problem before then, it was really out of control when I changed.

The employees' private area came into view and I gave another burst of energy to get to it. Too late. I slammed hard into a male unyielding chest. I was going down, but I dug my nails into his sides to drag him with me. We landed in a heap on the floor with him on top of me. His eyes were so black, I almost thought he was one of the sick ones, until I realized he had been excited by chasing me through the store. Just like I was, this man was on the brink of losing control.

His huge muscled body pinned me down, and I can't say I wasn't getting off on the tight dick pressing against my stomach. He growled, focusing on my mouth. I fought not to open up with an invitation to his tongue. His breathing was rough and ragged. "Chelle?"

"You know who I am," I snapped. I was really hoping no one had spotted our head on collision and the fact that we hadn't decided to get up off the floor yet. "What the fuck do you want?" I demanded, when what I really wanted to say was 'my hunting ground or yours.'

The black eyes flashed, and he lowered his mouth until it was a fraction of an inch off mine. "I want to kill you."

Chapter Two

As much as I wanted to rip this guy's clothes off and hump him until my itch was taken care of, if he had it in for me, I wasn't giving him the satisfaction. I reached up and tangled my fingers in his hair. While I yanked his head back, I flipped hard enough to roll us both to the side. That way, I got a leg between us and pushed off of his body.

Gaining my feet, I decided to forget about my purse and just get the hell out of there. I was changing and running, hoping no one noticed the extra hair. I couldn't move as fast as Ree obviously, but I was pretty fast. The door came into view where which led to where everyone that smoked took their break. Before I could reach it, the other werewolf crashed into me from behind. He sent us both flying into a stack of air conditioners. Shit, that would hurt in the morning.

People screamed and ran. The man and I fought, clawing and flipping each other away. "We should take this outside," I growled to him while looking around. Somewhere nearby, I heard Mr. Nowicky demand to know what the commotion was. I could *not* get fired for this asshole.

He nodded slowly, not taking his eyes off me. "My orders were to take you down quickly and quietly. Damn if I knew you'd be so feisty." He sounded like knowing that turned him on. In other circumstances, I might have been ready to make this new white man my lover. He didn't look adverse to a black female.

The stranger grabbed for my arm to lead me outside, but I jerked away. "Don't you touch me. You don't know me."

He grinned. Sexy smile, just like Kyle's. *Where the fuck is he?*

My distraction at thinking about where my lover was made me miss the man's next attack once we were in a dark corner behind the Dumpsters. He landed on top of me again. This time, he yanked my legs apart and settled his hips between them. He lifted my arms above my head and held my wrists in one hand. I fought not to arch into his hot body.

When he yanked a needle from his pocket, my sexual desire dimmed slightly. "What's that? You're really going to kill me? Why? What did I do?"

Fighting against him in my present position was impossible. He didn't answer. Instead, he pulled a cap off the needle with his teeth and squirted some of the liquid out of the tip. I licked my lips. My throat was dry. Visions of that crazy werewolf they had either killed or knocked out with a needle, ran through my head. This had to be a dream.

"Tell me something, damn it," I screamed, desperate. "Why me?"

Without thinking, I automatically began moving my hips beneath him, grinding into his cock. He growled and paused, watching me. His gaze slid to my breasts. Without saying

a word, he recapped the needle, put it away and then yanked up my shirt until my breasts were bared. He ran his tongue over my nipples, sucking and teasing with little nips that brought me to the brink of orgasm.

“Stop,” I gasped.

He growled again. “You don’t want me to.”

“I don’t know you.”

He didn’t raise his head, but spoke with his mouth pressed against my body. His words were muffled. “We both need this. The moon...”

“You’re the dumb ass who came after me on the first of the three nights.” I struggled beneath him, but that just made us both hotter. I wanted him so badly to rip off all my clothes and fuck me right there behind the Dumpsters. How dirty was that? We were on the grassy area instead of the concrete, but still it was crazy to be back there.

Thinking I could use his desires to get the best of him, I raised my head up to kiss him. Immediately, he parted his lips and we were tongue kissing a long time before I remembered I was supposed to be getting away from him.

“Mmm, baby,” he groaned. “You want it right here, don’t you?”

I ran my mouth along his cheek and nipped at his shoulder. I had a real ache to taste his blood. “Tell me,” I demanded.

“You’ve violated our rules.” He kissed me, our hungry moans and the smack of our lips the only sound in the darkness. “You told others about us. Your boyfriend was careless when he turned you by accident. Did you think we wouldn’t find out?”

“You took a long fucking time to. I’ve been a werewolf almost a year.”

He shrugged, his eyes on my breasts again. “Your boyfriend was useful for a while.”

I went still. Were they really this cold-hearted? Ree had said the vampires were, but I thought with all our passion and wild emotions, the werewolves were warmer. Apparently not. “What do you mean useful for a while?”

He leaned up from me just a little and released my wrists. “Enough talk. Come on, you and I have strong needs that we can’t ignore. Take your clothes off and let me fuck you.”

His mouth was as filthy as mine. I liked it. A man after my own heart. I was in the process of complying because on the crucial three nights of the month, there was no, oh I’ll wait a while or I’ll be choosy about who I fuck. There was only, give me dick and give it to me right now. I had to have sex, and I had to hunt. Period. If I didn’t, someone

would get their flipping head ripped from their shoulders. Kyle had never allowed me to avoid my needs during this crucial time, but still I had felt the madness just below the surface, ready to spring free the second I thought I could ignore the call of the moon.

While I unbuttoned my jeans with him watching like I had gold hidden in there, he explained a little more to me, almost as if he was in a trance, which he was, looking at me and resting his hand on his hard-on at the same time. "This had to happen sooner or later. The wolves never leave loose ends. They cannot afford to allow anyone you might have told to stay alive. I don't imagine they will mess with your vampire friend for fear of starting a war, but your son has to go..."

I stopped. "What the hell did you just say?"

He looked up at me. "Don't stop. Come on."

I didn't even think about it. My bones realigned, cracked and popped. I transformed to full wolf in a few seconds. He, seeing I meant business, changed too. We faced off, growling muzzle to muzzle.

"You are going to get out of my way. Right here and now." I was a mother wolf knowing my baby could be in danger. If I had to kill his ass, it was on. I would do it without a second thought.

Chapter Three

As I jetted across the city in full wolf form, keeping to back alleys and side streets, I kept thinking what if it was too late. What if Derrick was already dead? My heart lodged in my throat and I fought tears. If even a hair was hurt on his head, I was going to hunt down every werewolf involved and chop them up into little pieces.

Ree showing up when she did to distract the wolf long enough for me to get away was a miracle. I would need to pay her back somehow. Like he said, that guy hadn't been willing to fight Ree because he couldn't risk starting a war, but it was still funny seeing him trying to get to me while neither of us had Ree's speed. As I ran, I wondered who would win in an actual fight between a werewolf and a vampire.

I couldn't get to my house fast enough, and as soon as I did, my heart sank. I smelled wolf all over the place. Too late, I realized I left my house keys in my purse back at work. When I heard the growl from inside, I circled around to the back of the house and found where he had gotten in. The basement window. Time to get the alarm system activated.

I squeezed inside and took the stairs three at a time. I burst through to the living room in time to see a wolf lunge at my baby. I hurled myself across the space and slammed into his side, knocking him against the wall. He yelped but was on his feet in seconds.

Turning to Derrick to demand he lock himself in his room, I realized he could only hear a bark from me. He snatched up the cordless and ran up the stairs. *Shit!* I needed to stop him before he called the police to report a wolf invasion in the heart of the city. The other wolf seemed to have the same thought.

We both bound for the stairs and the wolf snapped at Derrick's ankle. I bit his neck hard. When I kicked him back down the stairs, I transformed to werewolf, not risking full human if I had to keep fighting. My voice was deep and gravelly. "Derrick, don't call anyone. Just lock yourself in your room."

He stopped on the steps and looked back. "Ma?" His eyes widened.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and nodded. "Do what I tell you. Get your butt in the room."

He didn't ask any questions, but obeyed. I would have a lot of explaining to do. I turned back to the piece of crap who thought it was okay to try to kill my son. He was down, hurting and bleeding from my bite. I leaped off the steps to land over top him, and before he could react, I ripped him apart. Unlike in the movies, whoever it was did not turn back to human after he died. He stayed in wolf form, staining the hardwood in my hallway. With my stomach turning, I cleaned up the mess and made sure no evidence remained before calling my son downstairs. As hard as it was to do, I would have to send him to stay with his father awhile until I got this shit sorted out.

* * * *

I was shaking like a woman on crack or something. My control was barely in place. “You do understand why we can’t tell your dad right, Derrick?”

He nodded. I knew the boy was in serious shock. It wasn’t every day you find out your parent isn’t human. He might have thought his father was screwed up, but I took the cake. He was sullen and not saying much.

The bell rang and I answered just in case the wolves had the nerve to ring it. My ex-husband stood at the door looking too hot. My body was on fire. When he stepped inside, I didn’t move out of the way enough. He accidentally brushed against me, his arm teasing my nipples. When he was past, I followed close behind, breathing in his male scent. Right there, my son present or not, I could have jumped his father’s bones. I couldn’t stand the man, but the moon held some serious sway right then.

“What’s this about, Chelle? You usually don’t let Derrick stay at my house for more than your three PMS days every month.”

He was such an asshole. “They’re not PMS days. I just have to go see about a sick friend and I don’t know how soon I’ll get back. That’s all.”

He could care less. “Yeah, whatever. Derrick, you ready?”

Before my son could answer, I zipped across the room and was up on my ex in a heartbeat. I breathed in his erotic scent and circled around his body, brushing against his crotch. I ran my hand down over perfect abs he had slaved away in a gym to cut, the same gym where he had met the girl he had cheated on me with. He was the last lover I would ever take willingly to my bed, and yet I couldn’t keep my hands off him.

When my fingers reached his waistband, my ex grinned. “I knew you would come back to me sometime, Chelle. You can’t resist this.” He held out his hands to the side, an invitation in his eyes to explore further. The bastard had never once cared about my pleasure. I had no doubt I could take what I wanted now that I was not human.

I was still practically wrapped around his body, my lips parted for his kiss. He was about to cover them, when I forced out, “Derrick, take him out now. *Please.*”

I didn’t tell my son about my normal state of mind during these days, but I can imagine he guessed. He grabbed his bag and took a firm hold on his father. After a small tug of war between us, he managed to get him out the door. I leaned against it wondering where in the world I would find me some dick.

With an urgency I knew meant life or death for anyone who came into my radar, I moved about the house gathering my things. I would need to find out why Kyle didn’t pick me up, if the wolves had already killed him. But first I needed to take care of my cravings. I

would never resolve this issue if all I could focus on was having sex. And already a hunger had set in for meat. I needed to hunt.

Kyle had always picked me up, and we drove out to this place outside the city where there was plenty of trees and animals to hunt down. After our feast, or rather before and after, we laid in the grass in the midst of nature and got it on. We would hunt and have sex all night, then sleep all day. That went on until the moon had mercy and we could go back to our half way normal lives, pretending that it wouldn't happen next month. Yet it did.

I wasn't through my full year when Kyle had said I would be ready to go it alone so to speak, when I could take a human lover and hunt during the three nights while enjoying that lover during the day if I wanted. So as I caught a cab out to where I thought our hunting grounds were, I was scared of what would happen to me without an experienced teacher. My life was already screwed up; I didn't need any more issues.

Chapter Four

I lay on the ground thrashing about, fighting the need that threatened to consume me. My nails had torn my clothes to shreds. My jeans had slashes here and there, baring my thighs in places. My top was almost a belly shirt, showing the bottom swell of my breasts. My cootchie burned I wanted a man so bad.

When the dim light from the moon above was blocked out, I opened my teary eyes to find the man who had attacked me at Wicky-Mart standing over me. Ready to roll away, I stopped when he put his hand out.

“I’m not going to hurt you.” He began. “Well, unless you want me to.”

I gave him a dirty look, still ready to spring away if need be. “What the hell are you doing here? Back to try again?”

He crouched and placed a hand between my legs. When he began to stroke me, I whimpered, lifting my hips for more. “I’m here because I need the same thing you do. I propose that we enjoy it for the next three days as usual, and after that we can fight again.”

“How do I know you won’t kill me when I’m exhausted after we’ve had sex or when I’m asleep?”

The smirk on his face made me want to slap him. “You have my word I won’t.”

I wanted to jump him right there, but I had to be sure some jealous ass female wolf wasn’t going to show up to cut me down. “What about your lover. You’re not new, and you can’t convince me you’ve been getting through these nights without sex.”

He frowned. “Don’t be silly. Of course I had a lover. In the beginning, I had a female werewolf. Unfortunately, she moved on, maybe out of the country.” I thought he looked sad about that. Maybe he had loved her. “Later, after my first year, I had a series of human lovers.”

“A series?” Damn, how many did he need?

“Humans never last long. Our libido is too much over time. The werewolves I know who prefer human women always keep several of them, to spread the love around. So, you’re in luck, beautiful wolf. I am between women.”

I rolled my eyes. “It’s more like *you’re* in luck. I bet you haven’t had it as good since you last had a werewolf.” The excitement in his eyes told me I spoke the truth. Only a woman as sexually charged as he was could match his fire. With my body ready to combust, it was a fair bet he wasn’t bluffing.

“So do we have a deal?”

I rotated my hips, encouraging him to move his hand on my pussy. The peeks at my skin teased him through the holes in my jeans. “What’s your name, lover?”

He gave my pussy a squeeze before standing up. “Lucas.” He opened his pants and boldly pulled out his cock. The thing was long, thick and erect. I bit my lip staring at it. “Well? You want some, honey?”

“Hell yeah.”

He stepped closer to me where I still sat on the ground. Positioning his dick over me, I opened my mouth to take a lick. His guttural growl rolled in his throat as soon as I took him into my mouth. I ran my mouth down over his length to kiss and suck at his balls. He curled fingers in the front of my shirt and tore it off. I pushed into his hand. His fingers pinched my nipples so hard it hurt, but I didn’t want him to stop.

I lay back “Come down here.”

“Bossy, huh?” He dropped to a knee. “I forgot to mention that I love dominating my woman.”

“So that’s why they all ran off.”

He yanked my head back and in one swift move, bit into my neck. I screamed and came at the same time. Lucas shoved my legs apart and plunged deep and hard into me. “Take it all!” he demanded.

I screamed again, tears welling in my eyes. It was good I didn’t want it to stop. Lucas pounded deep and fast. He pulled back, flipped me and then entered me from behind. Our bodies molded together with both his hands stroking my breasts. I turned my head to capture his mouth. Our tongues twirled together as we kissed and licked at each other like we were starving.

Kissing a path down his face to his neck while he stroked in and out of me, I pushed back into him, wanting it never to stop. I found that sweet spot at the base of his neck and bit into him. His blood was wild and rich. We weren’t like the vampires, drinking blood to survive, but there was still something in the flavor that drove a wolf insane with pleasure. It heightened the experience so much so I could come over and over for a good fifteen minutes without end.

My climax had me bucking and writhing in his hold. It felt like he was ready to crush my ribs, but I didn’t care. I licked the blood from his wound, whimpering like a puppy.

“You’re so different,” he whispered.

We moved to lean by a tree with me on his lap. I raised my hips and came down on his dick. Reaching between my legs, I stroked his balls. He howled into the night. “H-How?” I gasped. “How am I different?”

He pinched my nipples, rubbing the tips until my body pulsed with the pleasure. “You’re strong and sexy. So beautiful, I could eat you alive. Chelle.”

I moaned at my name on his lips. He was so unlike Kyle too. Always, no matter how many times I opened my legs to Kyle, I felt like he was only taking what I physically gave him. There was never an emotional connection. He would never give me his heart.

It’s just the sex, I told myself. Lucas was a man like any other, with equipment a girl could meet all her desires with. I needed to remember he planned to kill me after this was over. Surely, he didn’t feel what I was feeling. And yet, what kind of person would say yes when given orders to kill an innocent person, or think it matter-of-fact that another was told to go and kill a child?

Yeah, I so needed to wait until after the three nights were up before I started thinking I had something more than lust with Lucas. I might end up dead in the woods with my body torn apart like I had done to that wolf that dared touch my son.

Lucas and I climaxed together on the next go round. He kissed my ear, teasing and tickling me. “Once more before we hunt.”

“Mm, okay, once more.”

Chapter Five

“He’s not my boyfriend, Ree,” I snapped when she was explaining about my situation to Stacey and her man. Damn, for a cat, he was hot. Not that I needed to jump him. My time with Lucas had been more than satisfying, and we had been together like every other night even after the full moon. He might have decided he wanted to see where a relationship with me might go, but keeping the other wolves at bay wasn’t easy. At my house, he had run off two in the last week.

If Stacey couldn’t direct me to where to find Kyle and to resolve whatever had made the wolf society decide to kill us, I saw a life on the run. And that was no way to raise a human teenager. I had just gotten my life resettled and I’d be damned if I let someone screw it up to protect theirs.

Ree laughed. “Sorry, Miss Thing. She done kicked Kyle to the curb and found a new man that quick.”

I grumbled. “You don’t understand. I had no choice. I thought I was going to have to kill somebody if I didn’t get my needs met.”

Stacey looked disgusted at me. She sat back in her chair, with her nostrils flared. I could have reached across the table and smacked the shit out of her, but her man was there with her. He may be a cat, but he was fast as hell, and he was an empath too. He could almost pick up what I was feeling before I felt it.

At first, I thought Ree could take him no problem. There wasn’t anyone as fast as that girl. I’d seen it in evidence too many times. And she was the strongest person I’d ever met. But when Adan came in and we were about to face off, I was shocked to find him almost a shadow when he revved up. Stacey had had to play referee with us wild things. It was a relief that Lucas wasn’t there.

Adan spoke up. “Ree, werewolves live on instinct and all their emotions are heightened, especially their need to mate and feed. You understand the feed part, I’m sure. Chelle can no more not indulge the moon’s sway over her than stop breathing indefinitely. It’s in her makeup.”

“Hey I don’t blame my girl.” Ree held up her hands. “I was just stating a fact. Trust, if I didn’t get me a piece of Andreas right regular, I would find me some dick wherever I could get it.”

I burst out laughing. Stacey wasn’t nearly as street as Ree and I could be. It was funny watching the changing emotions on her face when we were too open about our needs. I considered taunting her by playing with her man, but thought better of it. His scent bothered my nose, and I kept getting this weird vibe off him like he was more than he appeared to be. More than just a panther shifter and empath. His personality flitted between gentle and kind to aggressive, especially when he was protecting Stacey. The

sweet face I was looking at now could not have been the same man who shoved Ree on the ground the night before. Oh well, I had my own issues. I let it go.

Stacey finally leaned forward. "Let's just get this over with. I'm not here to judge you. If you'll put your hands in mine, Chelle, we'll get started."

I put my hands in hers and felt...not a thing. I don't know, but I expected to feel my head invaded or for her eyes to roll back in her head. We just sat there like two women holding hands. It was weird. Then she began to speak.

"I see trees. Lots of them, like a forest. And a big house. A nice one people with money buy."

The mention of the house made me remember that Kyle had money, and since he did, he probably owned a nice big house somewhere outside the city. All this time Kyle and I had been lovers, I'd never been to his house, never knew where it was. Since I only saw him on my three important nights, I had not thought of anything beyond getting busy with him. Now, thinking of him not telling me just pissed me off. I was nothing more to him than a piece of ass.

I grew impatient with the scene description. "Whatever, get to where that son of a bitch is so I can find him and ring his neck!" I screamed.

"Too late," Stacey said quietly.

I fell silent. Maybe I misunderstood the meaning of her words. I didn't love him, but I did care. He couldn't be dead. "Where is the house?"

She gave me the address. Ree hopped on her laptop which she had lugged over to my house and tracked down the exact route to get there. "Got it, sweetie. Want me to come with you?"

I shook my head. "No, this is something I need to do alone. Keep it in the family, so to speak."

Ree wasn't buying. "What about the other wolves? What if they're hiding out there waiting for you to come? You can't fight them all off by yourself."

"I—" Before I could comment the bell rang. I went to answer, peeking through the hole to make sure it wasn't someone ready to pounce and sniffing the air to pick up the scent. It was Lucas. My heart beat kicked up a notch.

I flung open the door and he stepped inside, slammed the door and pressed me against the wall. In seconds we were kissing and he had his hand between my legs, stroking me into an orgasm. Neither of us paid any attention to the cleared throats before I reached my peak and screamed out my pleasure.

Lucas drew back, fumbling with his zipper. "Now me."

"Hey!" Stacey shouted. "We don't need the show!"

Lucas and I blinked and turned to face them, me embarrassed and Lucas shrugging. "Damn, I didn't realize you had company. I'm slipping. I should have smelled them." He pointed to Ree. "Except her. She smells like death."

Ree smirked. "You know what you can kiss, baby."

I watched my new lover examine those present, wondering what his reaction would be to Adan. I could tell as soon as he identified the feline scent. Aggression tightened his handsome features. He strolled right up to Stacey's man and they stood nose to nose, threatening each other. Adan was determined not to back down, but a cat is a cat. He was backed into a corner and he would come out scratching.

"Chelle!" Stacey cried out. "Get him."

I took my time for her sticking her nose in the air. But before I got over to them, the calm but alert expression on Adan's face changed, just like I had seen it before. The next instant, I had to throw myself aside because Lucas went hurtling backwards across the room to land against the hallway wall.

He sprung to his feet to charge. "Stop, Lucas!" I screamed.

He didn't listen. The fight was on. I knew Adan could move a lot faster, but it seemed to please him to lock muscles with Lucas. Their hard bodies crashed about the small room, smashing my coffee table and knocking over a lamp as they pummeled each other. Ree stood there staring looking too entertained her damn self. Stacey looked like she was ready to shoot Lucas.

"Ree! Would you help me stop them?" I screamed over the noise of my cheap furniture breaking. She didn't immediately move.

Stacey unclipped her gun but didn't take it out. "Adar, stop it!" she yelled. I frowned. *What the hell? Adar?* I thought his name was Adan. She kicked at his foot when it rolled by. "Adar, let him up!"

Finally, Adan-Adar, whatever the hell his name was, got Lucas on his back and stared down into his eyes with amusement. "Tell me why you are so filled with guilt, my friend?"

Lucas immediately stopped struggling and looked at me. My heart sunk to my shoes, and I dropped into the only chair that wasn't overturned. Something told me Lucas had much to explain.

Chapter Six

Lucas waited until we were speeding along the highway, headed to Kyle's house before he broached the subject of his guilt. His Pebble Beach Lexus was sweet, indicating he had at least a little bit more change in his pocket than I did.

"I'm going to pay for all the damage I caused in your house. I'm sorry, Chelle. I don't know what came over me." He cast me a repentant look before focusing on the road. "No, I do know. The wolf. I've run into his kind before and I've always controlled myself."

I folded my arms over my chest and stared out the window. "Maybe it had to do with the fact that he is an empath. You knew as soon as you smelled him what he was and that he would pick up on your feelings." I didn't want to ask, to think that he had something to do with Kyle's death, but I should know if my lover was a murderer. I should know a heck of a lot more than I knew about the last one, that was for sure. "Want to tell me what this is all about?"

He gave a strained smile that disappeared as quickly as it came out. "Not really."

"Well you better tell me something. I made the mistake the first time of just getting a man that would hit the spot without me killing him because I was too rough." I hesitated. "I don't think I'm reading into anything when I say that you and I are a little more than lovers. Or we could be. I never had sex with Kyle apart from the three nights of the full moon. I could fall in—"

"I know." His hands tightened on the steering wheel, but he said nothing else.

"Fuck you, Lucas. I don't need this." I turned to stare out the window, hoping I wouldn't make a fool of myself and cry in front of him. This is what I got for letting a dumb ass man into my life!

With a heavy foot on the breaks, he pulled to the side of the road. I gave him a dirty look at having my head jerked around. He unbuckled himself and then leaned across to unbuckle me. Before I knew where he was going with all this, he lifted me across to sit on his lap and bundled me against his hard chest.

He stroked my inner thigh while we kissed, and teased the elastic in my panties. After a few hungry kisses, he rested his forehead on mine. "Chelle. You can't begin to imagine how I want to be with you. These last couple of weeks have been explosive. And you're right; we do have something more than just sex. But—"

"But?"

He sighed. "How can I tell you everything about my past? How can I look you in the eye to admit what I've done?"

Tears welled in my eyes. “Just tell me the truth, Lucas. Did you kill Kyle?”

“Did you love him?”

I stared at him. His ass had the nerve to be jealous. “None of your business what I felt. Your business is to tell me what’s going on, and what connection you have with Kyle. Because I know you know something about what happened to him.”

“I didn’t kill him, Chelle. I swear I didn’t.”

“Why don’t I believe you?” I tried moving from his lap, but he held on by keeping me in place with his hand pressed against my pussy. I considered slapping him for exciting me at a time like this. “Tell me, damn it!”

His eyes sparkled. “Take off your panties and let me get a good look and I’ll tell you everything.”

“You pervert!”

He laughed. “How am I a pervert when I’m your lover?”

“Maybe you won’t be for long. Depends on what you did.”

That sobered him, and I hadn’t meant to do it. I had begun to enjoy our verbal sparring. I liked him, maybe was falling in love. He was dominant and wild like a wolf should be, but he was also funny, and I enjoyed the time with him. We had watched movies together in between our sexual games. That hadn’t been the norm with a man for a long time.

His hold loosened, and I moved back over to my seat before he started the car and pulled out into traffic.

“I knew the order was passed down to kill him, but I didn’t know that it had been done. I knew who was assigned to do it, but nothing more.”

“Yet you neglected to tell me that.”

“I wanted to protect you.”

I rounded on him. “Like hell you did. You wanted to fuck me. That’s the only reason you didn’t kill me right away. You had that itch and you had to get it out of your system. Is it out now? Are we going to Kyle’s house so you can just do it there and get rid of the bodies at the same time?”

He pounded his fist on the steering wheel making me jump. His foot slammed on the gas and the speedometer shot up to eighty-five. “You don’t know shit, Chelle!” he growled. “What, you think your former lover cared about you, that he was faithful?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means he fucked up regularly.”

“That’s a lie!” I screamed. “Kyle wasn’t the easiest man to get close to but he was a good person. I don’t know you. From what I’ve seen you’re the one who’s the fuck up. You didn’t kill me when you had the chance, when you were ordered to.”

He shook his head. “You’re right. All I want is to put you up on this dash and eat your pussy until I don’t have the strength to put my tongue out. And you’d welcome every lap. The second I made contact with that clit of yours, you were mine.”

“Go to hell.” I panted, seriously turned on with his words. “That doesn’t mean anything. Any man alive could make me come. My drive is that high now that I’m a wolf.”

“Hm, we could test it if I didn’t know I would rip the head off any man who dared put his hands on you.” His glance over my body seemed to strip me naked. I squirmed, feeling my juices soak my underwear.

“Whatever, Lucas.” I couldn’t think of a snappier comeback. “It’s all about the sex anyway. Maybe werewolves don’t fall in love. I can’t blame Kyle if he had other women in addition to me. He was clear that he was nothing more than an instructor. It was all just physical pleasure.”

“But you wanted more.” His words were an affirmation, not a question. I didn’t answer. “You still want more.”

“Don’t presume you know me because you don’t. Just tell me what I want to know and you can go your way while I go mine.”

His lips tightened. I would love to say I saw hurt in his eyes because deep down he cared, but the truth was, I didn’t see anything there. He had closed himself off, not giving any indications of his irritation except his mouth and the grip he had on the steering wheel.

“Kyle had more than a few women. He had a lot. And he liked to go into the city to get them. Why do you think he was so far from home? His house is an hour and a half from yours. Even if he was caught at sundown at the waxing moon, he wouldn’t have wandered so far looking for prey.”

I closed my eyes and swallowed hard. “So you’re saying...”

“I’m saying you’re not the first back alley accident.”

Chapter Seven

We pulled up to Kyle's house with me feeling weepy and also ready to bite something. I slipped out of the car and slammed the door too hard. To his credit, Lucas didn't open his mouth. I marched up to the bell to ring it, but Lucas grabbed my hand.

"Hold on. Let me sniff around first." He glanced over the dark front yard and the sides of the house. "In fact, until I check the place out, I'd feel better if you got back in the car."

I looked him up and down then turned to grab the doorknob. "Well it's a good thing I don't give a flying fuck what you want."

"Come on, Chelle," he grumbled. "You're going to be like this the rest of the night?"

"What did you expect?"

"Baby, I—"

"Don't." I placed a finger to his lips and then snatched it away like I'd been burned. Touching him was dangerous. Better to keep my hands to myself. "Just let it go. I'm going in whether you like it or not. I'm mad about what you said, and if it turns out to be true, I'll deal with it. Right now, I just want you to leave me alone and stop treating me like a weak little human. Is that clear?"

"Crystal."

"Good."

We found the door unlocked and walked inside. The house was a mess. It looked to be in the same condition my living room had been in. Obviously, there had been a fight, only Kyle's expensive furniture still looked better broken than mine did before Adan and Lucas went at it.

"Which room did Stacey say it looked like he was in?" Lucas asked.

"She didn't say."

I moved to take the stairs to the second floor when a blur out of the corner of my eye caught my attention. Before I could turn to look, what felt like a locomotive hurdled into me and knocked me across the shellacked floor. Me and whoever it was slid for a long ways until I cracked my head against the door jamb into the kitchen. My vision blurred, I shoved blindly at the person. Feminine growls pierced my ear drums from so close up, and she bit down into my arm.

I screamed, pounding on her to make her let go. She didn't budge. Lucas cried out my name and ran to haul her off me. Imagine my shock when this chick turned out to be in

human form. All that animosity made me think she was a wolf, but then I saw it in her eyes. She was young. No new wolf could ignore the moon and change whenever they liked. Of course the bad attitude could come out any day of the week.

“What is your problem?” I yelled while holding my bleeding arm.

She struggled against Lucas’s iron hold which was pointless, although I saw that his arm muscles were bulging to keep a grip on her. She was out of her mind and seriously pissed off. I searched her eyes to see if she was diseased, but her eyes looked clear.

“You killed Kyle and now you’re back for me, huh?” She spat at me but I moved out of range. “I’m not going down without a fight.”

I jumped to my feet. “Well bitch you’ve got a fight biting me like that.”

“Chelle!” Lucas expected me to back down, but I wanted to drag my fingernails across this woman’s pretty face. She was sexy, with big boobs and a curvy body. She must be mixed with her long hair and the exotic looking eyes. To top it all off, she was black. It hurt to think that what Lucas had admitted in the car might be true. Kyle liked to slum it in the city. He apparently had a taste for black girls, though he hadn’t let on when I met him. *Asshole!*

I knew what she was going to say, but I asked her anyway. “What were you to him?”

“Lover.” She pouted like a child. I thought she was going to cry. “I loved him, but he didn’t hunt with me because I am over a year old. He only came by to sleep in my bed during regular nights.”

My nails cut into my palms. “No, he spent his hunting nights with me because I’m not yet a year old.”

“Liar! Bitch!” she screamed.

“What do you think?” I countered. “That he spent his hunting nights alone. You know just like I do we have to mate during the full moon. Whose dick were you riding during that time?”

She didn’t answer. Yeah, so much for loving him. This whole thing pissed me off too. I mean Kyle and I hadn’t used protection because a werewolf had great immunity overall. On top of that, I had had my tubes tied years back, so I couldn’t get pregnant. But it was still disgusting knowing there was all kinds of cheating going on here. I was way out of my league. I had wanted a man to myself, and even though I felt the craving for sex when it wasn’t a full moon, I had called myself being faithful to that loser.

Lucas interjected. “Ladies, you’re angry at each other, but the one you should be mad at is Kyle. He used you both.”

He was telling the truth. If Kyle's body was next to me now, I would kick it. In truth, the man hadn't made any commitments, nor had he spouted words of love. But a woman didn't expect her lover to be spreading it around so heavy either. He had said all that crap about being responsible for the mistake he made turning me, when all the time, he liked it that way. Women like me were probably his weakness, something he avoided for a while and then had to have another and another. *Jerk!*

I couldn't help it. I started to cry. I turned on my heel and marched out of the room. I heard a thump and a loud protest from the woman behind me. Lucas must have dropped her on the floor. I couldn't say I wasn't glad.

He caught up with me, took my arm and swung me around to mold my body to his. I laid my head on his shoulder and sniffed until the tears stopped. He stroked my back. "Don't worry, Chelle. Everything will work out. I know he hurt you, but it's better that you know the truth now, rather than later."

I pulled back. "Yeah, I guess you're right. I don't think I could have actually loved him, but there's no telling. Still, I feel betrayed. I thought I was a decent judge of character, and that makes me insecure about..."

"About me?"

"I don't want to feel insecure." Admitting that it was about him wasn't going to happen. As unsure as I was, I couldn't bring myself to walk away from him. I wanted to know more. And I wanted to find out who was after me. "Lucas, I need to know who ordered the hit on me, and how to get it called off."

He hesitated to say anything, which told me there were more secrets. I sighed and would have pulled away, but he held on. "Okay, honey. I'll tell you everything."

Chapter Eight

If possible, Lucas and I pressed ourselves even closer together. We were completely focused on each other. I stared up into his warm eyes and he stared into mine. This shouldn't be, but I was falling fast and hard. Somewhere, outside my focus on my lover, I heard a door slam and assumed the woman had left. I didn't care.

Lucas kissed me. "Chelle..."

"Tell me, please," I whispered against his mouth.

"I was born a werewolf. Both my parents were also. Because we are from a long line of wolves, it puts us into position of authority among our kind."

My eyes widened. "So you're like a werewolf prince or what?"

He smiled. "Something like that. But my family is not the only one that are direct descendents of the first lycans. There are a few others. The heads of each are who make the rules, enforce them. The offspring often carry out the commands to kill."

I began to shake. "So they didn't just send anybody to kill us. They sent the purest, the strongest? So why couldn't you defeat me? And if they sent others like you, why was I able to kill that wolf in my home?"

"Ever hear of not crossing a mother when it comes to her cub?"

I rolled my eyes.

"The wolf you killed was a younger son, twice removed from an original family. There is a stiff penalty for killing him. I haven't reported him dead yet."

I bit down on a scream.

"Don't worry. I don't know how, but I will protect you. Chelle, I meant it when I said I feel the same thing that you do. I know it's hard to believe with what you've learned today, but in this short period of time, I feel like I could love you. I felt something as soon as I laid eyes on you. I couldn't give my all to killing you."

Not sure I really wanted to know the answer, I asked anyway. "Have you been ordered to kill anyone else, and did you?"

His answer was simple, and surprisingly held no regret. "Yes. The fact is that I was raised to believe we must protect our kind at all costs. Wolves who do not care about our family, who are careless and deliberate in disobeying the rules do not deserve to be werewolves."

I ripped myself from his arms. “You are serious about that shit. I can’t believe you. What happens the day I screw up, or my son? Or someone in your family, Lucas? What then? Will you kill us without remorse?”

“Of course not.”

“Then what?” I put my hands on my hips, demanding he look me in the eye.

He reached out to snatch me back into his arms. He tangled his fingers in my hair and tugged gently so that my head went back. He stared down at my parted lips. “I would kill to protect you. No one will take you from me.”

Damn. When a sexy man tells you he will kill for you, you don’t take that lightly. If you’re anything like me, you’ll almost cream your panties thinking, what can I do to please him in the best possible way.

I let him kiss me. My eyes drifted closed, willing this moment to last forever and we would never have to go back to danger. Despite how hard I tried to block out the bad thoughts, I kept thinking if Lucas was truly a good man, something would screw it all up and I would be alone again. I was not a woman who spent time in self-pity, but damn I was on a serious downhill roll.

“What do we do now?”

He gave me a few more kisses before answering. “We meet with my father. I have no doubts that I can get him to convince the others to agree to leave you and your family alone. It may mean us both serving in some official capacity for the werewolf society.”

My eyes bugged. “Official capacity.”

He shrugged. “Bounty hunters.”

“Killers?” That I wouldn’t do.

“No, not you. I wouldn’t allow that, but I have already been working in that way. Sometimes we are sent to retrieve a wolf who has gone astray. You could do that. You would be trained. And the money is good.”

That made my ears perk up because for real, I was still in the red finance-wise. “I-I guess so. If you’re sure...”

“I am. Trust me; I will take care of it. But first...” He turned me toward the living room. I knew what he had in mind, but wasn’t it gross to have sex with a dead body somewhere in the house?

“He’s dead here somewhere.” I cringed.

“Actually, I’m sure he’s been picked up. We cover our tracks pretty well,” he explained. “I’ll bet that woman who was here came back thinking they would return for her. It’s more likely the hit on her was planned for somewhere else.”

“I find it strange that she was allowed to know where Kyle lived and not me.” Here I go again, feeling sorry for myself.

Lucas lifted me and placed me flat on my back on the couch. He positioned himself above me and slid my panties down. I knew it was a good idea to wear a skirt today. “Did you love him, Chelle?” I wondered if I heard hurt in his voice. Probably not.

“No.”

“Do you love me?” His eyes were so dark I couldn’t make out the emotion lurking there.

I flashed a flirty smile. “Maybe.”

With no warning, he plunged into my already wet pussy. I cried out at the pain and pleasure. The man was huge. He stretched my cootchie walls until I thought they couldn’t take anymore. Not for a second did he pause for me to adjust. He went about banging deep and fast in me. I kicked off my shoes and placed my heels on his shoulders.

“Damn it, that hurts,” I screamed. “Don’t stop!”

He tore open the front of my blouse and pinched my nipples. My eyes watered. I lifted my hips higher so I could feel his thrust slightly against my ass. I couldn’t get enough. My orgasm crashed down on me, making me whimper and plead with him. For what, I don’t know.

Drawing back, he roughly flipped me over and then rammed me again. He smacked at my ass until I cried out. “Come for me, Chelle. Now!”

His dominance made me writhe for more. I reared back into his dick and grasped his muscled thighs, reveling in the curly hairs that tickled my palms. After a few more slaps that had my ass cheeks tingling, I came hard and loud. Lucas shoved all the way to the hilt and flattened me against the couch. He tugged my hair to make me turn my head. His lips met mine, and as he came, he growled. “I love you, Chelle. Stay with me.”

‘I love you, Lucas. I will.’

The End