

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

HOMECOMING

SELENA ILLYRIA

# **Dawg Town: Homecoming**

## **Selena Illyria**

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2009 Selena Illyria

**WARNING:** The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this or any copyrighted work is illegal. File sharing is an International crime, prosecuted by the United States Department of Justice and the United States Border Patrol, Division of Cyber Crimes, in partnership with Interpol. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is punishable by seizure of computers, up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000 per reported instance.

**ISBN: 978-1-60521-226-5**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF,**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1046**

**Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

**Editor: Vicki S. Burklund**

**Cover Artist: Reneé George**

This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

## **Dawg Town: Homecoming**

### **Selena Illyria**

Cat shifter Alina Bloome has been gone from Barkus for five years. Now she's back and her childhood crush has declared her his. Still hurting from his rejection before she left, she's decided he's going to have to work very hard to get her. Handcuffs wouldn't hurt either.

Werewolf and honorary member of the Prairie Dawgs Taylor MacKeller has been biding his time, waiting for Alina to come of age and come home. Now that she's back in town, she's his for the taking and he's got the handcuffs to help in his task.

## Dawg Town: Homecoming

Alina smiled. Home. She was finally back where she belonged. Her hands relaxed on the wheel as her gaze roamed over the town where she grew up. Very little had changed. The old buildings were still weather-worn with their hand painted signs swinging back and forth gently in the breeze. There were a few newer shops including a health food store, a boutique and some little cafes.

Her car came to stop at the town's traffic light. As she waited, she glanced in the rearview mirror and shuddered. Her clear mocha skin was shiny from the heat in the car and her makeup was completely worn away. She prayed that she wouldn't run into Taylor MacKeller, her childhood crush. Last she'd heard he was the deputy sheriff and single. There'd been a lot of hubbub about him not being a prairie dog shifter. The mayor had tried to calm things down and failed. It had taken Rex, leader of the Prairie Dawgs, the biker gang that ran the town, to step in and say the decision was final.

That's why the town's shifters were so diverse, because Rex had said it could be so. Her family members were cat shifters and Taylor was a werewolf. There was also her best friend Kitty who was a Scottish terrier shifter. She shuddered at the thought of Peppie, the town's skunk shifter. The phantom odor of *eau de skunk* rose up in the car, and she quickly rolled down the windows. Relief washed over her as a cool breeze wafted gently into the car. She stepped on the gas when the light turned green and made her way toward the outskirts of town where her family home stood.

Her parents had long since moved away and the house was hers now. She was careful not to miss her turn. Otherwise she'd end up at the big tree marking the end of the town's boundaries. Alina spotted the small metal mailbox at the end of the driveway and smiled when she saw Kitty on the porch talking on her cell phone. Through the open window she could hear the conversation.

"Yeah, I'm a bitch and I turn into one once a month. Just get your stuff and leave. I don't want to deal with this bullshit anymore. I refuse to be treated like your dirty little secret. This sneaking around may have been thrilling when I was fifteen, but last I checked I'm twenty-eight and this shit has gotten old. Call me when you want to be with me out in the open, got it? Good."

Alina popped the trunk and got out of the car just as Kitty came rushing off the porch.

"Hey, Lina, welcome home!" Her friend enveloped her in a big bear hug and then stepped back. Kitty's dark brown gaze looked her over from head to toe. "Still haven't grown some."

"Shut up, not everyone can be all tall and curvaceous like you." Alina laughed and made her way to the back of the car.

"Yes, well, it's a gift really, that and my flawless milk chocolate complexion and fabulous hair." Kitty laughed and joined her at the trunk. "Damn girl, you have a lot of luggage. You didn't say, are you moving back or not?"

"I'm coming home. I decided on the plane. I'm tired of moving around and crashing on a friend's couch. That was good for college and vacations, but it wasn't good for me. Now I'm older and I need a solid base, you know?"

"So this has nothing to do with Taylor?"

Heat rushed to Alina's face at the mention of her childhood crush. Her heartbeat picked up as an image of his face rose before her eyes. She could see his features clearly; his shoulder length, messy, ink black hair that just begged for fingers to be run through it, the square jaw that always had a five o'clock shadow even at eight in the morning, his long, straight nose and hooded, storm gray eyes that were framed by sooty black lashes.

Just the image made her body clench in need. Her pussy tingled with awareness. She bit her lip to keep from sighing or groaning. After all these years she still wanted him. She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath, trying to pull herself together.

"You do know you'll see him, right? As soon as your car was spotted, you knew this was going to happen. The word is out that you're back. It's a small town. Everyone's a busybody. I'll give you some warning, though, that cat shifter that moved in a year ago, the one that I told you about, has her eyes on him."

"I'm not going to fight for him. I refuse to do that. If he wants to be with her, so be it. I told him how I felt before I left. He just wished me a safe trip and walked away. I don't want to go through that again. I refuse to make a fool of myself over some guy who doesn't want me."

"Are you trying to tell me something?" Kitty asked.

Alina's eyes opened and she looked at her friend. Sadness rose up to quash the simmering arousal. "No, hon, he wants you, he's just too stupid to see that. If he refuses to defy his parents to be with you, what good is he?"

"You're right. I just wish I could make myself fall in love with someone else. Enough moping about guys. Let's get your luggage into the house." Kitty grabbed a few bags and headed back for the porch.

"I just wish I could make myself forget about him," Alina said softly before grabbing some of her luggage and heading for the house. She laughed when she saw Kitty standing on the porch looking helpless.

"The key would be nice, wouldn't it?" Alina called out before joining Kitty at the front door.

"Shut up."

Alina smiled. It was nice to be home.

\* \* \*

Taylor took another pull of his beer before sliding off of the stool.

"You going?" Bucky asked.

"Yeah, I've given her enough time to settle in." Taylor laid down some bills for the drinks. "Thanks, dawg. Tell the boys not to bother me for the rest of the night. I got some business I need to attend to."

Bucky gave him a cheeky grin, exposing his long buck teeth in the process. "Have fun. If you see ol' Pep out there, tell him to get lost, will you? He's keeping away customers with his moping."

Taylor smiled, "With pleasure. Bastard skunked me last week. I think I got it all."

"Don't hurt him too much. He's more a pest than an annoyance."

Taylor gave Bucky a Gaelic shrug. "Can't promise it. He annoys the shit out of me."

He ran a hand through his messy black hair and walked toward the entrance of the bar. Each stride made his heart beat just a little faster. Anticipation sang through his veins. His cock hardened and lengthened in his jeans, pressing against the cold metal of the zipper. He'd been waiting for this day for years and now Alina was finally home.

As he pushed open the front door he winced at the scent of *eau de skunk* floating in the air. Peppie had done it again.

"Better wash down the parking lot. Peppie's sprayed all over the place," Taylor called over his shoulder.

"Son of a bitch."

He heard things crash to the wooden floor boards, lots of swearing and a few thuds. With a sigh, Taylor made his way to his bike parked a few feet away. He had just climbed on when he saw Ophir "Bad Dawg" Winslow pull up on his bike. With a nod to his boss's son, he started his bike and drove off, not stopping to talk. He refused to get involved in the father-son feud.

As he drove to the outskirts of town, his thoughts traveled to Alina. He still remembered moving into town at seventeen. He had been a whirlwind of anger and rage back then, still was in some ways. Then he'd met a petite cat shifter with large brown eyes and a mass of curly brown hair. She had the biggest smile he'd ever seen and the sweetest disposition he had ever known.

Alina had introduced herself immediately. He knew he was in trouble when his wolf took notice of the fifteen-year-old. She had been friendly, eager to introduce him to all her friends and always helpful. Despite his issues at home he'd always felt safe and



grounded with her. He refused to acknowledge his attraction to her. It didn't help when she turned eighteen. On the eve of leaving for college when she told him that she was in love with him, he hadn't known what to say. He'd felt she was too young, and he was too rough around the edges for someone like her. Instead of pouring out what he was feeling for her, he'd wished her safe travels and left.

The Dawgs had called him all shades of idiot they could think of. All those names and more he had called himself over the years. He was tired of running from his feelings, and he didn't care if she had someone else. She belonged to him, and he'd be damned if he let her leave town again. He'd do everything in his power to get her to stay, even using his handcuffs to keep her in bed while he showed her all the ways they would be good together.

His cock twitched at the thought of her naked, arms stretched over her head, mocha skin slick with sweat as he took her to yet another level of pleasure.

He pulled up to the house in time to see Kitty climb on her own bike and start the engine. Taylor stopped beside her. "She in there?"

Kitty rolled her eyes. "No, I'm just here for my health. Yes, she's in there. Play nice or I'll break my foot off in your ass. You hear me?"

He smiled. "Oh, I intend to play very nice. The person you should be ripping into is Robbie."

"He had his chance. Now I'm done. Tell him that when you see him." Kitty put on her helmet and began to slowly back up.

"I'm not a messenger boy," he called out.

She flipped him off in response before making a U-turn in the driveway and riding down the wide asphalt path. He heard the squeak of the screen door opening and looked toward the porch.

"You going to sit there all night or come say hello?"

He grinned at her sass. He had missed that so much. "I'll say hello when I'm damn good and ready. Why don't you come down here and greet me?"

"That would mean punching you and I'm a lady. I don't do shit like that."

His eyebrow rose.

"Move your ass. Dinner is getting cold." She turned and walked back into the house.

His body hummed with need as her words played on a loop in his head. Taylor knew he had his work cut out for him. He just hadn't counted on her being so pissed with him. He turned off the bike and strode into the house. Once inside memories assaulted him: from the moments where he had tutored her in math, to her birthday parties, to the last time he had spoken to her before she had left town. His hands clenched as determination shuddered through him. *Mine*, the wolf inside of him growled. He couldn't agree more.

"You can sit down. You wolves know how to do that, right?" she called from the kitchen.

He chuckled and headed to the dining room where he sat at the table and looked down at his plate. Barbequed steak, smothered in BBQ sauce, and mashed potatoes were piled high on his plate. His stomach rumbled. He hadn't realized just how hungry he was. Before hitting the bar he'd grabbed a really late lunch. The sheriff was working everyone hard over the drug smuggling case and trying to play keep away from the reporter who had come to town snooping around.

Alina's home coming couldn't have come at a better time. He'd needed a distraction badly. Footsteps coming toward the table heralded her joining him. Taylor looked up and his breath caught in his throat. She really had grown up. His gaze traveled over her body, taking her in from head to toe.

She wore figure-hugging sweats that showed off her wide hips and high pert breasts. His cock twitched and he groaned silently. Her hair hung loosely in waves over her shoulders and her face was free of makeup, showing off her natural beauty. He wanted to take her face in his hands and kiss her plush, full lips, suck her tongue into his mouth and taste her.

"What are you staring at?" She placed a hand on her hip and tilted her head to the side.

"You look gorgeous," he blurted out and then groaned. He was losing control, fast.

She rolled her eyes and walked over to the table. "Whatever, let's eat."

"Don't dismiss my compliment. I mean it."

She sat down and didn't look at him.

"Ali..."

She cut him off. "Don't, okay? Just don't. It still hurts."

The softness of her voice made his heart hurt. He could hear the pain laced in her words and knew he had a lot to make up for. "I'm going to compliment you regardless of what you say."

She looked up at him, anger flashing in her eyes. "Why? It doesn't matter. You don't mean it."

"Ali..." he growled softly in warning.

"Ali what? You're trying to make me feel better after you rejected me. I don't need that."

"I'm not trying to do anything except state the truth," he said quietly. Her face was a mask of confusion, pain, hurt and just a hint of happiness.

"You're lying."

"Why?" He willed her to look up at him. Taylor wanted to see her eyes. She looked up at him, much to his satisfaction.

"You're trying to make things better after I confessed that I was in love with you and you just left me standing there. Now you want to be friends again? I can't do that. It hurts. I still have feelings for you."

Her gaze dared him to say something, do what he did the last time and leave. His lips curled into a wolfish smile as satisfaction purred through him. That's all he wanted to hear. "I never wanted to be friends with you," he started quietly.

Her face scrunched up in confusion. Her mouth opened and closed. He knew she was trying to find the words and couldn't.

With a deep breath he launched into what he had been holding back for years. "I wanted to claim you for my own. I knew you were mine from the moment we met. You were so young, so sweet, and I'd already had a shitty life. There was no way I was going to fuck up yours so I kept my distance. Now you're all grown up, and there's nothing stopping me from taking what I want, and what I want is you." He counted to ten and waited for the eruption. It came early.

"You son of a bitch!" She stood up, her chair falling to the floor in a loud thud. Alina came around the table and smacked him on the back of his head. "You bastard. You humiliated me. I poured my heart out to you, and you felt the same way, and you just let me go because of your damn issues? What kind of moron are you? Everyone's got a fucked-up story to tell. You're no different, and yet you let me walk away because of your issues? I knew your situation was bad, but damn, I didn't know it made all your decisions for you."

He growled and grabbed her around the waist. With a hard tug she was sprawled out over his lap. She wriggled trying to get up but he held her down.

"I was trying to protect you."

"No, you were being stupid. Let me up."

He groaned softly. Her hip rubbed against the fly of his jeans setting off sparks of pleasure through his body. "Stop that."

"No, let me up."

His hand came down and smacked her on her rounded ass. She didn't cry out, instead she stilled. Her body trembled underneath his, and for a second he thought he had hurt her.

"Ali?" Taylor asked hesitantly.

"Let me up." Her voice was soft and husky. The sound wrapped around his cock made it even harder than he thought possible. Understanding dawned on him. She liked what he had just done.

"No." His hand came down again, this time harder. Alina groaned and tried to wriggle off of his lap, but he held her steady. "I'm not letting you up until you listen to me."

He continued the spanking, each pass harder and harder. The musky scent of her desire rose into the air and he groaned. "You're mine, Alina, and it's time I claimed you."

She shook her head. "I don't belong to you."

"You do. I'll make you see it."

"Please, just stop."

He smoothed a hand over her ass. "You gonna fight me?"

"Of course."

He chuckled. "Then I'm just going to have to take things up a notch."

Taylor let go of her and watched her scramble up. She quickly made her way around the table as if that was going to stop him from coming after her.

"You want me, Ali. I can smell it. I bet you're nice and wet, and it's all because of me. Tell me, Alina, when you went out into the world, did you ever think of me? I thought of you, every fucking day. I wanted to go after you, but you needed your freedom and time. You were so innocent when you left. Now you've experienced life. If I had taken you then, told you that I wanted to be with you, claimed you as my own, I wouldn't have let you go, not for all the money in the world. I had to set you free."

She shook her head, as if denying what he was saying.

"No? Let me tell you something, I'm a selfish bastard. If I hadn't let you go, I would have just taken you and never let you go. You wouldn't have gone to college, or backpacked through Europe, or found the happiness you have now in the magazine you started. Tell me you wouldn't have resented me for that." His eyebrow rose in challenge as he waited for her to deny his claim. "You and I both know how bad I can be. Come on, deny it."

He pushed back his chair and rose to his full height of six-feet five-inches. He made his way around the table and stopped just a foot before her. "Deny it, Alina, and I will spank that sweet ass of yours again."

She looked conflicted. He could see the war raging inside of her and was pleased to see his words had had an impact.

"You wouldn't have wanted me unhappy," she stated surely.

"Oh no, baby, I wouldn't have wanted you unhappy, but as I stated before, I'm a selfish bastard. I would have gone with you, but would you have seen everything you got to see? Hmmm? I would have wanted to fuck you in every city we went to. I would never have let you out of bed. I would have been your only teacher, no college needed, and what I teach, there's no class for. It's called how to fuck your mate six ways from Sunday. And there's no passing grade for that."

Her body shook and she groaned. He could see the outline of her nipples pressing against the tight cotton of her sweatshirt. The heat of her body radiated out from her like a small inferno. He could hear the soft sounds of a purr coming from her and knew her cat was on high alert.

"Is that freedom, baby? As good as it sounds, I wanted more for you, much more. So I let you go. You had to grow up. You had to live before coming back to me, and I had to trust that you would return to me." He reached out, grabbed her hips and pulled her to him. She landed against him and he groaned. Fire pumped in his veins. His body was so tight he wasn't sure how he was breathing. Need rode him hard. He remained in control but it was trying. The feel of her breasts pressed against his chest was almost his undoing. With a deep breath he reined back his urges.

"Now, baby, tell me that I did a good thing by letting you go because there are moments when I thought I was wrong. Tell me I was honorable in letting you go."

"You were stupid." She pushed against his chest and he let her go. "I wanted to be with you and you hurt me. Just because I still have feelings for you doesn't make what you did right. Now, we better eat. Dinner's getting cold."

Her face was shuttered and that angered him. She turned to sit down and he shook his head. "Oh no, baby, no eating just yet. I'm not done."

He bent down scooped her up in his arms. "We're not done by a long shot."

She squeaked and wrapped an arm around his neck. Her hand came up and smacked him in the back of the head. "Damn it! Put me down."

"No, you need to learn a lesson."

"Fuck you and put me down. There's nothing to discuss or learn."

She wriggled her body so much that he almost lost his hold on her. Taylor growled softly in warning. "Don't try it, baby. I drop you and it will be you being punished, not me."

"Your logic sucks. Put. Me. Down. Now." She squirmed some more in his arms. He sighed and carried her as best he could, without dropping her, to her bedroom. He made his way to her bed and dumped her on the mattress.

"Nice attempt at romance, Romeo, just dropping me like that." She scrambled to a sitting position and brushed her hair out of her face.

"It's better than dropping you on the floor." He unzipped his jacket and shrugged out of it. Before tossing it away, he reached into a pocket and removed his handcuffs.

"What are you going to do with those?" Her eyes widened as she stared at the silver cuffs attached to each other by a chain.

"These are for bad girls who don't do as they're told. Roll over onto your stomach," he ordered.

"Make me." She folded her arms over her chest and glared up at him, her small rounded chin poking out in defiance. He grinned at her.

"As you wish." He climbed onto the bed and went after her.

She tried to scramble away from him but only got so far. Her bed was positioned in a corner so she could either go right or head for him. She chose to remain on the mattress, back against the wall, glaring at him.

"Methinks you actually like this sort of thing. You haven't tried to run once. Not even when the handcuffs came out."

"In your dreams, pal."

He laughed. "This is tame compared to my dreams."

Alina thought any minute now she was going to burst into flames. She was so horny it hurt. Never in her life had she thought things with Taylor would end up like this. He jiggled the handcuffs and a burst of arousal washed over her. She had to bite her lip to keep from groaning. Her pussy clenched hard, aching for his cock inside of her. A glance at his groin told her he was big and that he would stretch her sweetly to the point of pain.

Her teeth sank into her full bottom lip as she tried to keep a moan from escaping. His hand came into view, covering his fly. He took hold of the bulge and stroked the denim-covered erection. "I'm going to cuff you like the bad girl you've been, and then I'm going to fuck you. But first you need to get undressed, understand?"

Her gaze rose until it connected with stormy skies caged by long black lashes. The words she knew would push him over the edge fell from her lips. "Make me."

The result was instantaneous. He let out an animalist growl that caused the hairs on her arms and the back of her neck to stand on end. Taylor was all over her in an instant, and she gave herself over to his pawing as he tore and ripped her sweatshirt and pants to shreds until all that remained was her bra and soaked panties.

"Are you going to cooperate and take off your underwear, or should I? I'd hate to have to rip off all the lace."

She almost didn't hear him. Her body was humming with need. Her world view had narrowed down to one thing: fucking him senseless. "Take them off me. Make me yours."

That was all it took. Taylor ripped off her bra and panties. He paused to inhale her scent on the panties before tossing them away. "Raise your hands over your head."



Instead of resisting, she did as he asked, wrapping her hands around the cold iron of her head board before closing her eyes, waiting for the cold steel of the cuffs around her wrists. She wanted him to take her, fuck her, own her, and claim her. She shuddered once the manacles were on. The cold metal bit into her skin, but they didn't hurt. It was more of a soft kiss of pain before the pleasure would come. Alina spread her legs wide, exposing her hot, slick pussy to his gaze, begging him silently to fuck her.

"Open your eyes. I want you to see what I'm doing to you."

She opened them to watch him crawl off the bed and undress. Each bit of skin exposed stoked the inferno blazing away within her. He was all muscle and sinew. Thin scars cut delicate lines over his torso that made her sad for him. Something must have shown on her face because his features softened. "Don't be like that, baby. I'm over it. Instead, why don't you look at what you've done to me?"

His fingers trailed over his chest, down the ridges of his washboard abs before tracing the treasure trail until it joined with the thick nest of curls at his groin. His cock rose up. The thick shaft was flushed pink. His wide cockhead, a deep red, was dotted with a pearl of desire at the slit. She clutched the iron bars harder as her mouth filled with saliva, yearning to taste his salty sweetness.

A soft moan fell from her lips and her back arched as a wave of heat took her under. "Taylor," she groaned. "Fuck me now. Claim me as yours."

All pretense of rebellion was gone. She needed him now. The bed shook as he rejoined her on the mattress. The heat of his body bore down on her. Alina needed to feel the hard weight of his body pressing her into the bed.

"You're mine, Alina, always. Understand? All mine," he whispered. His moist breath wafted against her face carrying the scent of beer and spices. Taylor's head dropped down and he took her mouth in a possessive, dominating kiss. He nipped and sucked her lips. Her lips parted and he pulled her tongue into his mouth.

His hips moved, rolling against hers in a slow rhythm. The tip of his cock left a slick trail of his need on her stomach. She moaned and wrapped her legs around his waist. Alina tore her mouth away from his. "In me. Now."

“Not yet, baby. I call the shots.” He nibbled a path down her neck and across her chest before showing some attention to her breasts. At first he kissed his way around the firm, soft mound before flicking her nipple with the tip of his tongue. Shards of pleasure were sent straight to her clit. She arched her back and moaned, clutching the bars tightly.

“Taylor.” Her voice was a husky whisper.

He tickled the turgid peak with his tongue before scraping the sensitive tip with his teeth. She cried out and her cunt constricted. Pleasure flowed through her. He pulled her nipple into his mouth. Each tug of his lips sent sparks of electricity through her body. Her juices trickled out of her aching channel.

“Please, Taylor, fuck me.”

He released the tightened bud with a soft pop and transferred his attentions to her other peak. Alina moaned. She was on fire; her body felt so tense and hot. Her thoughts were slowly sliding down the drain as sensation and need took their place. He pumped his hips. His cock slipped over her stomach. Her pussy contracted.

Taylor released her nipple and blazed a path of kisses down her abdomen before burying his head between her thighs. He devoured her sensitive flesh. He scraped the thick petals of her pussy with his teeth before soothing the sting with his tongue. She thrashed around on the bed. Pleasure shot along her nerves. Her world focus now narrowed to what his mouth was doing to her. He spared her pussy no mercy. Taylor continued to eat her. He parted her nether lips and flicked her clit. He teased and worried the bud with his teeth and mouth.

Bolts of pleasure shot through her body. Her cunt clamped down on nothing. More moisture trickled out of her hot, slick channel. Taylor continued his torment lower, circling the wet entrance of her core. Her orgasm was on the horizon, but she didn’t want to come by his mouth. She wanted him inside of her when she finally climaxed. “Please, Taylor, fuck me,” she pleaded.

He gave her pussy one last lick before pulling his face away. “You want me, baby? How badly? Tell me.”

"Very. I want you very badly. I need you. Fuck me," she begged.

He chuckled. "Mmmmm, I don't know. Your pussy is very delicious. I could spend all night eating you and never tire."

His words caused ripples of pleasure to run through her. Her body pulsed with need. "Please fuck me. I need your cock inside of me."

He licked her pussy again before tapping her clit with his tongue. "Tell me who you belong to."

"You. I belong to you. Now fuck me," she growled.

"Not good enough. Who do you belong to?" he demanded, his voice was a gruff sound.

"You!" she shouted.

"Good, baby, very good." He stopped teasing her clit and began kissing his way up her body until his face was over hers. "Remember that."

He reached between them and positioned himself at her entrance. His gaze never left hers as he thrust forward. His thick cockhead slipped into her pussy easily. "Watch me. Look at what I'm doing to doing to you."

Her head rose and she looked down the line of her body to watch him sink slowly into her body. She wasn't sure if she could take all of him inside of her.

"Don't worry, baby, you can take me," he assured her.

Taylor withdrew and slammed into her. Her muscles clamped around him causing him to groan. The pleasure built with each thrust. She rocked against his body, tightening her hold around his waist. They moved together. Their sweat-slickened bodies slid against each other. With each glide, her nipples brushed against his chest sending sparks of heat skittering down her spine straight to her clit.

Her orgasm curled and tightened within the pit of her stomach. Taylor reached between them again and began to rub her clit, slowly at first, before increasing the speed. His hips pushed faster as he pounded her pussy. With each stroke his cockhead hit her cervix, sending sparks of pain that mingled with pleasure.

"Harder, fuck me harder, Taylor."

He stilled. "Who do you belong to? Tell me, Alina. Say it."

She let out a shriek of frustration at his pause. "You, damn it. I belong to you. Now fuck me!" she screamed.

Taylor grinned at her. He withdrew and slammed into her, fucking her hard. She cried out. Fire raced over her body. Her vaginal walls grasped his cock tightly as they rippled around him. Her body shook as the orgasm took hold. She cried out his name as she came.

He didn't stop pushing his hips, thrusting once, twice, three times before coming inside of her. Taylor let out a wolfish howl that sent chills down her spine as she floated down from the afterglow. All her anger, all that emotion ebbed away like low tide. She felt free and easy, as if the world had righted itself just by being with him. Alina looked up into his storm gray eyes and saw love burning in his gaze. He reached up and with a hard tug broke the chains of his cuffs.

She ignored the ache in arms and brought them down around his neck. Her fingers slipped in his damp hair and urged his head down.

"I love you, Alina. I always have and I always will," he said softly.

Callused fingers brushed the side of her face and her eyes drifted closed. She sighed softly and turned her head toward the touch.

"I never wanted to hurt you. I was doing what I felt was best for you," he murmured softly. "Do you still... Do you still love me?"

He sounded so unsure and her heart melted. "I always have," she responded.

Taylor kissed her gently on the lips before rolling over. She turned and curled her body around his. He wrapped his arms around her waist, let out a sigh, and then wrinkled his nose. Peppie was on the prowl somewhere nearby. "I'm going to kill that skunk shifter."

"In the morning, Taylor. I have no desire to wash blood off my driveway tonight," she murmured.

## **Selena Illyria**

I/R Author Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. She loves to write stories featuring futuristic cities that can only be imagined, visit island kingdoms of vampires/dragons, giggle with mischievous pixies, peek in on faeries looking for their mates, check up on the naughty staff of an exclusive academy, and sigh over how in love a powerful business exec is with his wife. She can't wait to write stories with her talented, creative and wonderful CPs, Celia Kyle and Shara Cooper.

When she's not writing, she loves to read books of many different genres. She also loves to watch some of her favorite movies (too many to be named) and television shows. She also loves to listen to some of her favorite musical artists. All of these things help inspire her to write.

If you'd like to know more about her, you can visit her website, blog, My Space page, and The Pink Chair Diaries. You can email her at [selenaillyria826@gmail.com](mailto:selenaillyria826@gmail.com).