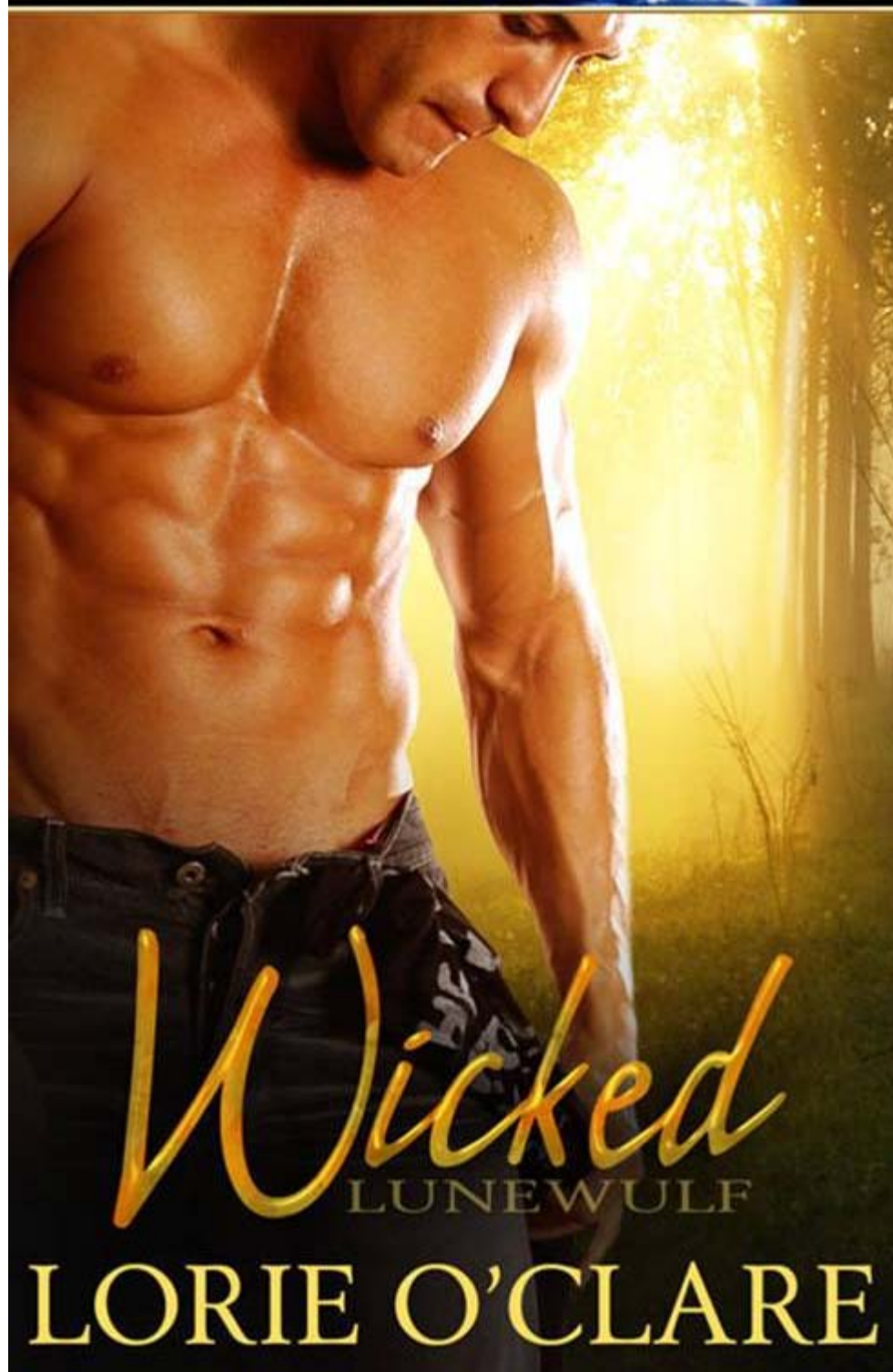


ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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# ***WICKED***

**Lorie O'Clare**

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## **Chapter One**

Mist soaked through his shirt, hung on his eyelashes, mixed with the sweat clinging to his spine. A

perfect night for a good chase. He picked up the pace. Damned asshole ran faster than most mixed breeds.

*That's it, fucking mutt, feel the triumph pump through your veins. You've met your match tonight.* The punk's excitement that he'd gotten away with his crime drifted through the air. A blind man could have tracked him.

Perry Roth gritted his teeth, energy from his pure bloodline pumping through him as he raced around the corner. The street was quiet. Humans all tucked away in their beds.

His night vision sharpened, instinct demanding control. The dark figure ran hard and fast, gaining distance. There were several blocks between them now.

Sirens wailed blocks away. The gap between them lessened. Hesitation. Fear attacking rational thought. Let the mutt wonder if he'd pulled the law into this. Like Perry needed the help of humans.

Damp pavement mixed with garbage from Dumpsters and the ever-present human scent that clung to the brick buildings created a nauseating mixture of smells. The smell of the creep was actually stronger than all the human scents clinging to the moist air, making the jerk an easy target.

Within minutes they'd be at the edge of town, the highway not too far. Open ground, free of humans, would make the change possible.

*We can play in our skin, or in our fur. Your call, motherfucker.*

The smells in the air changed quickly. He spotted the second figure immediately. Johann Rousseau wouldn't have sent backup. He wouldn't humiliate Perry like that. His pack leader had called him, and knew Perry would do the job. So who the hell was darting down the opposite side of the street?

"Steve. No! You idiot!"

The female's screams echoed off the buildings, violating the night. Attention would be drawn soon. The police called. Not good.

Time to end this game. Damn it. He would have enjoyed tearing at the creep's neck. There would have been a hell of a lot more pleasure in taking down the lawbreaking werewolf in his more pure form.

Perry's heart pounded through his head, his shoes hitting the pavement just as hard. As fast as he ran, faster than any human, the female across the street managed to match his pace. *A lunewolf.* And chasing down a mutt. Made no sense but not his problem.

He gained on the werewolf who'd attacked the unmated female at Howley's, outrage replaced guilt in the air around him.

"You are such a jerk," the female yelled, crossing the street and obviously trying to beat him to his target.

Long blonde hair fanned around her thin, petite body. In jeans and a pullover shirt, the simple clothes hugged the body of a goddess. Perfect curves, tight and fit, with the agility her breed was known for. Fuck. She chased after a rapist. A werewolf who probably would view her as icing on the cake.

Steve, the jerk, turned to look at her, and then glanced back toward Perry. He had him now.

"Show's over," he growled, leaping through the air.

Hard pavement tore at both of them as Perry took the asshole down. The scumbag wanted to fight, but

obviously had no clue what he was doing.

He swung at air, twisting underneath Perry. "Get off me, motherfucker."

"Not a problem," Perry hissed in his ear, the stench of sweat and anger rolling off the guy's flesh.

Yanking him by the shoulder, Perry lifted him off the ground, reaching for his wrist and hiking it up his back.

"What are you doing? His den wants retribution!" The woman leapt on Perry, her body firm, yet light enough to toss across the street.

Except throwing a female wasn't acceptable – unless he planned on getting his dick wet.

Not many could control their actions quickly when attacked from behind. Every muscle inside him spasmed when he fought the urge to throw her. No way would he send a female flying.

"Stay out of this," he growled. He took a minute to glare at her, letting her know he meant business.

Her features were mind-blowing. Where the hell had this little *lunewulf* bitch come from?

Dark blue eyes glowed in the darkness. "Like hell I will. Turn Steve over to me. His mate and her den will see to his punishment."

Defiance glowed in blue eyes so pure they were like rare sapphires. He'd never witnessed such an intense shade.

"Not how it works." He shoved Steve forward, deciding a bit of distance from where he'd taken him down would be best. Just in case any nosy humans were up at this hour.

Then he'd call Johann.

There was no way Jaynie Rousseau could just walk away. If it weren't for her cousin, Wendy Amyx, she'd let this *Cariboo lunewulf* tear the life out of Steve. Wendy might end up a widow. But with Steve as her mate she would sooner or later anyway.

Steve did his best to look at her. "You go tell Wendy I've been set up. Have her sire –"

"Shut up." The *Cariboo* tightened his grip around Steve's neck, making his eyes bulge. He almost had his feet off the ground.

Steve looked like a cub in the *Cariboo's* grasp. Dear God. She'd never laid eyes on a werewolf so large. Sure, the *Cariboo lunewulf* were one of the largest breeds of werewolves on earth. But still...this one was a giant. At least six and a half feet tall, with arms as thick as tree trunks. And damn, the roped muscle that rippled underneath his jeans. He was so fucking huge. If he was going to break Steve's neck, Jaynie would enjoy watching. For all the grief he gave his mate, her youngest cousin, he deserved the worst of deaths.

They hurried down the street, on the edge of the industrial side of Prince George. She had no idea where they headed. There hadn't been time since she got here to learn pack territory. The *Cariboo* didn't tell her to leave, and this was more excitement than she'd had all evening – hell, all month. The quick agility of the giant *Cariboo* stole her breath.

At the end of the block they paused. Rolling hills covered with evergreens sprawled out ahead of them. The mist held their scent in the air, and Jaynie filled her lungs with it. Damn, she'd wanted to get a good run in

tonight.

*Single bitches don't run by themselves.*

Until she managed to establish a relationship with the queen bitch, she couldn't just prance around doing as she wished. Werewolves were annoyingly antiquated at times. And there was no changing it.

"You make one attempt to run and I'll break your fucking neck. Understood?" the *Cariboo* growled.

Steve muttered something incoherent under his breath and stuffed his hands in his pockets. He was just about the most stupid mutt she'd ever met, but even he had enough sense to know he didn't stand a prayer against this brute of a *Cariboo*.

"Are you here for a reason?" Perry asked.

Jaynie looked up at the *Cariboo*. And she had to look up. Standing a foot or so away from him, the top of her head barely reached his broad, packed shoulders. Blond curls hung almost to his shoulders. Blue eyes laced with silver—like lightning shooting across a clear sky. Dangerous. Deadly. And...oh my God...breathtaking. Her mouth went so dry staring at him that her tongue almost stuck to the top of her mouth. She cleared her throat. "His mate is my cousin."

"You're standing as his defense?" His lip curled, his disgust apparent.

God. He looked dangerous as hell. All those stacked muscles, barely contained by the T-shirt that struggled to stretch over them, clinging to every bulge, damp from the mist and sweat.

Appreciating how well he was built at the moment wouldn't put her in this brute's good graces. She managed her best no-nonsense expression.

"He stands on his own defense. I'm part of his den who wants their name cleared from his disgrace. We would love the right to see to his punishment." And no matter what this *Cariboo* thought of her, she knew she could kick Steve's tail until he begged for mercy.

The *Cariboo* grunted and didn't give her another moment of his time. Flipping open a cell phone, he muttered a few words and then grabbed Steve by the back of his neck, pushing him toward the edge of town.

Her gaze got stuck on buns of steel. Thick, corded muscles rippled as he moved. And if those weren't the longest, most powerful-looking legs she'd ever seen. Having a reputation for being a bit more on the wild side, more reclusive, a mountain breed, *Cariboo lunewulf* weren't a breed she'd spent a lot of time associating with. But damn, a dangerous excitement rushed through her at the thought of getting to know this one a bit better.

If she weren't careful, the damp air would soon be full of the smell of her lust.

Keeping a step behind, not so she could enjoy the scenery, but to keep from being growled at further, every breath she inhaled was full of his scent. Inhaling him gave her the chills.

Determination stronger than anything she'd ever sensed radiated from him. Anger, focused and powerful, mixed in with other scents. A strong male, never doubting his next move, a creature at the top of the food chain. This *Cariboo* feared nothing. It wouldn't surprise her if he'd never experienced the emotion. That made him a werewolf to be damn wary of.

Her gut twisted with excitement. Brutal and demanding, he'd be more aggressive than most. And rough. God. She almost tripped. Her thoughts already had his hands on her, ripping clothes while telling her what she'd do for him.

She exhaled, fighting her rapidly beating heart. This was ridiculous. Absolutely insane. *Cariboo lunewulf* were trouble. The brute probably had this job because he loved to kill—to mutilate and maim. Steve was a wuss and Jaynie saw the grief he put Wendy through. Like she needed some werewolf in her life who would be as intimidating and brutal. She'd seen the hell her cousin endured. No way Jaynie would allow any werewolf to chain her down like that. She'd be miserable.

All those muscles flexing in front of her looked like they would do anything but make her miserable.

At the curb a truck pulled up, tires grinding against gravel on the road while exhaust clouded the scent that had been driving her crazy. The driver was another *Cariboo*. Figures. Spending most of her time with her cousin in the six months she'd been here, she didn't know much of the pack. Loneliness didn't eat at her. She wouldn't let it. But she had no idea that so many of the larger, more reclusive breed of *lunewulf* roamed the streets at night. She definitely needed to find a reason to get out more.

And she wasn't drooling simply because she hadn't been around a virile werewolf in a while. Most of them were just trouble anyway. Something unique beat through this werewolf. A tracker, a werewolf who brought in the derelicts of their breeds. He sought out trouble, embraced it and forced it to belly-up.

There was a small backseat and again her gaze was trapped when his arm muscles bulged as he pulled the front seat forward.

"Climb in," he told Steve. Then turned to look at her as if he'd just remembered she was with them. He studied her for a moment. "Get up front," he finally said, stepping aside so she could scoot in.

Jaynie found herself scrunched between two very large *Cariboo*. Damn.

When they parked and opened the truck doors, evergreens sweetened the air, almost drowning all emotions in the cab.

The *Cariboo lunewulf* got out on either side of her. For a moment Jaynie hesitated on which side to get out on.

"Go greet the queen bitch," the large *Cariboo* who'd brought her here growled at her.

She'd just been excused from witnessing any action that would take place with Steve. Had he doubted her reason for wanting to accompany them all along?

Her feet hit the ground and she straightened then dodged around him when he almost trapped her with virile arms as he moved to grab Steve out of the back.

"Perry. This is the instigator?" a *lunewulf* bellowed from behind her.

Johann Rousseau, pack leader and distant cousin of some sort, walked with a determined gait to the truck. Jaynie doubted he recognized her. She had to be from one of the largest dens in all of North America, and there was some vague memory of seeing him a few times as a cub. Keeping up with her den was an impossible task.

Walking away from this intense showdown of testosterone and muscle proved even more of a challenge.

“Yup. Caught him heading out of town.” Perry grabbed Steve by his collar and threw him at Johann.

He stumbled but caught his footing quickly. Johann didn’t move, but squared his shoulders when Steve almost slid into him. He made a show of straightening his clothes and glanced over his shoulder at the *Cariboo* before focusing on their pack leader.

Things didn’t look good for Steve.

It was about time someone took him down. And she had a right to witness this after holding Wendy night after night while her cousin cried. The werewolf deserved the worst of deaths. Hovering against the front hood of the truck, the shadows hid her somewhat. Hopefully the warm engine would drown any smell of excitement or anticipation coming off her.

“Her den is on their way,” Johann said, his emotions under check. She didn’t smell a thing off him.

Steve’s nervousness plummeted through the air though, quickly turning to fright. He straightened, a defiant sneer working over his expression. Like he could hide his fear from any of them.

“That bitch begged for everything I gave her,” he lied, the smell of it turning Jaynie’s stomach.

“You raped a virgin, an unmated bitch,” Johann accused, his tone too calm. “The law on this matter is cut-and-dry. Her den will have their revenge on you.”

And Steve wouldn’t live through the night.

“Anything else you need from me?” Perry asked, muscles bulging in his arms when he flexed them. He looked like he ached to rip Steve’s throat out himself.

“Nope. Appreciate your help.” Johann walked past Steve, obviously satisfied that the *lunewulf* wouldn’t try to run.

“Call me anytime you need me,” the *Cariboo* offered.

Johann nodded, pulling his wallet from his back pocket. He laid a few bills in Perry’s hand. The *Cariboo* nodded, shoving the money in his jeans pocket, and then turned toward her.

But he walked past her, past the truck, and Johann returned to Steve, mumbling something profane under his breath and shoving him in the back to make him move toward the other side of the house.

She was left behind. Forgotten. The pack leader hadn’t given her a thought, too pissed off at what Steve had done to a member of his pack. And Perry, the *Cariboo* who’d hauled her out here, obviously didn’t see any reason to look after her either.

Perry’s shadow faded quickly among the trees, dense foliage and darkness making it too hard to pinpoint him with her human eyes. Something about him compelled her. His scent called out to her. Running with him would be the only way to learn why he distracted her so strongly.

## Chapter Two

*Good little bitches don’t run by themselves at night.*

Shut up, Grandmother Rousseau.

Jaynie scowled as the old woman, who'd hovered over her whenever she'd had a chance as a cub, spoke in her thoughts. Shoving the unpleasant memory of her long-dead relative out of her head, she noted the pack leader's den was barely visible now through the trees.

And Perry, the *Cariboo* with way too many muscles for his own good, was gaining distance on her quickly. Well, he might be almost twice her size, but he didn't have twice her speed. The cold October air hit her like a brick wall when she stripped out of her clothes, almost tripping over her jeans and stumbling on the lace of her shoes.

God. Freezing and nervous made a bad combination. She shook worse than bare branches during a hard storm while twisting her clothes and then securing them around her waist.

Nervous energy leapt through her like a wildfire. Cold on the outside and burning alive inside. Is that why she wanted to chase after this *Cariboo*? Did going after some strange tail sound so appealing that she'd risk the wrath of the pack if they found her running alone?

Damn pack tradition to hell and back anyway. It wasn't like she didn't know how to take care of herself.

Sparks popped in her head, white tracers dancing before her eyes. The change from human to werewolf grabbed her hard enough to steal her breath.

She embraced the pain of the change, her teeth chattering and pricking her lip as they grew into deadly fangs. Coarse white hair punctured through her skin, covering the goose bumps from the cold.

Her lip burned, the quick prick of pain something to focus on while her bones stretched, lengthened and changed shape. Her skin hardened, a natural shield against the biting cold night. Warmth and strength coursed through her.

One with the night, she dropped to all fours. The peace that rushed through her was the high after the quick, sharp pain. Nothing compared to the clarity of emotions, of her senses.

Looking around her, sniffing the air, everything became clearer, easier to see, to smell, to hear. Her tongue thickened, darting over her quickly disappearing lips, tasting fur mixed with a tiny amount of blood.

Howls filled the air and her heart exploded, throwing the change into hyper-mode. She almost fell over her paws when stumbling forward, her tail lengthening to support her.

The den had arrived, ready to release their fury on Steve. Stupid son of a bitch. He deserved what he was about to get. She'd hold and comfort Wendy later, give her the support she needed after the pack contacted her. There were no doubts Wendy would be given honorary widow privileges. Although her cousin would mourn, it would be a relief to be unshackled from such a terrible werewolf.

The scent of the *Cariboo* faded over the growing amount of werewolves at the pack leader's house.

Instinct kicked in and she dug at the earth with her claws as she ran. Time to get the hell away from her pack leader's den.

No longer did the cold air make her shiver. Instead she embraced it, enjoying the crispness of the night. Too much time had passed since she'd torn freely through the countryside, letting go and racing at full



speed.

Time in the States had spoiled her. Having run from her pack ten years ago when pack law concerning mating grew outrageous, she never thought she'd tear through this beautiful land again. Nothing compared to the open wilderness outside Prince George.

A freak phone call in the middle of the night, her closest cousin crying over the phone from the abuse and neglect of her mate, had Jaynie returning to the pack. And she'd hated every minute that she'd been here—until now.

The moon appeared between parting clouds, giving light to the overgrown countryside. Birds squawked in protest as Jaynie violated their space.

*I rule the night tonight, my dears.*

And with that freedom came the reality that she wasn't too sure what to expect. This *Cariboo* could be mated. Although there was only one way to find out. She had no idea if he was even heading to his den. Not to mention how unsafe it would be to sniff her way around his den. But the mystery had its appeal. An adventure, taking on the unknown.

Inhaling his scent—he wasn't too far ahead—made her insides swell. Craving something a bit more wild, untamable and deadly powerful, she tracked him. Racing at a speed some cars couldn't match, she gained on him. Now to find out what he would do once he learned he'd been followed.

Perry almost took down his door when he reached the small cabin. His was the last on the row, a total of six cabins that housed the hired help on the Toubec ranch. A quick sniff of the air told him most of the cabins were empty, the help probably enjoying a communal run. That might make matters even worse.

Stupid bitch. What the hell did she follow him for?

Crashing into his tiny den, anger encouraged the change, the room spinning when he straightened. Yanking the clothes that he'd tied around his neck free, he untangled them with a growl then dressed quickly, not taking time to mess with shoes. He grabbed his coat off the nail by his door. His human flesh was soaked with sweat and he'd freeze quickly in the autumn night air after such a hard run.

Not that he was a damn bit cold. Too outraged over seeing that little *lunewulf* chasing after him, he moved quickly, ready to knock some sense into her.

Keeping close to the wall of the cabin, he moved through shadows, his night vision grossly impaired in his human form. But he wouldn't take on the bitch in his fur. There might be a lot of bad things said about him but Perry didn't rape unmated bitches. And the damned fool of a thing was asking for just that, racing toward a line of cabins housing werewolves who didn't often get to spend a lot of time with a female.

And she raced toward them as if craving a formal announcement. Tiny paws crashing through underbrush. A full-blood *lunewulf*, blessed with speed no other creature on earth could match. If any of the ranch hands were in their cabins they'd pounce on her with one thing on their minds.

Slowing at the edge of the trees, the moonlight caught her white coat, making it glow in the darkness. Limber and slim and so petite, she stole his breath with her intense beauty. Perry had been with this pack well over a year. He'd have remembered this little *lunewulf* bitch if he'd seen her before.

She sniffed the ground, her silver eyes glowing in the light streaming from his cabin. Perry stood very still in the shadows. Her scent drifted toward him. She moved warily, continually looking around her. If she searched for his animal scent, it would lead her to his cabin.

Mere feet from the entrance to his den, light shone over her smooth white coat. A beautiful creature, sultry in her movements. Almond-shaped eyes, glowing silver, stood out against the soft contour of her head. Even in his human form, his insides hardened in appreciation of the sexy female *lunewulf* who moved with either incredible bravery or as a complete idiot toward the dens of unmated werewolves.

He waited. Not breathing, not moving an inch. This bitch was no expert tracker or she'd have picked up his human scent. Her thoughts were preoccupied, with what he would soon find out. But he patiently held his position until she was right where he wanted her.

"Inside. Now." Perry moved behind her, pointing toward the cabin door.

The little *lunewulf* turned on him, baring her long fangs and growling. Her hackles went up, not fazing him in the least.

"You can get inside and change," he hissed, staring into those intent silver eyes. "Or I can change and we can stay out here in our fur."

His meaning wasn't missed. In their fur, he'd fuck her first and ask questions later. Instinct and primal desire ran strong in his more pure state. Human hesitation and good manners fogged the natural instinctive reaction to fuck silly a sexy woman.

She backed up, pushing the door to his cabin the rest of the way open with her rear end.

Perry smiled, his cock hardening while the adorable little bitch backed into his den. No matter what form he took, a sexy female was just that. And one this full of energy and cockiness turned him on even more. Living on the wild side and more than likely completely untamable. Add that to beauty and defiance and you had the perfect female.

The door slammed in his face.

"What the fuck?"

Darkness enveloped him as quickly as his anger did. Like hell she would lock him out of his own fucking den.

He hit the door hard, pounding his shoulder into the wood. The vibration racked his body as wood split, jarring his muscles. The door swung open.

The female inside shrieked. And the sight of her made him forget how cold he was a second ago. Heat rushed through him as fast as his blood did. His cock danced back to life.

Her body glistened with sweat, slender with large breasts and curvy hips, and holy shit—a beautiful shaved pussy. Unable to breathe, unable to move—hell, he wouldn't have been able to form a word if he tried. It was as if his tongue had made the change leaving the rest of him standing there in human form like a complete idiot.

"You made me change. Now turn the fuck around and let me get dressed." Bright blue eyes glared furiously at him while she fought to untangle the clothes she'd tied around her waist.

Perry shut the door behind him slowly. Thankfully it still shut, although he'd have to fix the broken doorframe and lock first thing in the morning. A cold breeze blew against his backside. This time it had no effect on him.

"You followed me here. Looks like you're going to have to face the consequences." No way would she start demanding anything of him. "Put your clothes on if you like. But then you're going to explain yourself."

Her nipples puckered and her full breasts bounced slightly as she fought with her clothes. He almost felt sorry for her, watching her shake like a leaf while trying to get her jeans straightened so she could slide them on. Long blonde hair fell down her front, parting around her breasts. Damn, she was fucking hot as hell.

"There's nothing to explain," she said quickly. "My cousin's mate is finally getting what he deserved. Forgive me for deciding not to watch."

"Yet you didn't run to her den to tell her?"

"Tell her that her mate raped an unmated female? That he committed the most heinous of crimes and that she's now a widow?"

He wouldn't be anxious to share that news either. "You must know the queen bitch will contact her immediately."

She nodded, not looking up but focusing on her jeans, which she now had pulled up to her thighs. He would miss that awesome view of her pussy.

"Yet this cousin of yours sent you out to report back to her? What kind of den approves of an unmated bitch running on her own at night, especially into such dangerous territory?"

"I can take care of myself," she snapped, shoving her hair over her shoulder and glaring at him.

She didn't deny being unmated. Knowledge that she had no mate, an available bitch, put an exciting edge to this little scene.

Her anger filled the air with its spicy smell. It didn't hide the slight tinge of fear he smelled too. She knew she wasn't out of the woods with him yet.

"I can see that." Maybe a fire would be a good idea.

Sweat had started to dry on his flesh, leaving the chill there. Moving to the wooden box next to his small fireplace, he pulled a fresh log and some kindling and dumped it into the hearth.

He smelled her defiance at the same time she made a bolt for the door—but not fast enough.

Perry dove on her, crashing to the floor with her soft body smashed underneath him.

"Shit," she hissed.

His cock nudged against her ass. Her jeans were pulled up although she hadn't zipped them, and she'd yet to bother with her shirt. Getting dressed had been a ploy. She wanted to escape, return to her fur and be gone. That didn't explain why she had come though.

"Leaving so soon?" he whispered into her hair.

She stilled.

Lifting the two of them up, he kept a firm grip around her naked waist, her large breasts almost touching his arm while he kicked the door shut.

"I don't think so," he told her.

She dared look over her shoulder, twisting her body against his. Firm and soft in all the right places. Damn it. It was a fight to keep all the blood in his body from draining straight into his cock.

"And are you a rapist as well?" Her blue eyes danced with defiance.

He almost shook his head with disbelief at her lack of fear and her outward cockiness.

"It's pretty hard to rape the willing."

She raised an eyebrow, twisting a bit harder in his arms. He really didn't want to let her go. Not that he would let her know how long it had been since he'd been with a female, or how hard she made him by twisting in his arms like that. Especially without her shirt on.

"Do you use the money you make tracking werewolves to buy your sex?"

Now she did intentionally insult him. He smiled, knowing it probably looked more like a sneer. "If you didn't come here to sell yourself then maybe you should start behaving."

She moved quickly, doing her best to elbow him in the gut and kick his leg at the same time.

"Behave?" she hissed. "But I thought *Cariboo* liked it rough."

"You couldn't handle what I like," he growled.

Grabbing her arms, he pinned them behind her back, while shoving his leg between her legs. She couldn't move. Her hair fanned over her large breasts. Her body stretched out before him. But she stilled quickly. Either realizing how grossly outmatched she was, or contemplating what kind of sex he did like.

"Why did you follow me?" he asked.

"Because I want to track werewolves too."

Another lie.

He didn't rely on her physical reactions to his questions as much as he did her scent. The saltiness of her lie didn't hide the pungent smell of her sexuality. Him holding her like this, or maybe it was just the excitement of an unknown *Cariboo*, turned her on.

Either way, he was intrigued. She'd dared to follow him, take him on. For all practical purposes, she broke every rule held over a single bitch by the pack.

"I think," he said slowly, pulling slightly on her wrists so that she arched her back further. He cupped her chin with his free hand, turning her face to his. "You'll stay here with me until I hear the truth."

"The truth?" she whispered, the slightest hints of silver streaking through her large blue eyes as she stared up at him.

"Why are you here?"

Her breasts swelled with each breath she took, her brown nipples so hard they puckered into beautiful peaks. The shirt she'd gripped in her hands fell to the floor between them. He ignored the small action, her ripening smell of desire proving too much of a distraction.

"To learn more about you," she whispered. "But if you don't think I could handle you then you doubt

my ability to handle any werewolf.”

“I’m not any werewolf,” he growled.

“You could be handled.”

“By you?”

She bit her lip, looked up at him quickly, and the fire burning inside her made her expression glow. “I can handle anything.”

## Chapter Three

Jaynie’s phone vibrated against her leg. She tensed, watching the *Cariboo*, Perry, while hard muscle hit every overstimulated nerve ending in her body. Whoever called her right now wouldn’t be bearing good news. Not at this hour.

“Not every day someone calls your bluff?” she chided him.

A nerve twitched next to his mouth. Silver suddenly shot through his deep blue eyes. His blond hair curled around his neck, ending at his shirt collar. Deadly looking and fucking hot as hell.

Then his cell phone rang, a loud chirping sound, and she almost had a heart attack.

“Yes,” he said in a deep baritone into the cell.

The male voice on the other end of the line tickled her ear. Perry held her close, but making out what was said was impossible. Her phone vibrated again.

“Her name is Jaynie Rousseau?” His grip on her tightened and she froze.

Why the hell would he be getting a call about her?

“Yup. I agree.” He grew before her eyes, anger filling the air around them. “I’ll find her.”

A deadly silence filled the room when he dropped his phone on the table. Her phone began vibrating a third time. Anything was better than smelling the fury that emanated around him.

“My phone is ringing.” She struggled but he released her easily.

No way would he intimidate her, but getting a phone call about her didn’t sit well with her. She trembled as she dug her phone out of her jeans pocket.

“Hello.”

“Jaynie. Oh God. I’ve been trying to call you,” Wendy wailed into the phone.

Jaynie forced a small laugh. Her cousin didn’t need any stress from her. “I’m okay. I had to allow the change before I could answer,” she lied, closing her eyes. Her cousin didn’t need to know where she was right now. “How are you?”

“Samantha Rousseau is here.”

Well, it hadn’t taken long for their queen bitch to make it over to Wendy’s den. She exhaled, doing her

best to clear her head for her cousin's sake.

"Good. I'll be there soon."

"I was so worried about you. I mean...Steve...they caught him doing something terrible."

"I know, Wendy. I know."

"You do?"

"Yes. I told you I'd go find him."

Someone spoke in the background, another female, and Wendy whispered that she had Jaynie on the phone now.

"Jaynie. I can't stay here. I called my sire. I'm going home to my den," Wendy told her in a rush. "This den is dead to me. I don't care if you stay here. Samantha will talk to you about it. She has to talk to her mate."

It was like all the walls in that small cabin suddenly closed in around her. Her cousin was no longer mated and chose to return to her den, which was her right. That left her alone. Already the leash reached for her. Johann had called out his tracker. He'd called Perry. And she would be brought in for her pack leader to determine what to do with her. Single bitches had less freedom than a fucking slave.

"I understand," she managed to choke out.

"I love you, Jaynie," Wendy whispered.

"I love you too."

She almost crushed her phone in her hand, fighting the urge not to hurl it across the room. The death of a scumbag werewolf had stolen her freedom. And the werewolf holding the leash stood right behind her.

"Jaynie Rousseau," he said from behind her.

What the hell was she supposed to do, deny who she was?

"You asked why I came here," she said, turning around until she found her shirt on the ground. Grabbing it, she stuck her arms in the sleeves and then slipped it over her head. "I came here because I could. To be able to run, explore, take on the unknown—that can't ever be taken from you. You turn me in to Johann and it will be taken from me."

"And that's what you think I'll do?"

"Isn't it?"

He didn't answer. And when she looked up, questioningly, the intensity of his stare stole her breath. *Cariboo* were known for their height, their powerful muscle tone, but this werewolf was bigger than any she'd ever laid eyes on. More than likely he had a perfect track record, turning over any renegade werewolf whose name appeared on his list.

"You shouldn't have come here." He took a step toward her, filling the small space in the cabin with his overbearing presence.

Already her freedom crept away from her.

"Then you should let me go," she suggested.

Pulling her gaze from his might help her clear her head long enough to figure out how to get the hell

out of there.

"Would you rather one of the other unmated *Cariboo* living out here had found you?" he growled.

"That wouldn't have happened."

"You were out running by yourself."

"Don't lecture me." She turned toward the door, the broken doorframe and useless lock twisting her insides with trepidation, a reminder of his raw, unbridled strength. Nothing would stop this *Cariboo*.

"Walk out that door and I'll catch you. And if we're in our fur..."

The small hairs on her neck spiked to attention. A tickle rushed down her spine.

"Don't threaten me either."

His tone deepened, his words sending chills rushing through her. "You know what will happen."

She reached for the doorknob. He bluffed. "You wouldn't turn me over to our pack leader after fucking me."

"It would have nothing to do with turning you over to Johann."

Her heart pounded so hard she couldn't move. Every breath she took smelled of him. His lust filled the space between them. Or was it hers?

"Why?" Her voice cracked. Heat rushed through her with enough intensity to make her stagger. "Why would you chase me down?"

"Because I want to."

Jaynie didn't move. She sucked in a breath, a deep one, her shoulders lifted and fell slightly. Long blonde hair streamed down her back, ending right above her ass. A perfect fucking ass. God damn. His cock swelled at the thought of burying himself deep in that tight hole.

He would deal with Johann later. That didn't bother him. He didn't answer to the *lunewulf*. Jaynie might be frightened about what the pack leader would do to her but for now, here with him, he would give her what he knew she wanted.

The smell of her lust dripped off her.

"Turn around, Jaynie," he ordered.

She moved slowly, hesitation warring within her. That in itself told him she wasn't a slut. Running alone would give her that reputation. But she'd told him, and he believed it—she craved freedom.

She craved him too, and that much he would give her.

Her tongue darted over her lips when she moved slightly, not completely facing him. But enough movement to ensure him that what he smelled on her was accurate.

He'd explode if he waited any longer.

Grabbing her arm, he pulled her to him, his hand tangling in her hair, pulling her head back. She opened her mouth, making eye contact with him just before he impaled her mouth with his tongue.

God, she was fucking hotter than he'd imagined. Muscles hardened throughout his body painfully, his brain boiling with a lust that had remained bridled way too long. Wrapping his arms around her, he

crushed her against him, inhaling her scent.

And she didn't resist. Not that he thought she would. But instead her hands pushed against his chest, working their way up to his shoulders. Holding on to him, her small fingers dug into his flesh, clinging to him while she opened for him.

Fire rushed through his veins, the change bordering on the edge of his reality while he tugged at her shirt, almost ripping it from her body.

"Shit," she whispered, her breathing hard.

She looked up at him with almost silver eyes, her teeth extended slightly. Her blonde hair fell wildly around her, swaying over her shoulders and past her breasts as she panted.

"Okay, wolf man." She reached for him, grabbing his shirt and pulling it just as hard from his body as he'd done to her.

Blood pumped more furiously through his veins.

"Little bitch," he growled.

She would put him over the edge, beyond the ability to control his actions.

Running her fingers over his chest hair, she exhaled. His mind fogged, his vision altering from blurred to grossly acute while the animal in him begged to surface. He trembled when she reached for his jeans, her fingers fire against his skin.

"Holy fucking shit," she breathed when she released his cock.

Her singing his praises almost made him explode. But when she wrapped her fingers around his shaft, his world spun around him perilously.

"Come here," he growled, barely able to speak.

Taking her by the back of the neck, he led her to his bed, shoved in the corner of his cabin. He pushed her down, although she hardly fought him, her eagerness fueling his desire for her.

She was *lunewulf*, a fading whisper in the back of his brain reminded him. Smaller, petite, possibly not physically capable of taking all he wanted to give her. It was a whisper easy to ignore, and his brain boiled with so much need to pound into her that he barely gave the words of warning any thought.

"Get out of those jeans," he ordered, grabbing his cock and squeezing his shaft, fighting for some semblance of control.

What a hot fucking body, so limber and petite. But she had a muscle tone that appealed to him, her strength noteworthy for her size. Slender hips and full breasts, a flat, hard tummy and that smooth, sweet, shaved pussy. God, she was more than fucking perfect.

Shoving his jeans down his legs, he climbed out of them quickly while watching her ass appear before him when she struggled to undress on his bed.

And then he was on top of her, feeling the softness of her body, the gentle curves and sweet scent that exploded from her body as she spread her legs. Wrapping them around his thighs, her muscles shivered against him. Small fingers traced wicked patterns over his chest, up around his shoulders.

"Think you can handle me?" she purred, her voice thick with lust.



He chuckled and watched her tremble noticeably. She played coy with him, the all-knowing female. He saw through her though, saw the female who wanted all that he could give her, but wasn't sure what she asked for. Her craving for what she didn't know appealed to him more than he let her know.

"I'm going to handle everything you have," he said, cupping her breast.

So full and round, firm yet soft, her nipple puckered against his palm while she arched into him. He pulled and tugged then twisted the puckered flesh between his fingers, loving how her eyes fluttered closed.

He pinched her nipple and she grabbed the covers on either side of them. Then reaching up, her nails dug into his flesh, the sweet pain sending him over the edge.

"I love how your lust smells," he breathed, lowering his head to her chest.

Her breasts swelled on either side of his face as he took in her scent, let it fill him. She was putting her mark on him, and again that little voice in the back of his head sent out a warning cry.

They didn't know each other. And she ran too far on the wild side. His life had always been on the edge. And he liked it that way. But taking on a female that would fight to be trained wasn't on his agenda.

Fuck her. Enjoy her. Turn her over to the pack leader.

That rationale would do for the moment, allow him to enjoy her hot little body.

He sucked in a nipple, toying with it between his teeth. She convulsed underneath him, her nails dragging over his flesh.

"God. Please. Perry!" she screamed.

And the fire in his brain put out all the little voices that argued with him.

"Come, little bitch. Give me what you've got."

He moved to her other breast, sucking and nibbling while she twisted underneath him. Her legs squeezed hard against him while she lifted up to him. That sweet pussy was soaked when it brushed against his cock.

Catching his breath suddenly became more work than he could handle. All blood drained through him. He was lightheaded. Need coursed through his veins.

Fuck her. Fuck her hard. Make her scream.

He found her mouth again, devouring her taste. She wrapped her arms around him, holding on with everything she had while her tongue warred with his.

"Please," she cried into his mouth.

His cock throbbed so hard, burning like a fiery sword between his legs.

Letting go of her mouth, still tasting her on his lips, he rose over her. He grabbed her arms, pinning her to the bed. He adjusted his cock between her legs, and then thrust.

Her eyes rolled back in her head, her face contorting while she opened her mouth and screamed. The intoxicating heat that enveloped him burned him alive.

So fucking tight. Hotter than anything he'd ever experienced. And wet. So damned wet. He plunged deep into her pussy, feeling her muscles convulse and tighten around his cock.

Her arms struggled under his hands, but her strength didn't near his. He kept her pinned, loving the view while resting for a minute as her heat saturated him.

"Breathe, little Jaynie," he instructed quietly.

He fought not to move. Clarity ran through him while his senses altered, his vision growing more acute while the change burned through his veins. Changing while fucking her could do her serious damage. He needed a moment to gather his senses, keep himself in control.

"Fuck me," she growled, completely indifferent to his plight.

She did her best to thrust her hips upward and encourage his movement.

"Be still and I will," he told her, knowing her mind didn't consider anything other than her own satisfaction.

Well, he would see to it that she was satisfied.

She pursed her lips, scowling at him, and did her best to relax underneath him. The heat from her body burned him alive.

Slowly he pulled from her, his cock gliding over her inner muscles. They contracted, vibrated against him. He gritted his teeth, fighting for that control he'd had a moment before when he stilled his body.

But she was too much of an enticement. He had to hit that spot he'd felt seconds before. Diving deep inside her again, he could no longer stop the momentum.

"Yes. God. Yes." Again she twisted underneath him. "That's it. Fuck me, wolf man."

Fuck yeah. He let her have it, pounding her fiery cunt with everything he had. Muscles clamped down so hard he could hardly breathe. Her cunt wrapped around him, moisture exploding against him while she convulsed underneath him.

"Oh my God," she screamed, doing her best to wrap her legs around him.

Every inch of her hardened, her arms fighting under his hold, her body twisting. Her sexual scent filled the air, thick and heavy, making him drunk.

He thickened, his cock swelling and throbbing beyond his control. A pressure broke. He arched into it, pushing her hard down on the bed while gripping her small arms with all the strength he had as he plowed into her.

She grew too tight for him to move. His cock had grown and he released everything he had deep inside her. Locking down, his body shook, filling her, melting into her heat.

She was a blur underneath him. Her long hair streaming down her, clinging to her soaked body. So fucking beautiful.

Being a tracker had never been a job he'd despised. It was who he was, what he did, in his nature. But turning her over to the pack leader didn't appeal to him at all.

## Chapter Four

Perry's cabin was more antiquated than anything she'd seen in a long time. One large room, a kitchenette on one end, fireplace on the other and a bed pushed into the corner. He hadn't done much to make it into a cozy den.

Although cozy wouldn't suit Perry's nature.

"Where do you shower?" she asked, muscles screaming throughout her body when she reached for her jeans and shirt.

Perry lay sprawled out over his bed. Although a good-sized bed, the large frame taking up a third of the space in the cabin, his feet hung off the end, and his massive arms, relaxed lazily behind his head, pushed against the headboard.

"You aren't showering there."

She struggled to comb her hair with her fingers and frowned at him. Even after sex he looked anything but relaxed. Tangles of curls lay around his head. Muscles rippled under tanned skin. A tiny scar, puckered flesh running a thin line ran along his right nipple, surrounded by downy dark blond curly hair. Another longer scar formed a zigzag line on his outer thigh. Werewolves mended quickly, a scar remaining only if the wound had been fairly severe. Perry led a rough life, fighting, the continual aggressor.

"Why can't I use your shower?" She fought to bring her gaze back to his face.

"There's a communal shower at the end of the row of cabins. Toubec's unmated ranch hands live in the other cabins. You're damn lucky they were out on a run when you came prancing out here."

She sucked in a frustrated breath. Admitting her action to follow him had been foolish wasn't going to happen.

"I'm heading home then."

"I'll take you."

As simple as Perry's home was, the Expedition he drove was new, black and sleek, classy yet tough enough to handle the narrow gravel road that led off the property to the highway. They drove in silence, but her thoughts were anything but quiet.

Where was he from? Did he have a home pack? Werewolves who called him family? She wondered if he'd always been a tracker. Not any werewolf could take on such an isolated lifestyle—such a dangerous way of life. Tracking criminals and scumbags would create enemies, cause you to always watch your back.

Perry said nothing, asked no questions, gave no indication that his thoughts strayed toward her at all. His expression was unreadable. Other than the still-apparent smell of sex that filled the space of the car between them, she detected no other emotions. His strong jawline and broad cheekbones set as if determined and satisfied with whatever action he would take next.

And that action was to turn her over to their pack leader.

Her stomach twisted at what might be decided during that meeting.

"My den is down the next street."

"I know," he said quietly.

“Oh really.” She crossed her arms, watching him but then scowled when she figured out that he probably knew where Steve’s den was. If that were the case, had he spotted her already? Watched her as well?

He’d become a fucking closed book, not one emotion seeping from him. Well, that was just fine. She had a few years practice at keeping her own feelings under lock and key as well.

Without instruction Perry pulled in front of her den and parked.

He growled when she reached for her door handle. “I’ll get your door for you.”

Getting out on his side before she could tell him she had no intention of being some kept bitch, he moved around the front of the Expedition with long strides.

He kept her close to him like an overprotective guard dog. When she reached for her door, he took her hand, his large hand holding her firmly.

“Stay put,” he told her when they entered her living room.

“Why?”

“Because I said so.”

Okay. This little act could stop right now. She didn’t hide her irritation as he inspected every room before returning to her.

“It’s safe.”

“Do you want to watch me shower too?” she asked sarcastically, although the thought sounded damn appealing.

He pushed her up against the front door. It clicked quietly as she was backed into it. Trapping her with his large body, his hands tangled in her hair as he yanked her head back.

“You aren’t ready for me again yet, little bitch.” The low rumble in his voice vibrated through her.

A pressure swelled through her, filling her with a quick hard need. Damn if she cared how raw and worn out he’d leave her. She wanted him again—now.

He nipped at her lip, a quick sharp pain that he immediately licked away. “Go bathe,” he ordered.

“Quit telling me what to do.” Her voice was a rough whisper.

Every inch of her tingled when she shoved past hard solid muscle and somehow managed to get down the hallway on very shaky legs. No way would she look over her shoulder to see the disapproving gaze that she knew probably tore across his face.

The hot shower felt good but left her sated and sleepy.

“How does coffee sound?” she asked, leaving the steamy bathroom and walking barefoot down her short hallway to the living room. “Perry?” she called when she didn’t see him.

His scent filled her small den.

She pushed open her bedroom door and paused, her room empty. Dressing quickly, she parted her curtains, blinking at the rising sun. The Expedition was still parked in front of her den. Perry leaned against the hood, speaking into his phone. He looked toward her, as if he’d heard the quiet movement of curtains being opened.

Letting them fall, she plopped down on her single bed. No way the two of them could ever do a thing on it. Shaking her head, she slid into her shoes. Already she plotted out when she could fuck him again. This was bad. In a matter of hours she'd created a list of damn good reasons why he'd make a terrible mate. A damn good fuck buddy, yes. But that was dangerous territory. Especially with a *Cariboo* who showed every indication of being way too dominating, too protective. And let's not even discuss how possessive he'd probably be. Hell, he didn't even want her opening her own doors.

Not that she minded a gallant werewolf.

It was being bossed around that would drive her nuts real fast.

"Shit," she breathed, amazed that she even pondered the possibility of a relationship. "That is not what you want," she reminded herself and then stared at her cell phone when it vibrated on the floor inside her jeans pocket.

"Hello?"

"Jaynie, where are you?" Wendy asked.

"At our den. How are you doing?"

"You shouldn't stay there alone. I know it's early but Johann and Samantha are expecting you." There was worry in Wendy's tone. But that was probably the least of the emotions her cousin was enduring at the moment.

"Please, Wendy. You know how I hate pack laws and traditions. I'll go see them, I promise. You need to take care of you."

"I'm fine. It's you I'm worried about. Steve's den is seeking vengeance. They were just here. You might not be safe there alone." Wendy let out a staggered breath. "I know you have a habit of running from packs when you feel laws are closing in around you. You've done this all your life."

"That's not always the reason I run. New places, new adventures..."

"And you don't want to be shackled down."

"Do you blame me?"

"No," Wendy said quickly enough for Jaynie to know her cousin wished she'd run a time or two as well. The hard quiet tone she then took on was serious. "Look, Jaynie. Steve's pack will move fast. They smell blood. And they feel revenge is their right. I heard them. They were here talking to my sire."

Jaynie thought about the oversized *Cariboo* standing guard outside her den. She was safer than any other *lunewulf* on the planet right now.

"That whole den is a pack of lowlifes." Jaynie bit her tongue. "I'm sorry, Wendy. I shouldn't have said that."

"You're right. I'm not arguing with you. My sire is worried neither of us is safe right now. We're the only bitches in our den here in town, and they're going to cause trouble."

She glanced up when a floorboard squeaked in the hallway. Perry filled her doorway with his massive frame. A faint spicy smell filled her room. He was angry. Amazing how his negative emotions ran clearly through him. Somehow she had the feeling he already knew what Wendy was telling her on the phone.

"I'll be fine. Don't worry about me, please."

"Gather your things. You aren't staying here," he told her as soon as she hung up and shoved her phone into her pants pocket.

She closed her eyes, fighting the sensation to strike out. No one told her what to do, where she would stay or not stay. She'd be smart to shake this *Cariboo* off her scent. At the same time, she wanted to know so much more about him. This was fucking nuts.

"I'll be fine," she said, repeating the mantra she'd used so many times in the past when told how she should live her life.

For a werewolf so large, he moved silently, touching her before she realized he'd reached her side.

"Jaynie," he growled.

She jumped at his touch, moving quickly, her leg muscles protesting loudly when she hopped off the bed. Having sex with this werewolf made her feel she'd run halfway across British Columbia.

"Look. I'm sure you have your orders."

"I don't take orders from anyone."

"Well, neither do I."

Surprisingly he smiled. Moving toward her slowly, his touch was gentle when a finger brushed over her cheek. She didn't want gentle. Gentle made her nervous. Compassion meant he cared. And caring would make her want to stay with him.

"Running toward danger isn't always the smartest move."

"That's what you do."

"I'm twice your size."

The damned brute. "Don't you dare imply I'm some feeble helpless bitch," she sneered.

Being pissed at him worked a lot better than feeling compassion. If she fought him she didn't risk as much chance of falling hard for him.

He moved quickly. And she anticipated the act. He was right. Strength was on his side. But speed was her asset.

Leaping away from him, she jumped onto her bed and then flew off it, tearing out of her room and down the hall toward the front door. Her hand was on the front door when she paused. With her heart pounding in her chest and her own emotions flying out of control, she'd almost missed it.

But not quite.

Another werewolf was on the other side of that door. His scent seeped through the door, outraged and obnoxious-smelling.

Shit.

She backed into hard, well-packed muscle.

Perry pulled Jaynie into his arms. Backing away from the door, emotions soared through him harder than he'd experienced in years. The little *lunewulf* pressed against him possessed more fire in her than any female he'd ever known. Her energy, her passion for independence, to not be controlled, turned him on

more than he'd thought traits like that would.

There wasn't room in his life for a mate.

At least not until a few hours ago.

Jaynie defied him. Told him off. Made it clear she didn't want to be told what to do. And it made his blood boil with a craving to possess her.

Fighting every emotion that soared through him, he backed them away from the door.

"Do you recognize that scent?" he whispered into her ear, lifting her off the ground, as he took a step backwards.

She shook her head, showing enough sense not to speak. Soap and perfume, her damp hair, her warm body, traveled through his senses. A protector's instinct surged through him harder than he'd ever felt it before. No one would lay a paw on her and live.

The doorknob turned, a slight creaking sound as the door opened toward them. A scowling *lunewulf* looked quickly at Jaynie and then glared at him.

He moved her behind him. A creaking sound made her stiffen.

"They're at the back door too," she warned him.

"This should save us a run." An older *lunewulf* chuckled with the confidence of an idiot.

"Yeah, both of them are right here." Another werewolf came through the back door.

"I get the bitch," the ugly fucker at the front door said, almost drooling as he stared at Jaynie.

"Lay a paw on her and it will be the last move you make." Perry's warning silenced the room for a moment.

"*Cariboo*. You messed with the wrong den today."

These were some stupid fucking *lunewulf*.

"Yeah. And you're in an Amyx den. We got a right to be here, and you don't," another werewolf spoke from behind him. "Get your overgrown paws off our bitch."

There were four of them. Without looking, the fools had announced their presence. Each of them had spoken, their emotions running so hard with anger and plain idiocy, that he easily marked where each of them stood. This wouldn't take more than a few minutes.

Perry struck at the werewolf in front of him. The closest, and he drooled over Jaynie. That won him the right to go down first.

"You need to learn to knock," he growled through clenched teeth while punching the werewolf in the face.

Bone hit bone and a cracking sound followed by a pathetic howl told him he'd hit his mark. Grabbing the werewolf before he slumped to the ground, he twisted his neck. Several pops vibrated against his hand. There was one less scumbag to annoy the pack.

Fire burned through him. Muscles stretched through his body. But changing wasn't necessary. A roar tore through him when someone jumped on his back.

“Take him down,” the older werewolf yelled. “And get the bitch.”

He threw the *lunewulf* from his back. Blonde hair flew before his face. Jaynie’s scent, outraged yet so damned sensual, filled the room. He wouldn’t be the only one to smell it. The little bitch had jumped into the fight.

“You want a piece of this tail?” she screamed, jumping into the air and kicking one of the *lunewulf* in the throat.

A mixture of pride and frustration distracted Perry. Jaynie pulled off an impressive kick. She could take care of herself. Her fighting style added to her sexiness, her appeal. A dangerous, erotic bitch.

Adrenaline surged through his veins too fast to sit back and watch her attack the Amyx den. “Get out of the way,” he ordered her.

Her blue eyes were laced with silver when she turned to him, stunned. One of the werewolves, the youngest of the three remaining, lunged at her, and he grabbed the punk by the arm, throwing him into the other two.

Cars pulled up out front. He ignored the sounds of car doors opening and closing and moved faster to secure the area. Reaching for the oldest in the den, no effort was needed in lifting the asshole off the ground by his neck.

The front door flew open.

“Put him down, Perry,” Johann Rousseau yelled from behind him.

The command seemed to come from miles away. Defying a pack leader’s orders would have him kicked out of the pack. He wouldn’t accept the idea that Rousseau would side with this derelict den. More than likely he would play diplomat. Perry didn’t feel like talking.

Rage surged through him. One of the *lunewulf*, the youngest in the den, bolted for the back door. Jaynie raced after him.

“Put him down now,” Johann yelled a bit louder.

Perry threw the older werewolf toward the kitchen, leaping around the other two. Jaynie’s scent faded quickly. What a fool little bitch! Running after a no-good *lunewulf* who more than likely had some of his buddies lying in wait. And if any of them got their hands on her...

“Perry!” Johann barked.

The remaining *lunewulf* already began mumbling their complaints about their treatment when entering their dead littermate’s den.

Perry glared at his pack leader. “Do what you want with this trash,” he hissed, glaring at the remaining Amyx den. “I’m going after her.”

If there were any further comments, he didn’t take time to hear them. Bounding out the back door, he searched the small backyard quickly then scanned the neighborhood. Her scent had faded and he’d have to track her from scratch.



## Chapter Five

Three blocks later, Jaynie lost the *lunewulf*'s scent. The bastard. Prince George was up and moving with a new day, humans bustling off to work, getting their children to school. Racing at full speed down the somewhat busy street would draw attention. There were a few *lunewulf* on the police force who would be a bit more understanding if some human were to call in complaining of a rabid werewolf but she wasn't in the mood to deal with cops.

Or any human for that matter. They wouldn't understand her craving to eliminate a den because one of their kind had so terribly abused her cousin.

She huffed in cold morning air, filling her lungs with it, and dragged her fingers through her still-damp hair.

Exhaust from passing cars made it impossible to smell out any werewolves.

She jogged across the street, a small strip mall and a donut shop looking like a good place to regroup. One problem—she didn't have her purse or any money on her.

"Hell," she said with a sigh.

Hopefully the donut shop would be busy enough not to notice her slip into the bathroom. Her phone buzzed as she entered the warm shop. Hot grease, heavy fresh dough, strong coffee, aftershave, perfume—too many smells hit her at once. The place was doing some decent business. Good thing too. No one gave her a second glance.

She pulled out her cell phone, Wendy's number displayed on the small screen. It bugged her that she'd wondered if Perry would call. But he wouldn't call her. He didn't know her number. Shaking her head, she pushed through humans toward the bathroom. If he wanted her cell phone number he'd get it. A funny feeling twisted through her gut. Being stalked by such a giant of a *Cariboo*, stronger and sexier than any werewolf she'd ever laid eyes on, made her heart flutter.

He'd control her, tell her what to do. No way. Wouldn't happen.

She shoved the bathroom door open, kicking at stall doors ensuring she was alone.

Pushing the button to answer her call, she sucked in a breath, calming herself. "Hello."

"Jaynie?" a female whispered into the phone. "I'm scared."

"Wendy? Where are you?"

"At the bus station. My sire left when he thought the bus would leave in a minute. But it didn't leave. I'm not sure why. And Jaynie..." She sucked in a breath. "Are you there?"

"I'm here. What's wrong?" A quick look in the mirror had her cringing. No makeup. Her hair desperately needed brushing. And the shadows under her eyes. A seriously long nap was definitely needed.

"I think some of the Amyx den is here."

Jaynie quickly turned her back to the mirror, her stomach tensing. Wendy didn't need any more abuse

from that den. The way they'd come after her, willingly taken on Perry, Wendy wouldn't stand a chance.

"Where did you say you were?"

"The bus station." Her voice quavered. "If I call my parents, they might get hurt. If I keep them out of this, the Amyx den won't go after them. It's me they want. And I can't reach Johann or his mate."

That was because they were at her den. She didn't envy Johann having to put a collar on Perry. And that is what it would take to stop him from destroying that den. Again a strange sensation fluttered through her stomach. The raw fury she'd seen in his eyes, how dangerously large his muscles had grown. Those blond curls twisting around his head, falling to his shoulders. The sensation dropped from her stomach to between her legs, a quick hard throbbing.

Her heart went out to her cousin as well. Wendy wasn't a strong *lunewulf* yet she had such a good heart, still caring and beautiful after being treated so poorly. She deserved the best there was.

"Stay where you are. Keep close to humans. They won't come after you as quickly that way. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Jaynie?" Wendy sounded like the little cub Jaynie had protected again and again when they were younger.

"Yes?"

"Samantha told me that Johann had an argument with his tracker, a *Cariboo lunewulf* named Perry Roth. Have you met him?"

"I've met him."

"He wants you."

Jaynie headed out of the bathroom, nerves twisting through her so violently she could hardly breathe through the intensity of smells in the shop.

"What...what do you mean?"

"Just something that Samantha told me before I left my parents' den. Johann told him to bring you to them."

Perry had that conversation with Johann while she'd been at Perry's den. Nothing had been said at that time. She replayed what she'd overheard of the conversation in her mind. It had been a brief phone call, Perry had simply agreed to take her to the queen bitch. Had he called Johann back?

She headed back out to the street, wondering how in the hell she'd get across town to the bus station without a car or any money, and in broad daylight. No way could she run at full speed across Prince George in her skin or her fur with the sun up.

She glanced up and down the busy street. Telling Wendy she'd been with Perry during that conversation didn't sound like a good idea.

"Samantha told me that Johann is pissed because Perry hasn't brought you to her yet. I guess Perry doesn't want you turned over to her. He wants you for himself."

"I can't imagine that's true." She exhaled, knowing Perry hadn't brought her in yet because she'd showered and then dealt with the Amyx den. "He plans on taking me to see Samantha. He told me as

much.”

Wendy chuckled although her nervousness came through over the phone. “From what Samantha tells me it sounds like this Perry *Cariboo* guy is a lot like you. He plays rough, with tooth and claw bared, you know? And drifts from pack to pack. I’ve never understood why you’ve never wanted a den to call your own. But he doesn’t sound like someone who’d be good for you.”

She wanted to ask what kind of werewolf would be good for her. Right there, on the tip of her lips, she almost argued with her cousin that Perry would be one hell of a catch.

What the hell was she thinking?

Already she had a list longer than her tail why he’d be a very bad catch.

She had a hell of a jaunt before she reached the bus station. There was only one way to get across town. She’d have to risk running.

“What makes you think the Amyx den is there?” she asked, changing the subject while darting across the street, clutching her phone to her ear.

She’d have to get off the main drag. Humans knew *lunewulf* were thick in Prince George. That didn’t mean they liked a visual reminder. If she took off in a sprint in her human form, running faster than any human, more than one of them would call the police, complaining. No way did she want the pack leader pissed at her. Already more attention focused in on her than she liked having.

Taking a minute to look up and down the street, there was no sensation of being followed, or watched. More than likely she’d imagined it. That or darting into the donut shop had thrown off her scent and she’d lost her tracker.

Now why did that leave an empty feeling inside her?

“I’m sitting next to the ticket counter. Earlier I smelled their angry stench. But I don’t see the *lunewulf* that I saw earlier.”

“Stay where you are. Call me back if you get scared again. I’ll be there soon.”

Wendy agreed, sounding more relaxed than when she’d first called. With little den left alive, Jaynie would protect her cousin with her life. Wendy’s den, her aunt and uncle, were good people. Her aunt had been her mother’s sister. Jaynie hadn’t seen them much as a cub. But since her parents had died, they’d tried including Jaynie in den affairs. Jaynie had been the one who’d been reluctant to get close to Wendy’s den. Losing her parents had been enough pain for a lifetime. She wouldn’t allow her heart to suffer like that again.

Shoving her phone into her jeans pocket, she headed away from the busy street. There were miles of neighborhood to cover before she hit the industrial part of town where the bus station was. If she could hit a full run, she’d be there in less than ten minutes. But she’d have to be careful, ensure that not too many people saw her.

Maybe she should make a few phone calls, seek out help. Figure out how to call Perry.

“What the hell are you thinking?” she hissed through her teeth.

She’d made it quite a few years now on her own, enjoying freedom, not needing or wanting another werewolf for anything. Ten years since her parents had died. Ten years that she’d made damned sure no

one got too close.

Calling him would be as bad as putting the collar around her neck by herself.

Half an hour later she wiped sweat from her brow, twisting her hair off her neck and taking a slow breath as she walked toward the bus station. She stopped in her tracks when she saw Wendy being escorted out of the bus station by the older *lunewulf* who'd been at her den that morning.

"Whoa. What's going on here?" She hurried toward them.

Wendy looked up, her cheeks stained with tears.

"Get in the truck." The older *lunewulf* ignored her and pulled open the passenger door, shoving Wendy forward.

"Like hell she is." Jaynie grabbed the guy's shoulder, shoving him out of the way and then taking Wendy's arm. "Let's go."

"I've about had enough of you, bitch." The *lunewulf* had some foul-smelling breath.

"That makes it mutual. You have no right to her, and you damn well know it." Anger rushed through her, her bones popping while her muscles started growing.

No way could any of them allow the change while outside the human bus terminal. But a little strength wouldn't hurt anything in dealing with these lowlifes.

"You don't have your *Cariboo* here to protect you this time," the *lunewulf* sneered, glancing over her shoulder.

The little hairs on the back of her neck prickled. Anger smelling so spicy she almost sneezed filled the air around them. "I'll give the unruly one here a lesson on how much I do have a right to Wendy," someone said from behind her.

Strong hands clamped down on her shoulders. The *lunewulf* behind her reeked with so much outrage she drowned from the stench of it.

"She's my dead brother's mate. And now she's mine," he whispered in her ear. "Get both of them in the truck."

\* \* \* \* \*

Perry glared at Johann.

"Head home, Roth," the pack leader said, a bit too calmly. "I'll call you if I need you."

"They're at the Amyx den. They've got to be. Won't take too much if you simply head over there and explain to them that our den doesn't approve of them having the bitches." Frederick Rousseau, a silver haired *lunewulf*, hugged his mate reassuringly while addressing the pack leader.

"We've scoured the entire city. I've got pack members with the police force keeping an eye out for them. I'll head over to their den. If they're there, we'll bring them to you." Johann nodded to the older Rousseau couple.

No way would Perry simply go home, being dismissed as if his services were no longer needed.

"I'll meet you over there." He'd keep this simple.

Johann headed toward his truck, giving Perry a sideways glance. "You've known her a day, Roth. You're running on too many emotions right now. That's not what I need in a tracker."

Perry wouldn't honor the comment with a response. Storming over to his Expedition, he climbed in and stuffed the key in the ignition. Responding to Rousseau's comment would have brought a lie from him. He'd deny such emotions. And he wouldn't insult his pack leader like that. His emotions were running strong. A little *lunewulf* bitch had gotten under his skin. He needed to find her, know where she was. Never had his protector's instinct coursed through his blood with such vengeance.

Gripping his steering wheel, he hated Rousseau for being right. The emotions that tore at him must smell worse than yesterday's trash. In as little as twenty-four hours, he'd fallen hard for a bitch who shouldn't appeal to him at all. Headstrong and disobedient, she'd run from him and then managed to disappear. He'd combed the neighborhood looking for her after she left her den. No werewolf got away from him. Yet she'd managed it. Within blocks of her house he'd lost her scent. He'd combed the area, covering well over twenty blocks of neighborhood and hadn't found her. After a couple of hours he knew that she'd obviously gone in an opposite direction from him, and had hightailed back to where he'd initially lost her scent.

His common practice when losing the scent of a werewolf he tracked would be to start questioning nearby dens, see who'd seen them last. But Johann had called him, bringing him in. He'd been forced to give up looking for her.

After watching her kick ass while taking on the Amyx den, he almost pitied the fools if they had managed to take her to their den. She'd tear the place apart.

Maybe time to clear his head would do him some good. He knew her scent still lingered on him. It had driven him nuts most of the day. Johann would have smelled her on him, would have known he'd fucked her. Not that he'd deny that. Hell, he couldn't wait to have her again.

By the time he reached his cabin, he'd convinced himself a nap was in order. Being up all night and then not enjoying his usual respite the first half of the day had to be affecting his line of thinking. No female got under his skin this fast, or this hard. And hard was an understatement. His cock had throbbed throughout the day thinking about where Jaynie might have disappeared to and what he'd do once he found her.

After a quick shower, he collapsed on his bed, her smell wrapping around him as he closed his eyes. No way would he fall asleep any time soon.

It took a few minutes for him to register that his phone was ringing. Grumbling, he rolled onto his back, the pressure in his groin immediately bringing him fully awake.

"What?" his voice cracked, sleep leaving him groggy.

"I need your help." There was worry in Johann's tone.

Perry sat up, grabbing his hard cock, willing all the blood that had rushed there back into his body. His breath came out with a hiss. "What's wrong?"

"The two bitches, Jaynie and Wendy, have disappeared."

Perry leapt out of bed, almost sending the top drawer of his dresser flying when he pulled it open looking for underwear. He should have fought the pack leader, insisted on tracking Jaynie until he had her.

"Where are you right now?"

"Just left the Amyx den. I sent two werewolves after their scent. But I want you on this."

Perry wouldn't tell the pack leader he'd finally come to his senses. One glance toward his only window in the cabin and he realized he'd slept a hell of a lot longer than he'd thought. Darkness had settled.

"If that Amyx den hurt them..." He would personally hold Johann Rousseau responsible. He let his threat go unspoken.

Johann's relaxed nature grated on Perry's nerves more times than not. Now was no exception.

"That den was in an uproar over those two bitches. Sounds like Jaynie tore into a few of them, destroyed more than a few pieces of furniture and then escaped with her cousin."

"The entire Amyx den deserves their throats clawed out."

Johann ignored his comment.

"I'm more concerned for Wendy at this point. Sounds like Jaynie is more than a bit wild. I believe wicked was the term the Amyx den used for her." He chuckled at that. "Not sure what I'm going to do with her."

Perry knew exactly what he was going to do with her. "I'll let you know when I have them."

He hung up the phone, tying his clothes around his waist instead of dressing. He grabbed a small blanket and folded it before sliding it under his clothes. In his fur, it would look like he'd secured a saddle to his back, but he didn't give a rat's ass. Once he found the little bitch, he would take all the time needed to talk sense into her. Running away from him instead of to him wasn't her smartest move.

There were at least three males in the Amyx den that he'd had the displeasure of meeting. Jaynie had been dragged into their den, forced to protect her cousin and take all of them on as well. Damn impressive that she'd escaped.

But where had she gone? There were werewolves tracking her. Probably meant they'd chased her even farther into the wilderness. She wouldn't plan on leaving the pack.

Wherever she went, he'd find her. That hot little bitch defied every rule in the book. Running on her own, taking her cousin with her...

Fire burned through his veins. Muscles quivered, contorting and changing. A howl escaped him as the change ripped through his body. Jaynie had no fear of running into any situation, taking on anyone. That's how she'd entered his life.

If another werewolf got his hands on her, or God forbid, if it were a *Cariboo*...

His spine hardened, blood rushing through his veins while his heart pumped harder than his human body could handle. Thoughts of another male touching her, fucking her, taking what was his...

Perry screamed, bolting out the door that he'd yet to fix before the change had completely taken over his body.

His.

Fur spread through his hardening flesh, the prickling sensation devouring him while his face changed, his mouth and nose growing. The color of night changed, shadows fading as his vision grew more acute. He took in the night air, many scents invading him while he dug through the earth with long, extended claws.

Taking a wide curve around town, he reached the backside of the Amyx den, moving quietly through the predominantly werewolf neighborhood until he picked up the scent of where werewolves had recently taken off running. Years of tracking made it easier to pull out scents in the air. The only ones he focused on were those of the trackers, and the marks in the ground where they'd stampeded into the night.

He hadn't bothered to ask Johann who he'd sent off to hunt down the females. Other males stalking her, trying to bring her in, didn't sit well with him at all. Assuming Johann had called right after sending the trackers after Jaynie and Wendy, he'd give them no more than a fifteen-minute lead on him. Reaching high speed in minutes, he didn't slow until well beyond the city limits of Prince George. Then keeping his nose close to the ground, all senses on red alert, he picked up their scent, stronger than it had been at the den.

Crouching over the ground, he watched the fools Johann had sent out. Obviously he had little to worry about with these pups chasing Jaynie. She'd run them around in circles before they realized what she'd done. The noise they made was enough to send all wildlife in the area running.

Circling around them unnoticed, he focused his attention on Jaynie's scent, letting his instincts take over. Possessive instincts, raw and unleashed, tracking a female whose fire ran through her veins as hot and wild as it did through his. Before he'd met her, he would have denied a bitch like that would be a good mate. But now, he clearly saw how she could be the only mate for him. No one else would be able to handle her.

No one else would ever touch her.

## Chapter Six

Sleep sounded better than anything else at the moment. It had been a good fifty-mile run to the next town where there was a bus station. After seeing Wendy off safely, knowing she'd be in Banff later that day with relatives who were excited to see her, took a load of worry off her mind. The Amyx den wouldn't mess with her cousin anymore.

The sun rested on the horizon, glaring at her. No way would she be able to run back to Prince George in broad daylight. Wendy had promised to call her parents as soon as she reached Banff and then they would know she was all right. For now, the only way she'd be fine was if she slept.

Sitting in her fur, muscles growing heavier the longer she didn't move, she stared at the undeveloped wilderness that spread out below her and stretched for miles beyond her vision. Her eyes burned.

Maybe a small cave. There were rocky cliffs scattered along the river. Just anywhere to lay her head for a

few hours. Exhaustion hit so hard that nothing else mattered.

There were no caves, but after an hour's search a back wall of hard rock, with two boulders protecting her on either side, looked as good a cozy bed as anything she'd ever seen. Curling up in her fur, she crashed into a deep slumber.

Hours had to have passed. Waking up so stiff she'd swear she'd slept on pure rock, she blinked several times. Oh yeah...she had slept on rock. She stretched, stiff muscles crying out. Yawning, she inhaled a hell of a lot more than the smells of the great outdoors.

Werewolf. And very, very close.

She jumped to her feet. Cold, fast-moving water, filled with fish that pranced without a care, tumbled over rocks several yards from her. A chilly white sky brought crisp air. A damn near perfect day, kick-ass surroundings, enough food and shelter to make the place close to paradise.

Except she wasn't alone. Whoever it was better damned well show their face, and soon. She growled, just in case the ass thought they dealt with some helpless female. Maybe she'd been an exhausted one but right now she was more than ready to take on anyone with nerve enough to come on to her while she slept.

Sniffing the air, she looked above her. The largest *Cariboo* she'd ever laid eyes on sat on the rocks above her. Tall and proud, his chest broad with muscles rippling visibly under a thick white coat. He gazed over the land, surveying it like a king. Long, thick, daggerlike canines pressed against his lower lip. The dangerous predator, confident and alert.

Jaynie's heart beat too hard to catch her breath. Slowly he lowered his head, meeting her gaze with piercing silver eyes. He returned her growl, the cocky low rumble sending hot tingles rushing through her.

Unable to move, her mouth went dry watching him stand, stretch slowly and begin descending the rocky terrain.

*Run! Fucking run like your life depended on it!*

She sat wide-eyed, heat rushing through her while roped muscles flexed under his thick, coarse hair. Never had she laid eyes on a more beautiful creature. So magnificent, with raw strength emanating from him. God. She swore his power had a scent all its own.

Perry moved over the rocks with little effort. Not even nature inhibited him. And he'd sat up there, keeping watch over her while she napped. The protector, a dominant in the purest sense. She should have known he'd be able to find her.

Finally able to regain control of her body and her senses, she jumped to her feet when he reached the flat slab of ground where she'd napped. His scent overwhelmed her, soaking through her, demanding her submission.

She let out a low growl. *That isn't going to happen. Don't think for a second I'm going belly-up for you.*

His growl vibrated the rock underneath her. Standing over her, he was fucking tall enough that she could have darted underneath his chest, raced through his legs and jumped to her freedom. Except for the long thick cock that hung between his hind legs, hard and aimed right at her. She swallowed the thickness in her throat and lifted her gaze to his face.



He leaned down, his thick tongue tracing a damp path over her head, down her cheek, those long thick teeth scraping through her fur. Slow and meticulous, he bathed her face, wiping the sleep from her eyes, taking care of her. She closed her eyes, lifting her face to allow the warmth of his tongue to brush over her fur. When he nudged her with the side of his head she almost stumbled to the side. His cheekbone was as large as the side of her head, and harder than the rock she stood on.

The reality of the amount of power he possessed excited and terrified her at the same time. With him standing over her, there was no way she could escape him. Anything he wanted right now, he'd take. His scent dominated with satisfaction, complete control. Any time now, he'd make her his. And in their fur, he wouldn't ask first. The tension turned to fear.

Werewolves were so damned traditional. It sucked. *Cariboos* were more aggressive with their ways than other purebreds. And Perry was all *Cariboo*. He'd stood watch over her, like she belonged to him and he'd made sure no one disturbed her nap. No one had ever taken care of her like that before. And the security he offered her was more appealing than even the thought of that hard cock.

He nudged her again and she tripped over her paws, falling to her side. His long tongue swept over her side.

Damn it. She'd become his possession. Fucking in their fur would mate them harder and faster than any demand a pack leader could ever place on her. And the clarity that this was exactly what she'd dodged ever since her parents' death hit her harder than anything she'd taken on in her life.

No! She barked furiously, jumping to her feet. But there was nowhere to move where she could escape him. Her perfect haven of nestled boulders now served as a small prison.

*You won't trap me. I won't be owned.*

She lunged at him, baring her teeth, all the while knowing in the back of her head that attacking him would be futile. She did it anyway. Perry sent her rolling backwards with a swift swipe of his paw.

Crumpled against a large rock, she blinked at the beautiful silver eyes that gazed down at her. Such a perfect creature. Powerful and strong, well built in either werewolf or human form. And more fucking deadly than anyone she'd ever met in her life.

His chest broadened, flattening, hair receding, while his scent quickly changed. His hindquarters grew, becoming rounder, extending, until his front paws no longer touched the ground. Hair receded on his body while he slowly straightened.

"Change," he told her in a thick rumble, speaking before his tongue had reshaped to human form.

So many smells from his emotions plunged through her while she embraced the metamorphosis, allowed her body to grow with his. The sweet pain plunged through her, muscles and bones altering shape while her heart slowed, altering the speed that blood pumped through her veins.

There were too many emotions. Not only the mixture of confidence and domination that she smelled from him, but her own emotions too. Changing from werewolf to human, suddenly mixing deeper thought with the more carnal raw sensations that still lingered deeply in her, the sudden sensation to cry ripped at her soul.

Everything was too intense. The urge to escape him, run hard and fast, make a break for freedom while

it was still within her grasp, had her mind spinning.

"You pushed me away." He stood naked before her now, magnificent, glistening skin covering corded muscle throughout his body.

"I don't like being trapped." Looking at him took too much from her, so many feelings hitting her at once, the once-closed book of a man now standing before her like a raw exposed nerve. It was damned unsettling.

Instead she searched where she'd napped, trying to remember where she'd put her clothes. Not that she was cold. It couldn't be a more perfect day.

Perry turned away from her, jumping up the rocks as easily in his human form as he had in his werewolf form. Quickly reaching the perch where he'd watched over her, muscles bulged in his legs, over his ass and up his back when he picked something up off the ground.

"And that's why you run, never staying in a pack that long, refusing to let anyone get close to you." He walked back to her with the same smooth agility, carrying a blanket bundled in his arms.

"I enjoy freedom."

"You're free with me. Had I not maintained watch, the pack would have hauled you home." He spread out the blanket, producing her clothes and his.

"Don't think I don't know what you were going to do a few minutes ago." She crossed her arms. No way would he get a thank-you out of her with that feeble comment. He wanted her to think she couldn't make it without him.

"What was I going to do?" He sat down, then leaned back and squinted up at her.

Too many muscles and one hell of an impressive-looking cock made it hard to focus on her argument.

"You were going to fuck me."

His cock stretched over his abdomen. "I still am."

She blinked, forcing herself to look away, stare at unappealing rocks. It didn't stop the quickly building pressure inside her, the urge to climb over him, impale herself with that magnificent cock. God. Even when he wasn't bullying her, he still had the power to control her body. And not just her body. Her mind. She wanted him. With every breath, she wanted him inside her, with her. Such raw power, his calm, controlled manner, his protective strength. There would be freedom with him. No one would ever try to run her life again.

"But in our fur..." Her thoughts were running together, pros and cons about being with him, running at his side, having him for a mate, were all overlapping.

"We would have mated," he finished for her.

She met his gaze. His expression was intent, blue eyes devouring her. She sank into them, feeling like she was falling, rushing toward him. That's exactly what he wanted. He wanted her as a mate!

Oh shit!

Her mouth went dry, every bit of her suddenly shaking like a leaf. The thought was terrifying, absolutely terrifying.

"Mating is for a hell of a long time," she whispered.

"For life," he said, with such calm confidence that he made it sound almost appealing.

She licked her lips, her heart suddenly racing hard enough to bring on the change. His dominating manner appealed to her. Damn it. What was wrong with her? He held out his hand, reaching for her, not moving, not taking his gaze from hers.

"Come here," he whispered, a rough, raw sound.

"I don't think so." This new sensation rippling through her needed time.

He moved faster than she anticipated. Grabbing her, his giant hand wrapped around hers, his touch rough against her skin. He tugged hard and she lost her balance. She fell onto him and he caught her, wrapping his arms around her. Muscle encased her and pure satisfaction oozed from his pores.

Dear Lord. Aggression like this had never turned her on so much. The way he took over, demanded that she be with him, made every inch of her tingle with raw energy.

"You need some serious housetraining," she whispered.

The smile that appeared on his face should terrify her. "I'm already housebroken."

"That's a scary thought," she muttered.

Muscle closed in around her as he rolled over, taking her with him until he was on top of her, crushing her against hard flat rock. Discomfort was the last thing on her mind.

His hands clawed through her hair, pinning her head so that she could only stare into his eyes. Holding himself off her by maybe a mere inch, he bit at her lower lip.

"You are not going to own me," she whispered, the quick pinch he gave her with his teeth shooting like currents straight through her body to her cunt.

Thick, powerful legs spread hers apart. His cock poked hard and demandingly against her heat, teasing the shit out of her since she couldn't move to do anything about it with him pinning her down like this.

"You don't think you're worthy of me?" His cockiness had a strong dominating scent to it.

She touched her lip with her tongue where he'd bitten her. Those lust-filled blue eyes of his lowered to watch the action. His blond curls fell around his face—such a fucking roguish look. God, he turned her on.

"You don't even have a den." What the hell was she thinking? She grasped at straws, and the crooked smile that crossed his face showed he saw that immediately.

"Pick any den you want, and it's yours."

Again he moved faster than she anticipated. He had her mind in such a frenzy, scraping for arguments, determined to show him that mating would make them both crazy. He scooped her off the ground, moving to his knees and bringing her up with him. With a quick solid movement he impaled her with his cock. The damn thing split her in two.

Her nails dug into his flesh, scraping over hard muscle while she threw her head back and screamed. He had her straddling him, holding on to her ass and lifting her then forcing her down on him. Every movement he controlled. It was all she could do to hold on while he sent an orgasm tearing through her too hard for her to breathe.

Her come dripped down her inner thighs, soaking both of them, filling the air around them with the thick, heady smell of sex. It intoxicated her, brought out the wild craving she so often held back. He wasn't the only one who could be an animal in human form.

"Come on, wolf man," she hissed through clamped teeth that threatened to grow and puncture her lips. "Prove you're worthy."

"You little bitch," he snarled, his grin turning very dangerous.

God. Could she handle all he dished out? She sure wanted to give it a try.

Tossing her off him and then grabbing her again before she could manage to get to her hands and knees, he flipped her over onto all fours. Before she managed to move, he'd grabbed her hair, holding on to it like the leash she knew he'd love to put on her.

And then he was inside her again, fucking her doggy-style. And damn, could his cock stroke her insides better than anything she'd ever had in her life. More than that, he pushed her beyond her breaking point, building pressure in her so fast and then making her explode before she could catch her breath.

He forced her back to arch, pulling her hair so that her head stung. His primal actions had fire rushing through her. Molten heat burned her alive. And damn, if she didn't love every minute of it.

His hand on her ass was rough, kneading her soft flesh. Thick fingers teased her tight hole, spreading her cream over the incredibly sensitive skin. He impaled her ass with one finger, sending all nerve endings in her puckered flesh into a heated frenzy.

She bucked at the new sensation.

"Tell me you want me to fuck your ass." His deep baritone gave her chills.

"Beg me to give it to you," she hissed through her teeth.

His aggression made her want more. And when he slowed his movements, letting go of her hair, her head fell forward, too much blood rushing to her brain making her dizzy.

"Perry," she whispered, her thoughts so fogged that words escaped her.

"What do you want, my little bitch?"

His cock moved so slowly in and out of her, his thick heat caressing her inner muscles. He moved his fingers expertly against her ass. And she knew he prepared her so that he could take her there. A flushed heat soared through her, anticipation making her high. She wanted it. Wanted all of him. Wanted to claim his cock in every way.

That revelation gave her clarity. No other werewolf had ever come close to giving her what Perry could give her. And not just physically. He challenged her mind. Made her feel more alive than she ever had before.

"Ask me if I will have you." She stretched to look over her shoulder.

She wanted to see his face, see his reaction to her, demanding that he humble himself enough to ask her to be his mate. Making demands was part of his nature. And something she doubted would ever change about him. But if he thought he'd train her to be some little submissive bitch who'd jump at his every bark, he could think again. She didn't belly up to any werewolf.

The way his expression hardened she wondered if she'd pushed him too far. He pulled his soaked cock out of her slowly, leaving her empty. Everything around them seemed to still, as if even the birds in the distant trees waited to hear what he would say.

Moving his cock to her soaked ass, he pressed against her. A steaming pressure surged through her, anticipation of him taking her there making her entire body shake with need. Taking control of the situation at this moment was damned near impossible to do.

But fuck. The *Cariboo* needed training.

Showing that *lunewulf* could move just as quickly as he'd moved on her, she collapsed underneath him, rolling over before he could slide into her again. Every inch of her tingled with need. He'd turned her into one huge throbbing nerve ending. She panted when she stared up into his rugged expression.

"Well, wolf man?" she asked, her heart pounding so hard the blood rushing through her made her muscles burn to grow. "Are you strong enough to submit?"

His fingers glided up the back of her thighs, chills rushing over her skin. Slowly he raised her legs until he had her ankles resting on his shoulders. When he leaned into her, she swore he'd grown a foot, looking like a giant moving in for the kill. His face reddened, making his blond curls stand out more. Heat rushed through his body that burned her wherever they touched.

His cock pushed against her ass, slowly stretching the sensitive flesh. Fire ignited between them. One quick thrust, and he glided into her soaked ass with his thick cock.

She clawed at him, struggling to make words come out when all she wanted to do was scream. The intensity of the act, filling her tight hole and moving deeper inside her, burned her alive from the inside out.

"Do it!" She couldn't say any more.

Perry had never experienced emotions like this before. Not like what Jaynie had just done to him.

A growl tore through him, her demand pushing him harder than any physical aggression any werewolf had ever inflicted on him in the past.

He knew more than anything at that moment that he'd found his soul mate. Jaynie was meant to be his. Her tight ass stole his breath. So many little muscles vibrated against his cock while he took her in the most intimate way a werewolf could take another.

Clenching his teeth, he struggled to make his mind work. Giving her what she wanted, what she demanded of him, took more strength than fighting not to lose himself before he could fuck her thoroughly.

He focused on building the momentum. Heat suffocated him. Her ass gripped him so hard he knew she would take his dick, claim it for her own, without him saying a word.

But this brave little *lunewulf* demanded more of him than any werewolf had ever dared do. Without raising her claws, she'd pushed him to the edge. His heart exploded when he realized how much that turned him on.

More than turned him on. It made her the perfect female for him.

Gliding into her heat, impaling her tight little ass, her soft flesh, soaked with her come, padded against his balls with each thrust. The smell of her lust, of her passion, of her need to hear that he wanted her

enough to beg her to be his, was a mixture of the sweetest scents he'd ever inhaled.

Her long blonde hair fanned down her front, parting over her full breasts. Her tummy was hard, moving up and down quickly as she panted underneath him. And her thin legs, muscular and perfect, were soft against his neck.

Every inch of her, inside and out, filled him with emotions that burned him alive. More than the heat of her ass, more than the physical beauty that he stared down at through blurred vision, the entire package put him over the edge. Living without her would no longer be an option.

His cock swelled, every ounce of blood in his body draining through him. He couldn't take the heat any longer.

Exploding like he never had before, his head fell back, oxygen leaving his brain while he stared blindly at the sky and howled hard enough to burn his throat.

Muscles convulsed throughout him while he flooded her ass with his come, releasing all the heat that had built up inside him.

His arms wouldn't hold him. They were too shaky. Her small hands came up, her fingers gripping his arms, and she pulled him to her.

"Jaynie." His voice was too scratchy. "I love you."

Even though the fog that covered his brain made it impossible to focus, he didn't miss the look of surprise that swept over her face. Then the twitch of her lips, and the rich smell of happiness that filled the air.

"Damn," she whispered. "And all I wanted you to do was beg."

He frowned, managing to hold himself off her in spite of his muscles still quivering throughout his body.

"*Cariboos* don't beg," he told her.

Then she did smile, a full-fledged grin. "Maybe. But I think you're trainable."

"We'll see about that." He smelled her contentment. But, damn, what he wouldn't do to hear it.

"Yes. We will." She ran her tongue over her lips then nibbled at them, looking timid for the first time since he'd met her. "Perry?"

"Yes?"

"I love you too."

## About the Author

All my life, I've wondered at how people fall into the routines of life. The paths we travel seem to be well-trodden by society. We go to school, fall in love, find a line of work (and hope and pray it is one we

like), have children and do our best to mold them into good people who will travel the same path. This is the path so commonly referred to as the “real world”.

The characters in my books are destined to stray down a different path than the one society suggests. Each story leads the reader into a world altered slightly from the one they know. For me, this is what good fiction is about, an opportunity to escape from the daily grind and wander down someone else’s path.

Lorie O’Clare lives in Kansas with her three sons.

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

### *Tell Us What You Think*

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can e-mail us at [Comments@EllorasCave.com](mailto:Comments@EllorasCave.com).

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