

COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



# WICKED

Belladonna Bordeaux



*Howl for Me*

*By*

*Belladonna Bordeaux*

## **Howl for Me by Belladonna Bordeaux**

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### **Howl for Me**

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*Come on, it's his birthday.*

Jennifer Martin's gaze roamed over her living room. No streamers or balloons per his request. The dozens of candles he'd brought over at the beginning of the week were artistically placed across her mantle and her side tables. In the back of her mind, she could hear her smoke alarm going off once she lit all of them. Admittedly, it added a romantic element to her rather plain décor.

Compared to most of her other relationships, theirs' wasn't half bad. In the two years she'd dated Asher Cope, she'd seen him at his best and worst. He was kind, caring and considerate. Everything she should want in a boyfriend. She couldn't even bitch about their sex life except that maybe he was insatiable. But, then again, she figured most twenty-seven-year-old guys were geared for banging.

However three days a month, with almost freaky dependability, his mood turned foul. He attributed his strange behavior to bio-rhythms and normally stayed away from her apartment until he felt himself again. If she didn't know better, she'd think he was menstruating beneath a full moon.

A giggle escaped her lips. "Okay, now you are being silly."

And, she reminded herself, he was breaking his routine with this romantic dinner. Her gaze went to the bay window taking up the back wall of her living room. Walking to the mullioned window panes, she pulled aside the lacy curtains to see the full moon peeking from between the wispy clouds floating against the inky backdrop. It was a lush moon, full and heavy—perfect for a night of sex with Asher.

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They would end up in bed. They always did, unless she was having her period. Even then, she'd give him a tit ride or a blow job to take the edge off his lust. She didn't mind. Well, not much.

"Who am I kidding?" Propping her weight on one stiletto heel, she heaved a frustrated sigh. The question her mother had asked her this morning caused her to frown. "Do I love him?"

She wished she had an answer. Not because her mother wanted her to settle down and have babies, but because after two years she thought she ought to know if she loved Asher. It wasn't as simple as just going off gut instinct and saying three simple words.

*Burn me once, shame on you. Burn me twice, shame on me.*

And she had suffered enough burns to last her a lifetime. She'd suffered all the clichés of boyfriends sleeping with her best friends or sister. Since she didn't have a sister, her cousins were quick to go after her love interests. Her last relationship had ended with a call to the police because her lover started hitting her and wouldn't stop. *Yep, unlucky in love. That's me.*

"Hey baby, what's got you thinking so hard you didn't even hear the door?"

"Oh." Startled, Jennifer spun around and nearly toppled over when she lost her balance. "Thanks," she whispered gratefully when he steadied her with his hands on her shoulders. "Happy birthday."

"Thank you," he said. "What's wrong?"

She tipped her gaze to his face. "Mom called me today."

His bright smile was filled with sympathy. "The 'are you ever going to give me grandchildren' conversation?"

"Pretty much," she admitted with a shrug. "You know how she is. It's all about her not getting any younger and wanting to be sure she sees that dad's name is carried on. It hasn't been easy on her since he passed away."

"What about his daughter? Has it been easy on you?"

"It's only been three months, and as you can see, I'm hanging in there." Truthfully, she didn't know how she felt about her father's death. He'd never really been there for her. His world revolved around his job as

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a quazi-investment counselor who robbed widows blind and raped the stock portfolios of non-profit organizations. "I'm still coping with the truth behind his ponzi scheme and how he decided it was easier to kill himself than face the people he'd scammed out of all their savings."

"That's why I decided we'd celebrate my birthday by taking your mind off what's happened."

*Aw, that's sweet.* The pain she'd wrestled with came rushing back. Part of her wasn't okay with what had come out just prior to her father putting the muzzle of a gun in his mouth. The other part of her said she'd had no way of knowing what he was up to and she needed to move on with her life. "But it's your birthday."

"So I get to make all the rules. Your present to me is that I get to do anything I want to your body. I want to hear you howl for me."

"I'm not sure I can."

"Ye of little faith." He ushered her to the couch and forced her to sit on the overstuffed cream-colored cushion. "I even brought something to help you over the hump."

Her gaze snapped to the dress-box sitting on the credenza below her flat screen television. She returned her stare to his handsome face when he brushed his hands down her arms until he clasped both her wrists in one of his. "What are you doing?"

Even as she asked her question, liquid heat moistened her panties. Only Asher knew her fantasy about being fucked hard and thoroughly. In her private dreams she wanted a whole gala of perversion which began with him tying her down and ending with multiple partners.

She wanted him to break down the walls she'd constructed around her heart, eradicate the memories of news crews camped on her doorstep to get an exclusive interview with the daughter of Alvin Martin, before he made her beg for an orgasm. A climax he had absolute control over and delivered with sheer skill. "Jesus," she whispered on a gasp when he released his already hard cock from his jeans.

"Are you game, Jennifer? Do you want me to fulfill all your fantasies?"

Staring at the monster cock right in front of her, she licked her

suddenly dry lips.

"Tell me. Is this what you want?"

She wanted the whole shebang and then some. "Yes."

"Jakob, Donatello, join us," Asher called.

Jennifer watched the duo enter the living room via the kitchen's swinging doors. Her heartbeat tripled when she took them in with her slashing gaze.

All three were handsome. And the trio garnered attention whenever they appeared together.

From the moment she'd met him, Asher had dominated her thoughts. Sable haired, with snapping cobalt-blue eyes, his broad shoulders were too masculine for words. He had a way about him. Something which silently commanded women to pay attention. *Maybe it was his to-die-for ass.*

Jakob LeFay was even taller than Asher. He was a bad boy who didn't give a flying flip about how people viewed him. He also didn't give a shit that his black-as-original-sin hair was too long for convention or that he often came off as too good-looking for women's sanity. Jakob was comfortable in his own skin.

If she had to name Jakob's best attribute, she'd say it was his piercing eyes. Dark. Dangerous. Definitely sexy.

Donatello Melchior was as fair as Asher and Jakob were dark. In fact, her few friends who'd met him said he was angelic. She could see their point. Blond with light blue eyes, he had a smile destined to melt any woman's heart. And, if the rumors were correct, it had. Jakob was a womanizer. Donatello was a damnable wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Jennifer, are you sure?" Asher asked.

She took in the trio again before nodding. "I am."

It was obviously all the incentive they needed. Jakob rounded the couch and grasped her wrists as Asher led his cock to her lips. Her hips bucked when Donatello began binding her hands together with what she suspected was a velvet cord. A flame of passion curled deep in her womb when Asher's fingers tweaked her nipples through the sheer cloth of her blouse and bra.

Jakob took her bound hands and wrapped her grip around his turgid shaft. All the while, Asher held his cock steady in her mouth. He didn't start thrusting until she gave her first tentative draw on his erection. She licked the soft skin of the head before he tangled her hair in his hands and pushed her mouth down the length of him. Her tongue worked up the sensitive underside as he pulled back.

Realizing she was at their mercy turned her on even more. She was hot and hopefully they would deliver her a mind blowing orgasm.

"Get the first toy," Asher murmured.

Moaning against the erection filling her mouth, she snapped her eyes open in time to see Donatello go to the box. She tried to gasp when he produced a tube of lube and a slim butt plug. She would have chuckled, but Asher had begun to fuck her mouth. Slow, deep strokes against her tongue, then a few short fast ones.

She panted when he pulled out. "Holy God."

"That's just an appetizer, sweetheart," Asher responded. "You got her?"

"I have her, Asher," Jakob responded.

"What are you planning to do to me?"

None of them answered.

Come on, play along, Jennifer thought. "I demand to know what you're going to do to me." Asher had to remember that this was part of her fantasy. She wanted the sexy talk which made her hotter than hell when they did it in bed.

The look Asher sent her spoke volumes. He took the butt plug from Donatello. "I'm going to stick this in your ass. Get you ready for Jakob to take your sweet butt nice and hard."

By no shade of the word an anal virgin, Jennifer bit her lip when she pondered taking Asher's cock in her pussy while Jakob pounded her dark hole. Her channel tightened at the thought of it. "Do you think I can take both of you?"

"While you suck my cock," Donatello added. "I want to cum in your mouth, Jennifer."

"There's only one way to find out," Asher commented. He lubed



the butt plug while her hands still worked Jakob's shaft. She felt her eyes widen when Asher took a silver vibrator from the box. The sleek plastic tool wasn't large, but when it came to deep penetration in multiple holes, Jennifer was a novice. The whirr of the vibrator echoed her harsh pants for air.

Donatello came forward and lifted her a-line skirt up to show her pretty pink silk panties. An unwanted voice told her this was wrong. This was very wrong. She pushed her nuisance of a conscience away. She wanted this. She wanted all of this.

Lifting her hips as Donatello pulled her panties down, she felt him spread her pussy lips and stroke his fingers across her slick cleft. Her head fell against the velour covered back of the couch. A long, low moan escaped her throat.

"Not yet," Asher commanded. "She's my woman and I command her climax. Isn't that right, Jennifer? You belong to me."

"Yes," she groaned.

"Say 'yes, Master'," he commanded. Laying a hard swat to her thigh, he dislodged Donatello to place the tip of the vibrator on her clit. "Say it, Jennifer."

"Yes, Master."

"Tell me, 'I come only when my Master allows it'."

It was almost too late for that. Her vagina clenched and her thigh muscles trembled as her orgasm began to build. "Oh my God."

"Not yet." Much to her chagrin, he pulled the humming tip from her sensitive nub. "You won't come until I say you can. Is that understood?"

She bucked, trying without much success to find the tool that would lead her to bliss. "I...understand."

Flinching when he dropped another slap to her thigh, she pondered for a split second what she'd done wrong. "I...understand...Master." She was rewarded by having the tip of the butt plug eased into her anus. The small pang twanged her nerves but didn't stop the fire now singeing her skin.

"If at any time you want us to stop, you should say *loup garou*. Do

you hear me, Jennifer? Stop means nothing to us. If you need us to stop you say *loup garou*."

Asher's order permeated the passionate haze holding her captive. "I hear you." She gulped hard as she fought against her body's reaction to the sensations careening over her skin. "Master."

"Donatello, light the candles. I want my mate to carry my scent from this night forward."

"Asher, don't forget what your father said. He's not going to welcome a half-human into the pack." Jakob's voice sounded harsh to Jennifer's ears.

"My father is a damned fool. Jennifer is my mate, and I'm going to claim her. It's nothing less than you would do if you stumbled across your true blood mate."

Jennifer waited for Jakob's answer but none came. *Wait. Father?* Asher had told her at the beginning of their relationship that his parents were dead. No sooner had the question entered her mind then the play going on around her snatched it away. "Ah," she gasped when Asher began moving the vibrator across her slick folds. Tensing, she silently pleaded for him to slide the humming machine into her pussy. *Please, Master.*

Whether he was psychic or just in tune with her lusty nature, he planted the vibrator in her channel. The pulsing tool sent bolts of white hot desire up her feminine walls. He spread her folds to find her clit. She came with a shout when he flicked his tongue across her sensitive nub.

There was nothing else, only the contractions rushing over her. She tingled from head to toe. And she couldn't stop climaxing. The curling thrum of her orgasm kept racing from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. "God," she panted when Asher finally removed the vibrator from her pussy. It was so much more than she expected.

Jakob undid her wrists. "Easy there, Jennifer." He helped her slide her arms to her sides. "That's a tough position for a novice."

Feeling positively jellified, Jennifer nodded. The jab of pain shooting from her shoulders to her wrists was nothing in comparison to having three men working her over. She almost told Asher he'd forgotten

about the butt plug but when she cracked her eyelids to look at the handsome devil with his sable-brown hair and cobalt blue eyes, she could see he meant to leave it where it was.

"Be careful, Asher, you know your father will call for your hide if he feels you are a threat to his pack," Jakob said as he rubbed the ache from Jennifer's shoulders.

"My father is a fool," Asher snapped.

A few more snippets of the conversation filtered into her psyche. "I thought your parents were dead."

"They're dead to me," Asher commented as he took a glass of juice from Donatello. "Here, drink this, and then we'll continue."

Unsure of how much more she could take, Jennifer sipped the cool, refreshing liquid as she studied her lover. It was then she noticed the cloying scent of sandalwood clinging to her. It wasn't obnoxiously overbearing but it did stick to her already slick skin.

She stared down at her disheveled appearance. "Maybe I should get myself put together." Considering the orgasm's vestiges were yet to let go of her, she wondered if that was possible. Taking another sip of the drink, she watched the men tuck their erections away.

She sensed it was only for a little while.

"You may wear this for the remainder of the night." Asher went to the box and pulled out what had to be some of the naughtiest lingerie Jennifer had laid eyes on. The black leather bustier was decadent. Brass buckle accents glimmered in the candle light and a shiver raked down Jennifer's spine. The matching pleated schoolgirl-esque skirt probably didn't cover her butt cheeks. The ensemble was downright indecent and totally hot.

Her gaze snapped to Asher's face. His solemn, chiseled features didn't give her a hint about his mood. "Will you help me with the buckles?" she asked before draining the last of the juice from her glass.

He nodded in response before he turned his attention to his friends. "Prepare the table for our supper."

She opened her mouth to argue that as hostess the duty fell to her, but Asher halted her errant tongue with a brisk, almost imperceptible

shake of his head. "Let's get you put together so we can enjoy the rest of the night."

A tremble of wanton lust shot through Jennifer. She steered her gaze from the blond Donatello to the dark as midnight Jakob. "Okay." Accepting Asher's proffered hand, she heaved a resigned sigh as she stood. Unaccustomed to the butt plug, she smiled to cover her inner twinge. Halting her mental argument, she laid a kiss to Asher's cheek.

It was, after all, his birthday.

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"You want to tell me what's going on?" Jennifer asked once they'd entered her bedroom. "I mean, I get you are trying to make me get over my funk, but honestly? Three guys and me."

"Don't you think you can handle us?" He walked to where she stood and ran his hand up her thigh to cup her sex. "We're all house broken."

A horrified laugh erupted from her throat. "It's not that. It's just that this is so intense. I never expected anything like this to happen to me." A burst of the brisk November wind rattled the window. "I never, not even in my wildest dreams, considered you'd fulfill my fantasy."

"Fantasies," he corrected her. Levering his hands on her hips, he pulled her back so she was plastered to his body. His palms brushed across her pelvis to hold her in place with his firm grip on her lower belly. "I'll explain most of this later, after the mating ritual is complete, but suffice to say that we are preparing you to join the pack."

"That's another thing..." She didn't get the chance to finish her sentence. The instant she tilted her face upward to speak to him directly he took her lips in a blistering kiss. His tongue swept her mouth then dueled with hers. "What was I saying?" she asked breathlessly after he raised his head.

"You were inquiring about your birthday suit."

"Oh," she muttered. Frowning at him, she shook her head. Taking a few steps toward the bathroom, she started to unbutton her blouse. "I

thought your parents were dead." Why she kept coming back to the point he clearly didn't want to answer was beyond her sexually hazed senses.

"My mother is dead. She passed away almost a decade ago. My father is a whole other kettle of trouble."

"Is that why you don't talk about him?"

"On top of several other problems we've never been able to conquer. It is the main reason I left the pack."

Jennifer shook her head. He wasn't making any sense. If she took what he'd said so far at face value, she'd say he was a dog, a flea bitten mangy mongrel that raced the dark alleys of Hell's Kitchen and scared the exhibitionists trying to grab a quickie in Central Park. "Okay, so you don't like him much."

"We hate each other."

"That's sad."

"Jennifer, get changed. Jakob and Donatello are waiting."

Immediately irritated, Jennifer turned on him. "Maybe I don't want to have supper with them. Maybe I want to have you all to myself."

His wolfish grin did nothing to improve her mood. "Did you hear what I said? I don't want to be your sexual buffet."

*Oh yes, you do.* Moisture clung to her feminine folds and the plug nestled between her ass cheeks kept reminding her she'd experienced a mind blowing orgasm with Asher and his friends.

She pulled the shirt from her body and then reached for her bra's clasp.

"Let me help you with that." The feel of his fingers skimming up her back made her breath hitch. When he freed her breasts, her legs buckled. Damn the man was hot. And he knew exactly how to get her started and keep her engine revved.

Startled by how fast he'd moved, she bowed her head and submitted. *What good does it do me to fight him? None.* From their first spin across the mattress she'd known Asher was the master of the bedroom. "I don't know about this."

"Yes, you do. This is what you want and believe me not one of those men, including myself, would hurt you. This is about fulfilling your

fantasies, Jennifer, and preparing to take your position in the new pack.”

“Why do you keep talking like that? Pack? I don’t understand.”

“Later.”

“I want an answer now.”

He didn’t say a word but pulled her into his embrace. His hands caressed her ass, making her shiver. The burning fire in his cobalt gaze warned he wasn’t done with her. Not by a long shot. He jerked her against his erection tightening his jeans. Her nipples hardened to tight buds. There was no denying her body lusted for him.

A gasp passed over her parted lips when he pulled the butt plug from her dark hole. “Holy cow.”

“It only gets better,” he said in a voice that reminded her of the few times her father had promised her some special treat. Her father hadn’t ever reneged. Neither had Asher. If he made her a promise, he kept it.

“I’m not sure what I want anymore,” she admitted gravely.

“I know.” He laid a kiss to the tip of her nose. “Does this feel good?” He tossed the plug onto her vanity, levered her thigh over his forearm then spread her pussy lips wide. He plunged two fingers into her. His thumb stroked her clit. “Tell me, does it feel good?”

It was wondrous how he got her started and kept her wanting him. “Yes.”

“Then this will feel even better.” He thrust the other two fingers of his left hand into her ass. His arm held her firmly to his side.

“I want you to fuck me.”

“Not yet.”

“Please.” Her next orgasm built with incredible speed. She let her head fall back, her long blonde hair wafting as he stroked her closer to her climax. “No!” she cried when his fingers left her hanging on the edge.

“Downstairs, on the table. I will command not only your obedience but your orgasm.”

She shook her head. She wanted him now. Her body was screaming for him to pound her into tomorrow. To give her something to live for other than her guilt revolving around her father’s suicide and her mother’s phone calls.

"Just think of it, Jennifer. Three weeks from now you'll be serving your mother and your fucked-up brothers turkey with all the trimmings from that table. Can you imagine what their reaction would be if they knew you'd had every one of your delectable holes pounded on top that table? Your mother would die of mortification, but won't it be poetic justice for the woman who always wanted more from your father. Your brothers would be horrified because you aren't the eye candy, do-good daughter they expected. You're a woman whose passion burns."

Vindictiveness had never entered her thoughts before now, but the idea, albeit covert, would make Thanksgiving supper all the more entertaining. This defilement wasn't only poetic justice, it was a big old up yours to the people who had tried to mold her into a doll with no common sense. To make her into a wannabe trust fund debutante whose biggest aspiration was nabbing a billionaire who could give credence to their pedigree by adding an affiliation with old musty money.

A giggle wafted in the heat-pump warmed air. "Now that sounds like a present."

"That's my girl."

"Thanks, Asher, I guess I just needed a pep talk." *And someone to point out that I don't have to lie down and take my family's shit.* "Do you think I can handle all three of you?"

"If I didn't think you could, Donatello and Jakob wouldn't be here. Don't worry, I'm in control of the play." He brushed his finger down her cheek. "Remember, *loup garou* if you want out or need a break."

"I got you." She whispered the safe word to herself several times while she stripped out of the rest of her clothes. She picked up the bustier and molded it to her body. Not surprisingly, she stepped into the skirt and discovered it barely covered three-quarters of her butt. Still, she looked great in the garb. "Shoes?"

Asher padded to her closet and brought out the thigh high, stiletto heeled boots he'd bought her for her last birthday. "I always wondered what I'd wear those with."

"You look fabulously sexy," he told her once she had slipped on the boots and zipped them up. "Good enough to eat." He cupped her sex,

teasing it with his middle finger.

"Stop it," she said on a laugh. Slapping him on the shoulder, she pulled away to right the lay of the skirt. *God, this is hot.* "I thought you wanted to get me naked with the other two."

"I want you naked no matter what."

Blowing out a breath, Jennifer nodded that she was ready. "Okay. Let's get this banquet started."

"I can't wait."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jennifer gulped when she finally reached the oblong oak table dominating her rather small dining room. Her notice turned to the chairs lining the only open wall in the miniscule room. She laid her hand over her thrumming heart. She peeked at the clock. *Nearly midnight.* It was a miracle she wasn't tired. Actually, she was the opposite. She was primed and ready for a pounding.

Her legs shook as Asher lifted her so she sat on the lip of the table. With his hand on her chest, he pushed her back until she was prone. Her fingers curled into fists when Jakob pulled her back so she lay in the middle of the table.

Curious, she watched the men as they began to disrobe. She bit her lip when she took in the erections all of them wore. There was no way in hell she could take them. The men were ripped in all the right ways. Even the young Donatello sported eight-pack abs.

"Easy, Jennifer. We aren't going to hurt you," Asher said with a knowing smile.

"How do you do that? Know what I'm thinking?"

"Later," Asher stated. "I want you to spread your legs wide and put your hands over your head."

She felt her silver, metal-accented stiletto heels dig grooves into the wood tabletop. Taking a fortifying breath, she reached her hands above her head and felt a grip immediately clamp down on them. A tremor of fear stroked over her but she was able to push it aside. "Okay, I'm ready."



It wasn't hard to figure out that the bustier provided no support to her full breasts in this position. Donatello's quick snatch of the metal studded top exposed them to the three pairs of eyes staring at her. "Are we going to fuck or what?"

Asher nodded, and she supposed that was his signal to let the fun begin since the moment he turned toward the table Donatello started laving her breasts and Jakob eased himself onto the table to feed her his cock. She licked the head before taking a small part of his length into her mouth.

Tremors shivered up her thighs when Asher blew a breath across her aching core. His tongue on her clit was even better. Ripping her mouth from the cock pumping her mouth, she panted for a moment. "Damn," she whispered. Her body was on overload. Donatello suckled on her nipples with a voracity she'd never known before. Asher licked her pussy as if he was a starving man. Jakob's cock fucking her mouth only fueled her lust more.

"Pay attention, Jennifer," Asher ordered her.

She reached for Jakob's shaft when Asher thrust three fingers into her channel. Instead of pumping, he tapped his fingers inside her. His thumb found her clit and began stroking the nub. Arching her back, she felt a new, foreign pressure grow in her core. It was mind boggling. Cataclysmic.

Pulling her hands free from Donatello's hold, she circled her fingers around Jakob's erection, and caressed him. "I'm going to cum."

"Not yet," Asher growled. "You aren't allowed to climax until I tell you that you can." He held her down with his hand on her tummy. "Jakob, it's time."

*Time?* She wasn't given the chance to whimper, let alone question the cryptic statement before Donatello and Asher lifted her body off the smooth surface. She heard the ripping of plastic and understood Jakob was sliding on a condom.

"Take him in your ass," Asher commanded. His tone was harsh, and she sensed he was teetering on the edge just as much as she was. He helped her plant her feet and held her ankles steady as she positioned

herself above Jakob's cock. "Take it slow."

With Jakob's hands easing her down and her natural lubrication slickening the way, she bit her lip as she took the head into her dark hole. The pang of pain only lasted a few seconds. She tilted her gaze to Asher and watched him stroke his cock from base to tip. "You want this?"

"Take him hard, baby," Asher commanded.

Blowing out a breath, she closed her eyes against the extreme sensation of Jakob filling her ass. "That's it," she told him. Levering her weight on her straight arms, she planted her hands on the table top. She had to admit she'd never expected to get this kind of treatment. Jakob's hands landed on her hips and started to guide her up and down his cock, sinking lower, taking him deeper with each thrust. "Shit."

"Are you okay?" Asher asked. He ran his fingers across her clit.

She nodded. Having Jakob's cock thrusting into her ass was something else. Her pussy, however, wanted some attention. "Asher, I need you."

He knelt on the table and propped her calves on her shoulders. "You ready?"

She forced herself to breathe in and out. "I'm ready."

He slammed in to the hilt.

Jennifer gasped at the feel of their alternating strokes, her clit aching, her ass burning. "Oh yeah. Oh yeah."

The last component of the foursome suddenly climbed onto the table. Glad she'd bought an antique that could probably survive a half-ton weight being dropped on it, she took Donatello's cock into her mouth. The orgasm she'd been fighting was on the verge of exploding.

Donatello grasped her head and began to fuck her mouth. His smaller cock slid smoothly across her tongue. The pace Asher set was a whole other matter. As if she was literally suspended, Jennifer took the rampant pace until Donatello jerked her head to him and gave her his seed. Swallowing the salty tang, Jennifer gasped for air when he hopped off his perch. *So close. So damn close.*

"Not yet," Asher informed her.

"Damn you."

Jakob laughed at her curse.

"Look at me," Asher demanded. "Look at me, Jennifer."

She managed to stare at his face, her body riding a passionate wave where she was so close to disobeying him and having an orgasm that she knew she was ready to shatter.

"Come for me."

Screaming his name, she was barely cognizant of his face changing into something nightmares were made of. He latched onto her neck and started to drink.

"Take it," Jakob ordered her.

Ecstasy combined with an exquisite pain to bring her to an earth shattering orgasm. Every inch of her tightened as her channel milked Asher's cock. "Oh my God."

Jakob was right behind her. His hands planted her to him as he spilled his cream. Asher was still working her. He sucked on her neck while pummeling her pussy.

"Yes. Yes. Yes." She was going to come again. The long draws on her neck drove her into a chaotic darkness both beautiful and terrifying.

"Give it to him," Jakob commanded. "Become one of us."

A long, somber howl escaped her throat. Her second orgasm raked across her skin like claws driving into her body.

Her body convulsed as the grandfather clock in the entryway struck twelve midnight. Jakob grabbed her forearms while Asher knelt and wrapped her in his embrace.

A ripple ran through her. Another howl sounded. A rumbling she couldn't understand. It was other worldly. Primal. Bestial.

It was her.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What did you do to me?"

"Jennifer, baby..."

"Don't baby me." Her heart drove like a freight train in her chest while her soul felt literally sucked dry. Standing out on her patio, she

scrubbed her hands up and down her arms though she wasn't cold. She was pissed to the gills and completely confused. "Asher, you better explain and make it fast." Her fingers came up to trace the bite marks he'd left on her neck.

"You heard that my father didn't want half humans in his pack. What wasn't said was that I'm as different as the werewolves are from the vampires or from the humans. I'm a hybrid. My mother was a vampiress, and my father is a werewolf."

She should have known. Should have sensed he was something other than 'normal'. All the excuses he'd given for his absences fell on the full moon, and she wanted to kick herself. Hell, even what he'd told her to say if she wanted them to stop was *loup garou*, French for werewolf. All of it was now making sense. "This morning that would be hard for me to believe but considering everything that's happened tonight, I guess I'm game for just about any story now."

"It's true. I carry both vampire and were blood. I'm the exception rather than the norm. Most offspring from the mingling either die in utero or are still born." He kissed her head. "

"I have a sick feeling there's more?"

He drank in a lungful of air then released it slowly. "Bloodletting isn't one way." Wrapping his arms around her, he held her tight. "Forget what you've read in romance novels. It's a lie."

"So what's the truth?"

"It's actually pretty old fashioned. Kissed by a vampire or bitten by a werewolf turns you into one of us. You are now either side of me. Probably you'll take on the vampire side."

"You mean drinking blood and all that?" She coughed against the cold air. Plumes of misty fog puffed before her face, clouding her vision. "That's gross." Except when his fangs had pierced her neck, then it was pure, unadulterated ecstasy. *Am I actually buying that this is real?*

*Dear God.*

The more she touched the scar gracing the side of her neck, the more she understood, the more lost she felt. He'd bitten her. She felt different. Hell, she felt as though she could fly. "What am I supposed to

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do now?"

"You're my mate. The new pack will accept you since you survived the blending and I was already in love with you."

"What about me? Don't I get a say in this?"

"Do you really want one? I have a feeling that you like how this has been going."

She heaved a sigh. "I have, it's just..."

"You don't know where you belong."

"Yes."

"You belong to me and with me." He pulled her against him and ran his hands up and down her back. "Isn't that enough for now?"

Her lips twitched into a smile. "I can live with that—for now."

"Jennifer." A warning entered his voice. "I'll never let you go."

"That's good because *for now* is a long time in my dictionary."

"How long?"

"Forever." She reached for him in the same instant he lowered his head. "I love you, Asher Cope," she whispered against his lips.

"I love you too."

A second before he captured her lips, she tangled her fingers in his hair. "Happy birthday."

The End

### **Author Bio**

In Belladonna's formative years her mother told her, 'an imagination is a terrible thing to waste'. That's what happens when your mother is also an author. In adulthood life took her in a different direction. She became a professional portrait photographer.

Her mother never gave up on her imaginative daughter and finally convinced her to try to write a story. Drawing inspiration from the candid moments that occur in her daytime job, she believes every human being has a story to tell. She writes paranormal, multi-cultural contemporary romance with emphasis on real life cultural divides, historical, fanta-historical and might even move into the genre of science fiction. First she'll have to photograph a real live alien.

When not working on her next story she's out with friends or kills time with her family, but her camera is never far from her side and the next story never far from her thoughts.