



Changeling Press

Holiday Howlz

Werewolf Woes
DAWN MONTGOMERY

Holiday Howlz: Werewolf Woes

Dawn Montgomery

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Dakota Raynes has come home for one reason and one reason only... to lay claim on the woman meant to be his mate. Six years away has given him time to get the beast under control so he could be the man he thinks she needs. Now if she'd just stop being so damn stubborn!

Lily Deacon has had it with alpha men and their need to push her around. So Dakota thinks he can just waltz right in and take up where he left off? Oh, she'll let him play all right, but only by her rules. His little Lily is all grown up, and she has a few tricks of her own.

When these two wolves collide, the county will feel the clash all the way to their boots.

Dedication

Happy Holidays from me to you. May you find a wonderful adventure of your own, a warm heart to keep you, and the pleasure of the season to light your way.

-- Dawn Montgomery

Holiday Howlz: Werewolf Woes

Lily was furious. Six years should have taken the edge off her lust for Dakota Raynes, but the hard-bodied former soldier was everything her little heart had dreamed he would be. And the bastard was wearing jeans! She picked up another empty beer bottle and slammed it on her tray.

"That's one man who could win a sexiest ass competition without ever taking off his jeans." Rebecca Lynn's smile was full of regret and lust. "He's one man I wouldn't mind unwrapping for Christmas."

Lily eyed Dakota's ass from beneath lowered lashes. "Eh, it's all right." All right, hell. She'd give anything to scrape her nails on it. Then whip his ass good for bailing out of town without even so much as a goodbye. Though the idea of having him wrapped up in a bow did have merit.

"Keep telling yourself that, baby. I won't hold it against you later." Rebecca chuckled and turned back to filling mugs.

Lily grabbed the other beers and picked up the tray, balancing it with a precision born of too much practice. She blew at a loose tendril of hair that always seemed to find its way across her eye. One more semester after Christmas break, and then she could get away from small towns that still needed the AC in the middle of December.

"Lily Deacon, you are a sight for sore eyes." The rumble of his voice in her ear made Lily's hands shake. He was too close to her. Way too close. She set the tray down at her table and handed out the beers. The boys gave her a quick smile and went back to their game of spades.

She tucked the tray against her stomach and gave Dakota her darkest stare, the one that sent most men running for the hills. His sensual lips twitched. "What do you want?"

The warmth in his eyes diminished a bit. "I don't even get a hello?"

"Hello, Dakota. What do you want?"

"Well that's easy." He moved closer so that she could smell the tantalizing scent of smoked meat and warm male. "Merry Christmas, Lily."

"You're a little early this year, and too many years too late for the others." She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to block out the memory of their first touch, but it was too late. Her mind went back to the night he'd first kissed her. His tongue. Gods, his tongue had done incredible things to her body. She drew in a shaky breath and opened her eyes.

"I'm not going anywhere. Not ever again."

She squelched the tiny flutter of hope in her heart. "Until tomorrow? Then what? Go back to whatever hole you crawled from, Dakota. I'm not interested." She turned on her heel and would have stalked away had he not grabbed her arm.

"Now wait just a damned minute."

The scrape of chairs against the floor echoed in the suddenly quiet bar.

"Boy, I know it's been a while since you've been here, but you'd best be taking your paws off Miss Lily unless you mean to claim her." The slow drawl of Tex MacCallahan held the chill of winter.

The hackles rose on all the men in the bar, and Lily jerked her gaze to Rebecca Lynn. The dark-haired beauty shook her head and went back to her glasses.

"She's mine."

Tex raised his eyebrows. "Is that true, Lily?"

Her heart thundered in her chest, and the wolf inside screamed her need to be taken. *Well, fuck that. He wants me; he's going to have to earn it at this point.* Lily jerked out of his grasp. "He holds no claim to me."

The quiet murmurs rumbling through the bar set her nerves on edge. Part growl and part words, they told her most of them were close to slipping their skin.

Tex smiled. "Glad to hear it. I think that means you and I have a little something to prove, puppy." The growl following his words was no longer human. Lily stared at him like he'd lost his mind. Tex had never shown any interest in her.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Chase and claim," Rebecca Lynn called out, as she leaped over the bar in a move that would have made an Olympic hurdler proud. "Let her go, Dakota. If you're man enough, you'll stake your claim." She jerked her head to the door. "Everybody out. Bar's closed."

The wolves all moved in a blur of speed. Some slipped their skin and loped through the door; others strolled out. None complained. There was a helluva show coming.

Tex shifted, and a gorgeous black wolf stood in his place. He winked and lolled his tongue before padding out the door. Dakota stared at Lily, a pained expression in his eyes. "You denied my claim."

Lily gently took her wrist out of his hold. "No, Dakota. You never made one. Not 'til tonight. Funny how it took another man's interest to get you to tell me yours."

His eyes glinted with steely determination. "You will be mine, Lily."

"You'll have to catch me first."

Dakota jerked her into his arms and kissed her with a hunger she matched. No sweet caresses or soft murmurs. His teeth nipped and she growled. He pulled back and let her go. "Make no mistake about that, baby. I will. Your wolf will have no other."

Lily snarled at him, and he grinned. Clothes fell aside as his body took wolf form. He raced out into the night, and a chilling howl rode her nerves like the stroke of a lover.

"Show off."

"It's been some time since the last chase, Lily. Remember to keep your senses open, and stay downwind of their pursuit."

"I'm no pup." Lily stripped out of her clothes and let them fall on the floor.

"I'll run interference for you." Rebecca Lynn scooped up her clothes. "Leave them a little false trail. Take the exit out the back and make 'em fight for it, honey."

Lily laughed and let the change overtake her. Magic tightened her skin and caressed her senses: from woman to wolf. She bound through the doorway and out into the night, inhaling the rich fragrance of home.

* * *

Dakota's senses were alive with the night. Lily's scent was like a drug. She was close to heat. Another scent lingered on the path. Tex. *Enemy*. The hackles on his back rose, and he pushed harder, trying to reach her before Tex did.

A large shadow launched at him and he reacted, a moment too late. The impact slammed them against a tree, and Dakota snapped his jaw at the unseen assailant in reaction. Fire and pain lit up his side; he muscled against the other wolf. Tex dug his claws into the ground and went for his throat, but Dakota slammed his jaw into the pup. He launched at Tex and shifted mid-lunge. The cowboy did the same, and they grappled on the ground. Rocks and gravel dug into his body, but he couldn't let the other wolf take what was his.

"First blood's mine, Dakota." Tex wrapped around Dakota's body, blocking his attempted roll.

A cry pierced the night. *Lily*. He heard the others take up her baying, and he caught Tex by surprise by tucking Tex's arm against his body and rolling them. Tex bucked but Dakota held tight, gaining the dominant position with Tex's back to the ground. Dakota pressed a forearm against Tex's throat and growled, letting it rumble through his body against Tex's torso. The man grinned and never broke eye contact.

"She's mine." Dakota would rip anyone apart that dared to try to take her.

Tex's smile waned, and the glare in his eye dimmed. He turned his gaze away. Dakota's wolf settled. He was alpha. "She was always yours, you idiot. I just needed to make sure you were actually worthy."

Her scent wafted under his nose. She was upwind. The heat of the night was sliding away to a chill. Dakota rolled off Tex and knelt, listening. She was running. He

narrowed his eyes and shifted in pursuit. She knew better than to be upwind during a hunt. Tease. Letting him get her scent was maddening. The trees blurred by him until he reached the meadow. Moonlight shafted through the cloud cover, shimmering over the rich turn of her coat.

His muscles bunched in his hind legs with the urge to race, but he didn't. He moved slowly. She wanted to play. He could see it in her tail, the way she twitched her ears. Her gaze flicked over his shoulder and back. No change in her mannerisms followed.

He stalked toward her. Was she wishing he was someone else? A growl slid from his throat at the thought. She was his.

Her muscles bunched and he ached to launch at her. She lowered her gaze for a moment and then sprang.

Dakota shoved after her, paws digging into the moist earth. His wolf roared in his blood. How long had it been since he'd let go? Raced the wind? A short huff of breath escaped his jaws. The wolf was impatient. *Run. Hunt. Taste. Ours.*

He slammed against her body and they rolled. She shifted and grinned, blonde hair framing her beautiful face, teasing the tips of her breasts with their length. Lily knelt in the turned earth. A goddess that haunted his memories.

He shifted and waited for her to move. The scent of her arousal teased his nose, and his cock thickened to painful hardness. She tossed her hair over her shoulder and licked her full lips. "What are you waiting for, Dakota? Looking for somewhere else to run?" Her lip lifted in a half snarl and he reacted.

He wrapped his arms around her and brought her against his torso. Chest to chest, hip to hip. He lifted her against him, tasting the sweet heat of her lips. Her teeth scraped against his bottom lip and he groaned, opening his mouth to her insistent tongue. His hand latched in her hair, dragging her away from his mouth so he could taste the salty essence of her skin. She trembled, and a soft moan left her lips. Her nails dug into his arms, the pain like a drug to his already heady senses. "Mine."

His teeth scraped against her shoulder, and Lily struggled against his pull on her hair. She needed this, wanted it, but instinct fought against what he'd do next. He looked at her from beneath his lashes, and she could see the glow of the wolf in his eyes. Moonlight glimmered off his fangs. Her pussy slickened with her lust. The press of his chest against hers meant she felt every breath, every beat of his heart.

"Mine." His voice was half growl, half groan. He dipped back to her shoulder and bit tenderly on the flesh. She froze. His teeth pierced her skin and she whimpered. Pain shot through her nerve endings, sending another wave of longing through her body.

He released her and his tongue swiped at the mark. The fire of his saliva burned along her skin in a chain reactive explosion of pleasure. Her wolf howled at the sensations, and a throb of need pulsed deep within her core.

His fingers tugged at her nipples, and she moaned at the sensation. Clever fingers twisted and caressed just the way she liked it. His mouth continued to tease her throat. "I had other plans for doing this, Lily."

Lily ran her fingers through his hair. It was just growing out from the high and tight military cut he'd kept it in for the past five years. She missed his long hair. "I didn't care for your plans."

He laughed and a hand reached around to smack her ass. The slap rubbed her pussy lips together in a startling way. "I noticed." His palm slid over the heated handprint to her hip and down between her thighs. "Spread your legs for me, Lily. Let me feel that sweet pussy."

She widened her thighs and his fingers ran along her slit in a long stroke. Two fingers slid deep, and she let her head fall back. His hot mouth surrounded her nipple.

Thunder rumbled along the valley; she could taste rain in the air. Fingers stroked the fires of her lust, driving her to the edge of madness. It had been too long.

His teeth raked against her nipple; she clenched her teeth to keep her moan inside. Her skin shuddered with need. His fingers left her body, and she cried at the

loss. With a fevered kiss to her breast, he moved away and turned her around so that she was on all fours. Her wolf's pleasure twisted through her skin.

"You're so fucking wet for me, Lily." His cock pressed against her pussy and slid deep.

The raw power of her lust sent her to the very edge. He pulled back slow and easy. Lily dug into the earth in frustration. She wanted to be fucked, damn it. Not seduced.

A growl let loose from her lips and an answering one came from Dakota.

His hands grasped her hips and he pushed so that her forearms were on the ground, bracing her ass up against his hips. He began to fuck her hard. Every thrust sent electric shocks of sensation through her pussy.

"Yes." She pushed back against him, meeting him thrust for thrust. "Fuck me, Dakota."

"You're mine." His words were half human, but the answering cry from her wolf was enough to make her beg him with everything she had.

"Yours. Please. Dakota." She panted the words in desperate need. The fire racing along her spine told her she was close, so fucking close.

He reached around and tugged on her nipple. Twisted it and pinched. The arc of pleasure-pain left her breathless. He rotated his hips and began small thrusts that drove her crazy.

Ecstasy rode her, driving her pants and moans. She was so close. She needed. Needed him. It was always him. Always Dakota.

He pulled out and turned her over, pressing her back against the cool earth. His cock shoved deep, and she shuddered in mounting climax. She lifted her hips and met his thrusts, driving for the orgasm that skittered just out of reach.

He wrapped his arms around her body, dragging her tight against him. His scent surrounded her, held her. His fingers tortured and teased. Her inner muscles tightened, and he buried his face against her skin. His teeth scraped against her neck; she shivered, arching against his thrusts.

He bit the curve where her throat met shoulder and his fangs dug deep. Four pinpricks of pain followed by a wash of bliss disintegrated her thoughts. She fell into oblivion with his mouth suckling at the skin and her pussy clenching him in sweet aftershocks.

Dakota held Lily against his body, still hard and aching. Her sweet breath on his skin broke the ache of loneliness free in his chest. The scent of her cum was like a drug. The bite would lock her in her human form for the next few hours while her body accepted or rejected his claim.

Lightning arced across the sky, followed by a clap of thunder. His senses came alive and he could taste the movement of the others in the shadows. Watching. His wolf bared its soul to them. He growled and watched most slink back into the shadows. All but one. The hair on the back of his neck stood on end.

Denim rubbed together in a slow walk. "I'll have my car brought out here for you." Tex stood just outside Dakota's vision. "Follow the line of trees until you see the road. It'll be waiting for you there."

It was tradition for the losing wolf to provide safety and lodging. Despite his human need to take care of everything himself, Dakota didn't feel compelled to argue with it at the moment. "Thanks."

Tex turned to leave but paused. "If you hurt her again, there will be no place on this earth you'll be able to hide, Raynes."

"You won't have to search for me, Tex. I'd give you my throat if it came to that."

Dakota looked down at the true beauty Lily had become. He needed to imprint her with his wolf, and then she'd take him in return. His gut told him this was right. His heart hoped it wasn't too late for both of them. This wasn't the way he wanted it to go down, but he'd be damned if he gave up now.

Tex's footfalls slid away into the night, and Lily began to come around. It was time to finish what they'd started five years ago.

* * *

He swept her up into his arms and began walking.

Lily jerked awake, grabbing his shoulders in surprise. Her nails dug into his skin. "What are you doing?"

"I'm taking you home, Lily. Where you belong."

Her heart ached. So he could leave again? Back to her cabin? Alone? "Just save yourself the trouble, Dakota. I can walk just fine." Changing to wolf form would have to wait until the burn of his bite faded. Her heart ached. How long would that take? Days? Years?

His hold tightened on her. "I will carry you."

Her heart squeezed painfully. The run had been sweet and the hunt had satisfied her wolf. She shook her head and pressed her face against his throat, needing to taste him, surround herself with his scent. "You're going to scare the locals with all this parading around naked."

"Shy now, Lily?" A thread of anger crept into his voice and she shivered.

It was easier to talk to him when his eyes weren't on her. Easier to pretend there were no consequences for their actions. "Why did you wait so long to come back?"

He sighed and she could feel the clench of his jaw. "I got lost."

Flashes of memory from his past, friends lost, aching loneliness. She could feel the pain in his heart like a vise around hers. Lily's stomach clenched with the first impressions, the psychic connection his mark had already started to create within her soul.

A wave of longing came over her. The chill of the night air warred with her flushed skin. Tendrils of pleasure knotted in her core. Her pussy slickened with need and she dug her fingernails into his arms. She pressed her lips against the pulse point at his neck. A part of her wanted to lock away the fire in her blood, keep her heart from shattering, but the other part, the feral part, wanted everything. Every moment. She scraped her teeth against his skin.

A low growl rumbled through his chest and she smiled, flicking her tongue against his skin. Salt from his sweat and the lingering taste of magic touched her tongue. She wanted to bury herself in his scent.

Lily scraped her teeth against his throat and his hands tightened their hold on her. She raked along his shoulders and chest with her nails. He stopped and stared down at her, the glow of his eyes at odds with the shadows of his face.

"Lily." Her name tore from his throat and he whirled them around, letting her feet fall and keeping his arm locked around her waist. She eased against a tree and the bark dug into her tender flesh.

He kissed her. A slow exploration of her lips, one that simmered with a raw edge. His hands cupped her heavy breasts. Thumbs brushed against her sensitive nipples, drawing them to hardened peaks. She rubbed her thighs together to ease the ache, but it only intensified her need.

Dakota's kiss became hard and possessive. His tongue stroked against hers, and she could feel the burn of lust clenching her pussy. His fingers tugged at her tight nipples. Shocks of pleasure tingled along her nerves straight to her pussy. His mouth blazed a bath of fire down her throat.

"I ache for you, baby. Five years you've haunted my dreams." His fingers trailed down her stomach.

"Why? Why didn't you come back for me?"

The sound that left his throat was half growl, half moan. "Do you know what I wanted to do to you, Lily? The ways I've imagined fucking your hot little cunt. You screaming my name, begging for more. I should have been arrested for my wicked imagination."

His hot mouth wrapped around her nipple, sucking it deep. Teeth scraped against the sensitive nub, and his fingers delved into the moist heat of her pussy.

"I had a few ideas of my own." Was that her voice? So breathless? A moan tore from her throat when he twisted his fingers and stroked. It wasn't enough. She cradled his cheeks in her hands and growled through her teeth. If he didn't give her what she needed, she was going to throw him down and fuck him instead.

"What is it, baby? Tell me what you need."

The fire in her body grew until her voice was giving soft whimpers. His eyes narrowed and she couldn't speak. She could only stare at him, begging.

His mouth kissed her pussy and she shuddered at the pleasure shooting through her. Her core muscles tightened and squeezed. She couldn't tear her eyes away from the fire in his gaze. He spread her pussy lips and gave a long slow lick along her slit.

His fingers flicked inside her channel and she moved against the tree. Bark bit into her skin but she welcomed it, needed something to take away the edge. Dakota sucked her clit into his mouth and flicked his tongue against it. She jerked in shock, but his fingers stroked her deep and hard. Her juices soaked his hand.

"You taste so fucking good." His wicked tongue and lips made her arch against him. Raw ecstasy simmered along her nerve endings. She clawed the side of the tree, raking her nails through the bark and shredding it in her wake.

He fucked her with his fingers. Tension snaked down her spine and tightened. Sudden pressure against her clit snapped the tension. The edge of pleasure crashed through her and she shuddered with the incredible aftershocks.

He murmured his enjoyment and continued lapping at her juices. "So sweet. I could eat your pussy all day, Lily." He nuzzled her clit and she moaned.

She wanted to curl up against him and taste every inch of his body. Her body was sated.

He wiped the juice from his face and grinned up at her. His cock was thick and hard between his legs and her breathing became shaky. The need burned through her again, less intense than before, but fuck it hurt.

He inhaled slowly. His eyes darkened and his expression tightened. "Come on." He grabbed her hand and rose, pulling her toward the road. "We have to get you home, now. I'll be damned if we finish this here."

Lily stopped the urge to press her palm against her suddenly aching clit. Barely. She growled but followed, desperate for the pain, the need, to stop. "Dakota."

"What, baby?" His breathing was just as ragged.

"Please. Hurry."

He cursed and they moved faster. Waiting on the side of the road was a truck. Dakota opened the door and helped her in. Tex's scent filled her nostrils and she shuddered. Wrong. It was wrong. It wasn't Dakota. She needed Dakota. Her wolf was growling against the wrongness of the smell. Lily squeezed her eyes shut and jerked the seat belt on.

Dakota jumped in and she could hear his growling response. Her lips lifted in a smile. He was just as pissed about the scent as she was.

"I didn't think about this."

Lily laughed. "I don't think you've thought about much."

Dakota started the truck and they were on their way. The vibration of the seat was going to fucking kill her.

"No. Other than the burn to claim you these past five years, I haven't thought about much."

"You almost waited too long, Dakota." Lily breathed in through her mouth to lessen the inhalation of Tex's scent.

"You don't think I know that?" He was in a fine rage now.

Lily's pussy grew wet and pulsed with need. His temper was only making it worse. She opened her eyes and looked at the harsh outline of his profile.

"Why did you wait, then?"

He clenched his jaw and cut his gaze toward her before turning his attention back to the dark road. "I thought you deserved better than me. I wanted to give you a chance to live without my obsession breathing down your neck."

"You took away my choice." Lily gasped at a rut in the road, and pressed her hand against her pussy, hoping to stay the torturous need. Sweat formed on her skin. Droplets slid down her back and chest. She squeezed her eyes shut and barely kept herself from launching at him.

"I made a mistake. When I came back, it was to claim you."

"What if I would have moved on by now?" Her wolf growled at the impossibility, but the woman wanted to push. Needed to push.

The sound of his palms twisting on the steering wheel brought her heavy eyelids open. Stark rage filled his face, and her cunt flooded with cream. She clenched her teeth.

"I would have killed him and taken what was mine, Lily."

Heat and need roiled in her core. Cream soaked her pussy and moisture slid down her thighs. She clenched her teeth.

"Those last two years in the army destroyed me. I watched good men, great men, fight and die beside me. I couldn't stop it. So I became better than the enemy. I hunted. I killed. Why the hell would you want a man like that?"

"You hunted to prevent others' deaths. I can't take back what happened, Dakota, but I'll be damned if you let that come between us. My wolf knows yours. She wants yours, but if you're going to take her, you'd better understand one thing. You are a wolf. It is in your nature to hunt. To protect. You did what you had to do --"

Powerful lust clenched the muscles in her body. She inhaled sharply, and Dakota's scent made her lose her mind, made her ache to possess. To own. To take.

"Lily, we're almost there. Hang on for me. Just a little bit longer."

Tears burned her eyes from the emotions and lust riding her. She dug her nails into her palms. The welcoming pain banked the fires just enough to keep her from killing them in the truck.

Dakota jerked the truck to a stop in front of the home his parents had left him. "Lily. Go."

She jerked open the door and raced to the porch. He was already there with the door open. Her wolf snarled inside and struggled to break free. Dakota pressed her against the doorframe and kissed her, stealing her breath and sending the wolf into a frenzy.

Mine. Ours. Take him. Fuck him. The wolf was wild within her.

A wolf howled in the distance.

Dakota jerked away from her and dragged her from the door. "Not in the doorway. Fuck. We've given them enough of a show tonight." He grabbed her hair and jerked her head back. His teeth scraped her throat and she wanted him to bite her. He

slammed the door shut. "Bedroom. Now." His voice was more growl than words, and it sent shivers through her nerve endings. She whirled out of his arms and moved to the bedroom, watching him. Waiting. He would have to take it.

She pounced on him. His eyes widened in shock, but he moved quickly, using her momentum to toss her lightly away.

"Lily?" His voice was full of heat. And question.

A growl rumbled through her chest and she wanted to take. To taste. *Mine.*

An answering growl rumbled from his chest and his eyes narrowed. She moved again and he captured her hand and twisted. Lily kicked out with a leg, but he wrapped her up and slammed her against the bed.

Air whooshed out of her lungs and she struggled. His hard cock pressed against her thigh and she wanted it. Needed it to end her pain. His throat was close enough to bite.

Smack.

A hard slap to her ass jerked her attention away from his skin. Fire shot through her skin from the not-too-gentle tap. Another one hit her other cheek, and she shimmied to throw him off. The fire lit across her nerves to her pussy. Her nipples hardened against the sheets.

"Hell no, pretty. I've got you now." Two more fell on her ass and she moaned at the pleasure-pain. "You're mine."

"Prove it," she snarled at him.

"With pleasure." She could hear the smile in his voice. His hard chest pressed against her arms and back, trapping her torso on the mattress.

His thigh spread hers apart and she tried to kick out. He used her momentum to spread her legs farther apart. The press of his cock against her slick pussy lips froze her in mid-lunge.

"You're so hot for me, I could just slip right in." He pushed slowly and the sweet pressure building in her clit sent small pulses of pleasure through her cunt. His chest

made a soft rumble. "You're mine." He shoved deep and tingles of electric sensation shot through her body.

She bit her lip to keep from saying yes. He withdrew slowly and she moaned.

"Like that beauty?" He shoved deep again and she arched back. His teeth scraped her arm, and she shivered at the sharp edge of his fangs.

She whimpered, needing more.

"Please, Dakota." She struggled against his hold on her arms. "Please."

"Put your hands under your cheek, Lily." He let her go, and she did as he asked.

His hands gripped her hips and drew her closer. He lightly kicked her legs apart and she trembled. She cried out at the first thrust. The angle put pressure on her clit. She froze to keep from moving, desperate to feel the edge. He began a pounding rhythm. Her heart raced with every stroke. The sound of wet flesh and heavy breathing filled the room and she couldn't think, couldn't stop the waves of tension shifting through her body.

"Mine." He slammed her harder and she gloried in it.

Yes. Her mind screamed it. He dug into her hips, and she shivered at the pleasure-pain it created.

"Say it."

"Make me." She grinned. Her orgasm was right there.

He pulled away and she jerked in shock. In a heartbeat he had her on her back and spread on the mattress. His cock buried deep within in one long stroke. She could see the corded muscles tensing along his shoulders and chest. The simmering lust in his eyes was enhanced by the wolf's touch.

Her stomach clenched, and a dark thrill slid along her spine. He was her alpha. Hers. She wrapped her legs around him and dragged him down against her. Her teeth latched on his shoulder and she bit. He held her against his shoulder and began fucking her again. His thumb pressed against her clit and then flicked it. She released his shoulder and smiled. Delicious. Her tongue swiped at the wound and the fire built in her core.

She pressed her face against his throat and licked the salt from his skin with soft swipes of her tongue. He rolled them to the side and lifted her leg. His arm cradled her head and the fire in his eyes matched the one in her heart.

"Mine." He rotated his hips and thrust.

Heat exploded through her, and waves of pleasure crashed over her. "Yours. God yes."

His already swollen cock grew larger and a knot of pressure brushed her sweet spot. She arched into him and rode him through another incredible aftershock. His body jerked and he followed her over, deep inside her and still tied. They curled alongside each other.

He nuzzled her shoulder where his mark still tingled on her skin. "Mine."

She smiled at the warmth spreading through her limbs. "You were mine first."

His teeth raked her skin. "Yeah, but you're mine forever now."

The bond that would lock them together in life and death had taken hold. She could feel his warmth and pain like her own now. The pleasant ache of his body and the exhaustion in his muscles. With feminine satisfaction she grinned at how hard he'd worked to drive them both insane.

His fingers brushed the mark on his shoulder, and she could feel the echoing warmth in his heart. "I would have never asked for your mark."

She raised her eyebrows. "That makes you far more noble than me. I practically begged for yours."

He grinned and ran his fingers down her cheek. "I like the way you beg."

She touched his face in the same manner, tracing his jaw line with a fingertip. "Don't get used to it."

He lowered his eyelids until only the slightest color could be seen through slits. "I'd be willing to bet otherwise."

"Really?"

She could feel him growing hard again and her eyes widened.

"I think I can have you begging for the rest of our lives."

She gave him a delicate snort, but her body was already warming back up to his teasing. "In your dreams."

He brushed his thumbs against her nipples, and her eyes fluttered closed. "I bet you I can make you come in less than two minutes."

She grinned with confidence. "I don't think so."

He licked his lips. "You're going to be a handful and a half."

She laughed. "You have no idea."

* * *

It only took one minute, but Lily's screams were far from unhappy... if anything, it could be said she was very, very pleased.

Dawn Montgomery

Writing is a driving passion for Dawn Montgomery. She's told stories her entire life and has no intention of slowing down any time soon. Dawn's world is hectic and it reflects in her tales. Reflection comes later, when you get a chance to breathe. Aside from caring for her family, telling a great story is the most important thing to her and she loves hearing from her readers. You can learn more about Dawn by visiting her website at www.dawnmontgomery.com, and can reach her at dawn@dawnmontgomery.com.