

Changeling Press

# Holiday Howlz

*Her Feral Pack*

RUTH D. KERCE

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## **Ruth D. Kerce**

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## **Holiday Howlz: Her Feral Pack**

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Ever since Janie Merlot mated with two shapeshifting wolves, she hasn't been the same. Now she's back to prove that Dall and Cavan are indeed real.

After trudging into the woods -- instead of finding the arctic wolves -- she finds a man. Sawyer. He's mysterious and sexy, and she becomes trapped with him during a snowstorm. But who is he?

After she wakes from a deep sleep, the two arctic wolves she'd sought greet her, along with one large black wolf. Sawyer's a shifter too! And their Alpha Leader.

Together, the three men take Janie through a decadent and erotic journey she'll never forget.

## Chapter One

*Dall slowly pushed into her pussy from behind. Her heart pounded and her body trembled in need. His cock felt bigger than any she'd ever had inside her. He held her tightly against him, exposing her body to Cavan, who sat against the headboard.*

*Cavan guided her between his legs, urging her mouth to his cock. "I need to feel your lips on me."*

*She lowered her head and sucked the tip of his cock, which was as much as she could take, he was so big. His musky scent filled her, exciting her even more. Behind her, Dall's fingers curled around her hips. He fucked her savagely, pounding into her cunt. "Come!"*

The memory ran through Janie Merlot's mind as she slowed her SUV along the snow-covered trail. She felt moisture in her panties and let out a whimper of desire.

Fucked by wolves.

What had she done? She squirmed in the seat as she stared out at the white landscape, still wondering if she'd gone mad when she'd last been to this national park to do a photo shoot for a wilderness magazine. She hadn't told anyone about her sexual encounter here. Hell, nobody would believe her even if she had told them. She hardly believed it herself. Two arctic wolves -- Dall and Cavan -- had shifted into hunky men and fucked her in a nearby cabin like feral animals. An experience she'd never forget.

After she'd returned home, she began wondering if she'd suffered some sort of mental breakdown while isolated out here and hallucinated the whole sexual event. She had to find out for certain, before the memories ate away at her sanity.

She flicked off the yuletide song playing on the radio. Tomorrow was Christmas Day. The holiday seemed the perfect time for her to return, in the winter just like before. Maybe she could recreate the encounter.

As snow drifted down in light flakes, worry fluttered through her. If she went traipsing into the woods, looking for that cabin and got lost, she could freeze to death. But then, she should be able to follow her tracks back to the vehicle, and she had her cell phone. Yes, she'd be fine.

She killed the engine and grabbed her backpack before getting out of the vehicle and trudging into the woods. She hadn't gone a hundred yards before a high-pitched howl stopped her. Wolves!

Enveloped by trees, she searched for movement. There was no guarantee that this time she wouldn't be torn to pieces if she came across the savage animals. She shuddered, realizing just how vulnerable a position she'd put herself in. Why couldn't she simply forget about what had happened?

"Because I can't. Just keep going," she whispered, putting one boot in front of the other. If she didn't finish this now, she might never garner the courage to try again. When she glanced behind her, she saw the falling snow covering her tracks. Damn. She should have realized that would happen. Where was her brain? She slipped the cell phone out of her pocket. No reception. Double damn.

As she turned, something off to the side and above the trees caught her eye. Smoke! Could it be from the cabin? She couldn't go back now. With her heart racing wildly, she made her way toward the rising plume.

When she emerged from the trees into a clearing, the cabin stood before her in all its glory. She could hardly believe she'd actually found it. Smoke floated up from the chimney. Someone was home. Someone was very nearby, in fact.

A tall man who was chopping wood stood at the side of the cabin. He spotted her at the same time, and they both froze. The first thing that struck her about him was his hair. Short. Dark. Not Dall or Cavan. Their hair had been long and blond.

The man embedded the axe he held into a wood stump and stepped toward her. He wore jeans, heavy boots, and a thick sweater under a sleeveless jacket. The jacket appeared to be park-issued with an emblem on the front. He looked hunky and strong enough to wrestle a bear and win. His broad shoulders, square jaw, and confident stride

gave him the commanding presence of a leader. A man who normally would have her soaking her panties. But he wasn't one of her wolves, and disappointment filled her.

He glanced around as if expecting others to be with her. "Can I help you, ma'am? You're a bit off the beaten path. Are you lost?"

His easy manner relaxed her. "Um, not exactly. I was looking for the owner of this cabin."

He studied her with a curious look. "The park owns it. But I work this section and live here. The name's Sawyer Wilks. What can I do for you?"

Her heart sank. Sawyer. Not Dall or Cavan. She didn't know what she'd expected. That maybe one of the men had completely changed his appearance somehow, she supposed. If they could change from wolves into men, why not different looking men? Yes, she was grasping. But she'd wanted to find them so badly. "How long have you lived in the cabin?"

"A few years."

Years? That was impossible. She looked toward the porch of the cabin and saw the dog door. This was definitely the cabin. Even the curtains were the same. Maybe more than one cabin had been built out here. Her heart sank.

He blew into his hands. "Are you from the home office? I heard the park would be undergoing a review of its personnel and procedures before the end of the year." He glanced up. "The snow's really getting heavy. Would you like to come in for coffee?"

She had to see the inside of the cabin. To see if it was the same one. She nodded.

Sawyer smiled before turning and heading for the steps. He stomped up each stair, shaking the snow off his boots as he went. He opened the door for her and waited for her to enter first.

She followed him up and stepped inside. The same. Exactly the same. One room with a large bed covered by a very familiar comforter, and a table, now with a small Christmas tree decorated with red and blue bulbs and flashing lights, in the center.

"I'm a sucker for the holidays," Sawyer said as he squeezed past her and took off his jacket.

No kitchen, but she smelled the coffee. That's when she noticed an opening in the back wall with several appliances tucked inside. With the wood covering closed, it would appear like just part of the wall.

He shut the door and hung up his jacket. "Your coat?"

"Oh, thanks." She set down her backpack, then shrugged out of her heavy garment. He hung it on a hook beside his on the back of the door. "Do you have dogs?" she asked, staring down at the entry.

He hesitated before answering. "No, no dogs. Please sit down," he offered as he headed for the coffee. "They didn't tell us what to expect in the interview."

"What?" She forced her attention from the bed to Sawyer. Everything looked so familiar. Cozy and lived in. Comfortable.

"What do you need to know? Wildlife population counts? Equipment costs?"

"Oh. No. I mean, I'm not here for that."

He turned toward her, and his easy demeanor changed to one of suspicion. "What are you doing here then?" His eyes narrowed. "Who are you?"

His presence had turned intimidating, but she stood her ground. "My name is Janie Merlot. I'm looking for two men." She felt the tension in the room escalate. "Dall and Cavan."

He dropped the mug he'd just picked up, and the handle broke as it hit the metallic sink. "Shit!" He jerked his hand back.

She jumped and backed up against the wall next to the door until she saw blood on his finger. "Oh, goodness." She rushed forward. "Are you all right?" She tugged his hand under the faucet and ran cool water over the cut. Their gazes locked. He had the most beautiful brown eyes with green flecks in them. She felt her face flush and stepped back, releasing him. "Sorry. I used to work with kids. I reacted on instinct."

A small grin tugged at his full lips. "That's okay." He dried his hand and dug around in a drawer until he found a bandage. When he looked over at her again, his eyes were once more assessing. "Why are you looking for Dall and Cavan?"



Why? Her heart jumped. Sawyer wouldn't have asked why if they weren't real. He obviously knew exactly who she was talking about. Now what was she supposed to say? She didn't want to sound loony. Luckily, she didn't have to say anything because his phone rang, distracting him and giving her time to think. Cell service must be available again.

On the second ring, he lifted a small phone from his back pocket. "Hello?" His eyes narrowed in concentration. "Damn." He turned away. "Yeah, all right. I understand." He hesitated. "No, no problem." He hung up and turned back toward her. "That was the park's maintenance chief. The snow's blocked Windom Bridge."

The bridge she'd crossed to get here. "Is there another way out?"

"Afraid not. You're going to be stuck here until park maintenance gets it cleared. We're both going to be stuck here." A growl rumbled up from his throat. "Together."

The deep sound he'd made caused her pussy to ache and her clit to throb. For just a moment, a look flashed in his eyes that she couldn't identify. "F-For how long?"

"Probably until tomorrow evening or the morning after. It depends on how quickly they can get the trucks out here. The bridge isn't the only area blocked."

The sudden scowl that crossed his face matched what she felt inside. She couldn't stay here with him for all that time. Could she? She looked out the window. The snow was really coming down hard now. What choice did she have? At least this time she'd come prepared with a few supplies. Besides, she wanted answers. Sawyer was her only link. She needed to do this.

She plopped into one of the chairs and stared at the Christmas tree. She'd wanted an adventure. Well, she'd gotten it. She looked back at the man whose presence seemed to fill the entire room. In close quarters, he appeared twice as tall and strong.

He stood with his hands on his hips, not looking happy. "It's getting dark. There's no television or radio to pass the time. Just so you know."

No outside influences. How did he live up here without at least a radio to listen to? "Then we'll talk." She expected him to answer her every question until she knew all there was to know about her two wolf men.

"I'm not much of a talker."

"Change your ways. I have questions."

"Change my ways?" His scowl deepened. "You're my guest here, Ms. Merlot. Be sure not to forget that. Don't overstep your boundaries. You take the bed. I'll sleep on the floor in front of the fire."

Boundaries? What the hell did that mean? She felt like lashing out and giving him a sizable piece of her mind after all the trouble she'd gone through to get here, but that would do no good. She wanted him on her side. She needed his trust if she intended to find out anything. "You don't have to give up your bed."

"No? Are you offering to share?" he asked, his voice dipping low.

She stared at him with her mouth hanging open. After she managed to contain her shock, she sputtered an answer. "I -- I just meant, I'll take the floor." As he stared at her, she felt her nipples grow hard and press against her bra.

"Not likely, ma'am."

"You're mad." She could see it in his eyes. He didn't want her here. He didn't want her snooping around.

"Yeah. And frustrated." He crossed his arms and leaned his shoulder against the wall. "How do you know Dall and Cavan?"

She really hadn't expected questions from him. From anyone. She'd never thought she would come across anyone other than Dall and Cavan out here. She wasn't sure how much to say, and couldn't look him in the eye, afraid he'd see right through her and instinctively know what had happened between her and the two men. "We met. Sort of. Last time I was here taking pictures for a magazine."

Sawyer grunted.

"So you do know them?" Her heart almost leapt from her chest, waiting for the answers she'd so longed to hear. When he remained silent, she finally looked up at him.

"Go to bed, Ms. Merlot. With any luck, the bridge will be cleared tomorrow, and you'll be able to leave."

## Chapter Two

Sawyer flipped off the flashing Christmas lights. Damn Cavan and Dall. They'd fucked her. He'd seen the truth all over Janie's face. They'd picked the wrong woman. She wasn't just some female looking for fun. She was a breeder. He smelled her essence. He wondered if she even knew. She'd returned for more, obviously feeling the biological draw, whether she understood it or not.

He looked down at the floor, then at the much more comfortable bed where Janie slept. As his gaze took in her softness, his cock stirred. Normally he slept in the buff. He wouldn't be doing that tonight. A pleasant odor made his nostrils twitch. He loved a woman's scent. Janie was too beautiful. Too intelligent. Too hard to resist. He felt the wild beast stir inside him. Fate had placed her right into their hands. Well, he intended to fight his baser instincts.

He sat down on the floor, atop an extra blanket, then stretched out in front of the flames. This was not going to be a comfortable night. "Hell," he muttered, sitting back up. He knew what the woman wanted, so why not give it to her? He got to his feet and placed a lantern in the window. When he turned to look at her, he said softly, "You might well learn to be careful what you seek."

\* \* \*

Janie felt something warm and wet on her cheek. She fought her way out of her dreams, slowly weaving a path back to reality. With effort, she forced her eyes open.

White fur filled her vision. She bolted up in the bed. Two tongues lapped at her face. Wolf bodies squirmed against her in a happy display.

She laughed and tangled her fingers in the wolves' thick fur. Dall and Cavan! She'd know them anywhere. They wore no identifying tags this time, but Dall's deep

blue eyes and Cavan's light blue eyes remained the same as she remembered. They obviously remembered her too.

As she recalled her circumstances, her head snapped to the side, and she looked toward the floor in front of the fireplace. All she saw was a bunched-up blanket. "Where --" Confusion filled her.

A low growl reached her ears, causing her stomach to clench. It hadn't come from the wolves on either side of her. She looked toward her feet. From the end of the bed, a huge black wolf rose up. She gasped, barely holding back a scream. His deep brown eyes, with flecks of green, locked with hers.

She froze. And she immediately knew. Sawyer. He was one of them. Dall and Cavan snuggled close. She felt protected, and they seemed unafraid of the black wolf. Still, she couldn't ease her pounding heart.

Sawyer crawled between her legs. He bared his large teeth and snapped. She tensed. Dall snapped back, but then whimpered and ducked his head when Sawyer growled. The black wolf stared first at Dall, then Cavan, as if waiting for any further responses. After a few anxious moments for Janie, he calmed. His long tongue swiped at his muzzle.

Janie waited, not knowing what to expect. He sniffed at the covers between her legs. She didn't dare move. Sawyer lay down and rested his head on her stomach. His eyes drifted closed. The two white wolves also settled in for the night, pressing close to each side of her. The erratic beat of her heart began to slow, and the tenseness in her muscles eased. The heat from the wolves' bodies gradually relaxed her, and despite her best efforts to remain awake, she drifted off into a deep sleep.

As her dreams mixed with reality, time slipped away from her. What was real? What wasn't? Images flashed through her mind. Sexual. Savage. Surreal.

The sensations became too strong to ignore, and her eyes popped open. She lay naked on top of the covers. A sexual shiver traveled down her body. Where had her underwear gone? The thought quickly disappeared when something more compelling caught her attention.

The wolves had transformed into men. Warm, naked men. Dall nuzzled her neck. A thrill raced down her body at the familiar feel of his skin against hers. Cavan lapped at her ear, sending delightful shivers all along her nerve endings. Her nipples felt tight, and her pussy throbbed in need.

Sawyer stood at the end of the bed, watching them all with dark eyes. "How many cocks can you handle, Janie?"

The low rumble in his voice caused all sorts of sensations to explode inside her. Not all of her feelings were physical either, which surprised her. She couldn't answer, couldn't speak. All she could do was take in every detail. Dall and Cavan appeared as fit as she remembered. Sawyer, though, made her mouth water. His body was perfect, as if chiseled from stone. He was more of a mystery to her than the other two. More arrogant, more commanding, and so darkly sexual.

Dall slid down and took her nipple into his mouth. The sheer pleasure of the feeling sent her into an immediate orgasm. Even better than in her fantasies. She'd waited so long to feel this excitement again. "Oh!" These three men wanted to fuck her, wanted to make her come. The thought alone made her pant in need.

The fluttering in her body eased, and her gaze locked once more on Sawyer who smiled slightly, as if he'd scored some sort of personal victory. When his hand lowered and his fingers curled around his shaft, her gaze followed. His cock looked massive, rock-hard, and almost purple in its darkness. Magnificent. She knew before the night was up he'd be fucking her with that huge, thick cock, and she could hardly wait.

Dall released her nipple and shifted positions, but she couldn't tell what he was doing, because Cavan's lips covered hers in a heated kiss, blocking her view. Her fingers tangled in his long hair as his tongue slipped into her mouth. He tasted wild and sweet at the same time.

Two strong hands spread her legs wide. Her heart pounded, and she mewled into Cavan's mouth. He allowed her a breath of air, then kissed her again, his tongue teasing and tasting her.

The sound of a low growl sent a tingle through her body. Cavan broke the kiss. He gently stroked her cheek with his fingers, then moved aside. She glanced up and saw Sawyer between her legs, looking like a warrior prepared to conquer. Her heart began to beat erratically.

Dall took one of her wrists, Cavan the other. They raised her arms and tied her wrists to the wooden headboard. A stab of concern hit her, until her gaze met Dall's. With one look, he somehow communicated to her that she was safe. She trusted him and Cavan. She wasn't completely sure about Sawyer, but the added element of the unknown excited her. Holding a tight, expectant breath, she waited for him to touch her.

Sawyer lowered his hand and explored her pussy with a gentle touch. She gasped, taking in and then releasing heavy breath after heavy breath. One thick finger stroked her clit. She tried her best not to cry out, not to let him know how much his touch affected her.

But he knew. She could see the satisfaction in his eyes. She was soaking wet. She needed this. Wanted it too much to deny her feelings any longer. "Fuck me, Sawyer. Please," she begged.

He smiled and placed his hands on her hips. He positioned his cock at the entrance to her pussy. "Remember, this is what you wanted, Janie. What you asked for." He waited until she nodded, then his fingers curled around her flesh and he thrust forward, embedding himself completely inside her.

"Ah!" She arched her back and gasped at the feel of his thickness filling and stretching her.

A look of ecstasy crossed his face. "You're so tight. So perfect." His voice held a distinct rumble, low and sexy. He tried to push deeper.

"Yes." She squirmed against him. "Go deeper."

He groaned and pulled halfway out, then thrust forward again. All the way in.

"Oh!" The force of his body created an odd combination of pain and pleasure. She felt ravished and indeed conquered.

Dall tweaked her nipple. The erotic sensation raced all the way down to her pussy, and she moaned in ecstasy. Cavan leaned over and tongued her other nipple.

"Oh, yes." She loved their sensual caresses. The contrast of their tender touches to Sawyer's savagery had her silently pleading for more.

Sawyer apparently sensed her need. Or maybe his needs simply matched her own, for he dug his fingers into her hips and fucked her hard and fast. The look in his eyes mesmerized her. So intense. So feral. He growled and snapped some sort of order she didn't understand. Dall and Cavan moved aside, sitting on either side of the bed, so that only he was touching her. Leader of the pack. The thought struck her out of the blue.

Then more thoughts echoed in her head -- *Yes, my beautiful she-wolf. I am the Alpha Leader. You will come for me.*

His thoughts, she wondered? She didn't have time to process the meaning of the words or if they had been real. A strong climax overtook her. She squeezed her eyes closed and screamed out at the intensity. Being bound freed something inside her. She'd never known such pleasure.

Sawyer howled and continued to fuck her, not slowing in the least. Suddenly, Dall and Cavan were back. She felt a mouth on each of her breasts, sucking her nipples deep, as if trying to wring every bit of orgasm out of her. It worked. She climaxed again. "Oh!" She thrashed beneath the men, straining against the bindings. She began to whimper as smaller orgasms followed, one after another.

"Open your eyes, Janie. Look at us, at me." Sawyer's commanding voice was unmistakable. He'd spoken aloud this time. She opened her eyes as her body continued to hum from the aftereffects of her orgasms.

He began easing his still hard cock out of her pussy. Even the sensation of him sliding out of her was sheer pleasure, especially since he moved excruciatingly slowly, pushing back into her a little every few seconds, then pulling out further. Once he was completely out of her, she saw that the wide head and thick shaft of his cock glistened, wet from her juices.

"Untie her," he instructed, looking at Cavan. His gaze then switched to meet hers. "Crawl to me. Taste your own come on my cock. Suck me clean."

She couldn't believe that he hadn't come yet. All three men sported the largest and hardest-looking cocks she'd seen in a long time. Each so very unique and desirable. She wanted them all.

She got up on her hands and knees, and took the head of Sawyer's cock into her mouth. She could barely manage. He was huge. As his fingers tangled and tightened in her hair, his musky scent filled her senses.

"Ah, that feels great, Janie. Reward her, Cavan. Lick her wet cunt."

Cavan moved behind her. At the first touch of his tongue, she thought she'd explode, but she managed to hold back. He licked her gently, flicking her clit over and over. She whimpered and finally came again, harder than she'd expected after already climaxing so many times. If Sawyer's hands weren't locked in her hair, she'd have released his cock and cried out in pleasure.

"Dall, it's your turn. Give her your cock."

Cavan moved aside, and she felt Dall position himself behind her. *Yes, yes, yes.* She sucked Sawyer's cock harder, wanting him to come too.

"Ah, yes, keep sucking. Make me crazy with lust. Fuck her hard, Dall. Then Cavan will take her softly."

Dall's cock slid inside her pussy. Not as thick as Sawyer's, but definitely longer. Ah! He went so deep that her limbs began to tremble. She clutched Sawyer's ass, needing to hold on to something.

He chuckled and stroked her cheek. "Enjoy this, Janie."

Dall moved slowly. All the way in, then half out. Forward and back. Janie felt another orgasm build inside her, then ebb, then build a little higher before ebbing again. Dall began to move faster and harder. Faster and harder. Her nails dug into Sawyer's ass. He pushed his cock a little further into her mouth.

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled her ears. With every forward thrust Dall gave her, she seemed to take more of Sawyer's massive cock. She felt



impaled from both ends and a slave to their passion. Totally at their mercy, she took everything they gave her and loved it. Dall pounded into her. She could hear his heavy breathing, which matched her own.

In a split second, they both came. She and Dall climaxed at almost the same time. An incredible feeling. She whimpered and moaned, her body shaking. Unable to suck anymore, she released Sawyer and took several deep breaths as Dall eased out of her. Then she lapped like crazy at Sawyer's cock. Her tongue laved the head and dragged along his shaft. She wanted his come. She needed it.

"Enough." That one word from him, though soft, commanded attention. She stopped. He released her, and she fell to the mattress. He still hadn't come, and she began to wonder what it would take to get him off.

Cavan rolled her onto her back and settled between her legs. She couldn't move. Her body felt like a wet noodle. When Cavan slid his cock into her pussy and moved inside her, it was a gentle ride. Sweet. Fulfilling. With a deep sense of caring. Her gaze connected with his, and then with Sawyer's. A soft look crossed Sawyer's face. With that look, something in her spirit seemed to change, to heal.

She reached out her hand and Sawyer took it, interlacing their fingers. As Cavan came, a fluttering climax rolled through her that was gentle but more than satisfying, which made her sigh.

Without a word, Cavan kissed her tenderly then moved off her. Sawyer released her hand and his fingers caressed her breasts, playing lightly with her nipples. Tickling, tugging. Slowly, he worked his way down her body, massaging her flesh. He pushed her thighs wide and leaned over her. "Prepare yourself, Janie."

"Hmm?"

His hands slid underneath her ass, and he raised her up. Without hesitation, he plunged his tongue deep inside her, causing a sensation she'd never forget, along with a mind-blowing orgasm.

She gripped the covers beneath her. The pleasure was so great that she couldn't even scream. Her whole body seemed to lock up as his tongue swiped the inside of her

cunt. It was inhumanly long and flexible. A wolf's tongue. Her heart skipped a beat, and just as she thought she'd faint, he removed his tongue out and lapped wildly at her clit.

Another climax rocked her. "Ah! Oh!" Certainly she would die from this unending pleasure. Her heart couldn't take much more. "No more."

"More. Much more." The words echoed in her thoughts, strong and masculine.

He licked and sucked and nibbled her clit, sending orgasms crashing through her. "Sawyer!" She cried out his name, half pleading.

Dall and Cavan made some sort of noise that sounded close to a bark. Sawyer stopped and positioned himself over her. Staring into her eyes, he plunged his cock into her pussy and fucked her with wild abandon. She screamed and clung to his back as he repeatedly plunged into her. She came over and over. Her inner muscles squeezed his cock like a vise.

"Ah, fuck, yeah!" His eyes shut tightly. The bed creaked and banged against the wall as he continued to fuck her like the savage beast he was until he came long and hard inside her. "Janie!"

Dall and Cavan howled. Sawyer groaned and collapsed on top of her. He buried his face in her neck. His heavy breaths tickled her skin, and she smiled. Unable to speak and barely able to move or breathe, she simply caressed his back in small circles. She felt Dall and Cavan drag their tongues down the sole of each of her feet. She twitched, the feeling oddly erotic, and her nipples tightened.

After Sawyer's breathing finally eased, he tenderly kissed her neck and licked her ear. He propped himself on his elbows and their gazes locked. She felt as if they were the only people in the world right now, connected on a level much deeper than just the sex they'd experienced.

When he opened his mouth, his voice came out softly. "It is done." Then he lowered his head and latched onto one of her hardened nipples and sucked gently.

## Chapter Three

Janie's eyelids fluttered open. Morning had arrived. The first thing she saw was the little Christmas tree, and she smiled. She felt a warm body next to her under the covers. Sawyer.

She glanced around the cabin. Dall and Cavan were gone, just like last time. She turned toward the man beside her. At least he was still here to prove to her that she wasn't crazy. The incredible night of decadent sex had indeed happened. Her body felt complete, satisfied. As did her mind. She stroked Sawyer's cheek, and his eyes opened. "Merry Christmas," she said in a low voice.

He didn't say anything in return, but a small grin crossed his face as he pushed himself up into a sitting position. He dragged a hand through his hair and cleared his throat. "Are you all right?" he asked, concern evident in his voice.

"I have a lot of questions."

He tossed the covers aside and slid out of bed completely naked. Completely confident, he paced over to the window. In the light of day, his body looked just as magnificent as the night before, all muscled and toned. "The snow's stopped," he said, his voice a low rumble. He turned back to stare at her.

His intense look had her worried at his thoughts. Did he regret what had happened? She dragged the covers up under her arms, shielding her body.

He frowned and started to say something, but his cell phone rang and he moved to answer it. "Hello?" He propped one hand against the wall as he listened. "Already?" He glanced back at her. "I see. Okay, thanks."

He set the phone down and turned fully toward the bed. "The bridge is clear. For now. Another storm is moving in though and could block the bridge along with the entry to the main road again in a few hours."

"Oh. I thought it would take a lot longer to clear."

"Me too."

"So, um, I guess I should leave before I'm trapped again." She looked up at him, expecting something, though she wasn't sure what.

"I guess so."

When that's all he said, humiliation, frustration, and anger surged through her. Somehow, she thought they'd connected last night. But that was stupid of her. To him, it was obviously just sex. He hadn't even tried for a repeat performance this morning, like most men would have. Unmindful of her own nakedness, she threw the covers aside and searched for her underwear.

He didn't want her anymore. He wanted her gone. Fine. She'd go. She held back the moisture she felt building in her eyes. She would not cry in front of him!

Suddenly, she felt his arms slide around her from behind. He held her against his hard body and nuzzled her neck. "This is best. You know that." One of his hands rested lightly on her stomach.

"Do I?" She closed her eyes, relishing his warmth and touch. Then she turned in his arms. "You never even answered my questions."

"I know."

The soft look he gave her made her want to crawl right back into bed with him. She didn't have the energy to feel frustrated at his lack of willingness to tell her anything about his ability to shapeshift. Anything about Dall and Cavan. She'd proven her experience had been real. That's why she'd come. "Am I ever going to see you again?"

"I don't know." He hesitated, then asked, "Are you going to come back here again?"

"I don't know." Her thoughts were a complete jumble of disconnected pieces right now. She rested her cheek against his chest. His arms tightened around her, and she felt safe. And maybe even a little loved -- as crazy as that sounded. "How many others are there?" she whispered.

"Like me?"

She looked up at him. "No. Like me. How many other women have been here like this? With the three of you?"

A surprised look crossed his face. "None. Just you." He lightly kissed her lips. "Just you, Janie."

She didn't know whether to believe him or not, but it was what she wanted to hear. She moved out of his arms, and they both dressed in silence.

\* \* \*

Sawyer walked beside Janie in the snow. He reached out and took her hand, interlacing their fingers. He felt more connected to her than he'd expected. Now he understood what Dall and Cavan had done. Why they'd been unable to resist her.

Unfortunately, her staying with them wasn't an option. This was government property. They couldn't shack up together out here. It was against regulations. And he couldn't leave this place.

He appreciated her not continuing to pepper him with questions he couldn't answer. How many women would have let the situation be? She was one special lady.

Maybe she would return some day. A ray of hope worked its way up to mingle with his swirling emotions. Maybe he would see her again. And if not... He shook his head. Letting her go was one of the hardest things he'd ever had to do, but it was best for all of them. Dall and Cavan included.

An SUV appeared in the distance. His stomach tightened, and they both slowed their steps until they reached the vehicle. As he held the backpack for her, she dug her keys out of a side pocket and unlocked the driver's side door. With a heavy heart, he tossed the backpack inside, then turned to face her. "You'll remember me?"

"Of course." For a moment, she looked about to say more. But in the end, she remained silent.

She gave him a tender kiss, and he took in every detail of her sweet mouth and tongue. He'd never forget her.

They parted, and she slid behind the wheel. A sad look crossed her face as he closed the driver's side door. She turned the key, and the engine roared to life, making her departure all too real.

He raised his hand, and she smiled slightly. It felt as if they both were waiting for fate to change something, to intervene. But apparently the same fate that had brought them together had taken off for Christmas Day.

As Sawyer watched her drive away into the snowy distance, two wolf howls reached his ears. The long, low calls of the feral pack.

"Whether you know it or not," he whispered, "you belong to us, Janie. You always will."

As her SUV disappeared around a bend, a new determination settled deep within his aching heart. He couldn't accept that this was how it had to be. "Somehow, some day, we'll find a way back to each other. I swear it."

## **Ruth D. Kerce**

Ruth D. Kerce loves to write. She has been writing fiction since she won a contest in school for best story in the class -- a romance, of course. She started in non-erotic fiction, but now strictly concentrates on the spicy stories.

Her first erotic romance was published in 2004. She now has more than twenty erotic romances available, through various publishers, in an assortment of sub-genres -- contemporary, suspense, light BDSM, futuristic, historical, paranormal, and more. Her books are available in both electronic and print formats.

Over the years, she has won or placed in writing contests, been nominated for several awards, and she hopes to continue to write exciting tales for years to come.

Ruth loves fan mail. You can reach her at [RDKerce@aol.com](mailto:RDKerce@aol.com) or visit her on the web at <http://www.ruthkerce.com> or <http://www.myspace.com/ruthkerce> -- sign up for her monthly newsletter at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/rdkerce>.