

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



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Highland Beast

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HIGHLAND BEAST

Regina Carlisle

Dedication

For my brilliant author friends Barbara Huffert and Amarinda Jones, who keep me laughing and constantly on my toes. For their support and encouragement, I humbly thank them both. I am so happy you are in my life.

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Dallas Cowboys: Dallas Cowboys Football Club, LTD

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Chapter One

Tonight it felt as if a million hungry eyes watched her every move. She didn't want to open her eyes. She didn't. The dream, a nightmare actually, was just so damn *real*. Normally there wasn't a cowardly bone in her body but there was just something about the middle of the night that she'd always found disturbing. Especially since she was a woman alone living out in the middle of nowhere. Yeah, she was spooked but she forced her eyes open and stared up at the ceiling fan as it did lazy turns above her.

Martha Joan Bennett was, by anyone's estimation, a plain woman, but her deeply hidden empathic abilities made her a little less so. It was her gift, her curse and the reason she'd moved from the city to this country retreat. Here there were few sad or terrible thoughts to absorb, to worry over. She didn't want to *feel* anymore. She just wanted peace.

There was no peace here tonight. Not for her. Strong emotions swamped her and they weren't her feelings. They belonged to someone else. Frustration, loneliness, lust, combined from this other source to swirl in her mind. Her nipples tightened beneath the soft cotton of her nightgown and moisture seeped from her core to dampen her inner thighs. Stunned that someone's thoughts and feelings would affect her this way, Martha struggled to control her breathing. The lust wasn't directed at her. That was just silly.

She slid her eyes to the right as the gauzy bedroom curtains caught a whisper of breeze from the open window and slithered across the surface of the beautiful antique mirror she'd bought the day before. It was a full-length oval, framed in intricately carved mahogany and to her it had been irresistible. Designs of unknown origin had earlier felt the touch of her fingertips as she'd explored the strange bumps and swirls.

Suddenly her eyes focused on the piece. A strange sort of energy seemed to come from it but that was just crazy, wasn't it?

Martha sat up, ignoring the chill bumps that raced over her skin and swung her legs over the side of the bed as a strange fog sifted across the surface of the mirror. Sucking in a breath, blinking in disbelief, she helplessly leaned closer, squinting her eyes at the silvery swirls. The sheer curtain whipped wildly in front of her face. She batted at it with one hand as the fog cleared. Instead of staring at her own image, she found herself staring into the golden eyes of a huge black wolf.

Lurching to her feet, she stumbled and landed on all fours on the rug beside her bed. She looked up through a curtain of curly brown hair and covered her mouth with her hands. "Oh my God!"

Blinking rapidly as her heart threatened to pound from her chest, she caught her breath and held it as she stared. The wolf was huge and looking straight at her, his spooky eyes oddly intelligent. He lay sprawled across the foot of an enormous four-poster bed in a room that looked as if it belonged in another time. Dark stones made up the walls and a roaring blaze lit the depths of a massive fireplace. A feeling she couldn't begin to describe swamped her as the wolf studied her. Emotions rolled from him into her and her nipples hardened, pressing painfully against the cotton she wore. "Who are you?" she whispered. "Who? What?"

The massive beast growled low and stretched itself across the foot of the bed as the unbelievable happened. A series of cracks and pops filled the room with a whoosh of sound and light, as paws became hands and feet. Black fur morphed into hair that brushed the shoulders of a brawny, swarthy man who was ripped with muscle. White teeth flashed as he grinned at her through the surface of the mirror. "Come to me, woman."

Martha struggled to her feet and stared in amazement. Finally she shook her head. If this was a bizarre dream, she wasn't going to participate. No way. His grin widened as he stepped closer, still separated from her by the mirror. "Come to me," he said

again. The deep baritone voice was laced with impatience and a touch of humor that she found oddly appealing. When he moved closer, she sent her eyes down his heavily muscled torso and gasped at the size of his erect cock. It rose against his belly, thick and heavily veined and topped with a dark, thick head. Between his thighs, his balls were hard and drawn up high against his body.

Arousal hit her like a punch.

She wasn't the kind of woman who succumbed to men who oozed testosterone but this man was something different, something more. More than man. He was also a beast. His gaze swept her body and his expression went hard with lust.

Lust?

Impossible. There was nothing remotely enticing about the simple white nightgown covering her more-than-generous curves but he loved what he saw. His feelings whipped through her mind and suddenly she saw herself as he did, tall and full-figured with high, generous breasts and a mop of curly dark hair that brushed her shoulders. His nostrils flared as if he were breathing her in and Martha's body reacted. Her thighs quivered, her pulsed sped.

The man, who moments ago had been a huge black wolf, reached down and fisted his hand around the base of his erection. Martha watched, mesmerized, as he dragged it up the thick length and slowly down again. "Come to me, wench."

Courage to refuse him abandoned her and she licked her lips as he pleased himself. She swallowed and flicked her gaze up to find him watching with a strange intensity. "Who are you?"

"The MacAdam."

"The MacAdam? Who is named The MacAdam?"

"I am. It is *my* name. Say it again. I like the sound of it on your tongue."

Martha licked suddenly dry lips. "MacAdam," she whispered.

Loneliness swept her and she knew it was his. Lust too. His and hers. He stepped to the mirror's surface and lifted his palm, settling it on the other side of the mirror. His lips were beautiful, full and sculpted, the lower slightly larger than the top. His smile was soft. His eyes at half-mast. "Give me your hand."

Without thinking, she lifted her palm and settled it against his, expecting to feel the cool glass of the mirror but felt warm skin instead. Martha gasped. Sparks sizzled from where their flesh touched and then suddenly his big hand snaked around her wrist and he gave her a yank. As if she were in the midst of a stranger-than-hell dream, she fell like Alice down the rabbit hole through the mirror and straight into his arms.

He caught her up against him, wrapped her in his brawny arms and then looked into her eyes. His mouth took hers with savage intensity. His tongue swept inside her mouth to taste her deeply. It ghosted the insides of her cheeks and thrust in a lusty parody of hotter-than-hell sex before he pulled back and gave her a wicked grin.

Dizzy and disoriented, Martha had just started to breathe again when he tightened his hold and settled his mouth against her ear. "I have you now," he whispered. "Thank the gods the curse is broken and you are mine."

Yes, he would thank the gods for his good fortune. Silas had seen her walk into the dusty shop and look around. He ached at the sight of her, the sweetness of her expression, the softness of her body. When she'd turned those dark, mossy green eyes toward the mirror, he swore his heart might stop.

Touch it, touch it, touch it.

He'd repeated the words like a mantra. As she'd come closer, he could smell her scent and his body hardened, reacted violently. He wanted her and, damn, if she bought the mirror and took it home, he would make her want him just as much. Later, as she settled it in her bedroom near her bed, he'd shivered with anticipation, practically willing her to *see* him. He lived in another realm, in another space, locked eternally in his blasted castle. His basic needs, food and other necessities, appeared as if

by magic and his only knowledge of the world outside, a new and modern world, came in occasional glimpses through the mirror. Because of the nature of the witch's curse whoever freed him must stroke the rune designs and possess a pure heart. Already he'd known her heart because he could see it in her eyes. She was a woman who loved and felt things deeply.

He wasn't the sort of man who cried but tears had welled when she curiously, lovingly stroked the ancient symbols carved into the wood. He'd felt the touch as surely as if she were with him, stroking his flesh, and he burned. That she now was clutched against his chest, blinking up at him, was a miracle.

"Your name. Give me your name before I take you."

"Martha," she whispered. "Just plain Martha."

He ran his hand down her back, loving the feel of her curvy body. "I see nothing plain about you."

She shook her head and her dark curls danced, enchanting him. Later he would stroke them. Later he would trace the small brown spots that marched across the bridge of her nose.

"How did I— Where am I?"

"Enough!" He growled the word low and inwardly flinched at the sound of his voice. By the gods, he would terrify her with the power of his lust. He took her plump bottom lip between his teeth and stroked his tongue along it. Her breath expelled on a sigh and he drank it in. His cock throbbed with the need to bury it deep in her lush body. "I have waited for a woman, for *you*, these past three hundred years." Ignoring her gasp, he lifted her in his arms and let her see the lust burning there. "Come to my bed. Later we talk."

"Wait. I—"

He silenced her with a kiss and turned to the bed where he laid her upon the furs. In truth, she looked dazed. Her eyes swept over his nakedness, pausing at his reaction and his body heated further. Reaching for the wide neck of her sleeping garment, he

dragged it down her body before tossing it aside. "I want to feast my eyes on you, woman but you make me too hungry."

Her long legs were draped over the foot of the bed on either side of him and MacAdam saw the dark curls between her thighs glistening with her woman's dew. Focused completely on her and his desire to make her want him, he trailed one finger down her sweet slit, played at her opening then dragged that finger back up, collecting her moisture upon the tip. Her soft moan wasn't lost upon him.

Bending over her, he grabbed her shoulders and dragged her higher on the bed and followed to kneel between her outspread thighs. Her eyes were big and wondering as they focused on his face and his heart tightened with emotion. A lump formed in his throat.

"I must be dreaming. This is impossible," she whispered.

"Nothing is impossible. Have you not realized this? The fact you felt deeply enough to see me reflected in the mirror should tell you so." MacAdam lowered himself over her, balanced on his elbows. He was a big man and wouldn't harm her for the world. His cock settled against her belly and was dampened by the wetness between her thighs. Reining in his need, if only for a moment, was the hardest thing he'd ever done. She would only feel pleasure from him, he promised himself. He dragged his tongue across her bottom lip and teased it with his teeth.

"Did I really see you change from wolf to man? Am I crazy?"

He laughed softly. "No. I am not human, yet I feel what a man does when he wants a woman. I feel the loneliness in you. I feel the need curled tightly in your body. Stop questioning me, my lovely. There will be time aplenty for answers later."

Questions swirled in her eyes so he took her mouth with gentle passion, teasing the seam of her lips, dipping his tongue deep to taste the freshness of her. Her sudden response burned through his body and with a curse, he broke free and latched on to a pink, tightly drawn nipple. He raked his teeth over the pebbled morsel and teased the

tip with his tongue before sucking hard. A cry broke from her lips. It was like music to a man who had lived in silence for such a long time.

Switching his attentions to the other breast, he teased and played as he sent his hands down her torso. Her curves, soft and supple, tormented him. He released her nipple and scraped his teeth along her breastbone, over the pale skin stretching across her ribs. He settled his face against her softly curved belly as the scent of her arousal drifted in the air around him. "You are the sweetest of all women, my Martha."

"Oh my."

"Oh yes," he growled in response before lowering his face between her thighs to drag his tongue over her drenched flesh. Her cry of surprise spurred him on and making a low sound of need, he gripped her knees and lifted until he was settled comfortably between her quivering thighs. Juices seeped from the pink petals of her quim. MacAdam lapped it up, drank her down and applied his teeth and tongue with voracious intent. Focused on giving her pleasure and readying her for sex, he parted the lips of her sex with his fingers. Martha's lower body lifted in a seeking way as he looked his fill.

"Touch me. Touch my pussy. Please," she whispered.

Silas absorbed the word she'd used for "quim". He had much to learn of modern women. The pearl of her sex was a sweet, succulent bud and he latched on to it to suck gently. He plunged two fingers deep into her channel, feeling the feminine tissues tighten and release.

Applying skills he hadn't used in hundreds of years, he poured all his longing into this delicate claiming. He sucked and pulled while below him she panted and made little whimpering sounds that burned him like fire. "Find your pleasure," he whispered against her flesh. "Find it now."

Martha cried out and MacAdam felt her pulse against his mouth and tongue and against his deeply buried fingers. Remaining fully engaged with her weeping flesh, he lapped gently, bringing her down. Her scent called to his basest nature, and with a low

sound he rose up to loom over her. Her shattered expression was almost his undoing. Aching to claim her as his own, he steeled himself.

"Say you are mine! Say it."

"C-can't think. C-can't think."

Maybe it was for the best that she couldn't speak, couldn't think.

"I will claim you now. Take you." MacAdam lowered himself over her, loving the way her long legs lifted to either side of his hips. Fisting his hand on his cock, he looked into her eyes as he placed the thick, fat head against her burning folds. "If you tell me to stop, I will, but I vow, it will kill me to wait."

Tiny lines creased between her eyes as she frowned at him. "Condom?"

What was this?

His confusion must have reached her. "Do you, um, have something to cover yourself?"

Her concern penetrated the lusty red haze in his brain. "French letters?"

Martha's expression lightened as she released a breath. "Yes."

Quickly, he kissed her lips. "My kind doesn't carry disease, sweet one. There is no need to worry, and though it will kill me, I will not spill my seed in you. 'Tis not the time to make a babe."

MacAdam dragged the head of his cock through the tender folds of her pussy, loving the way she sucked in a breath at his actions.

"No worries about that," she managed. "I have an implant."

He bent and kissed her throat. "Hm?"

"In my arm. Keeps me from getting pregnant."

"Your time is a miracle. *You* are a miracle." He dipped the head of his erection in her opening. "Enough talk, woman."

It was a tight fit, so tight. The beautiful lady beneath him gasped as he pushed, hard then harder. "By the gods you are like a virgin."

"Long time. Oh yeah." She wound her legs around his hips to pull him closer as he breached her fully, plunged deep into her. He stilled, absorbing the feeling of her into his very bones. "Yessss," she whispered. "Dear God, yes."

"Now, my sweet. Now." Gritting his teeth, he began to move in and out, sliding through her cream, feeling the walls of her body clasp him tightly. Sensation held him in the strongest of grips, blinding him to everything but the textures of her, the beauty of her as she stared up at him with a look of passion and surprise. Reaching between their bodies, he teased the swollen pearl of her sex with his fingers and beneath him she began to writhe with mounting desire.

His balls drew up tight and hard as he shoved deep and strong then shallow and short. With each pass he moved an increment higher to brush the sensitive bundle of nerves behind her pubic bone. Each time he rubbed there, a gasp rushed up to swirl around him, further inflaming his passion. *Yes. Yes. At last.*

His. His. His.

She was his to take. His to hold. Martha would bring him back to the world of the living and teach him what pleasure truly meant.

MacAdam felt the quickening of her body, the sudden stillness that overcame her and knew she was close to her pleasure. "Now. Now, woman!"

Martha let go with a scream. She shivered and quaked, bowing her back as her fingers clasped at the furs on the bed. Dark brown curls clung to her forehead and her eyes were tightly shut, the fan of her lashes casting shadow on her high cheekbones.

Everything coalesced inside him as profound emotion coupled with intense need crashed inward and he thrust hard, pounded deep. Her fingers came up to grab at his chest, digging in sharply but he didn't care. His body let go, drowning him in pleasure he thought he'd never feel again. His roar shook the chamber walls. His gums tingled with the need to bite, to claim. As he released his seed deep into her body, he felt her come again.

MacAdam clutched her to him, held her through the storm and promised himself he would never let her leave.

Chapter Two

Brawny arms held her tight and with a feeling of disbelief, Martha opened her eyes and stared up into MacAdam's golden gaze. A more beautiful man had never been born but this had to be some kind of weird dream, didn't it? Things like this didn't happen to plain, everyday women like her. Sure, she was an empath with psychic gifts but in all other ways she wasn't at all unique. This man, who wasn't really a man at all, would, in her world, be with a woman who was supermodel beautiful. But looking into his eyes, she sensed no regret. Dropping her carefully erected shields, she searched his emotions. They were strong, powerful. They shocked her senseless.

Fear, lust, yearning all burned within his thoughts.

Without stopping to think, she lifted her hand and settled it along the sculpted perfection of his face. "What the hell just happened to me? I can't help but feel as if I'm Alice and I've dropped into a hole somewhere."

"Who is this Alice?"

She shook her head at the confusion and curiosity that burned in his eyes. This emotion she understood since, despite her odd sort of calm, she was scared to death. "Never mind. You pulled me through the mirror into another world, and for all I know I can never go back. You have to tell me what just happened."

He bent his head and kissed the tip of her breast before looking at her again. Finally, he sighed. He settled down next to her and pulled her tight against him. She couldn't see his face but that was okay. A sense of comfort as she'd never known before seeped into her bones. If this was a strange and naughty dream, she sure as hell wasn't ready to wake from it. At least not yet.

The deep baritone of his voice rumbled in his chest. "I swore when the witch was finished with me I would never want a woman again."

"A witch?"

"Three hundred years ago, I took the witch Embeth to my bed. 'Twas the biggest mistake I have ever made. She wanted things from me that I could not give."

"Things?" Martha shifted enough to look up at him. His expression told her he was far away in another time. Then he seemed to become aware of her again. He stroked a finger down the length of her nose.

"She wanted my love."

"I see." Martha cleared her throat. "You didn't love her?"

He shook his head. "No. She was a companion in my bed but there were sharp edges to her. I prefer soft curves." MacAdam wagged his brows playfully and swept her naked body with a hand, making her shiver, and she knew he mixed his metaphors. He went serious again, the playful moment gone in a blink. "She cursed me to a world behind this mirror. A place where everything I could desire was here except a woman to assuage my needs and the camaraderie of my pack. Loneliness has been my only companion for all of these years."

Martha's eyes misted with tears and furiously she blinked them back. This was not a man who would want her pity. "That's awful."

"'Twas," he said simply. "According to the curse, only a woman who possessed a pure heart and who stroked the runes carved on the frame of the mirror could free me from this prison."

Martha couldn't help it. She rolled her eyes and snorted. "Pure heart. Yeah, right. I just had wild monkey sex with a wolf man whom I don't know and who yanked me through a mirror into another world. Jeez."

"Do not condemn yourself. Do you hear me, woman?" His words were delivered like a slap, making her go still. "You *heard* me. You *know* me and do not try to tell me otherwise."

Finally she sighed and relaxed back into his arms more fully. Offering comfort, she stroked his arm. "I know. I have empathic gifts, MacAdam. I read people's emotions and yours reached out to me. I couldn't resist you."

Flashing a wicked, white grin, he laughed. "That 'twas what all the wenches said when I was a lad."

Despite the craziness of this entire situation, she laughed. "Bet you gave the women fits."

MacAdam's returning smile was like pure sunshine and then his expression turned downright naughty as he focused on her breasts. Reaching out, he took one in his hand and gently teased the flesh. Her nipple, pressed against his warm palm, tightened and hardened. "I have my mind set on only one woman at this moment. Everything about you is the sweetest pleasure."

Martha sighed and closed her eyes. "If I'm dreaming, please don't let me wake up."

"'Tis no dream." Finally he released her and sat up in the bed. "Come. Let me share something with you."

Martha had always been shy about her body but she found with this man she had no modesty. When she was seated on the edge of the high bed, she watched MacAdam as he stood and sent his eyes on a heated study of her nudity. A soft, low growl rumbled from him as he stretched out a hand. She took it and stood on legs that trembled from the aftereffects of the best sex she'd ever had. It had been a long time since she'd been to bed with a man. Her body ached in the most delicious way but she wasn't about to complain.

When she looked around to check out MacAdam's room, he came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her middle. "This is like something from a history book," she said, her visual exploration taking in the beautiful aged tapestries and an enormous table that appeared to have been carved by artisans from a time past. A silver goblet, a dark green wine bottle and a loaf of heavily crusted bread, half eaten, sat on it. At one side of the table was a big book. Curious about this man and his things, she stroked the

hand he had settled on her belly and drew away. Giant rugs were scattered across the stone floor and she walked barefoot across them until she reached the table. She sensed MacAdam watching her as she ran her hand over the battered leather of the old book.

"This looks so old. May I?"

"By all means," he said, moving closer to where she stood. "Do you read?"

She flashed him a look over her shoulder and then quickly realized that women from his time most likely *wouldn't* read. "Yes. I've been to university and everything."

A quizzical expression drifted over his stern face. "Wondrous."

Martha turned back to the book and opened the cover to reveal a genealogy of his people.

Silas.

The top name was scrawled with elaborate lettering.

Quickly she turned. "You are Silas. Silas MacAdam. It says so here at the top of the list."

"I have called myself MacAdam for so long. 'Tis who I am. But you may call me Silas if you wish."

Silas walked up to the table and let his finger drift down the list of heavily scrolled names. "I am at the top of the list of our people yet the witch's curse lets me see the names of those who are, even now, living in your time. I was alpha of my clan yet they have all gone ahead without me and their names continue to appear in my book as they live and mate and hunt."

"I'm so sorry," she whispered. "You must have been so lonely."

He reached out and captured a tear from her cheek. She didn't realize and hastily swiped at her face with her hands. "Dumb. I don't even know you really."

"Ah, but you do, lass. Come." He closed the book and took her hand again, leading her to a scarlet curtain in the far wall. When he lifted the aged material aside, Martha gasped. Her hands went up over her mouth.

"It's beautiful, Silas. I've never seen anything like it."

If she hadn't suspected the air was full of magic before, she knew it now. Tropics in the Highlands? Impossible! They'd stepped into a whole other world. Tropical birds perched in trees overlooking a silver-tinted waterfall that splashed cheerfully into a crystalline aqua pool formed of rock. Moss-covered banks were gently sloped and giant yellow butterflies danced through the humid air.

Before she'd had time to recover from the stunning sight, he lifted her into his arms. She made a little girly squeak and he laughed as he carried her into the pool. "Wait! You'll hurt yourself."

"Do not worry about my back, dearling. You are as light as a feather."

Laughing too, she snorted, "Yeah, right."

"You are perfect," he said as he sank them both into water that was surprisingly warm and felt wonderful on her skin. Silas released her to slide down his body. His cock was hard again, hard and big, as it brushed between her thighs and against her belly. Martha caught her breath and, unable to stop herself, she sank against him, loving the way her breasts felt against his chest. Like a cat, she brushed her nipples back and forth over the crisp mat of black hair and practically purred. "Ah woman, you burn me," he whispered as he bent his face near her ear. "This wolf would gladly eat you for his supper."

He stroked his cheek against hers. "You like this place?"

"Oh yes. Wow. I've never seen anything like it."

"This castle is built into the side of a mountain, and though the witch hated me when she cursed me, she left me with all this beauty yet no one to share it with."

"What a bitch!"

Silas laughed again and tightened his hold. "You sound as if you would do battle for me against her."

She realized he was right. To do such a thing to another was beyond cruel. Anger curled deep in her chest but then it dimmed as he grinned wickedly and took her lips with devastating effect. His tongue stroked her bottom lip with a simple tasting before sending it deep into her mouth. She'd never in her life been kissed with the singular intent to seduce and her belly tightened as his hands stroked the lines of her back and settled at the dip of her waist to pull her close. His stiff erection was sandwiched between them and the base of it pressed her core, sending shimmering pleasure whipping upward. A low moan greeted his kiss as she pressed even closer.

Her nipples, stiff and aching, were planted against his chest and, needing relief, she rubbed them against the hard muscles. Silas made a wild sound then gripped her ass and lifted her high against him. As naturally as sunlight, she wound her legs around his waist as he carried her through the shallow pool to stand with her beneath the gently moving waterfall. Immediately drenched, she watched the drops of water drift over the curves of Silas' beautiful face and gather in his thick dark lashes. Impulsively, she opened her lips over his chin and flicked the spot with her tongue. She'd never been a sexually aggressive woman but with this man she felt brave and outrageous. If this was a fantasy, then she needed to be a full participant. Martha looked into his golden eyes to see desire swimming there, and once again she let down the protective shields she'd learned to build over the years.

Her pussy clenched and she cried out at the force of his need to take her. He didn't see her as other men had seen her. They'd thought her a freak because of her empathic gift, slightly plump, not particularly sexy, but not this man. He wanted her with every breath in his body. He ached for her, would die for just one more chance to plunge deep into her. His loneliness was there too, along with a quiet desperation to keep her with him forever.

Groaning low, Martha nipped his lip and dragged her tongue along its length, drinking the breath he expelled. She took the kiss deeper, aggression riding her hard. Silas squeezed the globes of her butt and dipped his fingers deep between them as he

drew his cock along the swollen layers of her pussy. She felt his urge to plunge hard and deep. He was holding something back, she realized. Something powerful.

A growl ripped through the air.

His.

Oh yes! He was a man but also a wolf and she knew the notion was ridiculous, but she'd seen him now in both forms and it was a truth she had to accept. Power clung to him along with a savage need to possess, to claim.

Over and over he raked her pussy, demanding a response, and helplessly she writhed against him. Suddenly kisses weren't enough as a fierce lust burned higher and higher. She broke the kiss and buried her face against the high curves of his chest. Nipping there, licking his damp flesh, she finally sucked on his skin and felt the rumble that vibrated through him.

He moved against her as the water soothed their bodies. As the heavy ridge at the head of his cock brushed her clit repeatedly, Martha felt her body begin to tighten like a spring wound too tight. Her cry of distress reached him and he increased his pace, the precision of his strokes. The stimulation soon proved too much and suddenly the tension burst, sending her over the sharp edge of desire, but Silas wasn't finished.

Lifting her higher, he positioned her over the head of his cock then slid her down. The fullness of him, the heat was delicious as savage pleasure ripped through her and she felt little-used vaginal walls grip him tight and begin to pulse. He widened his stance and began to plunge slowly in and out of her drenched body. "You are the most beautiful of women." Words she'd never thought to hear were panted out against the flesh of her throat. Her head dropped back like a flower with a broken stem. She felt his bite, his tongue and the heat of his words as he spoke them.

"What am I going to do with you, Silas?"

"You're going to fuck me. Be my companion. You will stay with me. That is what you shall do."

And then all words dissolved into a wild give and take, flesh meeting flesh as her body milked his length and his growls turned to groans of pleasure. Her own whimpering cries blended with them as she opened her heart, her mind and her body. Impossibly, she felt his passion, his emotion, and her body responded by tightening and releasing on him until she flew apart again. This time she wasn't alone as Silas stiffened against her. His white teeth snapped then ground together as he blasted his semen deep into her willing body.

Chapter Three

Martha sat at the roughhewn table wearing a huge white shirt that belonged to Silas. After all, she'd worn nothing but her nightgown when she'd been pulled through the mirror and straight into his arms. It was either that or go naked. Not much of a choice. His shirt was worn and so soft but sheerer than she was comfortable with. She knew that he could easily see every curve, every shadow from his lounging position across the table from her. Might as well get used to it since he'd made it very clear last night that sex was on his mind. A lot!

They'd played in the pool for hours and she'd had the amazing experience of watching him shift into his wolf form and back again. From a distance, she'd watched him hunt both rabbits and deer in the forest beyond them. As a woman with paranormal gifts, she tended to believe in the impossible yet there was something so unreal about watching a man turn into a beast. The folks back home would've thought her even more twisted if she ever shared the experience.

Nope.

Best to keep this to herself if she ever returned to her world and her time. Long ago she'd learned to protect herself from the intrusion of others. But how on earth was she going to protect herself from Silas, who was sprawled there watching her as if he planned to have *her* for breakfast rather than the assortment of bread, meats and cheese he'd taken from the castle kitchen and set before them.

A shiver of awareness skated up her spine and her scalp tingled as she tried to ignore the blast of heat that burned through her core. Her body ached deliciously. Shifting in her chair, she tried not to think about the ways in which he'd touched her last night. He'd brought her sleeping body to life and given her reason to hope her life might not always be so desperately lonely.

Trying to appear casual, she ignored his hot gaze and tore a hunk of warm bread from the crusty loaf and spread butter on it. She nibbled at it, noting the way his eyes watched her lips when she licked them. Her lower body clenched, her pussy throbbed. Had a hotter man ever been born? He was bare-chested, his long black hair brushing his shoulders. The crisp mat on his chest narrowed downward, bisecting his torso to dip coyly into the front of old-fashioned breeches. He seemed perfectly content to watch her yet she sensed tightly wound emotion within him.

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Aye. I am." He rumbled the words in that low, sexy voice.

"Then...um...why aren't you eating?"

"Later," he murmured as he reached out to clasp a silver goblet of water with one beefy hand but instead of drinking, he gave her a curious look. "What were you like as a lass?"

The question surprised her. She smiled. "Weird, I think." Then she shook her head, realizing she'd used a modern word he might not understand. "Strange."

"How so? Have you a mother and father? Do you have friends who might even now be searching for you?"

She shook her head. Due to the nature of her gift, she kept herself apart from people. "No. Sad, huh?" She shrugged, very used to the fact she was alone in the world. Perhaps not quite as alone as Silas but she understood isolation.

"Surely as a mite you had playmates and parents."

Martha shook her head and reached for her goblet to take a sip of water. "I'm empathic. I feel the emotions of others. That alone made me different. When I was little, it was hard knowing how everyone was feeling at any given time. It was confusing to me. Almost physically hurtful. Before I learned to control my gift, I had awful headaches and dizzy spells."

"We do not have to talk about this now."

She glanced up and saw the worry on his face, the concern. She sure as hell didn't want his pity but, oh my, it was amazing to see the level of warmth in his golden eyes. He was a spectacular man, and knowing he'd been as lonely as she made her heart ache.

"No, that's okay." She sighed heavily and replaced the goblet on the table. "I knew what my parents felt for me and for each other. I was an oddity to them. They were very young and poor, living in a Southern community that was filled with religious zealots."

Suddenly he jerked upright and stood so quickly his chair crashed to the floor with a crack of sound. "Did they try to burn you?" His rage, hot and savage, reached out to her. But then she realized he thought of witch-hunts and stakes. Bless his sweet heart.

She laughed a little, hoping to soothe his wild emotions. "No, that sort of thing doesn't happen in my time but they sure as shootin' thought I was strange. Eventually my parents moved away but they left me behind. I was raised in foster homes for the most part until my skills came to the attention of some doctors who studied people with paranormal gifts."

Silas grunted as if satisfied he wouldn't have to kill anyone and righted his chair before sprawling into it again. His arms were crossed over his bronzed chest as he looked at her. "Sounds a lonely life you lived."

"Yes. I don't...um...talk about it much. For now I live in the country as far away from others as possible. Cloverfield is a small town and pretty isolated. The people there seem to stay to themselves. They don't pry into my life and I like it that way." She shook her head. "I don't go into town much though. I prefer being alone."

He went very still. She sensed his emotions were in turmoil but she couldn't read them effectively. They were too stormy and tumultuous. "Is there a man in your time? Will you begin to think about stepping back through that mirror to find him? Will he come looking for you?"

His tension reached out like a living thing as he waited for her answer. She recalled the men she'd dated over the years. There was just something about reading a man's every emotion that was beyond disturbing. Several had felt ambivalence when they'd touched her. Others discomfort. Nope. Their thoughts hadn't done a lot to create any long-term feelings of warmth and, in the end, it was just easier to not date at all. The last man had been a reporter whom she'd thought really cared about her, but eventually she'd peered into his emotions and felt avarice. Later she learned he'd been planning to exploit their relationship in order to write a book. He'd been using her all along. The jerk.

Martha felt Silas' emotions begin to roil and shook herself from the bad memories. She stood and went to him. Taking his hand, she bent her head and rubbed her cheek against his knuckles. "No," she breathed. "There's no one."

Then she gasped at the sound of his low growl and she found herself caught up in his arms and lifted. With one violent movement he swept the table clean and plates, goblets and other items crashed to the floor as he spread her out on the table. Before she could catch her breath from the quick assault, he'd whipped the flimsy, loose shirt over her head and tossed it aside. His teeth flashed white and strong as growled and his eyes burned with intensity. He pulled her toward the edge of the table, spread her legs and then dipped until her thighs were propped over his broad shoulders.

The warmth of his breath on her pussy made her gulp a breath, and then she felt his teeth sink against the tender dip at her groin. Moisture rained from her body as he probed her entrance with his finger, sinking deep into the heat of her. Delicious sensation rolled through her veins like wine.

"Now I dine."

Jeez!

Had he really said that?

Martha's limbs trembled and her hot, giving flesh pulsed as he dragged his tongue along the crease of her labia. She felt his fingers part her, felt him pause and knew he

was examining every bit of her. Lambent desire rose as she arched against the slow stroke of his tongue. He flicked her clit quickly then took the bud in his mouth to suck.

Martha cried out and filled her fists with his long hair as he ate her out, breathed hotly against her drenched flesh, and just when she thought she'd fly apart against his mouth, he stiffened his tongue and drove it deep into her pussy. Clenching around it, she caught her breath as pleasure saturated her and then he went back to slowly sucking her clit. "Silas, Silas, please."

He lifted his head and gazed at her with those hotter-than-hell golden eyes. His lower lip was slack and wet from her body. "You won't leave me. Not ever."

His emotions swamped her and his powerful lust, his devastating loneliness was so strong and true it seemed to suck the breath from her lungs. Her nipples tightened to diamond hardness. Silas went still and focused on them. Moving her legs from their place on his shoulders, he surged up her body to take one between his teeth. The pleasure-pain of that rough tug threatened to send her over. She gripped his hair to hold him close and writhed against his cock as it pressed her core.

Then he lifted her up, held her. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, her legs around his waist as he carried her from the table to the bed. When she lay sprawled upon the dark fur, he came over her. "You deserve the softest of places when I take you."

Concern was sharp in his eyes as he nipped her breasts then flipped her to her belly. She gasped at the sudden movement but then sighed as he settled his lips at the base of her spine. His hands moved to her hips and lifted until she was on her knees.

"I want you this way."

"Yes. Oh yes."

When he began to stroke the globes of her ass with his long fingers, she sucked in a breath and dropped her carefully guarded shields. She felt his lust beating through her mind, felt the red haze of passion that consumed him as he sank his teeth against her skin. His fingers kneaded, stroked her, and she was lost in the sensation.

"Beautiful." He growled the word against her then moved until she felt his hot breath against her drenched pussy. Silas widened her knees and buried his face against her core. He drew his tongue through her cream, and the thorough, decadent tasting threatened to send her over the edge. When at last he kneeled behind her, she felt the broad head of his cock poised at the entrance to her body.

"Yes. Please," she whimpered as his hands gripped her generous ass and he thrust deep.

"Ah Martha. So tight. So tight and hot."

His words inflamed her and she backed against him, needing more, needing it deep. Silas' hands flexed, gripping harder as he slammed into her repeatedly.

"Faster. Harder. Oh yes."

He growled and pumped deep. Circling his hips with each downward stroke, he hit her G-spot with every pass. Sensation flashed over her skin from her knees to her scalp and she cried out at the wicked pleasure. No one had ever brought her to this fever pitch of desire. He ground against her and Martha felt his balls, tightly drawn, press her.

As the sensation wound sharply through her vagina, she stiffened. A wild cry broke free. Silas bent low over her back and reached beneath her to pinch her clit. He went still, his teeth claspng her shoulder as she flew apart. Roaring his pleasure, Silas followed her into the bright red haze of pleasure.

In the quiet aftermath, he lay sprawled across her back. Martha felt the heavy thrum of his heartbeat. Contentment such as she'd never known before stole through her and buried itself deep in her heart.

When he rolled from her body and drew her into his arms, she sighed and nuzzled his chest. "What have you done to me?" she whispered.

"'Tis my hope you will stay."

She looked up, opening her heart and her mind, feeling his worry. "Do I have a choice?"

"I do not know and the not knowing makes me want to kill. I only know that at the time of the curse, the witch proclaimed that only a woman of pure heart could break the spell."

"Then does it mean I could cross through the mirror as if it's a time portal? Could I get some of my things and come back?" She laughed a little. "I can't see myself living her without a stitch to wear."

Suddenly he grinned. "Ah, lass, I could envision it quite well. You naked and ready for my attentions."

"Get serious."

"I am serious, dearling. But to answer you earnestly, I do not know, and the thought of you going through the mirror terrifies me. What if you could not come back?"

A thought occurred to her and she came up on an elbow. "Come with me. We could try to go through the mirror together."

The suggestion had no sooner left her mouth than a roar of cold wind whipped through the air. Martha's curls rose and blew back from her face. Silas growled savagely and grabbed her up to thrust her behind him. She saw his back muscles draw up tight and his fists clench.

"And that, my dear, will never happen. The MacAdam is *mine*."

Martha peeked around Silas' heavy arm to see a woman smirking at them from her position near the foot of the bed.

The witch.

Tall and slender, she looked like a goddess, but Martha knew better. Her dark eyes burned with hatred despite the slight tilting of her lush mouth. Embeth wore black leather from head to toe. Martha looked for the whip of a dominatrix but a witch would

have no need for toys when it came to wielding power. Strength fairly oozed from the beautiful but wicked woman and her hair, a startling red, lifted like a fiery nimbus around her face. Her maniacal laughter filled the room as she pointed at them.

"The little woman is hiding? I thought females of your time were strong, not pathetic, cowering creatures."

"Silence," Silas roared.

"How dare you?" Embeth said with a sneer. "You have no power over me."

Rage burned through Martha at the vileness of this creature. How dare she appear here after all she'd done to cause harm, to hurt Silas? She moved to step around him and fought off his restraining arm to face her.

"Who's cowering? Not me, that's for sure. Leave us alone. He doesn't want you."

The coldness in the atmosphere increased and Martha fought not to shiver. Silas moved to stand beside her and wrapped his arm around her to draw her close. The witch took in his actions and Martha swore she felt pain emanate from her.

Finally Embeth curled her lips in a semblance of a smile. "He wanted me once."

"Never again," he growled. "The curse is broken. Begone from us."

"Ah The MacAdam, ever the savage wolf. Never fear. I shall be gone from you but not before I deal with my business."

Martha opened her mouth to speak but the cold air whipped up and over them with the force of a hurricane, ripping her from Silas' arms. She spun through the air like a top gone mad and she heard his cry of outrage as if from a distance. She heard the witch's laughter too. The breath left her body.

The witch's laughter rose up to greet her as her body was whipped through the room like a rag doll. Silas growled and she saw him shift crazily from man to wolf in a blur of speed. Then with a sizzle and pop of sound she was propelled past the end of the bed and through the mirror's surface to land in a naked heap upon her own bed, in her own time.

“Nonononono.”

Despair rose up and she wailed with it. Tears rolled hotly down her cheeks as she struggled from the cold sheets to the mirror. Flattening her body against the glass, she stared through it into the past. The witch was gone. Silas stood there looking back at her with anguished eyes, his hands flattened against the surface of the mirror. His teeth flashed white as he seemed to snarl.

Helplessly, frantic now, she settled her palms against the glass but no warm hand reached through to pull her into his arms.

“No!” she cried. “No! We can’t let her win!”

Silas’ gaze was desolate. He stroked the mirror as if he could touch her. His mouth moved but she couldn’t hear his words. Still his emotions reached out.

Lost. He was lost and so was she.

With a cry, she sank to her knees and stared at the man she couldn’t live without. A stab wound to the heart wouldn’t have hurt so much. Her throat burned and her mouth opened on a silent cry.

Alone. Alone. Alone.

She reached for the glass once more and saw nothing now, nothing but her own shattered expression in the mirror’s surface.

Chapter Four

Over the course of the next three days, Martha stumbled through her world like a person near death. Any animation she'd once possessed was with Silas, wherever the hell he was. Martha now sat in the dark, wearing a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. Probably didn't even match, but what the hell. She cared about nothing now. Did she live? Did she die? It didn't matter if she couldn't be with him. But surely there was a way to recapture the magic of the mirror. There had to be.

Martha sat on the floor in front of the mystical antique with her legs curled beneath her. Listlessly she peered into the silvery depths, searching for any sign of the man she'd left behind when catapulted back into her time. Reaching out, she stroked the smooth surface. She'd never been a particularly religious person but now she prayed, prayed harder than she'd ever done on any lonely night in her past.

She prayed for the return of Silas' touch on her body, his fiercely wicked grin, the way he'd brought her lonely soul back to life. Whether here or there, she wanted to see him again. She wanted to touch him again. Tears made silent tracks down her cheeks.

"Oh Silas, where are you?" she breathed. Silence answered her and then she heard it. A faint whisper of sound in her mind made her go still.

Are you there? Silas? Are you there?

I burn for you, darling. I rage at your loss.

God! Me too. Are you all right?

Martha pressed herself against the glass, practically willing herself to see him, and then finally, like a miracle, the silver cleared and she gasped as she saw him pace in wolf form at the end of his bed. The huge black beast turned toward her and she knew he saw her too. He padded toward the mirror and focused his gaze on her before morphing into the man she dreamed of.

Naked, he stood and settled his hand against hers as if magically they would be touching again. Tears welled in her eyes and fell but she didn't bother wiping them.

What will I do without you, Silas?

Survive. You will survive and go on.

No!

You must until I can find a way to be with you again. You must believe.

Aching, she looked into his eyes until some movement in the room behind him caught her attention and her eyes went wide. *Silas! Behind you!*

Horried, she watched the witch Embeth advance from across the room and Martha's heartbeat sped. She lurched to her feet as Silas spun toward the intruder.

"You are mine now," she said, practically crowing the words.

Martha gasped because now she could hear what was being said on the other side of the mirror. What had changed? Why now? But she didn't have time to think about it. The scent of battle was in the air. She could feel it in the emotions coming from both Silas and the advancing witch.

"Never! Get thee gone. Have you not caused enough pain?" Silas growled the words low and Martha felt his rage, his need to kill. His mouth changed shape as his jaw elongated and lupine fangs sprang from his gums. Embeth was powerful but Silas showed no fear as he stalked closer.

Fear rose sharply in her. She'd never known a more powerful being than Silas unless it was Embeth. The woman was the epitome of strength and hatred. Martha felt her hatred and it made her physically ill. She clutched her stomach and watched horrified as Embeth whipped her arm toward Silas, sending his big body flying through the air to crash into the stone wall.

She had to get to him. She had to get to him to help if she could. Frantic, she prayed and stroked the strange designs on the frame of the mirror as the witch sent him crashing through the room to fall across a chair or roll over the bed or hit the walls

again and again. Tears poured from Martha's eyes. "I love him. Please, please. Let me in. I love him. I love him."

Once the final words of the mantra had left her lips, the air in her bedroom changed, grew charged. A *knowing* came upon her as she thrust her body at the mirror and, with a pop of sound, she went tumbling back into the past. His room was like a battle scene. Dear God! She didn't have time to think of how this miracle had occurred, but leaped to her feet and took off at a dead run. Silas was struggling back to his feet as the witch advanced but then she screamed in rage as Martha tackled her from behind. A three hundred pound defensive end couldn't have done better.

"Leave him alone," she screamed.

"You little bitch," Embeth snarled as she reached around, trying to throw her off. Martha clung, knowing she had to give Silas time to regain his feet, and then he was there, grabbing the witch by the arm and tossing her across the room. Martha fell to the floor in a heap, but then jumped to her feet when she saw Silas pause to see if she'd been hurt.

"I'm fine, honey. I promise."

His head whipped toward Embeth, who lay in a crumpled heap against the wall. When he started to advance, Martha ran up and grabbed his hand.

"Wait! Look at the mirror! Look!"

Together they saw the mirror swimming with color and light. The silver shimmered, sending out a warmth that seemed to reach for them, draw them closer.

He shook his head as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing but Martha didn't know how much time they had. "Will you come with me? Tell me now, Silas MacAdam."

He went still and squeezed her hand. "Aye, lass. I will."

Martha's heart threatened to stop as happiness burst through her like sunlight. She smiled. "Then trust me. Come with me."

"Anywhere. But wait." He released her long enough to bound across the room and grab up the old book that carried the names of the lycans in his ancestry. He tucked it beneath his arm and grabbed her hand. "Let us go."

"Yes. Now. Run to the mirror, Silas. Run with me."

Just as Embeth took to the air, rushing toward them with a wild scream, they raced toward the mirror and together they leaped through the silvery colors and warmth to roll across the cold sheets of Martha's bed.

"Break it! Take that mirror *out!*" she yelled as Silas took to his feet and grabbed a heavy lamp that sat on her bedside table. With a roar and a burst of strength he threw it into the mirror and shattered it into a million tiny shards.

In the deafening silence, his shoulders heaved as he stared at the empty wooden frame. Martha watched him, her heart in her throat, and knew her entire life had changed in that instant.

He turned to look at her over his shoulder, his golden eyes sharp on her. "You care for me."

Martha nodded. "Yes." She held out her hand and he took it as he turned to face her fully. Everything about him relaxed as he released his breath and then she noticed the scratches that bloomed red with blood on his body. Her heart softened and she wanted nothing more than to soothe this man. "Come with me."

She led him into her bathroom and reached down to turn on the water. Silas' eyes widened at the sight of the shower. He smiled slowly. "Wondrous."

Laughing, she shook her head. "Not nearly as wondrous as that waterfall of yours, big guy but it'll have to do for now."

Blood dripped from several scratches on his chest and Martha quickly skimmed out of her shorts and t-shirt and kicked them aside. When she reached for the front snap of her bra, she was stopped by Silas' hand.

"Allow me," he said.

When he unhooked her and slid the bra from her arms, his gaze turned hot, focusing on her aroused nipples, but he didn't touch them. Instead he lowered his eyes and reached for her pink bikini panties. A tiny, sexy, purely masculine smile lifted the corners of his lips as he dipped his thumbs beneath the elastic and sent them sailing down her legs. He moved close enough that she could feel the heat and desire roll from his body to touch her like a physical caress.

Martha knew they had to deal with those scratches, so she lifted a hand to his chest. "This first. Come with me."

She stepped beneath the warm spray with Silas, and when she stroked his firm flesh with her hands, he laid back his head and sighed. "'Tis heaven the way your hands feel, woman."

"I'll be touching you a lot more before this night is through."

He lifted his head and gave her a purely lecherous look. "A promise, then?"

"Oh yeah." She took a bottle of her favorite liquid soap and drizzled some into her palm. The scent of lavender and vanilla filled the steamy enclosure as she rubbed her hands together then applied them to the firm mounds of his chest.

"Smells like you but not appropriate for a man, I'm thinking."

"Quit complaining," she whispered as she took her soapy hands on a slow journey over his thick shoulders and his neck. Unable to stop herself, she moved in to better absorb the heat of him. "I'll fix that problem when I go into town tomorrow. I'll find something more manly, okay? Maybe pick up some jeans and shirts. Can't have you running around naked, now can I?"

Silas grinned wickedly. "And why not? Do you not like me naked?"

She laughed, feeling lighter than she had in years. "I love you naked. Now be quiet and let me get you washed."

As she paid particular attention to the cuts and scrapes, she felt the tension leave his body. Unbelievably, the scratches were quickly healing and beginning to close before

her eyes. Of course she'd read fictional stories about were-creatures' ability to heal at supersonic speed but now she knew it was more than myth. It was real.

"Where is this place? This time?"

She looked up from his flawless chest and smiled. "Honey, you're in Texas."

He looked down and grunted. "Tax Us?"

She giggled and moved aside to let the water rinse away the soap. "Tex-as. And this is the twenty-first century."

When he sucked in a breath and took in the modern things surrounding him, she simply nodded.

"I will have much to learn. You will teach me."

Martha reached out for him then and wrapped her arms around his neck. She kissed him quickly and smiled. "I will love teaching you everything you need to know but lessons will begin tomorrow. Tonight I have other plans."

Once they'd stepped from the tub and dried each other with big fluffy towels, she led him into her bedroom. Moonlight sifted through the gauzy curtains, casting pale blue shadows across the rumpled sheets on her bed. Naked, she turned to him and saw the desire in his eyes. "Let me welcome you properly to my world."

He was standing by the side of the bed that didn't have shards of the magic mirror on the floor. Tomorrow she would sweep them up but not now. Now she wanted nothing more than to show this man how much she loved him. It was in her mind to seduce him but he didn't give her a chance.

Silas stalked to her and fisted his hand in her damp hair. Dragging her head back, he planted his open mouth against her throat. Nibbling and licking, sucking at her tender flesh, he drew a moan from her. His cock pressed hard against her belly and she reached for it, wrapping her fingers around his heat.

"Yes," he groaned. "Yes, Martha."

She pulled back then sent kisses to drift over his chest then lower over his corrugated abs. Lordy, lordy! She nipped him there then went to her knees. Grabbing his erection with both hands, she slid her mouth over the head of him, letting her tongue trace the heavy ridge. Sliding her tongue down his length then back up again, she smelled the scent of her lavender soap along with his musk. She filled her hands with his balls, thrilled when he let out a long groan. His hands went to her head as she worked him then his fingers speared through her damp curls.

Could he know how much she loved him? How could he possibly understand the depth of her feelings? Adrenaline from the earlier encounter with the witch raced through her blood, speeding her heartbeat. She would drink him down. She would devour him.

But then he growled and looped his hands beneath her armpits and drew her to her feet. Breathing heavily, wanting him, the only man who'd ever made her feel complete and happy, she didn't complain when he took her up in his arms and carried her to the bed. His hands went to her breasts then frantically down the length of her torso where he caressed every curve. His nostrils flared as if he smelled the scent of her arousal. Martha knew she was beyond turned-on. She was frantic. Moisture pooled thickly between her thighs and her flesh pulsed with the need to have his length buried deep inside her. When he came down over her, they rolled until she lay sprawled on top of him. His cock rose up stiffly, prodding between her thighs and brushing her drenched folds.

"I want you," she whispered, looking down at him.

"Take me. And I'll take you."

"Promise?"

"You have my vow."

Martha rose to her knees and slowly, slowly slid down over his cock, taking him deep then deeper. Nothing had ever felt better or more right. And when he was seated

to the hilt, she dropped back her head and moaned as she writhed on his rigid shaft. "Yesss."

Silas filled his hands with her ass then thrust once, twice, then raised slightly to take her nipple between his teeth. When he sucked her deep, scraping the tender flesh with his teeth, she cried out.

"I could suck you all night. Forever."

"Yes. More. Harder."

She rose and fell over him, her body clasping his cock and releasing, loving the sound of quiet desperation he made against her throbbing nipple. When finally he released her to lie back, the moon bathed his swarthy skin with light and shadow. "Beautiful. You are beautiful, Silas MacAdam."

"And you. By the gods you have the sweetest pussy."

His words inflamed her and, as she rose and fell atop him, she took her nipples between her fingers and pinched them. Her head dropped back as he plucked her clit. "Now," she cried as his emotions blasted through her mind. His care for her, his relief, the pleasure he felt when she rode him. Sensation spiraled, wound tighter until the world exploded in color and wave after wave of ecstasy swamped her.

Beneath her, Silas stilled then growled deep in his chest as he released his pleasure deep into her body in a pulsing stream.

In the aftermath, she lay sprawled over him, just breathing in the scent of him. "Is it really over?" she wondered as she caught her breath. "Embeth? The being apart?" She rose up and looked down into his shining eyes.

With a rumbling laugh, he rolled and pinned her beneath him. "Ah no, dearling. For us, it all begins. Now. Tomorrow is soon enough to explore this new world. For now I will explore *you*."

Chapter Five

The next day Martha left a gorgeous, very naked wolf man sprawled on her couch playing with the remote control to the television. She turned on the radio to a Tim McGraw song and smiled as she whipped down the road into town. Despite his life stuck firmly in the past, he was still a man and men loved gadgets. Something told Martha that her days of watching three-hanky love stories and romantic comedies were over unless she splurged on a second television.

Electronic gadgets weren't in her future today, though. As much as she loved looking at Silas in all his naked hotness, he needed clothes, and that called for a trip into Cloverfield. She took in the sheer size of him and decided food was needed too. Lots of food. And probably some man-type grooming things as well. It was hard to imagine Silas would enjoy smelling like her flowery shampoos and lotions.

Ten minutes later she drove into the small town, noting townspeople milling about on the sidewalks, going about their everyday business. She'd only lived in the arid, west Texas prairie town for a little over a year and had always found it appealing due in part to the fact people left her alone. Unlike many small towns, the townsfolk tended to stick to themselves. There didn't seem to be a lot of overt gossip and prying, and that suited her just fine.

She pulled up in front of Poteet's on the Prairie and opened the door of the shop, wincing at the sound of the cowbell that jangled overhead. Rayne Poteet, the owner of the store that carried both men and women's clothing, was balanced on a ladder, tucking folded jeans into a slot in the wall. She didn't turn around when the bell clanged. "Be right with you!" she hollered.

"No, hurry. How ya doin', Rayne?"

The proprietor turned and smiled down from her precarious perch, her vibrant red ponytail swinging out behind her. Then she stilled, frowned. Martha saw her nostrils flare slightly as, unbelievably, she sniffed the air. Rayne's sherry-colored eyes went wide. "Martha? Um...hang on a minute, hon."

The air seemed suddenly heavy and tension-filled and Martha didn't know why. Very slowly Rayne climbed down the ladder and faced her. Nervously, she ran her hands down the sides of her jeans and mustered a shaky smile. "Haven't seen you in a while, Martha. What have you been up to?"

Martha laughed a little. "Ah, you know me. I don't leave the house much but I needed to pick up some things."

"Got a nice shipment of girl stuff yesterday. You're in luck."

Damn.

She hadn't thought of explanations. Nerves danced a steady beat in her chest. "Um. Actually, I have a houseguest and I'm just picking up a few things for him."

"Him?"

"Yeah. Need some jeans, tees, a couple of shirts and some sweat pants. Maybe some boots. Tennis shoes too. Yeah, that would be good."

Rayne eyed her steadily but didn't say a word as she led her to a circular metal rack where colorful western-style shirts were hanging. It wasn't like Rayne Poteet to be so quiet. Very carefully, Martha lowered her shields and allowed the other woman's emotions to swamp her.

Curiosity. Worry.

The emotions rang through Martha's system as she zeroed in on the younger woman and wondered about the riotous feelings she picked up. Then just as quickly she closed the shields. She'd always been a private woman and she wasn't about to start spouting out details of her life now, even to someone like Rayne, whom she liked quite a lot.

Finally Rayne looked up. "You can look through these and I'll get you some jeans. Boot cut?"

"Yeah, sure. Sounds fine."

"What size?"

Martha thought about it and smiled. "Big."

Rayne rolled her eyes. "Jeez. That's a help."

Laughing, she held out her arms and hands, indicating the width of MacAdam's hips and waist. "About this big."

"Um. Looks like a thirty-four. Length?"

"Hm. He's about six-four."

"Wow. Big guy. Just like all the men around here," Rayne observed as she scampered back up the ladder and took down several pairs of jeans.

By the time she'd rounded up jeans in assorted sizes, shirts, tees and a gorgeous pair of black full-quill ostrich boots that she'd been unable to resist, Martha was exhausted and dying to bring this stuff home. Seeing Silas' face as he discovered every new modern marvel just tickled her to death. As she presented her credit card, the annoying cowbell over the door jangled again and Martha saw Rayne go still.

She turned to see Ringo Ramone framed in the doorway, the sun at his back casting him in shadow. Martha knew very little about the handsome, silent cowboy who worked at the Wolf Creek Ranch just outside of town.

"Ringo. Hey," Rayne whispered.

Martha glanced at the other woman and saw that she'd paled noticeably. With startling clarity, she realized Rayne was deeply interested in the man. Sexual intensity practically slithered through the air. Ringo moved farther into the store and tipped his hat. He was tall and lean with inky black hair that reached past the collar of his western-style shirt. As he came closer, he filled the room with his powerful presence.

His blacker-than-hellfire gaze swept over Rayne. "Hey, sweet thang." Then he faced Martha and reached to tip his hat again. He went still. His eyes widened.

His nostrils flared.

Damn.

Déjà vu.

Rayne had done the same as Ringo. She'd worn the same expression of surprise.

What the heck was going on?

And just like that Ringo backed away, keeping his eyes locked on hers. "Gotta go, Rayne. Miss Martha."

"Hey," Rayne called as Ringo stalked across the room toward the door. "Where ya goin', Ringo? Is something wrong?"

But Ringo didn't answer. Together, Rayne and Martha watched him get in the truck that was parked out front and drive away as if the hounds of hell chased him.

* * * * *

Silas stood under the warm spray and closed his eyes as he tried to absorb the changes facing him in his new life. He'd been alone so long he'd begun to feel more animal than man. It wasn't fear of the unknown that grabbed him hard but worry over acclimating himself to this new life and place. Perhaps the only time he'd felt true fear was when he'd been separated from Martha after those brief but sensual moments with her. The loss had left him aching and near crazed with grief as if half his soul had been ripped from him.

But how did she feel about *him*?

He knew the psychic connection was strong. Even now it soared like heady wine through his veins. Memories of the night before caught him up and his body responded. His cock hardened and he fisted his hand at the base of his shaft and dragged it up his length. The way Martha had sucked him was burned in his mind like a brand and he wanted more. He wanted it now.

But she was a woman from the modern age. Did she have a man in this time? Someone who wanted her and would fight to keep her? The very idea that even now she could be with someone else fostered unreasoning fear within him. She had told him there was no man in her life but he couldn't help the nagging worry. Gritting his teeth, he pumped his cock as he leaned his face back under the spray of warm water. If she thought she could bring him with her into this time and this place then leave him for another man, he would have to convince her of her folly.

And then as if his mind had conjured her, he felt her approach. She was close, almost home, and he could practically imagine the way her soft curves would fit in his arms, against his body, completing him in a way no other woman had before. He imagined her generous breasts pressed against his chest, her nipples hard and practically begging to be sucked. It had only been a few hours but he needed her again with a desire unmatched in his experience.

Hunger curled low in his belly as he stepped from the shower and reached for a towel. Unsatisfied, raw with need, he sensed her coming closer. The front door snapped shut as she stepped into the house and he heard the rustling of paper. Her scent filled the air and the part of him that would always be savage roared to blazing life.

With two long strides, he left the small bathroom and padded down the hallway to see her standing in the middle of the living room clutching several bags in her arms. More boxes and bags had been tossed to the couch but he could not care less. She was here, home where she belonged and within reach. Martha's eyes widened and she quickly smiled but then it faded as he came closer. "Silas? Is something wr—"

Unable to bear another second of not touching her, he tore the two bags from her arms and set them aside before grabbing her up in his arms. Her lips opened on a gasp when he set his mouth on hers. Instantly plunging his tongue deep, absorbing the taste of her into his very bones. His hard and ready cock brushed against the cool cotton of her skirt and he growled low, fisting his hands into the fabric to draw it up around her waist.

"Nothing is amiss except that you were gone too long, woman! Did you not ken I needed you?" He settled his hand over the crotch of her panties, feeling the warmth of her and then the sudden acceptance of her body as she grew damp beneath his stroking fingers. Impatient, he gripped the silky garment and swept it past her hips and down the long length of her legs. Martha made a little sound as she kicked them aside and her sweet pussy wept as he plunged two fingers deep inside her hot flesh. With unerring precision, he located the tender knot of her clit. Circling, pressing, Silas listened to the throaty sounds she made then drank them down as he settled his lips on hers in another steamy kiss. His tongue thrust in a parody of sex and her response roared through his veins like a song.

When he finally broke the kiss, he looked down into the mossy green depths of her eyes as her breath, heavy with longing, broke across his face. Her lips were swollen and pink, moist and delectable. "I want you, Martha. I must have you now."

"I need you too."

Staring into her eyes, he plunged his fingers into her pussy, feeling the truth of her words on his skin. His hand was wet from her passion. With a low sound of frustration, he brought his hands to the waist of her skirt and feverishly worked the fastenings until, like her panties, the garment was tossed aside like so much litter. He yanked her thin blue top over her head and sent it sailing. He filled his hands with her breasts, covered by a scrap of white lace. Using his thumbs, he scraped her tightly drawn nipples, loving the tiny gasping sound she made as he teased her.

Unable to resist her quiet plea, he lowered his mouth and took her nipple deep. Dragging his teeth across the tightly furled peak, he sucked hard until the flesh was as hard as stone and he knew the rasp of the lace only added to the sensations she must be feeling. Once again he settled his fingers at her drenched pussy. Martha brought her leg up high against his hip, opening herself to his touch. "Yes, sweet lass," he whispered. "Let me feel how much you want me. You are so wet."

"For you."

“Ah dearling.” He filled his hands with her ass and lifted until the wet folds of her pussy were settled deliciously against his aching cock. It was his turn to groan. Claspings her tight against him, he moved against her melting heat, dragging his hard flesh against her. Her other leg was now wrapped around his waist and he couldn’t wait another moment. He settled her against the wall and sank his erection deep into her channel. Martha’s eyes went wide and then slumberous as he slowly fucked her. If she had another love somewhere in this strange country, then she would forget him soon. Yes, he knew he was arrogant but Silas hoped it was part of his charm.

Gripping her tight against him, he pressed her back against the wall and, using his legs, he pumped into her willing body. The kittenish sounds she made burned through his veins as her vaginal walls milked him with delicious fervor. He wanted her. Needed her. He knew he would never get enough of her body, her mind.

Without warning he felt her mind opening to his. She wanted inside his thoughts so he slowly let down his shields as her emotions burned through him like flame. Desire. Passion. Lust. And yes, caring. He felt the lonely years of her past. He absorbed her yearning for something more than a life where she was considered a freak of nature to be used by others but never given anything back.

His heart filled with this knowledge as he took her. In return for her generous sharing, he passed on his years of desolation while trapped under the witch’s curse. He relived for her his joy at bringing her through the mirror and straight into his arms.

“Silas!”

“Yes. Know how much I want you. Know how much you’ve given me and will continue to give. You are mine, Martha.”

Her pussy tightened around his cock, making him groan. She stiffened, gasped, and he knew orgasm was upon her. Striking hotly through her folds, rotating against her clit, he brought her over the edge of pleasure. She trembled, gasping for breath. Then her wild cry broke through the heavy air that seemed to swirl around them.

But he wasn’t finished with her.

Carrying her, still impaled on his cock, to the sofa, he disengaged only long enough to turn her and bend her over the back of the furniture. His teeth found the firm globes of her ass and he nipped her there. Open-mouthed kisses graced her pale flesh then trailed over the curve of her spine as his fingers played at her quivering pussy.

"I can't," she whispered. "It's too much."

Martha's dark hair fell around her face, hiding her expression. Reaching down, he ran his fingers through the thickness, brushing it back so he could see her better. The day was cool but feathery curls clung to her forehead. Her cheeks were flushed from her passion.

"You can. You will. Our day has just begun."

He swept his fingers through the drenching moisture between her thighs and trailed them up to her anus. He wet her flesh, pressing the rosette bud before dipping his thumb inside to the first joint. Beneath him, she went still. She caught her breath.

"Tell me yea or nay, sweeting. I would take you here."

"Um. I've never —"

"Are you afraid? You know I would never hurt you."

He withdrew his thumb slightly then pressed again. A soft groan rose up from her and he smiled. "Tell me, lass, before I grow mindless with need."

"Yes. Do it. I have a tube of something you can use. It's in that small sack on the floor."

"Do not move. I like the sight of you bent over, awaiting my pleasure."

He stepped away and looked through the sack she'd mentioned, eventually finding a long box. Opening it and tossing the box aside, he inspected the contents of the tube and went to her. Silas took his position behind her and covered his fingers and his cock with the clear fluid.

He sent his fingers on a quest over her flesh, finding the opening of her ass again and moistening it with the fluid from the tube. Once again he played with her pussy,

feeling her wetness, her readiness for him. He dipped his thumb into her and felt her go still as he pressed lightly. Realizing this was new for her, he removed his thumb and gently inserted two fingers. He opened them repeatedly to stretch her more fully to accept his cock.

Again she gasped when he replaced his thumb with the head of his cock. Slowly, slowly he pressed until he'd inched farther inside. "Relax," he whispered as he ran his hands in featherlike motions over her ass and back. "Relax."

When Martha slowly let out the breath she'd been holding, he moved deeper. Gods! She was like a virgin. Tighter than a miser's fist as she squeezed around his aching cock. Finally seated to the hilt, it was his turn to gasp as his balls, hard and drawn up high against his body, brushed her weeping pussy. It was almost too much, but not enough. Not nearly enough. Slowly, as if savoring fine wine, he began to move. He clutched the globes of her ass, digging his fingers deep into her flesh until at last she began to move in tandem with him. Silas moved a hand to her clit and pressed gently as they rocked together.

He'd held off too long. A low-burning sensation swept his thighs and a tingling set up in his balls as if a million tiny fingers played upon his swollen flesh. Harder, stronger he squeezed against her clit until she let go with a wild, primal cry. Unable to stop, he followed her into bliss, pulsing his cum into her willing body.

It was enough. For now. It had to be. At least until he could convince her to become his mate. Forever.

Gently he withdrew and pulled her into his arms. He kissed the tears from her face and lifted her up. Her bed beckoned and the day was young. Before he was done, she would be his. Mind, body and soul.

Chapter Six

By the time night arrived Silas was sprawled on the sofa intently watching the Dallas Cowboys take on the Philadelphia Eagles. His face wore an expression of rapt intensity as the players crashed into each other. Occasionally, he would make a sound of disgust. Martha sat curled on the floor, resting her back against the couch, holding the old book in her lap.

Curiosity had made her pick up the tome over an hour earlier but she'd been so caught up in Silas continual "discoveries" of the modern world she'd yet to open it. Once again he snorted and, smiling, she looked up at him. "What?"

He glanced her way and casually sifted his fingers through her ponytail. With the other hand he pointed to the small television screen and sneered. "No Highlander would wear those things upon his shoulders!"

"Pads?"

"Aye. Pads. Are they not real men?"

And so the conversation went as he compared the *milksop* modern athletes to brawny Highlanders of old. She had to laugh. When at last he went back to the game, she ran the tip of her finger over the gilded etchings on the black leather cover of the *Book of Names* and thought about how much her life had changed since being yanked through the mirror and straight into Silas' arms. Even now her body ached deliciously. He couldn't seem to keep his hands off her and it was so foreign to her. The few men she'd known before had been almost afraid of her, wary, seeing her as an oddity to play with for a while until she'd lost her appeal and been tossed aside like an unwanted toy.

Everything was different now.

Being around others had always made her uncomfortable but now she realized how lonely her life had been before Silas had magically appeared. All that was over now.

They'd chatted casually through their dinner of grilled steaks and fresh garden vegetables, and she laughed as he'd devoured an entire box of Twinkies. Mm. Looks as if she'd need to have a little chat with him about proper nutrition. The thought made her smile as she returned her attention to the *Book of Names*.

While Silas was occupied with the game, she opened it, marveling at the beautiful swirls and flourishes of each name. Many were in Gaelic, she supposed because she couldn't understand most of what she read. The writing changed as she turned the pages, the penmanship becoming drastically more modern. Recorded were the activities of Silas' pack as it grew and migrated to other parts of the world. Fascinating! Her eyes widened at the proof of Mexican packs and some in Texas. If she hadn't seen the proof of Silas living and hunting as a wolf, nor seen a wicked witch with her own very practical eyes, she would never have believed it. Silently she flipped the pages and lost herself, wondering at the lives of these people from the past and considered how they fitted into the here and now.

These lycans.

Somewhere out there was what remained of his pack, his family.

Finally she looked up. "Silas?"

"Aye." He dragged his gaze from the game and looked at her. His fingers were still buried in her ponytail.

"Are you immortal?"

He smiled faintly. "Nay. We live for hundreds and hundreds of years but we are not immortal."

Martha drew her bottom lip between her teeth and then released it. "But you age differently from humans, don't you?"

"Aye."

"So...um...does that mean in another ten years, I'll be forty-something, I'll *look* forty-something but you'll be much as you are now? When I am an old, old lady with white hair you will look thirty?"

"It does not matter to me," he said quietly.

Turning her head away, she looked down at the book. Could she sound any more pathetic? She might live to be in her eighties but Silas would continue to be young and virile. Vital. This relationship, no matter how much she'd prefer it otherwise, would never work. She was human and he? Well, he was *not*.

"What are you thinking, woman?"

She shot him a look and finally just straight up asked what was uppermost in her mind. "Is there any way I can be made to be like you?"

The thought of not being with him paralyzed her. She wanted to be with him always, but did he feel the same?

A heavy silence greeted the question and then he sighed. "Aye. There is a way, but, Martha, you must realize it would be a completely new way of life for you. You would no longer be wholly human but beast as well. I would love nothing more than for you to live with me through the centuries."

Caught up in the idea of it all, she folded her arms over his thigh and looked at him. "Would you have to bite me?"

"Aye. Enough to draw blood and it must be done as I make you mine."

"You mean—"

"As we fuck." He reached out, his expression gentling, and settled his hand on her head. "My cock will swell inside you and I will be unable to dislodge it for a while. We would be locked together, making our joining as complete as if we were one person. Taking you as my mate is a serious decision, lass."

"Do you know any human women who have become lycan?"

"Aye. I've known of it. Some human women have borne our children without becoming actually mated with a lycan and some are turned. There are sometimes offspring produced between the wholly human and the lycan. Fear or extreme sexual pleasure can bring the change to halflings."

"No biting?"

He shook his head. "Here I speak of conversion to full lycan. But to be mated, a bite is part of it."

Martha had seen his lupine teeth and wondered how it would feel to have them sinking into her as they had sex. A strange shiver, not altogether fear, swept her. Her pussy throbbed and moisture drenched her panties. She'd felt nothing but pleasure with Silas yet a little pain might not be such a bad thing.

When she glanced at Silas, she saw that every touch of softness had left his face. His nostrils flared. "I can smell your pleasure, Martha. Already I know we are meant to be mated. We communicate with our minds and that is the sign of a pair who is destined to be together. Do you not feel it?"

"Yes," she whispered. She'd known it without being told but hearing the truth from his lips only validated her growing feelings for him. Already she couldn't imagine how her life would be without him. Recalling their days of separation sent a cold chill coursing through her veins. She opened her mouth to say more but he didn't give her a chance.

With a low growl, he grabbed her up and pulled her onto his lap, facing him. Straddled across his thighs this way, her weeping pussy settled along his erection covered only by a soft pair of sweatpants. A sigh crossed her lips as she wiggled on his shaft and wrapped her arms around his bare shoulders.

"I want you, lass. Again."

He fisted his hand in her ponytail and yanked her head back before setting his teeth against her throat. Martha's pussy throbbed in reaction and visions of how their eventual mating might feel. She writhed against his swollen cock, needing more. With

his lips and tongue, he lashed at the spot he'd bitten and whispered foreign words against her flesh. Then with a sound of need, he lifted her from his lap and practically tore her soft cotton shorts along with her panties down her legs.

Silas wasn't the only one feeling the rush of lust. Martha reached for the hem of her roomy tee and pulled it off until she stood naked before him.

"You make me hungry," he said. He stared at her bare body for one intense moment before dragging his sweatpants off leaving him as naked as she. When he held out his arms, she straddled his lap again but this time no clothing prevented her from pressing her flesh to his. Her pussy settled against the base of his cock. Together they moaned.

"So hard, Silas. You're so hard and strong. I want you so much," she whispered. "I've never felt more like a woman than when I'm with you."

His jaw flexed as he reached for her breasts and thumbed her nipples until they were diamond-hard. Sensation sifted from them to arrow downward toward her belly and between her legs. Her pussy was drenched, throbbing.

"Touch me. Please."

"Where? You must say the words. Where do you want my fingers, my tongue?"

"Inside me."

"No. Say it."

"Inside my pussy. Put your fingers in my pussy."

Silas moved one hand to her thigh and with the other he stroked his thumb down the length of her slit. Helplessly she cried out, needing a firmer touch, and it was as if he knew. He circled her clit gently before taking it between his thumb and forefinger to pluck and squeeze. Sensation shot up and out as she dropped her head back.

His teeth found her thrusting nipple and he sucked it hard then gently, repeating the pattern until she thought she'd scream. Minutes later her other breast received the

same treatment. Then at last! At last, he plunged his fingers deep into her channel and she drew in a sharp gasp at the intensity of the pleasure. But still it wasn't enough.

As a wild Texas wind whipped up outside, he saturated her in pleasure until finally he gripped her ass and lifted her until he was seated near the entrance of her body. "Yes, Silas. Now."

With a low groan he lowered her over the head of his shaft and it was like a homecoming to her. Lower and lower she sank until at last he was lodged deep inside her pussy. Her body creamed around him as she moved over his length and thickness. The fit was tighter than a glove. Squeezing him, milking his cock, Martha bowed her back. "Take my nipple. Bite it. Lick it. Oh God! I want you so much!"

What wild, wanton woman had entered her body to make her feel free enough to speak this way?

Like the beast he was, Silas nipped and sucked at her as he plunged up, high and deep, fucking her mindless, giving her what she wanted more than anything. His hands began to stroke her ass, dipping deep between the crease to toy with her anus as he fucked her. Writhing against him, she felt her body seize, tighten, and somehow Silas knew because he intensified his motion, plunging and retreating with a ferocity that was so much a part of his animal nature.

Frantic, she grabbed his hair and pulled until she could take his lips. *Please let him know how much I want him. Please let him know much I love him.* She whispered the prayer in her mind as they fucked, moving in tandem, reaching for that elusive burst of pleasure.

Then it happened, flashing through her body like a firestorm, like lust gone mad. Crying out against his lips, she felt Silas tighten beneath her and finally follow her into that raging flame. He pumped his seed into her body, kissed the tears from her cheeks and held her tightly wrapped in his arms.

When finally she looked up to smile at him, a loud howling began in the woods just outside her house. Startled, she looked over her shoulder. "What the —"

Silas practically dumped her on the floor in his hurry to stand and she knew that every one of his senses had gone on red alert. Gone was the lazily passionate lover who'd screwed her silly mere seconds ago. "Wolves!"

"Huh? Wolves?"

He reached down a hand and drew her to her feet as the wild sounds outside increased in pitch. Martha grabbed up her shorts and t-shirt from the floor and hastily dragged the garments onto her body. Silas was already at her front door and stepping naked onto the front porch. "Silas! Wait!"

It was too late.

A single long, low howl went up and she heard Silas snarl a warning. She didn't think but brushed past him and reached for a piece of firewood from the pile near the front door. Peering into the gloom, she sensed the wolves, heard them snarling and snapping. It seemed as if a dozen eyes were trained on her but she didn't have time to think about that. Silas' lupine teeth elongated in his mouth and with a savage sound he leaped from the porch into the yard and went into a crouch, landing on all fours. Then he started to shift.

As a huge black wolf, he faced the threat as the others slowly crept from the edge of the woods. Only three? It had seemed like more had been howling. In tandem they came toward Silas, snarling, growling low, and Martha lifted the piece of firewood, prepared to rush in. Adrenaline coursed through her veins. She gritted her teeth.

The wolves began to circle, one seeming more aggressive than the others. He was a huge gray beast but the other two were equally massive. One was black and the other an odd mix of brown and gold. Even in the darkness she caught the gleam of narrowed laser blue eyes from the gray wolf. Blue?

Before she could consider that, the wolf in question leaped at Silas and she screamed. The wolves had clamped onto each other's necks and were rolling around on the ground as the other two advanced.

"Silas!" she yelled. "MacAdam! Watch out!"

The second the words of warning left her mouth it seemed the action stilled in slo-mo, halting to a fuzzy stop as the wolves began to back away. Silas shook himself and shifted into a man and stood before the trespassers. His fists were clenched and he was breathing heavily as blood seeped from gouges at his neck. "Stay back, woman!"

An answer from her was impossible at that point since all the breath left her lungs in an instant. The wolves immediately shifted and Martha found herself looking at three huge men. Three huge, naked men.

The weirdest part of it all was that she knew them. Each and every one.

Chapter Seven

Martha had cruised by the Wolf Creek Ranch a million times but had never driven through the massive limestone archway or down the paved road to the ranch house itself. Late that afternoon, she took it all in as she and Silas drove to the ranch to meet Bart Fitzgerald, owner of the prosperous cattle ranch. He was also the man whom she'd seen change from a large gray wolf just last night.

Impossible.

As Fitzgerald handed her a glass of neat whiskey and smiled, his electric blue eyes practically twinkling at her, it was hard to imagine that he was every bit as savage as Silas.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, missy. Guess this whole thing is quite a shock to you." He poured another drink from the bar in his massive study and handed it to Silas before lounging back in the heavy leather chair behind his desk.

She gave Silas a smile, thinking of all the revelations she'd lived through over the past week and shook her head. "You have no idea. I've always thought of the world as pretty much a black and white place. Sure, people often think bizarre things or feel emotions they are careful to hide from everyone else but witches? Lycans? Next thing you know, I'll learn there is such a thing as faeries and vampires."

Martha had expected laughter but the men remained silent.

What more was there in the world that she was ignorant of?

Thinking it best to handle one paranormal species at a time, she looked around the beautiful masculine room. Upon pulling up in front of the place, she'd marveled at the roughhewn beauty of the home. Obviously it had been built sometime before Texas statehood in the eighteen hundreds. The aged two-story limestone featured a wrap-

around porch and a second-story balcony that would provide a bird's eye view of the vast prairie and ranch land to anyone who happened to stand there sipping their morning coffee. A historical marker gave authenticity to the place's age and a giant flag of the Lone Star state flapped in the dusty breeze. But the inside of the house was just as amazing. Rugs of softly aged colors covered the highly polished hardwood floors. Bronzes of wolves and western scenes could be seen hovering in corners or on tabletops or displayed prominently on the buttermilk-yellow walls. Heavy, antique furnishings gave the house an air of authenticity, a feel of history.

Earlier, as they'd entered the house, she spotted Ringo Ramone leaning negligently against a rock pillar near the front steps. Like Silas, he was a black wolf and it was shocking to realize she'd passed him on the streets of Cloverfield a million times never knowing he was a lycan. Crazy! Just last night he'd been standing stark naked in her front yard. Lordy! He was gorgeous with those Latino good looks. Straight black hair brushed his shoulders and his darker-than-sin eyes could scare the wits out of a woman, man or beast. He was deadly and dangerous but as she nodded to him, his lips quirked into a little smile as he continued to work the toothpick he held between his teeth.

Silas and Bart Fitzgerald talked while she took a calming sip of the well-aged whiskey. Leaning against the window frame just behind and to the right of Bart was Joe McKinnon who obviously held some position of power among the Wolf Creek pack or he wouldn't be present tonight. Like Ringo, he'd been in her front yard last night looking like God's creation of Adam. Naked, built like a warrior, he didn't carry the menacing appeal of Ringo, but was intimidating nevertheless with a quiet, heavy intensity that carried a threat of its own. He was beautiful, savage and wild with fierce golden eyes. Like Silas, power surged around him, and try as she might she couldn't sense his emotions. This was a man who carefully shielded himself from others. Wavy, saddle-brown hair brushed his wide shoulders and the late-afternoon sun caught upon the heavy streaks surrounding his roughhewn face, making them shine like antique Spanish coins.

"I knew who you were the second Martha called out your name," Bart said. "There are none more powerful among our people than you, Silas MacAdam. You are Supreme Alpha over us all. When you disappeared from us all those centuries ago, there was talk of the witch Embeth, talk of a curse. But no one lost hope you would return to us to take up the rulership again."

"'Tis true." Silas glanced at her, spearing her with the intensity of his gaze. "Martha rescued me."

"She is your mate, then?"

Silence fell for a moment or two and Martha shifted uncomfortably at the personal turn of the conversation.

"Yes," he answered finally. "We will consummate soon."

Consummate soon? Huh?

When she went still, Silas probed her mind and she opened to him.

They smell my scent upon you, dearling, and I have staked my claim upon your body. I would not fight these men over you. It is good they know you are mine.

Martha heard the whispered words but was a little miffed that he'd discuss private matters so openly.

Just don't be so sure of yourself, big guy. You haven't asked and I haven't said yes. Don't forget that.

She heard his laughter, dark and sexy, before the shields were closed again.

"As leader of our pack, Silas, you have much to learn of what has happened during your imprisonment at Castle Sgian Dhubh. To those of us who were left behind when you disappeared, the castle seemed empty but we knew something was amiss. We prayed for your return and even now our pack protects your home and lands."

"Excuse me." The men looked at her. "I'm sorry to interrupt but what does *Sgian Dhubh* mean?"

Their host smiled. "In Highland Gaelic it means black dagger or black knife. We all hail from Black Dagger Castle. In ancient times Highlanders wore daggers at the waists of their kilts during weddings. It was tradition."

She must have looked confused because Silas reached for her hand and gave it a squeeze. "I will have much time to explain these things to you, Martha." Then his slight smile faded as he gave Bart a serious look. "The pack thrives still?"

"Yes." Bart leaned his forearms against the desk and watched Silas steadily. "But time rolled on and many of us scattered to other places, other continents. I came here and became alpha of the Wolf Creek pack. Since we don't age as humans, we wanted to avoid questions and suspicions. We built the town of Cloverfield and have lived here for generations. It is isolated and suits our purposes."

"So am I the only human here?" Martha asked. "Why? Why did you let me stay?"

Bart smiled kindly. "Truthfully we didn't know what to do with you. You've only been here for a year and you tended to keep to yourself out in the middle of nowhere. If you'd made a habit of interacting with us on a regular basis, things might have turned out differently. Eventually we'd have scared you away but now it seems that isn't necessary." He glanced at Silas. "As Supreme Alpha, your seat awaits you in the Highlands, if you wish to resume it. Already I have alerted the pack who lives there on your land. They want you with them again. Will you go back?"

Martha stilled at his words. A cold blast of fear swept her. Would he leave her now that he was free of the mirror? Would he return to the Highlands and if so, was she willing to leave all she knew and go with him? The questions swimming in her brain were almost too much so it was a relief when Bart stood behind his desk. "Too many questions for one night, I'm thinkin', MacAdam. Would you like Joe to show you around the place? He is my first lieutenant and knows the business like the back of his hand."

Silas stood and as Bart Fitzgerald came around the desk toward him, Silas clapped him on the shoulder. "Yes, there is much to think about and I will tell you my answer soon. I would like to see this place you have built, my friend."

"Good. We have a prosperous ranch here and the woods surrounding us provide us ample wild game for the hunt." Suddenly Bart grinned. "Come with us tomorrow night."

Martha felt Silas' pleasure as if it were her own. "Yes. I will. How long it has been since I've hunted with the pack." Anticipation rolled from him in giant waves.

There was still so much to learn about Silas. She'd never been a wolf or hunted with a pack. To these lycans it seemed almost a religious experience, a part of their nature that she would never understand.

Unless she was to become one of them.

Suddenly, she wanted that more than anything. Her life had been a series of lonely years. She'd had no family, no friends. Could she have all of that after a lifetime of isolation? Could she become one of them and have the family she'd longed for in the deepest part of her heart?

Bart stayed behind as they left with Joe and she learned Bart had hired private investigators to search for his daughter, a daughter he hadn't known existed until recently.

"I hope he finds her," Martha said as Silas, Joe and she walked the grounds and paddocks of the ranch. Dusk had settled and there was a little time before dinner would be served. Joe had offered to give them a short tour. The smell of horses and hay filled the air along with the dust that permeated the skies in this part of Texas.

"He will. I've never know a more determined man," Joe replied, pride heavy in his deep voice. "The mother of his daughter, a human, left the area when she learned that Bart was wolf. She was pregnant and scared out of her mind. Of course Bart didn't know about any of it or he'd have gone after her and claimed his daughter. She is one of us."

"He'd have been right to do it," Silas said. Certainty rang in his voice along with a touch of the arrogance she'd learned to accept as part of his nature. "She is lycan and belongs with her people. No one can change that."

Joe grunted an agreement.

They stopped by a fenced paddock and watched the horses chomp grass. Martha folded her arms over the fence and took it all in. Her mind was swimming with questions. "So is Bart's daughter all lycan or only part?"

"Lycan is lycan," Joe answered in a low voice. "Though she was born to a human woman, she is one of us. If Bart's information is correct, she is nearing the age when our females become wholly wolf."

"How does that happen?"

The men exchanged glances then Silas looked out over the land. "Intense passions bring about the change. Male wolves turn around the time of puberty but it is different with our women. Sexual passion or deep, traumatic fear can bring it on. Usually in the years between twenty-five and thirty. It is a dangerous time for our females. This woman must be found and returned to her pack."

Joe went very still. "Soon. We'll find her soon and bring her home."

A heavy silence fell and Martha couldn't help but wonder if the woman would be accepting of her fate. There was no doubt in her mind, she would be found because she'd never known more determined people than these. They'd carved a life for themselves out of the wilderness. Surely it wouldn't take long to find one lycan woman.

"I've been wondering about something," Martha said into the quiet. She smiled at Joe.

"Yeah?"

"How is it you don't scare the livestock? I mean, you guys are cowboys, ranchers but you're also predators. Wouldn't the animals sense you?"

"Smart lady, you have here, Silas." Joe smiled. "We are different from most lycans. Our mental powers are very strong and it's natural for us to be able to shield our true selves from others. A genetic gift. We don't want to eat our profits. We save our hunting for the deer in the area."

Made a strange sort of sense, she figured.

Then she laughed. "Eat your profits? That's funny, Joe."

Smiling a little, he tipped the brim of his battered cowboy hat back with his thumb. "Don't think I've ever been accused of being funny before. Quite a mate you have there, Silas."

When Silas came behind her and pulled her against him, she settled in, loving the feel of his arms around her. He nuzzled the side of her neck and smiled against her flesh. "I must agree. I believe I shall keep her."

Chapter Eight

The next night Silas sat sprawled on Martha's couch as the wind howled outside her small house. After spending the day at the Wolf Creek Ranch and visiting the town of Cloverfield, he felt exhilarated and excited about resuming life among his people. Everywhere he'd gone today he'd been treated with the respect due the royalty of the pack and now he wondered if his reception would be the same when he returned to the Highlands.

He'd think about it later.

At the moment, Martha was curled against him like a little cat. After tonight's dinner of something delicious that she'd called chili and cornbread, she had slid a small round object into a black machine and pressed a button. The music that swept the room seemed like a miracle to him. There was something to be said for modern music.

Martha sighed and cuddled closer as he absently stroked her arm and listened to the man on the *CD player* croon a song about living like he was dying. Martha said the singer was Tim McGraw. Obviously a Highlander. He closed his eyes to concentrate on the song but he opened them again as Martha sniffed. "What is it?"

She looked up at him with beautiful green eyes that had gone watery with emotion. "I love that song. It always makes me cry."

"You have a sweet heart, Martha."

She rolled her eyes, making him smile. "Not *that* sweet. It just gets me though. We spend so much time avoiding life instead of doing the things we've always wanted to do."

"Is that how it has been for you?"

"Yes, I think so. I've always felt the emotions of others so strongly that after a while it just became too much. So I hid away. Avoided life."

"And now? Do you still want to hide from the world?" Silas went still as he waited for her answer. It was so important. He wanted to ask her to come with him to another country and start over. Would she be willing to leave her isolation in the woods? He loved her. He needed her. True, he'd never actually professed his love but tonight, after the hunt, he would change all of that.

Martha laughed softly and shook her head. "Not so much. Things have been different for me lately. Gotta admit that being trapped in the past and then learning there is such a thing as witches and wolf men can shake a woman up. I've been yanked firmly out of my comfort zone but I'm adapting."

"You are stronger than you know."

"Jeez, ya think? Actually, I'm feeling pretty strong these days. A real modern kickass woman." To emphasize the point, she stretched out her arm and flexed, making a puny little muscle pop.

Laughing, he grabbed her up and settled her across his lap. Taking her face in his hands, he kissed her, letting her feel the pleasure she'd brought to his life. He owed her a debt of gratitude but it had always been more than that. *She* was more. She was his life. Martha relaxed against him and returned his kiss. Her ass was soft, ample enough for a man to enjoy fondling. His cock stirred in reaction but then he heard the sounds of the wolves.

Breaking the kiss with a curse, he looked down at her. "They are here."

"I know. Time for you to have some fun."

She crawled off his lap so he could strip out of his jeans, boots and t-shirt. Quietly she watched him until he finally turned, naked as a babe, to smile at her. "I wish only that you could come."

Her sigh almost broke his heart. "I know. Maybe some day. Go. Go kill something."

Silas was laughing as he stepped onto the front porch to stare out at the roughly twenty huge wolves who watched him with jaws agape and lolling tongues. As one

they followed the lead of the gray wolf, their alpha and lowered their heads in respect to the supreme leader of them all.

Never one to bask in that sort of thing, he glanced behind him to see Martha outlined in the living room window. He turned back to the pack with a low growl and bounded from the porch, shifting in midair. And while the full moon hung orange in the Texas sky, he raced into the woods, the pack following close behind.

Martha watched him leave with the others, feeling more alone than she'd felt in her whole miserable life. Yeah, she was pitiful. Feeling sorry for herself. *So snap out of it!* This wasn't the first time she'd felt left out, isolated. It certainly wouldn't be the last. Wiping away tears with the backs of her hands, she went into the bedroom and changed into a soft, oversized t-shirt and slipped on a pair of slouchy socks. Snatching up the throw that she kept tossed at the end of the couch, she lay down on the couch and covered herself with it.

She must've fallen asleep because the next thing she knew Silas had her in his arms and was carrying her. "Silas?" she whispered, her voice rough from sleep. "Are you back already?"

"Shh, lass. I have been gone for hours. Let me get you to bed when you belong."

No argument would be coming from her on that score. He was home now, safe and smelling as if he'd just stepped from the shower. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and rested her cheek against his chest. Yes. He was a little damp and had obviously cleaned up after his night out with the gang. "Did you have fun?"

"Yes. Now shush." He reached down and pulled back the bedspread and sheets and settled her against the cool cotton.

Martha looked up at him, saw the sparkle of pleasure that seemed to linger in his eyes. Reaching up, she stroked her fingers over his jaw. "Don't worry. I'm awake now. I wanted to be alert when you got home but I guess that wasn't going to happen. Do you want to talk about it?"

Silas sat beside her on the bed and it was only then that she noticed he was completely naked, looking hunky and gorgeous. She wasn't about to complain. Uh-uh. But then her smile of pleasure faded as his expression turned serious. "Not about the hunt. It went as hunts go. Though I must admit, it was pure pleasure to be with a pack again."

Fear, icy and terrifying, balled up inside her, making her ache but she had to know. Was he leaving her now? Forever? She sucked in a breath for courage. "What do you want to talk about, Silas? Um...you're leaving now, aren't you?"

She wouldn't reach for him. She wouldn't do it no matter how much her heart might be ready to crash into a million pieces. But he surprised her by smiling. "Yes, but you must come with me, Martha."

"Why, Silas? Why do you want me to come with you?"

Say it. Say it. Say the words.

"Because you are my mate. I have known it from the beginning. It is a sign among our people when thoughts are shared as we share. Come with me and live as my mate."

She went quiet, absorbing it all until finally he stood and looked down at her. Showing his frustration, he sent his fingers through his damp hair. "Damn it, woman. I will stay here if you want. I know my place is in the Highlands but it can be here too, as long as you are with me."

Martha sat up in the bed as pleasure blasted through her. Still, she had to know. "Do you love me, Silas?"

His golden eyes burned with intensity as he nodded sharply. "That I do. Do not keep me in suspense. I must know your feelings."

She flew from the bed and leaped into his arms, knowing he would catch her and hold her close. He'd given her the words she longed to hear and she could do nothing less than give them back. "Yes. Yes. Yes. I love you. Oh, I love you, Silas." Martha covered his chest with kisses until he laughed out loud and drew back to look at her.

He gripped her arms. "Do you want to become like me, love? Do you want to run the woods with me and our pack?"

Feeling utterly goofy and completely in love, she grinned. "Well, I don't know about the hunting thing yet. Sounds pretty gross but if it means I will be around to see us *both* become old and gray, then yes. Make me like you."

Silas drew in a deep breath and looked into her eyes. She sensed the solemnity of the occasion. Yes, he would make her a wolf, but this would be like her wedding night and she wanted everything to be perfect. Smiling, she settled her hand on his chest and felt his heart pounding sharply. She understood. Her own heart was doing a little tap dance now. "Wait here. Wait for me."

When he nodded and sank into a chair in the far corner of the room, she went to the bedside table and opened a drawer to take out a box of matches. She'd always been a sucker for scented candles so she went around the small room lighting every one she could find until the room was bathed in soft flickering light. She sensed Silas watching her every move and something about that had her nipples pearling tightly against the front of her t-shirt. As an afterthought, she went to her lingerie drawer and dug to the bottom until she found what she wanted.

A few minutes later she bent to kiss him softly. "I'll be damned if I will come to you tonight wearing slouchy socks and a t-shirt. Give me a minute."

His quick grin was wicked and devastatingly sexy. "I will be waiting."

She'd just reached for the knob on the bathroom door when his words stopped her. "Are you certain, Martha?"

"Oh yes. I've never been more sure of anything. I'll be back."

Martha took her time showering as she lathered herself with a herbal scent she liked a lot and then carefully shaved, going as far as to trim the area around her pussy. When she finished that, she wrapped her damp hair in a towel and rubbed a softly scented lotion on her body. Nothing was too much for tonight. No, she would never have the fancy white wedding that most women dreamed of but this wasn't too shabby.

As far as she was concerned this was her wedding night. Excitement rushed through her at the idea of what would come later. The thought of being bitten should terrify her but it didn't. The eroticism of it all wasn't lost on her and she knew Silas would rather die than hurt her.

Finally she dried her curly hair, brushed her teeth and then quietly considered the lingerie she'd chosen from her drawer of very boring things. Years ago she'd bought this bit of blue fluff from a popular lingerie store at a mall. At the time she'd thought, why not? *Why shouldn't I buy something pretty just for me?* By the time she'd gotten home and tried it on, she was scowling at her overly abundant curves and hadn't been able to take the thing off fast enough.

But now everything was different. Silas didn't think of her as too curvy, too heavy. He thought she was sexy and beautiful just as she was. So why not? What would it hurt?

"Nothing."

The word burst from her lips as she slid the sheer, dark blue confection over her head. The gown was short and featured little satin ties at the shoulders and at her waist. A tiny blue thong went with it. Martha's eyes widened at the sight of herself all decked out like a porn star and started to chuckle softly. Nope, she wasn't porn-star material but Silas would like to see the extra care she'd taken to make the night special.

For him, she would do anything, and tonight would prove it to him once and for all.

Giving herself one last look, she arranged a curl or two, took a deep breath and opened the bathroom door. The room was dark except for the candlelight and very silent until she heard Silas' quick intake of breath. She heard the creak of his chair as he stood and finally she saw his shadow, enormous against the wall as he stared at her. It was impossible to see the expression on his face but she knew very well the light from the bathroom illuminated her completely.

She expected to feel shy at being exposed this way but Silas didn't give her a moment to think about it. He stalked toward her then reached out to turn out the light. "You are beautiful, Martha."

"Thank you," she whispered.

He took her hands and, walking backward, he brought her to the side of the bed. When had her knees become so wobbly, her breathing so unsteady? Glancing down the length of his massive body, she noted his cock had risen high and hard against his lower belly. Martha's mouth went dry. "If I don't touch you now, I think I'll die."

"Then touch me. Touch me."

The low words sent her to her knees where she fisted her hands around the base of his cock and dragged them upward. Silas made a dark sound. It made her bold. Tenderly she played with his balls, drew her finger along the sensitive bundle of nerves that ran behind them and drew her tongue over the length of his erection. Slowly she played, loving the feel of him, the taste of him on her tongue. Finally she took him deep into her mouth to suck gently. Silas fisted his hands in her hair. Wanting to touch more of him, she trailed her hands over his taut thighs and ass. Tension radiated from him along with heat. Already she knew wolves were more hot natured than humans but this was over the top, even for Silas. He burned her. Over and over she touched and teased until she felt his hands go to the silly little ties at the shoulder of her nightgown. She felt the tug and the inevitable sliding of the fabric over her breasts.

Reaching down, he drew her up and feasted his eyes on her bare breasts. The rest of the gown was caught by ties at her waist but he didn't seem to notice. "Beautiful. You make me hot."

He filled his big hands with her breasts, squeezing and kneading until she felt her nipples, harder than pebbles rub against the palm of his hand. "My nipples, Silas. They ache."

Obliging her, he took them between his fingers to roll and tug and pinch. Martha's head fell back. "Your mouth. Suck me."

"Yes."

His lips opened over her nipples as he obeyed her command. Pulling, drawing, feasting on her, he treated one breast and then the other to the delicious torture. She never wanted it to end but there was more to explore tonight. Martha reached out for his cock and began to stroke him until, with a low sound, he tugged the ties at her waist, letting the little bit of lingerie fall to the floor where it settled around her bare feet.

This time Silas went to his knees as he sent his mouth on a hungry foray over her ribs, her belly. He stared at the tiny thong and smiled up at her. "Allow me."

Martha stilled as he bent his head, taking the top of the thong between his teeth. Slowly he drew it down her hips and legs until she was completely naked. Her pussy throbbed and quivered. Moisture rained from her body, dampening her inner thighs.

From his position at her feet, Silas looked up again. "Show yourself to me, woman."

It was weird that someone as inexperienced as she knew what he meant but she did. Martha loved him and wanted to give him everything. Widening her stance, she reached down the length of her torso and trailed her fingers over the lips of her pussy.

"More."

"Yes, Silas."

A second hand followed the path of the first and together they played through the hair covering her pussy, through the pink, wet folds of flesh to find her clit swollen with need. Through it all, she watched him as he watched her. He was mesmerized. Silas' sensual lower lip was slack. He traced his lips with his tongue as if he wanted to taste her, eat her. Martha's body clenched in reaction, adding to the drenched state of her pussy.

"It's too much. Touch me, Silas. Now."

Growling low, he went to his feet and swept her up in his arms. Turning toward the bed, he lowered her to the mattress and dragged his mouth over her feet, her calves, her

inner thighs. He grabbed her beneath her knees and gave a pull, drawing her closer, opening her. Then he bent his head to eat her out, mouth-fucking her until she was screaming and coming and screaming and coming. *Oh God! Oh God!*

As pleasure raced through her system, Silas murmured words against her violently throbbing flesh, gentling her, bringing her down. But not too far apparently because suddenly she found herself spread out in the middle of the bed and Silas was on all fours, crawling toward her. Her eyes widened at the sight of his lupine teeth elongating in his mouth. If she didn't love him so much, she would be terrified.

Once again he grabbed her knees, bringing her legs out to the sides, and with no preliminaries because none were needed, he plunged his thick, hard cock deep into her willing body. Crying out, she clung to him as he began to thrust wildly, pumping hard and deep. Martha squeezed tightly, milking his shaft, loving the primal sounds he made as he fucked her. She came again, her back bowing sharply on the bed.

Then suddenly he struck. He bared his teeth and sank them into her shoulder. Her sharp scream rent the air but then pain became pleasure as his cock widened, thickened, swelled to unbelievable proportions. It seemed all of her, every sensitive nook and cranny was filled to maximum capacity. A warm trickle of blood ran from her shoulder to her armpit but she barely noticed it. Caught up in the rapture of his fucking, his claiming, she could think of nothing but the wild flashes of heat shooting through her veins and curling low in her belly.

Silas removed his teeth from her flesh and when he drew back, the look of possession and pride on his face brought tears to her eyes.

"Beautiful," he whispered. "My queen."

"Yes, yours always. I love you."

"Ah woman, you will kill me with this sweet pussy. I know it."

Again and again he pistoned into her body yet he could not remove his cock completely. He was absolutely right about them being stuck together. What the hell! She would make the most of it. Writhing against him, squeezing with all her power, she

affixed her body to his in this most perfect mating. They were truly one. His strong, hard flesh brushed over nerves she didn't know she had, took her higher than she'd ever been before.

Martha cried out her pleasure again as she imploded around his thrusting erection. Tears poured from her eyes but Silas only kissed them away and began again. How long had it been? Minutes? Hours? Who knew and who cared? She only knew she was experiencing the greatest pleasure of her life.

Without warning Silas' face hardened. His teeth flashed white as he snapped them. "Come for me again, Martha. Once more and you will be mine forever."

"Yes," she whispered as her body spiraled out of control again. This time Silas came with her, blasting deep into her well-pleasured body. Immediately, she felt a loosening and knew his cock was returning to its normal size. She brushed kisses over his sweat-slicked chest, swept his nipples with her tongue. Silas groaned in response and moved to her side to gather her up in his arms.

"Oh my," she breathed.

"Oh yes, sweet wife. We are well and truly mated."

"I'll say." She sighed and snuggled in. "So when will I become like you?"

"A savage wolf?"

Martha laughed. "Yes. A savage wolf."

"Why you already are, my dearling. You are forever my beautiful wolf, my wife and my love. What do you think about coming to Scotland with your Highland husband?"

Happiness burst like sunshine as she kissed him and looked into his eyes. "I love you. I would go anywhere with my Highland beast."

About the Author

Regina Carlisle is an award-winning, multi-published author. She likes writing that is hot, edgy and often humorous, and puts this trademark stamp on all of her stories. Regina lives in west Texas with her husband of 25 years and counting, and is a doting, fawning, over-indulgent mother to her two kids. When she's not penning steamy erotic tales or hot contemporary stories, she's indulging in long chats with friends who help her stay sane and keep her laughing.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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