

Changeling Press

Holiday Howlz

Canine Call

BJ McCall

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Attus Tratt commands Red Alpha Base, a paranormal military group. He has ultra-sensitive hearing and during each full moon his nights are tortured by the nocturnal, erotic screams of Jynx Islin. She's beautiful and sexy and her vocal climaxes are driving Attus crazy.

Jynx is a werewolf, an expert tracker, and she's in love with a human. She longs for Attus and when the moon is full she reaches out to her handsome commander the only way possible -- through his exceptional hearing. Each gasp, groan, growl and scream is just for him.

A rescue mission brings them together on a full moon Christmas and Attus must answer Jynx's canine call.

Chapter One

Red Alpha Base, Northern California, 2079

A sensual, nocturnal howl shattered Unit Leader Attus Tratt's slumber, bringing him out of his bed and to full alert. Recognizing the source of the erotic cry, his heart slammed against his chest wall and his blood heated.

It wasn't the first time Attus had heard Jynx Islin climax, and that ball-grabbing call that had awakened him wouldn't be her last. Not while the moon was full. For the first time in his life Attus wished he were stone deaf.

Born blind, Attus' ultra-exceptional hearing served as his conduit to a dark world. At fourteen years of age, computerized implants in his eyes had given him extraordinary day and night vision and when desired Attus had the capability of shuttering the lens.

Unfortunately, he wasn't able to shut off his acute hearing.

Pulling on a pair of sweatpants and running shoes, Attus left his quarters and began the two-mile jog around the perimeter of Red Alpha Base. His shoes slapping the pavement, Attus wondered how many miles he'd have to run before Jynx satisfied her sensual needs.

Attus wished he were the source of Jynx's satisfaction, his mouth, his hands and his cock pleasuring her magnificent body.

He'd seen Jynx naked once, and the image of her standing in the sudden summer downpour, droplets clinging to her lashes and lips, long hair plastered to her wet skin and rivulets of water streaming over her breasts and down her belly to the triangle of curls between her legs remained forever seared in his memory.

The look she'd given him, the desire reflected in her silvery eyes had the capacity to heat his blood to boiling.

As Attus passed a security post, a winged creature swooped over him and landed on a nearby post. Bright yellow eyes focused on him.

"Good evening, UL."

"Evening, Boxley," Attus said.

The owl flew away and Attus continued running. As the unit leader he was responsible for an elite paranormal special ops group unlike any ever assembled. Every soldier assigned to this facility had a unique gift. A shapeshifter capable of taking avian forms, Boxley was an excellent night sentry and accustomed to Attus' nighttime jogs.

He'd rather run for miles than lie in bed and listen to Jynx's provocative canine call.

On a night like this when the moon was full, the werewolves in his unit were always sexually active. Attus had learned to accept the noisy lycan coupling that came with every full moon phase, but the addition of Jynx to the team had changed everything. Her screams of pleasure knifed him right in the balls.

Coming from the base's pleasure center, her climatic howls were solitary. Several pleasure bots were available and Jynx used them on a regular basis. Attus longed to hear her scream firsthand, but sex between the unit leader and team members was forbidden.

The remote location of the base and the dangerous missions bonded the team both mentally and physically.

Jynx's breathy gasps beat at Attus' ears, the erotic cadence forcing him to lengthen his stride.

Her gasps came quicker, compelling him to push the pace. If his feelings were driven purely by lust, Attus would work through these moon phases and eventually his desire would wane. But Jynx had gotten under his skin and into his heart. He'd fallen for a she-wolf, an exotic shapeshifter.

Would a beauty like Jynx want a human for a mate? He'd seen her interact with other lycan soldiers. The werewolves had a special bond and Attus would always be an outsider.

Another sensual cry called to Attus, spearing him to the core. Despite the sweat trickling down his spine and the grueling pace, his body reacted. He changed course and headed for the pleasure center.

Drenched in sweat, he leaned against the entrance and caught his breath. Inside the center were eight rooms, each outfitted with a pleasure bot, four males and four females, and a variety of sex toys.

Only one room was occupied; Jynx was with a male bot.

His blood running hot, Attus chose a room.

The blonde female pleasure bot greeted him. "Good evening, UL."

"Good evening, Number Four."

Although the rooms were well insulated for privacy, Jynx's sensual gasps filled his ears.

"Thank you for visiting me."

Attus removed his shoes and sweatpants.

The bot's eyes focused on his throbbing erection. "How may I fulfill your desires?"

"Position, wolf style. Shut down audio," he said, ordering the bot to remain silent during the session. He didn't need a programmed response. He had Jynx's erotic calls to fulfill him.

The bot climbed on the bed, waiting on all fours with her ass high.

Attus climbed behind her. Fisting his aching cock, he placed the head at the moist entrance of the bot's pussy. Warm gel walls formed to his size and length, providing maximum pleasure.

Instead of resisting Jynx's erotic resonance, Attus let it guide him. He thrust. Jynx moaned. Each buck of his hips was countered by her sexy sigh or soft whimper.

He grasped the bot's hips, pretending he held Jynx. Thrusting deep, he imagined the hot, wet walls surrounding his cock were Jynx's.

Sharp gasps and soft cries answered each thrust, setting the rhythm. Wrapping a length of long blonde hair around his hand, Attus pushed deeper and thrust faster.

Skin glided and slapped. His balls tightened, the pressure building with Jynx's verbal demands.

"Fuck me. Fuck me."

Jynx's words beat at his ears.

Visualizing Jynx and ready to explode, Attus dug his fingers into the bot's hips and pounding his cock into her hot gel pussy. The air heated, burning his lungs and dewing his skin.

Jynx screamed, her keening cry igniting his release. Shaking, Attus came in thick, hot spurts.

Chest heaving, Attus gulped air. In another room, a similar, but softer gasping for air joined his. During the session, he'd become so in sync with Jynx, Attus had forgotten he was with a bot. Relaxed and satisfied, Attus climbed out of bed. The session was the next best thing to sex with Jynx. Making love with her would be the absolute best thing, but wishful thinking led to misery and heartache.

Hearing the opening and closing of a door. Attus grabbed his sweats off the floor and pulled them on. "Thank you, Number Four. Audio on."

"Goodnight, UL," the bot said before stepping into a cleansing tube to prepare for her next session.

Attus stuffed his feet into his running shoes and left the pleasure center. In the moonlight, he spotted a white wolf loping across the compound.

Chapter Two

Forty-eight hours until Christmas, the rising winter moon was full, the days short and the nights long and lonely for Jynx Islin.

Handsome and hot, Unit Leader Tratt had made her life at Red Alpha Base both miserable and wonderful. Jynx loved the work and she'd fallen for her sexy boss, but he maintained a respectful distance between himself and the team.

Love sucks, thought Jynx as she trotted to the pleasure center where Number Five and his mechanical cock provided nightly relief. Just like the moon pulled and tugged at the Earth creating the tides, it affected Jynx's libido. And being in love only exacerbated her lycan needs. Without the pleasure center, she would have gone mad.

Several of her werewolf teammates had offered their services, but she'd declined. Pleasure bots had the necessary physical parts and Jynx's imagination did the rest. Her favorite bot was Number Five. Like UL, the bot's physique was muscular but lean, and his hair was straight and dark. She'd pre-programmed Number Five's eye color to a unique sea green, the exact shade as UL's, for the duration of the session.

Her training had taught Jynx to use her natural talents and to make use of her teammates' abilities when confronting a problem or executing a mission. Unable to verbalize her feelings face-to-face, Jynx ramped up her wolf howl to a pitch meant for one pair of ears. Maybe one day UL would break discipline and answer her canine call.

So close to Christmas, the base ran on a skeleton crew and the pleasure center was deserted. Jynx shifted, fur retracting into skin, paws changing to hands and feet, body reforming and features reshaping to human form.

Dog tags dangling from a strap hanging around her neck, she opened the door. "Good evening. Number Five."

“Good evening, Specialist Islin.” The bot’s eyes changed color from blue to sea green. “Thank you for visiting me tonight. How may I fulfill your desires?”

The bots were polite, a refreshing change from the majority of her male counterparts who treated Jynx as an equal, which meant they didn’t watch their mouths or refrain from sharing noisy bodily functions. The UL was direct but respectful, never crude. Maybe that was why Jynx found it easy to pretend Number Five was her sexy boss. “No change, repeat last program.”

The bot’s cock swelled and stretched to her pre-programmed specifications. Jynx hadn’t seen UL’s cock so she had to guess. Number Five wouldn’t mimic human male mating sounds during the session, but he’d respond to her verbal instructions.

Jynx stretched out on the bed and the bot positioned his shoulders beneath her spread thighs. Number Five slid his long tongue along her slit, the tip teasing her flesh with slow strokes, then circling her clit.

Unable to share her physical passion with UL, Jynx reached out to him audibly. “Yeowwww.”

Five plunged his tongue deep inside her pussy, thrusting in and out until she trembled and let loose with a high-pitched cry. Five captured her clit between his perfect lips and suckled.

Jynx grasped him by the hair, twining her fingers through the silky strands.

Suck me, Attus. Make me scream.

“Eieeeeeee.”

Five slipped a finger into her pussy, fucking her. Her pussy was creaming, and the bot added a second finger, stretching her wet, quivering flesh to accommodate his long appendages.

Her breath came in fast gasps of pleasure as the bot worked his magic, the rhythm of fingers, lips and tongue in a programmed erotic symphony. The crescendo brought instant relief and a flush of heat spread over her skin, dewing the valley between her breasts and slicking her belly.

The bot lifted his head and opened his eyes.

"Very good, Number Five."

Five removed his fingers and sat on the edge of the bed. Grasping the bot's broad shoulders, Jynx straddled his lap and positioned the broad head of his cock at the entrance of her moist, ready pussy.

Looking into the bot's amazing green eyes, Jynx pretended he was UL. Bouncing her hips, she moaned as the thick, hot gel cock filled her.

Controlling the pleasure, Jynx rode Five's hard cock. Rising and falling, she undulated her hips, impaling herself again and again.

Crying out, she moved her hips faster, pounding flesh against the slick, formed gel. "Fuck me," she screamed.

Fuck me, Attus.

The bot's hips bucked, matching her wild rhythm. Her gaze locked on green eyes, Jynx clamped down on the thick cock inside her.

I love you, Attus.

Keening, she climaxed.

Her pussy still quivering from the climax, Jynx climbed off the bot's lap. Although she'd climaxed twice, Jynx ached for more. Number Five had an always-ready cock, but the best program in the universe lost when compared to the real thing. If one wanted mindless sex, Number Five was just the ticket.

But Jynx wanted to love and to be loved. *Damn you, Attus.*

"Thank you, Number Five. I enjoyed my visit."

Five stood. "Please visit me again, Specialist Islin."

Jynx stepped outside into the moonlight. Despite the cold night air, she lifted her face to the moon.

"Specialist Islin."

Recognizing his voice, Jynx snapped her head around, lifted her hand in salute and focused on the man standing in the shadows. "Good evening, sir."

His green eyes glittered in the moonlight, his gaze flicking over her. "At ease."

Given the number of shifters in the unit, nakedness wasn't uncommon, but Jynx heard the quick intake of his breath. "We have a mission requiring your tracking skills," he said. "Chopper's moving out in fifteen. I'll brief you when we're underway."

"How did you know where to find me?" Jynx asked, aware of UL's hearing abilities. Would he admit he'd heard her high-pitched lycan howls?

A smile curving his lips, he pointed at the full moon. Then he turned and walked away.

Chapter Three

Attus stood beside the chopper's open door watching Jynx walk toward him. Dressed in brown camouflage fatigues, she carried a pack slung over one shoulder.

The vision of her naked body bathed in moonlight was burned into his visual memory bank. Capable of retrieving a snapshot of anything he'd observed, Attus had taken a quick peek while he'd waited. Her platinum blonde hair and pale skin had gleamed in the moonlight, the curves and hollows of her body an erotic play of light and shadow.

She tossed her pack into the chopper and climbed inside. Attus noticed she'd braided her long hair. He jumped in behind her and closed the door.

They took seats opposite one another, securing restraints and adjusting headsets. In the capable hands of a robot pilot, the chopper lifted off.

"Only the two of us?" she asked.

Despite the noise of the jet rotors, Attus didn't need the headset to hear, but it was necessary for communication with the pilot and with Jynx. "A five-year-old boy is missing in the national forest. His name is Charlie Meyer."

The only light in the chopper's interior was a red, low-level light. Attus adjusted his vision to see Jynx clearly in the dim light. She licked her lips, the action causing tiny pulses deep in his groin.

"The family was on an annual Christmas vacation, renting a cabin at Snow Ridge. It appears the boy wandered away from the cabin. Search teams have been looking for hours, but so far nothing."

"How's the weather?" Jynx asked.

"The temperature is dropping and a storm is coming in from the north. I've downloaded a topographical map into my vision computer. The terrain is rugged, the

elevation around six thousand feet. Charlie might have taken off in any direction. We have an advantage over the search team, my night vision and your tracking skills.

"I received a call from the local sheriff, Mika Stone. He's ex-special ops and he and I were stationed together a couple of years ago before I joined the Paranormal Unit. Mika's as good as they get, but he needs help. We've got to find Charlie tonight."

"Is this mission off the books?"

"The General has approved the mission, but the press can't get wind of our presence."

The Paranormal Units operated under the cloak of secrecy, reporting directly to the Joint Chiefs and the President.

"Sheriff Stone will escort us into the area. Once we find the boy, we'll turn him over to the sheriff. The locals will take credit for the rescue."

Upon landing, they were picked up by Sheriff Stone and driven to an unoccupied cabin a short distance from the one rented by the Meyer family. The cabin would serve as their base of operations during the duration of their stay in Snow Ridge.

As soon as the sheriff left to rejoin the official search, Attus changed into a hooded thermal-regulated skinsuit, heat-generating gel vest and waterproof hiking boots.

Jynx quickly slipped out of her clothes and shifted into a white wolf. Although Attus had witnessed transformations, watching Jynx changed form stole his breath. The air seemed to ripple as her skin turned to white fur and the shape of her head and face morphed into that of a wolf.

She sat back on her haunches and stared at him.

Attus grabbed the pair of pajamas the boy had worn just hours earlier and let Jynx sniff the material. She pawed the floor twice. In wolven form she wasn't capable of verbal communication, but she understood everything he said and followed his hands signals. This wasn't the first time he and Jynx had worked together, but it was the first time the two of them had worked alone.

Just in case Jynx needed to refresh the scent Attus stuffed the pajamas in an insulated backpack large enough to carry the five-year-old.

“Ready?”

Jynx pawed the floor twice.

* * *

Nose to the ground and seeking Charlie’s scent out of the dozens that had trampled the area, Jynx worked in a circular pattern around the Meyer’s rental cabin. Glancing through a window, Jynx saw a sobbing woman wearing a red sweater standing beside a Christmas tree with twinkling multi-colored lights. The heart-rending scene tore at Jynx.

She and UL had to find Charlie and bring him home for Christmas.

Moving in bigger circles, Jynx rounded the cabin twice more before picking up Charlie’s scent. She headed into the woods and away from the flashlight wielding searchers calling Charlie’s name.

The searchers’ voices faded as Jynx trotted deeper into the forest. UL’s exceptional vision would allow him to keep up.

A cold wind began to blow, dropping the temperature and rustling the leaves of the tall trees. Due to a warm spell there was no snow on the ground, but that would quickly change once the storm swept in from the north. The full moon provided light and the boy’s scent remained strong, guiding Jynx around large rocks, through the trees and deeper into the forest.

UL on her heels, Jynx followed Charlie’s meandering trail. Coming upon a creek, Jynx lost the scent. She backtracked a few feet and trotted back to the creek’s edge.

“Did he cross the creek?”

Jynx pawed the ground twice. The Sheriff had described Charlie’s attire, jeans, long-sleeved shirt, blue jacket, hat and brand-new hiking boots. Jynx prayed the boy still wore the hat and hadn’t soaked his boots.

Leading the way, Jynx splashed through the icy creek. On the opposite side she ran back and forth, seeking Charlie's scent. Clouds were moving in, obscuring the moonlight.

Finally, Jynx picked up the boy's scent. Nose to the ground she trotted for close to an hour.

"Stop."

Jynx paused. UL moved ahead and picked up a shiny wrapper. Jynx sniffed the wrapper of a strawberry breakfast bar.

"Charlie's?"

Jynx pawed the ground twice. She followed the boy's scent and a short time later UL called out to her.

"Do you hear that?"

Jynx turned her head, pricking her ears forward. Was that a faint cry? With the wind blowing, she wasn't certain.

"I heard him," UL said. "He's crying. We're close. Let's go."

Jynx per her nose back to the ground and picked up her pace.

"I see him," UL said, pointing toward a group of rocks. The boy was huddled between two rocks.

UL ran to the boy. "Charlie? Are you okay?"

"I want my Mommy."

"My name is Attus," UL said, kneeling before the boy. "And this is Jynx."

Jynx moved closer, letting Charlie touch her nose. "Big white doggie. Is Santa coming?"

"Yes, Santa sent us to find you," UL said. "Are you hurt?"

"It's cold and I'm hungry. Mommy said she'd bake cookies for Santa."

Attus checked his wrist unit. It was midnight. "It's Christmas Eve. We have to get you home so you can help your mother bake cookies."

"Santa likes chocolate chip," Charlie said.

"I like them too." Attus reached in his pack, removed an energy bar and tore open the wrapper. "Try this cookie."

Charlie munched eagerly on the high-protein bar.

"Would you like a piggyback ride back to the cabin?" Attus asked. "Your Mom and Dad are waiting for you."

"I like piggyback rides."

UL removed the pack from his back. "Climb in, Charlie, and I'll carry you back to the cabin. You'll be warm in here."

UL held the pack and Charlie climbed in. He adjusted the warm collar around Charlie's neck and tugged the boy's knit hat down over his ears.

"Ready for a ride?"

Charlie nodded and UL hoisted the pack onto his back, secured the shoulder straps and buckled the belt.

They headed back to the cabins. Using the UL's topographical map, the trip back to the cabin was more direct. A short distance from the cabins UL placed a call to Sheriff Stone. Ten minutes later, a sleeping Charlie was quickly transferred onto Stone's back.

Chapter Four

After the sheriff left with Charlie, Attus and Jynx retreated to their cabin. The storm had moved in and snow was falling, blanketing the trees. At the door, Attus looked at the twinkling, multi-colored lights running along the eaves of the cabins. Green, red, gold and blue reflected off the fresh snow, creating a magical scene.

He stroked Jynx between the ears. "Christmas card perfect, isn't it?"

Jynx rubbed her muzzle against his thigh.

"We did good," he said, opening the cabin door.

The moment they were inside, Attus released the seal of his skinsuit and pulled off the hood. He dropped to his knees and hugged Jynx, his heart swelling with pent-up emotion.

"I like rescue work." The euphoria of finding Charlie and working with Jynx was a high he hadn't experienced in a long time. Damn, he felt good. He thumped his chest. "It gets you here. Especially this time of year."

Jynx licked his face and rubbed her muzzle against his cheek.

He pulled off his gloves and stroked her back, furrowing his fingers through her thick, white fur. Attus loved Christmas, but since he was single and unattached, he always took holiday duty and gave team members with children the holidays off. But this year he was with Jynx in a cabin in the mountains.

A naughty idea flitted through his brain and tumbled out of his mouth before reason kicked in. "Let's not go back to base. Let's stay here and celebrate Christmas together. The General gave me permission to assist in the search through Christmas Day. If anything goes down we're just a short chopper ride away. What do you say?"

Jynx pawed the floor twice.

"We'll make a fire and return to base tomorrow."

The words were barely out of his mouth when Jynx shifted before his eyes. Her body trembled and shuddered as she changed shape.

Attus' heart thundered as her facial features blurred, changing from wolf to human. Her platinum blonde hair grew, falling well past her shoulders. On all fours, she shook her head.

"Ohmigod."

Whether wolf or woman, Jynx was beautiful. Her silvery eyes held him spellbound.

Naked, she kneeled before him. "I'd love to celebrate Christmas with you."

His gaze dropped to her breasts. Her nipples were pebbled, beckoning dark pink buds. Attus swallowed hard. With Jynx in human form, the idea of celebrating Christmas together took on a whole new meaning.

He stood. "I guess I should start a fire."

"That's one way to heat things up."

Her sultry words sent a flash flood of heat through his middle and straight to his balls. His cock jerked to attention. "We both need a hot shower. You go first and I'll get a fire going."

She glanced at the erection straining his tight skinsuit.

"I asked Santa for something very special for Christmas. I asked for something I've wanted for months. Do you know what I want for Christmas, Attus?"

The way she said his name in that low and sexy voice snapped the first barrier of rank. The answer to her question, if acted upon, promised to destroy the barrier forever. Attus' heart thudded against his chest wall.

He had a choice to make, his position as the unit leader or Jynx.

"I want you, Attus." She squeezed him. "I want this."

His pulse leaped and fire heated his blood, licked at his balls. "Jynx, you know the rules."

"It's Christmas Eve. Santa rules. I've been a very good girl," she said, rising to look him in the eye. "I've resisted temptation for months and I have exactly what I been wishing for, you and me alone, off base. But I'm through wishing."

He kissed her, sealing their mutual desire. Her lips were soft and her mouth hot. Attus knew he'd crossed a threshold. He committed his heart to Jynx. No going back. No retreat. No regrets.

Bless Santa and all of his reindeer!

Jynx wanted Attus and she wasn't waiting another second. She grabbed the collar of Attus' skinsuit. "Off, now!"

In a flurry of tugs and pulls, he stripped in seconds.

She'd seen Attus without a shirt, but never completely naked or stone hard. He was lean, all muscle and deliciously endowed. This was one Christmas gift she knew she'd enjoy.

Goodbye, Number Five.

She reached out and palmed Attus' penis. It was long and thick and laced with turgid veins. Using the pad of her thumb, she slicked a bead of pre-cum over the silky crown. "Santa is generous."

"I'm ready to explode."

She squeezed him. "Promise?"

He cupped her face in his hand, his thumb grazing her cheek. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on. And I have excellent vision."

He made her feel beautiful, desirable and sensual. Hot.

For a heartbeat they stared at one another. Then they came together in a rush of heat, arms twining and hands clutching.

He took her mouth, tasting her. Their tongues warred, teased and savored. They swayed against one another, lost in the sensation of feel and touch. Her taut nipples scraped his chest and her belly rubbed provocatively against his. The heat of his erection seared her skin.

She growled, throaty and deep.

Breaking the kiss, Attus looked her in the eyes. "I heard your howls, experienced your moans, gasps and cries. You drove me crazy."

"I wanted you to feel my longing. I ached for you, Attus."

He lifted her into his arms and carried her to the bedroom.

Chapter Five

Together, they tore back the colorful quilt and blanket. Jynx fell upon the bed, her back hitting the mattress. Attus lunged between her thighs, his big cock aimed for her core. The broad head of his cock probed her center, nudging between her swollen labia. A hot surge of need rolled through her, coiled in her pussy, drenching her walls.

She gasped as he pushed inside her, uttering a soft wail as she opened to him.

"I ached for you, Jynx," he said, plunging deep.

She quivered as he filled her, his cock boring into her with steely precision.

"I want to make you howl. I want my ears to ring with your ecstasy and know I'm the one giving you pleasure."

She raised her hips to meet his hard thrust. He drove deep. Jynx threw back her head and let loose with a hungry groan.

Skin slapping, he thrust hard and fast. "I want to make you howl."

Grabbing him by the shoulders, she wrapped her legs around his lean hips and dug her heels into his ass cheeks.

The muscles in his neck were corded and perspiration beaded on his temples. His eyes were bright, his pupils dilated. "Ohhhh God. You have me on the edge."

Muscles bunched and arms shaking, he slowed the tempo, grinding deep into her pussy and pressing down on her clit.

Yelping, Jynx raked her fingernails down his back, felt the resulting shiver run along his spine.

He rolled his hips and plunged. "I want you to howl for me, Jynx, and I don't care if everyone in Snow Ridge hears you."

Flesh glided against flesh, each stroke spiking her with fiery heat. Mindless, she bucked beneath him, squeezing and clenching.

Attus cried out, his cock pulsing as the fire consumed them.

Jynx threw back her head and howled as she came.

Wrapping an arm around her waist, Attus rolled onto his back. Her head on his shoulder, Jynx snuggled against him.

"My ears are still ringing."

Her pussy had ceased convulsing, but a lethargy of pleasure and warmth surrounded Jynx. Happiness. Love. Attus.

Thank you, Santa.

* * *

Jynx awoke and reached out, sliding her hand over the flannel sheets to find empty space. She smelled fresh coffee and heard singing, an off-tune Christmas carol.

She climbed out of bed, wrapped a quilt around herself and padded out of the room. A cheery fire burned in the old-fashioned brick fireplace in the living room. The drapes were closed and the lamps bracketing an over-stuffed sofa were lit. A utilitarian kitchen, table and four chairs were to her left and the scent of roasted turkey filled the air.

The table was set for two. A pine bough served as a centerpiece, with red candles sticking out of juice glasses.

Wearing only a pair of cargo pants and singing another familiar carol, Attus was opening a bottle of white wine. He poured two glasses and turned toward her.

His gaze met hers. "Santa must love me."

He set the glasses aside and crossed the room in three strides. He threw his arms around her, picked her up and kissed her soundly.

"Merry Christmas, Attus." Jynx sniffed the air. "Smells good."

He set her on her feet, but kept her firmly in his grasp. "I hope you're hungry. I have turkey breast, stuffing, sweet potato casserole and peas. Pumpkin pie for dessert. The supermarket had a holiday special. I bought wine, red and white. I thought we'd start with the white wine and work our way to the red."

"I can't think of anything more delicious, but it isn't food that has me hungry. It's you, Attus."

He slid his hands down her hips and cupped her ass. "Are you trying to seduce me before dinner?"

She slid her fingers beneath the waistband of his pants. "I like a Christmas present that keeps on giving."

He guided her to the sofa and turned off the lamps. "I'll be right back."

Curled up in the corner of the couch, Jynx watched him walk into the kitchen and flick off the lights. Firelight danced over the ceiling and walls, creating a romantic ambience.

She and Attus were alone in a cozy cabin on Christmas Eve. Happy, Jynx pinched her thigh just to make sure her Christmas wish had really come true.

Wine glasses in hand, Attus returned and sat down next to her. Then he looked her in the eye, giving her that this-is-important-so-listen-up look she'd seen during mission briefings. "I want to make a toast," he said, lifting his glass. "To the most beautiful woman in the world. To the woman I love."

Jynx's heart clenched as he touched his glass to hers. "I love you, Attus. I think I've loved you since the first moment I laid eyes on you."

They sipped the wine, sealing the moment.

He slipped his arm around her shoulders, drawing her close. "This is perfect. It's like we're the only people on Earth."

Her heart dancing with joy, Jynx snuggled against Attus' chest. *Thank you, Santa.*

Content to be together, they snuggled close and watched the flickering flames of the fire.

After they finished their wine, Attus set the empty glasses aside. "More wine?"

Shaking her head, Jynx reached out and cupped his face. "I love you, Attus. It feels so good to tell you. We broke the rules. What happens next?"

"I'll resign my command."

She placed her hands on his broad shoulders. "I'm sorry, Attus. I know how hard you've worked and how dedicated you are. Everyone on base respects your commitment."

"I love you, Jynx." He took her hand and kissed her palm. "Resigning my command of Red Alpha Base is far easier than losing you."

"I'm crazy in love with you." She kissed the tip of his nose. "What do you want for Christmas, Attus?"

"I want you, Jynx. I want to marry you." He sucked in a deep breath. "I want to make you happy. Give you everything you desire."

"Why wouldn't you make me happy?"

He drew in a slow breath and squeezed her hand. "I'm only human. I'll never truly be part of your pack. How will I satisfy your wolverine needs?"

"If I wanted to mate with a *were*, I would have done so. I want you, Attus. I want to marry you. You're my alpha male."

His fingers tightened around hers. "Odds are our children wouldn't be able to shapeshift. My blindness is hereditary. What if --"

"I know the odds. I can't imagine having children with anyone else. I love my job, but if it's a choice between the military or you," -- she placed her palm over his heart, felt the rapid beating of his heart -- "I choose you, Attus."

"I think my heart is about to jump out of my chest."

Jynx's heart thumped hard against her chest wall. "Mine too."

Attus grasped her by the waist and drew her close, crushing her breasts to his chest. "I love you, Jynx. Since we'll both be out of work soon, what do you think about starting a rescue business?"

"As long as we're together, I'm willing to give it a go."

She raked her fingers through his silky hair. "Make love to me, Attus. Make me howl."

B.J. McCall

A multi-published author of contemporary and futuristic sensual romance, B.J. McCall is a West Virginia native now residing in Northern California. Thanks to an older sister who was a librarian, reading became B.J.'s favorite pastime. B.J.'s idea of the perfect way to spend a rainy afternoon or a day at the beach is reading a Romance novel. The phrase "Do what you love," applies to B.J. -- she loves to write and each story is special. She hopes her readers will enjoy each and every one of them. Visit her website at www.BJMcCall.com.