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Bed and Breakfast

LOVE'S NEST

MARISA CHENERY

Love's Nest

Strange Hollow

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Blurb

Lilin, the owner of Love's Nest a B & B in Strange Hollow, always knew her mate would be a werewolf. As a succubus who had been born beautiful instead of ugly, and her refusing to seduce men to steal their energy, she was disowned by her family. When a new werewolf comes to town, she knows he is the one for her. Even though he displays all the signs of his mating urge kicking in when around her, he refuses to claim her as his. Not willing to let him get away, Lilin has a few tricks up her sleeve to get him to change his mind.

Galen had come to Strange Hollow to start out fresh. His nose has been the bane of his existence. Whenever he meets a woman he is attracted to, his nose tells him she is the one meant for him. Only after he has slept with her does he find out she isn't. Not wanting to take a chance that she isn't his mate, Galen had made it a practice to seduce every woman that set off his mating urge. Of course, it caused more problems than not with the rest of the male werewolves in his pack. Deciding to go lone wolf to get away from his problems, Galen tries to fight his mating urge when he meets Lilin. Knowing she isn't really his mate, he tries to resist her. But the question is, how long can he stay strong when the woman he wishes was his does everything she can to get him into bed?

Chapter One

Lilin Love stood from where she had been kneeling in front of a flowerbed and stretched her back. She let her gaze run over the red roses and white lilies that filled the flowerbed at the front of Love's Nest, her bed and breakfast. She gave a nod when she didn't see any weeds hidden among the flowers. Lilin tried to weed her flowerbeds every couple of days. A bit of a perfectionist, she liked to keep the grass and flowerbeds well maintained.

She brushed the dirt from her gardening gloves and took them off. Her cell phone started to ring and vibrate in her jeans' front pocket. Looking at who was calling, Lilin smiled. It was her friend Daker. Daker, a werewolf, had recently found his mate. Thora was human, but she also happened to be a jinx—the result of being cursed. Daker and Thora had managed to break the part of the curse where Thora was to be the death of the man she fell in love with, but the jinx part had stuck. Ending the curse had also resulted in Thora's life force being tied to Daker's.

Lilin flipped open her cell phone. "What happened this time, Daker?" Thora being what she was, things tended to fall apart, break, or just stop working around her. Daker seemed to call Lilin more often than not to borrow a tool he knew she had and he didn't own that would fix whatever had broken. Being a bit of a handyman, or handywoman, Lilin usually had what Daker called looking for.

Daker chuckled. "Who says anything happened?"

"Let's see," Lilin said. "Already this week your toilet turned into a geyser and the legs of your kitchen table just happened to fall off. All at the same time."

Daker chuckled again. "You got me there. Well, I'm not calling because something broke. Thora asked me to call to see if you wanted to come over and watch a movie with us this evening. She thinks you're alone too much."

"I don't mind being by myself. Once I find my mate I won't be alone."

"Yeah, yeah," Daker said. "You're just waiting for your mate, who will happen to be a werewolf, to walk up to your front door and sweep you off your feet. Until then, you're more than welcome to come over to our place."

"I'll think about it." At the sound of footsteps coming up behind her, Lilin turned to face the street. Her breath hitched when she caught sight of the man walking up the front path. "I have to go, Daker. I'll call you later." She snapped her cell phone closed and shoved it back into her jeans' front pocket.

Lilin couldn't tear her eyes away from the man that was headed her way. He was breathtakingly gorgeous. His straight, dark brown hair that fell just past his shoulders, shone in the bright sunlight. He wore snug-fitting blue jeans and a grey T-shirt that showed off his heavily muscled frame. He held a black leather jacket over his shoulder while he carried a black motorcycle helmet in his other hand. Lilin looked around him and saw the red Yamaha sport motorcycle parked on the street in front of the B and B. A large backpack was strapped to the back of the seat.

Lilin sucked in a breath as her gaze met his blue-green eyes. Being a succubus, Lilin could read life forces. The man who approached her was most definitely a werewolf. His extreme good looks and above-average height, she guessed he had to be six-foot-nine,

also marked him as one.

Her heart started to race once he stood before her. His eyes widened slightly and took on a muted glow for a split second before he seemed to get a hold of himself. Lilin felt excitement course through her body. Could he be her werewolf? Glowing eyes was the sure sign of a male werewolf's interest in one of the opposite sex. She smiled. "Can I help you?"

His gaze swept the length of her body before he looked back up at her face. "I was wondering if you had a room available."

The husky timbre of his voice seemed to go right through her to her pussy. Lilin had to bite back a moan. "I have one. How long will you be staying?"

His grip on his jacket tightened until Lilin heard the leather creak. "I'm not sure yet. I guess as long as it will take for me to find my own place here in Strange Hollow. I heard this town is the place for someone like me, for someone who doesn't ... quite fit in."

Lilin couldn't see anything on the outside that would mark him as different from other werewolves, but that didn't mean anything. Herself, for example, she may have been born with supermodel good looks, but that was not normal for a succubus. Her good looks, and the fact that she refused to seduce men to steal their energy, had caused her family to disown her. Strange Hollow was a sanctuary for those of the paranormal kind who didn't fit in with their own. A place where they could be themselves without any repercussions.

She nodded. "Welcome to Strange Hollow. All who are ... different are accepted for what they are. If you plan to move here, you'll have to meet Jacinda. She's the founder of Strange Hollow. She also has the final say as to who gets to stay."

"I'll be sure to do that." His nostrils flared as he took a deep breath.

His gaze swept her body again while his eyes glowed for another split second. Lilin felt her pussy clench and wetness pool between her legs. She had found Daker very attractive when they had first met. She had even hoped he would be the werewolf for her, but that hadn't been the case. But the attraction she felt for this werewolf that stood in front of her was much, much stronger than anything she had ever felt for Daker. The thought of him sleeping at the B and B, even if it was in another bedroom, had Lilin's body going up in flames.

She held out her hand. "I'm Lilin Love. I own Love's Nest."

He put the motorcycle helmet down on the ground at his feet before he closed his large hand around hers. Lilin felt a jolt of awareness shoot up her arm. "I'm Galen Blackwood." His voice sounded even huskier as his thumb stroked the inside of her wrist.

Lilin's nipples grew taut beneath her long-sleeved T-shirt. Her arousal shot up another notch as he continued to stroke her skin. "Nice to meet you, Galen. You can park your motorcycle in the driveway." Her voice broke a little. Lilin cleared her throat before she continued. "While you move your bike, I'll go inside and get the key to your room."

Galen nodded, but he didn't release her hand. His glance fell to the front of her shirt. His large chest expanded as he drew in a deep breath. He used their clasped hands to pull her closer. He bent his head, closed his eyes, and took another deep breath. Lilin couldn't stop the soft moan that pushed past her lips. Galen's eyes snapped open as he abruptly dropped her hand and took a big step back. Lilin wanted to groan with frustration.

Without another word, Galen picked up his motorcycle helmet and walked toward

his bike. Lilin let out a breathy sigh as her gaze fell to his muscled ass. His jeans hugged it to perfection. Liking how things were going so far, she walked up the stairs to the front porch and let herself inside the B and B. She had a good feeling about Galen.

* * * *

Galen draped his leather coat over the seat of his motorcycle and hung his helmet from the handlebars. He put the bike in neutral, took it off the kickstand and pushed it up the driveway. He could have started it and driven it up, but he needed the physical exertion. His damn nose was up to its old tricks again. It happened to him every time.

Every damn time he found himself attracted to a woman his nose told him she was the one, she was his mate. His mating urge would sink its claws into him, demanding he claim the woman as his own, only to find out once they had slept together that she wasn't the one after all. It always ended up the same, but not wanting to take the chance that the woman truly was his mate, Galen slept with every woman who set off his mating urge. To say it had caused more than a little tension for him inside his pack was putting it mildly. It finally had gotten so bad he had decided going lone wolf was better than having to fight any more of the enraged males in his pack. His nose hadn't cared whether the woman already had a prospective mate or not.

Now his mating urge had sunk its claws into him again. When Galen had driven up to the quaint English-style two-story cottage he had noticed Lilin crouched down working in the flowerbed. Her long, wavy blonde hair had drawn his attention. As she had stood and stretched her back, he couldn't help noticing her curvy body, or how her hair fell to the small of her back. It wasn't until she had turned around and her scent had carried in the wind in his direction that he felt as if someone had sucker punched him in the gut. His cock had gone instantly rock-hard. Lilin was more than beautiful with her exceptional good looks. With her face, she could have easily passed for a female werewolf, but her scent had told him she wasn't one. It also told him she wasn't human either. He didn't know what she was, but with his mating urge riding him he pretty much didn't care.

Galen pushed his bike up to the front of the garage and put on the kickstand. His movements were jerky and rough as he unleashed the large backpack from the seat of the motorcycle. He had to get a grip on himself. The days of him chasing down every woman that set off his mating urge were no longer. Having the majority of the male members of his pack rise up and threaten him with more than bodily harm if he didn't change his ways had been more than enough to smarten him up. The thought of being castrated because his nose didn't want to work properly had taught him it was long past time he kept his dick in his pants. Situated at the base of Mt. Mitchell in North Carolina, Strange Hollow would be the place for him to start off with a clean slate.

Determined to keep the clawing need to get Lilin under him at bay, Galen shrugged his backpack over one shoulder and picked up his leather jacket along with his helmet. He took a deep calming breath. The scent of the roses and lilies that grew in the front flowerbeds helped to clear some of Lilin's scent from his nose. He could do this. He might end up walking around with a perpetual hard-on, but he wouldn't let his mating urge get the better of him.

Galen pulled open the front door and stepped inside. The whole cottage felt to the B and B carried on in the inside. Bright pastel colors and gleaming hardwood floors met his gaze. He walked past a not overly large living room done in pink and red as he followed

Lilin's scent to the back of the house. He found her inside the kitchen, sitting at the table as she filled out a sheet of paper.

Lilin looked up from what she was doing and motioned him to take a seat across from her. She pushed the piece of paper and pen his way. "Once you fill out the registration, I'll take you up to your room. I'm usually up pretty early in the mornings, but there really isn't any set time for breakfast. For the rest of your meals, there's Maude's Diner on Main Street."

Galen nodded, and pulled the paperwork closer. He picked up the pen and quickly filled in the blank spaces. Lilin's scent wafted across the table. He had to bite back a growl of need when he smelled the scent of her arousal mixed in it. Staying under the same roof without taking her to bed would be his own personal hell, but he would have to endure. He had come to Strange Hollow to get a fresh start. He wasn't about to blow it by sleeping with the first woman who set him off.

After he signed at the bottom of the page, he pushed it back over to Lilin. She gave it a cursory glance, then stood. "I'll take you up to your room. You're my only guest, so you don't have to worry about it getting too crowded in here."

Following Lilin out of the kitchen and up the stairs, Galen kept a death grip on his backpack. Could it get any worse? It would be bad enough being under the same roof as Lilin, but to know it would only be him and her made it that much worse. He was either going to have to spend most of the hours of the day locked in his room or out of the B and B.

Once at the top of the stairs, Lilin led him to the end of the hall and opened the door. She stepped aside for him to go inside. "I thought this one would be more to your liking. It's a bit more masculine than the others. The bathroom is the first door on the left hand side." She pointed down the short hallway.

Galen moved through the doorway and looked around. The walls had been painted a silvery-grey. A king-sized sleigh bed, done in black wood, sat in the center of the room with the headboard close to one wall. A matching dresser sat against another wall kitty-corner to the bed. The only feminine thing about the room was the grey toile comforter on the bed.

He nodded. "The room's great." Turning around, his body slammed up against the front of Lilin's. He hadn't heard her come up behind him. He dropped his backpack and grabbed her upper arms to steady her. "Sorry. I didn't see you there."

Lilin took a deep breath, causing the tips of her breasts to brush against his chest. Her gaze latched onto his mouth. "It was my fault. I shouldn't have gotten so close." The tip of her tongue came out and flicked across her lips.

Already aroused almost to the point of pain, having Lilin pressed to his front while she stared at his mouth as if she wanted to devour him, ended up being too much. With his blood roaring in his ears, Galen tightened his grip on her upper arms and bent his head to claim her lips.

As he angled his lips across hers, Lilin sighed into his mouth. He deepened the kiss as he pushed his tongue inside. The taste of her caused a low growl of need to rumble out of his chest. When she sucked on his tongue, his cock hardened even more. The taste of her seemed to go straight to his head. He ached to push her down onto the bed behind him and have her under him as he sheathed his aching cock between her legs.

Galen's need to have Lilin was so great he unthinkingly started to inch backward

with her toward the bed. Lust pounded through his body, blocking everything else out but the need to slake it. Lilin's hands came up and fisted the front of his T-shirt. Something hard jabbed into his chest, but he ignored it.

It wasn't until Lilin moaned that Galen snapped out of the haze of arousal that had taken him over. Lifting his head, he pushed her away. His breath sawed in and out of his chest as he took in Lilin's flushed face and kiss-bruised lips. Seeing her like that made him ache for her even more, but he ruthlessly pulled himself together. He would not do this. He could resist.

Knowing if he didn't get Lilin out of his room now, before he did something he would regret later, Galen took the key that she limply held in her still upraised hand. When Lilin just stood there as if she were still dazed, he took her by the upper arm and hustled her out the bedroom door. Once he had her out in the hallway, he shut the door and locked it for good measure. He leaned with his hands on the back of the door and hung his head. That had been too damn close. Now that he had gotten a taste of Lilin, he knew he would ache to taste her again. He was in for a fun ride.

Chapter Two

What the hell was that? Lilin blinked at the closed door. With her body still on fire from Galen's kisses, she found it hard to pull her thoughts together. *What had just happened?* One minute he was kissing her as if he couldn't get enough of her, and the next he had pushed her away as if she had the plague. She knew Galen wanted her. After he had shoved her away, he had stared at her with his eyes mutedly glowing. His labored breathing had told her he had gotten into their kiss as much as she had, along with the erection he had going on in his jeans.

His actions didn't make sense. He obviously wanted her, and boy, did she want him. He had to be the one. Galen had to be her werewolf mate. He was showing all the signs of a male werewolf whose mating urge had kicked in. The glowing eyes and the low growl he had made while kissing her had been a sure sign. And there was the fact that he had kissed her until she'd forgotten her own name. Her pussy still ached to be filled, and her panties were wet. If Galen hadn't pushed her away they would have been making love right now.

Not sure what was going on with Galen, Lilin took a big calming breath and headed back downstairs. She would let him have his space for now, but after kissing her like that, she wasn't about to let him get away. If he ended up proving to be difficult, Lilin had her ways to bring him around. She was a succubus after all. Seduction was her game.

Lilin headed for the kitchen to collect Galen's registration paper. She would give Galen his space, but that didn't mean she couldn't mess with him a little to goad him into action. And she knew just what to do.

With a smile playing across her lips, Lilin crossed over to the phone that hung on the wall and dialed Daker and Thora's number. Daker's mate answered. "Hey, Thora. Can I talk to Daker?"

"Sure. Are you coming over tonight? I rented a chick flick and thought you would enjoy it."

"Yeah, I'll be there. I bet Daker really wants to see it too."

Thora laughed. "It's my turn to torture him. He picked the last movie we rented. The chick flick is payback for all the awful B movies he has forced me to sit through."

It was Lilin's turn to laugh. "I've sat through more than one of those with Daker. Let's hope the movie you picked is a real tearjerker. That should make him more than uncomfortable with the two of us crying."

"Hold on," Thora said with a laugh. "I'll go get Daker for you."

After a short interval, Daker came on the phone. "Thora says you're coming over tonight after all. So what's up?"

"I want you to come over to the B and B and walk me back to your place."

"Uh, why? You've walked over here all by yourself lots of times."

Daker and Thora's place was just around the corner and down the street from the B and B. "Can you just do this for me, please? No questions asked?"

"I guess, though I don't think you need me to come and get you."

"You'll be doing me a big favor. All right?"

"Fine. I'll come by at seven."

“I’ll be ready. See you then.”

Once Daker said good-bye, Thora hung up the phone. Stage one was well on the way to completion. This would be one test Lilin hoped Galen would fail.

* * * *

Galen ended up spending the rest of the afternoon upstairs in his room. Lilin knew he had to be hiding from her. Around suppertime, he finally emerged from his room and headed straight out the front door. He didn’t so much as look at her as he walked past where she stood at the bottom of the stairs. Galen wore his leather jacket and carried his motorcycle helmet in his hand. Lilin heard the sound of his motorcycle starting a minute later.

She tried not to watch the clock the whole time he was gone. If Galen didn’t come back on time her whole plan would be ruined, to say the least. She made her own supper and had just finished filling the sinks to do the dishes when the front door opened. Lilin breathed a sigh of relief at the sound of Galen’s heavy footfalls going up the stairs. She made no move to follow him. He had come back with lots of time to spare.

While she washed the dishes, Lilin found herself listening for any sounds coming from the floor above. Galen’s room was directly over the kitchen. When he had been out, she had found her thoughts drawn to him time and time again. Another sign, at least to her, that he was her mate. Thora had told her what it had been like before Daker had claimed her as his mate. Thora had said she couldn’t stop thinking about Daker. She had said it bordered pretty darned close to an obsession. Lilin hadn’t reached that stage yet, but she knew it would only get worse as time went on.

And once Galen claimed her, they wouldn’t want to be apart from each other for very long. Their souls would join the first time they made love, becoming truly mated. Lilin longed for that kind of mating, the forging of a bond that was stronger than any marriage vows. Even though she hadn’t kept it a secret that she felt her future mate would be a werewolf, she really had no way of knowing for sure. It was mostly wishful thinking on her part. A dream she hoped would come true if she believed in it strongly enough. After growing up in a family of females who thought sex was only a means to an end, and incapable of feeling love for the opposite sex, Lilin had long decided only a werewolf mate would complete her. No child of hers would have to grow up not knowing who their father was because their mother couldn’t remember who she had slept with.

A little before seven, Lilin set up her weapon. All she needed was Daker. At exactly seven on the dot, the doorbell rang. She opened the door and yanked Daker inside. Lilin closed the door behind him before she maneuvered him over to the bottom of the stairs. He gave her a questioning look when she lifted the portable fan she had set close by. Lilin turned it on full blast and aimed it right at Daker’s face.

Daker held up his hand as if to block the fan. “Lilin! What the hell are you doing?”

“Just stand right there.” She said slowly, “Give it a minute. One. Two. Three.”

By the time she reached three she heard Galen’s door slam open. She quickly turned off the fan and placed it on the floor next to the stairs. Lilin had to bite her lip to keep from smiling as Galen appeared at the top of the stairs and glared down at Daker. He thumped down them and pushed Daker out of the way so he could stand between Daker and her. Galen let out a low growl of warning.

Daker gave Lilin a hard stare before he turned his attention to Galen. “I didn’t realize

Lilin had any guests. Let alone a werewolf guest.” He flashed Lilin another hard stare. Daker stuck his hand out to Galen. “I’m Daker. Are you just passing through Strange Hollow?”

Galen ignored Daker’s outstretched hand. He eyed Daker warily. “I’m Galen. No, I’m not passing through.”

Daker lowered his hand. “Went lone wolf, huh? I guess you have your reason for doing it if you’re here in Strange Hollow. I went lone wolf a few years ago for reasons of my own.” When Galen only nodded in response, Daker turned to look at Lilin. “Now that you’ve had your fun,” he took a quick glance over at Galen, “can we go now?”

Lilin stepped around Galen and went over to Daker’s side. She took his hand and gave him a gushing smile. “I’m all set.”

Daker gave her a look that said he’d had more than enough as Galen growled once again. She kept her gaze on Daker and walked with him over to the front door.

Galen stopped them before she could open it. “Where are you going?” His voice came out in a half snarl.

She looked over her shoulder at him. “I’m going over to Daker’s place to watch a movie. I’ll be back in a few hours.” Lilin ushered Daker outside.

Once they were on the sidewalk, Lilin stole a quick glance over at the living room window that faced the front of the B and B. Galen stood in front of it with his hands fisted at his sides as he watched them walk away. He’d failed her test with flying colors. If the mating urge hadn’t set its claws into him he wouldn’t have reacted the way he had. Any male werewolf who had found his prospective mate would have taken a shit fit if said prospective mate ended up alone with another male werewolf, a mated one or not. Galen hadn’t exactly taken a shit fit, but he had come out of his room to get between her and Daker. Lilin felt pleased with that small result.

When they were around the corner and out of sight of the B and B, Daker asked, “Okay, what was that all about? You lured me over there and made sure Galen could smell my scent.”

“And my plan worked beautifully.”

“The next time you make plans like that, keep me out of it. Okay? I’m not going to let you use me to tease another werewolf who is obviously feeling the mating urge. And for one thing, why are you teasing Galen in the first place? You always said your mate would be a werewolf, and when he finally arrives you’re stringing him along. Ow!” Daker rubbed his arm where Lilin had punched him.

“I’m not stringing Galen along, as you put it. It was for his benefit. For some reason he’s holding himself back. I want him to do what the mating urge wants him to, but after one kiss he shoved me away as if he couldn’t get enough distance between us. He has gone to great pains to avoid me since then.”

Daker gave her a look of surprise. “Really? Man, Galen must have a will of steel if he can do that.”

“If I’m not mistaken,” Lilin said lightly, “you were able to resist Thora at the start.”

“Yeah, right.” Daker snorted. “I might have tried to resist a little bit, but I couldn’t keep away from her. Maybe Galen has to have a reason why he pushed you away. He didn’t end up here in Strange Hollow for nothing. Remember, this is a sanctuary for all us misfits.”

“Speak for yourself. And you could be right about Galen.”

They were almost at Daker's house when he came to a dead standstill and started to sniff the air. "Oh, shit. I smell smoke."

He took off at a run. Lilin followed behind him, but she couldn't keep up with Daker's werewolf speed. She ran through the front door that stood wide open. A thin layer of smoke filled the house. Lilin crinkled her nose at the smell of burnt popcorn.

She found Daker and Thora in the kitchen, the point of origin for the smoke. Daker stood in front of the microwave as he used a pair of tongs to pull out a black, smoking bag of microwave popcorn. He threw it in the sink and ran water over it.

Thora gave Lilin a sheepish look when she noticed Daker and her were no longer alone. "I thought I would pop the popcorn while Daker went to get you. At least I didn't burn the place down."

Daker pulled his mate into his arms and kissed the top of her head. "It's all right, Thora. It's the thought that counts. I'll just have to buy a new microwave tomorrow."

Thora hugged Daker back. "I wish I didn't break everything all the time. It must drive you insane."

Daker chuckled and put his hand under Thora's chin to force her to look at him. "I wouldn't have you any other way."

As the couple shared a kiss, Lilin thought back to the kiss Galen and she had shared. She wanted what Daker and Thora had. Now that Galen had arrived, Lilin wanted it more than she did before.

Lilin loudly cleared her throat when the kiss seemed to go on and on. "If you two want to be alone, I can go back to the B and B."

Daker broke away from Thora and draped his arm around her shoulders before he turned to face Lilin. "So you can go and torture that poor male werewolf again?"

Thora's gaze shot over to Lilin. "What male werewolf?"

"I have a new guest over at the B and B. He has decided Strange Hollow will be his new home. He just happens to be *my* werewolf."

Thora rushed over to Lilin and gave her a quick hug. "I'm so happy for you, Lilin. But why didn't you invite him to come here with you?"

"She didn't invite him because he isn't cooperating as much as Lilin would like," Daker said with a laugh.

"Well, don't give up on him yet," Thora said to Lilin. "It's only a matter of time before he caves."

"I have no intentions of giving up on Galen. I am a succubus and I'm not afraid to use that part of my nature to get my man."

Daker groaned and shook his head. "The poor bastard doesn't stand a chance."

* * * *

Galen couldn't quit pacing. He was coiled tighter than a spring. He couldn't stop thinking about Lilin. The thought of her out with Daker, another lone wolf no less, made him want to throw back his head and howl in frustration. When he had caught the scent of another male werewolf in the B and B, it had gotten him out of his room like nothing else would have.

He had been all prepared to barricade himself in his room for the rest of the night after he had come back from the diner. The need to be with Lilin was a constant presence in his head. He had gotten some relief after he left the B and B, which was saturated with

Lilin's scent. But coming back had the mating urge digging its claws deeper inside him. Then to see her with Daker, it had caused the claws to sink in even further. His wolf had demanded he come between them. Lilin was theirs.

Watching her walk away with Daker, and not stopping Lilin, had been the hardest thing he'd ever done. Galen told himself over and over again that in all probability Lilin wasn't his mate, to just let her go. They never ended up being his mate. But it hadn't done any good. Logic couldn't override his feelings no matter how much he wished it could.

Galen swung around and paced back the other way. At this rate, he would wear a path through Lilin's gleaming living room floor. He hadn't been able to go back up to his room. He hadn't even left the living room window. He paced back and forth in front of it as he watched for Lilin to return. It grew dark inside the B and B when darkness fell, but he didn't turn on any lights. Being a werewolf he could see just as well in the dark as he could in daylight.

While he paced, images of Lilin in Daker's arms played through his head. He pictured her with her head thrown back as Daker bent her over his arm and nuzzled the side of her neck. Her long blonde hair hung down her back in tantalizing waves. Galen's upper lip pulled back in a snarl when he imagined Daker biting Lilin where her shoulder and neck met, leaving his mark behind. Galen wanted to be the only male to put that mark on her skin. He could almost hear Lilin's breathy sighs as Daker caressed her shapely body.

Galen squeezed his hands into tight fists. He had to stop it, but he knew this was all part of the mating urge. He had been through this so many times he knew each stage intimately. The need to be with Lilin, to keep any other males away from her, would ride him hard. He more than likely wouldn't get any sleep this night. His dreams would be so erotic, dreams of her, that he would be lucky if he didn't wake up coming. Not that that would do anything to cool his body. One thought of Lilin and he would be rock-hard once again. Even now he sported the erection from hell. Galen reached down and adjusted the front of his jeans for what seemed like the millionth time.

Three hours after Lilin had left, Galen finally spotted her walking down the sidewalk toward the B and B. A rumbling growl rose out of him as his need grew to a fever pitch. He stopped pacing and went to stand at the entrance of the living room as he waited for Lilin to come inside.

After she shut the door behind her and turned on the hall light, Galen stepped from the shadows. He couldn't keep the growl out of his voice. "Did you enjoy your night out?"

Lilin jumped at the sound of his voice. "Galen. I didn't see you there lurking in the shadows." A small smile played across her lips when she looked him up and down. "As a matter of fact, I did. We watched a movie."

Galen stepped closer. "Did you enjoy being with Daker too?"

Lilin tossed her long hair over her shoulder as she looked at him coyly. "Of course. Daker and I always have a good time together."

Hearing that, Galen could no longer keep a tight rein over himself. Lilin was his. He closed what space remained between them and yanked her into his arms. He bent his head and pushed his face into the crook of her neck. He took a deep breath. Lilin's scent filled his lungs and nothing more. If she had slept with Daker, the other werewolf's scent

would have been all over her. That it wasn't, had him pulling her closer against his body. Needing to stake his claim on her or risk losing his mind, Galen threaded his fingers through her hair at the back of her head and slammed his mouth down onto hers.

Chapter Three

Lilin opened her mouth on a gasp as Galen's lips moved over hers. His tongue slipped past her lips. It stroked the inside of her mouth, tasting her thoroughly. She reached up and wrapped her arms around Galen's neck and kissed him back with the same amount of fervor. Lilin hadn't expected him to break so easily.

Galen grabbed her bottom and urged her even closer. They were now pressed together from chest to knee. Feeling the hard length of his cock nestled against her stomach, Lilin moaned softly. He felt thick and large through the thick material of his jeans. She couldn't wait to have all of him buried deep inside her. Wetness pooled inside her pussy as she thought of how good it would feel to have his cock pumping in and out of her.

A low growl rumbled out of Galen's chest, causing her pussy to grow even wetter. His hips rocked against her. Still clutching her bottom, he lifted her and settled her pussy on his cock. Even through their jeans it felt good. Lilin threaded her fingers through his hair at the back of his neck and angled her lips over his. The sound of their harsh breathing filled the entranceway.

Galen slowly took Lilin down to the floor. Once he had her stretched out beneath him, he cupped her breast in his hand. He stroked his thumb back and forth across her taut nipple through the material of her shirt. He left her mouth and kissed a path to her ear. His tongue swirled inside it. Lilin shivered as Galen gently blew on it. She arched her back in invitation, needing a firmer touch.

Shifting so he lay half on and half off her, Galen grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it to her chin. He made short work of undoing the front clasp of her bra. With a sweep of his hand, he bared her breasts to his view. Before he bent his head, Galen met her gaze. The sight of his eyes glowing mutedly with hunger caused her breath to catch.

His eyes now focused on her breasts, and his tongue came out to circle her nipple. He flicked it with the tip of his tongue before he opened his mouth and sucked it in deep. Lilin tunneled her fingers through Galen's hair and held him to her. Each pull of his mouth sent a wave of pleasure straight to her pussy. He then released her nipple and did the same to the other one. Lilin squirmed beneath him. When he placed a hard thigh between her legs she rubbed herself against it.

Galen shifted down her body, placing kisses across her ribs to her stomach while he worked the button of her jeans free. His tongue swirled inside her belly button as he took hold of her zipper and pulled it down. Lilin shook beneath him at the feel of his rough cheek nuzzling her lower abdomen. Galen's hot breath tickled across her sensitized skin.

Running a hand down her side, he took hold of the waistband of her jeans and pulled them down past her hips. Galen kept tugging until he had them down her legs and off. His fingers hooked into the top of her panties and tugged them off as well. He settled between her legs once more. Forcing her legs further apart, Galen licked and kissed his way up the inside of her thigh. Lilin's eyes fell shut on a moan as he inched ever closer to her pussy.

Her hips came off the floor at the feel of his tongue lapping at her sex. Arousal and need coursed through her. Lilin wanted to touch Galen, have his skin pressed to hers, but

he hadn't taken off any of his clothes. He pushed her arousal even higher as he alternated between lapping at her sex and sucking on her clit. Lilin could no longer keep her hips still. She rocked her pussy against his mouth, seeking more.

First one finger, then a second, pushed inside the opening to her body. Lilin clamped her inner muscles around them while they pumped in and out. Her release edged closer.

Galen sucked on her clit as he moved his fingers up high inside her pussy while he stroked them in and out. Lilin cried out on a long moan while she climaxed and her inner walls clutched at Galen's fingers. Once the last wave of pleasure receded, she went limp on the floor. She opened her eyes to find Galen kneeling between her spread legs as he looked at her with naked hunger in his glowing eyes.

Lilin reached for him. "Come here. That was great, but I want more. I need to touch you."

Galen shook his head as if he had come out of a daze. He jumped to his feet and backed up. "No. I shouldn't have done that. It's not real."

Lilin lifted herself up onto her elbows. "What? From my end, believe me, it felt very real." When Galen backed up even more, she started to feel a bit ridiculous lying half naked on the floor. She stood and closed the space between them. She ran a caressing hand across his thickly muscled chest. "That was really nice, Galen, but I want all of you."

He brushed her hand away. "No. I'm not going to fall for it again. I promised I wouldn't." Galen took another step away.

Lilin pulled her top back over her naked breasts. She was losing him and she didn't know why. "I don't understand. We're meant to be together, so why not let nature take its course?"

Galen gave a harsh laugh. "I've let nature have its way far too often and I've always gotten burned in the end. You'll be no different."

She frowned. "You're not making any sense. If you think I just want a quick romp in the hay, you're wrong. I'm willing to accept what's between us."

His eyes narrowed. "There's nothing between us for you to accept."

"I recognize the signs, Galen. Your mating urge kicked in after you met me. We're mates."

Galen's lips thinned into a hard line. "We aren't mates. Even if we were, why would you be so quick to tie yourself to me in that way? We hardly know each other. I don't even know what you are. I know you aren't a werewolf or a mortal. You obviously have to be a freak of some kind or you wouldn't be living in Strange Hollow."

Lilin jerked as if he had slapped her. She hadn't been called a freak in quite some time. The last time had been while she still lived with her family. It hurt now just as much as it hurt then. What made it even worse was that it came from Galen who she thought could be her mate. Calling her a freak was like the pot calling the kettle black. There had to be something different about him as well or he wouldn't be at Strange Hollow either.

Feeling hurt and starting to question if Galen was really feeling the mating urge or if it was just wishful thinking on her part, Lilin turned around and snatched up her jeans and panties. Without a backward glance she headed up the stairs. Not wanting to give him the satisfaction of hearing her slam the door, once she reached her room she quietly shut it behind her and turned the lock.

She hurled her jeans across the room. *How could I have misread Galen so badly?*

She had thought for sure he had to be the one. When he had taken her into his arms and did the things he had done, she had felt so sure of herself. Galen made her body soar like no other. She still ached for his touch.

Lilin took a deep, cleansing breath. Now wasn't the time to let her emotions get the better of her. She had to take a step back and look at the situation from another standpoint. She knew all the signs a male werewolf displayed when he found his mate, she'd made a point of learning them when she had decided she wanted one as hers. Contrary to what Galen had said, they *were* mates. He *had* shown the signs. So that left only one option—he was fighting the mating urge for some reason. His potshot at her being a freak was him grasping at straws, trying to get her to distance herself from him. Well, it wasn't going to work.

Feeling a little better about the Galen situation, Lilin slipped into her pink satin pajamas. If he wanted to push her away she would let him. There wasn't any point in fighting him. The mating urge would only ride him all the harder. Eventually he wouldn't be able to ignore it and he would come to her. A small smile played across Lilin's lips as she switched on the TV in her room. She would let Galen keep his distance, but it didn't mean she couldn't entice him. He was soon going to learn just how seductive a succubus could be when she set her mind to it.

* * * *

Galen hadn't been able to stop himself from turning and watching Lilin walk up the stairs. The sight of her naked shapely ass as she stalked up to the upper level had made him want to run after her and finish what they had started.

After he heard her bedroom door close, he threw back his head and stared at the ceiling for a few seconds while he tried to get himself back under control. That had been a close one. When Lilin had walked through the front door, he'd lost it. The need to taste her, touch her, had overridden every promise he had made to himself. He ran his fingers through his hair and tugged on the strands as he remembered how Lilin had tasted when she had come against his mouth. At least he'd had the good sense to keep his clothes on. Skin to skin contact would have just pushed him over the edge.

He wasn't exactly pleased with how he had pushed her away either. He hadn't missed the look of hurt that had flashed across Lilin's face before she had stalked past him. Hurting her by insulting her had not been well done of him. But what was done was done. If it managed to keep her mad at him enough that she would avoid him, Galen wouldn't take back what he had said. He needed every little bit of help he could get to resist Lilin.

Slowly, Galen walked up the stairs. The front of his jeans rubbed against his erection. His hard-on from hell had become three times worse. It didn't help that the scent of Lilin's arousal seemed to permeate his skin. He would have to take a shower, a cold one, to remove it if he hoped to get any sleep at all.

He headed straight for the bathroom when he reached the top of the stairs. Galen knew the longer he stayed at the B and B the more of a torture it would become, but he also knew he wouldn't leave. Even though he knew Lilin couldn't be his mate, he'd gotten a taste of her. The mating urge wouldn't let him leave until he had claimed her. Not that he planned to claim her. Basically, he had trapped himself in a cage of his own design. He was fucked.

Letting the cold water pound on his back, Galen wrapped his hand around his hard cock. He quickly pumped it up and down. It didn't take him long to find his release. It gave him a little relief, but it didn't last long. It didn't take the edge off his arousal, not with Lilin never far from his thoughts. He had no idea how he was going to last the coming days.

* * * *

Lilin woke up early the next morning and headed downstairs. She decided last night her first line of attack on Galen would be through his stomach. Given the size of him, she knew he would be a big eater. When she reached the kitchen she pulled out the ingredients to make pancakes. Along with the pancakes, she was going to cook bacon, sausages, eggs and hash browns. She didn't normally cook so much for her guests, but she wanted to make a lasting impression on Galen.

Once she had coffee brewing along with the bacon and sausages sizzling in a frying pan, she started ladling pancake batter into another frying pan. A pan already sat on the stove filled with hash browns. Lilin knew it wouldn't be long before Galen would be able to smell the food. Sure enough, five minutes later, she heard the sound of Galen moving upstairs in his room.

It didn't take him long to come down to the kitchen. She kept her back toward him as she worked in front of the stove. When she heard him pull out a chair at the table and sit down, she silently poured him a cup of coffee. Lilin placed it along with a small container of cream on the table in front of him. She then went back to the stove, making sure she swung her hips as she walked. She could almost feel Galen's heated gaze scorching her backside.

Lilin heaped his plate full of pancakes, sausage, bacon and hash browns. She leaned in slightly so the low-cut T-shirt she wore gaped open at the neckline. Her hip brushed up against Galen's arm when she placed the plate in front of him. A glance at him showed his eyes had become riveted to her chest. His nostrils flared with each breath he took. Lilin bit the inside of her bottom lip to stop herself from smiling. Score one for her.

She filled a plate of food for herself and sat down at the table across from Galen. Lilin took the bottle of syrup that sat on the table and poured some over her pancakes. She caught the last drop on the rim of the bottle with her index finger and made a big show of sucking it into her mouth. She parted her lips slightly and swirled her tongue around it once for good measure. Galen's breath seemed to leave his lungs in a whoosh.

Lilin put a piece of pancake in her mouth and moaned softly while she chewed it slowly. She licked the excess syrup from her lips. She looked up to find Galen staring at her as if he wanted to jump across the table and devour her. His eyes had a slight glow to them and his hand was fisted so tightly around the handle of his fork his knuckles had turned white. So far, so good.

After she finished her second bite of pancake, Lilin put down her fork and ran her finger in the syrup on her plate. She met Galen's heated gaze. "I thought I would take you to the center of town today and see if we can meet up with Jacinda. You can sometimes catch her there. That way you can introduce yourself and tell her you want to become a resident of Strange Hollow."

Lilin slowly brought her finger up to her mouth and licked the syrup off with the tip of her tongue. Galen couldn't quite hold back a groan when his gaze locked onto her

mouth. His eyes followed her movements as she stuck her finger back into the syrup and swirled it around. "I can go by myself," Galen said in a stiff voice.

"Don't be silly. You won't know who Jacinda is. It will be easier if I come along. Once you meet her you'll be one step closer to being able to find a place for yourself."

This time when she brought her finger up to her mouth she sucked it in and out. A low growl rumbled out of Galen's chest. With a look of innocence on her face, Lilin asked, "Is something wrong?"

"No," he replied through gritted teeth.

"Well, eat up. You don't want your food to get cold."

He roughly stabbed a sausage with his fork and practically put the whole thing in his mouth. Galen yanked his gaze off her and focused on his plate. He seemed to be inhaling his food in record time. She had to be getting to him.

Lilin cut another piece of her pancake and swirled it in the excess syrup on her plate. She lifted it to her mouth and deliberately let some of the syrup drip onto her chest.

"Oopsie. Look what I did." When Galen's eyes lifted, she yanked on the neckline of her shirt so more of the top of her breasts showed. "How clumsy of me. I dribbled some syrup on my chest." She saw Galen's gaze heat up another notch as he watched her wipe up the sticky mess with her finger. She pulled her top down even lower. "Did I get it all?"

Galen had his jaw clamped so tightly together a muscle along it jumped. His lips didn't move when he said, "Yes."

Lilin sighed dramatically. "Now I'm all sticky. I guess I had better wash it off."

Galen stood up quickly. His chair flew back behind him. "I'm done. I'll wait for you outside." Then, almost at a run, he left the kitchen.

Yup, she had gotten to him big time. The man couldn't get away from her fast enough.

Chapter Four

She was punishing him. Lilin couldn't be like every other woman and just give him the silent treatment. He'd insulted her, after all. No, she had to torment him, make him ache for her even more. He had been all prepared to deal with Lilin not wanting anything to do with him. Galen had wanted it, but this, he hadn't expected.

When Lilin had silently given him the cup of coffee, he had figured she had to be still mad. Hell, if she had insulted him the way he had her, he wouldn't have been able to get over it very quickly either. But when she had licked the syrup off her finger, moaning while she ate, he thought he would lose his mind. Then she had turned both barrels on him when she had pulled down her top to clean up the syrup she had dripped on her chest. Galen had wanted to lick the sticky stuff off her skin and lave the top of her breasts until she cried out in passion.

Galen sat sideways on the seat of his motorcycle while he waited for Lilin to come outside. He knew he shouldn't be anywhere near her. The more time he spent with her the harder it would be to resist her, but he couldn't make himself stay away. After what had happened between them night before, Lilin's offer to introduce him to Jacinda, the founder of Strange Hollow, had been more than generous. He just hoped he survived it.

Lilin walked down the B and B's porch steps ten minutes later. He'd been able to get himself back under control while he had waited for her, but just the sight of her walking toward him had his blood heating once again. The sway of her hips drew his attention as she walked. Her jeans were sinfully tight and showed off her slim, luscious curves. He had originally thought to offer to take his motorcycle, but he quickly vetoed it. Lilin sitting on the back of his bike with her front plastered to his back and her arms wrapped around his waist would be too much for his self-control.

Galen stood when Lilin stopped in front of him. "Let's go," he said gruffly. He started to walk down the driveway.

"We aren't going to take your bike?"

He stopped and turned around. "No. It isn't that far. I would rather walk."

A look of disappointment flashed across Lilin's face before she moved to his side. "All right. It's a good day for a walk. If you want I can show you where the forest is on our way back to the B and B. It's a good place to let your wolf run. Daker goes there all the time."

Galen started walking while Lilin kept pace at his side. The mention of the other werewolf's name had his back coming up. "We'll see."

"You'll love it. I've gone with Daker on lots of walks through the forest when he has gone wolf."

If Lilin said Daker's name one more time, Galen would be snapping his teeth at her pretty soon. He knew he shouldn't feel jealous, but the little green monster had already sunk its teeth into him. "How about we don't talk about Daker anymore, okay? Why don't you tell me about Jacinda." Galen didn't miss the small smile that tugged at Lilin's lips. It made him wonder if she was deliberately throwing Daker in his face to get a rise out of him.

"Fine. Her full name is Jacinda Fergus. She founded Strange Hollow on April 11,

1900, which is now the date of Freedom Day. Jacinda is a fairy. Her family cast her out of their court because she doesn't quite fit the ideal mold of a fairy. She's friendly, but is a bit reserved. You'll like her. Everyone does."

"Anything else I should know?" Galen stiffened when Lilin brushed up against his arm. His cock jerked in his pants as her scent wrapped around him.

"Jacinda will tell you the town laws. Don't worry, there aren't that many, but Jacinda makes sure they are upheld."

"And they would be?"

"If you rape or murder someone the punishment is death. Outcasts are accepted in Strange Hollow, but elitists are eaten on sight."

Galen snorted. "Well, you don't have to worry about me doing any of those things, or falling into the category that gets eaten."

"I didn't think so," Lilin said with a laugh.

The sound of her laughter caused his gut to clench. Everything about Lilin aroused him. If only she truly was his mate, then he could claim her and put himself out of his misery. But he reacted to her the same as he had all the others.

They finally reached Main Street and started walking toward the Town Hall. More than one person they passed on the sidewalk greeted Lilin. Like any other small town, it seemed as if everyone who lived in Strange Hollow knew everyone else. Galen hoped the small town feel would help him get over the loss he felt from no longer being a part of his pack. He'd never wanted to go lone wolf. He liked the ties the pack brought. He gave himself a mental shake. There wasn't any point crying over spilt milk. He could never go back to his pack and he had to face up to that fact.

"There she is," Lilin said when they had almost reached the Town Hall.

She left his side and hurried over to a woman who stood in front of a shop window looking inside it. The woman Lilin greeted had brown hair that fell to the middle of her back. She was four inches shorter than Lilin's five foot eight. She was also a lot more heavysset. Galen would describe her as pleasantly plump. He now knew what Lilin had meant when she said Jacinda didn't fit the fairy mold. Both women turned in his direction.

Lilin waved him over. "Galen Blackwood this is Jacinda Fergus."

Galen nodded at the fairy. "Nice to meet you."

Jacinda's violet-eyed gaze looked him up and down. "Lilin says you've come to start a new life here at Strange Hollow. You're a werewolf?"

"Yes."

Jacinda gave Lilin a wink. "So you finally found yourself another werewolf, Lilin." She turned back to Galen. "As you most likely already know, Strange Hollow is a town for outcasts to feel normal. Somewhere to live without having anyone pointing fingers at them and telling them they are different." She looked him up and down again. "From the outside you don't look any different from any other werewolf. So I have to ask, what makes you an outcast?"

Galen looked over at Lilin to find her watching him intently. He had no idea how she would react when she found out how he was different. He turned back to Jacinda. "My nose is my problem."

Jacinda blinked. "Your nose?"

He nodded. "I was forced to go lone wolf because of it. To put it simply, whenever I

meet a woman I'm attracted to, her scent sets off my mating urge. I display all the signs and go through hell until I take her to bed. It isn't until after I've slept with her do I find out my nose screwed up. She isn't my mate. While in my pack, it put me in some delicate situations since I slept with every woman who set off my mating urge just in case she actually turned out to be my mate. I pissed off a lot of male werewolves."

To Jacinda's credit, she didn't bat an eye. "I can see how that would make life a bit uncomfortable for you. I would also say that qualifies you as an outcast. I'm sure Lilin has told you the town laws." At Galen's nod, she said, "Good. Abide by them and you shouldn't have any problems here. Welcome to Strange Hollow. I look forward to getting to know you better, Galen. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to run."

Once Jacinda crossed the street and walked down the sidewalk in the opposite direction, Galen turned to Lilin. She wore a look of utter disappointment on her face. He shrugged. "I told you last night that it wasn't real. It never is."

"How often has this happened?"

Galen grimaced. "You really don't want to know."

"If you slept with all those other women, how come you won't sleep with me to see if I'm your mate or not?"

"Because I came to Strange Hollow to put all that behind me. I don't want to screw things up as badly as I did with my pack. I'm going to keep my dick in my pants for a change."

"So you're going to go from being a roving playboy to being completely celibate?"

"Basically."

"How? If the mating urge is riding you, you won't be able to ignore it. It'll just get worse the longer you put it off."

"So I'll suffer. It's better than being threatened to be castrated." Not in the mood to talk about his problem anymore, Galen said, "Show me where this forest is that you talked about. I could go for a run in my wolf form right about now."

Lilin nodded. "Sure. It's a bit of a walk, but it's worth it."

Galen walked beside Lilin as she led him toward the outlying boundaries of the town. A definite change had come over her after she had learned why he had come to Strange Hollow. She had withdrawn into herself and didn't try to start a conversation. More able to handle this Lilin than Lilin the seductress, Galen let her have her space.

* * * *

Lilin's thoughts were all in a jumble. Hearing what had made Galen an outcast in his pack had been the last thing she would have expected. It was a doosey compared to Daker's wolf being nothing but a big puppy dog. In his pack, Galen had been the male version of a succubus, except he didn't steal the energy of the women he slept with. He was just looking for his mate. Even though she knew Galen hadn't really had much choice in the matter, it still didn't stop the feeling of disappointment she'd felt when she'd heard he'd been sleeping around so much. If she'd taken that many men to her bed she would have done her mother proud. Lilin could count the number of men she had slept with on one hand.

When they reached the forest, the sound of a tree crashing to the ground reached their ears. Despite her low mood, Lilin couldn't help but smile. "Daker must already be here."

Galen gave her a hard stare. "A tree falls and you know for sure Daker must be around?"

"Yes. It also means Thora, his mate, is with him too."

Galen sent a pointed look her way. "His mate? Somehow you forgot to tell me last night when I met Daker that he had a mate."

"I guess I did. Just to give you the heads-up, whenever you're around Thora, keep on your toes. She's a jinx, literally. She's human, but was cursed to be a jinx. Things happen around her."

"Like trees suddenly falling over in a forest."

"Exactly. And I guess I should mention if Daker is in his wolf form and you go wolf, be easy on him. Daker's wolf is more puppy dog than wolf. He would much rather play fetch than defend his territory."

"And that would be the reason why Daker lives here?"

"Yes. Also, when he's in wolf form, his wolf has complete control. Daker is only a spectator. He can't even shift back to human form unless his wolf lets him."

Galen let out a low whistle. "Now that would suck."

They found Thora standing just inside the forest. As they walked toward her, Thora called to the wolf with blondish-brown fur that stood a little distance away, "Sorry, babe. At least it wasn't a big one and you weren't very close to it when it fell."

Once Galen and Lilin were within speaking distance, Lilin said, "Who needs a lumberjack when we have you around, Thora."

Thora turned at the sound of her voice. "Lilin. Hey, I'm not that bad, at least not anymore. It was just one tree." Thora's eyes skipped over Galen. "Are you going to introduce me to your friend?"

"Galen, this is Thora. Thora, this is Galen. We just met up with Jacinda, so Galen is now officially a resident of Strange Hollow. I brought him here to show him this would be the perfect place for him to go wolf and go for a run."

"Nice to meet you, Galen. Daker's wolf loves it here."

As if on cue, the wolf bounded over to them and jumped up on Lilin to lick her face. Lilin grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and pulled his head away. "Enough kisses. I'm happy to see you as well. I brought you a friend." Lilin pushed the wolf down.

The wolf shoved his nose into Galen's hand, then wagged his tail so fast his back end wiggled. He gave a short bark while he looked up at Galen expectantly.

"Go on," Lilin said to Galen. "I think he wants to play with you."

Galen made a face that said she had to be kidding him. "I don't play when I go wolf."

"Well, go run with him. It doesn't take much to make Daker's wolf happy. And you did say you could use a run."

"Fine, but I'm not playing fetch so don't even try it."

Galen took a step back. His body began to blur and shimmer as he shifted to his wolf form. In a matter of seconds a wolf with dark brown fur and Galen's blue-green eyes stood in his place. Daker's wolf yipped and jumped around enthusiastically. When Daker's wolf got a bit too close, Galen let out a low growl. He took off at a run through the trees with Daker's wolf close on his heels.

Lilin sighed deeply when she saw how graceful Galen was in his wolf form. Watching him shift, she had wanted to bury her fingers in his soft-looking fur and stroke

him. She had no idea what to do about Galen now.

Both she and Thora started walking in the direction the wolves had taken. Thora asked, "What's wrong, Lilin? You don't look very happy. I thought you would still be over the moon about finding Galen."

"I was until we met up with Jacinda."

"I thought the meeting must have gone well since Jacinda accepted him."

"It did. It's just now that I've found out what has made him different from other werewolves, I'm a little lost."

Thora ducked under a low hanging branch. "Is it bad?"

"You could say that. Every time he meets a woman he is attracted to, his mating urge kicks in, only to find out after he has slept with her she isn't his mate."

Thora put her hand on Lilin's arm drawing her to a halt. "You mean he sleeps with all of them?"

"Yes. How else would he know?"

"Ouch. So you don't know if he is truly your mate. Just because his mating urge kicked in with you it may not mean anything. Are you going to sleep with him?"

Lilin snorted. "I would if Galen will let me. The way things stand now, he thinks I'm not his mate, and that his nose is playing tricks on him again. He says he won't sleep with me to find out if he is right or not."

They started to walk again. Thora shook her head. "You're not going to let him get away with that, are you?"

"I don't know. After what happened last night when I got back from your place, I decided I would do all it took to get him into my bed. Now, I'm not so sure. What happens if Galen is right and I'm not the one for him? The more time I spend with him the more I want him to be mine."

"First of all, what happened last night? And secondly, could you live with yourself if you didn't try? I know I would want to know one way or the other."

Lilin smiled. "Let's just say Galen really knows how to use his lips and tongue. As for your second question, no I couldn't. It would drive me nuts."

"Well, there you go. You've already decided. If he keeps holding you at arm's length, turn on your succubus charm and drive him crazy until he can't take any more and caves in. You just have to push the right buttons." She sighed. "Werewolf males do have a way with their tongues, among other things."

Both Lilin and Thora started to laugh. The two wolves had turned back and were now almost upon them. Daker's wolf's body started to blur and shimmer as he made the change. Galen shifted a second later.

Daker looked at Lilin and Thora. "Okay, what were the two of you talking about? You both have a look on your face that says you're up to no good."

Thora walked over to him and wrapped her arms around his waist. "We were just talking about girl stuff. Nothing that would interest you."

Daker pulled her closer. "Why don't I believe you?"

Thora didn't answer him. She reached up and wrapped her hand around the back of Daker's neck and urged his lips down to hers. The kiss started off light, but soon turned hot and heavy.

Lilin chuckled and shook her head. She turned to Galen. "We might as well leave these two alone."

Galen shifted uncomfortably on his feet. "I guess so. Being unmated around a mated pair sucks." He turned around and headed for the tree line.

In his last statement, Lilin detected a hint of longing. Obviously he wished for a mate as much as she did. Thora was right. Lilin wouldn't be able to live with herself if she didn't get Galen into her bed at least once. Then they would know for sure if they were destined to be mates or not. With Galen walking at a fast clip at her side, she decided she would have to be the one to force the issue. She would give him until tonight, then she would storm his defenses.

Chapter Five

After they returned to the B and B, Galen ran up to his room. He returned back downstairs a minute later wearing his leather jacket with his motorcycle helmet in his hand.

Moving quickly, Lilin stepped in front of him, blocking his path to the front door. “Where are you going?”

“Out. I thought I would drive around and see if I can find any places for sale.”

“Do you want me to come along?”

Galen quickly shook his head. “That won’t be necessary. I’ll be fine on my own.”

He tried to sidestep around her, but Lilin moved with him. “How about we have dinner together tonight? In celebration of you being accepted into Strange Hollow.”

He gave her a grim look. “Lilin, I know what you’re trying to do. It isn’t going to work. I told you we aren’t mates. I’m not going to sleep with you. Until I find a place of my own, I think it would be best if we kept our distance from each other.”

Lilin took a step closer. “What if I only want one night? If it does work out we aren’t mates, I won’t push you for more. And I won’t be hurt by it. Just one night. One way or another, your mating urge will stop riding you.”

She could tell Galen was thinking it over from the intense look on his face. His gaze locked with hers. His eyes took on a muted glow. Lilin held her breath thinking she might have just won, but she let out a disappointed sigh when Galen shook his head.

He looked away. “No. That’s the excuse I used to make to justify my taking all those others to bed. One way or the other my mating urge would cool and I could go on with my life, but then I would meet the next one and it would start all over again. Sometimes the very next day. It’s a never-ending cycle.”

She decided to push him a little. Lilin placed her hand on Galen’s arm and looked at him with longing in her eyes. “I’m offering you relief, Galen. You know the longer you are around me and deny the mating urge the worse it will get. You’re going to break sometime. It’s inevitable.”

He pulled her hand away. “No touching. And no, it isn’t inevitable. For once I’m going to be stronger than it.” He pushed past her and walked out the front door.

Lilin heard his motorcycle roar to life a minute later before he drove out of the driveway. Obviously Galen was going to continue to fight it. More determined that tonight would be the night, she headed to the kitchen to make herself some tea. She had some planning to do if she wanted to end up the victor by the end of the night.

* * * *

Galen didn’t return until well after dark. Lilin had figured he would stay away from the B and B and her for as long as he could. It had also given her lots of time to get herself ready. She’d taken a shower, shaved her legs and rubbed body lotion all over her. Skipping perfume, since it would only mask her own natural scent, Lilin put on her slinkiest lingerie. Blush pink in color, the short, see-through lace teddy hugged her curves perfectly. The dusky rose of her nipples could be seen easily through the lace. She wore a

matching, equally see-through lace thong under it. While she waited for Galen to come back, she pulled a terry bathrobe over the top of the ensemble.

After she heard Galen's room door shut behind him, Lilin forced herself to wait an hour before she left her room and went to his. She wanted him to think she would leave him alone for the rest of the night.

Quietly, she tiptoed down the hall. She pressed her ear to the door. All she heard was the sound of the television playing on the other side. Lilin gently took hold of the knob and turned it. As she had expected, Galen had locked the door. Fishing inside the pocket of her bathrobe, she pulled out the extra key to his room. Slowly, she turned the key once she had it in the lock.

The door now unlocked, she pocketed the key again and turned the knob. Lilin only opened the door wide enough for her to slip inside the room. She smiled when she found Galen stretched out on top of the bed, asleep and fully clothed. She shut the door behind her.

Moving toward Galen, Lilin undid her bathrobe and pulled it off. She let it drop to the floor when she reached the side of the bed. As if he sensed her presence, Galen's eyes snapped open and he turned his head to look at her. His eyes widened when his gaze ran over her body.

Galen sat bolt upright. "Lilin? What are you doing? And dressed like that."

She gave him a seductive smile. "I'm seducing you, of course."

"I told you no."

"And I told you yes."

Galen shifted on the bed until his back hit the headboard. "It isn't going to happen, Lilin. You can just turn around and march on out of here."

Lilin tsked. "I see you're still going to be difficult. I can't have that."

Part of being a succubus, she had the ability to read what a man's weakness was so she would have a better chance of seducing him. It also let her make changes in herself to exploit it. Lilin hadn't used this ability much, but in this instance, she had no qualms about using it to her advantage. Knowing her scent had been what set off Galen's mating urge, and that it would lure him to her, she used her ability to enhance it. Running her gaze over Galen's body, she let it linger on the large bulge in his jeans. As she became more aroused, she knew the scent of her arousal, now stronger than it normally would be to Galen, joined with her normal scent.

Galen's eyes took on a muted glow while a low growl rumbled out of him. His chest rapidly rose and fell with each breath he took. Lilin crawled onto the bed. Galen jerked when she placed her hand on his muscled thigh. She moved it up his leg, making sure to avoid his erection, and ran it up his hard stomach to his wide chest. His gaze stayed locked with hers as he drew her scent deep into his lungs. Lilin straddled Galen's hips and cupped his face in her hands. She bent her head and dragged her tongue along his lips.

He groaned. "What are you doing to me? Your scent is three times stronger than it was before."

She nibbled her way along his jaw to his ear, and said into it, "You wanted to know what I was. I'm a succubus."

Galen moaned when she swirled her tongue inside his ear. "A succubus?"

"Yes, and before you ask, I don't normally seduce men. Only you. And this is how I

truly look.”

“I don’t stand a chance, do I?” Galen asked in a husky voice. His hands came up, threading through her hair.

“Not really.” Lilin delighted in the shiver Galen made when she gently blew into his ear.

With his hands still in her hair, he brought her lips back to his. He kissed her deeply, pushing his tongue past her lips to sweep the inside of her mouth. He growled and brought one arm down to her waist. He stroked her down to the small of her back, taking hold of one side of her bottom. Galen groaned loudly when his hand encountered her bare skin. His kiss became more demanding as he brought his other hand down to grab the other side of her bottom. He squeezed and kneaded her there while he positioned her so she sat on his lap. They both let out a groan when her pussy settled on top of his hard-on.

Lilin ground herself against the hard length of him through his jeans and took hold of the bottom of Galen’s T-shirt. She pulled it up to his chin, breaking their kiss only long enough to yank it over his head. She stroked across his bared chest, molding the muscles of his pecs.

Sucking on his bottom lip, she gave it a nip before she released it and moved to the side of his neck. Lilin trailed her hands down Galen’s front to the waistband of his jeans as she licked and sucked on his neck. His hips jerked when she reached where his shoulder and neck met. She teased him by dragging her teeth across it, knowing a bite on that particular spot was a major turn-on for a male werewolf. Galen stiffened when she did it again, but she kissed a path down to the top of his chest.

Galen groaned. “Don’t be a tease. Bite me.”

Lilin swirled her tongue around his nipple before she blew on it. “I’ll bite you when I’m ready to bite you.” She undid the button and zipper of his jeans. Reaching inside, she wrapped her hand around his erect cock. “Right now, I’m more interested in what I have in my hand.”

As she slowly worked her way down his chest to his washboard abs, Lilin used her other hand to pull his jeans down past his hips. Galen pushed them down his legs and kicked them free. Now that she had him completely naked, Lilin lifted her head and let her gaze run down the length of his body. He was solid muscle.

Slipping further down his legs, she stroked up and down his shaft. A bead of moisture appeared on the very tip. Lilin felt her pussy grow wet. She ached to have Galen’s cock buried deep inside her. The lace material of her teddy brushed against her pebbled nipples with every move she made, sending a flutter of pleasure through her.

When she grew level with his cock, Lilin stuck out her tongue and licked away the bead of pre-cum. Galen moaned. His hand lifted and cupped the back of her head when she licked him from base to tip. She then swirled her tongue around the head.

Galen lifted his hips. “Lilin, you’re killing me.”

“I haven’t even started yet.”

Keeping a firm hold on his shaft, Lilin opened her mouth and sucked as much of his length inside as she could manage. Galen’s hold on her head tightened slightly when she sucked and stroked his cock at the same time. He grew even harder, causing wetness to leak between her thighs.

Galen didn’t let her pleasure him that way for very long. He took hold of her arm and urged her back up to his mouth. With his lips moving feverishly on hers, he rolled her

under him. His hand molded her breast and stroked her taut nipple through the lace. Lilin reached up to cover his hand and squeezed, telling him she wanted a firmer touch.

He released her breast and hooked his finger in the neckline of her teddy. Pulling it aside, Galen left her mouth and started to suck on her nipple. Lilin arched her back to press herself closer. Each pull of his mouth caused her pussy to clench and grow wetter.

Taking hold of the hem of her teddy, Galen pulled it up and over her head. He shifted so he lay beside her and ran his hand down her side to her hip. His fingers slipped under the barely-there waistband of her thong and inched it down. Once he had it off, Galen ran his hand up the inside of her thigh to her pussy. First one finger and then another pushed inside her slick opening. He stroked them in and out as he sucked her other nipple into his mouth, sucking hard.

Lilin was more than ready to have him come inside her. She needed his cock where his fingers were, filling her, stretching her. With her breaths coming in pants, she rocked her hips against Galen's hand. "I need you inside me."

Galen pulled his fingers free of her pussy and shifted so he lay between her spread thighs. Resting most of his weight on his bent arms, the tip of his cock came to rest against her sex. Galen pulled back and sheathed himself to the hilt with one stroke. He held still for a few seconds to give her time to adjust to his thickness before he started to move.

Lilin held onto Galen's shoulders as he thrust hard against her. She wrapped her legs around his waist. "Yes, just like that," she moaned.

Galen increased his pace. He angled up higher so his pelvic bone rubbed against her clit with each thrust. Lilin clamped her inner muscles around his hard shaft, lifting her hips to meet each of his strokes. Her body coiled tighter as her climax inched ever closer.

Then she felt it. Her eyes popped open on a gasp. She looked into Galen's blue-green eyes. They glowed, and from the expression of wonder that he wore on his face, she knew he felt it too. As he continued to move in and out of her, Lilin felt his soul brush up against hers. His soul then reached out for it. She kept her gaze locked with Galen's when she felt her soul reach out and wrap around his.

Their souls now joined, he threw back his head and howled. He rammed into her faster. Lilin used his shoulders to lift herself up. She licked where his shoulder and neck met and bit him just when she started to come. Moaning with the intense pleasure surging through her as her inner walls rhythmically gripped Galen's shaft, she felt him ram into her one final time. He growled/moaned when he, too, found his release.

Galen slumped down on top of her. Lilin wrapped her arms around his back and held him tightly. He was her mate. Their souls had joined. What she had long wished for had finally happened. She was now mated to a werewolf.

She stroked his back. He was still hard deep inside her. His face was buried in the crook of her neck. Lilin hadn't slept with a werewolf before, but she knew all male werewolves could keep an erection for hours at a time even after coming multiple times. She squeezed her inner muscles around his cock.

When she had caught her breath, she asked, "Galen? Are you all right?"

He lifted his head and looked deeply into her eyes. With the tips of his fingers he brushed a lock of hair off her forehead before he gently placed a kiss on it. "I'm more than all right. I never thought it would ever happen because of my problem."

"So, you're okay with this? I know I put you in a spot where you couldn't say no."

Galen chuckled. "I'm not complaining, Lilin. I'm happy that you're mine. I never thought my mate would end up being a succubus, though." He grew serious. "What you said before, about you not seducing other men and how you look now is truly how you look, is that why you came to Strange Hollow?"

She nodded. "It was hard enough not being born ugly, but when I refused to seduce men just to steal their energy, my family disowned me. My mother thought I was a huge disappointment. She thought I had to be crazy for wanting to find one man to settle down with. A succubus' life wasn't for me. I decided long ago that I would find my mate and that he would be a werewolf."

"A werewolf, huh? Why a werewolf?"

"Because of what happens when your kind claims their mates. I wanted that closeness, the joining of souls. Growing up with women who used men like toilet paper, I wanted a connection to my mate that would be everlasting."

"Well, you got your wish, and I got mine." Galen brushed his lips across hers. "And right now, the wolf inside me wants to claim you as his as well."

Galen gently thrust his still hard cock in and out of her. Lilin felt her body stir to life once more when he took her lips in a slow, passionate kiss. It didn't take long before she was reaching down, digging her fingers into his muscled ass to get him to move harder, faster.

"Not yet," Galen murmured. "I want to take you the way the wolf part of me wants you."

He pulled out of her and urged her onto her stomach. With a hand underneath her hips, he got her to raise herself up on her hands and knees. Once Galen had her positioned, he moved to kneel behind her. His cock rubbed her wet pussy when he took hold of her hips and pulled her closer.

Lilin rocked back at the same time Galen took hold of his cock and pushed it forward, sheathing himself inside her wet pussy inch by inch. Lilin moaned when he seated himself to the hilt. In this position, she could take more of him deeper.

Rearing back, Galen almost pulled free of her pussy only to slam back into her. He held still for a few seconds before he did it again. Lilin's pussy clamped down around his shaft, squeezing him tight. With a low growl, he started to ride her. His strokes, long and hard, had Lilin clutching the sheets under her. He seemed to grow even harder with each thrust. As he worked his cock in and out of her sex, Lilin rocked back to match his strokes.

Now that they were mated, it made this joining that much more intense. Galen not only touched her physically, he touched her soul. She was no longer alone, and neither was he.

Galen pumped his hips faster. Lilin felt her orgasm building deep inside her. When Galen reached around and found her clit, it sent her flying. With a whimpered moan, she climaxed around his shaft. He gripped her hips as he held her to him when his cock pulsed inside her, filling her with his cum.

Still hard, Galen wrapped his arm around Lilin's waist and brought her with him when he moved to lie on his side. He nuzzled the back of her neck. "Go to sleep, my mate. You're going to need it. I have a feeling I'm far from being done with you this night."

Lilin's eyelids drifted shut, and she smiled. She wasn't exactly finished with Galen

just yet either.

Chapter Six

Galen awoke to find the spot on the bed next to him empty. He turned his head and looked at the room's only window. He saw daylight shining through the crack of the closed curtains. The clock on the bedside table showed it was well after ten in the morning. He smiled, thinking of the reason why he had slept in so late. Lilin and he had spent most of the night making love.

He had a mate. Galen still had a hard time believing it was true. To have gone through the mating urge so many times and have it fail him time after time, he'd figured there wouldn't be that one special woman out there for him. Now he had Lilin, who happened to be a succubus, no less. Galen got hard just thinking about how they had used her abilities for seduction during the night. She'd left him so satiated that by the time dawn broke over the horizon he could barely move.

Stretching, he took a deep breath. The smell of eggs, toast and frying bacon filled his nose. Galen looked at the closed bedroom door and smiled. His Lilin must have gotten up to make breakfast. His Lilin. He liked the sound of that. Now that their souls had joined with their mating, he'd felt their bond grow stronger each time they had made love.

He got out of bed, picked up his discarded jeans off the floor and pulled them on. Barefoot and shirtless, Galen headed down the stairs. When he arrived at the kitchen, he found Lilin standing at the stove with her back toward him. He ran his appreciative gaze down the length of her. She wore the terry bathrobe she'd worn when she had first come to his room. He knew exactly what was underneath it. Lilin's body was all curves and lush angles. He had licked and kissed every inch of her slim figure during the night. He had memorized every line, every curve.

Galen walked up behind Lilin and wrapped his arms around her waist. He bent his head and kissed the side of her neck. "That smells delicious. I'm starved."

Lilin turned her head in his direction and smiled. "Well, I'm not surprised. We *did* put the night to good use. The food is almost ready, so go grab yourself a cup of coffee from the counter over there and take a seat."

"Do you need some help?"

"Nope, I'm fine." Lilin kissed his cheek. "I've got it all under control."

Galen took one of the mugs that sat on the counter next to the coffeemaker and poured some into it. He filled the second one for Lilin. Sitting down at the table with both cups, he watched his mate fill two plates with food. She then brought them over to the table.

After a few bites, Lilin said, "I guess now you don't have to worry about your nose getting you into trouble anymore."

His hand froze halfway to his mouth. Would his nose no longer be a problem? Galen hadn't thought that far ahead.

Lilin's brows drew together in concern. "What's the matter? What did I say?"

He slowly put his fork down onto his plate. "I don't know."

"What don't you know?"

"I don't know if my nose is fixed or not." He hoped like hell it was. Technically, now that Lilin was his mate, his mating urge should no longer kick in. He'd claimed her,

end of story. But a little voice inside his head asked, *What if claiming Lilin hadn't fixed it?*

"I'm sure it did, Galen. It has to have."

It sounded as if Lilin had said that to convince herself along with him. A look of worry had flashed across her face when he'd said he wasn't sure his nose wouldn't act up. He quickly stood. He didn't want Lilin to have to worry if there wasn't any reason to. Galen walked out of the kitchen and headed for the front door.

Lilin ran up behind him. "Galen? Where are you going?"

He turned around and pulled her up against his chest. "I'm going to the grocery store. There should be more than one woman there that I think looks attractive. If I don't find one, I'll walk up and down Main Street until I do. I need to know if my nose will try to screw me up or not." Lilin pulled his head down and kissed him until all he could think about was pushing her up against the nearest wall and burying his cock between her legs. When she released his lips, he asked, "What was that for?"

"That," she said, "is to remind you of what you have waiting back here for you."

Galen kissed her again, savoring the taste and feel of her pressed against him. They were both almost out of breath by the time he lifted his head. "I have no need of reminders because I will never forget. I need to do this, Lilin."

"I know. Just don't stay away too long. I really don't want to experience what will happen if we're separated for a long period of time."

"I promise. It isn't something I'm looking forward to either."

Now that they were well and truly mated, neither of them would be able to stand being away from the other. An hour would feel like a month had gone by without being together. A couple of hours would feel like a year. Their minds would play tricks on them, making them believe something bad had happened to the other. They would feel extremely uncomfortable. Once they were together again it would be like setting a match to tinder. Their need to reconnect would lead to them making love. They wouldn't be able to ignore it. The sex would be hard, fast and explosive.

He was about to open the front door when Lilin cleared her throat. "Um, before you go out, I think you might want to put a shirt and shoes on."

Galen looked down at himself and chuckled. "I guess you're right."

He took the stairs two at a time. After he pulled on a shirt, socks and shoes, he grabbed his motorcycle keys, deciding it would be faster if he drove to the center of town instead of walking. Back downstairs, he gave Lilin one last kiss, then walked out of the B and B.

* * * *

Galen drove straight to Main Street. He parked his bike on the street in front of the small grocery store. He swung his leg over the back of his bike and stood on the sidewalk facing the store. A woman crossed his line of sight as she walked by. He found her pretty enough, but she really wasn't his type.

Taking a deep breath, praying his nose would behave, Galen pulled open the door to the grocery store and stepped inside. He headed for the produce section where he could see a few other customers, all female. He drew in deep breaths of air once he reached them. What he mostly smelled were the scents of the fresh fruit and vegetables that sat out for purchase. He easily picked out each individual woman's scent, but they didn't get

a reaction out of him. As with the woman outside, the women didn't really appeal to his senses. One would have been considered very pretty, but she did nothing for him. He moved on to one of the aisles as a sense of euphoria washed over him. It hadn't happened. His mating urge didn't react to any of the women.

Just to make sure he no longer had to worry about how he would react when he encountered a woman he found attractive, Galen hung around in the grocery store for another twenty minutes. With every woman he walked by, nothing happened. Her scent, her looks, weren't what he wanted. They just weren't Lilin.

Galen came to a standstill in the middle of one aisle. That was it. They just weren't Lilin. None of them were his mate. She would be the only one for him for the rest of his very long life. Now that he wasn't trying to hunt down every woman in the store, Galen realized he had started to feel a bit uncomfortable. The need to be with Lilin was something he wouldn't be able to ignore. It pulled at him, making him anxious to leave the store and return to the B and B. He'd only been away from Lilin for a half hour and already he missed her, felt desperate to have her in his arms again. Definitely not liking how he was feeling, Galen left the grocery store and got on his motorcycle. Once he'd started it, he sped back to the B and B and Lilin.

He'd just managed to shut the front door when Lilin came out of nowhere and threw herself at him. Her fingers were in his hair, bringing his mouth down to hers before he could catch his breath. She was practically devouring him as her hands left his hair to tug at his jeans. Galen moaned into her mouth when she shoved her hand inside his jeans to wrap around his now hard cock.

Still kissing as if their lives depended on it, Galen backed Lilin toward the living room. Before they reached the couch, Lilin pulled her hand away and turned him so he had his back to it. She then gave him a push. Sitting on the couch and looking up at where she stood in front of him, Galen watched her make quick work of taking off her top, bra, jeans and panties. He had his clothes off just as the last piece of clothing left Lilin's body.

Naked, with his erection standing at attention, he reached for Lilin. She fell against his chest and shifted on his lap so she straddled his hips. Her pussy, already wet, came to rest against his shaft. She was more than ready for him. He reached up and cupped one of her breasts. "You were right. I want only you. God, how I want you."

Lilin nipped his chin. "I told you so. We can discuss your nose later. Right now, all I can think about is having that big cock of yours buried inside me."

His cock jerked against Lilin as she rubbed her pussy up and down the length of it. Galen felt her juices coat him, making him slide more easily against her. It also made him go harder than he already was. The smell of Lilin's arousal made the need to take her, to join their two bodies together, even stronger. He would never get enough of her.

Going up on her knees, Lilin positioned herself above his erect cock. She placed her hands on the top of his shoulders before she slowly pushed down until she had impaled herself on his shaft. The feel of her warm wetness closing around him made Galen groan. Lilin fit him like a glove.

When she slowly started to ride him, Galen leaned forward and sucked a nipple that hung enticingly in front of him into his mouth. Lilin arched her back to offer more of her breast as she rode up and down his length. Her inner walls gripped his shaft, squeezing him tight. It felt like heaven.

Wanting Lilin to go faster, Galen released her breast to take hold of her bottom with both hands, urging her to increase the pace. He looked down between them and watched her pussy take his full length over and over again. He lifted his hips off the couch to match her strokes as he thrust against her. “You make me so hard.” He panted. “I feel like I’m ready to explode.”

“I’m almost there,” Lilin moaned.

Knowing he had almost reached the point of no return, Galen reached between them and rubbed her clit with the tip of his finger. Lilin let her head fall back while she rode him faster. She let out a whimpered moan when her pussy started to squeeze around his cock, milking him as she came. Galen thrust up into her one final time, then growled when his climax tore through him. Holding her hips still, he emptied himself deep inside her.

Lilin fell forward onto his chest. Galen wrapped his arms tightly around her. For the first time since he had hit puberty, he felt at peace. He had everything he had ever wanted—a mate by his side.

Lifting her head to peer at him, Lilin gave him a broad smile. “So I was right, huh?”

He kissed the tip of her nose. “Yes, you were. The only woman who’ll get a *rise* out of me now is you.” He flexed his still hard cock inside Lilin.

“Mmmm, that felt good. And I’m happy to hear you are now a one-woman man. No one gets to touch this gorgeous body but me.” She ran her hand down his side. “It’s all mine.”

“I’m well and truly taken. It looks as if you’re stuck with me for the next couple thousand years.”

“Another reason why I wanted a werewolf for a mate—you’re as long-lived as I am.”

Holding Lilin tightly to him, their bodies still joined, Galen stood. “I think it best we continue this conversation upstairs. In your bedroom. On the bed, on the floor or against the wall. Better yet, in the shower.”

Lilin wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist when he started to walk toward the stairs. They both moaned when the motion caused his cock to move inside her. “You mean your bedroom as well. Mmmm, that all sounds good, but I have a feeling we aren’t going to make it that far.”

Galen went up the first stair. A growl of pleasure pushed past his lips. “I think you’re right. For now, the stairs will have to do.”

Chapter Seven

Later that evening Galen and Lilin sat cuddled up on the middle of their bed watching TV. Galen had moved his things from his room to the master bedroom, which was now their bedroom not just Lilin's. She'd temporarily emptied a couple of her dresser drawers for him to use until they bought Galen a dresser of his own.

They had been up in the bedroom for most of the day, coming up for air only long enough to get something to eat. They had also ended up making love once on the stairs, and up against the wall in the hallway before they ultimately wound up in bed. Every time they made love the sex just kept getting better and better. Even though they had only known each other a few days, Lilin knew she was falling for Galen, and hard. She expected it, though. They wouldn't be mates if that hadn't been possible. She also knew it wouldn't take long to find herself head over heels in love with him, if she wasn't already. Lilin snuggled closer to Galen and placed a kiss on his bare chest.

Galen stroked her back and kissed the top of her head. "Ready to go again? Let's see, it has only been a half hour. I can oblige you."

Lilin reached under the sheet and took his hard cock into her hand. He had finally gotten soft after the last time they had made love, but from the look of things Galen was raring to go again. "At this rate, I'll be lucky if I'll be able to walk tomorrow."

"Walking is completely overrated."

"That's easy for you to say. You aren't the one who will be walking around looking as if you'd been riding a horse for way too long."

"I wouldn't exactly call myself a horse, but you *have* been doing a lot of riding today."

She gave his cock a squeeze. "Well, this cowgirl needs a little more time to rest before she goes riding again. You wore me out."

Galen pulled her hand off him and brought it up to his mouth. He kissed the back of it. "All right, I'll behave. I guess we should do some talking before we get carried away again."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Us. We haven't done a lot of that."

"What about us?"

"Well, I've been doing some thinking about my problem, or I should say my lack of problem now."

Lilin chuckled. "When did you manage to do that? I would have thought having all the blood rushing to a certain part of your anatomy it wouldn't have left enough for much else to be working at a hundred percent."

"Ha ha," Galen said with a smile. "Anyway, as I was saying, I've been doing some thinking about my nose no longer messing with my head. You've fixed me so now I'm just like any other mated werewolf back in my pack."

"And?" Lilin stiffened against him and looked searchingly into his eyes.

"And, there really isn't any reason for us to stay at Strange Hollow. I no longer need to be a lone wolf. We can go back to my pack and make a fresh start."

Lilin pushed away from his chest and moved to sit up straight beside him. She shook

her head. "I can't, Galen. I can't leave Strange Hollow."

"Why?"

"This is where I've made my home. I have the B and B. I can't give it up."

"I'm not saying you have to give up the B and B. We can hire someone to be a live-in manager."

"You don't understand. I only fit in here."

Galen cupped the side of Lilin's face and stroked her cheek with his thumb. "Lilin, you're beautiful. There is nothing about you that would make you stand out from the rest of the females in my pack."

"Except for the fact I'm not a werewolf. I'm a succubus. I may not look like a succubus should, but my kind isn't exactly looked highly upon. How do you think the females of your pack would react when they find out what I am?"

"We won't tell them what you are."

"So you would ask me to lie about my heritage? To keep what I truly am hidden as if it were some kind of dirty little secret? I won't do it. I've lived in Strange Hollow for too long to give up the freedom and the non-prejudice that exists here. No one is singled out and ostracized for what they are."

Galen rolled Lilin under him and kissed her passionately until he had her clutching at his back. He lifted his head, and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you. I wasn't thinking about it from your perspective. Only mine. I miss being a part of my pack. Going lone wolf wasn't something I ever wanted to do, but now I have you. Finding my mate means more to me than being with my pack."

"Are you sure? If staying here with me will make you unhappy—"

He placed a finger on her lips. "I will never be unhappy as long as I'm with you. You are my heart. You're a part of my soul. I would never want to leave you. You've given me my life back. I no longer have to worry about my mating urge ruling me any longer. If you want to stay in Strange Hollow, then we'll stay. As long as I have you I'm happy wherever we call home."

Lilin pulled his finger away. "You're not just saying that?"

"No. I mean it. You're all the family I need." Galen rolled off her. He lifted her and settled her beside him on the bed. His arm came around her shoulders as he fitted her under it. "Now we're going to sit here and watch some TV, then I get to make it up to you since I upset you. In a way both of us will enjoy."

Lilin nodded and turned her head slightly on his chest so she could watch the television. She held onto Galen tightly. He had no idea how his suggestion of the two of them returning to his pack had affected her. She'd lived in the outside world for a long time before she had found her way to Strange Hollow. She never wanted to dwell on the memories of that time. They were memories of loneliness and feeling as if she didn't belong anywhere. She never wanted to go back to that again. But one thing Galen had said seemed to be stuck in her head. Now, he was just like any other mated male werewolf. He was normal. Even though mated couples had a hard time being apart, and found the idea of living without the other abhorrent, it didn't mean it didn't happen from time to time. Lilin just hoped Galen would never come to resent her for keeping him from going back to his pack. If he ever did leave her, she didn't know if she could survive it without losing a large piece of herself.

* * * *

Two days later, the sound of the doorbell had Lilin racing down the stairs to answer the door. Galen had gone over to Daker and Thora's place to help Daker fix their garage door, which had suddenly seized up for no apparent reason. Now that Galen was her mate, Daker had gone out of his way to start a friendship with Galen. They had even been going to the forest each evening to go for a run in wolf form. Galen in wolf form seemed to be a good influence on Daker's wolf. He was not as rambunctious as he used to be, much to Daker's pleasure.

Lilin pulled open the door to find a very large, very good-looking man standing on the porch. He stood around Galen's height, but his muscle mass was just a bit bigger. He wore his brown hair buzz-cut short.

His dark brown eyes swept her up and down before he met her gaze. "Hi. I'm hoping you can help me out. I'm looking for someone. Since this is a B and B, I was wondering if he could be staying here."

He was a werewolf. Lilin didn't need to be able to read his life force to know that. He had the same aura of wildness about him that both Galen and Daker had. She gave him a smile. "Would this person you're looking for have a name?"

He chuckled. "I guess a name would help. I'm looking for Galen Blackwood."

"Well, you're in luck. I'm the owner of Love's Nest, and Galen has been here for a few days now, but he's not in at the moment. Would you like to come in and wait for him?"

"No, that's okay. I'll come back later. I've been on the road for a while so I'll go and get something to eat. When Galen gets back, tell him Terry was here."

"Are you a friend of Galen's?"

"Yeah, you could say that."

"I'll pass on the message."

"Thanks. See you later."

Lilin watched Terry walk to the shiny black Lexus SC 430 sport coupe parked at the side of the road in front of the B and B. Somehow he managed to get his large frame into the front seat of the two-seater and drove away.

Instead of going back upstairs, Lilin grabbed her keys and headed out of the B and B. Galen had only been gone for ten minutes, but she already felt their bond urging her to go be with him. The message of his friend Terry dropping by was a good enough excuse to go over to Daker and Thora's place to see him. She decided she would hang around with Thora until the men had finished fixing the garage door.

She found Daker and Galen outside the front of Daker's. Galen was holding the garage door up from the outside while Daker worked on it from the inside. "So how goes the repairs?"

Galen leaned toward her and gave her a kiss. "Getting there. It's no longer seized, but it isn't opening easily. We tried oiling it, but that didn't work. Daker is trying to adjust the springs in the hopes that will loosen it up."

Daker ducked his head under the door. "Hey, Lilin. I didn't think you would be able to stay away for very long. Not with Galen here." He yelled into the garage, "Thora, Lilin is here!"

Thora stepped through the connecting door between the house and the garage. She ducked under the partially open garage door to greet Lilin. "I knew you would show up. How about we have a glass of wine inside while our boys here finish with the repairs?"

Lilin nodded. "That would be nice, but first I have to pass on a message to Galen." She turned to him. "A friend of yours dropped by at the B and B a little while ago."

Galen's brows drew together. "A friend of mine?"

"That's what he said he was. He's a werewolf, your height, a bit more muscular, brown hair that is buzzed short and goes by the name of Terry. He didn't give me his last name."

"Aw, shit." Galen cursed. "He must have found out I came here."

"What? He isn't a friend of yours?"

"We were pretty tight, until recently. He's from my pack."

Daker ducked under the garage door and signaled for Galen to let it go. It closed with a loud bang. "Is this Terry going to be a problem?"

"Not really. At least I don't think he will be."

"But?" Lilin pressed.

"There is the small matter of me having seduced his little sister and then dumping her after I found out she wasn't my mate."

Daker cringed. "Oh, man. That doesn't sound good."

"It isn't," Galen said. "Terry knew about my problem. He understood why I slept around so much, but he made me promise if his sister ever set me off I was to stay the hell away from her."

"Which you didn't," Lilin added.

"No, I didn't. She was the last woman I slept with before I left for Strange Hollow. I left mostly because I knew Terry would be gunning for my ass."

Lilin had to wonder if any other male werewolves would show up at her door looking for Galen. It wasn't something she wanted to see happen. "What are you going to do about Terry? He seemed nice enough when I spoke with him."

"He's a great guy," Galen assured her. "But that won't stop him from kicking the shit out of me. And he will kick the shit out of me. I don't have a chance in hell of beating him in a fight. The only male who can take Terry on and win is our pack leader."

Lilin stiffened. "So you're just going to let him beat the crap out of you?"

"Yeah, if he challenges me—which I think he will. He didn't drive all this way to Strange Hollow just to see how I'm doing."

"It doesn't mean you have to accept his challenge." Both Galen and Daker shook their head at the same time. "Why are the two of you shaking your head? There is no law that says Galen has to fight him."

Daker cleared his throat. "Well, it's not really a law, but it would make Galen look less of a man if he refused to accept Terry's challenge. And any male werewolf wouldn't want that. It's part of the reason why I went lone wolf, Lilin. In challenges we usually fight in wolf form. The way my wolf is, there is no way I could fight."

Lilin threw up her hands and rolled her eyes. "Men. Why do they think it makes them look less of a man if they walk away from a fight? Hello, it doesn't. To most women, it makes you look like the stronger man. Am I right, Thora?"

Thora nodded. "I have to agree with Lilin on that one."

"You two may think that way," Galen said, "but there are a lot of female werewolves that think the same way Daker and I do about it."

"Well, good for them," Lilin shot back. "You're not mated to a female werewolf, remember? So I'm not going to think any less of you for turning the other cheek."

“I can’t do that. If Terry has come to challenge me, I’ll accept it. I hurt his sister. He deserves some kind of payback for it.”

Knowing she wouldn’t be able to get Galen to change his mind, Lilin turned to Thora. “Let’s leave these two Neanderthals alone and go inside. I could really use that glass of wine now.”

Thora chuckled. “I think you’ll need more than one.”

As she walked inside the house with Thora, Lilin tried to think of a way to stop Galen from seeing Terry, but she knew it would be hopeless. She had a feeling that if Galen wanted to see Terry he would, no matter what she did to stop him. Damn men and their sense of pride.

Chapter Eight

A couple of hours and a few glasses of wine later, Lilin and Galen returned to the B and B. Lilin spotted the black Lexus parked at the side of the road when they were almost home. It wasn't much of a surprise to see it there. She had half expected Terry to be waiting for them when they returned. It wouldn't have taken him that long to find the diner and get something to eat.

Galen's hand tightened around hers when he spotted the car, and he didn't let it go when he met Terry at the end of the driveway. Lilin fought the urge to yank on Galen's hand and drag him inside the B and B.

"Terry," Galen said.

"Galen," Terry replied.

"What brings you all the way to Strange Hollow?"

Terry crossed his large muscular arms across his wide chest. The black T-shirt he wore stretched tight around his biceps. "I think you know why."

Galen nodded. "I figured as much. So what will it be?"

"I'm thinking a challenge in the forest I drove by on my way into town. Say tomorrow afternoon?"

"I can do that. Just promise me you won't kick my ass so badly that I won't be able to crawl back to my mate."

Terry's gaze flicked over to Lilin. A wide grin spread across his face. "Your mate? Your nose finally led you to the right woman?"

Galen put his arm around Lilin's shoulders and pulled her tight against his side. "Yes, it did. This is Lilin. She was the fix to my little problem."

"Congratulations. I wish I still didn't have to fight you, but I do. You broke Mia's heart. I guess she had set her heart on you being her mate. Plus I owe you for all the wailing and crying I've had to listen to for the last week."

"You have to do what you have to do. Since we aren't doing this until tomorrow, do you have a place to stay tonight?"

Terry shook his head. "No."

"You might as well stay here at the B and B," Galen said.

"I was hoping I could."

Lilin shrugged off Galen's arm from around her shoulders as she took a step away and glared at the two men. "I don't believe the two of you. You've just decided you're going to fight each other tomorrow and now you are going to play buddy buddy."

Terry gave Galen a crooked smile. "I think I pissed your mate off."

Galen chuckled. "No, I did that earlier when I said I knew you were here to challenge me and that I would accept it."

"I'm still here," Lilin said. "Do you mind not talking about me as if I wasn't?"

"I apologize," Terry said with a smile. "As for Galen and me being all buddy buddy now, I really don't have anything against him. The challenge is just something we have to do. If it ever got out to the pack that I came all this way and let Galen go without a fight, well, I would never live it down."

Galen shook his head at Terry. "I wouldn't go there if I were you. Lilin has already

voiced her opinion on that subject.”

Lilin gave each man a hard stare before she turned and walked toward the B and B. She said over her shoulder, “Terry can have your old room. I’ll be inside. Listening to the two of you is giving me a headache.”

* * * *

Since Galen and Terry were technically friends, Lilin decided to forget about the upcoming challenge and be the gracious host by inviting Terry to join them for dinner. She also invited Thora and Daker as well.

Lilin left Terry and Galen to catch up while she spent the rest of the afternoon cooking. It helped keep her mind off what was to come the next day. The men’s deep voices drifted to the kitchen as they talked in the living room. Lilin shook her head. She still couldn’t get over the fact that they could be so friendly toward one another when in twenty-four hours they would be trying to beat the crap out of each other.

When Daker and Thora arrived, Lilin let them in and did the quick introductions. Thora and she then left the men in the living room while they went to the kitchen.

Thora took the three magnums of white wine she and Daker had brought with them out of the bag she carried and put them on the counter. “Terry seems nice.”

“He is.” Lilin thumped the stack of plates she held down onto the table. “Galen and he are real buddies.”

“Which is pissing you off, I see.”

Lilin started to set the table. “It isn’t so much that I’m pissed off as irritated. They act as if tomorrow isn’t a big deal. This challenge isn’t going to be a play fight. One or both of them are going to end up bloody.”

“Remember they’re werewolves, Lilin. A few bloody scratches and bite marks will heal in a few hours. It’s nothing to them.”

Lilin slumped down on one of the chairs. “I know. I keep telling myself that. Maybe I’m overreacting a bit, but I don’t want to see Galen get hurt.”

Thora went and sat down on the chair next to Lilin. “No woman wants to see the man she loves get hurt.”

“I do love him,” Lilin said softly.

“I know you do. You two may not have said those three little words to each other yet, but that doesn’t mean you don’t. You may be in a huff over this challenge thing, but I bet Galen doesn’t mind. It shows how much you care for him.”

“I don’t know if I can watch them fight tomorrow.”

“Then don’t go. You can be here to patch him up after it’s over.”

“But I can’t stay home either. The not knowing would drive me crazy.”

“Would you feel better if Daker and I go with you?”

“Considerably.”

“Okay, we’ll be there for you.”

Feeling a trifle better knowing she wouldn’t have to be alone to watch Galen and Terry go at each other, Lilin finished setting the table before she called the men in to eat. The spaghetti and homemade sauce with hot Italian sausage and fresh mushrooms went over well. Lilin was glad she decided to make enough to feed an army when the men asked for seconds and thirds. The apple pie she had made also turned out to be a hit.

Along with the majority of the food being consumed by them, the men downed most

of the wine. The amount of alcohol werewolves could drink and not even get a buzz off it always amazed Lilin. Unlike Thora, who'd had enough wine to make her feel more than a little good. Lilin had two glasses of wine and called it quits after that. She knew there would be no way for her to keep up with the werewolves.

Near the end of the night, Lilin noticed the alcohol had had another affect on Thora. She sat next to Daker, and Thora had gradually moved her chair closer and closer to her mate. She would stroke her hand down his arm and up across his chest. Daker more than once put his hand over the top of Thora's to still her movements, but it didn't deter her in the least.

When Thora skimmed her hand down Daker's front to land in his lap, he quickly jumped out of his chair. "I can't take anymore. Sorry, but I'm taking Thora home before we end up giving you all a peepshow." He pulled Thora out of her chair and slung her over his shoulder.

Thora lifted her head from where she hung down Daker's back. "I guess we'll see you tomorrow at the forest, Lilin."

Daker swung around. "We will?"

Lilin smiled. "Thora promised you two would be there so I won't have to be alone when these two idiots try to rip each other apart."

"Oh. I guess we'll be there then." Daker swung back around to say good-bye to Galen and Terry.

Thora moaned. "Stop doing that. You're making me really dizzy."

"I think it's more of the wine doing that than me," Daker replied. He jumped when Thora squeezed his ass. "Thora, honey, if you don't stop doing that we'll never make it home."

"What do you expect? It's practically in my face. I'm going grab it."

Lilin couldn't quite hold back a laugh when Thora shoved one of her hands down the back of Daker's jeans and copped a good feel.

Daker jerked into motion. "We're out of here."

Once the sound of the front door closing reached their ears, Terry turned to Lilin. "Are they always like that?"

Lilin shook her head. "No. I think the wine has something to do with Thora's forwardness."

Terry pushed back his chair and stood. "I guess I'll call it a night. I'm sure the two of you don't want me being the third wheel. I'll see you both in the morning."

When they were alone, Lilin started to gather up the wine glasses. She put the empty bottles of wine on the counter to throw in the recycle bin the next day. Now that the subject of tomorrow's challenge had been brought up again, she couldn't stop thinking about it.

Galen came up behind her and put his arms around her waist. "Would you stop worrying about tomorrow?"

She leaned back into his embrace. "Why do you think I'm worrying about that?"

"Because you have that worried look on your face again. The same one you get when someone says something about the challenge." Galen turned her in his arms. "It's going to be okay, Lilin. Terry will rough me up a bit, and hopefully I'll get a couple of good swipes in, then it's over and done with. Terry and I have had our run-ins before, but we've always survived them. And we've always remained friends afterwards."

“I’m glad you don’t think this is a big deal. I just don’t want to see you get hurt.”

Galen tipped her head so she had to look at him. “I love you.”

Lilin placed her arms around his neck. “I love you too. If I didn’t I wouldn’t be so worried.”

“I know. But like I said, it’s going to be all right.”

Galen lifted her off her feet and held her close as he left the kitchen. “I think it’s time for us to go to bed, my mate.”

“I’m not tired yet.”

Galen nuzzled the side of her neck. “Who said anything about sleeping?”

Lilin held on tight when Galen took the stairs to the floor above two at a time. Once inside their room, she let him take her mind off all her worries.

Chapter Nine

Lilin, Galen and Terry left the B and B at the same time the next afternoon. As they walked toward the forest, Lilin could almost convince herself they were only out for a stroll; that when they reached the forest the men would shift into their wolf forms and only go for a run while she waited for them to return. She almost had herself convinced, but not quite well enough.

She had called Thora and Daker just before they had set out. Daker had said they would be right behind them. Sure enough, they caught up with them just as they reached the forest.

Lilin gave Thora a small smile. "How's the head today?"

Thora cringed. "Fine. Sorry, I got a little carried away."

"No need to apologize, Thora," she said with a laugh. "I'm sure Daker enjoyed it."

Daker put his arm around Thora's shoulders. "Of course I enjoyed it."

The small group moved deeper into the trees. The night before, the men had decided on a smallish clearing Daker had suggested as being the ideal place for the challenge. It was deep enough inside the forest that it couldn't be easily seen. As they walked toward it Lilin started to feel anxious. She looked over at Galen and Terry who were walking up front while she walked with Thora and Daker. Galen was laughing over something Terry had said. Only she seemed to be upset with this challenge business.

When they reached their destination, Galen came to Lilin and pulled her to his chest. He held her close and kissed the top of her head. "I'll be fine. So relax. I'm four hundred years old, so I've been around the block a bit. And it isn't as if Terry and I are going to fight to the death. Who knows, maybe I'll end up whipping his butt."

Terry snorted. "You can try, my friend, but don't count on it."

Galen took Lilin by the arms and held her out in front of him. "Whatever you do, don't try to come in between Terry and me, no matter what. Both of us could hurt you badly."

Lilin nodded. "I promise I won't try to get into the middle of it."

"Good." Galen moved to stand next to Terry. "It'll be over before you know it."

His body started to blur and shimmer, the same as Terry's, when they both started to shift. Once the shift was complete, two brown wolves stood in their places. Galen's fur was just a shade darker than Terry's, but Terry was slightly bigger than Galen, just as he was in human form.

The wolves turned to face each other. They didn't snarl or growl. They only walked in a circle, waiting for the other to make the first move. Then, as if on cue, they both lunged for the other and the fight was on.

Watching them, Lilin could tell the wolves weren't trying to hurt each other. It looked more as if they were testing to see who could bring the other down by brute strength. When Galen couldn't match Terry's strength, that was when teeth and claws came into play.

When blood started to mark Galen's fur, Lilin found it hard to just stand on the sideline. She wanted nothing more than to get between the wolves and stop the fight. It was obvious Terry was the stronger of the two, but Galen somehow always managed to

get out from under him when Terry tried to pin him to the ground. She didn't know why Galen didn't just give up. Even she knew he didn't stand a chance of beating Terry.

When Galen gave Terry a particularly vicious swipe of his paw across Terry's muzzle, and he repaid in kind, Lilin had reached her limit. She could no longer watch them. And there was no way she could let the fight continue. It had to end. Now.

Lilin looked over at Daker. He didn't seem to be too concerned. If anything, he seemed to be swept up in the action. He yelled encouragingly at Galen. Lilin wanted to smack him upside the back of his head. He obviously would be no help. Desperate to somehow stop the fight, Lilin took a deep breath. She'd promised she wouldn't get between the fighting wolves, but she hadn't promised she wouldn't use one of her abilities to put a stop to it.

She'd never used this ability before. It could only be described as a succubus' ultimate weapon of seduction. It was used as a last resort when a succubus' intended prey proved to be more than a little difficult to seduce.

Taking another deep breath, Lilin tapped into her ability and sent it flying out into the clearing.

The effect was instantaneous and affected only the males. The wolves stopped fighting and shifted back to human form. Daker let out a low growl of pure need before he yanked Thora to him. His eyes were mutedly glowing, the same as the other two werewolves who moved closer. "Lilin, what did you do?" he growled. Daker didn't wait for her to answer. He dipped his head and started to kiss Thora like a man starved.

Galen took Lilin into his arms when he reached her. She could feel his erection through his jeans. "Did you do this, Lilin?"

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't just stand by any longer and watch you two fight. It was the only thing I could think of to stop you."

"Right now, I'm so horny it's taking all of my willpower not to have you right here."

Lilin shivered when Galen reached down and grabbed her bottom as he ground himself against her. "You're supposed to feel like that. I sent you all a blast of my scent that I altered with my ability. It's like an aphrodisiac. Any male within smelling range can't resist it."

Terry let out a low growl. "Damn, your mate is a succubus. At least you have a mate to relieve you." He started to walk away. "I'll be back at the B and B taking a very long, very cold shower, unless I can find a woman willing to put me out of my misery." He hurried away.

"We're going that way," Daker said as he pointed to his right and started to lead Thora in that direction. "I suggest you head the opposite way if you want some privacy."

Once the other couple disappeared through the trees, Galen took Lilin's hand and led her away from the clearing. His chest rapidly rose and fell with each breath he took. They hadn't gone very far before he backed her up against the nearest tree and claimed her mouth in a searing kiss.

His hands moved down her sides until he grasped the hem of her shirt. Galen dragged it up and shoved his hand inside her bra. He pinched and tugged at her nipple as his lips left her mouth to kiss the side of her neck. Working his way down, he lifted her shirt to her chin and put his mouth where his hand had been.

Lilin moaned. She felt each pull deep inside her as Galen sucked, causing her pussy to grow wet with need. She clutched at his back, trying to get him closer, but Galen lifted

her arms away with a hiss. She then remembered the scratches he'd gotten as a wolf. "Sorry. Maybe you should let me look at your back first."

"My back can wait," Galen said in a tight voice. "But I can't. If I don't get inside you in the next minute, I don't think I'm going to survive." His voice came out in a growl.

He opened his jeans and placed her hand on his engorged cock when it sprang free. "I need you to touch me."

Lilin pumped her hand up and down his hard length. She bit her lip when Galen started to work on undoing her jeans. Once he had them and her panties pushed down her legs so they pooled at her feet, she quickly kicked off her shoes and stepped free of her jeans. His hand pushed between her legs and found her wet pussy. He slid two fingers inside her.

Galen groaned. "Christ, you're wet. I can't wait any longer."

He pulled his fingers out of her to lift her, and she placed her legs around his waist as he kept her back against the tree. Reaching between them, he fisted his cock in one hand and led it to the opening of her body. He used the head of it to stimulate her clit before he sheathed himself to the hilt inside her pussy.

He pulled back, then rammed back inside. The material of Galen's jeans rubbed the inside of her thighs with each of his thrusts, but Lilin didn't care. She squeezed her inner walls around his shaft, increasing the pleasure for them both.

Galen half moaned, half growled as he worked his cock in and out of her. He grew even harder, stroking the spot inside her pussy that pushed her climax closer. The sound of their harsh breathing filled the air. Lilin felt the head of Galen's cock butt up against her cervix with each stroke in.

With his ass flexing, Galen pumped faster. "Come for me, my love," he said gruffly into her ear. "I can't hold back."

He rammed into her one final time before he stiffened as his cock started to pulse deep inside her. It was enough to send Lilin tumbling into an intense orgasm. Wave after wave of pleasure shot through her while she climaxed around Galen's shaft. It seemed to go on and on.

Once the beat of their hearts slowed and they could catch their breath, Galen pulled his still hard cock out of her and slowly let her down onto her feet. He cupped her face in his large palms and looked into her eyes. "That took the edge off it, but I know I'll want you again very soon."

Lilin gave him a sheepish look. "Sorry. You said not to come between you and Terry so I did the next best thing. It worked."

"Yeah, it did. It also made us so horny that sex was all we could think about. It felt as if I hadn't had sex for a year and I was desperate to get it." He chuckled. "Though I have to say, I feel sorry for Terry. The poor bastard is going to have to take care of himself."

"Well, he deserved it."

"Remind me never to get on your bad side. I'm sure Terry is cursing your name right about now. You also blindsided Daker."

"He'll get over it."

Galen released Lilin and took a step back to put his cock back in his jeans. Lilin pulled on her jeans and panties, then put on her shoes. He took her hand and started to lead her through the trees. He smiled at her. "I guess to make things up to Terry we

shouldn't charge him for his room."

"We?" Lilin asked. "Are you sure this is what you want, Galen? You don't mind staying at Strange Hollow and helping me run the B and B?"

He stopped walking and turned her to face him. "Of course that is what I want. You're happy here, so I'm happy here. Besides, if I took you to live with my pack you would have a fit if someone else was to challenge me. Getting whammied once by that ability of yours was more than enough for me."

Lilin went on her tiptoes and kissed Galen. "I love you, and I promise I won't make you regret your decision to stay as a lone wolf."

He kissed her back. "As long as I have my mate's love, that is all that matters." He took her hand again and started walking.

Lilin strode by his side, happy to know all her wishful thinking had finally paid off. She'd found the love of her life, and got to keep the werewolf of her dreams.

The End

About the Author:

Marisa Chenery was always a lover of books, but after reading her first historical romance novel she found herself hooked. Having inherited a love for the written word, she soon started writing her own novels.

After trying her hand at writing historicals, she now also writes paranormals.

Marisa lives in Ontario, Canada with her husband and four children. Check out Marisa's website at www.marisachenery.com. She would love to hear from you, so drop her an email while you're there.

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