

This is a part 1 in a 3 part series!



**This is a work of fiction. All places, events and characters are crafted from the author's imagination and any resemblance to currently alive or passed people and events are coincidental.**

**Title: Wolf's Obsession – Part 1**

**Copyright © 2009 Charisma Knight**

**Cover art by Tammie King ([TammieKingWebDesign.com](http://TammieKingWebDesign.com))**

## **Wolf's Obsession**

Thorne Cloudfeather returned to Club Ravenous a second evening in a row, eager to see “her.” This town, nothing like his New Orleans disgusted him completely. A certain “aura” hung over the city like a dark cloud. Thorne was here for one reason, and one reason only, to claim his mate and return to his precious New Orleans.

As he strolled into the club, human scent and sex tainted his nostrils. As he confidently walked through the crowd, he exuded the appearance of a predator. His demeanor was that of a leader, laced with a hint of danger. Women shot appreciative glances at him, hoping to land him as one of their clients for the evening.

She was human, so hard to believe a mere human woman could entice him in this manner, especially never having laid eyes upon her. She was here, his instincts led him to this town, and her scent led him to this club.

Thorne found a vacant seat at the end of the bar, and sat down. Ordering a scotch, he scanned the room for “others” of his kind. Oddly enough, neither werewolf nor vampire lurked within, although he had sensed a few vampires in another part of the town.

In New Orleans, werewolves and vampires thrived, secretly among the humans. Thorne planned to maintain peace with the bloodsuckers, until his clan, The Black Claws recovered from the brink of extinction. Thorne planned to run the vamps from New Orleans. He did not care where they went, as long as every one of them evacuated New Orleans. Apparently, this town was crawling with the vile fiends as well.

The view was excellent, his stomach churned with anticipation of seeing “her” again. The evening before, she was actually entertaining a couple. It was hard for him to leave her, especially with those horny young human males. Tonight would be different; he would have her in his bed before daylight approached.

The music ended, and the lights dimmed. The bartender sat several large white pillar candles along the edge of the stage, lighting them with a cigarette lighter. “She” was

going to dance next. Every muscle in Thorne's body tensed, and the very sight of her caused his cock to swell! She was beautiful – wearing a black leather bikini adorned with studs and chains. Breathless, Thorne imagined her riding him with nothing except her thigh high leather stiletto boots.

The girl seductively gyrated to "It's a Man's World." She was awesome, athletic, and the acrobatics she performed on that pole caused his cock to twitch with anticipation. Mesmerized, Thorne's eyes scanned every luscious inch of her body. Inhaling her womanly scent caused precum to form on the head of his engorged cock. A low growl formed within his throat as he shifted in his stool.

No woman had ever held such control over him as the woman who dominated the stage at this particular moment. No one managed to hold his attention for this long, not the way she had. Scanning her entire body again, he searched for the shred of proof that would bond her to him for the rest of their lives.

Three women approached Thorne, hoping they would obtain the chance of retaining him as a client. The name of the game was persuading clients to the champagne room. Politely dismissing them, only one decided to push her luck.

"I possess no interest in you; however I do not mind giving you a tip." Thorne confessed dryly. "Please leave me alone and be on your way."

"You don't know what you're missing out on honey!" The woman said.

"I'm waiting for her." Thorne insisted, gesturing toward the stage, handing the scorned dancer a five-dollar bill.

"Ok darling, suit yourself. You can put it in my g-string." The dancer turned her bottom towards Thorne, trying to entice him.

"I would advise you to take it or leave it." Thorne growled a warning, as he was not a man of patience and did not take kindly to repeating himself.

Sensing the danger in his voice, the girl turned, snatching the bill, heeding Thorne's warning, but not before rolling her eyes at his rejection of her.

Exhaling sharply, Thorne directed his attention to “her” again. He was successful in capturing the woman’s attention. Her voluptuous, statuesque figure glistened with moisture. As her eyes held his, she seductively released her full breasts from the bikini top, causing Thorne to moan with want. His jaw clenched as he gripped the glass of scotch in his right hand, trying not to shatter it.

Glancing around the bar, Thorne noticed others watching, waiting to buy her a drink. Beckoning the bartender, Thorne purchased a \$1,000.00 champagne bottle.

“You have exceptional taste, my friend, the bartender grinned. Starr is one of our finest women. Hey, weren’t you in here last night?”

“Yeah,” Thorne replied. She was busy with a couple of her best clients, I would assume. Give me another scotch please, make it a double.”

“You’ve got it man! I’m Randy, let me know if you need anything else tonight” The bartender happily obliged, since Thorne was a great tipper.

The man with the dangerous eyes mesmerized her. Starr noticed him moments before stepping upon the stage, although she pretended not to. She loved dancing, but put on an especially seductive show for him, since he had paid her a visit the evening before. She tried in vain to break free from her customers; the couple she entertained often. This awesome stranger waited for her until the bar closed. Unfortunately, her customers bought her out when the bar closed. She could have sworn the handsome stranger was angry. For some strange reason, she knew he would return.

He spoke to her with his eyes, almost controlling her. Dressed in a black short-sleeved shirt, the man possessed expensive tribal tattoos and a wolf’s head on a medicine shield around his left bicep. His features were sharp, exquisite, as though chiseled from marble. His high cheekbones and hooked nose proudly announced his Native American heritage. He was completely bald and clean-shaven, with the exception of a small patch of hair along the cleft of his chin. His ears and nose were pierced with small golden hoops, and his large fingers sported gold bands, displaying exquisite tribal designs.

His enticing gaze touched her in a way she had never experienced from any man watching her. Highly aroused, Starr seductively slid down the pole, spreading her legs while giving Thorne a glimpse of her saturated flesh. Starr's third song was approaching, and she decided she would give Thorne the best floorshow of her life.

The lit candles portrayed adorning the stage displayed an ancient, seductive air of mystery, eroticism, and sensuality. Starr seductively picked up a neatly folded black velvet wrap, gracefully laying it on the stage floor. Mea Culpa echoed through the sophisticated bar, all eyes glued to Starr. She elegantly lit a long tapered white candle from one of the pillar candles.

Thorne's heart raced, and his eyes narrowed in anticipation of her next move. His hard cock oozed a thick glob of precum. Starr gyrated around the pole, as if it were her lover, and turned towards Thorne, spreading her thighs, bending down without bending her knees, seductively sliding on the velvet wrap, allowing Thorne to see her ass and pussy. There was no shame in her game.

Commencing to pour hot candle wax over her entire body, Starr stuck out her tongue; licking her lips as if invisible drops of cum rained upon her. Thorne thought he would shoot his load into his pants. His painful erection, strained against his tight leather pants forced another low growl to form within his throat. The air sizzled and cracked with sexual tension as the pair met one another's gaze once more.

The beast within howled, craving freedom, and the opportunity to mate with the sex goddess before him. Starr looked as though she were experiencing the time of her life, spreading her legs, allowing hot wax to drip down her cunt. Nipples standing erect from the wax dropping upon them, Starr stimulated a sensual gyrating movement, as though she were fucking an invisible lover.

The song seemed to last forever, in Thorne's mind. He wanted to claim her right there, on the stage, despite the crowded bar. Once her act was complete, she gracefully exited the stage, picking up the velvet wrap, careful not to allow wax to fall upon the floor, out of respect to the next dancer. The crowd cheered and whistled at the

seductive event. Thorne, unable to think clearly, stared in awe at the woman he planned to claim.

“You may want to go back to the Champagne room dude. If I know Starr, she is changing into a nice evening gown, and changing hairstyles. Here, have another one on the house. The other girls will continue to hound you as long as you sit here.”

Taking Randy’s advice, Thorne strolled over to the booth, wishing Starr would hurry up. Taking a swig of scotch, Thorne lit a cigarette, thinking of the survival of his clan. Females were scarce, and many of the males fought amongst themselves in an effort to gain human mates. Unfortunately, it was rare for a human to survive the bite of a werewolf. Thorne hoped it would not be the case with Starr. There was so much more to her, there had to be for him to sense her from another state. Thorne inhaled deeply, knowing Starr was approaching. Her scent caused him to lose his head.

“Hello, how are you?” asked a soft, but stern voice. She was a vision, indeed. Her long black shoulder length hair was pinned up into an exotic style, allowing some pieces to fall to her shoulders. Her rich, dark brown skin appeared flawless under the lights of the room, and that black form-fitting evening gown was classy, yet revealing.

“I’m good, darling, how are you?” Thorne asked, standing to greet her.

“I’m sorry to have kept you waiting, I just had to get all that candle wax off my body,” Starr said shyly. “Randy said a few of the girls were bothering you. Some of the girls can be so catty.”

“Hey, I was good. I knew what I wanted, I sent them packing. Of course, I tipped them for their troubles.” Thorne grinned, flashing his white teeth.

“You’re quite the gentleman,” Starr said, not understanding why she felt the way she did in the presence of this man. “What’s your name,” she asked, trying to clear her head.

“I’m Thorne Cloudfeather.”

"I take it you're not from around here. I detect a Southern drawl," Starr exclaimed, sipping on her champagne.

"I'm from Louisiana." Thorne said dryly, taking another swig of scotch, and extinguishing his cigarette. Sitting back on the sofa, he eyed Starr up and down, allowing his imagination to run wild.

"You're turn." He coaxed.

"What do you mean? I'm Starr. Randy was your bartender. I'm sure he has already told you my name."

"No, what's your real name?" Thorne asked, in a stern voice, penetrating her soul with his gaze.

"Starr," she insisted, avoiding looking into his eyes, nervously drinking the champagne.

"What does it matter to you," she asked. "You buy me a champagne bottle, and now you think you own me?" She asked, anger rising within her voice.

"Wow, take it easy Starr," Thorne laughed. "There is no need for hostility; I think you've been cooped up too long in this hole in the wall. Come on, leave with me tonight. A woman like you should not be in a place like this."

"Are you crazy? I'm not allowed to leave with customers," Starr laughed.

"Oh, only the ones that pay you well enough?" Thorne asked, anger permeating from his eyes. "How much of the money do you actually receive? I would figure, by the time you tip the bouncers, doorman, and the bartenders, would it even be worth your effort?"

"I don't think this is working out," Starr said, throwing her hands in the air as she turned around to exit the champagne room. Thorne grabbed her wrist, pulling her to him, pressing himself against her, staring deep into her eyes.

"You aren't going anywhere," Thorne whispered in her ear, pressing his body tightly against hers. There were those eyes again, mesmerizing, soul searching. Thorne grabbed her hair, and roughly inserted his tongue between her lips, exploring her



tongue. Moisture pooling between her thighs, Starr sucked his tongue greedily, moans escaping her lips as she slid her hand to his swollen cock. Purposely, she bit his lower lip. A low growl forming deep in his throat, he broke the connection, staring deep into her seductive eyes, still holding a handful of her hair.

Nostrils flaring, he wrapped his hand around her neck, gently tugging her hair. Thorne planted a kiss on her cheek, tracing a trail with his tongue down to her neck, leading Starr to believe her skin was on fire. Nibbling at her neck, Thorne left his mark without Starr noticing. She was too busy, lost in the throes of heated lust.

Picking her up, Thorne sat Starr on the small sofa, while continuing to nibble at her neck. Slowly, he pulled the top of her strapless evening gown down, revealing full, luscious breasts. Groaning, Thorne gently rolled the perky dark nipples between his fingertips, as he strayed from her neck, to her succulent lips once more.

Drunk with her scent, Thorne drifted from her lips to her breasts, sucking hard on her nipples, while caressing her full breasts with his hands. Gently, he nipped at her breasts with his teeth. Her female scent was driving him mad. With one hand, he forcefully hiked up her evening gown, revealing a black lace garter and thong.

Spreading her mouth-watering thighs and properly positioning himself between them, he yanked on her thong. Gently, he pushed her down against the arm of the sofa, sliding his hand from her breasts, to the flatness of her stomach, down towards the apex of her inner thighs. Her heat, attacked his flesh, as did the moisture between her thighs, causing Thorne to swallow hard.

Inhaling her scent deeply, as though his life depended upon it, he gently pulled the material between her pussy lips agitating her already sensitive clitoris. Satisfaction engulfed him as he watched the dancer gyrate her hips, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she played with her breasts. Her liquid heat glistened on her pussy lips and inner thighs, inviting him, causing a large thirst to build within Thorne. He needed to taste her, burying his face between her thighs was what he craved immediately. His tongue twitched at the very thought of tunneling deep within her pussy.

“This must go,” he demanded, in a deep husky voice, wrapping the side of her thong around his middle finger.

“Either you remove them, or I’ll rip them off you, with my teeth,” he warned. Excited, Starr, spread her legs for him, egging Thorne on in carrying out his threat. Eagerly, she reached down towards her pussy, stroking her clit through the lacy material. In one fluid motion, Thorne bent down, ripping the flimsy material with his teeth as he had threatened.

Gyrating, Starr reveled in the fact that she was exposed, vulnerable to this awesome, dangerous man. She arched her back as he played with her, exploring her mound, finding her sensitive spots, making her flesh ache with his touch. She bit her lip as he ran his thumb against her engorged clit, eventually pinching it, stopping abruptly as he ran his fingers over her slit.

Sensing her need, Thorne continued to manipulate her body, pressing against the opening of her pussy, making her think he would slid a finger or two in, eventually faking her out, leaving her frustrated as he explored the softness of her thighs. Her clit, sticking up, demanding his tongue, however, Thorne wanted her to ride the brink of an orgasm, allowing that mounting pleasure deep within her to build, as high as it could, denying her release. When she finally came, she would come all over his face, and in his mouth. His tongue burned with the thought.

Staring at Starr with such intensity, he slipped his thumb into her pussy, causing her to arch her back, crying out. She was so fucking wet, and seemed to become even wetter each time he fucked her with his thumb. At the same time, Thorne tortured her as he lightly rubbed her clitoris with the index finger of his other hand. Eventually, his middle finger took the place of his thumb, as he lowered his head down between her legs.

Gasping at seeing Thorne’s face so close to her soaked pussy, Starr tried lifting her hips off the couch to meet his teasing tongue, which possessed a gold stud.

“Please,” she gurgled, surrendering herself to him.

“Please, what?” Thorne asked, continuing the sweet assault with his fingers on her pussy. Teasingly, his tongue slowly snaked past his lips, almost touching Starr’s clit, showing off the small gold stud...

“Eat me Thorne, please,” she cried out, lifting her hips off the couch once more in an effort to feel his tongue on her swollen flesh. Bending down, he kissed the aching folds, licking his lips as he pulled his head away from her. Starr let out a tortured moan, as she tried in vain to roll to the side.

“I’ll do more than eat you, I’ll devour you,” Thorne threatened, plunging his tongue deep into her pussy, her moans like music to his ears. Spreading her thighs further apart, he assaulted every inch of her pussy with his thick, hot tongue. The gold stud provided her with as much pleasure as his tongue and teeth.

Thorne said he would devour her, and he kept his promise. He greedily licked and slurped at her pussy, sucking up every drop of her sweet nectar as he could. He slid his hands underneath her ass, squeezing the voluptuous cheeks. Abruptly stopping, and hearing Starr curse like a sailor, he pulled himself up onto his knees long enough to undo his leather pants, his cock springing forth as though it had a life of its own.

“Condom,” Starr said in a dry voice.

Thorne dug into his back pocket, pulling out a large gold foil. Tearing the condom from its wrapper, Thorne rolled it down the length of his cock before sitting down on the couch.

“Ride me!” he demanded, glaring at Starr with such intensity, she thought she would come on the spot.

Impaling herself on his thick, long cock, Starr let out a wounded cry. She avoided his gaze, but Thorne eventually turned her head back towards his gaze, forcing her to look into his penetrable eyes while she wrapped her thighs around his muscular build. Standing up, Thorne pressed her back against the wall, pumping into Starr with a mighty force, rocking her body hard and fast, while she screamed out with cries of ecstasy.

Each stroke Thorne inflicted upon her left her weak, and trembling. Continuing to slide his cock in and out of her wet pussy, Thorne growled loudly, nipping at her neck, nostrils flaring, sensing the build up of her orgasm. His release was not far behind hers. Screaming, Starr's muscles contracted around Thorne's cock, as he continued thrusting inside her, riding her to his own completion.

Starr's orgasm rocked her body, as another wave of pleasure closely followed, Thorne still rocking her body against the wall, his body shaking, he eventually came, throwing his head back, gritting his teeth, growling as his cock twitched violently inside her. Eventually, he collapsed against Starr, his breathing, uncontrollable for a few moments, as he gently dropped her legs to the floor.

Zippering his pants, Thorne retrieved his pack of cigarettes and lit two, offering one to Starr, who accepted with much appreciation, grabbing the carafe of champagne, and sitting down next to Thorne.

"I swear, I really need to cut back on these things," she murmured.

"Don't tell me, you only smoke when you drink." Thorne said, holding Starr's gaze with his mysterious dark eyes.

"Well, yeah she said, basically. When I'm home, I'm a totally different person." Starr said, lowering her eyes from his glare.

"Hmmm, Thorne studied, you appear to be much more shy when alone, however, on the stage, you are outgoing." Thorne analyzed before extinguishing his cigarette.

"I'm only expressing myself on stage Thorne." Starr confessed. "I never get too fucked up from drinking. I'm not trying to fall off the stage and crack my head open in front of everyone. You know, that actually happened here." She claimed.

"What are you doing here?" asked Thorne. "Do you have family?"

"Yes, I have family, but not really close to them, you know?" Starr said, sipping her champagne. "Why do you look at me like that Thorne?" she shuddered.

"In what way do you speak of?" Thorne chuckled, flashing his white teeth.

"The way you're looking at me now." Starr exclaimed.

Thorne caressed her cheek with the palm of his hand, planting a passionate kiss upon her lips again, as he extinguished her cigarette.

"Come with me to New Orleans," he murmured. "This town...is not for you," he confessed, almost giving away his secrets of the night.

"Now, why would I run away to New Orleans with you?" She asked jokingly.

"Because, you know in your heart that is what you desire." Thorne stated freely, staring into the depths of her eyes once again.

Starr's head began to spin, unsure if it were from the champagne, or from staring into those piercing brown eyes of Thorne's. Easing herself back into the sofa, she held her head.

"You don't have to finish this," Thorne insisted, taking the carafe of champagne from her, setting the carafe on the small table. "Leave with me Starr, now." Thorne tried convincing her.

"Thorne, I have to work!" she insisted. "I'm right in the middle of my shift, and I make pretty damn good money here! I have bills, you know."

"Fine!" Thorne exhaled sharply. "How much to take you out of here?" he inquired. "I'm not letting you go, only to have someone else snatch you away from me, like last night!" Starr could sense the rising anger within his voice.

"So, you entertain couples?" he grinned slyly, becoming aroused at the very thought of another woman going down on Starr's pussy. In some clans, it was acceptable for two males to claim one female. Thorne, the alpha male of his pack would never allow another male to claim his mate, however, the thought of sharing her with another female made his cock throb. Truth be told, Thorne probably would be too greedy to share his woman with anyone.

“How much would it be to take you out of here? I want you with me tonight,” Thorne growled in a low voice, sliding his hand underneath her evening gown. His touch sent sensual currents of electricity through her body. Every nerve within made her body ache for his touch. Her nipples became aroused, and her pussy began to salivate.

Equally, Thorne developed a raging hard-on once again. Once more, the wolf howled for its freedom. It required much self-control for him not to mount her again. He sought seclusion for his mate. It would also allow him to search her body for the mark he thought she possessed.

“Haven’t you had your fill of me Thorne?” Starr asked, wanting to vex the dangerous man. For some strange reason, she wanted to live on the edge, wanted to experience more of the same sexual excitement she experienced earlier. The man was hot, and possessed mad skills. His hands, tongue, and cock made her climb the walls in many ways.

Grabbing a handful of her hair, Thorne pulled her head back, nibbling on her neck, running his tongue from below her earlobe, down to her clavicle. Starr felt as though she would over heat. Never quite feeling such intensity from someone just touching her, she grabbed hold of his arm, sinking her nails into his flesh. Growling, Thorne nipped Starr’s neck, sliding his hand towards her wet heat. Allowing his fingers to slip into her flesh, he moaned, and then nipped her neck. Starr gyrated her hips, moaning softly.

“Ummm, slick with want,” Thorne growled, as he softly manipulated her clit with his finger, bathing it in Starr’s hot juices. Stopping, he stuck his finger in his mouth, sucking on it. She thought his eyes to be brown, lately they glowed golden brown, almost yellow. Perhaps she drank too much tonight, and should slow down.

“Go get your belongings, now.” Thorne commanded. “I plan to make the necessary arrangements at the bar. I’m staying at a hotel across town. Starr stood up, smoothing her wrinkled gown, looking Thorne in the eyes, losing herself in them once again.

“I’ll be waiting for you at the front of the bar,” Thorne said, not allowing her to leave before he kissed her for what seemed like an eternity.

“Give me fifteen minutes; I will be out to meet you.” She said.

“Hurry, don’t keep me waiting,” Thorne said, slapping Starr on her voluptuous rear-end.

\* \* \* \*

Starr hurried quickly to the dressing room, at the opposite end of the bar. A tall, sinister, but good-looking man approached her, wanting to buy her a drink. He had black shoulder length hair with red streaks. His eyes appeared to glow within the darkness of the club. Something awakened within Starr. Instinct leading her to believe this man was the epitome of evil, and she would be destroyed forever if he ever had his chance to get her alone.

“I’m sorry, I’m with someone,” Starr said breathlessly.

“Perhaps I can take his place,” the strange man suggested, raising a brow at her. His temper slowly rising. As he looked into her eyes, Starr became unaware of her surroundings. Feeling as though she were caught in an endless tunnel, her mind suddenly was not her own. A picture of the man consuming her naked flesh as she lie beneath him invaded her mind. She was his plaything, he, her master. She would bend to his every desire, his every whim. He would use her as he saw fit, sharing her with others. The feeling of prickly heat danced over every inch of her skin, moisture beaded her pussy, and her breathing intensified.

“Starr!” Thorne’s voice snapped her out of the control the man had upon her. She knew the man controlled her, wanted her. He would simply add her to his collection of “toys,” nothing more.

“Raphael!” Thorne spat venomously, standing between Starr and the sinister stranger. “Get the fuck away from her, now!” Thorne growled, ready to pounce upon the man.

‘Well Thorne, what brings *you* to this city?’ Raphael asked in a sarcastic tone.

“None of your business, vampire!” Thorne spat, slightly pushing wide-eyed Starr to the side. She just did not hear Thorne call the man a vampire!

“Is she your new mate, my friend?” Raphael grinned. “She hardly seems to be your type, after all Thorne, she is a whore! I thought you were better than that.” The vampire laughed.

“Watch your mouth Raphael, lest I break our pact and rip your fucking head off at this very moment in time!”

Enraged, Starr made her way from behind Thorne, cursing at the top of her lungs,

“Who are you calling a whore, asshole!” she spat.

“You will pay for your rudeness. I will tear you apart from the inside out, you little bitch!” he spat, cursing her. Hatred etched upon his face, Thorne closed in on Raphael, but the man vanished in the blink of an eye.

“What was that all about? Was that a friend of yours?” Starr asked, rolling her eyes. “You know, I’m not going anywhere with you. For all I know, I could be found in a dumpster somewhere tomorrow.”

“You *will* come with me Starr, Thorne insisted. “Your life depends on it now, and I’m the only one who can keep you safe from harm.”

“Yeah, right! What kind of harm are you speaking of?” she scolded, turning on her heel to retreat to the dressing room. Grabbing her arm, Thorne pulled her to him.

“I’m dead serious Starr; you need to come with me.” Trying to convince her she was in danger was like pulling teeth. A part of him wanted to sling her over his shoulders, carrying her out as she kicked and screamed.

“Starr, are you having problems with this man? Clint, the bouncer asked. Starr looked up at Thorne, and then glanced over at Clint. Deep down inside, something was



screaming at her to stay close to Thorne. If not, she would never see the light of day; she knew this deep in her heart.

“No Clint, I’m fine. He actually saved me from that asshole that was here a few moments ago. He was the one who started the trouble. I tried telling him I was with someone else, but he refused to listen. I’m so sorry about this. I hope we didn’t cause any trouble.”

A drunken dancer who looked to be in her forties grabbed Starr by her hand, saying, “Next time, kick em in the balls!” raising her glass in a toast, nearly falling off her bar stool. “Honey, you can’t let these men push you round, like you’re their property or somthin,” the woman slurred.

“Jeanette, I think you’ve had more than your fair share of Jack and Coke tonight.” Randy said, snatching the glass from the woman. “Now see, Clint will have to drive you home again tonight!”

“Come on Starr, get dressed and let me pay you out! Don’t keep this gentleman waiting any longer, get the hell out of here girl!” insisted Randy. “You take good care of her man,” Randy said. “Don’t make me hunt you down and kick your ass!”

Thorne shot Randy a chilling glance, making the hair stand erect on the back of the bartender’s neck. Thorne whipped out his wallet, and laid ten one hundred dollar bills on the bar. Afterwards, he gave Randy a large tip, just so he would be able to accompany Starr into the dressing room, in case Raphael decided to materialize while she dressed.

The women were ruthless. While Thorne waited for Starr to dress, breasts were unleashed, as were thongs. Thorne, turned off by their behavior, cringed at the sight of them under the bright lights. A few even tried to convince Starr to have Thorne by them out as well, just to make easy money and have the rest of the night off.

“Come on Starr, why don’t you cut us in on some of the action!” Claudia coaxed. “Remember, when I pulled you in on one of my customers last week?”

“Claudia, this is totally different situation, so kindly back the fuck off!” Starr demanded, throwing on a long classy dress, not bothering to put on any thongs. She was actually pissed at Claudia, not because she wanted payback for helping Starr to make money, but she actually viewed Thorne as “hers.”

“Well, aren’t we being greedy Starr! You remember the next time I pull you in on a good customer!”

“Hey Claudia, I didn’t ask for you to do that. There have been many times when I pulled you in on my customers, so the way I see it, we are even! Now, this conversation is over!” Pissed off, Claudia stormed to the other side of the dressing room.

She found herself wanting to rip out throats of the ones who approached him, trying to cop a feel to his cock or ass. Who could blame them, after all, he was packed tightly packed in those leather pants, leaving nothing to the imagination.

Sensing Starr’s jealousy, Thorne shot the other women “a look.” There was no need for communication. He could be a threat to anyone, when he wanted. As with Randy, the cold stare sent chills down their spines. Pleased in knowing how willing Starr was to kick ass for him caused a slight grin to form upon his face. There was no doubt in his mind she felt the same intensity towards him as he did her.

Once outside, Starr began asking questions. The strange aura hanging over the town permeated Thorne’s senses. Scanning the area, he could sense the presence of the vampire, watching their every move. The streets were crowded, but it did not matter. Vampires moved swiftly amongst humans in the most crowded parts of cities.

“Alright Thorne, talk to me!” Starr demanded. “How do you know that man that was here earlier? Are you taking me to him, is this some kind of plan you two have in order to have sex with you both?” Thorne picked up his pace, aggravated by Starr’s words.

“Damn it Thorne, slow down!” she called out.

"Wow, you are really paranoid Starr," Thorne growled. She had succeeded in making him want to throttle her. He spun around, allowing her to see his yellowish eyes, damn near scaring the living hell out of her.

"What the hell was that?" She asked, trying to catch a glimpse of his eyes again. "What are you Thorne, and why did you call that man, Raphael a vampire?" Starr demanded. "Thorne, what the hell is going on here? Thorne! Answer me damn it! Starr demanded impatiently.

Continuing to ignore her, Thorne grabbed her wrist, trying to hurry her. He would deal with her later within the confinement of the hotel room. She had a mouth on her that required discipline in the most seductive ways. The thought of blindfolding, gagging, and binding her seemed like a very good idea now.

Approaching Thorne's rental car, he quickly ushered her in from the driver's side, slipping into the leather seat once he was certain she was safe from harm. Starting the car, Thorne seized an opportunity to dart out into traffic.

"I'm sure you know there was something strange about him." Thorne insisted. "You continue to deny the truth in spite of what you saw with your very own eyes. Tell me how you felt, and I'll say you're crazy for ignoring the truth Starr. As for me, what do you think I am?"

Starr studied the man, a sinking feeling developing in her stomach. Something was not right about the sinister man who made the hair on the back of her neck stand at attention. Something *definitely* was not right about Thorne. He had a similar effect upon Starr when staring into his eyes; however, Thorne was not evil. Thorne instigated arousal, something vaguely familiar about him. He was also a man of power and dominance, used to running things his way. She could tell, where he came from; he was someone of great importance.

"Thorne, was that man a vampire?" Starr asked in a shaky voice. Her words alone evoked goose pimples upon her flesh. She stared out the window, waiting for his response to confirm she was not insane.

“Yes, that was Raphael, leader of the vampire clan from my hometown of New Orleans.” Thorne said dryly. “Upon my arrival here, I did not sense a vampire for miles. I did sense a certain negative vibe, possibly, because vampires inhabit your city from time to time. He must have followed me here!” Thorne shook his head in disgust.

“Now Thorne, what brings you here? Starr inquired. “Please be honest with me, I’m feeling like....

Yes, I know what you are feeling Starr! Thorne growled. It is your instincts, warning you about Raphael. You knew he meant you harm in the club. Had you left, he would have destroyed you, forever!”

“Why are you so interested in me Thorne? What are your plans for me?” Starr asked, her voice quivering with fear.

“I’m not going to hurt you Starr; I’m here to protect you. You will need to stick by me, and listen to everything I tell you.” Thorne was grateful he had marked her; however, in doing so, Raphael took that as a challenge, an invitation.

“I’m sensing something else Thorne.” Starr pushed. “What are you? I know damn well you are not human. Are you a vampire too, or some sort of demon? She asked, holding her breath.

“No, I’m a werewolf!” Thorne stated.

“What?” Starr asked, scooting as close to the door as she could.

“Starr, I’m not going to hurt you. Trust your instincts. Trust what happened in the club. I could have done anything to you in that champagne room. Think about it!” Thorne spoke sternly.

“I’m sorry Thorne,” she confessed. “I thought something was up with you while on stage. You exude a certain aura about you. Damn Thorne, a werewolf?” She questioned, still not believing her ears.

Exhaling sharply, Thorne arrived to the hotel, allowing the valet to park as opposed to utilizing the underground parking garage; it would be an open invitation to the vampires. Starr and Thorne walked through the lobby of the hotel, eventually reaching the elevators. On the ride up to the 12<sup>th</sup> floor, Starr stood close to Thorne, shaking. In an effort to comfort her, he placed his arm around her shoulder. The doors opened up, allowing them to enter an empty hallway. Carefully scanning his surroundings, Thorne could not sense a vampire anywhere within the vicinity.

Finally reaching the room, Thorne and Starr entered, turning on the lights, and flopping on the bed after setting down Starr's belongings.

"What the hell are you carrying in that case?" Thorne asked wide-eyed. "I fear I could never tell you to travel light!"

"I need these things!" Starr exclaimed. I have make-up, a change of clothing, and some shoes. I even have my outfits."

"I told you Starr, you won't be returning to that club ever again. You wouldn't be safe there anyway, and there are issues far more pressing, especially now!"

"Thorne, what do you want with me?" Tell me, now! What is Raphael going to try to do, kill me?" Starr demanded.

"Yes, but I'll kill him first, he won't lay a hand on you." Thorne insisted.

"Go to sleep, I'll keep watch over you Starr. I just have one request." Thorne said sheepishly. "What the hell is your name?"

"Oh, alright, if you must know, my name is Melanie Jackson." She replied.

"Hmmm, pretty name, don't know why you resisted telling before," Thorne chuckled, glancing over at her. "Now I must train myself to call you Melanie. Yeah, I like that name, much better than Starr." He inhaled, stretching.

"I'm so sleepy, Melanie muttered, scooting up on the bed. "Shit, I really need a shower," she insisted. "Do you think you can relax enough to allow me to shower?" she joked.

"Go on, everything is safe, I assure you." Thorne comforted. "Hurry back, don't keep me waiting too long woman." He murmured in a husky voice, becoming aroused.

"Why don't you join me Thorne," Melanie pleaded with her eyes, freeing herself from the dress. She had not bothered to put on a bra, either. Her full breasts tantalized him, causing his cock to harden instantly. Inhaling her musky scent caused the wolf within to go crazy.

"Lay down on the bed," Thorne commanded, his nostrils flaring, staring at Melanie with much intensity. "I don't think we'll make it to the shower tonight," he breathed, pulling her close to his body. She was beautiful he noticed in the light. Her beautiful skin was soft, and inviting. She had a healthy, hourglass figure, high cheekbones, and full pouty lips. The moisture pooling between her thighs brought him to his knees.

Freeing himself from the restraint of his clothing, Thorne pushed Melanie onto the bed, making her lie on her stomach. Straddling her, he allowed his cock to rest between her voluptuous ass cheeks while he nipped at her back and neck. His teeth, grazing her skin caused her to burn with ecstasy.

Thorne kissed and licked every inch of her body, unable to find her mark. Moans of ecstasy escaped Melanie's lips as she felt Thorne tremble on top of her. Sensing her need, he took her from behind, filling her with his thick hardness. Bucking her hips, Melanie's moans grew louder.

"Harder Thorne, fuck me harder," she breathed, supporting herself on her elbows, sticking her ass up, and grinding into Thorne's cock. Reaching around, Thorne cupped her breasts, excited by the sound of his balls slapping against her ass cheeks. Pulling her hair, Thorne nibbled at her neck, fucking her so hard, causing her pussy to spasm. Never mind, the amount of time, the heated fucking was what they both needed, to

quench their carnal desires, for now. Collapsing in a sweaty heap, they lay, enter-twined in one another's arms.

Thorne reached for his leather pants, pulling out his cigarettes, lighting one for Melanie and one for him.

Melanie noticed for the first time the scars that decorated his arms. Some were on his chest as well.

"What happened to you? She asked. "Were you in some sort of accident, or a fight?"

I've been in my fair share of fights, with vampires, and werewolves, and other creatures unknown to humans." Thorne said dryly, piercing her soul with his eyes.

"What do you mean; creatures unknown to humans?" Melanie asked, clutching the comforter. You seem to believe what you speak of," she murmured, praying it was not true.

"Ah Melanie, it is ignorant of humans to believe that they are the only species who dwell upon this earth. You know, as I child, when your parents spoke of things that go "bump" in the night? Well, believe it. In New Orleans, there are beings that exist within swamps, cemeteries, and other places humans do not suspect. Well, I should not say all humans are ignorant to supernatural presence. There are quite a few who possess the gift of "knowing."

"Have you always been a werewolf?" Melanie asked.

"Yes, my ancestors derive from the sacred pack of the Black Claw Clan. We are descendants of the Wendigo, and at one point in time, were almost extinct. Our clan possesses more males than females; it has been that way for years."

"Wendigos, aren't they derived from Algonquian mythology? Melanie asked in awe.

"Yes, to be exact, I'm Chippewa. Centuries ago, my family migrated to New Orleans to blend in with the creatures of the night, so to speak." Thorne grinned, flashing his bright smile. "Wendigos nearly became extinct, due to starvation in Canada. Every now and

again, I return to Canada, however, it pales in comparison to New Orleans. Perhaps it is the fact that I was born in New Orleans.”

“Wow, such a man of mystery,” Melanie grinned. You really have some heavy blood ties going on. Amazing, I would never have imagined such creatures could exist.”

“You will come to realize that many things do exist, especially if you hang around me long enough,” Thorne chuckled. “Now, get some sleep, we have a long day ahead of us, we’re checking out early and heading to the airport at 8 a.m. sharp!”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Melanie murmured, shaking her head while looking at Thorne.

“Well, *believe it*” Thorne insisted. “If you stay here, Raphael will claim you as *his*. Vampires are vile and disgusting, well, some of them are, depending upon their origins, and how well they have tamed their lust for blood. Our Black Claw clan has the same cross to bear. I’m sure you are aware that Wendigos were cannibals. It took an insurmountable amount of strength to control that bloodlust within our clan.” Catching Melanie nodding off, Thorne reached for the lamp, snapping Melanie out of sleep.

“No Thorne, please leave the light on. I’ll be honest, I’m scared shitless. I don’t want some vampire draining my blood and controlling my mind. After those moments of Raphael possessing my mind and body, I felt drained, like an empty shell, almost soulless!” Melanie’s voice rose high in excitement.

“Get some sleep Melanie,” Thorne coaxed softly, pulling the covers over her. “I will explain more to you tomorrow.”

“What do you plan to do while I’m sleeping?” Melanie asked.

“I’ll be keeping watch,” Thorne said in a serious tone, before kissing her on the cheek.

\* \* \* \*

Downstairs in the vacant lobby of the hotel, an eerie black mist crept along the floor, out of sight from the clerk at the front desk...



(To be continued – Part 2 Out 11/2009 at Night Owl Romance – [www.nightowlromance.com](http://www.nightowlromance.com) – This will be a free read!)

**Other Night Owl Romance Free Reads - [www.nightowlromance.com](http://www.nightowlromance.com)**

