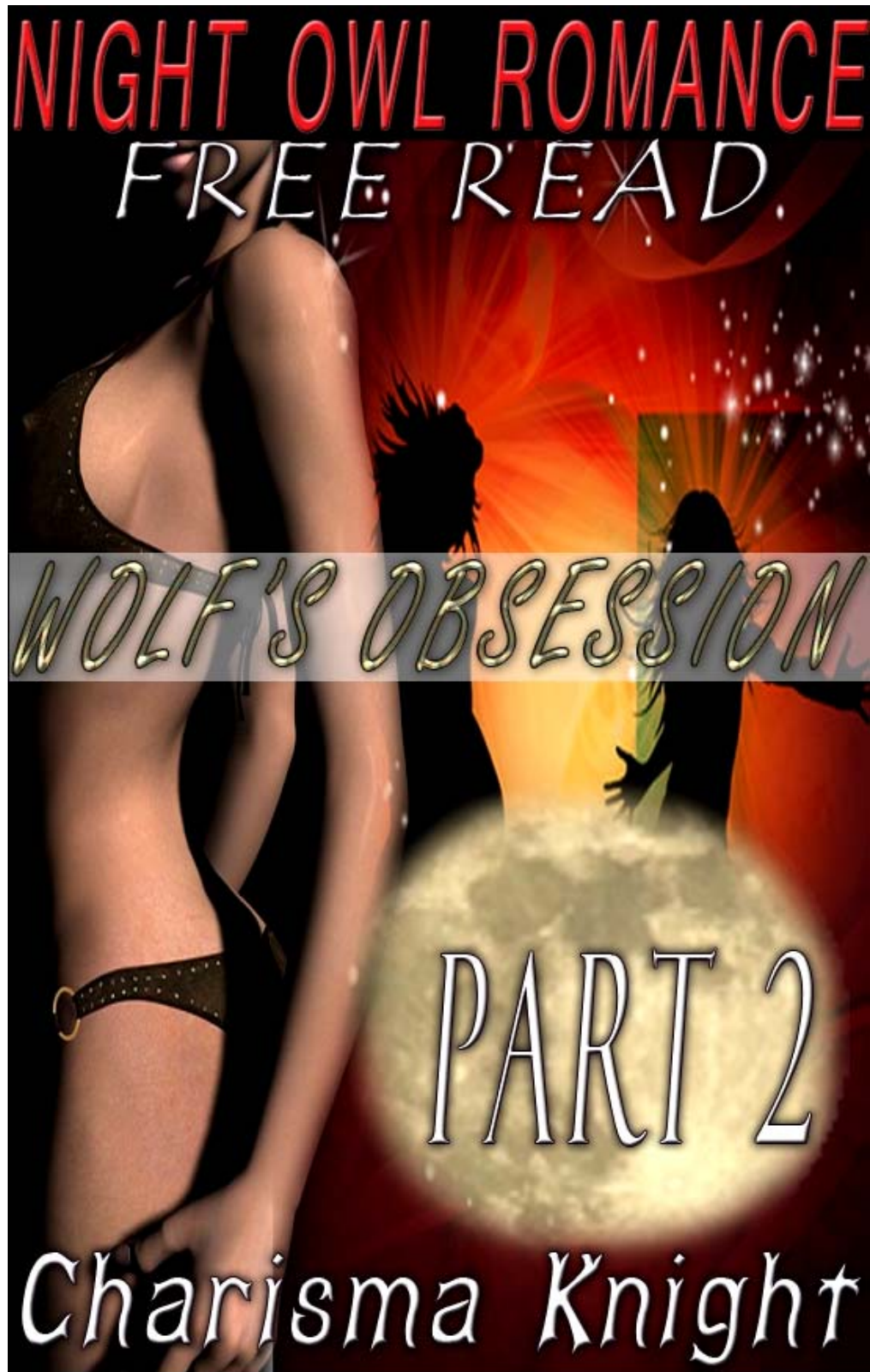


This is a part 2 in a 3 part series!



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Title: Wolf's Obsession – Part 2

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Wolf's Obsession Part 2

Thorne's senses alerted him to the impending danger. Surely Raphael wasn't fool enough to follow him to the hotel room. Thorne was prepared if the fiend was stupid enough to put up a fight, alerting the humans within the hotel to the world of vampires and werewolves.

Slowly, Thorne stalked into the sitting room ready to shift into wolf form, the ancient Wendigo watching, waiting...He'd do anything to protect his mate. Upon seeing the black menacing mist slowly filter underneath the door of the hotel room, Thorne growled a warning. Shocked, he realized Raphael was not the vampire boldly entering his dwelling.

The black mist slowly transformed into that of a tall muscular figure. The magnificent looking fellow possessed eyes of obsidian, a flawless caramel complexion, and dread locks that hung well past his shoulders raised his brow in question to Thorne. There seemed to be something utterly familiar about the noble looking gentleman standing before Thorne, only he couldn't understand how, as he was certain he'd never laid eyes upon the man before now.

"Do you truly think it's wise to drag my daughter off to New Orleans?" The man asked in a deep menacing voice, his dark eyes almost piercing Thorne's façade. I'm Donovan Jackson, Melanie's father." The man introduced himself, folding his arms across his large chest.

"Daughter?" Thorne asked, suddenly realizing why the man seemed so familiar.

"Yes, you plan to drag my daughter to New Orleans into the heart of a war that has raged between vampires and werewolves for centuries? She would be vulnerable. Already, you have led that rogue vampire and his clan to my city, endangering my clan, and my family."

"Melanie mentioned she wasn't close to her family, I had no idea....Wait a minute, you're a vampire, so that means, Melanie...."

"Yes, young wolf. Melanie is half vampire, although she denies it. She didn't tell you?" Donovan asked as he slowly paced back and forth, his eyes never leaving Thorne's gaze. "Has she told you anything about her mother and me?"

"No, she never went into any specifics."

"You should know, her mother, my wife is a werewolf as well, although from a different clan than yours." Donovan confessed. "It would appear that you and Melanie need to have a little heart to heart instead of getting it on in some hole in the wall club." Donovan gritted his teeth, his eyes starting to glow.

"Your daughter is a grown woman Donovan. Apparently, there is a reason why she denies who and what she is." Thorne said defensively. "I sensed wolf within her, I had no idea she was part vampire. That's probably what attracted Raphael to her."

"Apparently you don't know the danger you and Melanie face if you return to New Orleans."

"My clan is there, we can face any threat that may present itself. My brother...."

"You and Melanie aren't returning to New Orleans," Donovan bellowed. "She's my daughter, and I'm telling you she'll be in danger if she returns to your city. I find it pathetic, vampires and werewolves battling over territory, senseless indeed. No wonder your clan is nearing extinction." Donovan snarled.

"How dare you! You know nothing of my clan!" Thorne snarled.

"How dare you approach *my daughter!*" Donovan hissed, his eyes glowing with rage.

"*Enough!!*"

Like two kids caught with their hands in a cookie jar, Donovan and Thorne whirled around to see Melanie standing at the entrance to the bedroom and sitting room. She had slipped on the dress she wore from the club, and now she stood, her chest rising and falling uncontrollably. Clenching her fists together, Melanie's eyes glowed yellow, and her fangs elongated. Thorne was caught off guard by his lover's appearance.

"Melanie calm yourself." Donovan said gently.

"How dare you come here father? Have you been spying on me again? Go home to mother!" Melanie snarled.

"I suggest you watch your tongue with me child, I'm still your father even though you choose not to acknowledge me as such!" Donovan growled.

"I'm a grown woman! Please just go away." Melanie spoke through clenched teeth as her eyes returned to normal and her fangs retracted. Her body shook at the transformation that had almost taken place.

"Melanie, why did you go out of your way to hide this from me?" Thorne asked, approaching her.

"Maybe I wanted a normal life Thorne. Everything you spoke of in New Orleans exists here, only without the violence. Here in Charm City, vampires and werewolves coexist peacefully." She murmured, sitting on the loveseat.

"Why do you not acknowledge your parents Melanie," Thorne asked. You're lucky to have them around; I wish my parents were still alive." He admitted. "They can provide you with so much guidance. I don't understand, why did you pretend not to know of vampires and werewolves? When were you going to tell me?" Thorne asked impatiently.

"Raphael did sense something about me at the club. I could feel it! Fortunately, he couldn't pick up on anything thanks to the cloaking spell my mother placed on me to hide the hybrid side of me, Melanie explained.

"We don't like our presence to be known Thorne." Donovan admitted. "We watch the city and fight only when we must. I told you we don't make war, not in this city. Both clans thrive well here in Charm City. We live many miles away in seclusion and peace without any problems from the outside world."

"You didn't sense the wolf within me Thorne, because I wouldn't allow it. When you arrived, you thought I was an ordinary human." Melanie admitted. "I sensed something about you, knew you were somehow dangerous, but....

"But, you were clouding your senses with alcohol while working in that shithole!" Donovan hissed. "I told you to stay away from that place and keep your senses about you Melanie! Drinking isn't going to change who you are! You can't escape it, you need to grow up and acknowledge who and what you are, and where you come from! And you young wolf, your senses were clouded because of your obsession to find a mate."

"Don't judge me vampire!" Thorne snarled. "I sensed Melanie in New Orleans, she drew me here!"

"That would be the wolf within her, duh!" Donovan replied sarcastically, staring at his daughter.

Thorne's eyes narrowed, preparing to retaliate against the vampire's words, ultimately he acquiesced, a feeling of dread clinging to every fiber of his being.

Sighing, Melanie folded her arms, avoiding her father's menacing look, tuning him out like she'd done in the very beginning. "I'm nothing more than hybrid, a freak!" Melanie breathed. "I want a normal life!"

"Did you truly think you would have a normal life in New Orleans?" Thorne asked, slowly walking around the room, hands shoved into his leather pants. Melanie, as much as I hate to say this, I agree with your father. I can't take you back to New Orleans with me. Now that I know the truth, I understand why Raphael has a special interest in you."

"You marked me tonight, didn't you?" Melanie smiled, approaching Thorne.

"Yeah, the selfish young pup marked you. I can smell it!" Donovan hissed, rolling his eyes at Thorne. "Come on, you two must come with me, as it will be safer. Thorne my friend, there is *much* you will learn about us." Donovan looked upon Thorne, not as an enemy, but someone he could pass his on his knowledge to. Lord knew the young man needed someone to guide him and his dwindling pack. He quickly studied the battle wounds on the young man's arms, wondering how many senseless fights he'd been in over territory and power throughout the years.

"Come on Melanie, get your things." Thorne said, gathering his clothes from the dresser drawers.

"Wise decision," Donovan said.

"And Donovan, I'd appreciate it if you would stop calling me a young pup. I'm the Alpha leader of my clan and will not be disrespected, not even by my mate's father. I will respect you sir, as this is the way my parents have raised me. Know this, if we are ever to do battle, I will never back down from you." Thorne said, never breaking his gaze.

Donovan stood for a moment, his eyes fixated upon Thorne's, realizing he would have retaliated in the same manner, especially being a leader of his clan. A brief smile formed upon the vampire's lips before he turned, leaving the room.

"I think that means he likes you Thorne. So, I guess you'll get to meet my mother." Melanie said sheepishly. "She's actually tougher than my father.

"Wonderful, just what I needed to hear," Thorne said, shaking his head.

"Do you regret coming here?" Melanie asked, holding her head down.

Flinging his backpack over his shoulder, Thorne walked over to Melanie, placing his index finger under chin. "No, not for a moment my sweet one." He said in a husky voice. "I'll face whatever challenge I must to have you remain by my side."

* * * * *

Silence hung heavily in the car as Thorne concentrated on his driving. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Melanie staring at him.

"Something wrong?" he asked, quickly glancing over at her.

"Are you upset with me?" Melanie asked.

"I was at first, but not now." Thorne admitted.

"Actually Thorne, I should be upset with you." Melanie chuckled.

"Why?"

"Well, here I was trying to lead a normal life... as normal as any vampire-werewolf hybrid could, and you stroll in, totally rocking my world." Melanie confessed.

"How does that make you feel Melanie?" Thorne asked inquisitively.

"I'm not sure. I'm torn Thorne. The feelings you invoked within me were dormant until your arrival. Then there was Raphael. His hold on me was intense back at the club. It felt as though he somehow crept under my skin, and I was forced to relinquish control over to him." Melanie confessed.

"I marked you Melanie, but apparently your vampire side overrode that. I hate to ask this, but what happens if Raphael bites you?" Thorne asked.

"That is the reason why my father is taking us under his protection Thorne. Raphael now seeks me out and won't stop until he claims me, or eventually until I..."

Thorne didn't even wait for Melanie to complete her sentence.

"Or eventually until you choose between us?" Thorne asked, raising his brow. Anger rushed through him, causing him to grip the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white. The wolf within howled with pain and anger at the threat of Raphael claiming his mate.

"Unfortunately Thorne, my vampire and wolf blood will pull me in both directions until I choose a mate, and my father knows that. He has experience in cases such as this. Oh, turn left here please."

"Cases?" Thorne asked as he made a left turn in a large green path, with trees on either side. The area was secluded, causing Thorne's senses to sharpen.

"Yes, this could not end smoothly." Melanie murmured regretfully.

After driving on the grassy pathway for a few miles, Thorne's temper began to rise. His keen senses alerted him to vampires and werewolves lurking in the shadows, which brought him to ask himself why he hadn't sensed Raphael or Donovan when he first arrived to the club.

"I think we must have made a wrong turn somewhere Melanie." Thorne said, as agitation began to set in.

"No, we're headed in the right direction." Melanie smiled.

The grassy pathway was endless, nothing existing within the distance with the exception of trees, night sky, and more trees. The strong vampire and werewolf presence forced Thorne to stay alert. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw shadows move quickly in different directions. Among the trees, yellow eyes peered at them as they drove. "Alright Melanie, I can sense them, but where the hell does your clan live exactly?" Thorne asked.

"Thorne, you aren't exactly a patient man, are you?" Melanie asked. "Keep driving and you'll find out."

As soon as Melanie completed her sentence, a blinding flash of light assaulted their eyes. Eventually the grassy pathway turned into a large neighborhood of elegantly crafted log cabin homes belonging to vampires and werewolves. Thorne looked on in amazement as he shook his head, feeling as though he'd step through some type of void.

"Melanie, what the hell just happened?" Thorne asked. "I'm not feeling too well." The man said, holding his hand to his head.

"Thorne, it's alright. This area is safely hidden away from those outside our clan. Humans, vampires, nor werewolves can pick up on our location," Melanie slowly explained.

"So, *this* is where vampires and werewolves coexist peacefully?" Thorne asked in disbelief. "Come on Melanie, this is ridiculous. What is this, some type of witchcraft?" Thorne asked, admiring how each cabin was nestled among trees. Surely this must have helped vampires avoid extra sunlight slipping through the windows. The neighborhood appeared to be out of some fantasy storybook.

"Be that as it may, don't let father here you say that. He has spent his entire existence maintaining peace among vampires and werewolves. It has worked out well over the centuries." Melanie spoke proudly.

"Funny how just a few short hours ago, you were ready to run from your father Melanie." Thorne said.

"Well, perhaps I'm finally listening to my instincts Thorne. It drove me insane to see you two arguing like little kids. I don't know, something just came over me I guess. I'm feeling confused and emotional and I hate those feelings. I like to be in control over my situation. Last night, I felt like I knew what I wanted, needed...Now, I'm not so sure...of anything." Melanie confessed.

"We've just entered the gate into our clan. You can't sense it because you aren't from...well, there is a reason why that barrier is up, and mother can explain it to you better than I can." Melanie said hesitantly. "Also, I have reasons why I've avoided my father. He was always so strict with me, and I just couldn't deal with it. Mother has a better understanding of me, and I can relate to her more."

"Now your father has me curious. I need to learn, to understand how the hell vampires and werewolves exist in peace. It just doesn't seem natural Melanie." Thorne said, stroking the patch of hair within the cleft of his chin.

Don't worry Thorne, soon enough you will understand things. Now, this is my parents' house Thorne." Melanie said, pointing to an elegant large three-story log cabin styled home, a myriad of large trees pushing it further into seclusion. In the driveway sat a jeep and a sports car.

"Let me guess, the sports car is your father's, right?" Thorne mused.

"No, actually, the sports car belongs to my mother." Melanie laughed.

The two got out of the car, and approached the door just in time for it to open. The living room was large, and dimly lit. A hint of coffee, spice, and musk hung heavily in the air, and the wooden walls were adorned with family pictures. Ming vases were displayed proudly, along with a few items from the Victorian era. Thorne felt as though he were stepping back in time to several different cultures.

"Well, it's about time you two finally got here!" Donovan snapped, urging the couple to sit down on the sofa. "Natalie, they're here!" he called out. "Took them a while, but they're here!"

The Jackson's home was a large beautifully crafted maplewood cabin. After crossing over the threshold of the Jackson's home, one would come into contact with exquisite furnishings. Melanie's mother was a collector of Chinese vases, many of them, gifts from Donovan when they lived in China during the Ming Dynasty.

From what Thorne could tell, Donovan and Melanie's mother must have lived for quite some time simply because of the tell tale knick- knacks that simply could not have been from modern times. A beautiful oil painting of Melanie's parents, crafted in a gold Victorian frame tastefully adorned the space over the fireplace. Donovan towered over his wife, looking elegant as ever, held his wife's hand. The background of the oil painting appeared to have taken place in Greece Thorne decided, since they were standing next to a magnificent Greek Parthenon. To the left were sturdy wooden stairs, leading to the third level of the Jackson's beautiful home.

A tall, biracial woman emerged from the kitchen. The expression on her face brightened as she ran to Melanie with open arms. The two women embraced one another for what seemed like countless hours.

"Damn, I didn't get a greeting like that!" Donovan sneered. "I guess my baby girl doesn't love her blood-sucking father anymore." He said, trying to lay a guilt trip on Melanie.

"Oh Donovan, stop it. You can't blame her for what she's going through." The woman said.

"This is my wife, Natalie." Donovan said to Thorne. "Natalie, this is the thorn in my side...um, I mean Thorne, Melanie's.... *mate!*" Donovan growled deeply, casting a dark look at the young man. Thorne's eyes began to blaze yellow and Donovan's incisors lengthened, his eyes burning blood red.

"Alright, dammit!," Natalie yelled out loud. "You too will need to work your differences out amongst yourselves! This is ridiculous. Donovan, did you bring them here to argue with Thorne? If you continue to act like a child, I'll treat you like one and throw your ass out of the house! I'm not playing now!"

Thorne immediately pulled back, out of sheer concern for Melanie. Donovan acquiesced, even though he was unable to fight the animosity he felt towards Thorne for endangering his daughter. A part of him liked the young man, but Donovan failed to see how the man made it this far as pack leader. Thorne must not have known there was more to his existence than fighting vampires over territory.

"Alright Natalie, but you know my feelings." Donovan said, calming himself.

"Come on, I've made some coffee for us. Everyone, let's sit so we can discuss things." Natalie said.

Natalie quickly retreated into the kitchen, returning with a carafe of coffee and four cups on a large tray. An older, lighter version of Melanie, the woman was graceful as she was smart, quickly setting down the tray for everyone to help themselves.

"Now Thorne," Natalie said, pouring herself a cup of coffee. "I'm sure you know our Melanie is a hybrid." The woman smiled proudly, glancing at her daughter.

"Yes ma'am, I just recently found out," Thorne said, shifting his gaze towards Melanie.

"Has Melanie told you anything else about her heritage?" Natalie asked.

"No Mrs. Jackson, she hasn't." Thorne said, puzzled. "I understand she is a hybrid, but that doesn't change how I feel about her. I wish her to be my mate, but I need to protect her from Raphael."

"I'm going to explain something to you young man. Only because of the good I sense within you." Natalie began.

"Nat, don't do it." Donovan warned. "What about other vampires who may venture here, trying to start a war? Even worse, what about the hunters?" the brooding vampire asked, tapping his claws on the wooden table.

"Hunters?" Thorne asked, his senses sharpening.

"Yes, humans who hunt vampire and werewolves, or anything else out of the ordinary they feel shouldn't exist." Donovan sneered. "I've come in contact with many of them in my time."

"*Donovan Jackson*, you should know I call them as I see them. I know you're distrusting because that's your baby girl. She's my baby girl too, but he has to know about her." Natalie insisted.

Thorne glanced over at Melanie, raising an eyebrow. Melanie averted her gaze to the brick fireplace, breaking out into a sweat. Life as she knew it no longer existed. It was now time for her to embrace her ancestry, fully. If she truly intended to accept Thorne as a mate, she would need to be completely honest with him.

"Go on Melanie," Natalie pushed. "Tell him!"

"Tell me what?" Thorne asked, trying to swallow the huge knot in his throat. An uneasy feeling penetrated his aura, and the blood in his veins turned cold, warning him that something wasn't quite right.

"Melanie has magical powers, just like her mother." Donovan interrupted, his dark eyes fixated upon Natalie's with warning.

"Oh, you mean like that special entrance that keeps these grounds out of plain sight from others outside your clan." Thorne said, stroking his chin. "Melanie informed me of that when we first arrived. Is that the big secret Mrs. Jackson?" Thorne asked. "I'm no stranger to magic. My grandfather is the Shaman of our clan, and still tries to instill 'the old ways' within us."

"Yes Thorne, Melanie has magical powers." Natalie said through gritted teeth as her eyes turned black, shooting an "I'll get you later" look at her husband who sat smugly with his arms crossed. "She inherited them through me, a trait our clan possesses." Natalie said, choosing her words wisely as she picked up on the vibe that now just wasn't the time for Thorne to know of their daughter's true ancestral blood. Aside from Melanie being a hybrid, there was just one more fact Thorne would have to accept.

In addition, when they came on their heat, Melanie and Thorne were to be locked in the steel cage downstairs during the full moon. Thorne would have to pass the test to see if he was worthy of fathering Melanie's pups one day. This was the way of Natalie and Melanie's clan.

Melanie looked over at her father, shooting him a look of relief. Her father had stepped in, saving her from possibly losing Thorne. If he found out the truth of her heritage, it was quite possible he'd never accept her for who and what she truly was. Her entire life she felt she was a freak of nature, although there were other hybrids who accepted their heritage

without fail. Somehow, Melanie could never quite come to terms with things. Seeking life as a dancer, she fulfilled her strong powerful sexual lusts with clients, male and female whenever they bought her out. Who would have known her life would change forever after crossing paths with Thorne the evening before. She had half-hoped she would continue dancing, never having to change her life, until she met Thorne Cloudfeather.

"Alright, so that's settled," Donovan said. "Sun's almost up, and it's time for me to retire," he said stretching his arms above his head, and exhaling with a sharp hiss. "Come on Natalie. Uh oh, almost forgot. I don't want any hanky panky going on up in my house, is that clear?" Donovan Jackson demanded. "I know you are grown Melanie, but if the urge strikes, take it outdoors!"

Stifling a giggle, Melanie had allowed her father to penetrate her hard shell, and for the first time in years, she felt close to him.

* * * * *

"What do you mean you couldn't find them?" Raphael roared at Darius, one of his clan members. Darius, the same height as Raphael growled in anger as Raphael chastised him. His eyes, glowing like golden embers, Darius ran his fingers through his blond hair, which came just above his shoulders. Darius proceeded to explain himself, something he had grown tired of over the past two years.

"I'm telling you Raphael, they disappeared into thin air. Where were you, why weren't you tracking them?" Darius hissed. "I'm not your lackey man!"

"You dare speak to me in that tone Darius? Have you forgotten the times I saved your ass? If it weren't for me, Thorne would have turned you to dust last week!" Raphael spat.

Darius clenched his jaws tightly together, looking through Raphael as though he weren't standing before him. There just seemed to be no respect for a newly turned vampire. Originally from California, the man had been the victim of a car-jacking while traveling through New Orleans. Darius was thrown into the streets, left for dead until Raphael found him and granted him the gift of immortality. Darius, or Jeff McKeegan had very few family members left. After siring Jeff, Raphael named him Darius. Within the next few evenings, Raphael showed Darius how to hunt and kill without mercy. Raphael tracked down the perpetrators responsible for the car jacking, coaxing Darius to take his revenge; reluctantly, Darius did. Everywhere Raphael traveled, he left death and destruction in his wake.

It was much later when Darius regretted his existence as a vampire. Somehow, death seemed much more inviting than the sewers, clubs, and the bayous of New Orleans. Death had to be more inviting than enduring the cruelty of a monster such as Raphael.

"Raphael, why do we never adhere to the pact between you and Thorne? Don't you think life would be easier, and the wolves wouldn't harass us so much?" Darius asked.

"Are you questioning me Darius? I half-agreed to what Thorne wanted. He and his damned brother, Storm nearly wiped out my best vampires! That's the only reason why I turned your sorry ass when I found you half-dead." Raphael hissed. "So far your service to me has proved useless as tits on a bull!"

Darius hissed, his eyes glowing a pale gold. Raphael swiftly turned, eyes glowing hideously red. Grabbing the newly turned vamp around the neck, he slammed the man against the sewer wall. Darius hissed as his spine cracked against the concrete. In vain, Darius clawed at Raphael's hand, but the man held him fast. He was more powerful, leaving Darius no match for him. Raphael was driven by rage, bloodlust, and pure evil. There was no reckoning with him, and no mercy from him.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't rip your head from your pathetic body right now!" Raphael growled, drawing blood from Darius' neck. Eventually, he let the man go, but not before cracking his head against the wall, letting Darius know who the boss was. "Next time, I'll dust you myself!" Raphael hissed.

"I'm fucking sick and tired of living in sewers, bayous, and other fucking places a werewolf would never hang out at! I want the girl, his mate!" Raphael spat. Two other vampires from Raphael's clan joined the two men. "I want you all to search hi and low for Thorne and his whore." Raphael said.

"Are you claiming her for your mate?" Danoir, a tall lanky vampire with short black spiky hair asked. "She's a fine piece of ass." He added.

"No, I just want to fuck the shit of her before I drain her completely dry. You see gentlemen, this whore is priceless. Her blood...hmm," Raphael leaned his head back in ecstasy at the thought of his canines driving deep into Melanie's throat. "Her sweet blood will give me powers beyond imagination," Raphael growled. "You see Darius, while you were out and about, searching hi and low, as you put it. I managed to discover some valuable information about the dancer.

"What type of valuable information?" Danoir asked eagerly.

"She isn't human," Raphael purred. "I thought I sensed something about her in the club. She was quite vulnerable to my power. If it weren't for Thorne, she'd be mine now. Pity though, I would have had to put her down anyway after discovering her heritage.

Darius' fists clenched tightly together, but relaxed a little as another vampire, Dane gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

"What is she then?" Danoir asked.

"She's a fucking hybrid, half vampire, half werewolf," Raphael answered between gritted teeth. "I struck a deal with a hunter tonight. Parts of her body will be sold on the black market. Her fangs, claws, and anything else deemed valuable by the hunters." He added. "I've heard talk, here in this city which ultimately led me to the hunter. Her magical body will enhance charms, spells, and curses. The hunter will pay me a hefty price for delivering the hybrid whore to him." Raphael laughed, bearing his fangs. "It's fucking beautiful and never ceases to amaze me how things always fall into place for me."

"Why would you do that?" Darius asked. "We are all vampires, how could you sell out your own kind to a hunter? Wouldn't he do the same to you if given half the chance?" Darius asked, shocked and appalled at Raphael. This time the evil blood-sucker had gone too far.

"She's not my fucking kind! She's a fucking hybrid! If she were merely human, I would love to turn her into a full-blooded vampire, but now that I know she is part werewolf! Hell fucking no!" Raphael snorted. "And you need to keep your fucking mouth shut Darius, you're skating on thin ice with me as it is."

"Alright, so what do we do now?" Danoir asked.

Raphael turned around, looking the men in their eyes. Having been a vampire since eighteen forty-nine, Raphael adapted quickly to his new existence once sired. Raphael migrated with his family from Europe to start a new life. His catalyst for doing so was money. One unfortunate evening after closing a business deal, he returned to his family, finding them slaughtered mercilessly by werewolves. Losing his mind, Raphael ran screaming like a mad man deep within the woods, disturbing a vampire dining upon a weary traveler. Raphael quickly found himself alone with an empty black void where his heart once beat after that vampire sired him. From that night on, he swore damnation to all werewolves.

"Find her, kill Thorne, and bring her ass to me! It's plain and simple gentlemen. Let's see how baby brother does without the help of his big brother. When we return to New Orleans, I want Storm killed, along with every Wendigo warrior in his pack!" Raphael hissed.

Danoir and Raphael were in all their glory, leaving Darius and Dane looking on in sheer terror. Not only was their leader a raving lunatic, he would be the very thing that would cut their existence short. Most of the members of Raphael's clan were runaways and misfits who had grown up on the streets of New Orleans. They were the society of the lost, meaning; no one missed them, or even cared if they were dead or alive.

Darius and Dane were two vampires who bonded with one another quite easily, never truly fitting in with Raphael's crew. After two years of following the madman's orders, the two decided they had simply had enough. Now what Raphael was asking them to do was simply horrific. Immortality sucked just as badly as life had for them.

Quite often, Dane desired to go to Memphis, Tennessee in search of his so-called family. Bobby Ray had been his human name. Two years ago, Raphael sired and gave him the name, "Dane." Back then, life as a vampire seemed so enticing, adventurous, and thrilling. Today it seemed filled with despair, death, and darkness...as though they'd been sentenced to hell.

* * * * *

As Melanie slept on her queen-sized bed, Thorne familiarized himself with his surroundings. Melanie came from a wonderful family, a family that would have and did give her anything she desired, until her desire for freedom overrode her. The bedroom was fit for a princess. The beautiful four-poster bed was carved out of wood, by Donovan's hands. It was comforting, making him feel as though he were in his own home. A positive aura radiated from all around, unlike the usual negative vibes he sensed in New Orleans. Could it be his clan had fought in vain throughout the years? Up until he met Donovan, he believed he led his pack correctly, now he was unsure. Confusion sat in and he decided later in the evening, he would call Storm to see how things were going back in New Orleans.

For now, all he wanted to do was mate with Melanie. He couldn't imagine her sexually pleasing her clients, and locking herself away during the course of a full moon, lonely, heated, and longing for a lover's touch. That simply was not the way of the wolf, at least not with his clan. Thorne sat on the bed next to Melanie, his weight causing her to roll slightly towards him.

Sighing, he couldn't quite understand as to why she possessed no mark. In the beginning, when he thought her to be human, he suspected the mark would enable her to accept the venom of a werewolf. She had to have a mark, especially since he was able to sense her in New Orleans. Sometimes human women died from werewolf bites, other times, if they bore a birthmark, usually in the shape of a wolf's head, or a paw, that meant she would survive the bite. Then again, Melanie was a hybrid, so it was quite possible she bore no mark. Melanie barely moved as Thorne began searching her scalp for a shred of evidence, anything. Something wasn't quite right.

Melanie's eyes fluttered open and she smiled at her mate.

"Thorne, what are you doing?" She asked seductively, rising to kiss him on the lips.

"I just wanted to be close to you Melanie," Thorne breathed. He wasn't lying, he wanted to be close to her, but also desperately needed to find out what attracted him to her. It had to have had something to do with her heritage.

"Make love to me Thorne." Melanie whispered, leaning against the honed warrior. A low growl forming in his throat, Thorne caressed her jaw line, slowly thumbing her chin, and

running his hand to her neck, his fingers caressing the base of her skull, touching something semi-hard and leathery.

"What's this?" Thorne asked, becoming shocked when Melanie jerked away from him suddenly.

"It's a scab," Melanie quickly said, rolling off the bed, rising to her feet. "I break out every now and again, you know, and I think must have scratched it."

"Oh," Thorne said, wondering why the hell she was acting so damn jumpy all of a sudden. "Maybe you should have your mother take a look at it. It felt strange, is it infected?" Thorne asked, moving towards Melanie.

"Thorne, it's fine, really." Melanie said, changing the subject. "Now, you were going to make love to me?" she said, leaning against Thorne's muscular chest. Seductively, Melanie traced the tribal tattoos along his arm up to the medicine shield tattoo with the wolf's head.

"Melanie," Thorne growled. "We're in your parents house," he moaned, his balls heavy with need. Thorne inhaled deeply as he buried his face in her hair. He smelled something else too. The musky fragrant cream teased and tantalized his nostrils, making them flare. His aroused cock stubbornly pressed against her belly through his leather pants.

"Thorne, I need you." Melanie whispered, her nether lips becoming slicker with each passing moment. Her knees became wobbly as he tilted her chin up with his index finger, forcing her to look him in the eyes. His other hand lightly caressed her full breasts, teasing and caressing her aching nipples that required his lips, tongue, and teeth. Her mate's dark rich brown eyes sucked her in, rendering her helpless against his powerful gaze. Through the dark, chestnut brown eyes, shades of yellow burned through, letting loose the ancient wolf that longed to run and be free with his new mate. Back at the club, Thorne held back, stifling his wolf as not to physically hurt Melanie. Now, knowing what she was, he would allow the wolf to rear it's head a little during mating.

Melanie stepped back, frightened at the sudden change in her mate, then closed the gap between them again, realizing there was nothing to fear. The wolf within made it's way to the surface, and her eyes shone yellow with lust, not anger like the previous time in the hotel room.

Wolf pheromones permeated the bedroom as the two nipped at one another, a playful way of showing affection. Melanie pushed Thorne on the bed, straddling him. Now it was her turn to be the dominate one.

"Let your wolf show through Melanie." Thorne coaxed as his lover raked her nails over the silk black shirt. Thorne's muscles rippled at the feeling of her nails, and his cock hardened even more at the sight of her yellow eyes. Slowly, seductively, Melanie pulled the silk shirt

up, revealing his strong pectoral muscles, washboard abdominals, and the thin patch of hair leading from his Xiphoid process into his black leather pants. Quickly, she unzipped them. Black pubic hair enticed her, and the urge to draw him into her mouth consumed her.

A strong pulsating throb assaulted her core as she leaned forward, raking her tongue across Thorne's flesh. His growls of approval egging her on, Melanie dipped lower, darting her tongue into his pubic hair, causing Thorne to pull her even closer to his body. Pre-cum had already leaked from the large swollen head of his engorged cock. He could feel it moistening the entire head, and he wanted nothing more than to have Melanie run her tongue over his tip, slowly devouring him.

"Let me up woman." Thorne growled, realizing it would take an insurmountable amount of strength not to plunge himself deep inside her pussy. Back at the club was raw lust that should have linked them both to one another, forever. "I need to feel your skin against mine." He breathed.

Melanie moved off beside him, yanking the dress off her naked body, waiting, as Thorne quickly shed his garments. Gracefully, he returned to the bed, stalking her, as though he were in wolf form. Melanie met him, wrapping her arms around his muscular body. Thorne sat on his haunches as Melanie licked and nibbled at his neck, wrapping her hand around his aching cock.

Thorne's tongue invaded her mouth, and she had almost forgotten about that precious little piercing he possessed that brought her so much pleasure when he went down on her the evening before. Slowly, she stroked his steel, bathing the tip of his head in pre-cum. A wolf like growl slipped past his lips and he gritted his teeth, fighting the urge to come. Melanie's juices slowly trickled down her inner thigh as she ran her tongue down his neck, to his chest. Licking and biting each nipple as she raked her nails over the man's stomach, causing him to jump. She ventured further, over his abdominals, lingering at his belly button, following the sporadic trail of hair that met up with his pubic area.

Melanie licked the base of his cock, and slowly traveled up his member to the throbbing head dripping with pre-cum. Like ice cream on a cone, she slurped at the pre-cum, enjoying the hot salty taste of it on her lips and tongue. Teasing the tip with her finger, she played with the long strand of pre-cum just to see the tortured expression on Thorne's face.

Groaning, Thorne gently pulled her hair, almost begging her to accept him in her mouth. Making the tip disappear in her soft, warm mouth, Melanie sucked hard, causing Thorne to grab handfuls of her hair. Slowly she sucked him down until his head lodged in the back of her throat. As though she were drinking, Melanie contracted her throat muscles while cupping Thorne's tight, heavy balls.

Swearing an ancient oath of his people's clan, Thorne propped himself up on his elbows to further enjoy Melanie's deliciously wicked show. His masseter muscles in both cheeks

twitching in a steady beat as his salivatory glands worked overtime as he deeply inhaled the scent of his mate's cream.

"I'm going to get you good," he warned Melanie, fiery passion building in his dark eyes. Flecks of gold slowly appeared as she continued her sweet torture on his cock. Abandoning all tenderness, she deep throated Thorne hard and fast, simultaneously pumping the head of his cock in his fist until his toes curled and his body shook beneath her. She was bringing him to his knees because as hard as Thorne fought to control his orgasm, Melanie instigated further, eventually causing the man to spill his load deep within her throat. Greedily she continued to suck as his cum slowly dribbled from her mouth down her chin, and along the base of her neck.

Thorne buried his fingers in her hair as he squirmed against her touch, causing the man to jump out of his skin. His cock, still hard required more attention, but now it was Melanie's turn.

Swiftly Thorne rose, pouncing on his mate as she laughed, wrapping her arms around him. Thorne mounted Melanie, grinding his cock against the wetness of her mound. Locked in a passionate kiss, they writhed and squirmed against one another's bodies, the friction *almost* as good as penetration.

"I need you Melanie," Thorne moaned.

"Then take me now Thorne," she growled, grinding her pelvis against his cock. In vain, she tried manipulating his head against her slick opening. Gently nipping her breast, Thorne held her hips down as Melanie squirmed, lightly cursing him. She enjoyed having him dominate and devour her with his lips, tongue, and teeth. Slowly, he licked and nibbled his way over her breasts, down the flatness of her belly and into the place where she craved him most. Pleasure gripped her from head to toe as Thorne's tongue slowly savored the hot juices clinging to Melanie's labia.

Smooth, dark, and sweet were the words that ran through his mind as he slowly devoured her wonton hot flesh. Gently pulling her slick folds apart, Thorne circled her fleshy bud with his tongue, eventually pulling the hood back. His generous licks on her swollen clit was entirely too much for Melanie to handle as he quickly darted a tongue in and out of her wet pussy, gently squeezing her clit between his fingers.

"Thorne, I can't wait any longer, now...please!" Melanie demanded, as her hands traveled to her breasts, pinching, and pulling at her dark perky nipples. She ground her pelvis hard against Thorne's face, riding his tongue until he greedily drank her sweet juices as she came.

Crying out his name, Melanie's hips rocked with intense pleasure as Thorne slowly crawled up her body, thrusting into her with his hard cock, increasing her pleasure ten times over. Instinctively, Melanie wrapped her thighs around his waist, still reeling from her intense

orgasm. Slowly he sank deep inside her, resting his balls against her body, and speaking to her in his native Chippewa tongue.

“Ma’iingan” *“My wolf”* Thorne spoke softly to her, licking her neck, slowly pulling the swollen head of his cock to the entrance of her pussy. His breathing laboring, as he pushed his orgasm aside in an effort to bring Melanie to hers. “Nezhahwanega Kedah!” *“I love you,”* Thorne moaned heavily.

“Oh my God Thorne! I love you too.” Melanie cried out, close to tears, raking her nails against Thorne’s skin. His flesh, dampened with perspiration felt hot and smooth under her palms. Her demanding hands gripped his taunt ass, his cock swiftly stroking her pussy. “I need to come, make me come, please, oh God, Thorne!” Melanie scratched Thorne’s back, drawing blood.

“Gold eyes punched through his regular eye color as the man growled, biting Melanie on her neck, claiming her a second time. Howling with pleasure Melanie shifted a few times into her wolf form. “Ma’iingari! Show me your form again my sweet “Ma’iingari!”

“Harder Thorne, fuck, oooh, fuck yeesss!” Melanie pleaded, as the two shifted continuously between wolf and human form. “I want to run free with you Melanie.” He growled, throwing his head back, howling as his balls released his load, baptizing Melanie’s pussy with his hot seed. Climaxing a few short seconds after Thorne, Melanie howled in unison with her mate....

Lazily, they basked in the afterglow of their mating, Thorne’s cock still lodged inside Melanie’s swollen pussy, shifting alternately between humanoid and wolf form. Eventually they shifted into human, still lying in one another’s arms. Lying on her side, Melanie scooted as close as possible against her mate, growling as Thorne lightly stroked the small of her back. She ran her palms against his bronzed skin, feeling his cock growing into steel once again, totally aware of what her father told them before he retired to his vampiric sleep. Giggling, Melanie nipped Thorne’s nipple, causing a growl to escape his lips.

* * * * *

“So, Thorne never said where he was going?” Storm Cloudfeather asked Ronnie Redhawke as he sunk into the black leather chair. “I love my little brother, but he’s become quite the pain in my fucking ass!” Storm snorted. Storm, a larger version of Thorne had long black hair to the middle of his back. His yellowish orange eyes glowed with fury as he imagined putting a foot up his brother’s ass.

“I don’t know where he went, but I can tell you wherever he went, he was seeking his mate.” Ronnie sighed. “Storm, that looks pretty damn nasty, you’d better have Hawk take a

look at that," Ronnie said wrinkling his face as the gauze on Storm's forearm soaked through with blood. Earlier last night, the two members of The Black Claws rumbled with what was left of Raphael's clan.

"I swear, if I turn into a fucking vampire, I'll skin Thorne's ass alive." Storm cursed. "I'm way ahead of you brother, Hawk has already looked at it. It should be fine. He said a few chants, and blew smoke on my arm, and all should be well."

"Storm, stop your negative talk about our old ways." Ronnie warned. "Why do you think our clan is teetering on the brink of extinction, as we were centuries ago?" the tall, thinner man spoke. Ronnie desperately clung to his Chippewa heritage. It gave him faith each time he came into contact with Raphael's clan.

"Don't lecture me Ronnie," Storm said through gritted teeth. "I need to rest, then I'll track my brother. Our clan is teetering on the brink of extinction, because, according to the Old Ones; Wendigos, *our ancestors* were cannibals who ate their fucking women and children! Our clan came pretty damn *close to extinction back then*, remember?" Storm raised a dark eyebrow at his long time clan member.

"I don't know. That was a long fucking time ago man. Wendigos and werewolf history aren't exactly in the history books, you know?" Ronnie laughed.

"Thorne's in danger Ronnie, I can sense it. He and his mate are both in danger!" Storm Cloudfeather groaned, holding his head in the palm of his hand.

* * * * *

Raphael and Danoir walked through the wretched alley in the lower West Side on the outskirts of Donovan's town. Vampires and werewolves from Donovan's clan had ran Raphael and his small clan out of their city, infuriating him to no end. Unfortunately, Raphael's diabolical mind discovered many new ways of sexually manipulating Melanie, while bringing cruel calloused vengeance against Donovan and Thorne all in one felt swoop.

"Where the fuck is he?" Raphael hissed. "He said he'd meet us at this time!" Raphael, in a fit of anger punched the side of the large green dumpster, leaving a dent bigger than the size of his fist.

"Calm yourself vampire," Kyle Sway, the hunter said as he coolly strolled down the alley towards the two vampires. "Don't you know the meaning of the word patience?" The hunter chuckled, dropping the heavy duffle bag down next to him.

"Well, it's a bout fucking time!" Raphael hissed, approaching the man.

"Whoa, hold up there bloodsucker!" Kyle demanded, pulling a small crossbow out of the bag. "I don't fucking trust you! Now how do we get our hands on the hybrid?" Kyle demanded.

"Quite easily," Raphael growled deeply. You see, I was in her head the first time I met her. If it weren't for Thorne, she would have been mine that night. But that was before I knew she had fucking wolf in her!" Raphael spat in disgust. "After I'm finished with her, you take her and do whatever the fuck you want with her. First, I want half my payment up front!" Raphael demanded. "Don't fuck me hunter, or I swear, I'll tear your fucking heart out and shove it up your ass!"

Tell you what vamp, deliver me the hybrid, and I'll give you all the money. Nothing up front until I see you stick to your word. *Capish?* And don't try anything, whether you know it or not, you're being watched. Did you really think I was stupid enough to come here alone?" Kyle laughed. Instead of calling to the hybrid, take this." With one hand, Kyle dipped into the duffel bag, pulling out a small round silver gadget resembling that of a compass, only larger.

"What's that?" Danoir asked.

"This little beauty tracks hybrids. My brother invented it himself. Hybrids are worth a lot of fucking money. You can get more money for them if you dissect them. It really depends to whom and where you sell them. My brother and I are one of the best dealers in the biz, and if you deliver, we'll take good care of you."

Raphael grinned as greed radiated in his eyes, lust slowly replacing greed at the thought of all he would do to the hybrid whore....Thorne's whore.

* * * * *

The sun set quickly causing vampires to stir throughout the elegant neighborhood. Something jarred Thorne out of his sleep, causing him to sit straight up in bed. Thinking Melanie had tapped him, he glanced over at her still body. It had to have been Storm projecting his spirit, shaking Thorne out of his sleep. His brother was pissed, Thorne could feel his brother's anger radiate through his body.

Melanie stirred next to him rolling over, flinging her arms around his waist.

"Well, hello sleepy head," Thorne laughed, as he gently touched the tip of his mate's nose. "I'm surprised your father hasn't bothered us. I know he's awake now." Thorne said, reaching for the lamp on the night-stand next to the bed.

"Get your asses down here now!" Donovan Jackson roared from downstairs, sending a slight child down Melanie's spine.

"Dammit Thorne! You spoke too soon!" Melanie squealed, slipping into a denim dress, this time wearing bra and panties. "He's gonna kill us!"

"Well, he warned us. What's the worse he will do? He's a peace loving man, correct?" Thorne grinned as he slipped into a pair of faded blue jeans and a black t-shirt.

"It will be fine, his bark is worse than his bite." Melanie suggested.

"Well, I respect your father Melanie, but I won't be pushed around by him." Thorne said. "Oh shit, I made love to his daughter under his roof, so he'll view that as disrespect."

"Okay Thorne, stop worrying, come on. Let's take our blows like adults." Melanie busted out laughing as they entered the hallway. Floorboards creaked as they made a sharp right to slip down the steps and take a seat in the living room.

Donovan stood next to the fireplace, hands on his hips, giving the couple "the" look, eventually sitting down as Natalie walked past, swatting him on the arm.

"Donovan, leave those children alone and watch television or something. Your pig's blood is in the kitchen, I forgot to bring it out!" Natalie said, giving her daughter a huge hug, and kissing Thorne on his cheek. "Thorne, I want you to know, we welcome you to the family. Please take care of our little girl."

"Thanks Mrs. Jackson." Thorne grinned.

"No worries Thorne," Natalie crooned.

Thorne grabbed Melanie, pulling her close to him while inhaling her fragrance. Accidentally, his hand brushed against the small patch of skin he felt earlier during the day. Satisfying his curiosity, he quickly pulled Melanie's hair up in an effort to examine the patch, despite Melanie's protests. "*Thorne...nooo!*" Melanie howled.

"What the hell...Melanie!" Thorne growled in shock. "What is that?" The alpha of the Black Claw Clan demanded venomously. Melanie broke out in tears, fear gripping her, as she knew Thorne demanded an explanation for what he'd just seen at the occipital area of her skull.

Donovan and Natalie rushed over to the couple in an effort to console Melanie while explaining to Thorne.

"Donovan, *now* do you think it's time to explain to the man?" Natalie asked, raising her brow. "He needs to know if he's going to be her mate."

"Explain what exactly?" Thorne asked. "Melanie has a thick scaly patch in her scalp. I felt it earlier this afternoon, but she said it was a bump she had scratched. It looks like...like, like snake's skin." Thorne said, wrinkling his eyebrows.

"Son, sit down." Donovan said as soft as he could despite his deep voice.

"Melanie, why are you dishonest with me?" Thorne demanded.

"Thorne honey, I'm sorry, but you just don't... Oh my God, Mom!" Melanie whimpered, suddenly feeling weak at the knees at the look of disgust carved on Thorne's handsome features. The look in his eyes made Melanie consider crawling underneath a rock, remaining there for the rest of her existence.

"What is it Melanie?" Thorne demanded. "Someone tell me something!"

"Lower your voice in *my house* son," Donovan said, raising a brow.

Sitting down, Thorne placed his head in his hands, bracing himself at the explanation to come. Natalie sat down beside him, putting a hand on the confused man's shoulder.

"Is something wrong with Melanie?" Thorne asked. He supported his chin against his knuckles, feeling his elbows digging deep into his quadricep muscles. He fought hard to regain control over his breathing as Melanie sat across from him, tissue in hand, her eyes red from crying.

"Melanie and I are from a different clan of werewolves." Natalie said, biting her lip as she glanced over at her daughter. "You see Thorne, I have a patch as well." The woman turned her back to Thorne, lifting her sandy brown colored hair revealing the same scaly patch similar to that of her daughter, but larger. Looking closely, the patch was in the shape of a wolf's head, appearing to take on a life of its own.

"What the...Melanie.." Thorne shook his head. He knew she possessed a mark. It was supposed to have been in the form of a birthmark. But there was more. Thorne swallowed hard as Natalie turned, facing him.

"You see Thorne, this isn't our original home. Our home was destroyed centuries ago by war and greed. Our home was a planet called Edolonia....

Part 3 Coming Soon

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