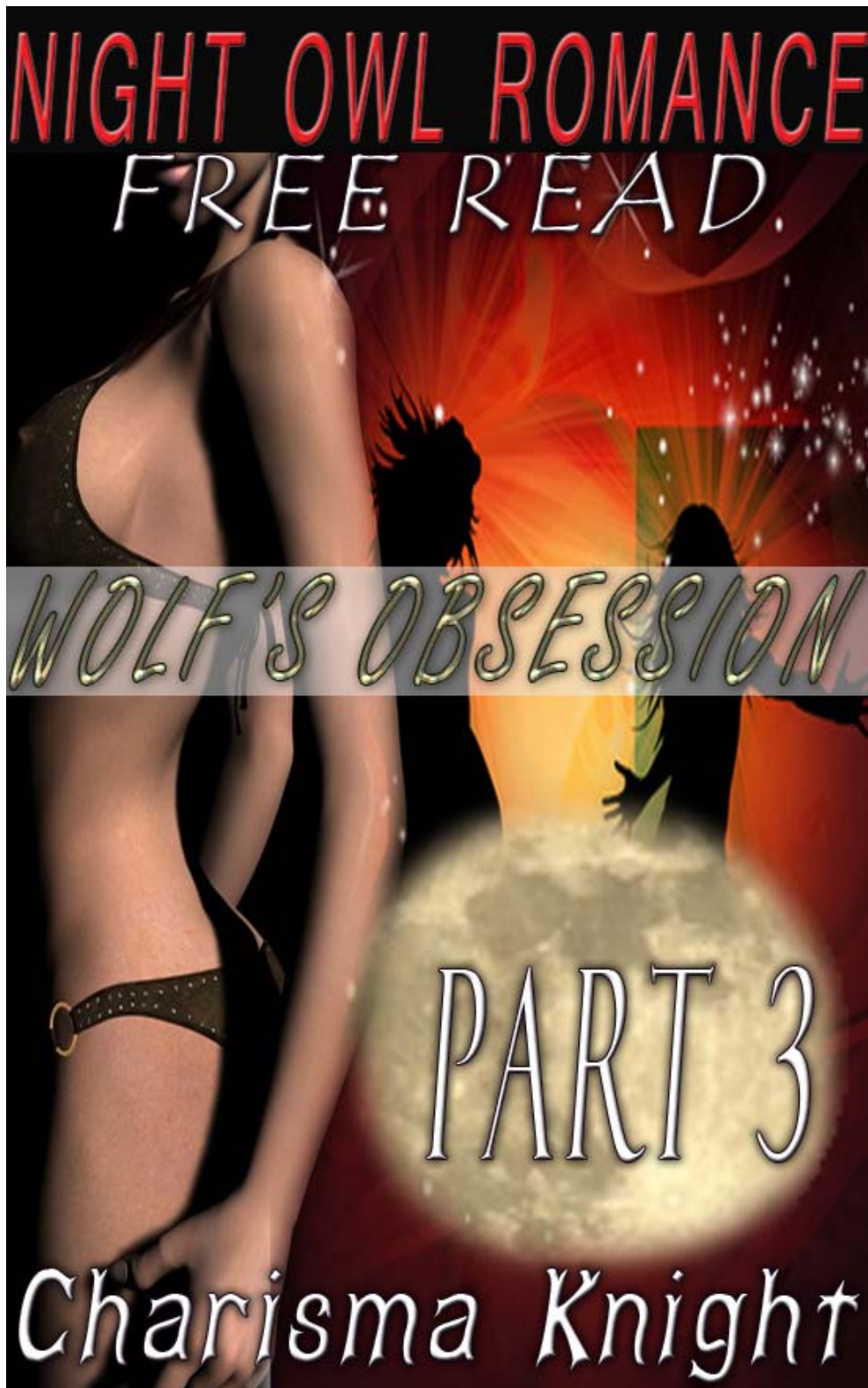


This is a part 3 in a 3 part series!



NIGHT OWL ROMANCE
FREE READ

WOLF'S OBSESSION

PART 3

Charisma Knight

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Title: Wolf's Obsession – Part 3

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Wolf's Obsession Part 3

Thorne started shaking his head, looking at Melanie, Donovan, and then Natalie. Fighting to maintain his composure, Thorne bit his lip and proceeded to ask questions.

“Among the stars?” he asked.

“Come on Nat, cut to the chase.” Donovan said. Young Wolf is becoming as nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs! You're making the boy sweat, for God's sake!

“Our planet was called Edolonia Thorne.” Natalie said as calmly as she could, fearing the man would lose his mind on the spot. “We are an ancient race of advanced shape-shifters. My ancestors first visited this planet around the time when Native Americans freely roamed North America before Custer, even centuries before Conquistadors,” Natalie continued. We have existed for thousands of years until greed and war destroyed our planet. Quite similar to the way things are going here on Earth. Man is uncaring, wreaking havoc on Earth's resources, building senselessly, and killing animals, throwing Earth's balance off. I witnessed the same pattern on Edolonia. Earth is safe...for now.

“Safe, for now?” Thorne asked.

“Yes, for centuries, tribes foretold of the Earth changes Thorne. Look around you, global warming has affected the planet. Polar ice caps are melting, and the levels of the oceans are changing, destroying our barrier reefs. Certain wildlife is decreasing. You had to have known these things, elders in every Native American tribe knew of the approaching changes.

“Aw, come on Nat, you're depressing me!” Donovan exclaimed restlessly. “You know I hate it when you talk like that!” he said like a little kid pouting.

“The truth hurts, doesn't it Donovan? Edolonia went through the same changes. Our oceans dried up, and the suns destroyed our planet. It became increasingly harder to survive the heat.

“Your planet had two suns?” Thorne asked in awe.

“Yes and three moons.” Natalie responded. This is how the patch on the nape of our necks formed, it was a survival mechanism, capturing the harmful rays of the suns. At night, we regained our strength, allowing our species to develop a tolerance to the suns.

“So, it's true what my ancestors spoke of, witnessing iron birds in the sky centuries ago,” Thorne said, sucking in a deep breath. “Melanie, why the hell didn't you say anything to me, I mean, why all the secrets?” Thorne asked, his gaze slicing through Melanie like a knife through a biscuit.

“Thorne, I didn't say anything because I knew you'd react this way.” Melanie said in a shaky voice. “I denied my heritage for the longest time, as though it would change things. I didn't accept myself Thorne, so how could I expect anyone else to accept me?”

Thorne rose to his feet, slowly walking around the house, his gaze fixated upon the wooden floor. Confusion and doubt set in, causing him to analyze the situation and his relationship with Melanie.

"So, how different are the species?" Thorne asked. "Melanie, I need my clan to carry on the wendigo line." Thorne said regretfully. "I'm sorry, I...I can't do this Melanie, not now, I need time to think." Thorne said.

"You son of a bitch!" Donovan sneered. "My little girl was good enough for you to have your way with in the back of some shitty hole in the wall club..."

"Donovan, please, don't..." Natalie started, rudely interrupted by Donovan.

"No Nat, I'm going to have my say!"

"Dad, please, let it go!"

"Hell no Melanie!" Donovan hissed at his daughter. "Son, what you're saying is my baby girl isn't good enough for your clan? Well damn you and your fucking clan to hell, and get the hell out of my house while you can still walk, young wolf!" Donovan sneered, trying to stifle the mounting rage building within his chest.

"Donovan, its not like that, I simply need time to think!" Thorne exclaimed, not wanting to get sucked up in a shouting match with the stubborn vampire.

"If you love her like you say you do, what's there to think about Thorne? You know, I think I was wrong about you. When I first met you, I didn't like you, then after getting to know you, I liked you; some. Now, I don't fucking like your sorry ass at all! Go on boy, get out, my daughter will find someone who is capable of loving her, regardless of where she comes from! You haven't even listened to Natalie."

"Oh my God, Donovan!" Natalie cried out.

Due to the increased stress and heartache, Melanie was in the process of painfully shifting, somewhere along the lines of wolf and vampire. Painful cries and animalistic moans escaped her lips, as she was forced down on all fours by the change. Bones crackled and popped underneath fur. Vicious, yellowish red eyes glared straight ahead into the wall, and Melanie's moans turned to screeches as she regained her composure, eventually rising on two feet.

"Melanie?" Natalie called approaching her daughter, only to be answered with a growl as the beautiful creature backed up, towards the entrance of the house. She looked at her father, and it almost tore her heart out, seeing the sympathy he held for her within his eyes. Then there was Thorne, which was the hardest for Melanie. The look of confusion and disgust, clearly carved across his face.

Thorne sucked in a deep breath as the large creature before him studied him with a hurt look on her face. His heart sank, for she was beautiful to him, different, but beautiful. Thorne had never seen a female wolf of this nature. Her black and silver fur gleamed in the lighting of the Jackson's

home, and her fangs were a mixture of wolf and vampire alike. Her slender physique was muscular and dexterous. Her snout was rounded and her nose quivered.

The female sniffed the air, and although in Thorne's present state of mind, his wolf pheromones excited her. Throwing her head back, Melanie howled a long heart felt howl, releasing all her pain and anguish.

"Melanie honey, where are you going?" Donovan asked, as his daughter lowered herself on all fours, proceeding to the entrance of the house.

Melanie turned, looked at her father and a strange hissing growl slowly escaped curled lips. Patience, all but lost to Melanie, she was ready to tear into anything that moved. She'd attack herself if it were a possible feat. Right now, hatred emanated from every pore in her body.

"Who the hell are you growling at young lady?" Donovan hissed back, ready to approach his daughter until Natalie cut him off.

"Donovan, let her go." Natalie said.

"Are you crazy woman? She could hurt someone the way she is! We need to lock her up!" Donovan exclaimed.

"No, you will not lock our daughter up!" Natalie said, her eyes beginning to glow with sheer fury. "Melanie needs to sort things out, on her own Donovan. You know it as well as I do. She needs to roam free, and this is just the place to do it. That is the purpose of our community. She has countless land to roam free on." Natalie insisted.

Donovan stared at his daughter in shock, harshly sucking in a breath in agreement with his wife, and giving Thorne the evil eye. Thorne tried to approach Melanie, but to his surprise, she quickly turned around, slashing at him with her sharp claws. If it weren't for his lightening fast reflexes, he'd be sporting a large claw mark on the side of his face. Melanie bared her fangs, growling a warning, a warning that strangely racked fear throughout the leader's taunt body. Fear had never been a part of Thorne's life, until now.

"You should heed that warning Thorne," Natalie said. In our race, females possess the ability to overpower the males, some even devour their mates, when they have been wronged by them.

"Oh wonderful; well at least our clans have some things in common." Thorne said harshly. "Both species are into cannibalism, go figure!"

"Oh, yes, wendigos ate their women and children, that's why your clan members were depleted long ago." Natalie said.

"So...you know of our clan, our heritage?" Thorne asked in surprise.

"Thorne, there is much I know," Natalie said. "I'll explain it all to you later, but right now..."

Quickly, Melanie dashed out the door, knocking the screen off the hinges. Several lone howls broke the night as Melanie ran long and hard, far away from the torment, rage, and pain she was

experiencing.

Thorne attempted to shift into wendigo form, until Donovan stopped him. The vampire was simply too quick for the leader. Wrestling Thorne to the ground, Donovan warned Thorne of the impending danger.

"Get the hell off me, old timer!" Thorne gritted through his teeth as haunting, golden eyes slowly replaced his dark ones.

"Boy, who the hell are you calling old timer?" Donovan hissed, baring his incisors. "I'll show you an old timer, you young son of a..."

"You two! Cut it out now! Natalie growled.

Suddenly, without warning a large black form came careening through the open door, snatching Thorne up from Donovan's clutches and into the cabin wall of the Jackson's home. The large wolf must have been at least six foot five. The wolf held Thorne within its gaze as the man struggled in vain for freedom.

"Storm! Get the hell off me, now!" Thorne choked out. Storm Cloudfeather was a mighty force in his wendigo form. One large clawed hand fit snugly around Thorne's neck, and Donovan simply couldn't get enough of the action, for he broke out in a deep, dark hysterical laughter. He would have definitely defended Thorne if forced to, but since this large wolf knew the young wolf, Donovan wallowed in seeing the man jacked up by this large wolf with the beautiful thick, long black hair.

Slowly, the large wolf released his brother, dropping him violently to his feet. Red faced, Thorne angrily gripped his throat and quickly rose to his feet, muttering Chippewa and making hand gestures to the wolf, who slowly shifted to human form.

Natalie shook her head as two large Native American men entered through the doorway one by one. Ronnie Redhawke acknowledged the Jacksons, introducing himself, and the other man, Jay Silvercloud. Slowly, an elderly Native American gentleman stepped through the door. Hawk Silvercloud, the clan's shaman spoke in Chippewa, chastising Storm and Thorne.

Donovan shook the men's hands, introducing Natalie. The two men were strong, fierce warriors, and posed no threat, Donovan sensed. Hawk was tall, but elderly, possessing centuries of wisdom. They all stood proud and noble, filling Donovan with a sense of pride.

"My deepest apologies to you both," Storm said, regaining his composure. He walked over, shaking the Jacksons' hands.

"You see, I've been tracking my little brother for quite some time. He led me all over the damned city, and now here, out in God only knows where," Storm said, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Young man, how did you find us? This land is protected by our guardians' ancient protection gates." Natalie asked, puzzled.

"I tracked Thorne here, Mrs. Jackson, and I sensed your gate. Hawk, our shaman was able to break through the defenses of the gate, but I was the guinea pig, and since I was the first one through, it shocked the living hel..., I mean daylights out of me." Storm slowly explained. "It painfully caused me to shift into wendigo form. I'm truly sorry for barging through your home," Storm apologized to Natalie. Turning to his brother, Storm shook his head in utter disappointment.

"Thorne, you and I really need to talk. I have a few choice words for you." Storm growled, eyeing the young warrior.

"Storm, I can explain."

"Truly Thorne, I don't wish to hear whatever it is you have to say. You tracked your mate here, to this state, leaving the clan vulnerable. That is a crime I cannot and will not forgive," Storm spoke harshly to his younger brother, his stone cold features hardening with each moment he looked at Thorne. A flash of yellowish orange poked through his dark brown eyes as his eyebrows knitted tightly together. His long jet black hair was neatly combed back and held with a deerskin tie. If not for his modern clothes, Storm looked like an ancient Native American warrior from the past.

"Raphael followed me here, along with a few of his clan members." Thorne said to his defense. "Things aren't as bad as they appear to be Storm," Thorne said. "Try to lighten up a bit, and understand my situation."

"Lighten up a bit? Your situation? Listen to yourself Thorne! You are simply a self-centered, uncaring ass!" Storm said quietly, trying not to curse too much in the Jacksons' home. Since childhood, Thorne had such a profound way of bringing out the worst in Storm.

"I'm well aware of Raphael's presence. This entire town wrecks of him! Thorne, you're unbecoming as a clan leader, and I hereby renounce you of your position!" Storm quickly said, glancing at Hawk, who nodded in agreement with the tall man.

"What! But you can't do that to me Storm!" Thorne sneered.

"Oh, but I can, and...I have Thorne. It is my own fault, I thought I had taught you better than this, apparently, I haven't. I'm disappointed in you, and myself Thorne." Storm said in a low growl. Hurt slicing through his tough exterior, Thorne sucked in a breath, and held his head high, for it was the wendigo way of not showing any emotion.

"I challenge you Storm." Thorne croaked.

"I don't think you want to go there." Storm quickly said, arching a brow.

"No Thorne, I don't think you want to go there, either, not in my damn house." Donovan Jackson said, folding his arms across his chest. "You men need to take your problems outside, before I call *my* clan." Donovan said calmly.

"I mean you no disrespect sir," Storm said.

"Now see Thorne, why can't you be more like your brother. He's respectful, and doesn't dislike vampire as a whole." Donovan said.

"Thorne doesn't think of anyone but himself," Storm replied. "I sensed pain when I approached the house, and I'm sure you're the cause of it Thorne!" Storm said.

"It's a long story, our daughter, Melanie, Thorne's mate. Oh, hell, I don't even know where to start." Natalie said, sitting down, holding her head in her hands.

"Your daughter is in danger" Jay said.

"What do you mean, she's in danger?" Donovan asked, as his temper quickly flared.

"Raphael's clan has struck a deal with your friendly neighborhood hunter." Jay quickly said. "Your daughter is hurt, and her judgement is way off," the medicine man added. "The hunter will soon find her!"

"You're a very powerful medicine man," Natalie quickly added. "There is so much to talk to you all about, we just need to get my baby to safety," she added. "Will you please aid us in finding Melanie?"

"Let me round up a few members of my clan," Donovan said, quickly grabbing his cell phone. "I'll need a few members watching over the premises here, while we split up and search for Melanie."

Thorne's heart lurched as he remembered the pain in Melanie's eyes, in human and wolf form.

"This is far from over," Thorne said, walking past his brother. If looks could kill, Storm would have died where he stood.

"No, *it is* over, brother." Storm said through gritted teeth. "You better hope all is well with your mate, else I swear, I'll kick your pathetic ass!"

"Asshole!"

"Can we stop bickering amongst ourselves gentlemen?" Ronnie demanded. "We need to save Thorne's mate!"

Storm paired up with Natalie, Jay, and Donovan, while Thorne, Hawk, and Ronnie teamed up. Donovan and Natalie provided Storm with cliff notes version of Thorne and Melanie's situation, while Thorne filled his crew in on his personal life.

"Thorne, what is wrong with you?" Ronnie asked. "You go and find someone to be happy with, and you wind up breaking her heart." Ronnie chastised.

"I was shocked, that's all. I love Melanie, loved her from the first time I laid eyes on her." Thorne defended himself. "I swear, I don't know what I'd do if she never spoke to me again."

"Discovering her true origins shouldn't have mattered to you," Hawk said. "Love conquers all."

The Great Spirit crossed our clans long ago, when our ancestors first saw the iron birds in the sky, well before our sacred clan began to dwindle." Hawk explained.

"I was thinking of our clan." Thorne said, hanging his head in shame.

"The Great Spirit showed us the path centuries ago Thorne. Our clan doesn't go for discriminating. Our people have diminished greatly over the centuries. Have you ever thought that mixing with Melanie could produce an entirely different, and stronger race of wendigos? Things happen for a reason. Our line wouldn't completely die out. Will you ever learn, foolish young pup?" Hawk asked, before giving into complete silence, despite Thorne's rebuttal.

"Hawk has spoken his peace. Thorne, save your breath," Ronnie said. "You'll never get him to talk now, he's really pissed at you man."

"Yeah, a lot of that seems to be going around tonight," Thorne said in an agitated manner.

* * * * *

Melanie continued to run wild, as fast as her legs would carry her. Freedom called to her, and the pull of the full moon required her to embrace her wolf form. The vampire within was buried beneath the strong genes of the intergalactic Edolonian wolf tribe. Warm breeze tickled her nose and skimmed her fur as she found a small hill in which to comfortably perch herself.

Gazing at the stars and the full moon, Melanie threw her head back and howled to the universe, questioning, remembering the stories her mother told her of their long lost planet, Edolonia. A part of her wished the planet still existed, perhaps she would have found someone like her, and she wouldn't have to worry with whether or not they accepted her.

Unknowingly, Melanie traveled too far from the safety of the clan neighborhood. Danger lurked within the trees, and it was far too late when she felt several sharp, stabbing pains in her sides. Rising to all fours, Melanie tried to dash away to safety, only to fall to the ground as the tranquilizers took their effect. Unable to move and breathing heavily, Melanie's eyes gravitated to Raphael and a man she didn't recognize. A small plea in the form of a whimper escaped her lips as blackness invaded her mind.

"You see, vampire? I told you this little beauty would track the hybrid, without a problem. Now, let's get out of here. I'm sure her mate is within close proximity." Kyle said. Two large vampires lifted Melanie's body up and into the back of a large SUV.

"I'm impressed Kyle," Raphael hissed. "I can't believe I have Thorne's whore in my presence. Playtime, sweet dancer, it's time I taught your ass some manners baby."

"Just remember vampire, don't mark her up too badly. I want to kill her in her wolf form; her fur is beautiful and will fetch a hefty price on the market." Kyle grinned after he and Raphael climbed into the truck.

"Will she wake up anytime soon?" Raphael asked.

"No, I shot her up with enough tranquilizers to knock out two bulls. She'll come to in the morning, and will shift back into her human form tonight, the form you desire the most," Kyle grinned, looking into the back of the SUV. "Mind if I watch or have a turn with her? She's fucking gorgeous! It's a damn shame what we have to do to her."

Melanie had shifted quickly into her human form, right beneath their noses. Kyle turned on dim lights, that softly shone on Melanie's rich ebony skin, and her shapely silhouette gave both men raging hard-ons as their devious minds conjured up most explicit ways of doing shameless acts to Melanie.

"I could take her right here, but I think it best we take her back to my place." Kyle said, the woman's view leaving him breathless. "I'll give you the rest of your money when we get there," Kyle said. "Well done vampire, well done!"

* * * * *

Melanie awoke, her whole body feeling as though it were made of lead. Raising slowly, she decided none of the hangovers she experienced in the past topped this one. She lay on soft fur, and quickly noticed both legs were shackled, and the chains attached to steel bars.

Sheer terror struck her as she realized she was bare ass naked. Her heart lurched as she listened to the mannish talk of men outside the cell. Her keen ears picked up on what they would do to her when they entered her cell, hence the reason why she lay on the soft fur, naked as a jaybird. Quickly, she covered her body, her mind remembering the painful incident at her parents' house, her heart sinking further as she remembered Thorne's reaction to her heritage.

"Well, well, well, sleeping beauty has awakened," A dark, menacing, familiar voice shot through her like needles through a pincushion. She recognized the man's voice well enough, even though she wished she hadn't. Raphael, the vampire who threatened to tear her apart from the inside out, now it would seem as though he would have his chance to do just that.

"Melanie sat up, trying to conceal the fear in her eyes. Raphael smelled and cherished it, just as he would cherish turning the beautiful dancer inside out with all the sinful, delectable forms of sexual punishment he had planned for her.

"Aw, my dear, were art thou mate?" Raphael snickered, his eyes glowing venomously as he spoke to her through the bars of the cell.

Melanie averted her gaze, trying to think of a swift comeback, but she had none.

"What's the matter, did he desert you, after discovering your hybrid blood? Tisk, tisk," Raphael teased, slightly sticking out his bottom lip in a pouty manner. "Don't worry, Raphael will pick up the pieces," he grinned. This actually could be fun, he decided. His cock grew at the thought of spending time alone with the beautiful hybrid, fucking her senseless, and tasting her sweet blood, something he'd been wanting to do the moment he laid eyes on her in the club. Perhaps, if he could override her wolf side, he could access her vampire half...he would have the

upper hand. Maybe he could claim her as a mate after all. Kyle had shot her up with enough tranquilizers so she would be unable to shift into wolf form, making things much easier for Raphael. Suddenly, greed enveloped him, more so now than ever. He wouldn't share her with Kyle, after all. For some strange reason, he developed a protective nature to the hybrid dancer. She should be his, and his alone, Raphael decided.

Raphael dug a key out of his black leather pants, and squatted so he was almost eye level to Melanie. He cocked his head to the side and licked his lips. "You see doll, this is the reason why you shouldn't have shot me down the way you did in Club Ravenous the other night. I wanted you as my mate, and you just slapped me in the face." Raphael said through gritted teeth. He didn't deal with rejection well.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself?" Raphael asked, his face reverting to a serious state. Melanie kept her gaze away from him, remaining curled in a fetal position, hoping Raphael would keep his distance. She knew she didn't have the strength to fight him off, and sent a silent prayer towards the heavens for him to kill her swiftly. The same effect Raphael held on her in Club Ravenous reared it's ugly head now, sending a delightful tingling sensation that melted her core, causing her slit to cream. The moisture increased when Raphael called her name several times.

"Melanie!" Raphael called, snapping his fingers in the air in an effort to grab the sensual beauty's attention. God, she looked good, her hair was a mess, but damn, she looked so fucking good. Raphael studied the creature with an intense gaze, and rose to his feet, slipping the key into the lock with ease. Scared, Melanie quickly turned to look at the venomous fiend, the maniac who sought to claim her for himself.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but we have unfinished business, you and I." he said calmly, as he strolled into the cage, squatting before Melanie, who tried turning her head away from him until he grabbed her by the chin, forcing her to look him in the eyes.

"Don't Melanie," Raphael demanded huskily, gently stroking her chin with his thumb. She was so sweet, and she should have been his. Pre-cum oozed from his cock, as the thick organ strained relentlessly against black leather pants. He just had to feel how tight and wet the hybrid bitch was, then, he'd slowly slide his cock deep inside her hot velvet pussy, then her ass, eventually riding her to completion, making her scream out in pained pleasure.

"What do you want with me?" Melanie asked, struggling to swallow because of the lump that suddenly developed in her throat. She tried moving back towards the wall, but couldn't, because Raphael simply eased himself closer to his prize.

"You know what I want beautiful," Raphael grinned. The man was extremely handsome, black shoulder length hair framed his strong, chiseled features. Bright reddish highlights adorned his ebony locks, and the red mesh shirt left nothing to the imagination, Melanie noticed. His chest was slightly hairy, and she took in the well-defined pectoral muscles, giving way to tight, washboard abdominals. Witnessing his finest attributes immediate sucked the breath from her, causing shame to wash over her like a tidal wave. The inviting bulge straining against the leather

pants made her slit weep more now than usual.

“Let me go, please.” Melanie asked, almost begging, as she finally peered into Raphael’s dark, hypnotic eyes. “I want to go home, and I can’t stand being cooped up like this Raphael. I promise, I won’t tell Thorne a thing.”

“I like it when you beg, you’ll be doing more of the same when I’m thrusting deep inside you, and I don’t give a shit if Thorne knows I have you. When he finds out, you’ll be mine anyway. Why do you even want to be with him *la petit*? Why do you cling to the *louve* “wolf” side of you?”

“Please, go away and leave me alone,” Melanie begged, fighting her body’s betrayal. If she weren’t careful, she’d do something she’d regret. Then again, what did it matter, Thorne sure as hell didn’t want anything to do with her. She was an abomination in his eyes, that is why he rejected her. If he truly loved her, he wouldn’t have thought twice about accepting her for whom she was. Damn him, she had feelings too, and she was about to act upon them.

Melanie looked into the inky black depths of Raphael’s eyes, becoming lost within them. Suddenly, she wanted to be lost, wanted to succumb to the lustful hold Raphael held on her.

“So, what will it be, *chere*?” Raphael asked huskily, as he licked his lips, imagining his tongue lapping the sweet nectar of Melanie’s pussy. He could smell the strong scent of her, enticing his nostrils, making his mouth salivate.

“You want me, no?” Raphael groaned, as the thought of her rejecting him again slipped quietly into his mind. Oh, he wouldn’t stand for it, not this time. She was in chains, bare ass naked, he’d take her by force if he had to.

“Yes Raphael.” Melanie gulped, knowing he heard her swallow. Her heart thumped hard against her ribcage and her breathing labored as Raphael closed the gap between their bodies. Her head pounded, and her limbs grew heavy, as she willingly spread her legs when Raphael’s hand crept towards her heated center. Her pink clitoris stood erect as it jutted out proudly past her thick, clean shaven pussy lips, drenched in her juices.

“Ummm, you smell so sweet, *chere*. You must allow me to taste you, to savor your sweet juices,” Raphael growled, no longer holding his composure. Raphael dipped his fingers in Melanie’s pussy, making her moan with want, causing her nipples to swell. Slowly, he teased her clit, gently applying pressure as she arched her back, throwing her head back while he gazed at her like a sex-starved maniac.

“If this is the kind of reaction I receive from simply touching you, what will I get when I go down on you, hmmm?” Raphael asked, tucking the key in his pocket. Melanie couldn’t help but to notice his bulge straining against his leather pants, and she wondered how wide he would stretch her with his cock. “What do you want from me?” Raphael asked. “What will you have me do to you?”

"Anything you want," Melanie whispered, beckoning him to devour her.

"Will that sweet pussy belong to me, and only me?" Raphael asked.

Complete silence hung heavy in the air as Raphael's gaze intensified.

"I said, will that delicious pussy belong to me, and only me Melanie?" he asked her again.

"Again, there was silence.

"Just as I fucking thought!" he hissed. "You still want Thorne, you...fuck, why the fuck did I even consider making you my mate. I should just fuck the shit out of you and hand you over to the hunter." With that threat, Melanie quickly rolled to her side, turning her back against him, praying he'd grow tired of her, leaving her alone. She tried pulling the fur around her body, but Raphael roughly pulled it from her grasp.

"Well, first I shall taste these sweet nether lips of yours," he breathed, as he rolled Melanie onto her back. Melanie protested, but stopped briefly as Raphael slowly parted her legs with very little effort. Raphael held her gaze as he ran his hands from her ankles to her knees, and down the insides of her inner thighs, until he reached the area coated in the sweet stickiness of her juices. Raphael loomed over her knees, deeply inhaling her fragrant musky scent.

Melanie trembled, squeezing her eyes shut and scratching her legs as Raphael dipped his head between her thighs. She dug her nails even deeper into her skin as Raphael forced a wounded cry from her parted lips, his cool tongue spreading delectable wicked sensations throughout her heated body. Wriggling his tongue inside Melanie's wet cavern, Raphael spread her wet satiny flesh open, observing the moisture quickly developing on her hot, sensitive flesh. Raphael's hair tickled the apex of her sex, causing her to reach for her nipples.

Still holding her gaze, quick darts of the vampire's tongue quickly brought Melanie to a gut wrenching orgasm, causing her legs to quiver like jelly, and her stomach to twitch uncontrollably along with each passing wave of her orgasm.

Suddenly, Danoir appeared at the entrance to the cell, a twisted grin curling his lips. He was compelled to stand and watch, but knowing Raphael, he'd have Danoir's hide.

"Raphael, Kyle needs to speak to you, he says it's very important." Danoir said.

Cursing under his breath, Raphael quickly covered Melanie over, but not before giving her a warning that sent enticingly sweet shivers down her spine and through her dripping hot core...

"I'll return later, and we will pick up where we left off." Raphael smiled. "I promise you that. Get your rest dancer, you're gonna need it!"

Melanie shivered in delight as Raphael exited through the cell, flashing a serious look her way as he strode alongside Danoir, making her insides turn to molten lava...

Melanie groaned, lowering her head to the floor, pulling the furs securely around her. Quite the predicament she was in, not only because she faced death, but if she survived, and Thorne changed his mind, where would that leave them?

* * * * *

Storm Cloudfeather enjoyed the ongoing conversation with Melanie's parents. Indeed, he'd never seen a vampire and werewolf couple before, but his mind was not closed to it.

"Jay, ancestors visited centuries upon centuries ago when Earth was new, in the time of the dinosaurs. Then, it was decided there was truly nowhere we could exist on Earth. Later, my people returned, and they spoke of a great clan called The Black Claws." Natalie confessed. "I'm told there was a powerful shaman who wouldn't let his proud wendigo warriors perish with time."

"It is true, what you speak of Natalie," Jay replied. Our clan's population dwindled heavily, but The Great Spirit saw a way to overcome that and knew we'd survive. That was why my ancestors and your species paths crossed. Jay reached into his pouch, retrieving a small deerskin bag adorned with feathers. A beautiful gold talisman with a large black stone mounted on a wolf's head quickly captured everyone's attention. Electrical currents coursed through the stone, startling Donovan.

"What is that Jay?" The vampire asked in awe, reveling in the beauty of the mystical object. "Wait a minute, Natalie, isn't that..."

"Yes Donovan, it is the Aldelandian, a talisman allowing shape-shifters from our planet to travel to one another, no matter where they may be in the galaxy," Natalie beamed proudly. "I thought they had been destroyed and often wondered if I would ever cross paths with any of my kind. I seriously think it's the only one left."

"This belongs to you Natalie, and Melanie." Jay said, leaning forward, carefully handing the sacred object to Natalie. My ancestors made sure it was safe, passing it along as our clan dwindled."

"Why didn't they ever stay here on Earth?" Donovan asked Jay and Natalie.

"For those who journeyed, homesteading on another planet would have possibly caused them to lose touch with their families who were still on Edolonia. The wars helped nothing, and quite possibly, families would have been taken as prisoners if left unprotected. Earth isn't the only planet where Edolonian wolves sought new homes." Jay said.

"Yes Donovan, my love, don't you remember me speaking of this. I mean, we have a few fellow Edolonians in our community, but nothing comparing to the masses who are scattered across the galaxy.

"It's amazing, isn't it?" Storm grinned, looking at Donovan who, for the first time in his entire existence was at a loss of words.

"You're telling me!" Donovan exclaimed, shaking his head. "Well, that's my baby Nat and our

daughter Mel. You both are my sacred gifts from above, and I really couldn't imagine my existence without you two." Donovan said, looking out the window so his mate wouldn't see the small tear forming in his obsidian eyes.

Gently brushing his dreadlocks aside, Natalie beamed at the man whom she spent several centuries with. Donovan was a hard assed vampire, never letting his gentle nature, with the exception of his humorous side show through to others. Natalie knew that.

"Donovan, are you..."

"Don't you even say it woman!" Donovan snapped at his Edolonian wife. Natalie giggled, planting a sloppy wet kiss on his cheek. She began to laugh hard when Donovan muttered something under his breath about locking her in the basement on the next full moon, and chaining her to the wall.

"You both are amazing," Storm said. "It does my heart well to see two beings in love, despite their origins. I only wish Thorne hadn't hurt Melanie's feelings," he said regretfully.

"Your brother is something else," Donovan said. "I like the boy, but he has so much growing up to do. I swear for cheese and crackers, you two are like night and day. Yin and Yang," Donovan added.

"Yes, this is true, maybe one day, he will wise up. Thorne is a wonderful leader, when he's focusing properly on things. It hurt me to strip him of clan leader, but what else can I do?" Storm asked, turning to Jay.

"You've done the right thing, it's all up to Thorne now." Jay said patiently. "Don't worry yourself over it, what's done is done. Things will fall into place, as they should," the wise medicine man suggested coolly.

"Storm, do you have a mate?" Natalie asked innocently.

"No, but I used to, fifty years ago," Storm said, his voice slowly trailing off. "She died from an attack from another wendigo, whom I killed with great pleasure." Storm said, as bitter anger rose within his throat.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked," Natalie said, feeling the man's pain. She turned around in the passenger seat, reaching for Storm's hand in reassurance. "Have you ever thought of seeking a new mate?" She asked.

"Yes, I have, but..." Storm exhaled. "You know Mrs. Jackson, I'm just not ready, not even for my clan, I cannot seem to take another."

"Storm, that will happen when you're ready for it buddy, don't you worry." Donovan said. "I met Nat when I least expected to. I was so lonely, and miserable, I had briefly at one point in my existence thought of embracing the dawn." Donovan said.

"I guess that is why I'm so angry at Thorne," Storm explained. "Here, he has been blessed with

someone who loves him and cherishes him, and he turns on her." Storm said angrily.

"You mustn't be so hard on him. Thorne was just devastated, but Melanie should have been honest with him to begin with. From the first time they met, she led him to believe she was only human. She never spoke of her father and myself. She hurt me slightly with that Donovan." Natalie confessed.

"Tell you what, when we find her, I'll ground her until she's...fifty!" Donovan joked, trying to make his mate laugh.

"Smart ass!" Natalie growled, hitting the man she loved playfully on the arm.

"Hey, I need to stop here," Donovan said to everyone. "Isaac and Brady, a couple of our good friends own this bar. Nat and I used to hang out with them back in the day. Perhaps they can contribute to the information we already have on this hunter," Donovan said eagerly.

"Mind if I come in with you Donovan"? Storm asked.

"Sure son, not at all," Donovan grinned, briefly wishing Melanie had met Storm instead of Thorne. Then suddenly, remorse kicked Donovan in the ass, because Thorne reminded him of someone he used to know in his human and younger existence. Himself. That's why the two always butted heads when in close proximity of one another.

Jay, Nat, we'll be back as soon as I can get some information. After that, I'll be able to find our baby girl. Between myself and these fine gentlemen, we'll find her, then I'll rip the hunter's heart out with my bare hands," Donovan promised, as his eyes glowed a feral red.

* * * * *

The smokey filled bar was deserted, with the exception of a few guys shooting pool. Donovan called out to a bald headed black man sporting an expensive looking black suit with white pinstripes. A scruffy-looking white man with scraggly long blond hair wearing suede moccasins, with fringes, faded blue jeans, and a tie-dye shirt acknowledged Donovan. Both men looked as though they stepped right out of the seventies. Both were vampires, comrades who would gladly give Donovan the shirt off their backs if he needed them to.

"Hey man," Brady Jorgensen said, squeezing Donovan tightly. "Damn, where you been man?" the blond man asked. Brady looked up to Donovan in so many ways, especially after Donovan had sired him during the Vietnam War. The young man had accidentally discovered Donovan's secret, and kept it. Six months later, when the Vietcong attacked their outfit, Brady had been pumped full of ammo. Quickly, Brady had given Donovan his permission to sire him, and Brady never regretted his choice.

"I've been around, I've been around." Donovan said laughing, and hugging his other buddy, Isaac Dayze. Isaac had also served beside Donovan and Brady, but unlike Brady, Isaac and Donovan met one another back in the thirties, when he and Natalie owned Club Wolfen in New York City. The club was a smash, and eventually, Natalie and Donovan retired, selling it to the Santini Clan, an Italian family of vampires with whom they were still friends with.

"You are looking good my man, looking good." Isaac laughed.

"Guys, this is Storm Cloudfeather, a good friend of the family." Donovan said.

"Hey, nice to meet you, wolf brother," Brady said, shaking the tall man's hand.

"What's up man?" Isaac asked with a concerned look on his face. "What brings you to these parts? Oh, wait a minute, something's going on, what's wrong Donovan?" Isaac asked, sharply inhaling. "I can smell it, something ain't right!"

"Melanie has been taken by a vampire hunter. From what Storm tells me, this guy is a new player in town. You know anything?" Donovan asked, hopping up on one of the pool tables.

"Yeah, his name is Kyle Sway. He's some geek from out West who has these fancy gizmos and such, used to track...hybrids." Isaac said reluctantly. There is a market for hybrid parts, and their fur is worth its weight in gold." The husky man dropped his gaze to the floor, feeling sorry for his long time friend.

"What can we do to help you man?" Brady asked. "Say the word, and you've got it."

"Well, we need the back up. I know Storm and his clan can track Raphael, but we don't want to go in unprepared. Where I come from, hunters are never unprepared," Donovan sneered.

"Can you sense Melanie?" Storm asked Donovan.

"No, I can't, and that's what's pissing me off. In my gut, I know she's alive."

"The bastards probably put a cloaking spell around their hide-out." Isaac huffed. "These cats are close to witch doctors and other practitioners of the dark arts, so they know their game. But that's alright. You see, I have a few tricks up my sleeve too!" Isaac said, patting the pocket of his suit.

"Oh, Isaac man, you are way cool!" Brady laughed.

"My grandfather was a Bokor, born and raised in New Orleans in the Eighteenth Century." Isaac grinned slyly. As a boy, he taught me some real cool tricks, and since I became a vampire, they are more powerful than ever," Isaac snickered. "His knowledge may actually save our asses."

"When did you become a vampire?" Storm asked.

"I was sired by my main man over here in nineteen twenty-nine," Isaac grinned, gesturing towards Donovan. "Oh yeah, there is much history between all of us." Isaac continued.

"Yeah man, Donovan saved my ass when in Vietnam. We're like family, you know, so his fight is our fight. Anyone fucks with Donovan, his clan, or his family has to deal with us." Brady said, lighting up another cigarette.

The men continued talking, putting a plan into place....

* * * *

Thorne angrily smashed the tin trash can with his foot, causing it to buckle. He was pissed because they searched the city in vain. Thorne cringed at the thought of someone killing Melanie.

“You mean to tell me, you traced her all the way here from New Orleans, but you can’t sense her now?” Ronnie asked, becoming agitated at the wasted time. “Unfuckingbelievable!” the man exclaimed.

Thorne leaned against the brick building in the alley, holding his head in his hands. Slowly, he slid down on his haunches, trembling. Regret, guilt, and fear ate his insides like a cancerous tumor, leaving him helpless as an infant.

"Thorne." Hawk called the man. "Thorne, come on, snap out of it, you must focus." The shaman commanded. "We don't have time for this." Feeling his pain, Hawk and Ronnie tried consoling the young man.

"Oh God, what if...what if she's dead? The last thing on her mind would be the way I reacted towards her, what if..."

Ronnie squatted next to Thorne, grabbing the man's large forearm.

"You know, young wolf, your feelings shine through for Melanie. She's not dead, she's still alive," Ronnie said, sniffing the city air.

"How do you know?" Thorne asked, his eyes glazed over with defeat.

"I just know, I can't explain it, but Raphael and this hunter is using dark magic to mask her presence, I'll tell you that." Ronnie suggested. "Ain't that right Hawk?"

The elderly Native American closed his eyes, and his body shook hard, in an effort to pierce through layers of magic. A low humming sound developed in his throat, eventually growing stronger, and he erupted into a prayer like chant in their Chippewa tongue.

"I love it when he does this." Ronnie said proudly. "He's focusing, tapping into the Earth's powers." Ronnie said, grinning at the shaman.

"Thorne rose to his feet, studying Hawk with much intensity. A glowing white aura formed around the old shaman, and Ronnie and Thorne witnessed Hawk's dual totem spirit. The wise old man's wendigo proudly raised it's head, howling in the air, and the bear spirit, from his mother's people stood on hind legs, rearing his head back, allowing a mighty roar to pass it's lips.

"Now, that's power," Ronnie said, almost in a whisper as the shaman held his arms out wide, receiving knowledge from the universe.

Thorne looked on in awe, truly appreciating the Old One's will and strength, working with Mother Earth to obtain answers. For the first time since his parent's destruction, Thorne opened himself up to that power. For centuries, he ran on sheer physical strength and brawn, ignoring the spiritual gifts readily available to any of the clan members. Almost every member of the Black Claws possessed a certain power that ultimately held the clan together in more ways than one. Now, for the first time, Thorne fully understood what it meant to be a proud wendigo warrior. He also knew, it would take him a long time to regain Melanie's trust, but he was up for the challenge and willing to do whatever it took to make the necessary changes for Melanie and his clan.

The Elder, Hawk was self-sacrificing in every way imaginable. Throughout the years, he selflessly battled demons, manitous, and other dark malevolent beings that had plagued the clan from time to time. Thorne was a good leader in his own right, and currently, he was learning his life lesson through ultimate power.

The bright aura around Hawk subsided and the man dropped to one knee, causing the young men to rush to the man's side, helping him to his feet.

"What did you see Hawk?" Thorne asked.

"Melanie is chained in a dark cell." Hawk said.

"Is she alright?" Thorne asked, as anger burned deep in his eyes. His wendigo growled deeply, wanting desperately to rush to the surface, destroying Melanie's captors. He'd take great pleasure in ripping Raphael to shreds.

"Melanie is fine, but for some strange reason, I'm sensing only one harmful spirit around her, but soon there will be more. One must stay, to free the others and to save this planet. Greed is involved, it has to be the hunter. Where is Raphael?" Hawk asked puzzled.

"Maybe Raphael isn't her captor?" Ronnie asked. "What did you mean by one must stay, to free the others and save this planet? What is going to happen?"

"No, Ronnie," Thorne murmured. "Raphael will go to great lengths to get back at me." He said. "Something strange is going on, don't know what it is, but we need to get my Melanie." Thorne said eagerly. "I'll honestly never forgive myself if something were to happen to her. Hawk, what *did* you mean?" Suddenly realizing Hawk would remain tight-lipped, Thorne racked his brain in an effort to decipher the old man's words.

The men hurried back to the car, away from the stench of the alley and the prying looks of human passerby's. Once inside the car, Hawk sensed Thorne's epiphany. Joy and pride erupted within the shaman's heart when he quickly had a vision of Thorne running the Black Claws, as he should have been all along.

"There is just one thing Thorne." Hawk said eagerly. "I understand your first reaction to many obstacles is anger, but you will need to lie that to rest. I foresee great things in your future, young wolf, but on this night, if you let anger get the best of you, Melanie will be lost to you

forever. Tonight will be your greatest challenge, your greatest test,” Hawk warned, and with that, the shaman sat back, chanting a prayer in their Chippewa tongue.

Ronnie and Thorne looked at one another as Ronnie drove through the heavily trafficked streets of the city. A sense of peace and confusion swept across Thorne like a warm blanket, but he knew Hawk would not reveal all he knew. Thorne would have to figure things out on his own, as the moment of confrontation grew closer.

* * * * *

Darius and Dane spoke silently among themselves, not too far from Melanie’s cell. The old abandoned warehouse was eerie and dank, and specially made for containing creatures who were about to be put on the black market.

“What are we going to do?” Darius asked Dane. “That woman doesn’t deserve to be in there, Raphael is crazy, and Kyle, he’s just a fucking sicko!”

“What do you propose we do?” Dane asked. “I swear, I don’t know why the hell I’m still here,” the man exclaimed.

“That goes for me too, Dane, this is all we know my friend. I mean honestly, since Raphael sired us, we have always followed in his lead. Now, everything is leaving a bad taste in our mouths, buddy.” Darius said.

“I think we should help her bust out of here.” Dane confessed, scanning the area. “Kyle and Raphael are consumed with greed, and they think…”

“Alright superhero, how can we get her out of there? Raphael has the key, and there is a spell that makes breaking into the cell impossible, not to mention those damn chains, but only Raphael can free her, if he wants to.” Darius said.

“Fuck, I guess we’ll have to wait for the right moment. If I survive this, I’m getting as far away from Raphael as I possibly can.” Dane said.

“I’m with you on that man, let’s just hang around, keep your eyes and ears open, alright?”

“Yeah man, whatever you say.” Dane replied, as both men walked to another section of the warehouse.

* * * * *

Melanie was in a serious funk, because as hard as she tried, she could not shift into werewolf form. Hunger pangs ripped at her insides, but not as bad as the strong desire to mate. Raphael must have known her cycle was quickly approaching, and she knew, he’d do anything to throw a wedge between Thorne and herself. After allowing the fiend to pleasure her two evenings in a row, Melanie became riddled with guilt, and for a short period, she denied herself food. Now, the insatiable hunger was back, and Raphael was approaching her cell. His masculine scent teased her

nostrils, causing her pussy to dampen.

Thankful for having her back towards the entrance of the cell, Melanie squeezed her eyes shut as Raphael inserted the key into the door, and slowly strolled in, closing the door behind him. Bloody hell, why did he appeal to her so? Melanie did all she could to contain herself, but her body's betrayal told her she'd lose the fight once again.

"I know damn well you aren't sleeping dancer." Raphael murmured in a low, masculine voice, his leather ensemble mixing with his scent, causing Melanie's already swollen cunt to tighten further.

"I know you're in heat, beautiful. I can smell you." Raphael breathed, inhaling Melanie's sweet musky scent. "Tonight, it was my intention to spread you wide and thrust deep inside you until I hear my name rolling repeatedly from your lips, but for some unknown reason, I can't...not without..., and the vampire's words trailed off.

Melanie shuddered at those words, and she clamped her thighs together, remaining silent. Raphael glided towards her, lowering himself to his knees. Slowly, he pulled back the fur, allowing his gaze to burn into Melanie's flesh. Shaking like a leaf at his touch excited Raphael in a way he didn't understand. This sudden change in feelings towards the dancer left him confused, angry, and heated. With his index finger, he traced an invisible trail of fire from her neck, shoulder, and down the length of her arm. Slowly, he palmed her ass cheeks, causing her to gasp with excitement.

"Melanie," Raphael moaned seductively. "Look at me."

"Raphael, go away, please."

"Are you ashamed of the brief moments of pleasure I've given you?" Raphael asked in a hushed voice. "You're in need right now, you should allow me to pleasure you again."

"I prefer not to speak about that." Melanie replied, yanking the fur towards her body, only in vain as Raphael held it firm in his hands.

"Stop playing your games with me dancer. I know what you need and how to give it to you." Raphael replied. "I could have taken you, forced myself upon you, and there would have been nothing you or anyone else could have done to stop me, do you know that, sweet dancer?" Raphael asked. "Now, I'm only going to ask you this one more time; turn over and face me, please."

With that, Melanie shifted on her back with ease, since her right leg was chained to the brick wall. Upon meeting Raphael's gaze, she noticed something different about him. There was a gleam in his eyes, a strange and different aura radiated from him. Her nipples hardened and shamelessly ached for his touch again, confusing her further.

"Why are you doing this to me?" She asked Raphael innocently. "All I want is for you to send me home. I...I just have too much floating around in my head right now. You keep fucking with my brain, just...go away and leave me alone, or kill me, and get it over with." Melanie said,

as her voice quivered uncontrollably.

"I have no intentions on killing you, only in another way, if you would ever allow me to chere." Raphael purred. "I'm not sure what you have done to me, but I'm finding you irresistible," the dark vampire confessed. "I believe it is you who now holds power over me."

"No, I believe you like toying with me, you used your power over me in the club, and the first two times, and I'm just fu...Raphael interrupted Melanie quickly.

"I've used my power on you only once Melanie, the other night, you enjoyed everything I did to you, thoroughly, without any help from me. I will even go as far to say, you were wetter than the times when I had power over you." Raphael said, as his cock hardened against his leather pants.

"I can only say, I wish you were mine, and Thorne should fucking know how lucky he is to have you. I hate to fucking admit that, but I do," Raphael said, sitting on his haunches, staring into an unseen abyss.

"What are you saying?" Melanie asked. For the first time since her capture, a flicker of hope emerged within her.

"I'm saying, I think I need to let you go. I can't do this anymore..." "If you stay near me any longer, you may regret my actions, and I'm unsure how long I can hold out Melanie." Raphael said, consuming her with his dark gaze.

Raphael continued speaking, rambling on about how he held so many regrets from his human life, that they multiplied into his vampire existence.

"I'm tired, and you need to go...I think." Raphael said, not believing himself.

"What's wrong with you?" Melanie asked. "Is this a trap, because, I swear, if you try to hurt Thorne, I'll rip you to shreds." She threatened.

"No time for questions, my sweet chere," Raphael murmured, lightly stroking her cheek with his index finger. "I'm going with my gut. Also, you wouldn't have the heart to turn on me. I no longer wish to harm Thorne. It is done, everything is over with." Raphael said solemnly.

"I do believe you've lost your bloody mind vampire!" Kyle Sway bellowed, swiftly entering the cell. You fucking bloodsucker, I knew you couldn't be trusted!" Kyle yelled. The man was sporting a freshly sharpened stake, and it had Raphael's name written all over it.

"Take your fucking money back, but you're not harming her." Raphael hissed.

"Well hell, a vampire with a guilty conscience. Damn man, I never thought I would see the day when you, of all bloodsuckers developed a conscience. What's the matter, she got you pussy whipped, huh?" Kyle chuckled as Raphael slowly stalked him. Quickly, Kyle pulled some type of contraption from his pocket.

"Take another move towards me bloodsucker, and I'll blow us all up!" Kyle swore. "You

have honestly fucked me over man. I should have known something was up when you insisted she was sick. "Now, you both will pay dearly...."

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Thorne called Storm on his cell phone, describing the building where Melanie was. Hawk was exhausted, and another vision allowed him to penetrate the spell that had been cloaking Melanie's whereabouts. The elderly wendigo rested on his side, in the back of the car, his strength horribly depleted since he used all his power to reunite Melanie and Thorne. Now was the time to implement the plan, preserving the clan for the next few centuries.

"How you doing back there Hawk?" Ronnie asked, turning on the dome light, and quickly looking back at the shaman, who nodded, but still looked weary.

Ending the conversation with Donovan, Thorne quickly explained Donovan knew where the old warehouse was, and was closer to it than they were. Donovan gave Thorne directions, which stuck in Thorne's mind like a fly to flypaper.

"Finally, we're getting somewhere!" Thorne said excitedly. "Donovan knows exactly where she is. I gave him the description, and he knew! I have the directions, turn here Ronnie, and hurry!"

"Well, just remember what Hawk told you, don't go in with anger, use your instincts man!" Ronnie gently reminded Thorne.

"You know, for the first time in my life Ronnie, I think everything will be alright." Thorne confessed.

"For the first time in your life, young wolf, you're thinking in a positive manner," Ronnie said smiling.

* * * * *

"Donovan, slow down, please, you're going to draw unnecessary attention to us!" Natalie exclaimed. "I think you may have lost Brady and Isaac too!" she added, turning around, looking for the black Lexus.

"Nat, stop being a back seat driver, *it's on now!* Those bastards will pay dearly for kidnapping Melanie! Donovan turned a corner, damn near running a pedestrian over. Reaching their destination, Donovan parked around the corner, turning off the ignition, while Brady and Isaac slowly pulled up behind them.

"This place smells of the black arts!" Donovan hissed. "Nat, I would tell you to wait in the car, but I know you can hold your own, especially once you shift into a werewolf. "Now, just be careful, I'm telling you, there are some traps around here!"

"Yes, I can sense it too Donovan!" Isaac said. "My mojo is telling me something ain't right

in there. I wonder how many creeps who deal in the black arts are covering Kyle's ass!" The bald headed man said, ending his sentence with a hiss.

"Let me see what's going on in there!" Storm suggested.

"Now, how the hell do you plan on doing that son?" Donovan asked.

"I can project my spirit to any place I choose, and even if the place is rigged, I'll know." Storm explained, soon after the words left his lips, the man appeared to be in a coma-like stare. Brady studied the tall man in awe, waving his hand in front the man's face.

"Wow, cool man!" Brady exclaimed. "Check it Isaac!"

"Every little thing appears to amaze you, doesn't it Brady?" Isaac asked in a whisper, slowly shaking his head.

"Dude, I swear....!" Brady exclaimed.

"Shut up Brady, you don't want to jar the man out of his body for good. Stop waving your hand across his face."

Upon seeing Donovan's car, Ronnie parked on the opposite side of the street.

"I need to stay," Hawk said. "I need to keep protection out here, while you are inside." The shaman suggested.

"I agree Hawk," Ronnie said. "You're much stronger in spirit form, and I'm sure you can stave off any attack from dark spirits." The man said.

"I don't know Ronnie, I don't want to leave him out here!" Thorne warned. "I don't have a good feeling about this."

"Thorne, take Ronnie, and go. Remember what I said to you earlier." Hawk warned. With that, the man sat straight up in the back seat of the car, chanting an old Chippewa prayer. There was no wind, no people, just dead silence, and an electrifying aura, haunting the vicinity of the warehouse.

"Come on man, you won't win, and he's right. He will do us more good waiting in the car." Ronnie said, locking all the doors with the remote. The two men dashed across the street to join the others.

When Storm projected his spirit into the warehouse, a cold chill engulfed Jay, and an old familiar spirit seemed to surround them all.

"I don't know, but something doesn't feel right, I'm not liking this," the medicine man said in a low voice, and nervously shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"No, he'll be alright," Thorne suggested.

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Storm quietly strolled through a large open area, unable to detect or sense anything except a foul odor within the air. As he exited the area, he turned down a small corridor, running into Darius and Dane.

“Storm, is that you?” Dane asked, with a surprised look on his face. Dane and Darius were all too familiar with the wendigo warrior's presence.

“Lower your voice vampire!” Storm growled in a low voice.

“Don't go getting all defensive man, do you have back up outside? If so, you need to get everyone in here, I don't think you can shift to your wolf form while you're a spirit.” Darius quickly said. Kyle and Raphael went at it for a while. Kyle was going to stake Raphael for defending Thorne's mate.” The vampire explained.

“What?” Storm exclaimed.

“Look man, we're on your side, don't ask about Raphael, I have no idea why the sudden change, but he seriously went to bat for Thorne's mate, I'm telling you. He's injured, thanks to some ugly ass beasts Kyle has protecting the joint.” Dane said. “Go, get whatever help you have and get them in here, quickly!”

“Kyle is a one man show. He has this fancy ass equipment, and he's into some kind of black magic, he summons beasts, and they protect him. He's like a master of illusion, he'll fuck with your mind, so be careful!” Darius warned. “Hurry up damn it, there isn't much time to explain,” the vampire whispered.

No one ever saw the large dark shadow that charged Dane until it was too late. The shadow creature sent Dane hurtling into large wooden crates on the opposite side of the room. Darius, hissing and baring fangs dodged the hideous creature with saliva dripping profusely from its fangs.

“Get the hell out of here man, I think there are more of those things, that's what's been....The beast ripped through Darius' shoulder, spilling blood across the floor. Howling in pain, Darius clashed with the beast, rolling on the floor. Storm quickly projected himself back to his body, shocking everyone as he sharply inhaled a deep breath.

“The shit's hitting the fan inside,” Storm told everyone. “Look, we need to get in there. From what I could see, Kyle's running the show from all angles. Darius and Dane warned me about them....

“What!” Thorne exclaimed. “You can't trust those two birds Storm, have you lost your fucking mind?” Heading towards the building, Storm warned Thorne about his temper.

“Yeah Storm, remember Hawk’s warning, keep your temper in check, it could cause you to lose Melanie, forever.”

“Yeah son,” Donovan added. “Then I’ll have to kick your ass up one side and down the other. Okay everyone, here goes nothing. Once we’re inside, split up, and go in opposite directions. If we can find those vampires, that will be a big help...”

“What the hell is that?” Natalie asked, shocked at an eerie two-headed beast charging her. The exquisite woman shifted into a tall reddish-silver werewolf. The slimy, scaly critter with fangs and blood red eyes howled as Natalie slashed it’s throat. Collapsing, the beast hit the floor with a loud “thud.”

Brady, Donovan, and Isaac’s senses were off the charts as they detected several more of the beasts coming their way. One charged Isaac, barely scratching the man’s bald head, when Isaac ducked. Reaching down into his boot, Isaac pulled out a five inch instrument. Pressing a small button, it grew in length, gutting the creature.

Jay, Thorne, Storm and Natalie had their own problems dealing with strange cat-like creatures who insisted upon going for the proud warriors’ eyes. Each man shifted into tall, black wendigo werewolves, bravely fighting for their lives. Darius and Dane came around the corner, joining in on the fight. Bodies were flung about in such a vicious manner, that the beasts charging Donovan and his crew managed to lose themselves a few body parts.

“I’m going to rip your intestines out and strangle you with them.” The female cat creature purred as she foolishly closed in upon Natalie, who growled viciously, before lopping the creature’s head off in one fell swoop of her hand. Anger and rage coursed through Natalie’s body as she saw one of the hideous green creatures biting into Donovan’s shoulder, and another wrestling him to the ground. It hissed loudly as Donovan dug his claws deep into it’s chest, accidentally missing the hideous creature’s heart. Rage propelled Natalie towards her mate as she hurled one creature into the wall, and cruelly snapping the spine of the other.

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Melanie clung tightly to Raphael as the two scurried through the cluttered warehouse, undetected by the hideous creatures Kyle summoned to watch over them. Raphael was wounded, and without feeding, his strength was severely depleted. Guiding Melanie towards the nearest exit he could think of, he explained to her she would have to leave.

“I’m not going anywhere without you.” Melanie whispered. “You saved my life, and I just can’t....”

“Dancer, you need to listen to me, and get out of here. I don’t think you want to know what will happen if these dark creatures were to get loose in the city.” Raphael warned. “I played my part in creating this mess, now I need to clean it up.”

“But Raphael, why must....”

Kyle ambushed Raphael from behind, pushing the weakened vampire into a crate, and

stabbing him several times, with a stake, in an effort to dust him. Raphael turned, catching Kyle in the jaw with a claw, ripping at flesh. Kyle howled in pain through gritted teeth as Raphael caught him in the throat, lifting him against the wall. Just then, Jay Thorne, and Storm had located Melanie.

Sniffing the air, Melanie caught Thorne's familiar scent. Relief flooded through Melanie as she gazed into familiar wendigo eyes. Her heart did flip flops when she saw joy in the wendigo's eyes. He was very happy to see his Melanie.

"Ma'ingan" "My wolf," Melanie exclaimed, breathlessly. The wendigo gazed at her, nodding it's head indefinitely, then glanced at Raphael, who was in the process of ripping Kyle's heart out of his chest. The vampire was covered in blood, and his eyes glowed with bloodlust as he slowly looked his old nemesis, Thorne over from head to toe. Thorne's lips curled baring his teeth to Raphael, who in turn, did the same.

Isaac and Brady came rushing in from one side of the warehouse while Ronnie, Natalie, and Donovan joined them all. Upon seeing her daughter, Natalie shifted into her human form, her clothes hanging loosely from her body. Melanie clung tightly to the fur around her, since she was still in the nude.

"Are you alright Melanie?" Natalie cried. Donovan joined in, grabbing his daughter, holding her tightly, sniffing her.

"Melanie," Donovan murmured softly, quickly looking at Raphael, then Thorne who had shifted back into his human form. The team had ultimately destroyed the creatures, but Danoir approached them all quickly, informing them the critters would continue to enter the portal that Kyle purposely left open. Raphael turned his head upon seeing Melanie throwing her arms around the warrior.

Anger slowly coursed through Thorne, until he remembered Hawk's strict words. It took every last bit of strength within not to lash out at his mate. Raphael's scent was strong on her, and although he knew the two didn't have sexual intercourse, Thorne knew Raphael had tasted, and pleased Melanie. The young warrior struggled hard with that knowledge, remembering if it weren't for his reaction to her heritage, she wouldn't had stormed out of the house, and none of this would be happening, probably.

"Thorne," Melanie murmured. Its

"There's no time, you all need to get the hell out of here, fast." Raphael said, "That's if you want to live."

"Are you threatening us?" Thorne asked, shooting the long-haired man a look that he knew what he'd done with Melanie.

"No Thorne, but this place is about to be destroyed. Furthermore, my fight with you is over, I hold no animosity towards you or your clan." Raphael confessed. "Its over. Danoir, Darius, and Dane, you will tell the rest of our clan that there will be no more fighting the Black

Claws.” Raphael said in a demanding voice.

The vampires stood, looking at Raphael in awe. Even Brady and Isaac were a little shocked. Surely this wasn’t the Raphael they’d come to loathe and despise.

“Won’t you be returning with us to New Orleans,” Danoir asked Raphael.

“No, I won’t.” Raphael said, with no regret on his face. Danoir noticed absolute content upon Raphael’s face, and for some weird reason, that was soothing to him.

Raphael approached Thorne. Thorne backed away, out of fear of lopping Raphael’s head off, until Ronnie eased him forward, reminding him of Hawk’s warning.

“Now is the time for complete change Thorne,” Ronnie coaxed. “It’s time to make peace, instead of war. Our clans have fought for the longest time, and that didn’t help our losses Thorne, you know that.” Ronnie stated. “This is what Hawk was speaking of.” Ronnie said, looking at the others who had puzzled looks on their faces.

“I’ll explain more once we get back to a place where we can talk, but for now...

Ronnie’s voice trailed off in terror at hideous sounds coming from another part of the warehouse. More creatures were working their way through the portal Kyle had spitefully opened up. He decided if he were to die while trying to strengthen the black market, he’d take down all of mankind as well.

“You need to go,” Raphael hissed.

“Raph man, what about you?” Danoir asked.

“Don’t worry about me,” Raphael smiled, taking a small hand-held gadget from the belt loop of his black leather pants. “There are hideous beasts from the pit of hell coming through a portal in another room, and I’m the only one who can stop them.” Raphael said, looking at everyone.

“Maybe I can stay and help?” Thorne suggested, still struggling with the burden of Raphael touching his mate. Raphael should have been dead by now. Glimpses of Thorne’s powerful jaws ripping Raphael to shreds sent shivers down his own spine. Now he knew everything, if Raphael was destroyed before putting a stop to Kyle’s evil, all of man-kind would suffer, indefinitely.

“No Thorne, this is something that *I* must do.”

“Thorne, we can’t leave him here.” Melanie said, gazing at Thorne, and her parents. “There has to be another way, Raphael actually saved me.” She exclaimed, her heart going out to her captor. For a fleeting moment, Melanie regretted not fully giving herself to her captor, but knew it wasn’t meant to be. Oddly, she couldn’t help but notice the strange closeness to Raphael. It had to be from her vampire half.

“Everyone, get out now!” Raphael roared, as he skillfully manipulated the piece within

his hand, activating some age-old detonating tool. "Do you see this?" Raphael bellowed, "This has the power to seal the portal, but it will destroy this warehouse, and everything within it, so leave now!"

Thorne bit his lip as Melanie rushed over to Raphael, giving him a hug and a quick peck on the cheek. "I won't forget what you did for me back there Raphael. Thank you, thank you so much for protecting me."

Quickly, Thorne walked over to Raphael, briefly shaking his hand.

"You take care of her," Raphael said. "She's a good woman, and she'll preserve your clan." The dark vampire said.

"How did you know?" Thorne asked, puzzled.

"Don't know my friend, just a feeling." Raphael said, giving Thorne a quick half smile. The roars of the beasts came closer, and Isaac and Brady started rounding everyone out to the opposite side of the warehouse, the way in which they came. The spot that once held Raphael's heart damn near caved in as he caught a lone silver tear, creeping it's way down the side of Melanie's face. Damn, no one had ever cried or even gave a shit about him in his entire existence. It sure as hell would feel nice to depart this existence, knowing someone actually gave a damn about him, Raphael thought quietly to himself. Consuming that small bit of knowledge, a smile briefly erupted on his face, then he turned, slowly walking into the opposite direction.

With confidence, Raphael strolled into the room where the portal was, along with twenty or so evil beings who had recently entered through the portal, hell bent on bringing death and destruction to the planet. Baring his fangs, Raphael laughed triumphantly as the creatures hissed at him.

His thoughts happily drifted back to his wife, Esme and his daughter, Gabrielle. Soon, he'd be joining them, a reunion held off too long. He should have died along with them, centuries ago. With the exception of her ebony skin, Melanie had briefly reminded him of Esme.

The creatures slowly gathered around Raphael, causing laughter to slip from the vampire's lips. Happiness filled him as he knew his vile existence would abruptly come to an end, with a touch of the button.

"I bid you farewell, demon spawn from hell!" Raphael yelled, pushing the button on Kyle's gadget.

* * * * *

Everyone quickly retreated to the entrance, including Dane, Danoir, and Darius. Suddenly, the warehouse began to shake violently. Emerging from the entrance to the warehouse, everyone headed for safety. Suddenly, a loud "whooshing" sound accompanied with a brilliant flash of white light, flashed through the vicinity of the warehouse; and then there was darkness. Everyone turned to look at the large spot where the warehouse once stood, experiencing a spark of relief as they discovered how close mankind actually came to destruction.

* * * * *

In an effort to leave the horrible scene behind them, everyone met up at a nearby park, to discuss things. Danoir, Darius, and Dane were completely awestruck at the fact Raphael had sacrificed himself to save them all.

"What do we do now?" Dane asked.

"We live out the rest of our existence, traveling, doing whatever we've been wanting to do for years." Darius said. "I told you, there is much I want to do and see, now is my chance."

"I'm going back to New Orleans." Dane responded.

Thorne and Melanie walked over, joining in the vampires' conversation. Raphael had left strict instructions of laying their war to rest. From here on out, the pact was reinforced.

"I've already sent word to the rest of our clan in New Orleans to cease any fighting per Raphael's orders." Danoir informed Thorne.

"I have done the same," Thorne added, careful not to let the vampires know he was no longer the leader of the Black Claws.

"Well gentlemen, I'm heading back." With that, Danoir quickly disappeared into the shadows, leaving Darius and Dane in Thorne and Melanie's presence.

"Thank you both for helping." Melanie told the two vampires. "Is there anything we can do, anything you need?" she asked, thankful things had ended the way they did. Thorne wrapped his arm around Melanie's neck, gently pulling her towards him. Little did he know, he had much kissing up to do.

"Well, we plan on traveling, need to go and see the world, you know?" Darius said smiling. "At last, we can do that now. New Orleans is the last place I want to go." The man quickly added.

"I'm in agreement," Dane said. "Let's live it up." Saying their goodbyes to everyone, Dane and Darius disappeared quickly, happy for the wonderful turnaround. Donovan and everyone slowly drove back to the community, and daylight would be upon them in two hours.

Once they arrived to the Jacksons' home, the shaman briefly explained everything that happened, from Raphael's strange behavior, to why it was so essential for Thorne and Melanie to stay together.

"So, what was going on with Raphael? Why did he change the way he did?" Melanie inquired with a shiver.

"Raphael would have never given the clan a moment's peace. He was so hell bent on wreaking havoc and inflicting pain on others, he didn't realize the damage he was causing." Hawk explained. "You see Melanie, Raphael wanted to claim you for himself, actually, he was obsessed

with you, almost as obsessed as Thorne was with you when he first sought you out." Hawk grinned, as Storm handed him a cup of tea.

"He saved me, saved us all." Melanie stated.

"Yes, he did," Hawk said. "You see, it takes more effort for a person to hate than to love. I think Raphael realized that, after all these centuries. His family was brutally slaughtered by werewolves when he was human, so in return, he hated all werewolves. Sometimes, we choose paths not suitable for ourselves and others. Raphael was in his own personal hell, and tonight, he finally had the strength to escape it."

"Well, I hope he finally finds peace." Natalie murmured.

"I think he already has." Hawk said, with a grin.

"Wow, you know, sun's almost up!" Brady exclaimed. "Isaac man, you know we won't make it back in time, should have went home, but glad we got a chance to visit with our main man and his family, well our family." Brady said.

"You know, you guys are more than welcome to stay here. There is plenty of room for everyone," Donovan said, stretching and yawning. "We have all been through a lot, so whoever wants to camp out, do so."

"I have dibs on the sofa!" Brady said.

"Oh no fool, we have sleeping bags!" Donovan exclaimed, cracking Isaac up with laughter. "Nat's not chewing my ass out, she hates for folks to sleep on her furniture. Also, we have some spare bedrooms, just in case!"

"Yeah Brady, stake out a bedroom, perhaps you and Isaac can share, one in the bed, the other in a sleeping bag," Natalie suggested, putting the Aldelandian talisman on the table.

"Mom, it's beautiful. Do you think it will work, and we can summon others who may be existing among the stars?" Melanie asked.

"Oh honey, I don't know about that, but mainly it was created for us to travel where others may be living. We are physically transported." Nat said. "Can you imagine, traveling anywhere in the galaxy?" she said wide eyed, as Donovan slowly approached her from behind, sliding his hands down the length of her body.

"It pleases me to see you this happy Natalie. I think others would love to know the gift you possess. I'm sure The Cravens would appreciate you sharing this with them, since they are from Edolonia as well." Donovan insisted.

"Well, I'll let them know about it tomorrow evening, once you've awakened from your sleep, my love." Natalie murmured softly, almost purring as Donovan lightly stroked her jawbone.

"Ew," Melanie said, strolling towards Thorne. "I think I've seen enough," The girl snickered. "No one wants to see that!"

"How the hell do you think you were born?" Donovan asked. "Oh, it's perfectly alright when your tongue wrestling with young wolf, huh Melanie?" Donovan chuckled.

The house was filled with joyous laughter as everyone quickly settled down. The wendigos, although not nocturnal still needed to regain the spent energy from the evening before. Thorne and Melanie silently disappeared upstairs to the room where they spent their first night. Slowly, Melanie strolled into the room, feeling Thorne's gaze burn her flesh, she slowly turned to face him.

"Melanie, you don't have to say anything. I was wrong, I was stupid and foolish, and I'm so sorry I made you feel the way you did. I love you, please know that. I was shocked, that's all." Thorne confessed.

"Why did you tell me you couldn't do this, carry on with our relationship?" Melanie asked, desperately wanting an answer. Her cheeks burned as Raphael's face quickly darted through her mind. The dark vampire was simply rebound material for Melanie, for Thorne had her mind, body, and soul.

"I wasn't sure if we'd be able to have children Melanie. My clan relies heavily on that. I was thinking of the clan, neglecting your feelings." Thorne continued. "Do you think I'm worthy of having your pups?" Thorne asked.

"Yes, I do Thorne." I love you too. And...there, well...I need to explain, about Raphael." Melanie stammered.

"No, please, not now." Thorne groaned.

"Yes, right now Thorne! I allowed Raphael to touch me, because I didn't know where you and I stood. Raphael made me feel wanted, and beautiful." Melanie confessed. "I felt like I was beneath you and not good enough," she added. "I just couldn't bring myself to actually have sex with Raphael."

"Thank goodness for that!" Thorne growled, averting his gaze from Melanie's. "I'm not sure how I would react, but at least his scent is almost gone," Thorne said, pulling the covers down to accompany them both. "It's my fault for driving you into his arms in the first place. I was an ass for having my doubts. I just hope you can forgive me."

"Are you mad at me?" Melanie asked, as she slowly approached Thorne from behind, pressing her soft body against his hard one. A long growl immediately slipped past his lips, causing his cock to rise.

"I'm not mad at you beautiful," Thorne confessed. "I mean, I still have images flitting through my mind, but I refuse to dwell on them Melanie. This is something I'll have to work through on my own."

"I need you to make love to me Thorne," Melanie murmured, rubbing her body seductively against his. "I need you to show me that you still love me, and find me attractive. I need you to hold me."

"Melanie, are you sure?" Thorne asked. Melanie was arousing him to no end. He still felt the same way about her when he first laid eyes upon her in Club Ravenous. "I think we should carry this outside woman. I don't want to focus on you and Raphael together, that was the other day. Now, it is you and I, forever! Run wild with me woman, let's surrender ourselves to the moon. I will make love to you the way you like." Thorne murmured.

"I forgive you for everything Thorne," Melanie murmured, as his earthly fragrance tingled within her nostrils. Let's bathe in the lake, not too far away from here!"

"I forgive you Melanie," Thorne whispered. "You are mine, all mine." He breathed into her ear, allowing his tongue to lightly touch her earlobe and neck. Slowly, the couple eased down the stairs, uncaring if anyone discovered what they were up to. Silently, they slipped out the door and into the warm morning air. Dawn was only half an hour away.

Quickly, Thorne and Melanie ran as fast as they could, down the hill and into the woods, donning their wolf forms. The larger, black short haired wolf playfully leapt onto the smaller, slender, silver-haired wolf, playfully pawing at her mate.

Eager to join as one with his mate, Thorne approached Melanie from the rear, unprepared as she quickly turned around, latching on to his shoulder with her teeth, flinging him to the ground. Stunned, and highly aroused by Melanie's pheromones, Thorne graciously accepted the challenge. Purposely, Melanie decided to give Thorne a hard time, pushing him away each time he tried to mount her. They carried on in this manner for several minutes, until they helplessly surrendered to their raging hormones.

Eventually, Melanie allowed Thorne to enter her from behind. Sliding deep inside her, Melanie growled, laying her front half to the ground so her haunches were high in the air, allowing Thorne access to all she had to offer. Bending down, Thorne gripped Melanie's neck with his powerful jaws, gently tightening with each thrust.

As the couple made love under the full moon, they shifted from wolf to human form, and back to wolf momentarily. Eventually, their wolf forms lost out to their human forms. Entwined in one another's arms, they continued their brazen dance, underneath a tree and some tall grass next to a quiet lake.

Changing positions, Thorne and Melanie lay on their sides. Gently, Thorne brushed his cock lightly against Melanie's voluptuous ass cheeks, causing a soft whimper to escape her lips. Reaching around, he gently caressed Melanie's full breasts, causing her erect nipples to swell further. Burying his face in her neck, Thorne inhaled her powerful intoxicating feminine scent, while his large powerful hands explored every inch of his mate's body.

Melanie thrust her ass against Thorne's cock, coaxing him to take her in their current position. She shuddered as Thorne's tongue savored her neck, causing her arousal to slowly dribble along her inner thighs. Impatiently, she guided his large hand to her pussy, sighing as Thorne slid a long, thick finger inside her. Quickly he pulled out, stroking her clitoris, bathing it in her juices.

Thorne guided his cock inside Melanie's tight cavern as he bit her neck, causing her silky wet

sheath to tighten around him. Propping himself up on an elbow, Thorne's thrusts quickened as Melanie threw her head back against his chest, moaning with pleasure.

"Do you want me baby?" Thorne asked, slowly pumping in and out of Melanie's body, the urge to please her completely consuming him. "Tell me what you want, and how," he whispered seductively in Melanie's ear.

"Yes, oh...fuck, yes...Thorne." Melanie choked. "Like that, harder please, fuck , oh, ooohhh," Melanie moaned loudly. "I want you, oh God, I want you!" she called at the top of her lungs, as Thorne pulled her hair gently.

"What do you want, beautiful?" Thorne breathed.

"Pinch my nipples, hard!" Melanie moaned.

Obedying his lover's command, he intensified his grip on Melanie's erect nipples, causing her to gush, drowning his cock with hot, thick cream. Growling, Thorne slammed harder into Melanie as her essence slowly oozed down the base of his cock, pubic hair, and his large, pulsating balls.

"Finish this Thorne, make me yours, now!" She moaned. "Mark me, take me, ohhh...fuck me, harder!" Melanie howled, briefly shifting into wolf form. Her eyes shone a brilliant silver, highlighted with flecks of gold.

"You're mine, forever and always," Thorne moaned through gritted teeth. His dark eyes were glazed over with intense pleasure as he bit Melanie hard on her neck, marking her as his for life.

"Harder!" Melanie gasped, the pleasure building slowly within her core from Thorne's swift thrusts and the pleasurable hold he had on her with his teeth. One hand grasped her dark tresses, while the other gently stroked her jawbone, as the two writhed wildly against one another.

Melanie glanced down at the beautiful tribal tattoos on Thorne's arm, lightly raking her nails against them as he withdrew his teeth from her neck. Sensing her orgasm approaching, Thorne held his cock balls deep within her. His release would closely follow, and it was within Thorne's nature to allow Melanie to come first. Or, they would come together, he'd see to that.

"Melanie," he whispered against her neck. "I can't continue, or I'll explode inside you, beautiful one," Thorne announced, resting his head on Melanie's. Slowly, he pulled himself halfway out of Melanie's dripping sex.

"Nezhahwanega Kedah!" "I love you Thorne!" Melanie said, as Thorne slipped his cock deeper inside her. Hungrily, Thorne devoured her tongue with his, gently kneading her dark nipples with his fingers. Slowly, they continued making love, until the sun rose.

"Nezhahwanega Kedah!" "I love you too my sweet Melanie!" Thorne moaned.

Happily, they explored the land while in human and wolf form, their romantic tryst lasting the entire day. Enjoying one another's company, they spent their time swimming in the lake, making love whenever and wherever they could, and discussing their future.

Around sunset, Melanie and Thorne slowly gravitated towards the Jackson home, to find everyone sitting around the table, sipping coffee. Isaac and Brady were still there, reminiscing of the old days.

"Well, well, well, look who we have here, the love birds!" Storm teased. "Thorne, I have something I need to tell you."

"Actually brother, I have something I need to tell you." Thorne said.

"Me first. I need you to know, I think you deserve your place in the clan. I know you'll do an excellent job. You have really turned yourself around, and I'm proud."

"I don't want to be clan leader, maybe some time in the future, but for now, I need to be here, with Melanie and her family." Thorne said, deciding the peaceful surroundings would be beneficial to his and Melanie's relationship.

"Soooo, I'm assuming you have your credit cards, and bank account information with you?" Storm asked his little brother, knowing he had made his decision.

"Yeah, I do. Speaking of credit, I'll need to turn in that rental car. They probably think I've stolen it." Thorne said, stroking the patch of hair in the cleft of his chin.

"We'll take it back, the rental agency is run by a close friend of mine who is a distant tribe member." Hawk said. "She'll understand, no worries."

"You know me too well, brother. I have a woman to take care of, and will provide well for her. Thorne turned to Melanie's father. "I promise to make your daughter happy, the way a man is supposed to. I love her, and I would like for us to get to know one another. I believe you and I got off on the wrong foot." Thorne continued.

"Wow, son. I'm impressed. Deep down, I know you and Melanie will be together for a long time, and I know you love her. Folks make mistakes, and I just need you to know, I apologize for some of the things I've said, you know, trying to agitate you and all." Donovan confessed.

"Well, I guess it's settled," Storm said. "I'll continue the role as pack leader, until I find someone else, or until you decide to come back to New Orleans little brother. Whenever your ready, let me know," Storm said, placing a hand on his brother's shoulder.

"We should be leaving," Ronnie stated. "We have a rental car and a plane to catch. I've already changed the times, and to tell you the truth, it will be nice to get back home. Graham has had his hands full with the young men of our clan. They are stubborn and mean well, but need Hawk's guidance."

"Yeah man, we need to go too, have a lot of stuff today back at the pool hall, you know? Isaac told Donovan, looking over at Brady. "You better keep in touch with us man." he added.

"Don't worry, we'll be in touch," Donovan said, shaking his comrades' hands. "It was a shame to have some type of disturbance bring us together again."

"You know man, I'm just upset I didn't get to see more action!" Isaac laughed. "It has been quite some time since I've seen some major action."

"You think you had your share of action back in New York," Natalie laughed.

"After Vietnam, I would have figured you'd be happy leading a life of leisure," Donovan grinned, pulling Natalie close to him.

"Well man, I get restless every now and again. Got to change some things up. The daily grind gets to me sometimes, that's why I do some traveling here and there," Isaac explained. "Well man, got to go, catch you all later."

Storm and his crew left, telling the Jacksons to visit New Orleans, since the pact was reinforced and things would be a bit more peaceful. Storm promised them all he'd take them on a tour to the mysterious city.

The house seemed to be deserted after everyone left. Melanie, Thorne, and Natalie settled down, spending leisure time together. Talk slowly gravitated towards Edolonia, something Melanie now thoroughly enjoyed.

With pride, Natalie lightly stroked the Aldelandian, reveling in the possibility of discovering others of her kind among the stars. Memories of younger days flashed in her mind, causing her to smile.

"We'll test this out later," Natalie said as Melanie joined her in admiring the beautiful talisman. "I'm eager and nervous at the same time Melanie. I'm hoping those we contact exist on peaceful planets."

"I can't wait until we make contact." Melanie said, grabbing hold of Thorne's hand as he slipped his arms around her waist, resting his chin on the top of her head. "Mom, you mind sharing some of your stories of Edolonia with Thorne?" Melanie asked. "I'll make the coffee. "My new mate needs a little history lesson, who knows, maybe one day we'll move to another planet?" she added.

"Oh hell no!" Donovan exclaimed. "Nat, if you discover long lost folks out there in space, their asses will need to relocate to Earth; I'll be damned if I'm taking up residence in space!"

Everyone busted out laughing as Donovan strolled over to the table, rolling his eyes. "Thorne, my son, come here; let the women talk among themselves. Let's talk about my grandchildren.....

The End

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