

Zena Wynn



Mya's Werewolf

FANTASY ISLAND



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Fantasy Island:

Mya's Werewolf

By

Zena Wynn



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ISBN: 978-1-60435-703-5

Cover Artist: Shirley Burnett

Editor: Bernadette Smith

Line Editor: Pam

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Chapter One

Mya Anderson pushed through the foliage, following the barely discernable trail that if her calculations were correct, would put her on the beach. Normally she wouldn't think of walking in this thick copse of trees at night, while wearing a red bikini the size of a postage stamp that barely covered her somewhat ample curves, but this was her fantasy and she only had forty-eight hours to live it. Actually, forty-seven point five hours remaining—time was passing much too quickly. This was a once in a lifetime chance and she planned to live it to the fullest extent.

A harvest moon rode high in the sky, but under this canopy of tropical trees, shadows ruled. Mya suddenly halted mid-step, some primitive instinct warning her she was being watched.

“Hello?” she called out.

There was no answer. Stepping a bit closer to the trunk of the tree nearest her, she glanced cautiously around. “I’m safe,” she murmured. “This is Fantasy Island, not some inner city back alley.”

Her head wasn't buying it. Something was out there, something dangerous. It didn't matter that she couldn't see or hear it. Her psyche knew and it was

screaming at her to get the heck out of there.

“Maybe it’s the dark playing with my imagination,” she reasoned as she cautiously crept forward, keeping close to the tree line. “Once I hit the open space of the beach and stand in the bright glow of the moonlight, I’ll realize it was just my mind playing tricks on me.”

Still, she moved a bit faster, this time as quietly as she could.

There was a rustle in the bushes to her left. Mya froze, scared to call out again. If it were her hero, surely he would have answered earlier. Something was tracking her. Uneasily, she realized she’d forgotten to ask if there were any wild animals on the island. She assumed it would be safe. Too late she remembered what they say about assumptions.

The rustling came again, closer this time. Glancing automatically in that direction, Mya saw a pair of glowing eyes. They were accompanied by a long, low, and vicious-sounding growl.

Mya’s flight-or-fight response kicked in and she took off running. All she wanted was a simple fantasy fulfilled, to be the heroine of one of the many werewolf romance novels she voraciously devoured. A nice, safe, erotic romance novel, darn it. She did not sign up to be the dumb blonde in a horror flick.

She heard a thud behind her. “Don’t look back, don’t look back, don’t look back,” she chanted under her breath. The stupid characters—the ones who looked

back—always ended up dead in the movies.

As she cleared the tree line and hit the soft, white sand of the beach, she heard a roar coupled with the crashing sounds of foliage being trampled. Instinctively, she glanced over her shoulder.

What she saw sent terror streaking through her. Fear lent wings to her feet and she literally flew over the sand until she hit the more firmly packed beach. Breath bellowing, she ran even as her thighs burned and a sharp pain struck her on her right side. She pressed her hand against it and kept running. *Can't stop. Got to keep moving. If I survive this, I promise I'll never skip the gym again.*

Her legs churned so hard, the little white cover-up she wore across her hips loosened and drifted to the ground. Mya's heavy thighs were rubbing together so fast, it's a wonder they didn't spark and catch fire. She didn't know how much longer she could keep up this pace.

Helplessly, she glanced back again. It was still there and gaining fast. Mya cried out as just like in the movies, she tripped over something, hit the ground hard and went rolling. Before she could scramble to her feet, it was on her.

A large, hairy arm flipped her over onto her stomach, hooked her by the waist and jerked her hips up off of the ground. *"Mine. Mate. Caught. Claim."*

"No, no, no," she whimpered. "I changed my mind." Was it too late to get a refund? This whole thing sounded so cool when she read it in the books, being

claimed by a wolf-man. The reality left something to be desired.

This thing was huge. It had to be at least seven feet tall. At five-ten, one-hundred and ninety pounds, Mya could in no way be considered petite. This thing towered over her, overwhelming her with its massive fur covered chest and long, huge arms.

Something rounded and hard with a hint of moisture poked her in the back of her thigh. Braced on her elbows, she twisted around anxiously to see what it was as the werewolf ripped her bikini bottoms right off of her body. It sounded so sexy when she read it in a book, but it stung like the dickens in real life.

Dear God, the wolf-man was aroused and his penis was huge. It was easily the length of her forearm and as thick as her wrist. There was no way that was fitting inside of her. Despite being exhausted and in pain, she began to kick and struggle, determined to get free.

A wave of lust washed over her so strong, it completely neutralized the panic growing inside. She ceased moving, confused. The werewolf crooned, stroking her tenderly from breast to thigh. More emotions swamped her—loneliness, hope, and a growing excitement.

What was happening to her? Where were these emotions coming from?

Suddenly she knew. On the questionnaire she'd completed, Mya had been asked to list titles of some of her favorite books to give the Fantasy Island staff a

better understanding of what she wanted. In several of the books she'd listed, the heroine was psychic. One in particular jumped to mind. The woman, an empath with telepathic abilities, was highly sought after by the werewolves, or wolfen. Something about psychic women being particularly irresistible to their species.

She groaned as another wave of desire washed over her, triggering her own. No matter how scary this creature looked, he wanted her desperately. He was lonely, tired of being alone, and excited that he'd finally found a mate. Though there was an underlying fear of rejection, the longer she lay complacently, hope grew that she would accept him. Maybe even welcome him.

Mya reminded herself that this was her fantasy. While not exactly as she'd envisioned, it was what she'd asked for. Was she really going to let a little fear get in the way of her living her dream?

No, she wasn't.

She shivered as the werewolf trailed its nose down her spine until it reached her sex. He pushed in closer with his snout, and she heard him inhale deeply. She jumped when his tongue snaked out and licked her from clit to anus. The slightly damp, faintly rough membrane left a line of heat in its path. Mya squirmed and moaned as he lapped at her.

Her head dropped to the ground on top of her forearms on which she balanced. She widened her legs to give him better access and let the pleasure take

her. This was the ecstasy she'd imagined all those heroines feeling as they yielded to their werewolf lover's passion. This is what she'd damn near begged herself for, scraping up the thousands of dollars necessary to live out her greatest dream, her fiercest desire.

He curled his tongue, parted the lips of her sex, and thrust inside her. Mya's eyes rolled into the back of her head. She pushed back with her ass, silently demanding that he give her more. Go deeper. The werewolf twirled his tongue around, brushing sensitive nerves and Mya went off like a rocket.

Cum gushed from her body and he lapped it up, grunting and demanding more. He ate at her, insatiable, quickly driving her to another orgasm. With each peak she reached his arousal spiked higher, ramping up her own until she didn't believe anything would ever be able to douse the flames.

The gentle breeze blowing on her sex felt cold when he pulled away, but he wasn't gone for long. The bulbous head of his cock pressed against her slit, demanding entrance. He pressed steadily forward. As aroused and lax as her muscles were from the multiple orgasms, there was still a bite of pain as he stretched her sex wider than anyone ever had before.

There was a tremendous pressure. Mya didn't know whether to try to pull away, or to push into him, rushing him to go deeper. She hung on the ragged edge of a pleasure/pain so intense, sweat poured down her face and her fingers clawed

mindlessly at the moist sand. He paused, then began to slowly withdraw.

Mya arched her back, lifted her hips higher. "Please," she begged.

He reversed direction and pushed inward. His claw tipped hands gripped her by the hips, holding her steady and preventing any movement on her part as he picked up the pace, his thrusts coming fasting and going deeper.

With each impalement, Mya grunted; gasping for air with each withdrawal. It became a rhythm. "Umph-uh, umph-uh, umph-uh," interspersed with the *slap, slap, slap* of flesh smacking against flesh, drowned out the faint sound of the gentle ocean waves at low tide. The heavy musk of sex overpowered the salty air.

One of his arms reached underneath and hooked her by the waist, lifting her upper torso. His left hand landed in the sand beside her face as he used it to brace himself above her. He maneuvered her until she was on all fours, with his body covering hers even as he pounded steadily inside her sex.

Freeing his hand, he used her hair as a handle to raise her head and turn it to the side, exposing her neck. Overwhelmed by sensation, Mya was taken off-guard when a mere second after she felt the heat of his breath, his fangs pierced the tendon between her neck and shoulder. She screamed as pain shot through her body, then found herself gasping for air as an orgasm ripped her apart.

As her sheath squeezed him tight, milking him, he howled loudly. There were three sharp jabs of the hips before he thrust so deep and so hard her knees

lifted off of the ground. Then he was spurting and coming, his massive body shuddering over her.

Then something happened that blew her away. His cock swelled even larger inside—as if that was even possible—and she felt a knot notch into the wall of her vagina, locking him into place. She screamed again as another orgasm slammed into her, this one stronger than all the ones before.

It was too much. Black spots swam before her eyes. As consciousness faded, her last thought was, *Damn me for listing Lora Leigh's Breed series as one of my favorites.*

Chapter Two

Mya woke riding an intense wave of satisfaction, contentment and growing desire. She had a mate, someone to call her own. No longer would she be lonely.

Lonely? Mya didn't remember being lonely. Alone, sure, but she had more than enough family and friends to keep her busy and her life fulfilled. She wasn't in a romantic relationship currently but that was by choice. She was attractive and friendly enough that guys liked being around her, and she always got invited out on dates.

So why would she be feeling lonely? Abruptly she remembered where she was and what happened. She was on Fantasy Island, the real deal and not the TV show, the heroine in a romantic novel created exclusively for her. Her werewolf hero had literally screwed her senseless.

Mya felt a goofy grin cross her face.

She was also an empath, she remembered, able to feel his emotions. Her smile lost a little of its glow. That part was going to take a bit getting used to. Empathy made for great reading in a novel but the reality sucked. Mya had enough difficulty dealing with her own emotions without being bombarded with someone

else's.

Gingerly stretching to ease muscles that were slowly stiffening, Mya realized she was being stroked, no, petted. The werewolf—she really needed a name to call him—was petting her mound, riffling through her pubic hair and teasing the lips of her sex. There were waves of possession emanating from him. She didn't have to be psychic to know he was thinking, *'This is mine.'*

Not that she was complaining. What he was doing felt good and any man, wolf, or werewolf that had the ability to lay it down like he did was more than welcome to claim ownership of her pussy. Hell, for that kind of pleasure she'd give it to him, no questions asked or conditions required.

He lazily licked a nipple. That's when Mya realized her top was gone. A slow heat was building in her body. Her arousal or his? It didn't matter. She was wasting precious time sitting here in contemplation instead of taking action. She could analyze the situation once she returned home.

Carpe Diem or Seize the Moment became her motto.

She reached out and grabbed the part of his anatomy that fascinated her the most. A rumble started in his chest and grew in intensity as she stroked him from base to tip. He shifted closer, allowing her better access as he scraped what felt like a claw across her clit.

Mya felt her sex liquefy as she considered what it would be like to mount

the thick piece of meat in her hand and ride it. Well, she thought, why not? This was her fantasy. She could be as bold as she wished. Do whatever she liked.

She rose to a seated position and pushed him onto his back. He grumbled as his hand was dislodged, but she felt his curiosity as he allowed himself to be maneuvered to her liking. When she straddled his stomach, a burst of anticipation hit her.

Oh yeah, he liked where this was heading.

Mya rose, positioned his leaking penis at her entrance, and slowly impaled herself. The fit was still tight, but as proven earlier, she was more than able to accommodate him. She dug her fingers into the fur on his chest and held on as gravity forced him deeper and deeper. After this weekend, a normal human would never satisfy her but she'd deal with that distressing thought later.

Inch by luscious inch, he filled her. Her sex fluttered around his shaft as the invading head of his cock parted her quivering muscles, gliding past and stimulating nerve endings never touched before. Mya threw back her head. It felt good. Really, really good and she hadn't begun to move yet.

With her head back, her breasts stuck out in an offering he didn't refuse. He tongue lashed one nipple and then the other until they were poker stiff and straining for him.

"Suck them," she commanded, not knowing where this boldness was

coming from. “Suck my breasts.” She didn’t know if he could do as she’d ordered with his wolf’s mouth.

He gave her what she’d demanded of him. Rows of razor sharp teeth closed gently around the mound of her right breast as strong suction pulled her nipple deeper into his mouth. Mya felt the tugging right down in her womb.

“Yes,” she hissed. Unable to keep still, she rocked her hips back and forth, and when that wasn’t enough, added a circular motion to the mix. Soon she developed a pattern. Rock forward, backwards, circle to the left. Rock forward, backwards, circle to the right. It got even better when his hips joined in the action and he began to jab upward in micro thrusts.

He bit lightly on a nipple and Mya groaned harshly as pleasure streaked through her. She braced her hands on his rock hard abs, adjusted her angle and rode him harder and faster. With each downward glide, her clit rode his shaft, sending streaks of lightening through her.

She pumped her hips faster, grinding down harder, her body in control as she rushed toward orgasm. It began with a mighty implosion, starting inward and radiating outward in ever increasing circles until it consumed her whole body. Mya screamed.

Wolf-man deftly flipped her over onto her back and drilled his hips into hers. His teeth locked onto her shoulder again. Mya’s nails scoured his bulging

biceps as another orgasm ripped through her. That was two. She didn't think she could handle a third.

She'd forgotten about the wolf thing. Her werewolf shoved into her so hard, she swore he knocked her womb back an inch or two, then he began coming. His body jerked with each spurt. Then it happened again. He expanded and that knot formed, locking him into place.

Mya's body tightened like a bow as ecstasy ripped through her, exploding in her brain. Once again, it proved too much for her and she passed out.



When Mya roused, the sun was shining and the birds singing. She could hear the waves crashing on the shore and the heavy tang of salt filled the air. Sunlight filtered through what looked to be an opening in a rock face. Glancing around at what she could see, Mya realized she was in a cave.

Not a house, with all the appropriate plumbing and fixtures, but a cave. A city girl through and through, this presented a problem. A major problem as she needed to go and go now. She eased from under the wiry, pale, white arm thrown casually around her waist and came to her knees.

“Where are you going?”

Mya froze at the human sounding voice, then looked to her right. Her breath lodged in her throat. Her wolf-man was now in his human form. The sight of it

temporarily put her body's needs to the back of her mind.

He was cute, in a geeky kind of way. He had overly long, wavy rusty-brown hair that looked in need of taming. His face was narrow, jaw square-shaped, and his skin had the pallor of a man who didn't get out into the sun much. His muscular body was long and lanky. Judging from his length, he stood a good six feet or more, a nice complement to her stature.

There was no excess fat anywhere. His chest was broad and lean, like a swimmer's. And his cock...she licked her lips. Though not as huge as in his half-wolf/half-man form, it was still more than enough to satisfy. Under her perusal, it stirred and lengthened.

"Where are you going?" he patiently repeated.

She dragged her eyes away and met his gaze, finally remembering her purpose. "Bathroom."

"This way." He rose fluidly to his feet and his rear view was so exquisite that Mya forgot she was supposed to be following him.

"Are you coming?"

His question snapped her out of her lust-induced daze. She looked to see if he'd noticed where her attention was locked. He had, if the pleased smile on his face was any indicator.

She shrugged. "You're gorgeous," she explained her behavior and watched in

fascination as he blushed.

He continued forward. "It's not much but it's better than a leaf and the ground."

The 'bathroom' was a smaller cavern off of the main one. The hewn rock made use of the natural water flow, which removed waste and she assumed, washed it out to sea. There was an opening in the ceiling, providing a natural light source. On a ledge were several scented candles, more than enough to provide light at night. Mounted on one wall was a sheet of some kind of highly reflective material that served as a mirror and managed to take the meager light and greatly magnify it.

"It's beautiful. Thank you," she told him.

Again he gave her a please smile and left. She'd lost faith for a moment, but this fantasy thing had come through again. She wouldn't be required to rough it.

She emptied her bladder, and as she washed her face and brushed her teeth with the brand new toothbrush and tube of paste provided, studied her reflection. One side of her rounded face was covered in sand and small pieces of seashell. She must have been lying partially in the sun for an extended period of time because half of her normally pecan brown-colored face appeared red and mildly irritated. So did her neck and the upper part of her left arm.

Beach sand caused her shoulder length, dark brown mane to appear gray,

and the humidity and moist air changed its relaxer-straightened manageability to a mass of tangled, frizzy curls. What wasn't plastered to her scalp stuck out in a 'fro that would have done a clown justice.

Good Lord, good thing this was a fantasy. She'd be horrified for a man to see her this way. Sand plastered to almost every part of her body she could see, from her small, pert breasts, narrow waist, mildly pouching stomach, and oversized butt and thighs—courtesy of the desk job she worked five days a week. Now that she'd been made aware of it, she itched all over and desperately needed to wash the sand and sea grit she could feel caked in her hair and plastered on her body.

She returned to the main cavern. "I need a bath. I'm gritty."

His hungry gaze roamed over her body, making her acutely aware of her nudity. Mya did a little staring of her own. His nostrils flared, and she wondered if he could scent her budding arousal.

"One bath coming up," he said in a husky voice. He held his hand out.

Mya extended her own, and his overly large hand closed around hers, swallowing it. He led her out of the cave and paused for a moment to give her eyes a chance to adjust to the sunlight. When she could focus, Mya realized they were on the side of a mountain.

"How did we get up here?" she asked in astonishment. The last thing she remembered, they were on the beach.

“I carried you up after you passed out the first time.”

Mya blushed at the reminder that his passion had been too much for her. “You said something about a bath?” she reminded, to divert his attention.

His gaze turned inquisitive, but he kept any questions he had to himself. “Be careful. Hold onto the wall. It’s a bit tricky in spots,” he instructed as he led her down the rocky path, in some places wading through rushing water that came to their knees.

They came to a quiet pool of water that was the size of a small pond. A waterfall fed into it at the rear and rock walls surrounded three quarters of it before it dropped off into another waterfall. Mya caught her breath at the natural beauty of it.

The sun-warmed water came to her waist. Mya sank into it, luxuriating in its warmth. Ducking under the surface, she swished her shoulder-length hair with her fingers until the worst of the sand was gone. When she surfaced, he was there waiting.

“May I?” He indicated his hands, which were filled with lather.

“On one condition,” she bargained. “Tell me your name.”

He smiled. “My name is Gabriel. My family and friends call me Gabe.”

“Gabriel, like the archangel, protector of women and children?”

He shrugged and moved forward, reaching for her hair. Mya leaned into him,

enjoying his ministrations.

“Well, Gabe, nice to meet you. My name is Mya.” She inhaled deeply. With her eyes closed, every sense was magnified. “What is that? It smells divine.”

“Jojoba essence,” he answered. “Did I hurt you last night? With the full moon, I’m not always in control of my beast.”

A wave of concern washed over her. It matched the expression on his face and had her rushing to reassure him. “You didn’t hurt me.”

“But my beast scared you.” She could feel his remorse.

Mya didn’t deny it. She had been terrified, initially. “He made up for it,” she told him with a satisfied grin.

“I can do better,” he told her earnestly. “Let me make it up to you.”

“Do better?” she echoed in disbelief. Better would kill her.

“Much better,” he stated as he lifted her by the waist and carried her to the side of the pool.

Chapter Three

“Really, this isn’t necessary. Trust me,” she said. If the beast rendered her unconscious, what would the man do? Give her a heart attack?

“I think it is. I don’t want it scaring you away.” He lifted her onto the small ledge, which was just above the water’s edge and sank to his knees. She would have been underwater but he was tall enough to make it work. He spread her thighs wide and sat staring at her sex like he was gazing at Nirvana.

He leaned forward and buried his nose in her slit, inhaling deeply. Man or werewolf, he still seemed to enjoy her scent. Her hand lurched forward to grip him by the head as his tongue went to work. Oooh, the man was definitely more skilled. His beast simply lapped at her, hungry for the juice he could force her body to produce. The man was methodical in his attack, though she sensed his enjoyment in this form was no less. He made it a point to hit all of her pleasure spots, over and over again until she was moaning and screaming out his name.

“That’s it. Say my name again,” he commanded.

“Gabriel,” she moaned.

“I love the way you say my name.” Gabe rose and hooked her legs over his

forearms, holding her open. “Mya, say you’ll stay with me. Say you’ll be my mate.”

She cupped his cheek. “Yes.”

“You’ll be mine?”

“And you’ll be mine,” she confirmed.

He closed his eyes and a wave of relief and...love?...swept over her. When he re-opened his eyes, they were filled with such heat she felt singed right down to the bone. His possessive gaze swept her body. “Mine?”

“All yours,” she confirmed.

He actually shuddered. Moving forward, he dipped his knees and lined up his cock with her weeping entrance. “Watch,” he commanded.

She looked down and watched the reddish head part her darker lips, then slowly press inside. They both groaned at the exquisite feel of it. If possible it was even better than last night. He pressed forward until their pubic hairs merged.

He captured her gaze. “Ready?”

“Yes.”

“Hold on to me.”

She grabbed hold of his shoulders. Gabe slowly withdrew, then slammed home. “You don’t know how long I’ve been waiting to do this,” he said. He quickly escalated to a pounding rhythm that stole her mind. Her nails dug into his skin.

“That’s right. Mark me. Score me. Let everyone see how much pleasure I give

you,” he encouraged.

“Gabriel,” she gasped.

“Again. Say my name again.”

“Gabe.”

“Whose Gabe, Mya? To whom do I belong?”

“Mine, all mine.”

“Never forget, Mya. I’m yours and you’re mine. Don’t you ever forget. Promise me,” he demanded.

“I promise. Oh, Gabe, I...” With a long keening cry, she came.

“Shit, do you know how good your pussy feels surrounding me, Mya? How it’s milking me? You have no idea how—” He groaned, deep and long as he came.

In his human form he didn’t lock inside as he had as a werewolf, but Mya wasn’t disappointed. He’d more than satisfied her. He took her mouth in a kiss, their first. Gabe was as good at that as he was everything else.

“As soon as my knees will hold me, I’ll get you down from here,” he said.

“Don’t rush on my account,” she told him, enjoying the feel of his body next to hers, his cock still embedded deeply inside.

Gabe released her legs and she raised them to wrap around his waist, holding him to her. “Don’t move. Not yet.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” he assured her.

They stayed joined together, enjoying a peaceful moment. After long minutes, his cock softened and oozed out. “Let’s get cleaned up and go somewhere we can relax,” he said.

“Okay.”



Later, they lay entangled on a bed of wild grass, enjoying the ocean breeze as the sun shone down on their naked bodies. Gabe lay on his back with Mya sprawled half on top, her head resting on his chest. She was courting sunburn but felt too good to move.

“Tell me about yourself,” Gabe commanded as he twirled a section of her hair. Without a comb or a brush, Mya knew her hair had dried into something resembling a curly bush. Gabe didn’t seem to mind.

Mya laughed. “What do you want to know?”

“Everything,” was his instant response.

“How about you narrow it down, just a tinsy bit,” she told him with a grin, loving that he was so focused on her. “Ask me something,” she encouraged.

“What’s your favorite food?”

“Pepperoni and sausage pizza with tomatoes and onions on it.”

He didn’t blink or comment like others would have, just went straight into his next query. “Your favorite drink?”

“Pepsi.”

“Your favorite movie?”

“Too many to name, but I like the serious stuff. You know dramas, based on real life events?” She trailed her hand down his side until she reached his thigh, unable to be this close and not touch him.

“What’s your family like? Any brothers or sisters? What about your parents?”

“Both my mom and dad are alive, and still married. I have two older brothers and one younger sister. Both brothers have children so I’m an auntie four times over. My sister is still in college.”

“Do you want kids?” He cupped the side of her head and raised it so he could see her face.

“Right this instant, no, but some day, sure.”

“Girl? Boy? One child, two?”

“It doesn’t matter. Whatever I’m blessed with.” This talking about kids was reminding her how much fun it was to make them, at least with this man. She eased her right leg over his thighs so that she lay fully on top of him.

Gabe transferred his hands from her head to her butt, repositioning her to his liking. “With you as their mother, our kids will be beautiful.”

She flushed at his compliment. She was okay looking, maybe even attractive

in an understated sort of way, but not beautiful. For a moment she wished this were all real. That Gabriel was her mate, she was his woman, and they had forever in front of them instead of a quickly dwindling twenty-four hours.

“Do you think you’re family will accept me?”

She leaned down and nuzzled his cheek with hers. “They’ll know that I love you, and as long as you’re good to me, they won’t care,” she assured him.

“Even though I’m white and a werewolf?” He seemed really worried, unnecessarily so.

She chuckled. “We don’t have to tell them about the werewolf part, but they don’t care about things like race. It’s the person that counts. Trust me, they’ll love you.”

He eased closer until his face was mere inches away. “Do *you* love me?”

She caressed his face with her gaze. Being an empath allowed her to see so much more about him than just what was on the surface. “Yes, I believe I do.” Which was stupid of her because none of this was real, but how could she not love this man created exclusively for her. He was literally her dream man come true.

A fierce wave of joy and love washed over her as he closed the gap and kissed her. One kiss led to another, and then another, until they were making love. Unlike the fierce pounding of before, this was a tender affirmation of their feelings for one another.

Afterwards, they spent most of the day talking, getting to know each other better. They swam in the ocean, explored the island, and towards evening, went back to their pool to play and make love again as the sun began to sink in the west.

“We’d better get back before it’s too dark to see.”

“There’ll be another full moon tonight,” she told him.

“I know.”

“Will you change again?”

“Yes. Are you okay with that? I can’t promise to keep him away from you, now that he’s had a taste.”

“Your beast is you. I accept all of you.”

He swept her into his arms for another lingering kiss at her easy acceptance of him. “Thank you.”

As they headed for the cave, she asked, “Can I watch?” Earlier he’d shifted from his human form into a wolf for her.

He glanced back over his shoulder. “No, not this time. The process isn’t that pleasant. I don’t want to frighten you.”

She already knew from earlier discussion that when he was in his wolf-man, or were form as he called it, he was aware of everything that was happening but not always in control of his actions, hence his continued concern for her well being.

They entered the cavern and she helped Gabe light the multitude of candles spread throughout. When they finished, it gave the place a romantic glow. Still dark by her standards but perfect for the Were's enhanced vision.

Gabe left and she settled on the raised platform that contained their bedding to await his return. On the cavern floor beneath her was an extremely thick, oriental type rug that was a good six-by-eight-feet in size. That's what she'd awakened on this morning.

She'd asked Gabe why the cave, didn't he have a home? He said yes he did but his beast didn't like to be confined inside of walls. It could tolerate the cave, and was happy to do so now that it had a mate. Her safety was of primary importance now, even more so when the pups began coming.

For a moment, she allowed herself to imagine what life would be like if this were all real. She and Gabe could stay here during the weeks of the full moon, and spend the rest of the month at his home. Gabe was so loving and sensitive, always so considerate of her needs. And best of all, he had a sense of humor. She loved being with him.

She loved him. More and more every hour that they spent together.

Chapter Four

In the distance, Mya heard a howl and knew it was Gabe. There was no answering one. As far as she knew, she and Gabe were the only ones on the island. They hadn't seen any signs of anyone else when they were walking around, doing their Adam and Eve impression.

He was coming to her, and coming fast. She could feel his determination, his lust. He wanted his mate and she was waiting on him. Ready for him to take her. Anticipation rode both of them hard.

It didn't matter that she and Gabe the man had spent most of the day making love. This was his beast. Still Gabe, but his more primal side, and this side of him made her want to do a little howling of her own.

She felt his presence before she saw him. Looking up, she saw him looming in the opening. Over seven feet tall, the head and muzzle of a wolf, chest and arms shaped like a man with wicked looking claws at his fingertips, he was covered all over in dark fur, sparse in some places and thicker in others. With his legs bent out at an awkward angle like a dog standing on his hind legs, he was a sight to behold.

“Mate.”

“Yes, your mate,” she answered, though it wasn’t a question.

“Mine.”

“I belong to you.” Again she answered his statement.

“Take,” he growled.

“All you want,” she told him on a needy sigh as she leaned back onto her elbows and spread her legs wide in invitation.

An instant later his snout was buried between her legs. Mya held onto his pointy ears and rode his tongue to completion. He ate her like he was starving and she was the first food he’d seen in weeks. She quickly found herself in a pleasure zone where sensation rule and logic had no meaning.

She moaned in disappointment when he pulled away only to catch her breath in giddy anticipation when he flipped her onto her belly and mounted her. There it was again, that delicious stretching of vaginal muscles almost to capacity. The tiny bite of pain coupled with the most glorious ecstasy of sensitive nerve endings being stimulated until Mya was nothing more than a screaming banshee of sexual bliss.

All night long he took her and she accepted him. He locked inside of her over and over again. There was an underlying desperation to his actions, as though Gabe the Were realized this was their last night together and he was trying to

make it last as long as he could.

Mya herself was feeling the same sense of urgency. She had to make it last, make it count. There would never be another opportunity to experience this. She had to imprint him on her brain, sear the memory of him, of their time together, into her memory banks.

Neither soreness nor tiredness had any place here. Nor did sleep. It was only as the last faint moonbeam gave way to the rising sun in the east that they fell into an exhausted slumber.



Mya roused with the sure knowledge that her last day had arrived. Like sands in an hourglass, time was rapidly dwindling at a rate faster than her eye could see. At five p.m., her fantasy would officially end and it would be time to go. From the angle of the sun shining through the opening, it was already mid-morning.

She turned to find Gabe lying there watching her. “Why didn’t you wake me?”

“You were tired and I like watching you sleep,” he explained.

She had to remind herself not to get angry. Gabe didn’t know what was at stake. He thought this was real. He didn’t know that he and their relationship was a figment of her imagination brought to life by the staff of Fantasy Island Vacation

Getaways.

For a minute, depression overwhelmed Mya and she blinked back tears before Gabe could see them. Not willing to waste any more precious time, she rolled to him and put her arms around her neck. “I love you so much,” she softly told him. “So very much,” she finished in a whisper.

Then she proceeded to show him with her body just how much he meant to her. It wasn’t supposed to happen like this. Love shouldn’t be able to grow to this intensity over a weekend’s time. How was she going to live without Gabe? How could anyone expect her to return to her mundane life and leave behind what she’d found with this man, this werewolf?

He was so much more than she’d ever dreamed of when she created her fantasy. She didn’t envision unruly rusty-brown hair that continuously flopped over magnetic gray eyes when she was answering her questionnaire. She didn’t imagine a man who could make her laugh one moment and the next amaze her with his deep insight. She couldn’t have known how awesome it would be to have a man totally focused on her pleasure, in and out of bed, expecting nothing in return.

How could she have? Who knew something like this could exist in real life? And that right there was the problem. It wasn’t real, but to her heart and mind it was. Dear God, it was more real than anything she’d ever experienced in life.

Later, as she lay cradled in his arms, he asked, “You want to go swimming again today?”

“Not really.”

“Are you hungry? We haven’t eaten yet and it’s way past breakfast time,” he said as he languidly stroked her hair.

“I’m not really hungry.”

His hand stopped. “Is everything okay? You sound down. Last night was too much for you, wasn’t it? I should have tried harder to reign him in.”

Mya realized she needed to get her act together if she didn’t want him suspecting something was wrong. She shook her head, then admitted, “I’m still a little bit tired. As much as I enjoyed last night and would repeat it again in a heartbeat, I’m not used to this much sexual activity.”

Gabe lifted her and put her to the side, then stood. Extending a hand out to help her up, he said, “Come on. You need to eat. I’ll feed you and then we’ll go back to the pool to bathe. Sound good?”

“Yes.” Mya raised her hand and allowed him to pull her to her feet.

The island offered an abundance of fruit and nuts for their culinary delight. They picked the fruit right from the trees. She gorged on mangos, bananas, and other tropical fruits and nuts, and quenched her thirst with coconut milk and water straight from a mountain stream.

“If I ate like this everyday, I wouldn’t need to exercise to lose weight. The pounds would melt away,” Mya told him as they finished their cliffside picnic.

His gaze roamed over her. “I like you just the way you are. Don’t lose an ounce.” He looked ruefully at himself. “Now me, on the other hand, I’m skinny enough as it is. I worked hard to gain what little muscle I have and can’t afford to lose any of it.”

Mya gave him the same looking over that he gave her. Licking her lips, she told him, “I happen to think you’re perfect the way you are.”

“Really?” He managed to look both doubtful and hopeful at the same time.

“Mmm...” She crawled over to him. “Shall I show you again how much I love your body?”

“Well, if you think it would help,” he murmured with a wicked glint in his eyes.

Mya took her time, starting with his feet and working her way upward. She hadn’t lied. She loved everything about him, from his big hands and feet to every proportioned bit in between. When she reached his cock, she gave it extra loving attention.

After she finished, Gabe felt duty bound to express with his hands and mouth how much he loved and appreciated her body in return. Sated, they went and frolicked in the pool, washing the fruit juice and other fluids off of each other

and making love again in the water.

Mya looked at the angle of the sun in the sky. “Let’s go back to the cave and take a nap. After last night, we deserve one.”

“Sounds like a good idea. Tonight’s the last night of the full moon. You’ll definitely need your rest,” Gabe agreed.

They walked back to the cavern and Gabe climbed up on the platform and lay down. Mya settled beside him, cradled in his arms. Her heart breaking, she held in the tears, waiting for Gabe’s breathing to even out, signaling deep sleep. When she could wait no longer, she eased from under his arm, waited a moment to be sure he didn’t wake, and left the cave.

Traveling quickly to the pool, she retrieved her red bikini and wrap she’d washed and laid to dry on a rock for just this moment. The strings on the bottoms were ripped, but she managed to make it work. Dressed again for the first time since she arrived two days ago, she made her way to the rendezvous point, a small dock on the rocky side of the island. There was a speedboat and a small crew waiting. A short, dark skinned man in a pair of white pants and a flowery shirt was pacing back and forth on the floating dock when she arrived.

“Ms. Anderson, we were just about to send someone searching for you,” her escort said.

“I’m sorry. It took longer than I expected to get here,” she told him, casting

an apologetic look at the rest of the small three-man crew.

“No problem. You’re here now. Did you enjoy your vacation?” he asked as he helped her onto the boat.

“Very much so,” she told him.

“Good, good. Put on the life jacket and settle down. We’ll have you home before you know it.” He untied the rope securing the boat to the dock and then hopped on board and made his way to the front.

She did as instructed and sat at the back of the boat, face turned toward the rapidly retreating island. Watching as it grew smaller and smaller, she let the wind blow away the tears making slow tracks down her face.

Chapter Five

Mya called in sick Monday morning. There was no way she could go in and pretend her heart hadn't been ripped to shreds. Not when she'd broken down into inconsolable sobs during a grocery store commercial, all because they'd panned the produce department. It was the bananas that set her off. After a crying jag that lasted more than an hour, there was no way that she could go in.

Tuesday she forced herself to go in despite the dark circles under her eyes. In her job as a call center customer service representative, no one would see her. Her coworkers she put off with the excuse of a weekend virus. Her lie served two purposes. It kept people from bothering her, afraid she might be contagious, and it provided a convenient excuse for her wan appearance.

She took her calls with the same proficiency she normally used but her heart wasn't in it. Her mind was back on the island with Gabe. She hated that she didn't have any pictures of him. No electronic devices of any kind were allowed on Fantasy Island. The only memories she had were those in her mind. Even the mating mark on her shoulder faded the moment she was back on U. S. soil.

She couldn't help wondering how Gabe felt when he woke to find her gone.

Had he searched for her? If so, for how long? He'd been so lonely. He was so happy to find her, his mate, and so uncertain of his welcome. So fearful of being rejected. How had her disappearance affected him?

God, she had to stop tormenting herself like this. Gabe wasn't real. For all she knew, he'd vanished as soon as she boarded the boat. One thing she knew for sure, he wasn't an actor paid to play a part. She wasn't sure how they'd done it, but that much she knew for sure.

Let it go, Mya, and get a grip. It was one weekend out of your life. Forty-eight hours. You're more logical than this.

No matter how many times she gave herself the same pep talk, it didn't work. She, who had never been in love in her life, had fallen and fallen hard. She didn't know if she'd ever recover. How was any other man supposed to measure up?

At twelve-fifteen, she logged off of the system and put her headset down. It was lunchtime, but she didn't have an appetite. She went into the large break room, sat at one of the two-seater tables in the corner, and pulled out a book. It was a steamy romance, and before this weekend she would have been all into it. Now it was just for show. As long as she appeared to be reading, no one would bother her.

She'd been staring miserably at the same page for five minutes when a deep,

vaguely familiar voice asked, “Is this seat taken?”

Mya shook her head no and indicated that he could take the chair. She certainly wasn’t using it. The chair made a scraping noise on the floor as it was pulled away from the table. Instead of hauling it off as she expected, the person sat down.

“I noticed you weren’t eating anything. If you forgot your lunch, I’m willing to share. There’s more than enough here for two,” he said.

She sighed. Couldn’t he see all she wanted was to be left alone. Finally glancing up from her book, she said, “That’s alright. I’m really not...” Mya stared in shock. “Gabe?”

“Are you sure? It’s sausage and pepperoni pizza, with tomatoes and onions. I’m told it’s your favorite,” he continued.

He stared intently into her eyes. “I don’t have any plates, but it should be cool enough now to eat with our fingers, and there’s plenty of napkins.”

Mya couldn’t drag her gaze away from his face. “Napkins are fine,” she told him, her voice faint.

She was having difficulty stringing two thoughts together. Was she hallucinating? But no, he was here. Or at least someone that looked amazingly similar to her Island hero was seated at the table with her. Mya tore her eyes away from his face and glance at his nametag: GABRIEL ADAMS, ITD DIVISION.

He handed her a slice of pizza and took one for himself. Like her, he made no attempt to eat his.

“I don’t understand. You’re real?” she asked, totally bewildered.

Gabe glanced cautiously around at the other people in the crowded break room. “Do you mind if we get out of here?”

Mya looked around and realized that they needed privacy for the questions she wanted to ask. She nodded. Gabe scooped up their food and put it back into the box, then grabbed the pizza and led the way out of the break room until they were out of the building. They went to one of the many seating areas scattered around under the trees.

As they settled beside each other on the bench, Mya wished she were still an empath. Gabe was locked down so tight, she had no idea what he was thinking or feeling. Actually, forget being an empath. Right now she didn’t know what *she* was feeling.

He set the box on a nearby bench and turned to face her. Mya studied him. His rusty-brown hair was the same, flopping endearingly over his forehead. His gorgeous gray eyes were covered by ugly black-framed glasses, which detracted from their attractiveness. His clothes, an oversized pair of faded blue jeans and a faded red shirt, did nothing to showcase the body she knew lurked beneath. In other words, Gabe looked like the typical geek, easily overlooked.

“What’s going on, Gabe? You are Gabe, right? You were there on the island?”

Using his middle finger, he nervously pushed his glasses further up his nose.

“Yes, it was me.”

“I don’t understand. How could you be there? It wasn’t supposed to be real. They assured me it was a fantasy.”

“Well, yes and no. Some of it was real.” He watched her uneasily.

“Which part?” she demanded.

The growing red flush on his neck and face answered her question.

Mya wrapped her arms around herself and hunched over. “You saw me naked? We had sex?! Oh my God.” She knew it was totally crazy of her. She’d spent the last day and a half wishing Gabe was real, but now that she knew that he was...

All kinds of things were running through her mind. She’d had sex, unprotected sex with a stranger. Oh gosh, she could be pregnant!

He rushed to assure her. “Don’t worry. I’m clean. I’ve been tested recently and it’s not like I’m playboy material. I’ve only had one or two serious relationships and those were years ago.”

Mya closed her eyes briefly and moaned in distress. “I didn’t even think about disease. I was worried about pregnancy.”

“Oh!” He jerked, catching her attention. She’d disconcerted him. Slowly, a

pleased grin crossed his face. “You think it’s possible?”

Shocked at his question, her face whipped around towards him. As she stared at him, a startling thought crossed her mind. Just how much of the Gabe she’d met on the island was real and how much was fantasy? Mya knew she’d been herself. A little bolder than normal, but everything else that she’d said and done was a reflection of her true personality. Could the same be said of Gabe?

“Are you really a werewolf?” she asked uncertainly.

Her question caught him off guard. He hesitated before answering. “Go out with me tonight and I’ll let you know,” he bargained.

It was her turn to blink at his response. She thought about it. She’d fallen in love with Gabe the werewolf. This was her opportunity to see if this Gabe could hold her heart as well. “I’ll go out with you if you tell me how you ended up on Fantasy Island,” she countered.

Again that endearing blush swept across his features and Mya realized, geekiness aside, Gabe really was cute. “I...uh...I sort of saw your email,” he confessed. “The one you sent them,” he continued when she looked confused.

“The one I sent Fantasy Island? How did you...you *spied* on me?” she asked, outraged.

“No, no, no,” he hastily assured her, glancing around nervously. At her skeptical look, he explained, “It’s my job to monitor internet usage. You used the

company's computer to research them, and emailed them using your yahoo account, but you did it at work."

It was true. They were all subject to monitoring. She tended to forget. It was so convenient to research stuff at work while waiting for a call to come in that she frequently forgot anyone could log on and see what she was doing at any time. As long as she didn't visit any of the forbidden sites—most of which were blocked—she didn't see the harm.

"Okay," she allowed, "but I still don't see why you were interested."

He took off his glasses and set them to the side. Picking up her hand and holding it between his own, he stared at her with the same focused intensity he'd used on the island. "I've been interested...some would say obsessed...with you for months. You never noticed me. It's like I was invisible. I didn't take it too personally because you never seem to notice any of the guys around here that try to get your attention. When I realized what you were doing, saw the fantasy you'd requested, I saw my opportunity and took it."

"You wanted to have sex with me?"

"NO! I mean, yes, if that's where things between us led. I wanted a chance to get to know you, the real you. And I wanted you to see me, the real me. Most women never get past my outside appearance."

More and more Gabe was reminding Mya of her werewolf. She only needed

to know one more thing. “What was your fantasy, Gabe?”

He swallowed hard. “I asked to be Mya’s werewolf.”

Mya pulled her hand free and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Pick me up at six. I’ll email you my address.”

He squeezed her close and whispered in her ear, “No need. I know where you live.”

Mya threw back her head and laughed. She should have known.

“You’re not mad?” he asked.

“How could I be? It’s exactly what I’d expect a werewolf to do,” she told him.

“Then you won’t mind if I do this,” he said just before his mouth covered hers in a kiss that curled her toes.

Mya went back to work with a smile on her face. They never did get around to eating that pizza.

Three Months Later

Mya gazed critically at her reflection in the mirror and made minor adjustments to the skimpy red bikini she was wearing. Gabe was patiently waiting for her on the deck of their oceanfront hut, having showered as soon as they'd arrived while she unpacked their belongings and marveled over their beautiful yet simply designed accommodations.

"As scrumptious as you look in that bathing suit, Mrs. Adams, I prefer you naked, like me," he told her.

"Well, Mr. Adams, I guess you'll just have to take it off of me," she teased in return. She crossed to his side and swung her leg over the lawn chair he reclined upon, straddling his bare thighs.

The island they'd chosen to honeymoon on was reminiscent of Fantasy Island. The resort was a scattering of private cabana-like huts, dotted along wooded walkways that provided a sense of solitude and preserved the island atmosphere, rather than the typical high rises of the more popular getaways found in the Bahamas or Hawaii.

The tightly woven bamboo guardrail of the deck came up high enough that

in their seated position, they were out of sight of any beachcombers who may happen to be out at this time of evening. For additional privacy, the interior light cast a soft glow through the glass sliding door, leaving the rest of the deck where they lay in shadow.

He quickly undid the strings of her top and let it drop to the side.

“Have I told you how much I love you?” she asked.

“Not in the last couple of hours. You’re overdue,” he said as he toyed with her nipples.

A wicked grin crossed her face. “Maybe it would be better if I showed you.” She scooted backwards, bent at the waist and took his rapidly hardening cock into her mouth.

“Oh yeah. Sounds like a plan,” he huskily agreed.

The last three months had been a whirlwind romance, culminating in a quiet wedding ceremony with family and a few close friends. All the wonderful characteristics she’d discovered about Gabe on Fantasy Island turned out to be real. Her family thought he could do no wrong. Loving, caring and attentive, a good provider, and the best friend a woman could ever have, Gabe really was her fantasy man come to life. Who needed a romance novel?

He groaned and pulled her off of him. “Much more of that and this will be all over before it starts. I’ve waited too long for things to end this quickly.”

They hadn't made love since their time on the island. Gabe was adamant that they take the time to get to know each other, discover how much of the attraction they'd shared was true. He'd wanted to be sure she could love the "real" him.

He pulled her down and maneuvered them until he was positioned on top, lying between her spread thighs. She laughed and huskily told him, "You know there's a huge bed inside, a few steps away."

"Hmmm, yeah but where's the adventure in that?"

He untied the ties on her bottoms and she lifted up so he could pull them off. He took a deep breath as he gazed at her. "Just like I remember from my dreams."

"Really," she purred. "I star in your dreams?"

"Oh yeah," he said in a reverent tone of voice.

"I suppose it's only fair," she sighed. "You're my fantasy come to life."

His expression changed. She didn't trust the glint in his eyes. "I can do better," he told her earnestly.

She groaned. This was the same thing he'd said on the island. "Gabe, really, there's no need," she protested.

"Of course there is," he stated with a grin. "I'm competing with a fantasy."

"Gabe," she wailed, "the fantasy is *you*, you crazy man."

“So?”

As he kissed his way down her body, she asked herself, *Why am I arguing with him? This is a win-win situation for me.* After that, she lost the ability to reason.

It wasn't a fluke, and hadn't been a fantasy. Gabe the husband was every bit as good a lover as Gabe the werewolf. Maybe better. He was tender and patient and absolutely focused on her pleasure to the exclusion of all else. At the end, when he finally lost control, he was every bit as forceful as Gabe the Were.

Sated, she laughed when she realized they were on the ground. The lawn chair had collapsed beneath them. “I told you we should have gone inside to the bed.”

“Next time,” he said, still gasping for air.

She rifled her hands in his hair and wrapped her legs around his waist, holding him to her. Her sex still pulsed around his shaft in minute little tremors of aftershocks. Content, she lay looking up at the star-studded sky, marveling at the ironies of life. She paid a fortune to find her fantasy man, only to discover he'd been right under her nose, all along.

As her gaze landed on the nearly full moon, a thought struck her. “You know, you never did tell me whether you were a werewolf or not.”

Gabe lifted his head from her chest and braced his weight on his elbows. “I'm human but...” He whispered the rest in her ear, “I've already made reservations

with Fantasy Island Vacation Getaways for us to spend our first anniversary with them. What do you think of that?”

In answer, she threw back her head and howled.

The End

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About the Author

Romance Author Zena Wynn is the multi-published author of several books. Most know for her paranormal, erotic romance series, True Mates, she also writes Inspirational, Contemporary IR, and Sci-Fi/Fantasy. She loves hearing from readers and can be contacted at zenawynn@yahoo.com. Or check out her website: www.zenawynn.com.

Red Rose Publishing

The Apology-The Nina Chronicles: Book One

Love Challenges-The Nina Chronicles: Book Two

Mya's Werewolf-Fantasy Island Series: Book One

Loose Id

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