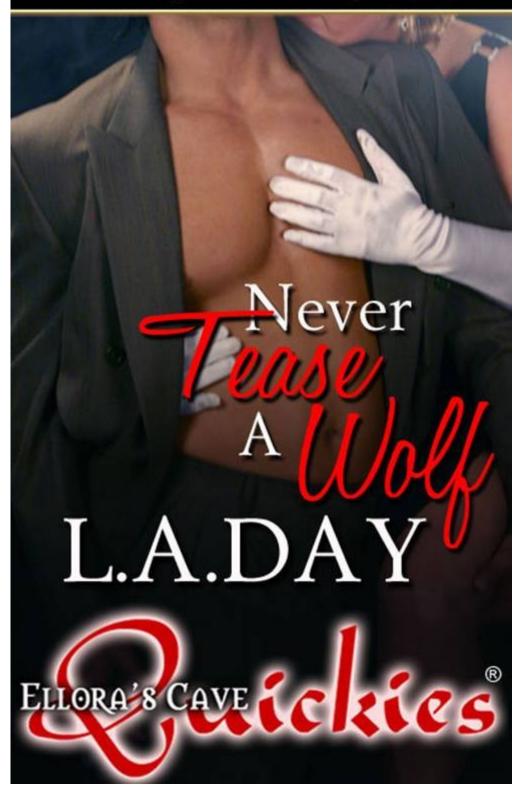
Ellora's Cave Presents



Never Tease a Wolf

L.A. Day

A harem outfit and a flogger? Sounds like a party. That's why Jenny chose them as the key ingredients in her plan of seduction. For two years she has worked for Damianos Alexander, but tonight at the costume party she's determined to become more than his secretary. Tonight, she'll take that sexy male animal home—to her bed.

Damianos always gets what he wants, and he wants Jenny. She's half naked, her body undulating in the movements of an ancient dance. Tempting every man in the room, including him. Too bad she doesn't realize she's tempting a wolf. Once she unleashes his feral side, there is no turning back.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



Never Tease a Wolf

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Electronic book publication May 2010

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Chapter One

Peeking out from her spot behind the potted plant, Jenny Lad saw him as he entered the room. He would be hard to miss even in the room full of a hundred people or so. At about six-four, dark and gorgeous, Damianos Alexander—Damon to those who knew him—stood out in any crowd. As president of Alexander Marketing, he didn't dress up for the company costume party. Still, he looked completely comfortable, at least on the surface.

Alexander Marketing Inc. had recently landed the long-sought-after account of Just Novelties and what better way to celebrate than with a costume party. Costumes were Just Novelties bread and butter and the new advertising plan had started last week. So far, it had passed with flying colors. Halloween was just a couple months away and Just Novelties was already showing a boost in sales over last year. It was the perfect time to celebrate.

Jenny had been planning this event for the last two months and she was determined it would be a success. She had just thrown her resignation on Damon's desk but that didn't matter. This party would be the talk of the town.

Nervous tension wired Jenny as a buxom vampiress approached Damon. "Silicone on display," she muttered. She glanced at her own cleavage. At least her breasts were real. She tugged on the small halter. It wouldn't do to have a nipple pop out during the performance.

Looking back toward the door, her eyes roamed her previous employer's form hungrily. She gasped as he turned in her direction. The deerskin flogger she'd left for him hung from his belt. She wished she could have seen his face when he opened the box. The enclosed note told him it was part of his costume as master of the harem girl. With his Greek-god looks, he looked the part, but could he play it too?

If tonight's stunt didn't work, she might never see him again, but she couldn't live off crumbs forever. At thirty-one, she wasn't over the hill, but she'd taken a few steps up it. After tonight, he'd either see her as a woman or he'd see her no more. Last week she'd received a job offer from a prestigious marketing firm. Initially, she'd refused but she'd been asked to think about it a few days, and she had. Things couldn't go on as they had been. Her feelings for Damon made it impossible for her to continue working for him. She wasn't naïve or stupid. She knew Damon was attracted to her but how deep the attraction went, she was unsure. By quitting her job, she hoped to give them both a chance to explore their feelings, if Damon were interested. Either way she'd know before the night was over. Whatever the outcome, she would go on from there.

The slow, rhythmic drumbeat began and Jenny's knees began to quake. She took a deep breath and exhaled. She could do this. The past six months of lessons wouldn't go to waste. *Damn good!* That was what her instructor had called her. Not perfect, but good enough to impress most. She intended to impress Damianos Alexander tonight in more ways than one.

Running a hand over her bare stomach, she felt the abdominal muscles she'd worked so hard to acquire. Squaring her shoulders, she stepped into the room, swaying to the beat of drums. Clicking her cymbals in unison to the movement of her hips, she managed her first graceful turn.

Concentrating on the music, she barely heard the gasp of appreciation. However, there was no missing the zing of adrenaline as the heat of Damon's gaze landed full force upon her. She felt more than saw him move closer, until he stood at the edge of the gathering crowd.

Fueled by an overdose of untapped lust, Jenny managed to stay in perfect rhythm as the tempo increased. Panting slightly behind her thin veil, she spun around, presenting Damon with a perfect view of her ass as the music reached crescendo. She didn't focus on anyone in particular. Instead, she avoided making eye contact and

concentrated on the music, allowing the room to become a blur of costumed people. Spinning once more, Jenny bowed at Damon's feet as the music reached its finale.

Standing, Jenny kept her head bowed and her gaze lowered in the demure pose of a harem girl as she asked, "Did I please you, master?" Her voice was husky from exertion.

Damon was ready to go up in flames. If they weren't in a room full of people, he would tell her exactly how to please him. After finding her resignation on his desk, he almost didn't come to the party. After opening his costume, he had no choice. The flogger had intrigued him, as she had known it would. The little vixen thought she knew him well. She was about to find out that he had a few secrets. Little did she know, she'd just solved a huge problem for him and he couldn't be happier.

He'd been at a loss at how to handle his developing feelings for his secretary. Now, he didn't have to worry. She'd resigned. In his book, that made her fair game. She'd just put herself on the endangered species list. She might not realize exactly what she was getting herself into but she would adjust. She had no choice. She was his *ellinitha*, his woman. She didn't know the consequences of offering herself publicly but he did, and so did many of the guests. If he didn't take her up on the offer, other males would fight to have her. The only reason she'd remained safe among them was that no one dared cross him. He'd marked her as his the first day she walked into his office over two years ago. It was a claim he was unwilling to give up.

The room was deadly silent. During her dance, he'd removed the flogger from his belt. It crackled as he slapped it on his palm. It pleased him to see her start at the controlled violence of the action. He raised his arm and trailed the tip of the whip across her cheek, allowing the feathered tail of the whip to caress her check. He slid it lower across her breasts and abs. Her stomach muscles quivered. "I found it quite pleasing. Later, you may perform for me in private and I will give you your reward, my *ellinitha*."

Jenny demurely muttered, "Yes, master."

Several members of the audience gasped, and others erupted in laughter. Cheers of congratulations filled the air. Those like him, the *vrykolaka*, understood that he'd just proclaimed her his chosen mate. The others, not knowing the word he spoke, probably assumed it was a planned performance. Jenny, he assumed, thought it was a game. She would soon discover differently.

With a low chuckle, Jenny gave a little wiggle, and the coins decorating her scant halter-top clicked together. Damon bit his cheek to suppress a feral growl. The miniscule covering barely contained Jenny's abundant breasts and there were too many male eyes upon her.

Grasping her arm with what appeared to be a caressing touch Damon dragged her to his side. Smiling down, he narrowed his eyes as he wrapped an arm around her. "That was a wonderful performance," Damon proclaimed loud enough for all to hear. Leaning forward he lowered his voice. "I'll make you pay for it later."

The veil covered most of her face but her crystal blue eyes flashed up at him. "Do you know who I am?" she whispered.

Damon chuckled. Even in the dark, he would know the lush scent of her cunt. Boldly raking her with his eyes, he smiled. He'd recognize those long legs anywhere not to mention the delicious cleavage that he worked every day at ignoring. Tugging on a blonde lock hanging out of her headpiece, he grinned. "I'd recognize you in a gunny sack. Your carriage alone is a giveaway."

"Really?" Her eyes sparkled.

"Um, you're unbelievable, Suzie," Damon said, using the name of his last blonde lover.

"What?" Jenny stiffened in his arms.

"Just kidding." Damon laughed. "You're my only ex-employee with legs that long." He winked as his eyes lowered.

"It figures you'd recognize my legs."

"Among other assets." Her breasts rose and fell rapidly from the exertion and he struggled not to openly ogle them.

"Damon, who's your harem girl?" Don Justin of Just Novelties asked as he handed Damon a whiskey neat and sidled up to Jenny. Damon wavered between laughter and violence as the old, pudgy vampire looked as if he wanted to take a bite out of Jenny's breast.

"Don, you don't recognize *my* Jenny?" He shifted and eased Jenny away from the older man. "Guess that goes to show you how perfect your costumes are." Damon saluted Don with his drink before taking a fortifying sip.

"Hmm, that costume is certainly perfect."

"Thank you, Mr. Justin." Jenny batted her long lashes at the old man and Damon had to fight the urge to turn her over his knee. She was his now. He had openly claimed her and he would curb her habit of flirting with other men.

"No master treatment for me?"

"Jenny has only one master and now the world knows who he is."

"What a lucky man you are."

Damon nodded. "Luckier than you know."

"Well, I think I see an available Playboy Bunny. Good work on the party, Jenny. It was very nice to see you." Damon was tempted to strangle the man as he leered at Jenny's breasts again.

"Thanks, Mr. Justin."

"See you soon." Don waved his cape as he tottered after a long-legged brunette. Damon furrowed his brow. If he wasn't mistaken, the brunette was Bob from accounting, in drag. Chuckling, Damon shook his head.

"Did you enjoy making every man in the room hard?" he whispered.

Jenny's long lashes fanned her cheeks and he was sure she smiled behind the veil. "You included?"

Setting his empty glass on a passing tray, he shifted, pulling her in front of him. Wrapping his arms around her he allowed her to feel the length of his hard cock pressed into her lower back. "Me especially," he confirmed at her ear as his thumb brushed her rippled abs. "I had no idea you could dance the *tsifteteli*."

"Lessons," she gasped unsteadily as his thumb edged along the trim of her low-cut harem pants. Her skin was silky soft over firm muscles. He shuddered slightly. *Damn*. She affected him as no other woman ever had.

"What other lessons have you taken?"

"I...uh."

"Maybe you need a lesson in what happens when you tease a man too long."

The trill of his cell phone saved her from answering. Unwinding his arms from around her, he grasped her wrist, holding her to his side as he answered. "Damon here."

"This is your rescue call." The call was prearranged in case he wanted to make an early, graceful exit. He almost hung up but a brilliant thought came to him. He bit his cheek to keep from smiling. "Now!" he said loudly. "Okay, not a problem. I'll get that right to you." He clicked his phone shut.

Turning his gaze to Jenny he said, "Wilson didn't get the updated contracts. The deadline is seven tonight." The lie rolled smoothly off his lips.

"I personally emailed and overnighted them yesterday."

"Well, he hasn't received them." Damon looked at his watch. "We have an hour to get them there." He started to drag her toward the exit but Jenny pulled away to snag the stiletto heels she'd kicked off before dancing.

"I don't work for you any longer. Have you forgotten?" she grumbled as she tugged them on. He again grabbed her arm and she hurried to keep up with him.

"Are you going to let us lose a contract because you didn't complete a job?"

"I..." She sighed. "Of course not."

Damon smiled. He knew her weaknesses. The last two years he he'd studied her as he'd quietly tightened the circle around her.

"Where ya going?" Peter Diodorus, in full vamp mode, asked as they neared the door.

"Wilson didn't receive his contracts. We have an hour to get them to him," Jenny explained.

Peter opened his mouth but a dark glare from Damon silenced him. Peter cleared his throat. "I should have checked on that today. Sorry, Boss."

"Not a problem. We'll take care of it." Damon knew Peter had talked with Wilson today after the contracts were received but he would keep his secret.

"Nice costume Peter, very realistic. It is a Just Novelty original, right?"

Peter's teeth flashed as he smiled. "What else?"

Damon winked conspiratorially at the other male. "Enjoy your night."

"You too!" Peter chuckled, and for just a moment, his eyes flashed red.

Tugging on her miniscule costume, Jenny tried to cover as much of her body as possible. She wasn't a prude but she wasn't an exhibitionist either. At least, not normally. "The least you could do is let me grab my coat," she protested as he hustled her into the elevator.

"Don't worry, you won't get cold," Damon replied as the door closed and he backed her into the corner. The mirrored wall chilled her almost naked backside but the heat from his body warmed her front. "Better?"

"I...I'm fine," she murmured as she inhaled a shaky breath. She'd set out to get his attention. Now that she had it, she didn't know how to proceed.

"That you are." Releasing the clip on her headdress, he unwound the veil from her face. "It's a shame to hide such beauty."

Jenny gulped.

Pulling the veil loose, he held it by both ends and dropped it down her back to her waist. With a tug, he pulled her to him. Stumbling on her stilettos, she bumped against his unyielding frame. Even with heels, he still towered over her and she raised her head to meet his heavy-lidded gaze. "Damon."

Her eyes lowered to his mouth as his head dipped toward hers. A small whimper escaped her lips as he hesitated briefly. "Beautiful," he whispered, brushing her mouth in a fleeting caress. She rose up on her toes, following his warm, whiskey-scented breath.

"So hungry." He trailed her lower lip with his tongue. "Umm." Raising his head, he slid his thumb along her jawline, lifting her chin meet her gaze. "Delicious."

"Kiss me, Damon."

"I should. I should take you right here."

Jenny's heart pounded. She no longer felt the cold. His warmth permeated her flesh. Running a hand under his jacket, she felt his heart race. He wanted her. She licked her lips as his head slowly lowered. *Oh lord. Am I dreaming? Is this really happening?*

The ding of the elevator doors broke them apart. Thankfully, the lobby was mostly empty and the valet didn't raise an eyebrow at her costume. She assumed he'd seen plenty tonight.

* * * * *

Sighing, Jenny stretched on the luxurious, heated seat. She'd never been more appreciative of Damon's taste in cars. The engine purred as he merged into the heavy downtown traffic.

"I'm glad the windows are tinted."

"So am I. Take off your top," he demanded.

"What?"

"You have no idea what you've done. Offering yourself as my sex slave, complete with a whip." His eyes flashed from the traffic to her.

"It was a joke." She wiggled in the seat, seeking a position that would ease the ache in her pussy.

"I'm not laughing and neither were any of the other men in that room." Damon whipped the car into a nearly empty parking lot and killed the engine.

"Damianos!"

"You called me master, earlier."

"I...uh."

"It's too late, you let the beast out and he wants to play."

The coins on her halter jingled as he pulled her into his lap. The steering wheel at her back trapped her close against him. His strong arms engulfed her, sliding her sensuously against his firm chest. Jenny struggled to breath, the heady scent of arousal hung heavy in the air. "Damon," she groaned.

Burrowing under his jacket, her hands skimmed his heavily muscled chest. He was hairy. She could feel it through his silk shirt. Shifting, she tried to get closer. "The whip is digging into my side."

A husky chuckle erupted from his lips. He brushed the tail of the whip against her arm. "That's not the whip."

"Oh!" She felt heat rise in her cheeks as her pussy gushed with need.

He shifted beneath her. "Damn it, I wish we were anywhere but in this car," he groaned. Wrapping a hand in her hair, he tugged her head back and took her mouth in a kiss that was almost brutal with intensity.

There wasn't an ounce of protest in her as she sparred with his tongue. A growl rumbled in his chest as he devoured her mouth. Shifting restlessly, he rubbed his erection against her hip. His other hand cradled her left breast as his thumb dipped under her halter-top. Grasping his shoulders, she groaned under his lips as undiluted heat roared through her, settling between her rapidly dampening thighs.

Jerking her mouth from his, she gasped for breath.

Damon rested his forehead against hers as his chest rose and fell rapidly. "I knew you'd be amazing," he groaned.

"We're amazing, together."

His cupped a hand under her chin, lifted her head, and his hungry gaze bored into hers. "It's only going to get better."

"I can't imagine," she panted.

"I want you to dance the *tsifteteli* just for me. I want you to dance it naked and let me see these breasts bounce and jiggle as you move." Both his hands moved to cradle her breasts.

Jenny groaned. Her body melted under his touch.

"Then, when you bow and offer yourself, I'll take you as never before. I will make you irreversibly mine." Sharp teeth nipped her neck.

"Oh my god. I can't..."

Damon cracked the deerskin flogger against her thigh and she jumped. "Don't make me reprimand you."

The flogger crackled but didn't actually hurt. Jenny's heart leapt in her chest. "But..."

"Are you saying you don't want me? Are you saying you aren't wet for me? That you don't want my cock deep inside you?"

Jenny stared, unable to reply.

His hand lowered to cup her mound. "Do you deny how wet you are for me? If you don't want me, admit it, and this ends now," Damon's voice was firm and unwavering. He intended to claim her tonight as his mate and he had to be sure she was with him all the way. Once he made her his, there would be no going back.

"I..." She licked her lips. "I want you."

A low growl emanated from his chest. Headlights of a turning car flashed across his face, illuminating his eyes in an eerie glow.

Chapter Two

She jumped as the door to his townhouse clicked behind her. "I uh...you brought the reports home?"

Damon shook his head as a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Licking her dry lips, she narrowed her gaze on his face. "There wasn't a problem with the Wilson account, was there?"

Damon's grin widened. "The problem is that I want you too much."

The coins on her bodice clinked as she turned to face him. "That's not a problem."

"It is when you're in a room full of people." He took a step closer.

"We're alone now," she whispered.

"Yes, we are." Taking her hand, he led her into the room. Jenny had been here on rare occasions to drop off or pick up documents. Tonight with the lights dim, the room seemed smaller, cozier. It was a masculine room. Obviously, he'd hired a professional decorator to fuse the modern décor with muted, neutral colors to give the room a relaxed, comfortable feel.

Leading her to the couch, he stopped. "Have a seat. I'll get us a drink."

Jenny sighed as she settled into the warmth of the suede couch. With his jacket off, Jenny could enjoy the impressive view of his tight ass as he moved toward the bar.

"If I remember correctly, you like a Fuzzy Navel."

"What?" she said, blinking in surprise.

"Tsk, tsk." He swayed his finger back and forth. "Where was your mind? I was speaking of the drink."

"Duh." Jenny shook her head and grinned. It was obvious where her mind had traveled. Kicking off her heels, she curled her legs up on the couch.

Walking down the length of the bar, Damon stopped before his sound system. Jenny recognized the Greek melody so similar to the earlier piece. She shifted with nervous energy. *Is he really going to ask me to dance naked for him?*

Picking up their drinks, he turned in her direction. His gaze drilled her as he approached. The tension in the room shot to the stratosphere. Her fingers trembled as she reached for the glass and orange juice sloshed onto her hand. "Sorry." She apologized for her clumsiness.

"Are you nervous?"

"Should I be?" she asked. She was determined to sound less nervous than she appeared.

Damon pursed his lips as he reached for his tie. Loosening the knot, he slid the tie off and unbuttoned his shirt a few inches. "You don't mind my getting comfortable, do you?"

Silky chest hair peeked through the open shirt. "Not at all." She wished he'd take it completely off. She could only imagine the rippling muscle beneath the white silk.

Unclipping the flogger from his belt, he dropped it onto the couch. "I like my present."

Picking up the flogger, she let the soft tail trail along her thigh. "This was a joke, you know."

"I told you. Nothing you did tonight was a joke."

"What do you want?"

"I want..." His lip curled up at the corner. "To start with, I want my private dance." Jenny shivered as he settled next to her on the couch and took the drink from her hand. Setting it on the table next to his, he turned back to her. "You dance the *tsifteteli* beautifully. Who taught you?"

His warm hand brushed her shoulder as he smoothed her hair and she shivered. Jenny knew that *tsifteteli* was the Greek term for belly dancing. "Thank you. I learned at the Hollendar Dance Studio. My teacher was Greek." She swallowed deeply, hoping her nervousness wasn't too obvious.

Damon nodded. "I was jealous of the other men watching you," he confessed close to her ear.

"I was dancing for you."

"I know." His fingers traveled the swell of her breast and her nipples tightened painfully. Tugging on the bow, he loosened the tie of her halter.

"Damon." Her nervous fingers covered his. His heavy-lidded gaze rose to meet hers.

"This time you dance for me alone. Only my eyes will see you as you dance the tsifteteli."

"I'm not sure..."

"Shh." Her eyes shut and her head tilted back as he parted the halter-top and slid it down her arms. "You are the most beautiful sight I've ever seen."

She gulped audibly as his hot breath feathered across her aching nipples. The rasp of his tongue on a peaked tip elicited a guttural moan from her. Warm, wet lips closed around the nipple and suckled.

Dropping the flogger, she grasped his head with both hands and held him to her breast. Deep, hard—he suckled her nipple into to his hot mouth. "Oh god." Her clit pulsed in rhythm to the suction. Pure lust hit her hard and she cried out. She could come just from his mouth on her breast. She'd never felt such need.

Gasping for breath, he nuzzled her breast. "I want to see these beautiful breasts as you dance for me."

He raised his head and his gaze penetrated her entranced state. Jenny licked her lips. "Okay." She nodded her agreement. Anything, she'd do anything, to please him.

His lips tilted in a slow, sexy smile. Rising, he pulled her to her feet. Brushing her lips in a light kiss, he took his seat.

With a deep breath, Jenny moved to the center of the room. Her bare toes wiggled in the plush carpet. Standing with her back to him, she let herself sink into the pagan rhythm of the drum. Her hips slowly swayed as she pulled her cymbals from a small pouch in her harem pants. Turning, her gaze centered on his face as she began to move. His green eyes flared as she gave an extra shake to her upper body.

His feral blood burned. Jenny stood before him naked to the waist. Full, rosebudtipped breasts jiggled as she moved, stirring desire, need. Obsessively, he watched her. It was more than lust churning in his gut. He wanted more than her body. He wanted her soul forever entwined with his.

He growled, and her gaze fluttered away as a pink hue spread across her skin. Still, she danced the seductive *tsifteteli* to precision.

Her hips swayed and dipped in rhythm to the music. Lean muscles rippled as she danced. He wanted those legs wrapped around him as he thrust into her moist cunt. She wanted it too. He could smell her arousal. A low growl rumbled in his chest. He finished unbuttoning his shirt and removed it. He ran his hand along his abs and chest. *Damn, she is hot.* His body hummed. His hungry eyes narrowed as he watched. Every dip of her hips, every shake of her ass sent a dart of energy straight to his cock. *Fuck!* She was killing him. It took all his control not to bend her over the couch and take her. He pictured her bent over for his cock as he plunged into her repeatedly. He would part her cheeks and fill her with his cock and his cum. Sliding his palm along the length of his cock, he watched her eyes flash. He'd had enough.

Growling, he lunged to his feet and stalked his prey. She spun as he circled, keeping him in sight as he neared. "It begins," he whispered, moving close behind her. Spooning her body, he wrapped an arm around her waist. With slow steps, he guided her in a more erotic version of the dance. Her musky scent was heavy with arousal and his senses screamed to take her. Nestling his cock to her bottom, he shifted against her and her heart pounded in rhythm with his.

"Damon."

Her headpiece left her nape bare. He swiped the freshly scented flesh with his tongue and felt her shiver. "Do you want me?"

"Yes," she hissed.

Feeling his way along the edge of her harem pants, he began unhooking the gauzy leggings. Loosening the last hook, the sheer fabric fell to her feet, leaving her in what amounted to a thong. His breath hitched as he slid his hands along her creamy, rounded bottom. "Beautiful." He wanted her more than he'd ever wanted anything.

Dropping to his knees, he inhaled her fragrant scent and struggled to control his rampant desire. Her body trembled as he traced the curve of her ass with a finger.

"Please."

"Jenny," he moaned. His hands cupped her bottom, his thumbs splitting the seam of her ass. "You're so wet." He could lose himself here between her thighs as surely as he'd lost his heart to her many months ago.

"Oh my...oh," Jenny gasped as he slid his finger under the thong and into her sweet, wet folds. Her thighs quaked. "I can't..."

"You can." Her cream eased his way as he slid along her heated folds. She was hot, needy and he couldn't wait to bury himself in her welcoming heat. "Do you want me?"

"Yes." She nodded quickly.

She was ripe and ready for him as he dipped his finger into her cunt. She cried out and arched her back. She was so wet and tight. She wasn't a virgin but he knew it had been a long time for her. She'd had a lover when she began working for him. That relationship had ended quickly and since then there'd been no one. He would have scented another male on her.

"Oh god, Damon." She rocked against his hand.

Grasping her hips, he stood and swung her up in his arms. Hesitating at the couch, he picked up the flogger. "It is time you learn the consequences of your offer." She shivered in his arms but her gaze remained steady on his face.

Jenny had never been past the living room of his townhouse and she was curious as they entered his bedroom. It was cool and dark. A man's domain accented with big, heavy furniture. It wasn't surprising to see the huge flat-screen television mounted on the wall across from the bed. He jostled her in his arms as he knelt on the bed and she was a little surprised to notice the mirrored ceiling.

In the muted light, she looked wanton and hungry, clothed in just a thong. She shivered as the satin chilled her heated flesh.

"I want to see you," he warned as he reached for a bedside lamp.

Blinking rapidly, she turned from the light. "Damon."

"I like to see what I'm eating." His chuckle turned to a growl.

"Oh." Her pussy quivered. His teasing had her strung so tightly that she'd probably erupt at the first touch of his tongue.

A wicked grin split his face as he eased the thong over her thighs. Impatiently, she kicked it off and he grabbed it up. Lifting it to his nose, he sniffed. "Delicious. Your scent makes me hungry." His head dipped and the rasp of his tongue parted her folds. "So good," he murmured.

"Mmm." She nodded, unable to speak. The wicked flick of his tongue scored her flesh as liquid heat bubbled from her core. "Yes, oh yes."

"Come for me. I know you're ready," he whispered before rolling her clit between tongue and teeth.

"My god." She bucked her hips as sweet sensations burst from her center. She rolled to the side and he followed forcing her into the deepest, hottest climax of her life.

Jenny's thighs trembled as he raised his head. His wicked tongue licked his lips as he scooted up her body. "We should stop. I need to tell you—"

"Don't stop!" she pleaded.

"But there are some things—"

"Not now. Don't stop, it feels so good." She ached too much to let him stop now. She wanted him deep inside her. She wanted to give him the kind of pleasure he'd given her. She knew what he wanted to tell her. He didn't want a commitment. It was a one-night thing. She knew what to expect from him but she didn't want to hear it, not now.

Gleaming eyes flashed as he watched her. "My ellinitha."

"What?" she moaned.

"My woman. I will make you mine."

"Please." His lips nuzzled her breasts as his leg parted her thighs. She hated the material between them. She wanted bare skin. Unzipping his pants, she tugged on the material.

"Patience," he chuckled.

"I want you."

Shifting to the side, he quickly kicked off his shoes and discarded his socks and other clothing before rolling back to her.

Jenny's breath caught in her throat at her first look of him completely naked. "Good lord." She sighed as her gaze roamed his impressive golden flesh. The term Greek god came to mind. Jenny wasn't without experience, but never...

She blinked. Never had she had the pleasure of viewing such perfection. His movements were poetry in motion as his abs rippled and his muscled thighs clenched. But his cock managed to overshadow his other impressive attributes. His splendid, magnificent cock bowed under its own weight. The tip of the fleshy head gleamed with a pearl of moisture as it strained to reach her.

If she was naïve, she might have thought it wouldn't fit inside her but she knew it would. She'd make it fit. She'd never seen a man or a cock so fuckable and he was hers, for now anyway.

He moved above her. She cupped his taut backside and squeezed. Damn, his ass was tight. Her damp thighs quivered as his hard leg slid between them. Her drenched pussy pulsed. "Take me, Damon."

His hands held her head steady as he focused on her face. Her stomach dropped at the intense look in his green eyes. She wished it were love, not desire, that burned so brightly in their depths. As he gazed at her, he lowered his head. Her lips parted for the thrust of his tongue. Her heart pounded as he plundered her mouth. Her hands gripped his shoulders, her nails leaving half-moon craters in his flesh.

Panting, he lifted his head. His lips trailed her neck and the curve of her breast. He nipped his way from breast to belly and she trembled as she anticipated the pleasure she knew to expect.

"You smell delicious. So hot and needy. I want to eat more of your cream." He shifted lower and bowed his head as his tongue lapped her folds.

"No. I want..." Her words trailed off as a ripple of intense heat spread through her body.

"I want you ready for me." His breath fanned her wet folds.

I am ready, she wanted to cry but she couldn't form the words. Grasping the satin bedspread, she arched into his mouth as his tongue pierced her vagina.

"Oh my god," she cried as riotous sensations shook her to the core.

"Don't fight it. Come for me."

"Damon," she cried sharply as the world tilted and fell from beneath her. She gasped to breathe and he shifted between her thighs. The tip of his thick cock nudged her opening. Holding her hips firmly he surged forward, splitting open his pathway.

"Relax. You're so wet for me it won't hurt."

Inch by slow inch, he stretched her canal as he slid into her. She moaned and closed her eyes as his deep possession stole her breath. Thrusting in and out, he filled her to capacity. "It's so intense," she gasped. Her eyes opened and the mirror above reflected

every sinewy inch of his backside. She shivered, watching the bunching of muscle as he thrust his hips. She felt and saw him taking her and her senses swam. The pleasure mentally and physically overwhelmed her.

"Agapi mou," he cried with a heavy accent.

Her Greek was horrible but if she wasn't mistaken, he'd just professed his love. Jenny shook her head. She had to be mistaken. He couldn't mean it. He probably meant he loved fucking her.

He tilted her hips, burying himself deeper and she cried out, "Yes...god yes."

"Relax, my ellinitha." His movements were slow and deep. "I will not hurt you."

Sweet lord, she wanted him. She wanted the gut-wrenching pleasure that danced just out of reach. "Faster, harder." She grasped his hips and bucked against him. A muscle ticked in the side of his jaw and she knew he struggled to control his passion. She wanted him to let loose. She wanted the wildness he struggled to control. If this was to be their only time together, she wanted him to remember it always. Wiggling, she sought a deeper possession. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard." Flexing her inner muscles, she squeezed his cock in a rhythmic caress.

"You don't know what you're asking for," he groaned.

"I don't care." She raked his hips with her nails and he growled. Throwing his head back, his body arched above her. Thick muscles rippled and veins bulged beneath his skin as he fought within himself. A low growl emanated from his chest.

"Jenny," he shouted as he powered forward hard and deep.

Her eyes rolled with the pleasure. She was so close and so was he. She sensed it and she wanted to drive him over the edge. "Yes. Damon, now." Her thighs began to quake as heat exploded from her center outward. She gasped for breath. Damn, she couldn't hold it together any longer. She bucked against him, urging him on. Her pussy clenched, milking his cock in a rippling spasm and she felt his hot cum bathe her cunt.

Entwined, they gasped for breath as they descended from the pleasured heights. Brushing his lips to her temple, he rolled, placing her on top of him. She trembled in aftershock as he stroked her back. Rubbing her cheek against the silky down of chest hair, she felt like purring. She replayed it in her mind and a thought occurred to her—they hadn't used protection.

With his cock still buried deeply within her, he began to speak and she was distracted from her thoughts. "My father was Greek, my mother was from Turkey. The *tsifteteli* dance is a part of both cultures."

Jenny snuggled atop him. "I know. You were born in America though."

A sexy grin split his face. "Did you read my file?"

"I uh...I had to gather information for the new insurance program." She tried to move away but he held her in place.

"Don't be embarrassed. Did you learn anything interesting?" He brushed the damp hair from her face.

"No." His file was strangely empty of details. There was no next of kin, no family medical history. There wasn't even a current physician listed.

"So much to learn."

"I didn't mean to snoop. I just..."

"You find me mysterious. You want to know my secrets." He waggled his dark brows at her. "You wanted to know my weaknesses so you could seduce me."

Jenny shrugged. "Maybe."

"Once you know them, there is no going back."

"I can handle it unless — You're not a murderer, are you?" She giggled.

Damon chuckled. "No, I'm not a murderer. I'm a vrykolaka."

Jenny arched a brow. "A vryko-what?"

"Vrykolaka is a Greek term for lycans, vampires and sorcerers. I am a direct descendant of Lycaeon, the werewolf king."

Jenny chuckled. "I know we just landed the costume king as a client but you're taking this a bit too far."

A finger slightly stroked her cheek. "I am explaining my heritage." Wary eyes watched her reaction as the truth began to sink in.

"You are serious. You turn into a wolf?" Was his five o'clock shadow a little darker?

"Not a wolf, no. A lycan. I take on some aspects of the wolf but I am foremost a man."

Jenny sighed and closed her eyes for a moment. "I knew you were too good to be true."

"I'm not crazy. I'm telling you the truth. You will see for yourself."

"Did I say you were crazy?" She laid her head back on the firm chest, listening to his steady heartbeat. She'd just had sex with a lycan. Hell, she was in love with a lycan. Tears burned in her eyes, and she blinked rapidly. She wouldn't let him see her pain. She knew what it meant. They had no chance at a future. A lycan of his lineage wouldn't weaken the bloodline by mating with a human.

"I assumed... You are taking this calmly. I expected horror or denial, not bland acceptance." His hand stroked her hair, which had come loose from the headpiece.

"Sorry to disappoint you. I'm not a dumb blonde, and I'm not going to scream in horror. I know about wolfies and vamps." What she didn't know was how she had missed the signs. The only explanation was that she was so entranced by him she had ignored his odd fetishes. His preference for rare meat and his astonishing sense of smell should have alerted her that he might be different.

"Wolfies!" he repeated indignantly.

Jenny rose to her elbows. "Oh please, don't give me the offended routine. I'm the one who should be angry. You could have told me the truth before..."

"Before you lowered yourself to fuck a wolfie?" Damon scooted up in the bed, his skin flushing with color. He had nerve enough to get angry at her reaction.

"I didn't say that." Hell, fucking him had been awesome. The walking away would suck.

"What are you saying?" His stare was direct and unwavering.

"I'm not sure."

He would show her what he was and she would come to accept him, she had to. Lifting her free of his cock, he sat her on his thighs. "Do not fear me." Damon took a deep breath as he allowed his inner lycan freedom.

"I don't fear you, I just..."

With one hand, he held her hip as the other caressed her cheek. "Watch me." He smiled allowing her to see his incisors as they began to protrude.

"Da-Damon," she stuttered as she blinked rapidly.

"Shh, you are safe." He brushed her lower lips with his fingers. Her heady scent engulfed his senses and he had to stifle a growl of desire. Damn, he wanted her. He wanted to feast between her thighs and fill her with his cum. Shifting probably wasn't the best idea. He wanted her too much and his feral side screamed for him to dominate his mate. But the man within tenuously held control of his emotions.

"Oh my god. I've never actually seen..." Her panicky voice kicked up a notch.

"I told you. I am lycan."

"You're going to turn into a wolf?" Round, wide blue eyes watched him.

"No. I can take on some of the aspects of the wolf but I don't become a wolf. Are you afraid of me?" Damon had dated many females but he'd never revealed his feral side to them. None of them had been his mate. He had resisted the thought of a nonlycan mate but in the end, he had no choice. Jenny was his mate. If she refused to accept him, he would have no other.

"No." She shook her head. "I know I'm safe. I trust you."

"I will never hurt you." If she couldn't accept him, part of him would die. But he would walk away. He would never hurt her.

Jenny frowned. "You already have."

"How?"

"I thought you were just a man. I thought maybe..." Jenny cleared her throat. "But now..." Her voice trailed off.

"You don't want a relationship with a lycan." His stomach dropped. A part of him had always known she would never accept him. That was why he hadn't pursued her. As long as she didn't know the truth, he could at least be near her. Now, she would want no part of him.

She shook her head. She'd done the immortal thing and it was fun but there was no future in it. They stayed with their own kind when it came to mates. She'd met a few lycans, didn't know them well but they were probably the same. "It wouldn't work. When I was young, I was involved with a vampire. It ended badly. After that, I vowed to avoid immortal men."

A vampire! His heated blood chilled. "I'm not immortal."

"No, but you're not an everyday Joe either."

He couldn't deny that but he could prove that he was different. "Give me a chance. You can't catch it. You're born lycan. The tales of becoming a werewolf from a bite are just stories."

"I know." Jenny swallowed deeply as her gaze roamed his muscled form. Lord, was it wrong to find him sexy in this form? She began to chuckle. She supposed it was hysterical laughter. It was hard enough to imagine she'd actually gotten Damon's attention. More than his attention—she had gotten his hot, fucking body in bed. Now, she sat naked and straddled over a slightly hairier, more muscled version of the man.

Actually, he wasn't very different. His cheekbones were more pronounced and he had a few more whiskers. Of course, there were the fangs and the extended nails. Her gaze raked thick muscles that rippled under taut flesh.

Her eyes lowered and she blinked. Un-fucking-believable. His cock—his massive, mind-boggling cock—had managed to grow along with the rest of his muscles. Her pussy pulsed. Oh no! She couldn't go there, could she?

Her heart thumped. It wasn't as if they weren't intimately acquainted already. Her pussy gushed at the thought.

His thumb flicked her nipple as it began to harden. "Do you want me, Jenny? I can smell your desire."

Raising her head, she met his gaze. The same green eyes she'd become accustomed to stared at her from a face altered only slightly. The uncertainty in his eyes was her undoing. It was still Damon. It was still the man she'd learned to love over the last two years.

"Damon," she cried brushing his stubble-covered cheek with her hand.

"It's up to you. I won't force you."

She had to have him again, just once more. She wanted him. She wanted him in all his bad-boy goodness. "Oh god yes, Damon. I want you just the way you are, every way you are. I want you to take me hard. I won't break." She leaned forward, brushing her tightly tipped breasts against his hairy chest. "Let loose Damon. Show me what you're made of."

His lips curled up in a snarly grin as he absorbed her words. "I hope you know what you're asking."

"I do," she promised.

"I won't hurt you but if I let loose, I won't be gentle."

"I don't want gentle. I want you."

Slapping her thigh with his hand, he ordered, "On your hands and knees."

"Damon." Her eyes flared with need and heat coursed through her body.

"Now!" He reached for the flogger and trailed it along her thigh. "Do as you're told." He snapped the flogger against her leg. He knew it didn't hurt. He didn't want it to. It was the action that counted. It was the thought that added to the pleasure.

Jenny gasped and struggled to control a grin. "Yes, master." She flipped over onto her belly and rose up, arching her back like a cat. A low moan escaped his lips.

"Good girl." He trailed the tail of the flogger along her ass. Gritting his teeth, he held back the beast within.

"Yes, master."

He chuckled. "I like the sound of that." With a flick of his wrist, he whipped her upturned ass.

She looked over her shoulder, and her eyes sizzled with desire. She winked.

"You want me to fuck you?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Ask me. Say please fuck me, master."

"Pl-please fuck me, master."

His cock prodded her cunt. "You're so wet." Growling, he grasped her hips and plunged deep. "You want it hard?"

"Please." She gulped and arched her back.

"Take me. Take all of me." He thrust deep into her moist heat and her muscles fisted him like a glove.

She nodded. "Yes, oh yes. God, it feels so good."

He slid further and rotated his hips. "I'm going to make you scream. Fuck! You're hot and tight."

Using his knees, he spread her thighs wider. "Lower your head."

"What?"

"Lower your head to the bed." As she complied, he grasped her wrists, pulling them up behind her and holding them with one hand. "Damon."

"That's right, you're helpless. I'm going to fuck you long and hard."

"I'm not..." She groaned. "I'm not complaining."

He chuckled. "After I've made you come, I'm going to part your ass for my cock."

Her head twisted around and her eyes widened.

"You're going to love being my bitch." He pumped his hips hard and fast. "Isn't that what you want?"

"Oh god!" she cried.

"Come for me."

She whimpered and her body clenched around his cock, milking the pulsing flesh. He thrust long and deep. Clenching his jaw, he held his own release at bay.

His hand in the middle of her back held her immobile as he pulled free of her drenched cunt. The tip of his cock brushed her anus and she whimpered.

"Damon." She cleared her throat. "I haven't had anal sex."

Running his fingers through her drenched folds, he coated his fingers and rimmed her ass. He battled his inner beast. He didn't want to hurt her. "You're very tight." Anally, she was a virgin but she was going to take him. Using more of her cream, he filled her ass with two fingers.

"Oh...my...oh!" she screamed.

His fingers moved in and out with short jabbing thrusts. "Do you like that?"

"Y-yes...oh yes!"

Releasing her wrists, he reached around and tweaked her protruding nipples. "You're ready for me, aren't you?" He thrust hard and deep into her pussy. "You're going to like my cock in your ass even more."

"Damon." Her hips wiggled impatiently. Her hands were still linked behind her back as if she were bound.

"Shh...I don't want to hurt you." She needed to stretch wide for his cock.

"You won't."

"Take a deep breath and relax. I'll make it good for you." He swallowed deeply, tamping down his feral lust he fought to control himself as she parted for his cock. He would take her slow and easy. She might think she wanted his feral side but he didn't want to risk scaring her.

She sucked in her breath as he slowly rubbed his slick, smooth cock against the sensitive opening of her anus. The anticipation of the pleasure-pain sensation was intense. She hoped she could take him. She whimpered as the head of his thick cock burrowed into her virgin entrance. Biting her lip, she nodded. "Okay."

A low moan began deep in her chest. "Oh my god." He was huge and she could feel his thick cock head parting her.

"Fuck! This is so hot."

She tensed as his possession deepened.

"Relax. I don't want to hurt you. I just want to fuck your sweet little ass."

"Oh god." She gasped as he slid deeper. Her breath hitched. It wasn't exactly pain she felt. It was more of a sweet, deep pressure. As the pressure built, she wanted to move. She wanted... "Damon, please. Oh god, fuck me." A shiver shook her frame.

"Are you ready?" he gasped in a strangled voice.

"Yes...yes please...master."

He grasped her hips and surged deeper. Her breath expelled roughly. She didn't realize he had so much more to give. She might not be able to handle it. "Ohh," she keened.

"So tight. So hot," he cried as his cock buried deeper into her ass. "I love seeing you take me this way."

Fire bled through her veins. She could feel her blood pulse in her clit. She wiggled her ass backward as he filled her deeper. "Make me come, please," she pleaded for the completion only he could give her.

Leaning forward he squeezed her clit and at the same time nibbled her neck. She shivered, gasped, bucked and shot off like a rocket. "Ahh!" she screamed.

Collapsing forward, Damon grasped her hips and powered into her. "Mine," he shouted as his cock rippled in pleasure. Satisfaction washed over him as he allowed his release to fill her body.

"Mine," he whispered collapsing next to her.

Chapter Three

Early morning light filtered through the mini blinds as Jenny slid from the bed. Biting her lip, she silenced her moan. Damn, her body was deliciously sated and a little sore. She'd gotten very little sleep. Damon woke her repeatedly through the night and had even given her a shower. The thought of the shower made her smile. He had washed her, and in return, she'd washed every inch of his delicious body. After washing him, she'd gone down on her knees. His thick cock had stretched her lips but lord she'd enjoyed it. The taste of him...

She shivered. She couldn't think about it now or she'd never leave. He'd have to throw her out and she didn't want that. She didn't want to ruin a perfect night by being needy and clingy. She had to turn away from the sight of him stretched naked on the bed. He had a great ass. It was firm, rounded muscle. The kind of ass you wanted to bite. She grinned as she thought of the few nibbles she'd taken.

Grabbing a shirt off the back of a chair, she stuffed her arms into it. She couldn't leave in her harem outfit. If she could even find her harem outfit, parts of it lay scattered throughout the townhouse.

Easing open a drawer, she looked for a pair of sweatpants. Her eyes widened. Silk boxers! She dipped her fingers into the cool silkiness. She could make this work. She was sure cab drivers had seen worse. Bending over, she lifted one foot.

"What do you think you're doing?" Damon knelt on the floor behind her. He grabbed the boxers. "I thought it was just men who stole underwear."

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"I needed something to wear. The harem outfit—"

"Why?"

"Why what?"
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"Why do you need something to wear in bed?" He nipped her thigh above her knee.

"I'm not in bed. I was going to call a cab."

He leaned back. His eye twitched. She recognized the sign of anger. She'd seen it many times at work. "You were going to leave without saying goodbye?"

By the tone of his voice, she knew she had hurt him and that hadn't been her intent. She just wanted to spare them both an embarrassing goodbye. "I-"

"Even after last night, you still can't handle what I am. You don't want a relationship with a wolfie?" he muttered with disgust.

"It's not that." She inwardly flinched.

"Tell me then, what is it?" he demanded, as he stood and threw the boxers at her.

"I don't want to get hurt!"

Turning back her way, his eyes burned with intensity. "I'm not going to hurt you."

It was useless at this point to hide from the truth. "You say that now, and I'm sure you mean it, but you are a werewolf, a lycan. Eventually, you'll want a lycan mate. You'll want a woman who can give you a lycan child."

"I have a mate."

The words slammed into her chest. "What?" Her mind reeled at the possibility. How could he?

"I have a mate and she's carrying my child."

"You bastard," Jenny whispered. Her lips trembled but she wouldn't cry. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction. How could she have been so wrong about him? She'd given him her heart and her body. She thought she knew him but she'd been wrong.

Grabbing her arms, he forced them behind her and slammed her body into his. His thick erection pressed into her stomach and heat flooded her.

Sniffing the air, he grinned. "You still want me."

"Fuck you!" Her body might want him but her mind raged at him. She struggled and only managed to feed her body's lust for him. Throwing her head back, she glared. She wouldn't let him do this to her.

"You want to fuck? Okay." He propelled her toward the bed.

"I'm not going to have sex with you." She locked her knees and refused to budge any farther.

"No. You are going to make love to me because you love me." Grabbing her around the waist, he carried her to the edge of the bed and set her on her feet. "Last night, while I was deep inside you, you said you loved me."

"During sex people often say things they don't mean."

"You said it over and over while I loved you, while I filled you with my cum."

He shifted her against his cock until she wanted to beg him to take her. "No." She covered her ears. She couldn't listen to this.

"You want my cock and you know it."

"I don't want a married man." She couldn't want him. It was wrong. She wouldn't be the other woman, no matter how much she wanted him.

"I'm not married."

"Whatever! Mated man! Expectant father!" She threw her hands up in the air.
"What difference does it make? You're not free and this is wrong."

Damon grinned and rubbed her belly through the shirt. "I'm going to be married as soon as I convince my baby's momma to marry me."

"Shouldn't you be sweet-talking her?" Jenny slapped at his hand.

"I am," he whispered close to her ear.

The words settled over her. "What?"

His hand covered her flat abs. "I'm trying to convince you."

He couldn't mean... "I'm not pregnant."

"I think you are."

"It's not the right time—" *Oh, shit!* Jenny did the calculations in her head.

"You were fertile." Damon licked her neck and her spine began to melt. "Ripe and ready. I could smell it. I could taste it and I filled you with my cum."

Jenny swallowed deeply. "Why didn't you stop?"

Damon growled low in his throat. "There was no way I could stop. At the party, I claimed you as my mate. Last night, I made you mine. I filled you with my cum and my child."

A whimper escaped her lips. She trembled from the inside out.

"You're my ellinitha, my woman. Agapi mou."

Jenny furrowed her brow. He'd said that last night while they made love.

"I love you, Jenny."

Jenny teetered as her head spun dizzily. "You love me?"

"I would not have claimed you if I didn't."

"Oh." Her stomach fluttered. He couldn't mean it.

"Will you stay with me? Give us a chance?"

She wanted to. She wanted to more than anything but the longer they were together the more it would hurt when it was over. "You'll grow tired of me. I'm not special."

"Humph." Damon blinked rapidly, his brow furrowed. "Is that what you think? That you're not special. You are one of a kind. Who else would learn the *tsifteteli* for me? You're more than special. You're everything to me."

"I am?" At Damon's nod, pleasure filled her. "Really?"

"Positively. Now, tell me," he demanded. "I want to hear it in the light of day."

Jenny's lips trembled as she struggled to form the words. "I love you," she whispered.

Holding her head between his hands, his thumbs brushed her tears away. "And the fact that I'm a lycan—how do you feel about that?"

Jenny giggled. "I like a hairy chest." She ran her hands across his pecs. Her fingers combed through the light fur.

"What else do you like?"

"Big, thick..." She ran her hands down his abs. "Muscles."

Damon growled. "You're killing me."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she wrapped both hands around his cock. Worshipping the thick appendage, she stroked the rigid flesh. Her tongue flicked a pearl of moisture from the tip. "Mmm, the way I see it, I get the best of both worlds."

Damon's hand cupped her head encouraging her closer.

"Yep. In public, I have a Greek god on my arm and at home..." Her tongue rolled around the thick head. "I get an animal in my bed."

"Fuck yeah." He thrust past her lips. "Suck me, baby."

In response to his thrust, she opened her mouth wide, devouring as much of his cock as possible. Her hand rhythmically stroked the rest of his shaft. Stroke, bob, stroke, bob. She worked his cock while humming her delight. It was impossible to take it all but she tried.

"Damn, Jenny, that's good."

She felt the surge under his flesh and knew he was about to come.

Sucking furiously, she swallowed as his liquid heat filled her mouth. She licked her lips, savoring every drop.

Dropping to his knees, he knelt between her parted thighs. "I love you." His hand rubbed her flat stomach. "If you're not pregnant, you soon will be."

"And think, we'll never have to buy our children Halloween costumes."

Damon growled. "You're asking for it."

"Oh, I am. I most certainly am." Lying back, she held out her arms. "Love me, Damon."

"I intend to."

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"It's a mating tradition for the local vrykolaka," Damon said.

"Won't I be out of place?"

"As my mate, you are one of the *vrykolaka*. The *vrykolaka* are a small community here. They will welcome you with open arms."

"Peter Diodorus is a vampire?" Jenny shook her head as disbelief washed over her. She couldn't believe she'd worked with these people for two years and never had a clue.

"Yes."

"He works during the day. Doesn't he have to stay out of the sun?"

"The windows at the office have special ultraviolet tinting and there is the subbasement."

Jenny giggled. "I can't believe I work on top of vampires."

"I'm not sure I care for that wording. Speaking of vampires, I know all the locals. I would know if you had been involved with any of them."

Jenny sighed. She'd been expecting this. "Damon, it was a long time ago. I was in college."

"A college fling with a vampire." He exhaled a deep breath.

"Um, and engaged to a werewolf. I could write a book."

"A book!" His eyes widened.

"A bestseller! *My Paranormal Lovers, an Erotic Tale*. Or, maybe that should be 'tail'." Jenny swatted his tight ass.

He grabbed her arm, dragging her toward the door. "Maybe you need to do more research when we get home."

"Definitely!" Her hands skimmed his silk-covered chest when he stopped to get his keys off the hall table. "You could be the cover model."

Damon chuckled. "Only if you pose with me. I picture you naked with your arms tied behind your back while I flog your upturned ass."

"You'll do what to my bottom?" She snaked her hands back down to squeeze his rear end.

Damon groaned. The thickness of his cock pressed against her stomach. "Don't try to distract me. We have to go out for a little while."

"I'm just nervous. I don't know what to expect."

"They will all greet you in the traditional way."

Jenny raised a brow. "Which is?"

"I will introduce you as my mate. They will all come forward one at a time and introduce themselves. In order to bond with you, they will each lick your cunt."

Jenny blinked. She couldn't have heard him correctly. "What did you say? You have to be out of your mind."

"It is tradition. They will be insulted if you don't let them have a taste of your pussy. The females especially like greeting a new member."

"It's not happening!" Damon snickered. Her eyes narrowed on his face. "You're fucking with me aren't you?"

No longer able to hide his grin, he laughed. "You're just so easy to fuck with."

"You keep that up and I won't be." She raised her chin. "So what should I expect?"

"You'll know some of them—Peter, Carol from accounting, Harry, and John from Printer Supply. Usually they shake hands, sometimes they say hello."

"Okay, so *vrykolakie* are just like everyone else." She kept forgetting she'd worked with several of them for years and never knew. It would probably be insulting if she treated them differently.

"It's pronounced *vrykolaka*, and I wouldn't say just like everyone else but we have learned to fit into a community."

"You fit in some places especially well." She wiggled against him.

"Fuck!" He swung her up in his arms and strode toward the couch. "We can be a little late. Nothing exciting happens until after the sun goes down."

Damon set her on her feet and she wrapped her arms around his neck. "Oh really! I find it very exciting when you go down on me, no matter what time it is."

Damon skimmed the tight dress up over her hips. "No underwear?"

"I was feeling reckless."

"Prepare to feel excitement." He urged her to sit on the edge of the couch and spread her knees. "Damn, you smell good."

"Good enough to eat?" Jenny raised her brows suggestively.

"Good enough to devour. You know they all would like to lick this cunt but I don't share. I'll never let another touch you." His thumbs parted her folds as his tongue lapped.

She kicked off her shoes and wrapped her legs around him. This wasn't going to take long. "I don't share either," Jenny gasped.

His sharp teeth closed on her clit and tugged. Light exploded behind her eyes as pain turned to ecstasy. Her pussy clenched before pulsing in release.

Damon slurped, drinking her cream as she throbbed with aftershocks. Lazily opening her eyes, she smiled at his hungry look.

"Lycans mate for life," he professed.

"That might be long enough," she replied. He stood and unzipped his pants, freeing his cock. "Now this is definitely long enough." Leaning forward she grabbed the torrid flesh and stroked.

"Suck it"

Flicking the tip with her tongue, she absorbed his unique flavor. "I intend to."

Wrapping her silky blonde hair around his hand, he surged between her rosy lips. A lusty growl rumbled in his chest. She looked awesome with her lips stretched around his cock. "Fuck, baby. I'm not going to last long."

She cupped his balls, her mouth devoured his cock, and heat unfurled in his stomach. His muscles tensed as she sucked him deep. Pulling back, she allowed her teeth to scrape his flesh. Sweat beaded upon his lip as she laved the underside of his cock. His heart pounded as desire filled him. Clenching his jaw, he held the beast at bay. He didn't think she'd appreciate it if he shifted while in her mouth.

Sharp teeth nibbled the fleshy head of his cock and his balls tightened. "I'm coming, Jenny. I'm coming." He held the back of her head as his release spurted, filling her mouth. Swallowing, she smiled around his girth.

"Damn, honey." He stroked her hair as her tongue circled his cock head.

"Good to the last drop," she purred.

"I won't ask where you learned that."

"And I won't have to lie." She smirked and batted her eyes.

Damon chuckled. "Where's my flogger?"

"Do you want to be spanked?" Jenny asked.

"You think you're big enough to spank me?" Damon crossed his arms and looked every inch the alpha male, even with his semi-erect cock dangling from his open pants.

"First, I thought I'd put you on a leash and take you for a walk." Fire flashed in his eyes. She scooted back on the couch. "I'm kidding." She held up her hands in surrender.

Fangs protruded from his grinning lips as his shirt stretched tight across his chest. "You'd better run Goldilocks, because the big bad wolf is about to eat you."

Squealing, she leapt to her feet and ran with her dress still up around her waist. "Damon, don't do anything rash." She tried to close the bedroom door behind her but it was too late. "I...I..." Not bothering with his buttons, he ripped his shirt off. "Oh lord." Her eyes danced over his rippling flesh.

"Take your dress off."

She licked her lips as excitement bubbled in her stomach. With an arch of her brow, she lifted her chin. "No."

"I'll rip it off," he warned as he closed the distance between them.

Damp heat flooded her pussy as he pulled her close. His warm breath ruffled her hair and she shivered. Burying his nose in her hair, he sighed. "You want me again."

She whimpered as he palmed a breast and squeezed. "Ha," she denied. A nail ran down her back and her dress sagged. "You split my dress open?"

"That's not the only thing I'm going to split open."

She gasped as a shiver of desire rode her spine. Grasping the front of her dress, he tugged and the dress tore away. "Damon!"

"Bend over the bed."

"If I don't?"

"It will be much easier for you if you do."

"I'm not afraid of you." Her chin rose another notch.

"Good. I won't hurt you...much. You aroused the beast and now you must sate it."

"I handled your beast the other day." It had been a tight fit but she managed it.

Damon's chuckle turned to a low growl. "I held back the other day. This time, I won't. This time you'll take me in feral form." He pressed his thick length against her. "You'll take all of me."

She'd forgotten how huge he became when he shifted. She swallowed deeply and stroked his neck. "There's no need to be upset."

"I'm not upset." Stacking two pillows on the edge of the bed he told her, "Bend over these and spread your thighs."

The hand at her back pushed her forward and her aching breasts sank into the pillows. He forced her legs farther apart. She'd started all of this and now she hoped she could take it. Begging for mercy wasn't her style.

Kneeling behind her, he parted her cheeks. Using his fingers, he gathered her cream and lifted it to his mouth. "Delicious." Forcing her legs still farther, his tongue delved into her slit.

"Damon," she cried out as she shifted restlessly beneath his touch. She wanted more than his tongue. "Fuck me, wolfie."

Growling, he lunged to his feet. She felt his huge cock slide through her folds and she gushed with need.

"Relax, Jenny."

Grasping her hips, he lifted her and lodged his cock head in the entrance to her pussy. He pressed forward and she clawed at the bed. "Oh...my...god..."

Damon growled. "You're so fucking tight."

"I can't..." Tilting her hips, he surged deeper and her cunt stretched to accept him. His torrid length scraped across her G-spot and her body contorted. "Fuck," she screamed as spasms erupted.

"Fuck yeah. Come all over me." He didn't slow his pace. Relentlessly, he thrust through her rippling release. His hips pistoned and she screamed until she cried and collapsed in complete satisfaction on the bed. Twice more he thrust before throwing back his head. With a lusty howl, he sang out his release.

Pulling free of her body, he rolled them both to the side of the pillows. "Are you okay?"

"Yes," she replied weakly.

"I didn't mean to be so rough." Wrapping his arms around her, he held her tightly.

"I'm fine."

"I'm sorry. I won't let that happen again." His hands stroked her hair and back as if he were checking for damage.

"What?"

He turned her face up to meet his worried gaze. "I'll control that side of me."

She shoved at his chest and sat up. "Hey, I thought I told you, I like a little animal in my bed."

His brows shot up. "But, I took it too far. You're not lycan..."

"That's right, I'm not, but you said it didn't matter."

"It doesn't to me but I don't...I don't want to repulse you."

"Repulse me? You think when your muscles pump up and you sprout a few extra hairs that I find you repulsive."

"You don't?" His brows drew together and for the first time she realized he'd been as uncertain of her as she was of him. It was time they cleared the air.

"No. I find you just as sexy as you are right now." Placing her hand on his chest, she said, "But this is what counts. I love you, and no matter how you look, your heart is the same."

Covering her hand with his, he responded, "My heart belongs to you."

"Of course it does but sometimes I have to pretend to resist. It makes it all the better when I submit."

A feral grin split his face. "I play master..."

"And I play shrieking virgin." She batted her eyes. "Please, sir, I've never seen a cock before." She threw up her hands to cover her eyes.

Damon chuckled. "You'll do more than see it. You'll suck it with that sweet mouth."

"Sir, you shock me!" She almost sounded outraged.

About the Author

L.A. Day exists only in the mind of Laura. An avid reader since early childhood, she began writing romance in her teens. Now, twenty-plus years later, she's progressed to erotic romance. Supported by her husband of many years, she spends most of her time in front of a computer weaving tales of love and lust.

Multi-published in erotic romance, her stories have been tagged imaginative, steamy and even one of the most erotic stories ever read. Her favorite genre is erotic romance with a paranormal or sci-fi twist. She feels that if you're going to create an alpha male character, why not make him bigger, stronger, more well endowed than any human man could ever be? It is fantasy after all.

Remember, alpha males are only a "Day" away.

L.A. Day welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

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