

Seduce Me, Silas

Laney Stryker



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Written by Laney Stryker



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I, Silas Edger, will never find the right woman. The soft spoken, submissive type woman that appealed to me before, no longer existed. Since I involuntarily became a werewolf two years ago, my hopes and dreams of being a husband and father crumbled to pieces. Not only did I need to find a wife, but also someone who wouldn't freak out when she found out I was a shifter.

During a *meeting of the minds* as I called it, a wolf-pack meeting, Damon, our Alpha, called me out on being one of the last lonely wolves. All the others found their mates and in our pack, we had two years and three days to find her or be killed. I looked over at my competitor, Bruck, who seemed very confident and worriless. Unfortunately, I didn't anticipate the next phase, like Bruck.

"Silas and Bruck, I'd like your attention." Damon stood before us on a dark wooden podium. "You two are last and have three days to find your mates. This is very serious and I suggest you hunt immediately or suffer the consequences. That being said, we will reconvene in three days at midnight to get your status."

Both of us nodded to him while being stared at like class clowns.

"Dismissed." Damon stepped down and walked over to me.

"Sir." I stood straight and bowed my chest out of respect for my leader.

"I have faith in you, Silas. I know you will find *her*, just follow your heart."

That sounded easier said than done. "Yes Sir." With all my inner being, I hoped he was right.

Bruck stepped up to me. "What did he say?"

I didn't plan to tell him. If the Alpha wanted Bruck to know, he would've addressed him and not me.

"Nothing. He just wished me luck."

"He didn't wish me any luck." Bruck seemed miffed. "I guess you're the favorite."

"So, are you heading out to hunt?" I ignored the comment and tried to change the subject, and it wouldn't hurt for me to know Bruck's plan.

"Not tonight. I got plans and it involves a lot of pussy!"

I rolled my eyes. Bruck was a *player* and I truly worried for his life. He didn't take the Alpha's orders seriously. Being the youngest of our pack, I knew Bruck

would struggle the most. His wild oats were the only thing he thought about.

Not bothering with a speech, I just smiled at him. "Good luck, my man."

"Thanks. Do you wanna come with me? I'm sure we'll find enough for both of us, or we could share."

The thought didn't appeal to me. I wasn't the sharing type. My woman was my woman.

"No thanks." I patted him on the shoulder. "Have fun, though."

With a smile, he left me standing in an empty meeting room, wondering what my next step would be. Instead of driving myself crazy, I decided to just go home and get some sleep then tackle the mate hunting in the morning.

Back at my apartment, I plopped on the couch and flipped on the television. The first thing I saw was a commercial for a Male Enhancement Drug. Quickly, I changed the channel. My male parts hadn't been used in so long, maybe I needed some.

The next channel I landed on ended up being an advertisement for lingerie and contained several beautiful, long legged women that were half-dressed

and sexy as hell. I watched with my tongue practically hanging out of my mouth. One of the women in particular caught my eye.

She had shiny black that draped down her back and brushed the clasp of a hot pink bra that made my dick hard immediately. Though tired, my body reacted to her like baking soda and vinegar.

In my wildest dreams, she would've turned to me and said, "Seduce me, Silas."

Immediately I turned off the television. Sex sounded good, but I didn't have time for fun. I needed a lifelong love or I'd be murdered at the hands of vicious werewolves. Being one myself, I'd been there done that and didn't enjoy killing my friends.

While staring at the ceiling, I felt my eyes getting heavy but wasn't quite ready to get in bed. The sooner I went to bed, the quicker my deadline approached and that scared me. I fell asleep on the couch. It wasn't the first time that happened.

During the night, I heard a musical voice say, "Seduce me, Silas."

My heart raced as I sat up straight. Quickly, I looked around the room, and found the television back on. That

beautiful woman filled the screen. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She sashayed across a runway, tossing flower petals. Her ass was firm and made my mouth water. That tanned skin caused me to lick my lips.

"Dammit!" I grabbed the remote and turned it off again.

Feeling groggy, I stood up and stretched then walked down the hallway. I washed my face and stared into the mirror. Staring at the mirror in the bathroom, I washed my face and thought of nothing but the intriguing woman from the television.

The thought of her smooth legs wrapped around my waist made my dick harder. I turned off the hot water and only used the cold. Maybe that would help slow my pumping blood. It didn't. Instead, I crawled in bed with the boner from hell, and tossed and turned, thinking of the woman constantly.

While working in Damon's field the next day, a gust of wind blew past me. It was so strong, I had to hold onto the steering wheel to keep from falling off the seat. At first, it sounded like a lullaby but after a minute or two, I realized it was a soft sultry voice and it said my name.

"Seduce me, Silas. I'm waiting."

I looked around the field but saw no one, therefore continued on, thinking I'd lost my ever-loving mind. Was I crazy? Was this woman haunting my libido? Was she the Good Dick Fairy or something?

Pushing her out of my mind with much difficulty, I finished the job for Damon and headed back toward town. That night, I'd actually forgotten to eat supper, so my stomach kept growling. Assuming I just grab breakfast the next morning, I ignored it and went to bed.

During my sleep, I found myself on the tractor again, driving thru McDonalds.

"Welcome to McDonald's, my name is Laurel, how may I help you?"

The voice sounded familiar.

"I'd like a number six, please with Dr. Pepper."

"Thank you, Silas. Please pull around."

Curious how the woman knew my name, I quickly drove to the window. To my surprise, the same woman from the television smiled brightly at me from inside. She had on the hot pink bra that created the most intriguing cleavage I'd ever seen. I swallowed the spit that filled my mouth.

"Your total is \$6.53." Her voice sounded the same as in my dreams.

Unable to speak, I just handed her the cash and took my food. As I started to drive off, Laurel stopped me.

"Silas, why do you keep me waiting?" The expression on her face seemed playful.

Not sure what she meant, I gave her a puzzled look.

"I've been calling you, but you never come. I need you Silas." She smiled seductively. "You and I are connected."

The thought of her needing me sent electric shocks straight to my dick. I couldn't control the urges anymore. The werewolf in me let loose.

"I'm here now." Screw the food. "Are you available?" I wanted to sound polite.

Before I could blink, she started crawling across the counter toward me. Her voluptuous breasts jiggled with every movement, causing my heart to race. I licked my lips and could do nothing else but stare at her beauty.

The tractor disappeared and I found that I was now in my truck. She climbed in, pushing the sack, which held my lunch, off into the floorboard scattering French fries everywhere.

The next thing I knew, she straddled me with nothing on but that hot pink bra and a thong. Her bare ass sat on my stiff cock, which throbbed for her. She grinded down on top of me over and over, while panting and tossing her head back.

“You feel good, Silas.” She writhed around. “So good.”

At that particular moment, I didn't care about anything but her, so I just went with it. The scenario was too good to be true. Though I needed to find a mate, how in the hell could I think about that with a scantily dressed woman throwing herself at me?

My hands reached around and grabbed her ass then pulled it forcefully closer.

“Fuck me, Silas. Fuck me!” She screamed into the air.

I was so turned on, if I didn't fuck her, I'd end up missing out and coming too early. My dick wanted her. If I let it down, it might not ever serve me again!

Suddenly, my foot slid off the brake and we bolted forward a few feet. I slammed on the brake again then shifted to park. Thankfully, we didn't hit anything or anyone.

Laurel laughed hysterically.

“Lick me Silas.” Her tits smashed against my face.
“Lick every inch of me.”

Like a wild animal, I ripped her sexy hot pink bra off, with one swipe and flung it across the cab. Quickly I worked to calm myself. I didn't want to kill her, just fuck her senseless. That was one of the hazards of being a werewolf and having all the strength to go along with it.

“Oh, yes. Just like that.” She grabbed the back of my head and shoved her nipples into my mouth.

I sucked the soft skin inside and twisted the hard peak with my tongue, flicking occasionally for more satisfaction.

“How's that, Baby?” I was shocked by the sound of my own voice. How could I call her Baby when I didn't even know her? Perverted old men did that, not me.

“I want more! Feel my cunt, Silas. Touch me deep inside. Feel how wet I am for you.” She bounced up and down on my volatile cock.

It throbbed underneath her. Swiftly, I lifted her up and tore the g-string off with my sharp teeth, struggling to keep my fangs in check. When the luscious scent of her pussy filled my nose, I lost control and threw her onto the seat beside me.

Panting, she rolled over to her stomach and lifted her ass into the air. The cheeks parted, practically begging me to touch within. Immediately, I obliged. My thick fingers traced down the center, and she arched her back wanting more.

“Oh, that’s it!” Her breathless comment ended abruptly. “Mmm.”

I pushed my fingertips inside, just a smidgen to get a reaction. Before I could read her, a hand flew around and grabbed mine, shoving my fingers deeper. With that, I had to get inside her, and not just with my fingers. No longer could I hold on or I might spontaneously combust, or worse, completely phase and kill her.

Instantly, I unzipped my pants and pushed them to my ankles. My dick stood at attention like a soldier waiting for his command. I wanted to console him and say, “Hold on, buddy! We’re about to be hero’s.”

My arm reached under her flat, toned stomach to lift her closer. There wasn’t much room in the truck, but I didn’t care at that point. With my salivating tongue, I licked her cunt and thrust my tongue inside to taste her magnificent flavors. Making my way up the middle of her ass, I found another spot that needed my attention.

Forcefully, I pressed my tongue inside her ass and listened to her sigh. Her sex tasted delicious, like a cold drink of water on a dry desert day.

She turned around to look at me and her eyes flashed red, like mine when I needed to feed on live animals. I must've been hallucinating, and decided to ignore my imagination. I wished she was a werewolf; it would make my life easier. I turned my attention back to the vivacious woman in front of me. Laurel wanted me, and I wanted her.

My fingers found her clit and teased it, then spread her lips wide to get another taste of what I craved most. She jolted with each touch, telling me I hit the right spots.

"Don't make me wait any longer, Silas." Her pleas turned to orders.

With one solid push, my dick buried deep inside her pussy. Her tiny fingers gripped the door handle and I thrust against her over and over. She gasped for air as I buried myself then pulled out and repeated the process. My hands gripped her ass and spread it with each push. Slowly, my thumbs probed her ass and entered there for twice the fuck.

“Oh, Silas. I’m coming!” Her panting breath fogged the window.

As she said that, my thumbs went as deep as they could as my cock did the same, filling her cunt, and marking her with my jiz. I howled into the air then collapsed on top of her. She looked over her shoulder at me and smiled. *She had fangs.*

Suddenly, my eyes popped open and sunlight just about blinded me. I shot out of bed and realized I was naked, and not in my truck at the McDonalds drive-thru. It surprised me because I never slept in the nude, and the last thing I remember was getting out of the shower and putting on boxer shorts and a t-shirt.

I sat on the edge of my bed, head in hands, trying to figure out what the hell had happened. My werewolf senses were fully ignited and I could smell something unusual.

Scouring through my bed, I found French Fries and a pink g-string torn apart.

It all came back to me in a sudden flood of memories... pink bra, beautiful woman, drive-thru window and most importantly wild, spectacular sex. I

could still smell her pussy. I had to have her. Destined to be my mate, I had to find her.

Frantically, I threw on clothes and jumped in my truck. The first place I looked was down town at McDonalds. She wasn't at the drive-thru. Next, I stopped at the lingerie store that had the commercial where I'd first seen Laurel.

I felt a little ridiculous walking in there with all those women and lacy things everywhere. Squaring my shoulders, I asked the first clerk if she knew the woman from the commercials that wore the hot pink lingerie.

"No, she's a model, sir. She doesn't work here."

"Thank you for your time." Crushed I got back in the truck and drove home.

For the next two days, I looked for Laurel. I tried the internet by searching for models and didn't find anything. Maybe her name wasn't Laurel. I could've dreamed it, but it was so real.

Around 5:00 p.m., just two hours before our tribe meeting, I received a frantic phone call from Bruck.

"What's up man?" I asked, sitting at the kitchen table.

"I don't want to die." His blunt words splintered my heart.

He'd always been nice to me, though I didn't know him that well. We were totally opposite as far as the way we lived our lives. Bruck had no respect for women. We'd never really hung out much because I didn't like to make friends then lose them. With both of us struggling to find a mate, I knew there was a possibility one of us, if not both, would die.

Our pack didn't become a unit until all were paired with their mates. After that, we had everything in common and became a whole. According to tribe rules, each member had two years from the date of the initial bite to find their significant other. After that, two years were allowed to reproduce then the cycle began again. Everyone had the same anniversary basically.

"I take it you didn't find her?" I didn't know what else to say.

"No. I haven't really looked. Where should I start?"

I lost sympathy after that. How could he expect to find someone within two hours?

Keeping his hopes up, I told him to try the local bars. He hung up, full of excitement. I hung up, full of sadness for both of us. I'd met the woman of my dreams and searched for her for two days and still didn't find her. My

destiny obviously matched Bruck. At least we'd die together.

I showered and shaved then lay on the bed to get my thoughts in order. Damon's disappointment weighed heavy on me. He had plans for me and I'd failed him. Just like a father to me, Damon created me to be his heir. His mate had been killed right after they bonded. They never had children so he had no one to whom he could pass the position of Alpha.

Disgusted, I got up and moped around the house. Death weighed heavy on my mind. Laurel was out there somewhere. I'd already claimed her but couldn't prove it. At the meeting, it would be a blood bath.

Finally, I got in the truck and drove out to the country where Damon held our rituals. The first thing on his agenda always pertained to new plans for keeping our existence a secret from the rest of society. The mating topic came last.

I walked in the front door, first to arrive after Damon. He could read my emotions immediately.

"I'm saddened, Silas."

“You’re not the only one.” I sat in a chair right up front. “I found her. I even marked her, Damon, but she disappeared.”

“We have a new member to the pack. She’s gonna be late to our meeting because she had to tie up some loose ends out of state.”

“Oh, that’s interesting. We’ve never had a female in the tribe.”

“No, we haven’t. Unfortunately, she probably won’t be here long.”

“Why?” That didn’t make much sense.

“It’s her deadline too.”

That made everything different. I couldn’t watch a female be slaughtered. Maybe she’d found her mate and be safe. Damon walked away, leaving me with brain overload, everyone started arriving.

All fifteen of us were seated by seven and Damon took the podium. Bruck sat beside me, shaking like a leaf. Obviously, he’d failed, like me.

“As your Alpha, I’d like to call this meeting to order. If anyone would like to suggest a topic, feel free at this time.”

Bruck stood up. "Can we just get the killing over with?"

Damon gave him a shameful stare. "I take it you did not find your mate, Bruck?"

"No." He struggled to keep his composure.

"You should've spent more time looking for women with morals and value than sleeping with every woman that spread her legs for you."

Bruck's head dropped. "You're right, Sir. I have wasted my time and now I must pay."

Suddenly, Damon snapped his finger and five wolves surrounded Bruck. Within seconds, he'd been dismembered then burned in the middle of the room as everyone else gathered around with astonished expressions.

"Now, back to business." Damon looked through the crowd as everyone made their way back to the aligned seating. "I'd like to inform everyone we have a new member. Her name is Laurellisa."

The entire room gasped.

Jomen stood up. "We do not allow women in our tribe."

“Sit, boy. I say who we allow and who we don’t. She is one of us. Her maker contacted me and requested the transfer in an attempt to save her life. I agreed and you must welcome her.”

Torias jumped to his feet. “Where is this female?” He glanced around the room.

“She will arrive soon.” Damon looked to me.

My nerves were shot. I wondered how it would feel when the pack’s teeth sliced through my skin.

“Does she have the same deadline?” Jomen asked.

“Yes.”

Jomen rubbed his hands together. “I’ve never tasted female blood. I can’t wait.” He growled.

“She’s a delicacy. We should take our time and savor her flavor.” Torias laughed.

“Enough!” Damon slammed his fist on the podium before him. “It is time.” He turned directly to me. “Silas, you are the only one left of the original tribe that hasn’t found a mate. Over the past two days, were you successful at changing the outcome of your future?” Though he already knew the answer, Damon had to follow procedure and ask the question so I could answer before everyone as witnesses.

“Yes, I did, but she is gone. I cannot find her.” Thoughts of the beautiful Laurel filled my mind. I didn't want to take her away from her life anyway. It was better that way.

“Then I must give the command.” He snapped his fingers and all five wolves appeared around me.

They were growling and drooling, ready to strike. I closed my eyes to await my deadly fate but someone screamed over everything.

“Stop!” It was a female.

Suddenly I smelled something. My head whipped around to face the back of the room where the entrance stood. Glowing red eyes stood in the shadows beyond the doorway. I stuck my nose high in the air and inhaled. It was Laurel. I could pick her out of a crowd, any day.

Damon lifted his arm to stop the wolves.

“Laurellisa, how nice of you to join us!” He stepped down and walked toward her. “I assume you took care of business and would like to join our meeting?”

“Yes.” She met him midway down the aisle.

Her long, black mane was braided and draped over her shoulder. The pouty pink lips I once kissed were fire engine red, and she looked like a Goddess. Obviously, I'd

dreamed everything because she was way out of my league.

"You have shown up at a good time. We just found out Silas found his mate but let her go, therefore he's being dealt with. Since it's also your anniversary, let's ask you the same question."

"Please do." Her sultry voice sent a chill down my spine.

I wanted the wolves to kill me quickly so I wouldn't need to watch her die.

"Have you bonded, Laurel?" He shortened her name, and that scared me.

"Yes." She held her head high and proud.

The entire room gasped and started mumbling amongst each other.

"Well, then I guess you are excused. Congratulations on living." Damon turned toward me.

I knew he didn't want me to die, but as pack leader, he had no choice but to give orders. He snapped his finger again.

"Continue with the elimination." He stepped back to watch.

The vicious growls started back again, as the wolves stepped closer to me.

"Stop!" Laurel yelled once again. "This is my mate. We have bonded. Silas is mine!"

My mouth dropped open.

"Is this true, Silas?" Damon looked very serious.

I suddenly remembered her glowing eyes and sharp teeth while we had sex in my truck. She was a shifter too. How could that slip by me? I must've been overwhelmed with her scent that I didn't put it together in my head.

"Yes." I nodded confidently.

"Okay, then our meeting is adjourned. You will live Silas." He looked satisfied as he stepped from the counter and walked past me with a pat on the shoulder.

Laurel pushed through the leaving members until she found me. I could smell her. If everyone weren't around, I would've sniffed her like a dog.

She leaned into my ear. "I'm sorry. Before I could come here, I had to sever all ties with my former life. I know you've been looking for me, but I had to take care of things first."

I touched her braid. "You are beautiful."

“Thank you.” She smiled. “You weren’t going to claim me were you?”

Unsure how to answer that, I thought for a minute or two.

“You didn’t want me to be unhappy.” She stared into my eyes. “You are honorable, Silas.” Laurel kissed me softly. “I have claimed you, so you don’t have to worry any longer.”

“I’m glad you showed up. Two more minutes and I would’ve been dog food.” I put my arm around her. “Are you gonna live with me?”

She laughed. “Yes, now take me home and seduce me, Silas!”

Excited we had two years to reproduce; I hoped the world was ready for the pack Laurel and I were sure to create.