



A Silver Halloween Treat

JUST ONE NIGHT

Ashlynn Monroe

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Prologue

Rural New England, 1810

Wynn Goode was a man who knew what he liked, and right now, he very much liked the buxom, naked women sandwiching him in bed. He liked their big, beautiful tits and the hot, wet junctions between their thighs. Wynn loved the feeling of their greedy mouths on his cock. Moaning, he let the sensation wash over him. At the moment, he did not have a single care in the world. Life was good indeed. Ula and Una touched him in ways he had never experienced. Their small, feminine hands were everywhere, and he relished their soft explorations. Twin sisters, obviously liking to share, he was in the midst of every man's fantasy.

Pride that his sexual prowess accomplished such a thing at the tender age of twenty-four made him feel invincible. Having the girls together in his bed thrilled and excited him. These girls looked a little on the homely side, but what they lacked in beauty they made up for in pure sexual skill. Witches were more in touch with the elements and the world. Wynn groaned, happy that Ula was currently in touch with his balls while Una was currently in touch

with his cock. He hoped he would not be embarrassing himself by coming all over the less than comely Ula. The women knew how to handle a man's privates. Wynn arched his back and moaned, having never felt such wonderful pleasure before.

He knew the group love-play flirted with danger, but that only enhanced the pleasure of the experience. Una and Ula were two of the sister witches in his wife's coven. Merla, his beloved, would be very displeased to discover half her coven fucking him. She was currently tending to the final member of their unholy coven. Poor, elderly Lucretia was ill with some sort of disease that was wasting her poor old body away. It was certain the woman would not reside long in this world. Soon she would know if Lucifer or heaven granted admittance to old witches.

The old crone raised Merla, and that is where she learned her craft. She became fast friends with the twins as children, and their wild free-spiritedness made them ideal candidates for the creation of the coven. Wynn knew of Merla's special hobby from the moment he met her. Her magic helped him evade the hangman's noose and won her his heart. He was definitely no saint. So who was he to judge the girls for their propensity for the dark side of

magic? He had to admit, it made them spirited lovers. Relishing the fruits of their darkness, he groaned as one of them pinched his ass. These girls knew how to delight in bed. He knew he would have to talk his wife into joining them someday. That would certainly be the best sex of his life! Wynn knew he was more handsome than most men were. In addition, his charming personality made him popular with the ladies. His long, rakish hair was black as midnight, and his face lean and handsome. He knew his bright blue eyes, framed with thick black lashes, made the ladies swoon. Riding horses, day and night, for so many years as a highwayman kept him in prime, lean, and muscular shape, and there was not an ounce of anything to spare on his frame. Merla loved to run her soft hands over his body. He knew he could charm his Merla into going along with his pleasure. Tomorrow night was All Hallows' Eve, and he knew after the ladies ran naked through the woods they would be very open to his suggestions. He just hoped the old crone was still ill. He did not need her inviting herself to the party.

Groaning his words, Wynn spoke to both ladies without a preference.

"Ladies, my cock wishes for one of you to take a

ride. Who would like to have a seat as the other sits upon my lips?"

They squealed with delight, and everyone took a position. He had no idea which one rode him and which one he devoured. Honestly, it did not matter to him. Both of them were panting and groaning with pleasure. He was so near his climax that when approaching hoofbeats echoed outside, he completely ignored the warning, unwilling to give up the pleasure.

In the next moment, the cabin door flew open. The cold fall wind whipped across the bed and made the naked lovers shiver. Merla stood in the doorway; her cloak hung from her body, wet with the misty rain that fell outside. Her long black hair curled prettily around her angry face. Those bright emerald eyes, unique to her, seemed to glow with her fury. Wynn thought she'd never looked more beautiful.

The orgy stopped, and everyone looked at Merla. Wynn smiled a welcoming smile. He was a bit drunk and spoke nonchalantly to his wife.

"Welcome home woman! Hurry, disrobe, and join in our fun. Your return is well-timed, and I can think of nothing I would like more than to see you here with your coven sisters, naked and hot." His words slurred a bit.

Merla did not look pleased; her eyes blazed with a strange light he had never seen before. Anxiety entered him as he noticed how terrified the twins looked. He knew his woman was powerful. Wynn never worried about her dark abilities until that very moment. She spoke. Her voice had a lyrical, unreal quality that made his cock twitch with desire for her. Suddenly, an unnatural wind came from nowhere, whipping around them painfully.

"While you lot were betraying me in my own bed, mother Lucretia has left this life. If you, my sisters, had been with me, I would have had enough power to cure her. She died knowing the two of you abandoned her in her hour of greatest need! Dear husband, how long have you been planning this little gathering? How long have you lusted for my sisters in the craft? How many times have you fucked them in my bed?"

Her voice rose as her fury escalated.

Wynn began to sober a bit. He knew he'd made a serious mistake.

Ula, or was it Una, shuddered, stating her desperate plea to the very angry Merla.

"Sister, he talked us into his bed. He is the one who brought this strife to our happy coven and so close to the

holiest day. He is a very bad man!" Her twin nodded emphatically in agreement.

Rolling his eyes, Wynn recalled a very different version of events but did not defend himself. Merla knew he did not condemn her for following her desires. The knowledge gave him confidence she would forgive his transgressions. She knew there was a taint in him since the start, a need to defy convention, and she never spoke against his unlawful ways. Why would she suddenly expect him to follow the rules? He smiled at his wife and spoke reassuringly to her.

"Wife, there is plenty of my cock to go around; I am sure you would not want your poor coven sisters to go to bed wanting tonight?" His words did not have the desired effect. She kept her clothing on.

"Get off my husband you filthy, traitorous whores!" Her angry voice sounded surreal as if a host of others spoke with her.

He watched the twins scramble off him. Left all alone, he lay spread eagle and naked with his hard cock bobbing in the cool air. He really hoped the girls would all come to their senses and enjoy the opportunity for pleasure that presented itself. Huddled together, the twins looked

utterly terrified. He did not worry. His beloved would let nothing happen to him; she loved him far too much to hurt him. In a few days, she would be calm. Then he would tell her of all the ways he would pleasure the three of them. When she was reasonable, he would whisper to her the pleasures he would like to watch them grant each other. Merla would see the wisdom in following the path he set.

Loudly, Merla chanted strange words in her eerie, new voice. Ula, or maybe it was Una, screamed in terror as Merla raised her arms above her head and flung them down and forward in a flourished and dramatic arch. To his horror, he watched the flesh melt from the twins and their bones smoke until they became ash. Wynn scrambled back against the headboard, truly afraid of his wife for the first time. It was going to take more than a few days for her to calm down this time.

He randomly hoped the loss of her coven might reduce her power, preserving him from a similarly gruesome fate. Seeing tears sparkling in Merla's beautiful eyes, his heart stopped. She was the most comely wench he had the pleasure of fucking. He hoped now that she indulged her magical tantrum, she would calm down and join him in bed. It was a shame about the twins. He would

have had such fun with the three of them. He spoke lovingly, trying to charm the angry woman.

"Merla, love, come to me and I will soothe you. I am still hard and ready for your pleasure." He smiled his most beguiling smile.

Green fire sparked in his wife's eyes, and she began to chant in the strange and unholy voice. Wynn knew he was not going to like whatever she planned, and he began to scramble off the bed. Willing to risk exposure to the cold, wet elements over the imminent danger of staying in the cabin with his wife, he tried to make it to the door.

Merla's voice rose, higher and higher, until she was singing and screaming at the same time. Wynn felt the cold terror pierce his heart, and he knew in that instant that it was too late. Her wrath unleashed. She spoke to him, and her voice was cold and quiet.

"My charming husband, my fickle man, you will never fuck another woman again! I hereby call to my sisters in the grave to help me curse you to be magic's slave. A tomcat you are and a tomcat you'll be from this moment forth, through eternity!"

She raised her arms and flung them in an arch away from her body, and Wynn felt the shockwave of her power

ripple across his naked body. At first, he stung all over, and he worried that he would soon burst into flames as the unfortunate sisters had before him. However, he soon realized something far worse than death was happening. In horror, he watched his tan arms and legs begin to shrink before his eyes. His dark hair grew and grew until he felt matted with a silky, black fur. Screaming, his voice began to shrink until it turned into a yowl, the yowl of a cat. He was color blind, small, and terrified. To his horror, he was indeed a tomcat! He opened his mouth to plead with his wife to turn him back, but instead of words, he let go of horrible repetitive meows. His mind knew what he wanted to say, but he could not speak. All he could do was yowl and scream in his terrible feline shrieks.

Merla looked down at him sadly. She tenderly picked his soft cat body up and whispered into his pointed ear.

"A man you once were and a man again you'll be, sir. If you heed my warning and find your true love by All Hallows' Eve morning. Each year you will have many days to suffer. Love will break the curse, but to make your quest tougher, a cat you will stay until this day each year. Forgiveness is not free; there is a price to pay. Make a

woman love you and your debt will be clear."

As she said the words, he felt the wetness of her tears on his strange new fur. She kissed him on top of his head, then as quickly as she could, she threw him into the cold wet night and slammed the cabin door shut.

The cat that was Wynn sat stunned, watching her silhouette in the warm light of the cabin window. He heard her sweet voice chanting. Suddenly, the mist became a violent storm that swirled and built around the cabin, and a bolt of white-hot lightning struck the wooded structure. To Wynn's horror, it imploded. He screamed Merla's name, but all that came out was a cat's cry. She was gone. He knew his wife was dead and that she had called death upon herself.

How on Earth was he going to save himself? He thought about her silly rhyme and knew it held the answer to his cure. He watched the remains of his home burn, and his heart ached for his lost wife. He had to admit that he had never loved Merla as much as he should have, and the regret for his inability to do so caused him anger within himself. She was gone, and he would never have the chance to right the wrong he had done to her. Wynn was a cat, and he had no idea what he was supposed to do now.

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Chapter One

Screaming, Mika sat up in bed, panting. Sweat clung to her skin, making her feel chilled and clammy. Once again, the spirits tore at her soul. Just when she thought she found a way to ignore them, they returned. She would not let her 'special talents' determine her destiny. She needed to find a way to quiet the demons calling to her from the underworld. When she was younger, she searched for her animal spirit guide desperately. Now, as an adult, she had given up. In the last three years, she treated her abilities as a mental illness instead of magic. Mika did not want to believe in magic. Her body was a portal the darkness used to enter the world of the living. Until she found her spirit guide, she would never be safe.

Pain suddenly racked her body, and she felt the thunder spirit demand she give in. If she lost the daily battle, she'd lose her soul, sucked into the underworld. Mika's life would be lost, and her power used to release the darkest of dark forces. Breathing shallowly, her heart skipped a beat. Then it skipped another beat. Stark realization that she was dying filled her. She was under daily attack of the weak darkness wanting to take her

strength, but this was different. Somehow, the thunder spirit had reinforcements! Mika was under attack from more darkness than she had ever encountered, and it was too much pressure on her body. Hearing the sound of her blood, she knew her life was ebbing. Darkness was killing her.

After years of trying to be a regular woman, she wanted to lie down and give up. She had left her world for a new life. She just wanted to stop fighting. Darkness was too strong this time. Closing her eyes, Mika let the inky blackness have what it wanted.

Suddenly, a shape seemed to pass across her mind's eye. A sleek, dark form seemed to push the darkness away. Mika felt the darkness clawing and screaming, desperate for her. Mika felt the interloper saving her life. Feeling the terrible pain lessen, she sat up and opened her eyes. Her heart no longer beat irregularly. She was winning.

Whatever mystically merged with her conscious had saved her. Exhausted beyond human endurance, Mika fell back into her bed, the pain finally leaving her completely, and she was asleep once again.

It had been a very strange dream. Oddly, the strange form that intervened left her feeling a sense of security. It

felt as if she finally had an ally against the evil wanting to consume her. All the turmoil of the dream left her feeling melancholy. She contemplated her life and her destiny. In her heart, she knew the thunder spirit's strong possession had not been a dream, yet her modern sensibilities would not allow her to accept the reality of what she experienced.

Her father scoffed at her decision to leave the reservation and move across the country to Chicago. He warned her that she was not strong enough to control the spirit world alone. After years of dreading the destiny her people planned for her, she decided to leave. Being half-Bohemian gypsy and half-Comanche made her unique and gave her a strong spiritual medicine. Her Puhakut was different from any others because of the influence of her mother's magical blood. Her people both revered her and feared her. From the time she was little, she heard that when she reached womanhood she would have the ability to control the thunder spirits. Mika loved her heritage but wanted nothing to do with the superstition. She rejected the whole idea until the day the thunder spirit came to her. Against her will, she felt imbued with a power over nature and magic that terrified her. That day, she packed her bags and left. She ran to a place she elevated to mythical

proportions in her head, Chicago.

Mika could finally say she felt used to living in the chilly, windy city. It was definitely different from her life on the reservation. Mika had only one dream all of her life, and that dream was to act in the theater. She came to the city with no friends, no job, and no place to stay, but she had her dream. Three years passed, and she just celebrated her twenty-third birthday. Each year, she despaired of ever accomplishing her goal; the roles just weren't coming to her. Her small efficiency apartment, that was way overpriced, and her salary as a waitress for a small café left her little extra money.

She auditioned and auditioned but so far had not landed the big breakout roll she dreamed of receiving. Her résumé included several small non-speaking roles for productions at the Cadillac Palace Theater. The big break still eluded her. She knew the majority of her problem was her ethnic Native American looks. A pale blonde she would never be, but she had an exotic ethereal quality that helped with those small parts. Sadly, she started auditioning for costumed roles out of desperation. She was proud of her heritage, but now she wished she were a bit more racially ambiguous.

Mika was talented. People told her that truth again and again, but talent did not guarantee a role in theater. She had no college degree or special connections to assist getting her foot in the door. Hard work and perseverance was what got her this far, and it was farther than her father ever suspected she could go. With grim determination, Mika refused to give up.

* * * *

Grabbing her backpack, she left for the bus. Hopefully it would be on time today. Her manager at the café always got annoyed with her for continually running ten or fifteen minutes late because of the bus schedule. When she moved to Chicago, she sold her car. Between the parking and the traffic, she decided the bus was her best option, and it was nice not to have to pay for insurance and gas.

It was a beautiful fall day. October first was still warm, but the smell of crispness filled the air, warning that the weather would soon change. Knowing the cold would soon set in, Mika took every chance she had to be outside and enjoy the sun. The northern climate was so different

from the one she grew up feeling.

She stood on the small patio of the café, looking at the blue sky and feeling the joy of being alive. That was how Mika stood when her best friend, Tasya, walked onto the patio. Tasya stepped over and stood quietly for a moment, enjoying the weather too. She then asked Mika a question that made her flinch.

"Mika, when are you going to forgive my brother and go out with him again?"

Mika rolled her eyes. Tasya's brother was the most delicious specimen of African American male on the planet. His biceps alone made her hot, but unfortunately, his beauty was only on the surface. Taz started out a very nice guy until they became serious. He had been her first and only serious relationship since her move to Chicago. She had been ready to move in with him until he started to screen her calls. The demands to know her whereabouts every waking moment of her day irritated her. The last straw had been the day she came home to hear him on the phone telling her sister that she did not want to talk to her and not to call anymore. Taz wanted her all to himself, and his controlling ways had not made her happy. Tasya could not see her brother's faults. Mika did not want to hurt her

friend, but she would never give Taz another chance.

"I just don't think we're compatible. Sorry, but Taz is not going to get any more chances. I gave him a million chances last year and he blew them all. He's a great guy but not a very good boyfriend. I had enough of being controlled on the res; I sure don't need it again."

It was Tasya's turn to roll her eyes, but she said nothing more on the subject. They stood quietly for a moment, enjoying the weather, until Tasya went back inside the café. Mika knew her friend was annoyed. Taz still wanted to be with her, and she assumed he pestered his sister into trying to convince Mika to take him back.

Standing alone in the patio garden of potted plants, she enjoyed the peace. Lunch rush was quiet, and it was now mid-afternoon, so the café was empty. Traffic even seemed to die down. Oddly, an eerie quiet filled the Chicago streets.

A small sound caught Mika's attention. Looking down, a large, black tomcat, sitting in the shade between the fence and the plants, surprised her. Mika loved cats. She had no time for a pet, but seeing the sleek and friendly animal made her smile. Bending down, Mika scratched the animal behind his ear. He purred with appreciation, and

Mika noticed how fit and clean he was. This was no ordinary stray. She looked for a collar or tags but found none. Still, he could have an identity chip under his skin. Someone was probably missing him. Quietly she spoke to the animal.

"You look much too well fed and cared for to be a stray. Where are your people?"

A loud yowl that surprised Mika and made her laugh was his only response. He was certainly a vocal kitty. He seemed to love the attention, and she decided not to leave him alone, especially with all the nearby traffic. Picking him up, she felt his skin, searching for any kind of identification implant. He did not seem to have one, but she decided to take him to a vet to be sure. He purred as she carried him inside of the café.

Carleen, the hostess, made an angry noise and stormed over to Mika. She shouted in an angry whisper, "What are you doing bringing that animal inside? If a customer sees that, the health department will shut us down! Get that thing outside!"

"I am going to take him to a vet to see if he is lost. I don't think he's a stray. Can I take off an hour early? Today is very slow."

Sighing, Carleen nodded, obviously happy the cat was leaving. Mika smiled and gave Tasya a wave as she took her new friend outside.

Mika took the cat in to the local vet clinic to check for an identification chip possibly implanted under his skin. When she walked inside, a big dog began barking at her, and the owner struggled to hold back the goliath that obviously disliked cats. Mika hurried to the reception desk.

"Do you have an appointment, miss?" the woman behind the desk asked in a friendly voice.

"Sorry, I don't, but I just found this nice little fellow and wondered if you could scan for an identification implant under his skin?"

The woman nodded and smiled. She grabbed the phone, dialed an extension, and spoke quietly into the receiver. Smiling, she looked at Mika and pointed at a door.

"You take him in there and Dr. Mow's assistant will scan him."

Mika nodded and thanked the woman. She took the cat down the hall and into the room that the friendly woman indicated.

A young veterinary assistant entered shortly after and scanned the cat. She seemed as amazed as Mika by

how patiently the animal sat.

What kind of cat was this? He seemed scary intelligent and obviously used to people.

To Mika's surprise, the cat did not have any form of identification. In a cheerful and pleasant voice, the young woman asked what Mika wanted to do.

"You can leave him with us, and we can find him a home if his family doesn't turn up. I called the animal shelter before I came in, and no cat matching his description showed up on the missing list. If you want to take him home with you, that would be fine. We can call you if his family turns up. So is he going home with you or staying here?"

Mika felt torn. She was busy enough without the added responsibility of a pet, but she found herself feeling responsible for him nonetheless. Her landlord allowed cats, and she did miss having a cat in her life. Thinking about the added expense and work, she scratched him behind the ear and sadly replied.

"You better find him a home. I just don't have time for a cat right now."

Understandingly, the veterinary assistant nodded and picked up the cat, turning to leave the room.

With frantic meows, the cat began to struggle, scratching and biting in his determination to be free. Mika felt terrible abandoning him.

He managed to wrestle himself free. Mika watched him run to her and sit calmly in front of her. The creature looked expectantly at her with his oddly human eyes. He meowed as if requesting she change her mind. The two women looked at each other, and Mika sighed.

"I guess I have a new roommate, at least until you find his people. Here is my cell number if anyone comes looking for him or wants him. Call me and I can bring him in right away. I don't really want to keep him, but I think he has decided to keep me. I just hope he's litter trained."

The young woman spoke to Mika, cheerfully. "If we cannot find his people and you decide to keep him, I noticed he is not neutered or declawed. We have a special if you have both done at once, so call us if you decide to do it."

The cat hissed at the veterinary assistant, as if he understood what parts of his anatomy she wanted to remove, and both women jumped. They looked at each other for a moment before the tension broke with the humor of the idea. It sounded ridiculous, but at the same time, it

freaked Mika out a bit.

Smiling pleasantly, the woman wrote down Mika's number. The resigned look on the woman's face told her not to be expecting a call anytime soon. She picked up the cat and took him with her. She now, begrudgingly, found herself in the role of cat-sitter.

Looking into his strange blue eyes, she noticed his pupils were round, not long like most cats, and they looked so... human. She shuddered when she noticed how smug the cat looked. He was so unusual. Gulping, she looked down at the creepy cat. He was freaking her out. Frowning, she hoped he did not expect everything to go his way.

Maybe that is how the temperamental animal found himself on the street in the first place? Mika smiled at the thought.

If the animal were female, she would name it Diva.

Looking at his face, and into those eyes, she did not feel she had the right to give him a name. Somehow, she felt he already had a name, so she decided just to call him 'Cat'.

Chapter Two

Wynn looked up at the beautiful woman carrying him out of the vet clinic. He really wished he were a man as he took in her body and face. She was plump in all the right places, as well as lean in all the right places. It was obvious she was Native American. He had never seen a woman with such perfect features. Dark complexions were a major turn on for him, and her good looks were an added bonus. He had not 'accidentally' claimed her. He traveled a very long way for this particular woman.

Wynn felt relief that Mika liked animals and was a kindhearted woman. That would really help in implementing his plan. He was no helpless stray cat. She had no idea of his human intelligence. Wynn finally understood how to free himself of the curse!

He arrived in Chicago specifically looking for Mika. Each year, he was a man again for one day. He spent most of his two hundred years of existence searching for witches, shamans, psychics, wise men, holy men, and just about anyone or anything claiming to have mystical powers and abilities. He looked desperately for the person who would have a suggestion of how to free him. All he needed

was one person with the power to make him a man again. Unfortunately, he asked with no success. Correction, he claimed no success until the previous All Hallows' Eve.

Wynn heard of an ancient native woman reportedly having an unnatural and uncanny gift for being correct with her prophecies and predictions. People said she had strong medicine and could communicate with animals and spirits. Over the years he met many frauds, but this woman was the real thing. Wynn smiled at the memory. His smile widened when he noticed the freaked out look on Mika's face. She obviously never saw a cat smile before. His thoughts made a sound come from his throat, very much like a chuckle, and he saw her pale a bit.

Thinking back to the previous year, he reflected seriously on the memory...

He worried this was just one more spiritualist fake in a long line of worthless, wasted All Hallows' Eves. If this one was as much a fake as the wise women he met in past years, he did not know what he would do. When he entered her home, he felt an immediate surge of her power. Maybe she would have the strength to free him after all. What he felt was real.

When she saw him, he knew he must appear very odd to her. It had not been easy, but Wynn managed to find some dirty hobo cast-off pants and a leather vest he dragged to a secure location. He was unable to find footwear or even a shirt, but it was as good as he could do. Being an unemployed cat did not leave one with a lot of walking around money. Wynn learned after the first couple of years to have clothes nearby before his transformation began. He did not want to spend his one day as a man naked, unless, of course, he found a beautiful woman to spend it with him. Enough angry citizens and law enforcement personnel had chased him for him to know he needed to wear pants on his one special day.

During his first several transformations, he spent them drinking, eating, and sleeping with as many women as he could. He slept with every woman that would have him. After a few years of that, he decided to put his day to good use and find a cure for the curse. Traveling around the country as the cat, he searched for any spiritualist, healer, psychic, or witch he could find.

He just wanted to find someone who might have the answer to the question that plagued him since that fateful October night in 1810. How could he return to life as a

man? Two centuries had changed the world. Witches literally dwindled to near-extinction. Science replaced magic. He had more and more trouble finding the magically gifted each year. He felt the curse choking him like a noose. After two hundred years, time was running out for the escape clause Merla gave him in her final goodbye.

He even tried to kill himself, but it was no use. Either cats really had nine lives, or the curse came with the added bonus of immortality to enhance the torture. He always became a man at the hour Merla had cursed him, and the next day, on All Hallows' Eve, he became the cat again at midnight. He never made it to a November first as a man, not in two hundred years! It was frustrating. He tried all kinds of potions and remedies while desperately reciting prayers and chants. It had all been worthless. Each year he became the cat again.

His hope ran its course, and he was ready just to give up. Then he had heard of the old hag living in the mountains. She was a Native American wise woman of sorts and, from what he heard, had many real gifts. Wynn entered her home with hope in his heart and told his story. She listened, never giving him the disbelieving looks or asking the amazed questions so many before her had. He

never learned her name, and she never gave it to him.

When she touched his forehead and began to chant, he felt her power, and his heart soared with hope.

She stopped the chant as abruptly as she began.

When she spoke in her thick accent, her sad words devastated him.

"You have a powerful curse on you boy. Your curse is pain and blood, and those things I cannot take from you. I do see your freedom. You will find her in a windy city, out of her element and away from her people. She will be a daughter of this land, and she will have a warm heart. This native daughter sings with magic, and you will find her when you hear her magic singing to you. If you can make her love you, and say aloud that she loves you when you are a man, you will stay a man. If she will not say the words, you will never be a man again. You and the cat will be one forever. You cannot ask her to say the words; she must give them from her heart and mean them. You must find her soon. I see that without you her life will soon end. She will die one year from today. Find her and make her love you, but you must have purity in your heart. You must not be the same man that is cursed. You must understand love. These words are all I can give you skinwalker."

Wynn felt the truth in her words. The old hag saw his way to freedom. Knowing the one woman who could save him would die in twelve short months did not make him feel better. He had no idea what the words she spoke really meant. Wynn spent days considering the old woman's words. He quickly knew the woman would be Native American. Chicago came shortly after, the windy city, but her other words seemingly useless. How was he going to make a woman love him in his cat body? Any woman who would love a cat in that way was one he did not want. How was he going to do it? That question plagued him on his long journey across the country. It took months of treacherous travel, and when snow arrived, it forced him to wait additional months to travel again. Wynn grew more and more impatient with the passing of each day. Knowing that with each sunset he was one day closer to losing his only hope was most frustrating. He had to save this woman!

Looking at Mika's beautiful and introspective face, he knew he found her, his hope. Now he just had to make her love him. He only had one way to do it, a gift from Merla in the happy days they had enjoyed together. When

she cursed him, the gift stayed with him too. Merla wanted to be able to seduce him in his sleep and for him to return the favor.

He remembered the gift she gave him during that long, cold winter he spent waiting to be able to travel. He usually avoided the north during winter, but Chicago was not exactly a tropical location. Wynn spent his days and nights in an abandoned warehouse overrun with rodents. He had not starved, and he had not died of the cold. During those long, boring days and nights, he had nothing to do but to think about his dilemma.

It was near Christmas when he thought of that long ago Christmas present of dream walking Merla gave him; a bittersweet memory...

Wynn just finished enjoying his wife for the third time that evening. She had an effect on him that no other matched, and he often wondered if she used her power on his cock to make it so virile. He was certainly not complaining.

Merla lay across his chest, and he whispered to her, exhausted.

"Wife, dream sweetly of me, I wish I could walk in

your dreams and take you again."

Merla laughed at his lust filled words and replied.

"Wynn, you are the most amorous of men, and that is why I love you! I have not given you your Christmas gift yet, but I think I have the perfect one. Husband, tonight you dream of me. On dream's path, walking together we will be. Sleep now, my love, and you will see."

He fell into a deep sleep, wondering about her odd rhyme. He wondered if all witches liked to rhyme.

He felt Merla in his arms. It felt very real. Was he dreaming? Wynn could feel her mouth on his body and the sensation was as wonderful as if he were awake. What was happening? He knew it was a dream, but this was unlike any dream he experienced before. He could make conscious decisions and control his actions! What was this? Merla laughed and continued loving him. It was glorious.

When he awoke the next morning, refreshed and sated, he understood his wife's little rhyme.

Wynn spent the winter hoping he still had the ability to dream walk. He retained other magical gifts Merla gave him but never felt the need or desire to dream walk again since his wife's death.

When spring arrived, he decided to give the dream walking a try. When he started for Chicago again, he found a beautiful woman living alone. She, like Mika, must have liked cats, because she readily let him move in. He waited a few nights, and when she was asleep, he lay next to the bed and focused on her dreams. Wynn fell into a very deep sleep. To his delight, he was a man in her dream. She seemed frightened of him at first. He could tell she realized this was no ordinary dream. He was very out of place in her dream. Smiling, he ignored the giant talking ice cream cone and the three-headed unicorn. Wynn took the beautiful woman in his arms and began to kiss her and caress her. It felt wonderful to be a human man again. It felt wonderful to have a warm woman in his arms again. He lost count of the many decades he was without a woman.

He noticed she still seemed a bit scared. Looking into her big, frightened eyes, he knew he could not use the woman for his own pleasure. She had sweetly taken him in as a stray cat. She had a good heart. His decision surprised him. Normally, he would take the woman to quench the desire of his hard cock. He wanted her. When Wynn looked into her eyes and saw she did not want to sleep with a

stranger, even in her dreams, he apologized and worked his way out of her dream.

The next morning, when she looked into his eyes and recognized them from her dream, he found himself out in the cold. She obviously did not want to experience the unnatural dream again. It was just as well. He needed to leave her and continue on his way to Chicago and the native daughter that would break the spell. Not pushing his advantage over the woman left him feeling confused. It had been far too long since he enjoyed a woman. He should not have felt guilt, yet he did. Wynn just could not bring himself take her against her wishes, and he wondered why.

Wynn arrived in Chicago in mid-summer, never realizing how long it would take to get to the windy city. With his small cat body, danger was everywhere, and he often had to hide, which took valuable time away from his travel. His hourglass was running out of sand, and panic became his constant companion. The old crone told him he would feel the power of the girl who would save him. Every single day, he searched for that power, desperately trying to feel it. Every single night, he let his mind dream walk. After months of looking for her without success, he

started getting very nervous.

Chapter Three

Mika took the strange cat into her apartment. He was very soft and pretty, albeit weird. Hoping he would not pee all over her stuff, she left him alone in the apartment while she ran across the street to the small convenience store. She was in luck; they had cat litter, a litter box, and cat food. Ridiculously overpriced, she made the purchase and hurried back. When she returned, he sat on a chair patiently waiting for her. The critter was too damn human, and it was starting to make her uncomfortable.

Her introspection of the animal ended abruptly as a loud knock on her door startled her. Mika looked through the peephole, and alarm sent her heart beating wildly. Taz stood outside her door, not looking happy at all. She opened the door just enough for him to hear her but did not release the chain lock.

"Taz, what do you want?"

"Mika, open the door. I have to talk to you. It's important!"

She bit her lip. Should she let him in?

"I don't want any trouble, Taz. If I let you in, you have to promise to behave yourself. I am not going out with

you again or forgiving you! We are not a couple anymore."

"I just want to talk. Please, let me in Mika! I don't think your neighbors need to hear what I want to say."

Mika slid the chain and let him in. That was a mistake. Taz grabbed her the moment she shut the door and pushed her against the nearby wall. His eyes looked angry, and she wondered how he thought he had the right to treat her as he was. He spoke harshly.

"You hurt Tasya's feelings! She wants us together again, and so do I, Mika! I heard the new waiter at the café is sniffing around you. Is that why you won't give me another chance?"

He released the pressure on her throat just enough for her to speak. Mika was outraged.

"Taz, I will never ever consider taking you back. Look at what you're doing. Get out of my apartment! You and I could've been a very happy couple if you'd just learned to control your jealousy. Now leave or I'm calling the cops and getting a restraining order."

He did not move. Then he sneezed violently, giving Mika just the right opportunity to push him away. Sniffing, he rubbed his eyes.

"Did you get a cat?" His voice filled with outrage.

"Yes, I am cat-sitting. You don't live here, and we are not a couple, so I don't think it should matter to you."

Sneezing again, Taz made a move to snatch Mika. She saw him stiffen, and his arms frantically began to slap at his back. He looked crazy, and it took her a moment to realize what was happening. When Taz turned, she saw her new furry friend clinging to him, clawing at his back and shoulders. Taz screamed and tried to fight the animal off, but the cat seemed possessed as it attacked him. Watching the spectacle, Mika worried more about the cat than she did the man. Taz stumbled towards the door, yelling and sneezing. When he was in the hallway, the cat jumped off his back and ran inside the apartment. Mika quickly shut and locked the door. She watched Taz stomp off as she peered through the peephole in the door. Surely, Tasya would bitch at her in the morning.

Looking down at her tenacious protector, Mika smiled. Her voice was warm when she spoke. "Thank you, Cat. You're better than pepper spray."

Taz was not going to be welcomed back. Hopefully his terrible allergy to cats would keep him away. It seemed the cat that adopted her was really coming in handy.

Sighing, Mika spent the rest of the evening cleaning

and baking with nervous energy. Her new companion watched her with curious interest, and it was starting to become unnerving. The animal was just too intelligent. When she finally worked out all of her energy and was exhausted, she took a quick shower and put on her favorite pajamas. Sliding into her soft bed, she felt the bed dip as the cat jumped up and lay down, curling into a ball. Closing her eyes, she sighed and immediately fell asleep.

Mika felt awake but knew she was asleep. It was definitely an odd sensation. The setting for her strange dream was a large, open room, reminding her of a castle. In it stood a huge bed with ornately carved wooden posts wrapped in translucent white scarves and made up with brilliantly white bedding. A grand fireplace blazed against the far wall. The room seemed gothic with its stone walls illuminated by candle sconces. It was both beautiful and frightening.

Mika dreamed every night of her life. Most of the time, she fought the spirits trying to use her power to escape the underworld. She never dreamed like this before. What was this place, and what was happening to her? She felt a breeze sweep through the room and ruffle her hair. It felt sensual, welcoming, and it made her feel an emotion

unfamiliar to her. A combination of anticipation and fear filled her, but she felt a languid desire pooling in her body. Shuddering in fear and sexual heat, she turned in the direction the cold air came from. Two large doors were open, and a tall, well-built man stood in the doorway. Her breath caught in her lungs when he swept into the room as if he owned the world. His fluid grace spoke to her. His body language seemed to say he believed he had every right to be in her dream. Mika felt his presence, creating a deep and intense desire within her. Her pussy was wet just looking at him. Mika blushed. Something about him felt right. He was meant to be in her dream, and her body welcomed him, even if her mind cautioned her. His long hair and sideburns were out of style, but on him, they were perfect. He wore tight leather pants in a very old-fashioned style, almost to the tops of his Hessian boots. He wore no shirt, and his tan skin was sprinkled sparsely with coarse hair. He was very much a man. Mika was sure she had never seen him before. How had he ended up in her dream? He looked like he'd stepped out of another time, and something primal about him called to her as a woman. Her breath slowly left her lungs as she watched him stride towards to her. His confident posture and proudly jutted

chin told her that he was a man who knew what he wanted, and at the moment, the look in his eyes indicated he wanted *her*! She stumbled back, but he was there, taking her possessively into his arms.

Mika never met a man like him before, and when she looked into his beautiful eyes, there was something disturbingly familiar about them. Searching her mind, she could not place him at all. Who was he, and why was she dreaming of him? Had her mind conjured such a man randomly? She preferred African American men, but this beautiful specimen of a male was definitely white. This guy could turn anyone on; probably even make a straight guy gay. Mika licked her lips. She wanted to be close to him, to touch him. The knowledge shocked her. She was not normally such a sex fiend, not even in her dreams.

He swept her back, and she found herself helpless in his arms, hypnotized by his eyes. She knew he wanted her. Pleasant to look at, she'd had her share of men whistle at her. Mika even experienced her share of advances; some wanted, some unwanted. Yet, she never experienced the intensity this stranger was showing her. Mika felt overcome with the sheer need in the man's eyes. He wanted something more than sex; as if needing her to survive.

Shaking the strange and disturbing thought out of her head, Mika let him drink her in with his eyes. When he put his lips to hers, she felt the stubble on his jaw and shivered. This felt different from other dreams, the detail amazing. Shivering, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations. He was gentle, sweet, but then his passion caught fire, and he pressed his lips to hers with a desperate force. His tongue swiped across her lips then invaded her mouth. She was not one for tongue kissing, but with him, it was so different. He put his soul into the kiss, making love to her mouth, not a sloppy invasion. Groaning, Mika flicked her tongue into his mouth, and she felt him tighten his passionate hold on her.

As if having a mind of their own, her arms wound around his neck, and her fingers pulled at his long, soft, silky hair. He groaned into her mouth, and she smiled against his. She was glad she could cause this magical, sexual god to feel the same surprised delight she felt. She was a happy captive in his arms. He picked her up as if she were some waif and carried her to the bed. His strength was amazing, and his actions made the experience unique. Mika felt the strange dream breeze, only warm this time. Unable to stop herself, she moaned, realizing she was naked under

this man's gaze.

Grabbing for the puffy comforter, she tried to cover her body. His voice held an accent she couldn't quite place, and his wording seemed antiquated.

"Love, cover not your beautiful body from my eyes. I want to see your loveliness and feel you under my hands. Come, love, and be still. I promise you will very much like what I have to give you."

He purred the words to her, and she felt inclined to believe him.

Mika gasped as he put his hands on her shoulders tenderly. Erotically, he began to massage her skin in small circles that grew wider and wider. It felt so real. If this was a dream, Mika wanted to give into this man. Craving opportunity for the pleasure he offered, she did not stop him. She wanted to make love to him, but he was a stranger. She never had sex with someone she did not know, not even in her dreams. Closing her eyes, Mika gasped as his fingers skimmed her breasts and sensitive nipples. The feeling so wonderful her pussy ached for more. She was torn; push him away or give into his erotic demands?

She did not even know his name. Mika at least

needed a name. "Who are you, and why are you in my dream?"

His masculine chuckle sent a thrill through her body, and his soft, throaty whisper in her ear was as hot as his caress. "My name is Wynn. I want to taste you and to touch you. Do you want that too, Mika?"

She had to be honest. Her hoarse whisper spoke of the emotions behind her words.

"Yes, Wynn, I want it too. I want it very badly."

She saw the joy in his eyes, mixed with his need. His masculine growl made her very aware of him as a man, even if he was only a dream. Wynn's fingers lightly skimmed over her shoulder and down her arm. She moaned when he lightly pinched her nipple. The bed dropped as he knelt next to her, lowering his head and wrapping his hot mouth around her erect nipple, causing her to cry out with pleasure.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and held him. His hand traveled down until landing between her legs. Mika bucked on the bed as he flicked her clit to an intense rhythm that left her hot and panting. Her hips seemed to have a mind of their own as he brought her intense and wonderful pleasure. She'd experienced a

handful of lovers in her life, but Wynn was different, intense. Mika felt overwhelmed with him as his presence enveloped her. Crying out, she could feel her orgasm begin. Wynn continued flicking her clit, increasing the pressure and speed until she was panting, and coming, consumed with the feeling. Mika cried out his name, like a plea, bringing a smile to Wynn's handsome face.

* * * *

He watched Mika coming in his hand. She was an extremely passionate woman. He was happy she had not pushed him away or refused him. For two hundred years, Wynn did not have the pleasure of enjoying a woman he had a connection with, and he realized he missed the experience. He could feel her hot wetness in his hand and knew she was ready for him. He could easily slide inside of her during her orgasm and seek his release, but something held him back. For the first time in his too-long existence, Wynn wanted to connect with this woman, and that surprised him. He watched her passion-hazed eyes open and her beautiful flushed face call for his kiss, so he leaned forward and kissed her tenderly. His hand never left her sweet pussy, and occasionally, he would pinch and flick the source of her pleasure. He smiled each time she jerked,

bucked, and moaned. He would really enjoy fitting himself inside her velvet pussy, but he was not ready to give up this pleasure, not ready to leave Mika and her warm willing body. Wynn wanted her more than he wanted any woman before, and it alarmed him. She came back to Earth, her orgasm leaving her pliable and sated, and her actions surprised him.

* * * *

Mika felt overcome with her pleasure. She experienced orgasms before, but this was different, perhaps because she knew he watched her experience the pleasure he stimulated. Maybe knowing this was all just the product of her imagination brought on by her lack of a sex life made the difference.

Finishing, she looked up at his handsome face. She wanted to give him pleasure too, make him feel the same release. Taking his erect cock in her hand, she slowly began stroking it up and down. Seeing that she took him by surprise made her smile.

He had such a gorgeous body, and his cock was thick and beautifully formed. Wynn put great art to shame, he was so perfect. She impressed herself with her ability to conjure such a man.

* * * *

Gently, Mika nudged him back, and he complied happily. He felt her small, soft hand fist the base of his cock as her hot, sweet little mouth devoured the length of him she could fit in her mouth. He moaned her name in pleasure as she sweetly nibbled his tender flesh until he thought he would go mad with the sensation. He had waited a very long time to feel like this, but in that moment, he knew Mika was worth the wait. Wynn bucked against her sensuous mouth involuntarily. He did not want it to end. He wanted to indulge his orgasm inside of her.

Softly, he pulled her face away from his body and looked into her big brown eyes. She was breathtaking, especially with the flush of pleasure upon her face. Groaning, Wynn pulled her forward so she would kneel over his lap as he perched on the side of the bed. Her heat burned only a second away from his cock, making him groan. He wanted to impale her with his hardness but did not want it to be over already.

Tenderly, he brushed the long, inky black, shiny hair away from her face and over her shoulder. Her soft neck exposed to him, he pressed a kiss where he could feel her heartbeat pulsing under his lips. He knew by looking

into her eyes that she felt excited, and he felt the same. Wynn needed to know she was wet and ready. He needed to give her more pleasure than she ever had before. He wanted to make her crave him.

Taking his thumb, he began rubbing her clit as his free hand absent-mindedly toyed with one of her nipples. He increased the speed and pressure until her back arched. She was on the precipice of orgasm, and with that, he abruptly knocked one of her legs from under her, causing her to tumble onto him, impaled by his cock.

* * * *

Mika gasped, not expecting his quick move. Oh, he was good, so very good. She found herself halfway on his cock, surprised by his length and width. She buried her face in his neck and moaned.

She felt him stand and completely fill her inside. He supported her as she wrapped her legs around his hips, unable to do much else. For a long moment, he stood still and silent. She looked into his startling blue eyes. He smiled a slow sensual smile, and she felt him tossing her back onto the bed, his cock never leaving her body. He stood over the edge with her legs still wrapped around his waist. His features and posture were primal. This man was

a force of nature, and Mika happily let him wash her away in sensation. Oh, he was talented.

* * * *

Wynn moaned her name as he felt her tight pussy contract against his cock. He had his hands on the bed, just above her shoulders, careful not to catch her soft hair. Slowly, he began pumping inside of her, slowly building speed while she used her ankles against his ass to pull herself to him, matching his strokes. Wynn regretted he would soon return to reality. He was so close but refused to come until he saw her orgasm begin. He whispered in his thick sexy voice.

"Mika, love, come for me."

* * * *

She came with a blinding force that left her seeing stars. Mika screamed his name, feeling her world shatter as her orgasm stole her ability to think or breathe. She felt his strong arms straining and knew he was fighting a battle against his body's demand for ejaculation. Aftershocks of her pleasure erupted against his hard cock, and in that moment, she watched him come. He was amazing and looked spectacular. Mika wrapped her arms around him. She never really watched a lover come in her arms, and the

experience was akin to a spiritual moment.

When he finished, his bright blue eyes seemed to glow with an unnatural fire and it made her gasp. He smiled and let his body fall beside her. Propping himself on his arms, he just looked at her. She lay basking while he moved her tangled hair away from her face, pulling a strand away from her lips.

Smiling, Wynn whispered to her, "Thank you, love, you are amazing."

She had no idea how to respond. He was a cut above her past lovers, young and handsome, yet he had an air of old world to him that gave him a courtly courtesy seeming strange in bed. He looked at her intensely. When he spoke again, it really freaked her out.

"Mika, I will come for you again, tomorrow night. I will not be able to let you go. My sweet wonderful girl, you are the key to my freedom, and I think I will be leaving this captivity for another. You own a piece of my heart now, lovely Mika."

She felt like she would wake up, as his words seemed to be that of goodbye. Instead of waking, her dream changed. Darkness came for her. Mika began choking as the darkness found her, filling her mouth and nose. Wynn

was gone. The thunder spirit wanted her to let it free; demons and darkness grew stronger. They used the distraction of her desire to overtake her mind. Mika wanted to scream, but the darkness still filled her lungs and throat. She was unable to let go of the terror building inside of her, and her heart skipped a beat. She could not make a sound as she silently choked on the evil. Tonight, it won, and she knew it. Tonight, Mika knew her battle would end. She felt death's icy fingers squeezing her heart. After the many battles, her heart weakened, skipping more beats... then it stopped. Mika closed her eyes; she had no idea if she was awake or dreaming. The death felt very real. Her demise felt real, but death held her. Giving up, her final bit of breath escaped between her now blue lips.

Wynn was suddenly there. He was no longer a man but a skinwalker, his body a sleek panther. He attacked the darkness, the evil. Mika closed her eyes for the final time. No longer could she see Wynn fight the darkness; she was dead.

Choking, Mika sat up in her bed. Whatever killed her was now losing. Wynn's strength held the darkness back. Her breath returned to her body just in time to witness the underworld darkness that wanted to drag her to

Hell shrink away from the panther snarling its possession. Whatever Wynn was, he claimed her, and the knowledge left her feeling a funny little joy in the pit of her stomach. What was it about the man that left her so befuddled? She still gagged on death as the last of the spirits and evil left her mind. A deep gratitude for Wynn filled her. Had she finally found her spirit guide? All the years of searching and, strangely, he found her. A true sense of protection encompassed her. Wynn was her salvation.

Wynn rushed to her side. Mika, only minutes back from the dead, willingly let him take her into his arms. His warm breath whispered amazing words into her hair.

"I will never let it have you, Mika. You are mine. I don't know what is happening, but I cannot let you go. We belong to each other, Mika; we need each other."

She agreed. Feeling his desperation hurt her, and she could feel his need. Something wanted to consume him too. Evil surrounded them, but together, they could keep it at bay. Clinging to her mysterious Wynn, she closed her eyes, exhausted. Nothingness covered her mind, and whatever was happening, she let her mind shut down.

Chapter Four

Mika woke with a strange feeling of loss. She remembered the strangest and most vivid dream of her life. She missed her dream lover, this Wynn she conjured. Where on Earth did he come from? He did not resemble any of the actors she thought fabulously hot. Nor did he resemble any of the men she ever loved. He was a mystery. He promised his return, but she knew that it was impossible. She never experienced reoccurring dreams. His words were just her mind telling her she needed to get laid. Deep down, she believed she created him because she longed for protection from the evil that wanted her. Her spirit guide was MIA, so she created a dream representation. Rationalizing her experience was far easier than accepting what she felt.

Showering with casual precision, Mika got ready for her day. Strangely, her body felt tender, as if she really did have sex all night. It was absurd, but she honestly felt as if she did! Shaking off the strange feelings and thoughts, she toweled off and got dressed. Before leaving the house, she remembered to feed the cat. She had to stop calling it Cat, but somehow, she still could not bring herself to name

him. It felt as if giving him another name would be an insult. Her mind was really becoming a mess. Dream lovers and intelligent cats; what was next, spotted elephants? When she finished feeding the animal, she turned, her eyes catching his, and they stared at each other. Those eyes, oh God, those were the same eyes as the man in her dream! Feeling queasy, she backed away from the cat. What kind of sicko was she? She had conjured an erotic dream love god with the eyes of her new cat! Sick, oh it was so horribly wrong on so many levels. Making a face, she stuck her tongue out at the cat and spoke sarcastically.

"I don't know why your eyes were in my dream, but we are just going to be friends. Don't get any ideas, Cat."

Shuddering, Mika swore the cat smiled at her.

Mika spent her day in a haze of concerned thoughts, distracting her and making her feel off her game. Her manager became annoyed. Tasya was annoyed. Her customers were annoyed. Everyone seemed annoyed. She knew she was rushing through her day because she wanted to go to sleep. She wanted to see if the dream man returned. Mika lustfully wanted to feel the way he made her feel the previous night. Her life hit a new low; she was in love with a dream... or at least in lust.

By the time she arrived home, she was edgy. Sure he would not come, she tried to prepare herself to avoid disappointment in the morning. Feeling foolish, she had to know; she had to try. She wanted Wynn again. Strangely, Mika wanted to know more about Wynn. It was absurd, but she found herself infatuated with a dream. How was it even possible? Would she need therapy, drugs, electroshock treatment? What could possibly cure her strange new neurosis? What kind of a woman stayed home on a Saturday night waiting for a dream? She should go to a club and find a real live man to give her real, hot sex. Mika had to admit, no real man could really make her feel like Wynn had. Last night had been outside of the realm of her experience. Last night had been perfect. Whatever created him or caused him, and whatever he was, she desperately wanted to be with him again. She gave up trying to watch the irritating sitcom about lonely women and the clueless men that loved them. She could not focus on the book she read, so she did something she had not done since she was a child — Mika went to bed at seven o'clock, falling asleep immediately.

Finding herself in the strange bedroom again filled her with a mixture of joy and horror. It felt different and

was unnaturally dark. Where was Wynn? If she was able to make it back to the room, she should be able to find him again. As a product of her imagination, he should be at her disposal, shouldn't he?

A soft breeze ruffled her hair, and she turned to the doors. There in the doorway, he stood, but he seemed darker and more dangerous. He moved like a ghost. Feeling him take her in his arms, she sighed. He put his face into her neck, and she knew he was breathing in her scent by the way he inhaled. Oddly, it was sexy. Wynn growled against her throat, and when he spoke, his voice was harsh.

"My time runs short. I need you to love me, Mika. I need you to want me always. You are my salvation. I feel for you an emotion I cannot name. I have never felt for a woman as I feel for you. I longed for you today. I longed for you until I ached in my soul to hold you."

Mika pouted. "Well, what took you so long to arrive?"

He gave a short laugh and replied jovially. "Love, not all of us can fall asleep so quickly. You really should have given me more of a chance to catch up to you."

"So you are real?" She was afraid to hope as the words left her mouth.

"Yes, love, I am very real. I am cursed, and only your sweet love can free me, my dear Mika. You hold my future in your soft, delicate, little hands. Save me, love."

His request sounded so genuine, yet outlandish. How could she save her dream lover when she doubted he was real? Seeing the stark pain in his eyes took her breath away.

"You are telling me the truth. You're hurting."

He nodded fiercely, and he took her into his arms in a crushing kiss. Sighing against his lips, she knew the chance to experience the wonders of passion returned. What they shared seemed surreal, beyond sex. She felt her pussy tingling just knowing what waited for her in his arms. His voice was harsh and cracked when he spoke to her.

"We have just one night. This is all we have until the day you see me as a man. I feel the power leaving me. I used the last of the magic that allows me to dream walk. This is our night, Mika. This is the night you fall in love with me."

His pained words startled her, and she wondered if she could truly fall in love with him in just one night. Beautiful man, beautiful body, could she love him? She

realized how crazy it was she even thought about it. He was a dream, for goodness sakes. Sighing, Mika went with it and began kissing him. Feeling him lift her, she let him sweep her up chivalrously and carry her to the bed. Mika joyfully let him remove her clothing. Her entire body was on fire with need, and she wanted him to brand her with pleasure. Only Wynn knew how to make her scream until her pleasure turned to exquisite pain. No man in the waking world ever made her come until she saw stars.

Distant alarms bothered her. She could hear a ringing, and it distracted her from Wynn. She wanted to stay with him. Feeling the terrible noise pulling her away from him, Mika had no choice but to wake up.

Fully awake, Mika sat up and grabbed her cell phone. Grumpy and frustrated, she answered it. "Hello."

She heard breathing but no one was on the line. She said *hello* again, trying to obtain a response. No one spoke to her. Angry and annoyed, she yelled into the phone.

"Taz, I know it's you! Don't call me again!"

She hung up the phone. She was not positive it was Taz since the caller ID read *blocked*. Frustrated to the point of tears, Mika lay in her bed, feeling the fires of being hot, bothered, and lonely. She wanted to dream of Wynn again.

He told her she would not see him in her dreams again, but she hoped that he was wrong. After some angry tossing and turning, she finally closed her eyes to sleep.

Darkness entered her mind. A gaping expanse of fear and loneliness surrounded her. Gathering strength from her frustrations, the spirits tried to rip a hole through her soul. Pain radiated through her body, and Mika screamed. She screamed for Wynn, but he was not there. Tears filled her eyes. Without his strength, she would die. He was her spirit guide.

* * * *

Wynn felt her terror. He closed his eyes and focused on her dreams. Every ounce of his power to dream walk was gone. He cursed Merla. Mika needed him. No longer was he worried about the curse. He would stay a cat forever if he could help her. He felt the darkness surrounding her. Evil wanted her sweetness. Power radiated from her all of the time, and he knew she was special. Something bad knew she was special too. Wynn felt a strange pain. He never really thought about anyone except himself, but in that moment, he felt a consuming need to save her. Love... Wynn was in love. Frightened by the realization, he went to her still body. He wanted to be a man. If only he could hold

her in his arms, maybe she would feel his love and know he was there for her. Nothing mattered if he lost Mika. A sound escaped his cat body then another followed. Suddenly, the small meow became a snarling roar. Wynn felt himself expand. Inside of him, a panther slept. He closed his eyes and let his spirit connect to the woman he loved. Wynn let his mind go. Without thought to his personal safety or comfort, Wynn entered the battle for Mika's soul.

He watched the swirling, inky blackness attacking her. Whatever it was, it was stronger than before. He let the panther have its way. Snarling, the roar of battle reverberated in the land of dreams and death. The spirit world trapped Mika, and Wynn knew he was the key to her salvation. Without taking the time to appreciate the irony of the moment, he rushed the dark demon. Looking to her for his salvation, he found himself voluntarily becoming hers. If he failed, they would both die.

He did not care; her life meant more to him than being human again did. If he was not strong enough, two hundred years had been for nothing. In a moment of clarity, he realized all of his suffering had been worth it because it brought him to Mika. He would suffer another two hundred

years for just one moment with Mika awake in his human arms. He wanted to make her happy and see her smile. It felt so odd for him to feel as he did. Wynn was not the selfless type. What was he going to do with all his new altruistic feelings? Easy answer; devote himself to Mika.

Suddenly, it seemed the universe hit him like a linebacker, and emotion tackled him. He saw the kind of future he could have with her, if he were a man. He saw funny snippets of moments; walking in the park, paddling a boat, laughing about a movie. Then the sights, sounds, and feelings escalated, and Wynn felt the moment he held their child in his arms. He saw her in her first great stage role and felt intense pride. Carefully, he carried her over the threshold of their first home. Their children ran around him, laughing and shouting as he put the final additions on a playhouse. He felt Mika's hands on his body, her warm whispers filling his ears and his heart. Feeling the deepening love grow, even as she aged beside him, and the magic she brought to his existence overwhelmed him. Her very smile was amazing. Each touch, sight, and sound seared his brain as if he lived a lifetime of holding her in his arms.

Desperate, savage demand caused the panther to

scream with a primal intensity that caused the darkness to pause. Using that to his advantage, Wynn pounced into the middle of the wicked, dark anger. He let Hell try to consume him. Feeling the pain, his feline screams resounded over and over again. Mika was weak, but she lived. He could take any pain, any suffering, if he knew she would survive.

Mika cried out as the darkness lessened its hold on her.

Death would not take her from him. Time would not call her from him yet; they deserved more. Evil tore at him, making him bleed. As the panther, Wynn fought it back. Fighting for love, fighting for life, fighting for the only future he truly wanted, he made the evil darkness release her, forcing it to return to the underworld. Purring, the panther then shrieked its triumph as Mika lay weakly in the dream realm. Wynn turned to his fallen woman, and he nudged her with his nose, but she did not move. Filled with rage, he growled and let out an angry roar, glaring at the spot evil once was.

Working his warm, large body around her, he sheltered her as the best he could with his panther body. Wynn let her rest and recover as he lay awake protecting

her.

* * * *

Mika woke the next morning, very disoriented and seriously considering seeing a shrink. What was wrong with her? Intense terror caused her to think about returning to the reservation. Frowning, she looked down at the cat lying in bed beside her. Something matted its fur, and Mika gasped, noticing the dried blood. What happened to the cat? It looked like the poor thing had been in a terrible battle. Looking at the position of the wounds, she felt sick to her stomach. Strangely, the animal looked injured in the same way the dream panther had been.

Mika quickly rationalized that if the cat somehow made it outside, maybe she heard it fighting another animal and the sounds penetrated her dreams. She was not having weird, kindred love with a skinwalker... she just had good hearing and a sneaky cat. That had to be the answer. Confident in her rationalization, she got out of bed. When the cat finally woke, a sense of relief filled her. Whatever was going on, she was glad no harm came to the odd cat. She was feeling a definite attachment to the creature.

Chapter Five

Mika didn't dream of Wynn again. Embarrassingly, she felt his loss as she would for a real person. It was crazy to pine for an imaginary friend, but she really could not help it. Wynn was something special to her, and odd as it sounded, she felt a kindred completion when she had been with him. Mika loved him.

She was sick, just sick! Her melancholy seemed to translate to the cat acting just as off-kilter and out of sorts as she was feeling. They made a depressing pair. After work, she came home, and they would stare grumpily at each other. Only one bright spot shined for her. The nightmares and terrible darkness left her alone now. She felt it hovering, but it seemed afraid. Somehow, she knew she had protection from it. For the first time in far too many years, she felt the bliss of a good night's sleep.

It was almost Halloween, her favorite holiday. She loved the sweet little trick-or-treaters and always marveled at their costume variety. On the reservation, money had been tight, and everyone dressed as a ghost, hobo, or zombie. These days, the kids had every cartoon character ever created to choose from to wear. Mika's first year in

Chicago, Tasya convinced her to dress up and go clubbing. They had a great time, and it became an annual tradition for them.

Halloween fell on Sunday this year, so all the clubs and bars were running specials and having costume contests on Saturday the thirtieth. Tasya was so excited about Halloween, swearing 2010 would be the best Halloween party ever, that Mika reluctantly agreed to go. Her friend, wanting to get a happy hour start, was picking her up at four in the afternoon for a long night of drinking. Honestly, Mika did not feel like marathon drinking, but to make her long-time, loyal friend happy, she agreed. Tasya helped her pick her costume, deciding that they were to go as matching sexy witches. Each year, the costumes got skimpier, and Mika wondered if they would all just go naked next year.

Mika looked hot, if she did say so herself. She and Tasya were going to be the sexiest sexy witches at the clubs. No waiting for admittance tonight; she knew the bouncers would let them right in, looking as good as they did. Noticing the cat staring at her oddly, she smiled. Getting ready to go out made her feel a bit more normal. She laughed and told him her plans.

"Well Cat, I do go out on occasion. Since you've arrived, I haven't gone out much, but maybe tonight is the night I get back in the game. I am going to Crobar and Vision tonight with Tasya, and we are going to find me a man to love the memory of my hunk-a-licious dream lover away. I want a real man in the flesh. I want a really sexy man who can make me scream!"

She thought she detected disapproval in the cat's eyes. For a cat, he acted far too opinionated and would just have to get over it.

She heard Tasya honk the car horn and felt a bit lighter. Mika loved to look good, and tonight, she knew she looked perfect. It was good she was going out, and she really could use a cocktail. She missed dancing without realizing it. Grabbing her cute little purse, she rushed out of the apartment, ready to party. Tasya drove to the bar, but they would take a cab home. She knew her friend and knew how much she liked to drink.

* * * *

Wynn was angry. If the woman had only waited for one moment, he would have her in his arms. He never

transformed before seven in the evening, and here it was only four! Drat, he had no idea where or what this Crobar and Vision was. How was he going to find her? He had no clothing, so what was he going to do? She wore a very strange but wonderfully provocative garment. It was not All Hallows' Eve, the night most dressed up. Wynn looked out the window and noticed others wearing strange clothing too. He decided they must do things differently in Chicago. Wynn looked around the house for clothing or a costume.

He really hated being a cat. If he played his cards right, this would be his last few hours in this wretched condition.

He noticed her white sheets in the closet and inspiration struck him, only a few minutes before his transformation. He would wear a toga. Unaccustomed to wearing clothing, a toga was easy enough to create and certainly more comfortable than some of his previous creative wardrobe choices.

Wynn felt it, the pain, and it crippled him. Falling to the floor, he writhed as his small bones extended to human proportions, and the hair seemed to crawl inside of him. His agony burned through him like fire, making him feel ill. He felt his skin stretching to accommodate his new form.

Unable to repress his scream any longer, he let it go. A strange combination of a man's yell and a cat's yowl erupted from his throat. It was always painful, but he accepted the pain for the joy of being human. After completing the transformation, he stood, testing his man body and reveling in the sensation. With a firm nod, he looked at the sheets; it was time to go get his woman!

* * * *

Looking at her cell phone, she noted the time, almost eight thirty. Mika was feeling good, having consumed a few too many drinks. She was not out of control, just free to express herself and revel in the movements of her body. Tasya was very drunk, and Mika laughed at her friend stumbling in the middle of her dance moves.

All night, strange men rubbed against Mika in the guise of dancing, but the one currently getting grabby behind her was starting to annoy her. Startled, she felt him grab her ass. Angrily, she turned and pushed him away. He did not take the hint and was back, humping at her obnoxiously. Trying, with desperate irritation, to get free

from his gyration quickly became a moot point. A tall man confidently walked through the sea of inebriated dancers, and they parted for him as if he was Moses. He grabbed the horny dancer by his shirt, pulled him away from Mika, and spoke with deadly serious menace. His voice sounded familiar to Mika, and she wondered if it was possible. Did she hear correctly, or had she just drank far more than she thought?

"I think the lady has had enough of you, little man. Find a more willing dance partner."

Sir Humps-A-Lot took off running as fast as he could when the man released him, rudely bumping into people in his hurry to escape. The tall man turned around, and Mika could not breathe or speak. It was him — it was Wynn. He found her, and he was real. Her knees buckled, and a giggling Tasya tried to catch her, but Wynn quickly grabbed her, leading her off the dance floor and away from her drunken friend. Tasya seemed unconcerned a strange man led her friend away. Turning back to the group she had been dancing with, Tasya began her sadly uncoordinated moves again, too drunk to do it right or to care.

Mika looked at Wynn and devoured his beloved face with her eyes. Reaching up, she touched his face. He

felt so familiar. What could she possibly say? She wanted to look at him forever, afraid if she blinked, he would disappear.

* * * *

Wynn pushed her hair off her sweet face and smiled. She recognized him, and he could see she was happy to see him. Could there be hope after all? Maybe she loved him. He could not ask her to say the words but would do everything he could to inspire her to say them. Wynn leaned down and kissed her, feeling her arms entwine around his neck. In the distance, he heard a woman singing of having a poker face, and the beat was erotic. Mika was the only thing that mattered, so he shut the rest of the world out.

* * * *

Wanting to kiss Wynn all night, Mika clung to him desperately. She wanted to hold him and never let him go. How was it possible? It was a miracle! Noise and people moved around them. They were in their own tight cocoon of elated desire, completely ignoring the hubbub of the busy club. Wynn led her out of the club. Technically, this man was a complete stranger, but it did not matter; she knew she would follow him anywhere. Outside in the

darkness, the cool, fresh air felt good after being inside the crowded club. Her costume was not much protection against the cold, but Mika was so hot from seeing her lover in the flesh that she barely noticed.

Sadly, she also didn't notice the man with the gun.

Taz's voice came from the shadows. Mika was angry. He was such a creep, probably following her to the club. But she was also afraid. She stood in front of Wynn, trying to shield him from her ex's insane behavior and rage. Mika was unwilling to let Taz take Wynn away from her; Wynn belonged to her.

"Taz, please calm down. You don't want to do this. Put that away and go home, and I won't press charges. I am not worth going to jail for, Taz! Do you really want to ruin your life? Can you really break Tasya's heart like this?" Her plea fell on deaf ears.

* * * *

Over the centuries, Wynn had seen men like this. Obsessed, determined men, unable to see past their hurt and rage; these were dangerous men. He knew he could not frighten or cajole Taz into leaving; there was too much darkness in his eyes. It was clear by how Taz held the gun; he intended to kill one or both of them. Without Mika, he

might as well be dead, so Wynn did the first selfless thing of life; he took a fatal bullet for the woman he loved.

* * * *

Mika heard the gunshot, expecting to feel the pain ripping through her, but she didn't. When she opened her eyes, she saw that Wynn somehow moved in front of her before the bullet discharged. He staggered as a red stain spread across the pure white of the sheet he wore. Taz turned and ran, knowing he'd just committed the worst of crimes. Mika watched him flee, torn between chasing and tackling him so he would not escape, or staying to help the man she loved.

Wynn staggered again, and Mika quickly helped him to the ground. She frantically screamed *Fire!* Screaming *help* in such a large city never achieved the proper result

The word *fire* brought a bartender from the club, and when he noticed the blood, he pulled a cell phone from his pocket and called for help. Mika cried hard. She knew Wynn was dying. She found him just to lose him; it was too much to bear.

Wynn rubbed the pad of his thumb over her cheek, erasing a tear. His bedroom eyes reflected his regret of

saying goodbye as he spoke in his sexy timbre.

"Mika, be happy for me. I had you, if only for a second, in my arms. Now I can die a happy man. You are my paradise, love."

She could see the truth of his sweet words in his beautiful eyes, and she sobbed harder. His paling complexion told her his life was draining fast, too fast, and Mika whispered to him as her heart broke.

"Wynn, I love you. Please don't leave me!"

She knew the truth of it. She loved him beyond words. The man was special, and no one could ever match him, so when he died, her joy would die with him.

As Mika begged him not to die, a storm came out of nowhere. Closing her eyes, and shielding her face from the debris whipping about, she tried to protect Wynn too, and make sure he was still alive.

In a strange moment, she saw his face flash. She saw his face, then his face as a skeleton under the flesh. Suddenly, insanely, she saw him with the face of a cat. Blinking, she tried to keep watching, but the storm was too much. She heard thunder, and a streak of lightening flashed. Blackness clawed at her from the storm as the thunder spirit tried reaching for her. Bitterness twisted in

her heart. Yelling at the sky, she raged her pain for the loss of the man she loved.

"I don't care anymore. If you want me you son-of-a-bitch... here I am!"

Nothing happened.

Warmth filled her arms, and brightness enveloped her. Wynn's body glowed, holding the darkness at bay. A shriek broke the night's silence as the light from Wynn's body filled the thunder spirit. Mika's body was a portal from Hell to Earth, and demons cried out as Wynn's light sealed the portal, healing her soul, saving her!

Earlier, the weather promised a clear, mild evening, but now, a cold rain began pelting them, and she was sure she felt hail. Where had the freak storm come from? Gone was the thunder spirit. Gone was the present darkness. After so many years, a vacuum of safety overwhelmed her. It felt oddly disconcerting not to feel evil pressing against her. They'd won, and the underworld lost. Looking down at Wynn's damaged body, Mika felt the victory was meager and hollow. He was hanging on to a slim thread of life.

She heard ambulances in the distance.

Wynn looked different. She was unsure of why or what was different, but there was something more solid,

more real about him. His color was returning, and she hoped there was time to get him to the hospital.

Mika shrieked, startled, when Wynn stood, pulled her up, and rushed her into a nearby alley. She listened to the paramedics arguing with the bartender. Mika and Wynn hid quietly until the ambulance pulled away. For a man with a near fatal gunshot wound, he was terribly quick. When they were alone in the dark and rain, he lifted the corner of his toga, and she saw the area under the blood had no bullet hole. There was a strange 'x' shaped mark that looked like a fresh scar, but he was no longer bleeding. It was another miracle.

Looking at him questioningly, he just smiled that delicious, sexy smile. Mika laughed as he scooped her into his arms and carried her in the rain towards her apartment almost a mile away.

"Wynn, you can't carry me all the way home."

He looked deeply, intensely, into her eyes. When he spoke, she heard the promise of his desire under his words, and she shivered with the heat it stirring inside of her.

"I have you now, Mika. I've waited for you for longer than you can imagine. I know what it is to love, and I am never letting you go, my sweet woman. You are my

salvation."

She knew he meant every word he said, and she knew she loved him beyond common sense or reason.

Her cell phone rang in her small purse. She managed to open the purse and answer the phone, still held in his arms.

"Hello." She answered.

"Hi, I am with Dr. Mow's veterinary clinic. I think I've found a home for your cat."

Smiling and trying not to laugh, Mika spoke with humor and honest conviction.

"That's alright. I think I'll keep him." And she did.

THE END

About the Author

Ashlynn Monroe is a busy wife and mom. She's been writing since she was a teenager for her own pleasure, but in her thirties, she decided it was time to share her stories.

She enjoys writing about anything and everything paranormal or fantasy-related while maintaining a career as a full time customer service professional. When she is not lovingly raising her young family, she is dreaming up her next tale of romance.

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