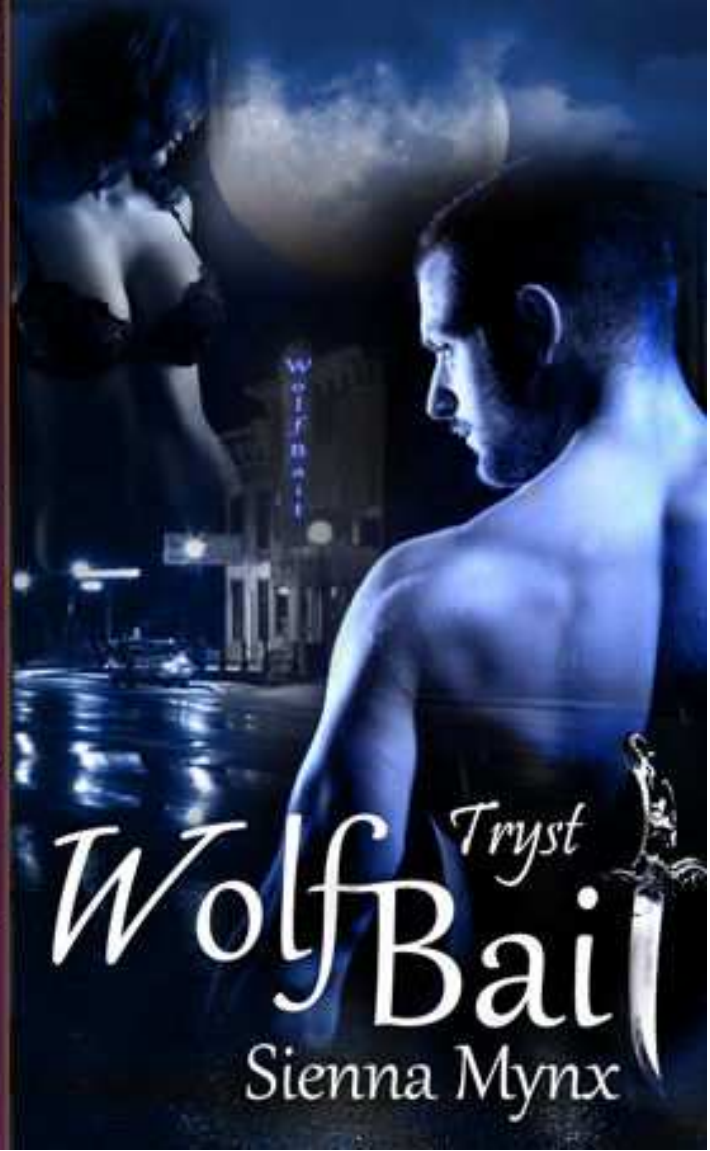


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*Tryst*  
**Wolf Bai**  
Sienna Mynx

*Wolf Bait*

*By*

*Sienna Mynx*

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**Wolf Bait**

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ISBN: 978-1-60088-597-6

Cover Artist: Fiona Jayde

Editor: Leanne Salter

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Cobblestone Press, LLC

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## **Dedication**

Special thanks to Madame Z for encouraging me to cross the line and let my inner alpha run free!

## Chapter One

The neon sign blared: *Club Wolf Bait*.

Dillon's gaze lifted to the blinking letters. He kept his gaze trained on the words for long minutes until his eyes stung and watered. He blinked and dropped his gaze to the line of twenty-somethings impatiently waiting to be one of the chosen.

Half would die on a night like tonight. It was close to midnight. Feeding had begun six hours ago.

Dillon's line of vision lowered to the rain-slicked pavement, and he trained his eyes to adjust and reach beyond the approaching beams from arriving cars. Raising his hand, he stroked the newly grown stubble on his chin; this time of night, he grew hairy. The shift was imminent. The split of pores and cells as follicles broke through and the shadow of a beard formed. He was powerless to prevent these changes. But the beast in him whispered that change was good at times. To be free to roll out of his human form and run for the desert then drag down a kill and rip its flesh from its bones between his teeth.

He sighed.

Dillon's elbow rested on the inside window panel of his black-on-black '67 Impala. He parked discreetly across the street, and despite the chill of the night, he kept his window down to inhale all the warnings and messages carried in the breeze. He'd been watching the entrance to the club for three hours now. He was close. This had to be it. Two years of searching ended there. His nose led him there. He licked his

dry lips and swallowed. Soon the blur of lights and others faded under the flutter of his lashes before they closed. Here is where he'd find salvation or damnation; this was to be his end.

*December 12, 2007*

"She was hot. I'm telling you she was sexy-hot, man." Peter laughed. He turned and walked backwards, his backpack stacked high on his shoulders. He offered his infamous lopsided grin that left Dillon questioning the truth of his beer-induced tale.

Peter, his first cousin, was like his twin. They were the same height, same build, had the same eyes, and the same Scotsman tan.

Dillon gripped the straps of his backpack to the front and held on to the weight he carried across his shoulders. The walk to the hostel was a shorter one through the village, if they crossed the fields and went through the forest.

"If she was so into you, how come she was nowhere in sight when I returned from the loo?"

"Mixed signals, I think." Peter shrugged, carefully stepping backward through the grass and fallen branches. "Don't know, but she was giving me the eye. And she was different—African American different." Peter smirked. He turned and walked ahead.

Dillon looked up to an amazing sight; a moon so large it filled the sky. It was big, really big. He frowned. "She's not African American if we're in Perth."

"She was American. With legs like that, she's from the states. Yes, she was....definitely." Peter chuckled. "They don't grow them like that in the hamlets. I'd know about that. All I know is this was an American lass."

"Hey, check it out." Dillon tossed his chin upward to the sky.

Peter turned, nearly running into the branch of a tree. He knocked it out of his way. "Check what out?"

Dillon pointed.

His cousin's head went back, and he slowed to a stop. The moon hovered so large and close that it owned the sky. Even Peter was temporarily silenced. After several long minutes he said, "Shit, that's a

helluva moon.”

“It didn’t seem that big, did it, when we left the pub?”

Peter laughed. “You saying it’s growing?”

Before Dillon lips parted to answer, a howl ripped through the air with piercing sharpness. Both men froze. The moon with all its brightness did not penetrate the shadows that gathered between the trees and up in the thick, leafy branches.

“What the fuck is that?” Peter whispered.

“A dog.”

“A wolf?”

Dillon frowned. “Do they have wolves in Scotland?”

“Fuck, man, what do you think? It sounded close.”

“Right, it did. It sounded really close.” He turned in a full circle, expecting to see the unexpected. Whatever it was, he sensed it. It was close, and getting closer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dillon reached over to his right. His fingertips brushed the spine of the journal—Peter’s journal. When he awoke in the hospital shortly after the attack, there were few things left of Peter to claim, including his body. This was all that he had of him. So he continued the story of his cousin’s life to replace the one robbed by what shouldn’t exist. He survived many a full moon since by putting what was left of his soul on the pages of paper between. It gave him comfort and a sliver of hope that maybe he’d finally get the chance to right the wrong. Dillon picked it up and untied the weathered string that bond it shut, opening the pen from his inside the glove box he wrote:

*October 24, 2009 – Saturday / midnight*

*The boy said my search ends here. I met him two days ago in another club, a den. Only seventeen, he was rumored to be over two-hundred years old. I thought he was the one. I was wrong.*

*Killing him gave me no satisfaction. It did give me answers, maybe the truth. When the dying boy normalized, he confessed all he knew. In the end, I was left with one name: Loramendi. The name I needed to hear to confirm I was on the right trail. Now, I can find the beast that had turned us both.*

*I've learned to be cautious of the Lycans. They are suspicious by nature and master manipulators. So this lead could be a trap. I'm prepared for that as well. You must go into the bowels of hell to meet the devil, and for me it may be a one-way trip. Killing the Lycan that delivered the cursed bite frees every soul he's claimed. It will free mine. That makes it worth it. I'll finally be free.*

D -

Dillon stared at the word *free*. He closed the binder and released a burdened sigh. He wanted that freedom; he'd rather die trying for it than be what he'd seen, what he knew walked amongst everyone in the day. It fed on flesh and blood and innocence. It polluted and corrupted then seduced its survivors into slavery. A slave to the moon.

His palm itched. A fiery sting that webbed from the center then sent pain through every nerve in his hand to the tips of his fingers. He squeezed his hand shut then opened it, then raised it to eye level, studying the bubbled surface of his flesh and the carved pentagram like a brand in a circle in his palm. The mark of the beast is what the doctor said.

*December 15, 2007*

"Noooo," he screamed from his hospital bed, his body bucking and convulsing. The nurses, both male and female, struggled to hold him down. He growled at them. A canine, throaty growl that had him foaming at the lips.

"Hold him still! Hold him!" the doctor ordered as he raised an abnormally long needle.

"Omigod! Look at his eyes!" One nurse cried, stepping back, leaving the others to the battle.



Dillon snarled, snapping at the one closest to him, nearly ripping her throat open. The pain had him howling in agony. He felt his bones snap and break and bend. He howled as tears bled down his face. His skin continued to bubble and grow hair. He felt his flesh stretching and peeling away from his bones. "*Arghhhh*," he screamed.

The doctor came in close with the needle. "Son, we are trying to help you. You've been taken by the beast. Pray we aren't too late. Trust us...."

It was all he heard before liquid heat was injected into his veins and darkness came. In darkness, he could remember. He could remember what happened to Peter....

\* \* \* \* \*

"Walk! Fast! *Go*," Dillon said to his cousin. The howling was different, something wicked and mocking. To Dillon the sound was closer to laughter. He scanned the shadows in the forest, in the direction it came. He kept expecting to see it—the animal or thing that stalked them. It laughed at them, toyed with them. He kept bracing with each fast step to be taken down. He was so focused on the pending doom, he was blind to the immediate danger.

"Dillon, I think something is—"

Dillon's head turned at the rushing sound of crunching leaves and branches in front of Peter. Something inhumanly big leaped out, taking down his cousin mid-flight. Peter hit the moist, leafy earth face first, screaming and swallowing clumps of dirt.

"*Peter*," Dillon yelled in shock and panic. He grabbed a fallen tree branch, brandishing it at the animal. But he didn't know where to strike; it was covered in hair and shaped oddly, almost man-like. Dillon attacked the hairy creature, the size of a grizzly, from behind. The thing clawed at Peter's backpack, ripping into the rolled tent and the stuffed luggage of jeans and T-shirts.

"Help me! *Help me*," Peter yelped.

But the animal turned. It stood upright on its hind legs, at least

eight foot tall. With the face of a wolf and eyes glowing a bright gold, it had an elongated snout and too many extended fangs to count.

Dillon froze under its gaze. He imagined hell flames not to be red, but gold like the hottest core of molten lava, gold and deceptive. They glowered down on him. The animal dripped drool as it snapped its jowls and growled deep in its throat. It was part wolf, part man, part demon from hell. Dillon stumbled back in shock. The thing had arms longer than its torso, with hands like talons, and claws that extended razor sharp out of each finger. It snarled.

“Run, Pe-Pe-Pe-Peter. Run...” Dillon mumbled, stumbling back. And the thing...it *smiled* at him. It definitely smiled. He was sure of it before it delivered a backhanded smack that ripped flesh from the side of his face and shoulder. I knocked him off his feet, slamming him into a thick oak, his backpack cushioning some of the impact. The pain nearly took him out. He wished it had. Because if it had, he wouldn't have had to lay there semi-conscious, bleeding from his face and chest, while watching the monster eat Peter.

## Chapter Two

Dillon tossed the journal. He closed his eyes once more, his body racked with tremors. A telltale sign of the worse yet to come. He leaned against the steering wheel, reaching over for his bag beneath the dash on the passenger side. He pulled it up, panting, wheezing, digging deep for his little black pouch. The heat in his palm had spread through his arm, continuing to pump through his bloodstream to control every muscle, every cell. His heart worked fast to keep up with the hits of adrenaline that thickened his blood and readied his body for the metamorphosis.

The tribal beat from hundreds of years of those Lycans before him that ran with the pack hammered him. It called to him on the night before the full moon, made him want to strip off his clothes and bay at the moon. With a dick of granite and bones made of steel, he growled back in his throat and summoned calm.

He resisted.

With shaky hands, he removed the syringe and placed it on his lap. He tied the rubber tubing around his arm, pulling it tight with his teeth. His vein bulged, pulsing hard with the virus. He plunged the needle deep, releasing the solution and drawing back his own blood in the exchange. Dillon closed his eyes and bit down hard on his tongue to withstand.

*December 17, 2007*

"What...where?" he stammered.

"It's okay. You're okay." A woman with the softest blue eyes said

with an even gentler smile. She dabbed at his forehead. The cooling brush soothed the fire that blazed just beneath his skin. "You're in the hospital. I'm Dena. Doctor Velfore is coming."

"Where is...my..."

"I'm sorry." She put her hand over his. "Your friend didn't make it. He died. But we were able to slow down the process. There is a lot you must know. A lot the doctor can explain. But rest. Rest now, and he will. He'll explain."

Dillon closed his eyes, tears slipping out the corners of his lids. He remembered the thing; he remembered it all. The way it ripped apart Peter's chest and fed off his bloody organs, his heart, his stomach, his intestines, all of it, while Peter remained alive—dying. It fed, snarling and snapping, and then looking back over at him with greed, hunger, and insatiable lust glistening in his hellish gaze.

"Oh, sweet merciful God, why? *Why?*"

"That's right, pray. Prayer works, and you now have the mark of the beast. So you'll need it," she whispered back as darkness came.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is said that if AZT is taken early enough, it could work on reversing the HIV virus. Lies, all lies. The drug was to make you live with the disease, not cure it. Dillon knew the suffering of the afflicted, because he joined them in a macabre way. The clock kept ticking, no matter the dose. He learned from Dr. Velfore how to live with the curse and keep from changing. He learned of the final cure. The eradication of the werewolf that bit him. Killing it would free them all.

Dillon was a realist. The medical solution had run its course. Two long years, and he neared his end. He could see the signs in every changed part of him. First it affected his hearing, then his sight, and now his nose. It was his nose that proved to be the most useful, the biggest weapon to track and outrun them, or wage battle when he hunted in their dens. It helped him sniff them out in the daylight and hide from them under the full moon.

His survival guide.

Lastly, there was a change the solution couldn't mute. Hunger. Nothing seemed to satisfy it. He was reduced to raw meat just to stave off the pains. But he was constantly hungry for something fresh. Soon the virus, curse, whatever it was, would win out, and he'd give in to that bloodlust. Then his soul would be damned.

"Shit." He released a satisfied sigh as his body stabilized. "Shit, yeah..." he moaned, welcoming the relief. Before becoming a hunter, he was a college student on a furlough, backpacking through Europe, fucking village girls and getting wasted with his best friend. Those days were long gone.

It was time to act while he possessed the strength and courage. Dillon pushed the door open and dropped a Timberland boot clad foot out onto the graveled road. He stood just under six-foot-two, dressed for his wandering in faded blue jeans, a worn, brown leather jacket, and a plain blue tee underneath. He slammed the car door and felt for the gun he had tucked in the back of his pants, hoping he passed through without incident. The boy said the club was a hotbed for Lycans on the night before the full moon. Dillon sniffed. He smelled the testosterone and markings of dominion for several blocks. They were definitely present.

"Hey, cutie, lines back there," a short redhead with piercings in her nose, brow, lip, and chin said. She wore black lipstick, and deep kohl shadowed her eyes. She would be pretty if she hadn't worked so hard to cover it up.

The bodyguard looked him over. The giant wore a tailored suit, and his nostrils twitched, picking up Dillon's scent. The bodyguard gave a nod and lowered the rope. Lycans were given free passage. Always. The crowd began to protest when Dillon strolled in with most suspecting he wasn't a VIP. But no one dared challenge him; even the humans knew this place had its rules. It was working to his advantage. For now.

The music flooded his senses, nearly blowing out his eardrums. A wall of bass and mixed synthesized beats that pummeled his sensitivity and rattled his skull caused his nose to bleed. *Fuck!* He had forgotten his earplugs. He had to work hard to force himself to control it, wiping the blood from his nose to keep from being seen.

"Hey, wanna dance?" A brunette sidled up against him in the crowd, her hand going to his back. He turned to keep her from feeling his gun. She wore leather and lace everywhere. She smelled of alcohol and the coppery fragrance of blood, feminine blood. Another sniff and he looked down at her exposed cleavage knowing the scent. She was menstruating.

"No." He moved on, shouldering those that wouldn't move out of the way, pushing past the crowd of gyrating bodies to the less populated section of the bar. He didn't want a human, he wanted his target, and he needed an easy-talking Lycan to give him the details.

"What you drinking, brother?" the walnut-skinned bartender asked with a hard look to his eyes. A large silver hoop hung from his left lobe. His height and bald head gave him the look of a genie from a bottle.

"Run it," he answered, giving a nod to the beer on tap. He would like a couple of hits of Patron, but that would be risky. He needed to be alert. The bartender smiled then gave a nod of respect in return. Dillon dropped against the bar, looking back at the club and those gathered. He was adjusting to the flashing neon lights that had the glow wands in the partier's hands shimmering, and all the pungent orders of booze, sex, and corruption that flooded the place. There was a fifty/fifty split. More Lycans than usual were gathered. It was strange. Something was up.

"Here you go, blood." The bartender slid his glass across the bar. "What's up tonight? Why so many out?" Dillon asked casually.

"Namina is performing. No one turns down a Namina performance, dig?"

Dillon looked back to the stage. There were men in black setting the stage and putting up a crowd control barriers between the stage and the growing numbers of partiers. The band walked out carrying their instruments. A live performance? He wondered if she was Lycan, too.

He looked back, but the bartender had moved on, passing out drinks. "Hey, my man, got a question. I'm looking for someone," he said over the music and others screaming drink orders. He didn't have to raise his tone; the bartender could easily pick up his voice over the others.

"Go head."

"*Loramendi*? Know him?"

The bartender's gaze lifted from the drink he sifted. Dillon saw it

all pass over his face: surprise, distrust, rage. Enough primal anger that Dillon wished he'd drawn his gun packed with silver bullets before he asked.

"Never heard of *Loramendi*, friend." The bartender moved on, a dead giveaway that he indeed did know. Dillon had scored. He was on the right trail. He usually finessed the scene and got his information gradually, but he was short on time and patience. The dark energy of the place had his chi fucked, and his hunger intensified with the brush of the humans.

Downing the beer, he kept his sharp vision trained on the bartender, watched as he said something through clenched teeth to another. The man looked down the bar at him. They were purposefully guarding their speak. It was on. The man then mouthed something to another, who spoke to another and along the chain it went. Dillon tracked the message as it climbed the steps to the VIP corner.

"Bingo," he said.

He stepped from the bar into the sea of dancing partiers worked up to a frenzy over the latest pop song. Holding his beer, he moved through the crowd. A man sat in the center of the gathered females. He could see his pants leg. He could make out the crest of a pentagram and crescent moon on his ring finger, which rested on his knee. The news was delivered. There he was: *Loramendi*.

## Chapter Three

*December 19, 2007*

"You're awake."

Dillon waited for his vision to clear then stared at the old man with the receding hairline and overgrown beard. His attention moved on to a very modest hospital room with one window. The doctor sat where the woman had the last time he awoke. He swallowed, and it hurt so bad tears sprang to his eyes. He groaned.

"Easy. You were tubed. We had a bad night last night, but you made it through. You're recovering, or something close to it," the doctor said. "You must be careful."

Dillon frowned. He lifted a hand weakly and touched the bandaged area that covered the side of his throat to his shoulder. He felt no pain there, but the bandaging was a shock. How badly was he hurt?

"You've completely healed. You did the first night you were here. I keep the bandages there to not scare the rest of the staff. Only a few know what you are, and what we did to save you. If they all knew...well, I couldn't keep you safe."

"What I am?"

"Lycanthrope, shape shifter, werewolf," he said simply.

Dillon blinked in horror.

The doctor gave him a sad smile. "You were bitten by a beast we know to be *Loramendi*. Its terror has rained down through the highlands for several years. I've treated others."



"That makes no sense," he said hoarsely. "They don't exist."

The doctor stared in response. Dillon closed his eyes, seeing the thing again. Seeing but not believing. Seeing and wishing it had been him, not Peter, so he wouldn't have to share the burden of this knowledge.

"I've found it to be viral," the doctor said. "It attacks the blood, the white and red blood cells. I'm treating you with AZT. It slows down the reaction. Slows it, but doesn't stop it. I only discovered this recently. I wish I had known before my Martha died."

"Not true." He refused to believe or accept it.

"It is true. You will hear me well. On the night of the next full moon, you will transform without the mixed brew of AZT, and even with it, you will...change." The doctor removed his glasses and began to clean them on his lab coat hem. "The only cure for you is to kill the monster. To free all who are cursed. You're a good man, a good boy. It's possibly why the beast wanted to let you live. To poison you, corrupt you. I've noticed a pattern in the ones that suffer the bite. They were like you, pure of heart. But you will heal and do us all the favor of hunting it and sending it back to hell where it belongs."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dillon had his mark. He sniffed hard, a deep inhale of old knowledge and brute strength. The Lycan above was *Loramendi*; he was sure of it.

"Ladies and whores! Boys and pimps! It's time to crank this motherfucker up!" came the MC's voice, booming through the invisible sound system. A hush moved through the crowd before they erupted in a cheer and screamed their heads off.

Dillon turned his attention to the stage.

"She's here. One performance only, and she's yours. You motherfuckers *ready?*"

They collectively screamed, "Yes!"

"Well, all right, I bring to you—*Namina.*"

The lights dimmed. The drummer beat down several ticks then

picked up a tribal call from the drums, while the horn player blew out a stream of melodies wrapped in silky notes that caused even the hardest of partiers to calm.

Entranced, Dillon stepped through the crowd. A single beam of light shone at the center of the stage, where smoke began lift in thick, misty swirls from the floor. There was a howling from the back, and then she emerged.

Namina wore a golden-brown sheath the same color as her skin. A dress that under the bright light gave the illusion of her being naked as it clung and defined each curve to her goddess-like body. It had no shoulders, dipped perilously low in the front to accentuate the most perfect pair of breasts he's ever seen, parting them so a topaz and diamond encrusted medallion could rest between. The skirt was so short it begged every man in the room to bow in respect, to pay homage to the beauty of her long, slender legs. It was simplistic, classy, and so damn erotic that Dillon found himself walking toward the stage to be near her, to get closer.

She stepped farther into the lights, striking a pose that stole his breath. He noted that her legs had been rubbed in oils. His nose knew the scent. It was almond butter that made them glisten so tastily, filling his nostrils with her heady, sensual scent. He inhaled deep. The fragrance of her sex told him she was in heat. His mouth watered. He actually licked his chops as her hips swayed with each step that drew her to the microphone. His gaze slid down her legs, which ended in a monochrome pair of stiletto heels that tied at the ankle and were the same neutral color of her dress.

This was the only time he was grateful for the curse, because without it he couldn't get the close-up view the distance between prevented. Her hair was cut in a dark, layered pixie cut with long bangs over perfectly arched brows. Her mouth, moist, inviting, colored a deep caramel, tipped at the left corner as if she knew what she was doing to him. Then he lifted his gaze from the voluptuous pair of lips to meet her stare, and he knew she did. She stared directly at him. Chocolate-colored shadowing outlined her long-lashed eyes and added sensuality and mystery.

She stroked the head of the microphone and licked her lips with the tip of her pink tongue. Dillon growled deep in his throat.

She was stroking him.

She pointed through the crowd, directly at him, and began to sing with the most beautiful voice he'd ever heard. Dillon nearly dropped on all fours from the sound of it. He couldn't escape it.

The song.

Her scent.

The melody.

Her scent.

The words.

Her scent.

The way she moved those fuck-me-anyway-you-want hips enslaved him. He wasn't alone. Guys holding girls, guys holding guys, guys holding themselves, all swayed to her song. She was Lycan, of that there was no doubt. But she was the most beautiful and tempting one he'd ever encountered.

Dillon had to force a mental block. Literally rip himself away from her hold. To do so left him winded. She bellowed such a high-pitch wail after his withdrawal it went through him to the bone.

He feared looking back at her. Instead, he stumbled back to the bar, pushing those others transfixed away. But she had him, and he was hungry. So very hungry...

## Chapter Four

"Yo, you. I hear you looking to meet *Loramendi*?" The voice questioned from the right, and a hand placed on his shoulder stopped his retreat.

Dillon snarled, shaking off the hand. She had him open, fucked up. Her pheromones were in his nose deep, on his tongue. He was reduced to growling as he shoved several out his way. The swiftness of the reaction shocked him. His body was on edge from wanting to take her, to make her his mate in front of the hundreds grooving to her song. The assault left him dizzy and panting. How the hell were the other Lycans able to withstand it, or was she giving off scent just for him? Was that possible?

The offending man that touched him earlier refused to give up. He started walking at his side as Dillon concentrated on sniffing out a space to the far recesses of the club that was clear of her, out of her reach, to get her out of his head.

"You looking to meet or not?" the Lycan snarled.

Dillon nodded. Robbed of speech, he continued his own low growl, his jaws growing iron tight. Namina was still working on him, stroking him from behind, her voice like an invisible caress. Her body heat so close he was nearly convinced he was in her arms. He resisted the urge to touch himself for relief.

"Fuck you then."

"No. No, I do want to meet. Take me. Take me now," he barked. His chest heaving, his leg muscles tightening for a battle stance, he had to chill. Dillon picked up on the lust of others for her, and it challenged to his

alpha. She was his. He'd rip their throats out if they dared try him on the fact. It was maddening. And she kept singing to him, fucking with his head. He turned from the direction of the bar, stumbled, then straightened and walked the rest of the way with fists clenching and unclenching. He was led to the side stairs, which he climbed, refusing to look back. He did a mental block, pushing her out of his head, ridding himself of her scent, trying to let go of his urge to act on the tide of emotions rolling through him.

The VIP room was tight with the Lycans. The pack that ran under *Loramendi*, he supposed. Several gazes cut to him in disgust and disinterest. Finally, his songbird who tortured him ended his torment. She concluded her song. He could breathe again. It was as if she timed his release for his arrival. It happened exactly at that moment.

"Welcome." A woman rose from the tangle of arms and legs that held her down on the sofa. She wore black leather so tight it was nothing but a second skin. She walked with a feline ease, capturing his eyes with her own. "I'm Sheena, and this is the clan. You're lucky; *Loramendi* is interested in meeting you as well. You have a direct invite into the den. Not many newbies are granted such privilege."

Dillon was confused at first. He thought the club was the den.

"This way," she said, turning. Her long ponytail swayed, matching the rhythm of her hips. She sashayed off, trailing the same female sex perfume that the songbird wore, but a more muted version. Beauty on the stage was the real deal. She had branded him with her scent and the secret promise in her song lyrics for more.

As he followed, a thought occurred to him. *No one has checked me for my piece.*

He assumed security was tight. Why hadn't anybody run him through the routine? His guide disappeared through parted black curtains. He followed. Awesome did not describe the environs he now entered. The den was transformed to a portal that was beyond his imaginings. Above him rained moonlight from a black, starless sky. It seeped through the webbed branches of overreaching trees. A full moon radiance soaked through his clothes, warmed his blood, and clawed at his groin. He fought down the animalistic urge to drop on all fours, to hunt,

to give chase to what moves in the shadows.

Dillon shuddered hard. He sniffed and let his senses do the seeking. He inhaled the night filled with the raw musk of animal hide mixed with decaying vegetation and the woodsy smell of cedar bark and pine. They traveled a worn path through a shifting forest to their left and their right. His gaze flickered back and forth as he saw shadows drift and take on bulk.

He growled to the back of his throat. This strange forest spoke to him. He could run free under the moon. No fear of his beast existed. This place promised freedom.

Sheena walked ahead of him as the cypress swallowed the path. He knocked branches from his face, his breathing growing labored as he crushed dried leaves and twigs under his boot heel. They arrived at an opening to a cove. Cave blackness awaited when she drew back the leafy curtain.

Dillon paused.

Sheena winked and went through.

It was when they descended the spiral staircase, which reminded him of the one that led to Frankenstein's lab in the horror movies, that yet another world opened to him. The candle flames flickered from the mounted fixtures on the brick-layered walls. He arrived at the bottom step after what seemed like hundreds and was then led through a city block long foyer, past a huge central fountain that rose up out of a black marble floor. The fragrant burned wicks mixed with melting wax flushed the scent of Namina from his nostrils. He inhaled deeply, desperate for the cure. He had to be at his ready. She had him forgetting his mission and conjuring a new one to serve her mysterious purposes.

*Remember, Dillon, the Lycans are cunning and deceptive. If they bring you in, it's to serve a purpose you don't know. Remember. Be on your guard...*

His vision sharpened. He could see through the shadows, the dark coves in the walls that surrounded them reaching all the way up to the domed ceiling. He saw a Lycan crawl out of one and scurry over to another on all fours like a quick-moving spider. Even he found it eerie.

There in the shadows were deadly pairs of eyes of amber, coal, amethyst, and gold that watched him with hate and envy. Others in the

clan who were distrustful of his arrival, some of them guessing his intent. He smelled their caged rage, along with the blood and piss of a Lycan's den. It singed his nose hairs and hit the back of his throat, making his insides torch with hunger and the same level of hate.

Dillon centered another silent prayer in his heart and tried to focus. Silently he prayed that the AZT held, and that he would not lose his way. But he was no fool. He was in a Master's den, an Alpha. This was indeed where *Loramendi* dwelled. Nothing he had seen since he was turned even compared. He wondered if the revolver that he kept tucked in his jacket would dust an ancient like this. Was he in over his head?

"Your chamber..." Sheena stopped and ran her hand over the door that seemed to dissolve into an opening, granting him entrance.

"Chamber?" he questioned.

"You are a guest of *Loramendi*. It is offered to all visiting."

He nodded and went through, trying to keep his cool. A small Greek style fountain was the focal point of the room. A long, marble bar was to his right, and behind was top shelf liquor with golden labels. Tuscan designed stools faced it, the seats made of the same black leather that lined the furnishings. To his left were Victorian style chairs and a long, oversized chaise. Behind it was a banquet table with candles and covered dishes that caused his nose to twitch. He sniffed flesh, freshly peeled from the bone.

There was also a bed, covered in black Egyptian cottons and raw Asian silks with a burgundy goose down duvet. The bed was set up high on a three-foot solid marble pedestal, and it didn't stop there. Dillon walked over to the open door of the bathroom that was laid in burgundy marble and golden fixtures. The guide looked on amused as he surveyed the kidney-shaped Jacuzzi with open appreciation. It was canopied with a thin curtain. And he could sense the naughty things that had happened in there.

He didn't like the set up; it was an ambush of a different kind. He turned to question the woman, but she had vanished, and so had the membrane of a door that opened for them to enter.

Dillon wiped his hand down his face, trying to stay alert. He refused to let his anxious nervousness show, refused to give in. He had to

be ready for whatever was waiting for him. He walked a circle in the middle room around a carved pentagram, trying to play out every scenario. To go up against an alpha in his domain was suicide. His only plan was the full Monty.

Suddenly, the hairs on the back of his neck stood on end. His sixth sense picked up movement, someone approaching, and the trail of sexy could only be one person. *Her*.

He swept his gaze over the silk wallpaper. Part of the wall dissolved into dark smoke, which she walked through. Changed. This time a black sheath covered her in a most sexy way. The sensuality that exuded from her was as toxic as snake venom. She had a way of holding his gaze. When she stared at him with golden-brown cat eyes and smiled, he was forced to smile in return. A glittering gold behind the irises made her all the more striking with skin a rich shade of brown. Was she his mate?

He was sure of it.

"Welcome," she said in a soft voice. "We're glad you came."

Dillon didn't speak. He watched her closely, battle stance ready. He'd been caught off guard before. He's had to use his wits and enhanced strength to gain leverage and take down lower level alphas, but not women. They usually wanted to mate or join with him in some fashion for security.

Not her. She was Egyptian in her regality, demanding unspoken respect, and using his desires against him in ways he still didn't fully understand.

"Did you like my performance?"

"Where is *Loramendi*?"

She paused, her hand resting on the sexy curve of her hip. His gaze was glued there for several seconds. His nostrils flared as he lifted his eyes to meet her stare again. He didn't want her to see the effect she had over him, but she knew. Just like he could smell the sweet tang of wolf pussy that let him know she was hot for him. It teased him, baited him, but he had to resist.

"*Loramendi* would appear in time. Now answer my question. Did you like my show?" She walked slowly toward him.



"You know I did. So did every Lycan in the room."

She smiled, obviously pleased, as if his praise held merit. Why would she care? If they suspected him of being a hunter of his own kind and sensed his intent, why toy with him like a kitten with a ball of yarn?

"I've heard of you. The Lycan hunter who has found a cure to keep him from baying at the moon." She gave a soft giggle and didn't seem the least bit repulsed, angered, or leery of him. Just amused. "We have *all* heard of you."

Dillon slowly reached behind his back. Her eyes never left his, but he sensed that she saw him go for it. She just had no fear of it. He removed the heavy revolver with the long nose and chamber packed with silver. Finally, her eyes lowered to it. She looked up at him again with interest. "You hate us?"

"*Loramendi* murdered my cousin, murdered me and countless innocents. Yes, I hate what I've become, and I hate what you are."

"You are so pure even now." She ran her tongue over her top lip as if sampling the air they shared. She gave him a sexy smile as her breathing grew labored, her chest rising and falling. Her sexy was so potent his dick betrayed him and bulged between his legs.

"How old are you?" he asked.

She smiled. "Older than most."

"Then *Loramendi* is your maker, isn't he?"

She winked.

He decided on a gamble. Her unwillingness to fear him made him want to trust her. In a flash, he could unload and smoke her out of existence. He could, but he didn't. He wouldn't. Was she his test? He had certainly suffered through many tests.

## Chapter Five

*December 20, 2007*

"Now remember, Lycans aren't vampires. They don't have the finesse or supernatural powers," the doctor said, pacing as Dillon packed his bag.

Dillon looked up at him confused. "Vampires? Does bigfoot exist, too?" He almost laughed, it was so ridiculous.

But the doctor cut him down with a serious scowl. "Sasquatch is a distant relative of yours and mine. Of course, he exists. Have you not been listening to me? Behind every childhood fable is a truth, a warning. And you'll need to remember them all to be prepared for what moves and hunts humans in the night. Especially since..."

"I'm one of them?" Dillon finished.

"You're better than one of them. You are mankind's only hope of defeating them. Find and eradicate the first in their bloodline."

Dillon nodded. How could he explain that the knowledge he'd received in the week was blowing his mind, his sense of self, his sanity. That he had to hold onto the feeling that there was nothing under the bed and that the monsters didn't hide in the closets. Every man, woman, and child needed that faith.

"Again. Lycans are not like vampires. They don't have the range of powers. Only in their dens can they distort reality, and only the oldest, most powerful posses and harnesses that dark energy. Those dens are the ones you must be very wary of. They are the dens of alphas and their

mates. Some of them are suspected to be older than vampires. They will tempt you, seduce you, and toy with you at first. Sacrifice even the most precious of Lycan to you before you meet *Loramendi*. But not before you are tested. You have to be worthy to be in his presence. Do you understand?"

"How do you know these things?"

The doctor paused as if the question was blasphemous. But he softened, obviously understanding the need for trust. "I told, you my Martha..."

"She was killed."

"No, she was mated. Dragged off our land and mated with a lower alpha. I thought she ran from me. I wasn't the best of husbands, but even my poor, neglectful ways didn't compare to what she had witnessed and endured in his clutches. She returned and showed me the curse, told me the history, helped me search for the cure. And we tried. We tried to free her. When I thought I could save her, I killed her instead. We were not successful. You will be. But you must be careful, be wary of the test. It can come in any form."

\* \* \* \* \*

She drew closer.

"Dillon O'Malley. I like that name."

"How did you...?"

"Your name is burned in the scrolls. Everything is foretold to us. We've been waiting."

"That's not true."

She ran a blood-red fingernail over his bottom lip, silencing him. "Hush now. I have no use for lies; the truth is so much sweeter."

He drew in his lips, her caress too sensual to ignore.

She chuckled. "You're home, where you belong. A warrior with a soul, how trite." She sniffed him, bringing her face so close he could smell the jasmine of wolfsbane on her breath.

His balls drew up and tightened painfully as his cock stirred.

"We welcome you. Trust us, not that doctor and his silly crusade to eradicate the world of our kind. He has lied to you."

"You're a liar."

"He's the liar, Dillon. Look around. Am I'm deceiving you now?"

He looked. She waited.

Then she touched his arm, her hand sliding down it. "He made you a junkie to false hope. There is no cure, no escape. You've been wandering and hunting nothing. There are so many things I could show you."

She flicked her tongue at his mouth, grazing his bottom lip.

The action caused the gun to slip in his hand. He tightened his hold. "I could kill you now." He panted. "Does your maker, your mate, know how dangerously close he is to losing you?"

She gave a soft laugh. "You won't..." She breathed in through her teeth. "...because I know how much more you want to do other things to me."

She stepped back, her hands going behind to draw down her zipper. The gold behind her irises flickered brighter as the candle flames stretched within their candelabrum. *Was she doing that?* Dillon watched as the thin fabric drifted ever so softly from her body. A body made in perfect symmetry with his every desire. Hairless except for a thinly shaven thatch of bush that reached the lips of her sex, she had him mesmerized. He let his gaze slowly climb up her curves and fasten to her breasts. She walked around him, causing them to rise and fall, her hips moving from the left to right, his eyes following.

"You can have me...any way you choose," she offered.

"It's a set up, sweetness. I'm not that stupid."

She laughed. Her fingers brushed his shoulder and back as she passed behind him then stopped to whisper in his ear, "Says the man who walks into a den with just eight silver bullets to battle the alpha male, something he could block before you expelled the first. Right..." She turned and winked at him. "...you aren't stupid, just naïve, young Lycan."

He guessed her to be no more than twenty-two when she received the bite that turned her. No matter how old her soul was, she looked ripe, young, fresh, and deceptively unaware of her prowess to the untrained

eye.

Dillon was now pure alpha male. The doctor had warned what a den would do to him. And he had been in a few. None as ancient or powerful, but strong enough for him to know what he had to draw on. The dark energy would need to be harnessed for his side as well as theirs. He kept the prayer in his heart as he did.

She climbed on the bed on all fours, her knees parting, her jewel exposed to him. He sniffed the air, and his eyes rolled back from the perfumed aroma, top of the line female, the promise of the best in female.

Namina moved her ass at him, calling to him, setting off a low growl deep in his throat. He walked over to the bed before he knew his legs were moving. Stopping at the pedestal base, he stepped up to stand behind her.

Then she began to chant or sing to him in a voice that broke the final barrier of resistance. *"Lecon, sayeth rue la despian. El siceth jistoff perwile. Canneth lipson weres mannelli, delsaphia."*

She chanted in a language so ancient it robbed him of the right to speak. He was playing dangerously close to the edge, but from Adam to Eve the bond between man and woman when challenged could not be severed by logic or reason. It was deeper than any connection. This was his test, and he was failing. He placed his hand to the soft flesh of her left butt cheek.

Namina hissed from his touch and shivered all the way up her bowed spine. She was beautiful to him, smelled divine, whiff after whiff of her fragrance left him intoxicated. He salivated, drooled. Rubbing her ass with the gentlest of strokes, he lowered his face to bury his nose between the split halves, and set the gun on the mattress. As his face went lower and his nose dipped into her sex, he succumbed to her powers and his. She dipped her back, burying her soft cries of pleasure into the pillows, giving her ass an extra lift. He dipped his tongue in and tasted her. As he expected, she was for his pleasure, and more—delicious.

Dillon bit the tender flesh of her clit, and she groaned softly, her thighs quivering. He stopped and sucked hard, delivering both pleasure and pain. She clawed at the sheets, ass circling, her toes curling. He grunted with desire tightly wound in his gut as he ran his tongue flat up

and down her slit, lapping at it like a hound. He nearly sucked her dry.

Lifting for air and some sense of control, he growled so deeply his lips drew back in a snarl. Dillon opened his eyes and saw they flickered gold and amber like hers, his reflection clear in the mirrored headboard. He had gone too far.

Her chanting began again, calling to him, begging him to continue. Dillon licked his sticky lips coated with her juices and unbuttoned the top of his jeans before pulling down on the tab of his zipper. His chest had bulked, his muscles ripping and sculpting thickly under his skin.

He hadn't changed, but he had.

He was still human, but more. And when he removed his cock from his jeans, it bounced up thickly to demonstrate what no mortal woman could withstand. But this woman, she-wolf, begged for the punishing. And he burned to punish her.

Dillon removed his boots. He kicked out of his jeans, shrugged off his jacket, and removed his shirt. He stood behind her with his cock thickening. Her head lifted, and she looked at him through the mirrored surface of the headboard. She licked her lips and visibly shivered with what he could only guess to be the same hunger that consumed him. Her breast swayed with hard, pointed nipples he longed to suck.

He came up behind her and struck. His engorged cock punched through the tight opening of her pussy, allowing him more depth as he plunged long and hard.

She threw her head back and mewled like a kitten, releasing another throaty growl from him. He could feel his canine teeth lengthen, almost felt himself fully change from the sweet velvety descent into her pussy. He gave her thrust after thrust, opening her, and she withstood. But he only did so barely. His mission was abandoned. Surely, this wasn't the way he'd meet his end. After all the battles and all the hunting, he'd die here, fucking the sweetest cherry he'd ever plucked.

*He wanted more...*

Withdrawing, Dillon flipped her to her back, grabbing her left leg, then her right, parting them. He hooked them both around his hips as he came down on her. Lowering his mouth to hers, he kissed her, thrusting his tongue into her at the same time as he did his cock. He growled into

her mouth. She was so tight. She moaned into his.

Her legs fastened tighter over his hips, and her arms went to his sides. He held himself up, hovering above her, with his hands pressed flat into the mattress. Her nails took out long cuts of his flesh as they dug in, all the way down to his waist. He threw his head back and groaned in sweet, suffocating agony. *Oh, how he loved that.* He cupped her at the little indent where her ass cheeks met the tops of her thighs, spreading her open wider for him. Gaining deeper access, he thrust purposefully into her, swinging his hips up, back and forth with precision to deliver deep, long strokes, as her master would.

His mouth covered hers once more. The battle was on. She kissed him just as deeply and eagerly, biting and nipping at the tender parts of his lips. Her body shuddered and arched upward for him. He drew away to look at her. She was his, he had to have her, own her, poses her like this for eternity.

Her mouth glistened with the remnants of the kiss. Her eyes were closed, and her hands went to her breasts, pinching her nipples hard, while she bit her bottom lip. It made him crazy. Every thrust became harder and faster and more powerful. He feared he'd tear her pussy apart from the hammering. But she threw back with equally powerful thrusts that had him grunting and whimpering like a lost puppy.

Dillon rose with arms raised and stretched out at his sides. He remained on his knees, still buried deep in her. She kept her legs hooked around his waist, ass lifting off the mattress. He beat his chest like Tarzan, growling as he kept fucking her harder and harder in that position.

She released a soft chuckle.

He was slipping, becoming less man and more something else. He had to pull back. Stop himself before he couldn't. Before he lost all control. He dropped on her, grunting, grabbing her ass and squeezing. He bit down on her ear before sucking one of her pert nipples into his mouth. "I must...I must...I must...stop..." he grunted.

"Too late," she purred.

He bit her nipple hard. He drew a little blood, which he gladly drank down, suckling it from her. His body worked of its own accord, pumping with such fury. He moved from one nipple then to the other,

punishing them both. He grabbed her by the throat and squeezed as the animal in him battled for control.

She didn't resist, though he heard her gasping for breath. Something unexplainable had a hold over them both. With hurricane-like force, he beat his desires into her thrust after thrust until he emptied his scrotum dry and expelled all of his seed.

Panting, he fell over on her.

Dazed.

Confused.

Lost.

And she chuckled in his ear before darkness consumed him

\* \* \* \* \*

Dillon awoke and flipped over, disoriented. He was alone but covered in her scent. He searched the room for her but couldn't find her. His ear twitched as he listened.

"He's not one of us! You know this, and yet you play these games!"

"He's the most powerful Lycan among us, and you liked my games before." A woman chuckled and someone, possibly male, snarled. Was it Namina? Her voice was less seductive, more authoritative, but it sounded like her. "Now, don't be jealous, lover."

"He is a murderer of our kind. A hunter! He must be dealt with! He *will* be dealt with. I have decided. Do you understand? He's not worthy of the challenge. I will dispose of him now."

She gave a soft chuckle. "I'd like to see you try."

Dillon leaped to his feet. He found his jeans and snatched them on bare assed, then his shirt. He sat and put on one boot then the other. His gun was gone. It didn't matter. It wasn't the weapon of choice. He lifted his boot and checked for the dagger, withdrawing it from the compartment under his heel. He rose, wiping hard at his nose to get her scent out of it, though he needed it to find her. To find whom she spoke with. To find *Loramendi*.

He listened again for him, for them, but their voices grew faint,



reduced to whispers. He tried the wall, searching for an exit as he heard feet approaching, running for him. Growling and snarling. *Loramendi* sent his pet to dispose of him? Well, he was ready.

Stepping back, he waited as the beast charged in, wired up for a blood run. He gripped the dagger painfully tight. It singed his flesh where his palm was marked with the pentagram. He ignored the pain as the creature turned with snapping jaws and hooved feet, standing on hind legs. It swung its long, extended arm tipped with claws, and he ducked.

He swung and delivered a cut just under the ribcage. The monster howled, throwing his head back in fury. Dillon went under him, driving the beast off its feet. The thing was twice his size and weight but, caught off guard, it went down like a baby. On top of it now, Dillon drove the silver dagger into its chest, allowing no time for recovery. He winced as it screeched a blood cry of agony as the blade pierced its heart.

Rising from the thrashing creature, Dillon watched as the beast's long canine-like hair dissolved on its misshaped body. Then it dissolved into the bubbling flesh. It wasn't a man or boy, but a woman. The one who called herself Sheena and had led him to his fate.

She looked up at him with weepy eyes as she thrashed in the throes of death. Silver to the heart was a painfully torturous death. He was almost inclined to spare her, being they were part of the same bloodline. She had to go. He stepped on the handle and pushed the blade in farther with his boot to end her suffering.

Sheena spit up black blood then was gone.

Dillon panted, trying to catch his breath. There would be more. He couldn't hold them all off. He had to get to *Loramendi*. He pulled out the silver blade by its leather-bound handle.

He went through the opening Sheena made. In the hall, he heard little, saw less, and smelled nothing. He was being blocked, his senses distorted to catch him off guard. So he stopped stalking and stood still, listening, waiting. He again took a hit of the dark energy that wanted access to him.

Dillon let some of it fill him, just a sample, enough poison to strengthen him. His shoulders began to bulk three times their normal size. His jeans split and ripped at his thighs as he grew more cut, denser, more

powerful.

On the move again, he ran on all fours, the dagger still tight in his fist. He raced down the hall, then the next, sniffing, hunting tracking.

He charged into a chamber fit for royalty, and Namina lay sprawled on the bed as if waiting for him. He blinked in surprise but saw the shadow of attack before the blow. Successfully, he rolled out of the way as *Loramendi* leaped down on him to attack.

Namina watched them as if they were for her entertainment.

Dillon jumped to his feet. Bulked in weight and foaming at the mouth, he held the silver dagger blessed by the priests in Prague before he set on his journey.

“The gun was a ruse, lover,” Namina purred. “That weapon is what he plans to do you in with. How interesting.” She chuckled.

The beast spoke with the mouth of a wolf, his tongue long and black, curling in and out of its snout as he formed words distorted by his canine jaws. “Then I will carve his heart out for you, my queen, as my trophy!” He snarled and charged Dillon.

Quick on his feet, Dillon dodged him. But he received a claw to the gut during the evasive maneuver. He fell back, wounded. The beast laughed and circled.

Dillon got up. The beast walked around him, giving wide berth. Their eyes locked. The battle lines drawn, death was victory, his or the beast’s. He knew the arrogance of *Loramendi* would send him charging without strategy, he was relying on it.

“Come on, you pussy!” Dillon snarled, teased, taunted.

A wicked grin stretching his snout, the Lycan king’s fangs dripped drool before he charged full speed. Dillon dropped back flat, allowing the beast to go airborne, then rolled out of his landing strike, swinging his dagger point up to gut the monster from its throat to his groin.

Shocked and paralyzed in death pains, the wolf fell over to his side and let go the deepest blood-curdling scream Dillon had heard—almost as deep as Peter’s cries when *Loramendi* butchered him two years ago.

Dillon watched it die then dissolve into a man, just a man like any other, before the hateful golden light blinked out and it was over.

It was done.

It was over.

He rose to his feet, dropping the dagger. Holding his side, he looked to the bed, to his Namina. His new desire was her after only one encounter. "Now we are free," he said, smiling.

She cocked her head to the side. "How's that?"

"*Loramendi* is dead. He lies there, dead. He's freed us."

"Do you feel free?" she asked, licking her caramel-coated lips.

Dillon looked back to the beast then down at the wound on his side. It was sealing, healing on its own. He turned over his palm and still saw the pentagram burning there. "I don't understand."

Namina laughed. She rose from the bed. "We are mated. You passed my test."

"What?"

"I saw you in the pub that night, with the male you wept for, Peter. He was food; you, Dillon, were always much more." Her voice was thick, aged with wisdom that was beyond his understanding.

He looked on with horror as she moved with the feline agility to him, circling, the train of her sheer gown flowing behind her in black ripples of fabric.

"A man that was pure of heart, but not knowing. I wanted you to pass the test. To choose the darkness I gave you with my bite. You came to me and did just that, lover."

"I don't understand. The test was to kill *Loramendi*!"

"Yes, but you didn't. You instead gave me your kill, the biggest prize that can be given to a queen. The killing of her king. Now we are mated. Because the beginning doesn't start and end with man, it's woman who rule the earth. I am *Loramendi*," she breathed in a seductive whisper. "And you are my new king."

Dillon's mind went back to the doctor's warnings, how deceptive the Lycans were, how he should not be manipulated. How he must find *Loramendi* and kill it. But he just assumed that *it* was a *him*, not a queen, not this queen. "You killed my cousin."

She nodded with devilment in her eyes.

He stood there with tears burning his eyes. "You killed him to bring me here?"

“To show the pack who is truly worthy, to make you susceptible to the change. Pain and pleasure live on both sides of the throne. The throne you will rule from my side. A Lycan that can brandish silver and walk or run on all fours at his choosing. Yes, I did. And now you have passed the test. I’m so pleased.”

She touched his face, licked at his tears, then sealed their fate with a kiss. His heart now entwined with hers, he had only one thought.

*Can I kill her and save them all? Or is it too late?*

The End

## **Author Bio**

Sienna Mynx is your naughty writer of Paranormal, Contemporary, and Historical Interracial Romance for readers that love the bad boy's but desire to be the women that tame them. A current resident of southern Georgia, Sienna Mynx has recently emerged into the e-publishing arena. This novella reflects her thirst for romance told from a man's perspective with the diversity she craves in erotic Romance. Look for more to come.

Sienna wants to hear from you! Be sure to visit her website for the latest on her sensual temptations!

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