



Lust Bites
FATED LOVE
Crissy Smith

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Fated Love

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

FATED LOVE

Crissy Smith

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all of my paranormal fans. When *Savage Love* was released a year ago, you embraced me and my writing, and for that I will always love you all.

Prologue

The moon wasn't exactly full but it gave enough light that Crystal could easily make her way through the thick brush and muddy ground. She could have probably found her way without the light of the moon, but it made it a little less creepy.

She'd followed the same paths for months now. Every time she would end up in the same spot. And she would wait.

Sometimes it would be for an hour, other times it would be several hours. Eventually the black wolf would show.

When she reached her destination, she sat down and drew her knees to her chest.

Every night the wolf would come. She loved the nights when he changed into a man in front of her. Her body ached to get closer to him. She knew deep down he was her mate. He was the one who she would be with forever.

All she had to do was wait.

Chapter One

Marcus let the magic pulse through his body until he felt the change start to take him. Changing into his other form had always been an escape for him, one that he welcomed. In the months since his last assignment had ended, he had been spending more time in his wolf form than human.

He stretched out his back legs and bent his head back into the light evening sky. His brother wolf wanted to hurry and run and play, but Marcus controlled him so he could make a survey around him.

His family had made sure his house and land had been well taken care of during the two-year investigation that had kept him from home. But two years was a long time, and he always made sure there was no one around when he shifted.

Immediately his senses brought him a now familiar smell. She was there again. The smell of jasmine and woman assaulted his nose and pulled at him.

He knew she would be waiting for him at the edge of the swamp on the border of his land, just like she always was when he changed.

He wasn't sure what she wanted. It wasn't like he could ask her in this form but he had begun to worry. If she were still there after his run this time, he would have to find out.

Taking off in the opposite direction of the inviting scent, he let his wolf take control and ran.

* * * *

More than an hour later Marcus stalked between the thick trees to spy on the woman who waited for him. He remained in wolf form so he could move silently and not alert her to his presence.

A few yards ahead, she sat on the thick green ground singing to herself. Her low husky voice sent shivers through his body and made him want to turn into a man. Marcus fought the call of her and moved into a better position.

Her head turned to the side even though he knew she couldn't have heard him.

"I know you're there, wolf," she called out to him.

Marcus stayed where he was. He was an enforcer. A hunter for rogue super-natural beings. He wasn't sure what she was but he knew there was no way she was fully human.

She sighed and stretched her legs in front of her but didn't stand. "Are we ever going to get past this? You hiding and watching me?"

Marcus could understand every word she said. Most humans who found out about his people didn't know that. This woman did.

She shook her head causing her long black hair to flow down her back and started to sing again softly.

Marcus hunched down onto his stomach to listen and watch. He loved her voice.

She sang about lost love—never raising her voice, but she didn't need to. His ears picked up every sound she made.

Crystal Johnson was her name, he had found out. She lived on the other side of the bayou with her grandmother. She had lived with her parents until she was nineteen then she had struck out on her own. He knew where she had gone to school, where she lived and worked, but that was all. Even with all of his contacts, he couldn't find a connection between the two of them.

She stopped singing and lay down on the ground closing her eyes. "I love it here. The sounds, the quiet elegance of the swamp, and just the comfort it offers."

Marcus felt the same way. Although he doubted he could have said it the way she had.

"Won't you come out? I won't hurt you. You could rip out my throat before I made a move," she asked, not moving. Her eyes remained shut.

Marcus wanted to be closer to her. Just once he wanted to be able to touch her. To look into her eyes.

He moved onto all fours and quietly moved to the edge of the trees. She remained still, allowing him to creep closer.

When he was within range for her to see him, she opened her eyes, remaining lying on the ground. Her breath caught in her throat for a moment before she blew it out.

"You are gorgeous," she commented, gazing up at him.

Marcus would have said the same about her could he have spoken. Her dark brown eyes were warm and inviting, the smile on her face natural and white, and the petite body stretched out in front of him was just asking to be touched.

She sat up slowly. Marcus stayed poised to run or attack if need be. It wasn't necessary though. She lifted a hand.

"May I touch you? Pet you?" she asked, looking him right in the eye.

He could smell no fear coming from her. Excitement and enjoyment, but not fear or anything malicious, so he moved closer.

One of her hands brushed against his neck before she buried it deep within his fur.

"Oh wow! You are so soft," she murmured.

Her touch sent a jolt through him and he barely bit back a howl, not wanting to scare her. But her touch was warming his sensitive skin and he had to concentrate on not changing back into a man.

He pulled away and took several steps back from her.

The radiant smile never left her face. "You're even better than my dreams," she told him.

He didn't know what she was talking about so he stared back at her.

"My dreams. That is where I first saw you. Coming to me in this form. So I come sit, waiting for you to finally acknowledge that I am here," she started to explain. "The first night I came to live with my grandmother I dreamt about you. And every night since."

It didn't make sense to him. He had never heard about anyone dreaming about him or his pack.

"My name's Crystal. But you probably know that?" She raised one shaped brow at him. "And you're Marcus?"

Surprised to hear his name he tensed.

"I figured you had to be. You're the only one who has been away. I came here for months before you started to show up. Right after your return to town."

So she knew who he was. That was never good news. He started to back away.

"Don't go...please," she told him starting to lean forward.

He growled in warning. He didn't want to have to hurt her. She hadn't done anything wrong except find out who and what he was.

She froze at the sound that came from the back of his throat. "I just want to talk to you. I haven't told anyone, I promise."

Marcus wanted to believe her but he wasn't sure if it was because of the way she made him feel inside or something else. Both man and wolf wanted this female. And until he knew more, that could be dangerous.

Before he could change his mind he turned and ran back to safety.

She called after him but he never slowed.

Chapter Two

Crystal berated herself on the entire long walk from the swamp to where she had parked her grandmother's old car.

She hadn't meant to tell Marcus she suspected it was him that was the wolf but she couldn't help herself. The feel of his fur between her fingers had been more erotic than she had expected.

She'd only had a few very quick glances of Marcus in his human form. What she had seen had been absolutely delicious. He was tall, over six feet, with black hair and crystal green eyes. The same eyes that had stared back at her in the form of the wolf.

As she came to the gravel road she paused, seeing vehicle lights bounce down the road heading towards her. It wasn't dark yet but that didn't mean that the driver would see her as she stepped out of the thick trees.

A new black truck slowed to a stop in front of her. She waited to see what the driver wanted without stepping any closer.

The dark-tinted driver window rolled down revealing the man who occupied her earlier thoughts. He didn't smile just jerked his head to the passenger door. "Get in!" he ordered.

Crystal looked back from him to the truck. Excitement at being able to talk to him was shadowed with a little doubt since he was not happy about it.

He didn't say anything else so she quickly skirted around the front of the truck and jumped inside. Once her door was closed he put the truck in drive and made a wide U-turn, heading back in the direction of his house. She remained silent while he drove, keeping his eyes on the road in front of them.

Crystal tried not to fidget in her seat too much but she couldn't help the feeling of accomplishment at finally getting so close to him.

He smelled wonderful. Like the woods he had just run through and spicy male. She inhaled his unique scent. As she realised what she had done she smiled to herself. They were meant to be. Hopefully Marcus would feel it soon too.

The small confines of the truck were playing havoc with her hormones. She wanted to reach over and run her hands over his skin much like she had his fur.

Before she knew it, they had pulled in front of his house. He reached for the door handle and got out, remaining quiet.

"So he's the strong silent type," she murmured to herself before following his lead. When she walked around the truck, she saw him waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs to his house.

Like many of the older houses located in the area, his stood tall and well-maintained against the setting sun. The porch and shutters had recently been painted a bright white. The wood under her feet as she walked up behind him was solid and in no danger of crashing through. Unlike the ones to her own home.

Marcus held open the screen door so she could enter first. Nerves now taking over, she shuffled her feet as she entered. He placed his hand on the small of her back and led her further into the house.

Crystal almost jumped out of her skin at the first contact.

Marcus manoeuvred her into the kitchen before he dropped his hand. She tried to shake off the disappointment of him no longer touching her and placed her hands on the oak table that took up most of the room.

He walked over to the fridge and she watched closely, loving the fluid movement of his body as he bent and retrieved two beers. He held one up and she nodded.

He kicked the door closed then motioned for her to take a seat.

With relief she did—her legs threatened to go out from under her as he so intently watched her.

He sat in the chair across from her and took a long pull of the dark bottle.

She watched his throat work and pressed her legs together as arousal pulsed deep inside her pussy.

"So..." he started. "Tell me how you came to find out what I am."

His voice was calm but his eyes held a heat that her body recognised. He wasn't immune to what was happening between them either.

Crystal took a drink of her own beer, wetting her dry throat before she spoke. "Like I said...when I first moved here I started dreaming about a black wolf that would come to me. I told my grandmother, who said I should see where the dreams take me."

She paused and waited for him to ask something. When he didn't she continued. "So I started to pay attention to the dreams and where they led. I went out to wander around different areas before I finally came to where the swamp meets your property."

She searched his face as she told the story but his expression was still closed off to her.

"I went back to that spot time and again but the wolf never showed up. I asked around town to see who owned the property and was told it was you. I was also told you worked for the government and were gone for long periods of time."

Marcus took another drink before he spoke to her for the first time. "Then I came home and you still trespassed on my property."

Crystal almost laughed but managed to keep it inside. She wasn't surprised he had picked up on that one fact. "You could say that."

"How did you put together the wolf from your dreams and me?" he asked.

She did laugh this time. "I didn't need the rumours about you and your family, if that's what you mean. I knew. I can't tell you how I knew you were the wolf. I just did."

"My family's been here a long time and no one has ever been bold enough to confront us with these rumours." Doubt sounded in his voice.

"Nor will they. The community loves you all," she admitted even though he had to know. "They would never do anything to put you in danger."

"Yet, here you are." His face tightened showing the first signs of emotion.

"I am not dangerous to you or your family," she quickly told him, hoping he could see the truth in her eyes. "I would never do anything to hurt any of you."

He leant back in his chair and crossed his arms over his chest. "Why should I believe you?"

Crystal leant forward and looked him right in the eye. "Because I am your mate."

Chapter Three

Marcus stared at the woman in front of him. "You're my what?"

Her smile lit up her face. "I am your mate. I know you know what that means. Wolves mate for life and I am yours," she told him as if it should make perfect sense to him.

"I know wolves mate for life. What I don't know is why you think you are mine." It was amazing to sit across from this beautiful woman talking about the subject. He shifted in his chair hoping she couldn't tell how hard he was. He had been since he had changed back into a man.

"My dreams told me," she said simply.

He would have liked to have stood and paced. Put some distance between the two of them, but he remained hidden behind the table. "Your dreams told you that you were my mate."

She blushed a pretty red and dropped her eyes. "Yes."

Intrigued he found himself leaning forward. "What exactly happened in these dreams?"

She fidgeted in her chair for a few seconds before answering. "I told you... you came to me in my dreams."

Marcus finished the last of his beer. "How?"

She looked up surprised. He was pretty sure he knew but he wanted to hear it out loud. It might not be fair to her but he couldn't help wanting the words to come from her mouth.

His cock jumped trapped under his jeans. "How do I come to you?" he asked again. He should probably try to stay on focus but his body wanted her so bad.

She looked up briefly before back down at her hands. "I'm waiting in the same spot. You always come to me first as a wolf. A black wolf. Sometimes I talk to you."

"Then?" he prompted.

"Then you change in front of me. Turn into a man." She was twisting her fingers as she spoke.

"What happens when I'm a man?" Marcus could see that her nipples were hard under the soft cotton material of her shirt.

"Well... then we... you know."

He remained silent.

"Mate," she whispered.

"And I'm the man you *mate* with in these dreams?" He had to be sure. To know that she knew what she was saying.

"I'm not making this up!" she told him sharply apparently over her embarrassment. "It's not just some erotic dream about a man. I know what I feel."

Marcus believed her. His wolf had recognised her as a mate right away but he had to be careful. He couldn't put his family or partner in risk. "And you believe these dreams."

She blew out a breath and took a drink. He could practically see the wheels turning in her head as she thought about what she was going to say.

"I told you I asked my grandmother about my dreams. I've always had unusual ones growing up but never like this. She has them too. Not about me but about her life," she shrugged a shoulder. "It runs in the family."

Marcus reached down and tried to discreetly adjust the bulge in his pants. It was getting harder and harder to listen to what she was saying and not just pounce and make her dreams come true.

"I should take you home," he told her. He needed time to think, away from distraction.

"You don't believe me," she accused looking insulted.

He stood and willed his erection to behave. "You're wrong. I do believe you."

She seemed to relax. "Okay then. I'll let you drive me back to my car if you promise me something."

She stood beside her chair and waited.

"Meet me tomorrow. Please," her eyes begged for him to say yes.

Marcus was powerless to deny her. "I'll meet with you tomorrow. We'll talk more then."

She stood her body barely inches from him. "While you're thinking about this, just remember I know what I'm doing."

It was a bold statement. She was saying she wasn't getting involved with something she doubted. But he *did* have doubts.

He gently took her hand and led her away from the temptation of his bed only a room away.

She didn't say anything else as he drove her to her car. Before she exited his vehicle she leant over and brushed her fingers over his hand.

"I just wanted to touch you again," she whispered intimately.

Her fingers lightly ran over the back of his hand and around his wrist. He caught it with his other hand.

Her gaze lifted to meet his. What he saw was acceptance and need. He bent his head and lightly brushed his lips over hers, much like she had done with her touch.

She moaned and leant closer. Marcus increased the pressure until she opened her mouth, letting his tongue invade.

The first taste of her exploded on his tongue and he released her wrist to pull her closer.

She willingly obliged and wrapped her arms around his neck and held on.

Marcus explored every inch of Crystal's mouth familiarising himself with the texture. She kissed him back almost feverishly a small sound of pleasure escaping.

He pulled back by force of will. "You'd better get into your car," he told her, his voice sounding husky even to his own ears.

She smiled and started to move away. "I'll see you in my dreams."

He moaned as she slammed the door of his truck. His cock throbbed in protest at not getting to come out and play, and the wolf inside growled its own displeasure.

He took several deep breaths as he watched her put the car in gear and drive away. Instinct wanted him to follow but he knew he needed time away.

She seemed to honestly believe her dreams about the wolf and him were a calling. Others in town called her grandmother a witch. She had worked for many years healing others. His own mother had even been to her several times believing that the woman was a miracle. He thought her granddaughter was the miracle.

Afraid he was getting in over his head he pulled his cell phone out of his pocket. He punched in his partner's phone number and waited for him to answer.

During their long investigation, Alex had found his own mate. Kelly's sister had been killed by the man they had been investigating.

In fact they were only able to catch him when he had gone after Kelly at Alex's house.

After several rings his partner answered, sounding a little out of breath.

"Yeah?" Alex grumbled into the phone.

"Hey man, hope I'm not interrupting anything," Marcus laughed at his own joke. Newly mated couples were worse than newlyweds when it came to the time they spent together. The bond that sealed their souls together demanded they mate often to make it stronger.

"You could say that," Alex complained then laughed. "What's up, man?"

"I was wondering if you found anything else out on that girl I told you about?" Alex was the best at sniffing out information.

He heard Kelly giggle before Alex moaned.

"Alex?"

"What? I mean no. The girl's clean. I can't find anything on her," Alex told him quickly.

Marcus had a good idea what Kelly was doing to his friend. "Okay, I was just wondering."

"Is everything okay there? Do you want me to come down?" Alex offered.

"I'm thinking you're *about* to come, man." Marcus teased.

Alex growled at him but his friend was definitely breathing hard.

"I'll be okay," Marcus continued. "Just wanted to check in with you."

Alex only grunted in acknowledgement.

He couldn't listen to any more, so Marcus quickly said goodbye before he hung up. Shoving the phone back in his pocket he chuckled. If that's how it was when you had a mate, he couldn't really think of anything to complain about.

Chapter Four

Crystal towelled her hair dry and sat on the edge of her bed. The kiss she had shared earlier with Marcus still lingered on her lips.

Like every night since she had figured this out, she looked forward to seeing him. She hoped now that she had confirmed who he was, she would be able to see him clearly in the dream.

Before she had only been able to see shadows but still she had no doubt it would be Marcus she would belong with.

She tossed the towel into the chair stationed in the corner of her room before she lay back on the bed and pulled up the soft sheet.

The heat of the south allowed her to be comfortable with only minimal covering. She knew from experience even that would be too much as she slept.

Her eyes began to drift closed as she thought about Marcus. The way he watched her as he was trying to figure out whether he could trust her or not. The strength in his grip when he had held her wrist seconds before he had kissed her.

She smiled as she felt the world around her dissolve, knowing he would be at the other end.

She wore a light blue breezy sundress as she ran through the thick trees, her bare feet making no sound as she jumped over rocks, criss-crossing as she cut through heavily mossed ground to their spot.

He was waiting for her. The black wolf with no other markings. But she knew it was him with those bright green eyes looking up at her.

His body in his wolf form was strong and powerful. It showed he was the hunter, which would make her the prey.

Her arousal was already starting to escape and slide down her legs as she got closer.

He threw his head back and howled, welcoming her and warning all others to stay away. Somehow even in this form she knew what he was saying, what he wanted.

She laid down on the blanket that appeared, fanning her hair out around her, and waited. He started to change, the power of the magic washing over her body making her shiver with anticipation.

It only took a minute before he stood next to her, all man and happy to see her. She reached up to stroke him but he caught her wrist. "It's my turn to play," he told her with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

He dropped down beside her and looked his fill. Every sweep of his gaze was like a caress on her skin.

"Pull up your skirt, let me see you," he ordered gently.

Eagerly she lifted her hips and pulled up the bottom of the dress until it wrapped around her waist. He licked his lips but didn't touch her.

"Now the top!" His breathing picked up as he spoke. "Pull the top down let me see your breasts."

She wiggled and pulled until she was able to expose herself further to him. He moved once more but this time it was down her body.

"Spread your legs. Open yourself to me." The demand was given even as she started to spread her thighs to invite him inside her.

He knelt between her legs still looking but not touching.

"Touch me, Marcus," she begged, not being able to stand his intense stare.

"Oh, I will darling. First I want to see what the fates have granted me," he told her.

She shook in anticipation until he slowly brushed two fingers over the short hairs that covered her cunt. He pressed down against her clit then continued to run his fingers through her folds.

She was already wet and lifted her hips hoping to entice him.

He placed his free hand on her stomach. "Just hold still and let me admire this beautiful body."

She nodded, not trusting her voice.

He leant down and breathed deeply and moaned. "You smell so sweet."

His words mixed with the lust evident on his face were torture. "Please, Marcus, I want you."

His face was still close to her body and she knew he would be able to see the juices run from her body.

"My gift," he murmured, then his mouth was there. Right in that sweet spot as his fingers spread her folds and his tongue penetrated.

She cried out and fisted her hands in the blanket to keep her hips on the ground.

He lapped up her fluids with strong, long licks before he nibbled on the sensitive flesh that surrounded it. Her eyes rolled back and she arched her back, wanting more.

He moved his hand from her stomach and pushed her legs wide to give him better access. Fingers joined his tongue until she was being filled taking her closer to the edge.

Two fingers pumped in and out until she thought she wouldn't be able to take anymore. His mouth moved up to cover her clit.

He added a third finger as he sucked her clit into his mouth and bit down gently. She exploded, releasing more juices into his mouth and on his hand, a scream caught in her throat.

He continued to assault her body with his mouth and fingers, her hips bucking up demanding more, her hands grasping at his head holding him there.

He didn't stop until she was close again. He pulled away seconds before she would have gone back over the edge.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" she chanted trying to reach for him.

Marcus sat back on his heels and stroked his erection. "I have no intention of stopping," he told her. "Not until I have been buried so deep inside you that you will feel me for days. Not until I have fucked you so hard that you are spent and exhausted and have to remember to breathe."

She moaned and reached for him again. No one had ever talked dirty to her before. She had never known how erotic it could be.

"Because that's what I am going to do. I'm going to take you every way I want." His eyes flashed showing the heat of his words. "Is that what you want?"

Crystal nodded and continued to watch as he lazily stroked himself. "Yes. Yes, that's what I want."

"Touch yourself for me," his next order came.

Her hands started to move before her brain even had a chance to comprehend what he had said.

She cupped her breasts squeezing them and moving them in circles.

"Good. More," he grunted as his hand moved faster on himself.

Her fingers found her nipples so she pulled and rolled them between her thumb and fingers.

"God, that's beautiful."

She smiled up at him. She left one hand to play with her nipple and slowly moved the other down her body. She wanted to give him the same pleasure he was giving to her. She liked watching as his hand moved up and down on his hard shaft. So if he liked to watch her play with herself, she would give him a show.

Her fingers brushed across her still sensitive clit and she used two of them to rub...hard. Before she could come without him she continued the journey down. The earlier climax and his mouth had left her dripping wet.

Two fingers easily slide between her folds until she felt herself stretch and they were inside. She lifted her hips keeping her legs spread and started to ride her own hand.

She had masturbated before but never in her life had it been so hot as it was with him watching her.

"If you don't get inside me quick I'm going to come again," she told him hoping that he would finally fill her.

He sent her a dazzling smile. "I agree."

Quicker than she expected he moved forward and caught her hand. His fingers joined hers and they pushed inside and withdrew several times together.

She cried out, close but wanting to wait. He lifted her hand and licked each digit clean before nipping the skin of her thumb.

"I will never tire of the taste of you."

She hoped not because she knew she would never get enough of him.

He held her legs opened as he positioned himself at her entrance. "I hope you're ready, darling, because this is going to be hard and rough."

"I'm ready! Now!" she agreed.

He thrust inside her causing a scream to escape her. He went deep, just as promised, and filled her like never before. Before she could catch her breath he was moving.

He plunged inside with a speed that seemed impossible. Each time he pounded inside her was harder than the last.

Crystal raised her legs further up on his back and gave herself over to him.

"Come for me," he grunted next to her ear.

She did. One orgasm turned into another as he slammed inside over and over.

Then he lifted his head, his eyes closed, and howled his release – warm seed shooting inside her womb, claiming it for only one man.

Chapter Five

Marcus looked out the living room window at the setting sun. He knew Crystal was waiting for him but for the first time in his life he was nervous.

The dream he had shared with her the night before had been so intense he no longer had any doubt she understood what he was. Now he wondered if she realised how powerful she herself was.

It would take a strong witch to take and hold him in a dream. He had never met one himself. He knew she wasn't aware of it and that only added to his worry.

Unable to stay away from her any longer, he made his way to the edge of the pathway that would lead him straight to her.

He removed his clothes and willed the magic of his body to take over. Soon he was standing on all fours collecting the scents around him. Crystal's was the strongest, calling to him to go.

He purposely took off in the other direction and ran.

Half an hour later he stood and watched as she sat with her head back, hair swaying in the wind, talking to herself.

He stepped closer and she jerked her head to the side.

"I was beginning to think you weren't coming," she told him, uncertainty laced in her soft voice.

He dropped his head in apology and walked to her and pressed against her leg.

Her hand dropped and she dug in fingers in his fur. "You're forgiven then."

He licked her hand and pulled away. He hoped she would understand as he started to walk towards his house. He couldn't change there. Her touch had been too good and her smell too inviting. He wanted to get her home first.

As wonderful as the dream had been, he had no intention of taking her out in the middle of a swamp.

He took several steps and looked back at her.

"You want me to follow you?" she asked looking ahead of him.

He made a sound and looked to his house and back at her.

"You want me to go home with you? Okay," she started to walk to him and some of the tension left his body.

She talked the entire time it took them to get into his yard. He didn't mind, enjoying hearing about the different plants from the bayou that she and her grandmother collected for healing.

It was evident in her voice how much she loved her grandmother and that relieved him as well. His pack, his family were a big part of his life. If she was going to be a part of that life she would have to get used to it.

When he reached his clothes he stopped. She looked down and smiled.

"So you're going to change now? I was hoping you weren't going to stay a wolf all night," she teased.

He playfully nipped at her leg.

"Do you want me to go inside and wait?" she asked looking up at the house.

He made another noise he hoped she would take as a yes.

"Okay. I'll see you soon." That easily, she headed into the yard and up the stairs.

Marcus watched her graceful walk before he picked up his clothes in his mouth and went deeper into the woods.

Once he had shifted and pulled on his jeans he followed Crystal's scent to the kitchen. She sat like she had the day before, at the table with a beer in front of her. There was also a fresh one for him.

He smiled as he brought the bottle to his lips. "Thank you."

He watched her watch him. He took several swallows before he sat down.

"I'm glad you came," she told him playing with the bottle in front of her. "I wasn't sure if you would."

"I gave you my word. That is not something I will break if I can help it." That he could tell her honestly.

"Is that the only reason you came?" her eyes were wide and open, asking for the truth.

"No it's not. Although I am still a little unsure about all of this," he admitted.

"About me?" she asked.

He took another pull at his beer as he bought himself time. He didn't want to say the wrong thing. "I'm concerned whether you fully understand what getting involved with me means."

"I know," she started to interrupt.

He held up a hand and continued. "No matter how I might seem to you, I am not fully human. I am part wolf and that will cause you some difficulties."

"I know you're part wolf. It was the wolf that first came to me."

"But do you understand that because of what I am, I work as an enforcer. I police other beings that can be dangerous. That could put you in harm's way." He didn't want to scare her away but he had thought a lot about what to say to her.

"You're worried that they will come after me?" she asked as she began to understand. He could see the knowledge in her eyes.

"My partner Alex's mate was attacked by a vampire that we were investigating." He rose and got another beer from the fridge. "It would have killed Alex if anything had happened to her."

He heard her get up and a moment later felt her hand on his shoulder. "Was she okay?"

He turned to her. "Yes we got there in time. Because of the mating bond, he knew she was in trouble."

She ran her hand down his arm until she linked his fingers through his. "So he was able to protect her because they were mates."

He nodded.

"Thank goodness. But that just proves that accepting your mate would protect them better."

"She wouldn't have been in danger in the first place," he tried to explain.

"You don't know that. What if she would have been in danger because of something else? Then her mate would know."

It sounded logical and Marcus had to laugh. "This isn't exactly the way I thought this would go."

She laughed with him and stepped closer. "First thing you should know about me is that once I make up my mind, I stick to it."

Marcus sat the new bottle of beer on the counter and wrapped his arm around her waist. "You can't be halfway into my world. It's all or nothing."

She moved to her tiptoes. "Maybe we could talk later."

Marcus moved his head closer, his lips just a whisper from hers. "Much later."

He closed the distance between their lips and pressed her body closer. Crystal opened for him and he thrust his tongue inside. The kiss wasn't soft, but demanding—showing her what he wanted.

She responded by wrapping her arms around his neck and standing on her toes so she could press up intimately against him.

Marcus picked her up off her feet and she wrapped her legs around his waist, rubbing his trapped erection and causing a moan to come from him.

He pulled back enough to look in her eyes. "Are you sure, darling? This is no dream."

She licked at his lips. "Thank God! I'm tired of only having you in my dreams."

He couldn't ask for a better acceptance than that. He carried her through the kitchen and straight to the bedroom. He kissed her once again deeply as he laid her upon the sheets and covered her body with his.

Together they removed each other's clothes, taking time to touch bare skin. Marcus held his control back and made sure his movements were slow.

He wanted to show her that she was cherished. That if she did indeed become his mate he could always protect her.

When they were both naked and she opened her legs to welcome him, he could have howled in pleasure. Taking hold of his throbbing cock, he spread the pre-cum that was leaking and ran his hand over his shaft.

Her eyes sparkled as she watched him. "I love to watch you do that."

He laughed. "You say that like you've watched me before."

"I have. I believe in my dreams, Marcus. There I learned what you like, how you like to be touched, where you like to touch me." She held her arms up. "But now I want you for real."

He went into her arms. She kissed him pushing her tongue inside. "Fuck me, Marcus. That's what I want. Make me yours."

It was like her words released the last chain of his control. He growled, nipped at her lip, then plunged inside her depths.

She moaned in pleasure but he didn't wait. He pulled out and slammed back inside harder. He started a frantic pace of entering and withdrawing. Her hips lifted and she met each stroke. Her nails dug into his lower back as she cried out in ecstasy.

When he felt his balls start to draw up, he picked up his speed even more.

The headboard banged against the wall with the force of his thrusts. She screamed her climax, her fingers tightening on his flesh.

Marcus let go and released his seed inside knowing she was indeed his mate and he would do whatever it took to protect her.

Chapter Six

Crystal woke wrapped in Marcus's arms, the room as dark as the night outside. She snuggled back into him, pressing her softer body against the hard muscles of his.

He was strong. Not only in body but also in his mind. She knew he still had doubts about what she had told him but if all the research she'd done had told her anything, it was that he wouldn't be able to resist his mate.

Not wanting to leave his embrace, she sighed. She needed to get up and use the bathroom. She hoped she could do it and not wake him so she could climb back in bed without disturbing him.

She wiggled out of his arms and off the bed. The cold wood on her feet had her shivering. She didn't bother to put any clothes on, only quietly made her way to the bathroom.

She could see the door in the hallway open and went inside and closed the door before turning on the light.

She stared at herself in the mirror above the sink. All her life she felt she had been searching for something. Last year, after she had dreamed about the death of her roommate—which had horribly come true—she had left her job and gone to the only person who would understand.

Her grandmother was the only one in the family who would admit she had any kind of...*power*. Crystal didn't know what to call it, but she knew she hadn't wanted it.

That was until the wolf started to show up. At first he would just stay in the trees. She could sense he was there but didn't see him.

She started to talk to him and eventually he had moved closer and closer. A couple of months after the dreams started, he would shift into a man. She hadn't been afraid.

She knew deep down he was her destiny. Talking with her grandmother had only confirmed what she felt.

Now that she was here with him, she was determined to protect him from any who would cause him harm. She was already in love with him. She just needed to be patient until he felt the same way.

She smiled and started to wash her face. After using the toilet she washed her hands and turned off the light. As she opened the door to sneak back to bed, she saw a dim light coming from the bedroom.

So she hadn't managed to be as quiet as she thought. Her body started to respond to the waiting man as she walked.

She paused at the doorframe to admire him. He was leaning against the headboard with his arms crossed behind his head waiting for her.

Well, she smiled to herself, there were many more interesting things to do awake anyway.

"I woke up cold and alone," he told her sticking out his bottom lip.

She giggled and swayed her hips as she moved closer. "Oh poor baby. Let me warm you up again." She started to crawl her way up from the bottom of the bed.

His smile was feral and the teasing glint on his eyes excited her. "What a good idea."

As she crawled closer she pulled the blankets from his waist until his cock jumped out standing tall. "I see not all of you is cold," she teased.

He laughed and beckoned her forward. "Well, when he sees you naked on the bed like that, he gets ideas of his own."

She lifted a brow at him. "Ideas like this?" With a firm but gentle grip she grasped the base of his cock.

Marcus's hips bucked. "Exactly."

She started a slow stroking rhythm while she watched him. "Hmm...I wonder what other ideas he may have." She bent her head and licked the drop of pre-cum that had escaped.

"Oh!" he moaned his hips moving again.

"You taste good," she told him just before she engulfed his shaft in her mouth.

His strangled cry was muffled as she moved her mouth up and down over him. His hands grabbed at the back of her head as she teased her tongue along the ridges and muscle.

"Good...so good," he murmured at her.

She hummed back causing his hips to buck again. She liked the fact that he was having trouble controlling his reactions.

She sucked him deeper into her mouth, tilting her head back hoping to take him deeper. The entire time, her hand stroked what she couldn't get to with her mouth.

His hands held the sides of her head as he held her in position and started to fuck her mouth. He was gentle but there was no doubting his strength. She loved it.

Marcus was murmuring to her and even though she couldn't understand the words, she knew that they were of praise. He howled seconds before he filled her mouth.

She swallowed, not wanting to waste a drop. She licked him clean, surprised when he didn't go soft.

She sat up and looked up at him.

"Not finished with you," he growled and hauled her up into his arms.

He kissed her. She knew he would be able to taste his own salty essence, but he didn't seem to mind so she just let herself enjoy.

His tongue and lips left her mouth and ran over her neck and down. "Take me inside you. Ride me."

That was one demand she was more than happy to comply with. She moved her hips back over his erection. He held the base as she started to sink down, feeling him slide inside.

She paused once he was fully seated.

His eyes were glowing. The green light in them seemed to go on and on. Trapped in his gaze she started to move. Slowly at first, then faster.

He cupped her breasts as she rocked against him. "That's it. Yes, harder," he encouraged.

Placing both hands on his chest, she was able to pick herself up and slam down like he wanted. Each time, she could feel him pulsing inside her.

She cried out, close to climax but not able to reach it.

He flipped her onto her back and raised her legs to rest on his shoulders.

He pounded inside, rocking her body, moving her a few inches each time he plunged inside. His fingers started to work her clit, adding pressure as he rubbed with the pads of his fingers.

Her release came quickly and she thrashed under him. Still he didn't stop. She knew he wanted her to come again but she wasn't sure she could.

"Marcus..." she panted out.

"Again," he ordered.

Just like that she was flying. Her body exploded, her back arched off the bed, her nails scratched down his sides. Distantly she heard him yell her name.

Chapter Seven

They were locked together at the same spot where all the dreams had taken place. Crystal kept her eyes closed as Marcus moved inside her.

It wasn't a sound – just a feeling that had her opening her eyes. The swamp around them continued to sing like nothing was wrong but there was. She could feel it.

Her body shattered in pleasure just as Marcus found his own. He laid his head on her breast as he tried to catch his breath.

Almost desperately she looked around trying to find the evil feeling. Then they moved into view. Two men dressed in fatigues. She tried to warn Marcus but no sound would come from her mouth.

One man raised a gun. She knew it held silver bullets. Her body wouldn't move. She couldn't help Marcus.

Then the man fired. Right at her lover. Now she did scream.

Marcus stood on his front porch, beer in hand, staring at the full moon. Unlike myth, he was not a slave to the moon. He could shift whenever and wherever he chose. The moon gave him power, his magic, but didn't hold him prisoner.

He thanked the fates that had brought him his mate. Crystal was everything he could have asked for. Each time he looked into her eyes he could feel her love.

After all the years of hunting the world's worst criminals, he wanted to lock the two of them away so nothing could ever ruin what he'd been gifted with.

He dropped the bottle he was holding as Crystal's screams reached him outside. He didn't remember opening the screen door. One minute he was outside, the next he was standing beside the bed trying to shake her awake.

"Come on darling, wake up." He picked her up and held her, rocking to comfort her.

She came awake swinging her arms. Marcus took several blows to his head and arms before he managed to pin her to the bed with his body.

"It's okay. I've got you! It's okay," he whispered in her ear.

Her cry broke his heart then her hands were running over his body. "You're okay! You're okay!"

"Shh, yes everything's okay." He gently kissed her cheeks, nose, and lips.

"He shot you!" she cried and began to sob.

Marcus continued to try to soothe her. "No one shot me. I'm okay. Crystal, look at me."

She wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Look at me darling. I'm fine," he pleaded. He didn't know what happened in her nightmare, but it had upset her.

She ran her hands over his chest then his back, no doubt looking for what she had seen.

"He shot you," she said again.

Marcus lifted her chin so she would meet his eyes. "Who shot me?"

"I don't know. Two men came and..." More tears fell.

"It was just a dream. That's all," he tried to pull her closer but she moved up to her knees.

"You don't understand! My dreams...I see things. You have to get out of here. You have to leave." Panic had her voice rising.

Marcus pulled her against his chest. He didn't know what to say to comfort her. She cried and he murmured to her, brushing the hair from her face.

When she had calmed down, he picked her up and stepped away from the bed.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, holding tight to his neck.

"Let's put you in the bath so you can relax. Then we'll talk about what you saw," he told her as he made his way down the hall.

She didn't say anything as he set her on the sink and started the water in the tub. When he held his hand out to help her in, she took it, climbing down from the sink and into the water.

She sighed as she rested back and let the water cover her shoulders.

Marcus knelt on the floor beside her. She closed her eyes and he could see the toll her dream had taken on her.

He picked up a wash cloth from the shelf next to the tub and dipped it in the water. Her eyes cracked open.

"No, just relax. Let me care for you," he told her softly.

She nodded and his own tension started to leave his body.

With care he soaped up the cloth and began to rub her neck. She moaned softly so he continued. He paid extra attention to her breasts, her stomach, and moved lower still.

She opened her legs but he only washed each limb with the same care. He soaped between her toes, the heels of her feet, and her calves.

"Marcus."

He looked up to see her eyes open and full of the same lust he felt from touching her. He smiled and was glad to see it returned. "Just pampering you love."

She nodded and laid her head back down.

He added more soap to the cloth and ran it between her legs. She shivered under his touch. He rubbed her clean before letting the tips of his fingers slide between her folds.

"Yes," she hissed.

He chuckled and pushed his digits in deeper. She moved her hips, which pushed his fingers further. He pumped his fingers in and out while using his thumb to manipulate her clit. Her body shook right before she gave a low long moan and came.

Marcus moved to kiss her. When he pulled away to look down at her she had tears in her eyes again.

"I know you don't believe me but I'm scared for you. What I dream about comes true. I wish it didn't but..."

"I believe you," he cut her off.

She glanced up at him surprised.

"I'll be careful. Now that I know there's a threat, I will be vigilant. Trust me, baby, to take care of myself." He ran his fingers over her lips as he spoke.

"I don't want to lose you." The admission she gave made her heart speed up.

"You won't." He sealed his lips over hers and lifted her from the tub. She wrapped her legs around him as he grabbed a towel to dry her with.

"Just take me to bed and love me," she told him as she nibbled on his ear.

He groaned and lifted her higher. "Always."

Chapter Eight

Crystal stood next to her car and raised a hand to Marcus. He nodded so she unlocked her car and climbed inside. She needed to go back to her grandmother's to change clothes and talk to the older woman. Marcus wanted to see his family then he planned to stop by later and pick her up.

He followed her down the rough road until she turned off onto her grandmother's property. A honk of the horn then he was moving along.

Crystal wasn't surprised to see her grandmother sitting on the front porch in her rocker. She pulled up and quickly made her way up the old, worn steps.

She took a seat in the swing next to her grandmother and waited.

"Tell me about the dream," her grandmother said without looking at her.

"Someone shot Marcus." Crystal didn't ask how her grandmother knew. She just did. "We were together and someone shot him."

"You thinkin' if you stay away he won't get shot?" Crystal smiled at her grandmother's accent and words.

"It crossed my mind but I don't think so," she admitted.

"Good sense you got. Comes from me ya know," the older woman said bluntly.

"But what do I do to make sure it doesn't happen?" she asked. That question was the one that kept swirling in her head. She couldn't keep having these dreams and not being able to do anything about them.

"Just trust yer man. You told him."

It wasn't a question but she answered anyway. "Yes. I told him. He will be by later to pick me up. He wanted to go by his mom's first."

Her grandmother nodded her head. "Yep. Wanted to warn his mama and family. Good man he is."

"You knew who he was?" Crystal had suspected as much but never asked.

"I reckoned."

Crystal stared out into the swamp like her grandmother. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Only you decide if it be what you want, child."

Crystal laughed softly. "So you don't believe it was fate?"

"Didn't say that. But you make your own fate sometimes."

Crystal stared at her grandmother's profile. The older woman was still strong, even though she had lived alone in the bayou for so many years a lot of the members of the family thought she was crazy. Crystal wondered if her grandmother liked it that way.

"Can you help me understand my dreams better?" She had never before asked. Her parents had always told her they were just dreams, even though she knew her mother still had some.

Her grandmother turned towards her. "You ready now?"

Crystal nodded. "I'm ready."

Marcus pulled his truck into the yard of his parent's house and watched as the screen door opened and four boys ran out.

His nephews hooted and hollered at seeing him and ran towards him.

He exited the truck, barely shutting the door before they launched themselves at him.

He caught them, making them laugh, and looked up as the door opened. His mom stood on the front porch with a wide smile on her face.

"Let Marcus come inside, boys," she ordered the younger ones.

They groaned but jumped off him. Marcus followed them up to the house. He stopped and kissed her cheek.

His mom held his face between her hands before she nodded. "You come inside and tell us what has you worried."

He nodded and held the door open for her. Inside the kitchen he could smell the food cooking and his stomach growled.

"Food's almost done. Now you just sit down while I get the young ones busy. I'll send your father in," she told him while pulling him towards the table.

He made a stop to get some beers from the fridge before he took his seat. His father and brother came in the kitchen and took the bottles he offered.

They all sat and waited for his mother to come back. She wasn't but a minute before she returned. She headed to the stove and turned down the heat on the burner. "Now you tell us Marcus."

He started to tell them about Crystal. How when he came home she was always waiting for him. About her dreams about the wolf.

He paused and looked at his father. The older man smiled. "You found your mate," he said simply. He nodded and looked at his mom. She had tears in her eyes.

"Mom, please don't cry," he complained.

His brother Michael laughed and kicked him under the table. "Just wait until she starts talking about babies," he teased. "You think four boys were my idea? I left Lucy alone with mom for one afternoon. After that..." he ended with a sigh. "You are so screwed."

"Michael," his mother scolded but didn't hide the smile on her face.

Marcus met his brother's eyes. He could see the other man was happy for him.

"There's nothing wrong with babies," his mom defended herself. "Lots and lots of babies."

Which was why he had four brothers, two sisters, and ten nieces and nephews. "Well, we have a little while before we talk about babies. I haven't even mated with her yet."

His father made a grunting sound. "What are you waiting for, boy? You think there's a mate around every corner?" He started to shake his head but his father continued, "When you are given a gift, you don't wait to open it." The older man took a long swallow before he slammed the bottle down.

"I just found out she was my mate. Last night was the first time..." He stopped, not wanting to get into too much detail.

His brother laughed, telling him he hadn't stopped soon enough.

"You don't wait," his father spoke over his brother's amusement.

His mother walked to the table with full plates and put them down. "I don't think this is all that Marcus has to tell us."

He nodded and picked up his fork. He didn't look at his family as he told them about Crystal's other dream. When he was finished and there was still silence, he finally lifted his head.

He could see the anger on his father's and brother's faces and the worry on his mother's. He didn't need to tell them he believed the dream. They had lived in the area long enough to know the power of Crystal's family.

"Who is threatening you?" his father demanded, slamming his fist on the table.

His mother placed her hand on his shoulder, always a calming effect.

"I don't know who it is. But she saw them on my property, and if they know who I am, they could know about you too."

His brother stood and pulled his cell phone from his pocket. "I'll warn everyone to be on the lookout for trouble."

He left the kitchen and his mother sat in the now abandoned chair.

"What can we do to help?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Just be careful. I don't want anyone hurt because of me."

"Don't you tell us not to get involved," his father raised his voice. "You are my son!"

"And I can take care of myself. I'm not going to bring trouble to the family." He met his father's eye as he spoke.

His dad opened his mouth to respond but his mother beat him. "Then you had better eat a good meal. Do you know when this threat is coming?"

Obediently he forked some potatoes. "No. Crystal doesn't know much about her gift. Just enough to scare herself, really."

His parents nodded. His father's face was still red but he remained silent. At least for now.

Chapter Nine

The moon was starting to rise by the time Marcus had gotten the promises from his family to let him handle what could happen and picked up Crystal.

She sat next to him in the cab of his truck, her fingers linked with his. She had been quiet for most of the night as he had visited with her grandmother.

"Are you okay?" he asked, giving her hand a squeeze.

He saw her nod from the corner of his eye. He released her hand and wrapped his arm around her shoulder to pull her closer.

"Trust me darling. Nothing's going to happen to me."

She relaxed into his embrace. "I hope you're right. I really do."

He didn't want to wait to get to his house so he pulled over in the middle of the road then turned to her. "I might not have expected anyone to come after me here. I have gone through a lot of trouble to cover my tracks and protect my family. But with you here, I now know danger may come, and I'll be ready."

His lips covered hers in what he hoped was a kiss that would distract her from her unease.

She moaned and opened for him. He slipped his tongue inside running it over the top of her straight even teeth.

"Get me home fast," she murmured against his mouth.

He laughed and put the truck in gear. "Good idea."

When they reached his house she grabbed the door latch and ran out of the truck. He climbed out and chased her up to the house.

He caught her around the waist and lifted her to give her another soul-searing kiss.

She had just wrapped her legs around his waist when he felt the presence of others.

He turned and let her slide down his body.

"What's wrong?" she asked grabbing a hold of his shirt.

He shook his head and stepped in front of her to block her from view.

"I know you're there. You can come out," he said to the tree line.

She gasped and tugged at his shirt.

The two men he had scented stepped out and into view. Marcus recognised them both.

"Shouldn't you two be in the council's jail?" he asked.

Both men laughed. "Like they could hold us," the one on the right said, glaring at him. Marcus and Alex had captured him when he started to attack young women.

"I told you I'd get out one day," the other commented.

They were both shifters. Marcus knew he could take the two but he didn't want to put Crystal in danger.

"So is that what you're doing here? Trying to get your revenge?" he taunted.

The one on the right scowled and raised a gun. Crystal screamed and he reached around to hold her hand.

"Go inside," he ordered her.

"She's not going anywhere," the gunman laughed again. "Not until we're through with you anyway. Then we'll take care of her."

Marcus didn't bite the growl back in time and it escaped, causing both men to laugh harder.

"You won't touch her," he promised. The wind brought another scent to him and he rolled his shoulders in preparation.

They stepped forward. Further away from the trees.

"This is between us," Marcus tried to reason. "Let the woman go inside."

"She stays."

He didn't like it but Marcus knew he didn't have any other choice. He watched both men and waited for their move. Meanwhile he would have to try to distract them.

"How'd you find me?" he asked curious about that fact.

"You grease enough hands and eventually you get the information you need," the one on the right told him.

Marcus started to pull his magic to his body. Crystal must have felt it because she took her hand off his shirt and whispered. "Please be careful."

He would have liked to take her in his arms and kiss her but he didn't have time. Instead he concentrated on the threat in front of him and holding onto his magic.

"I'll give you one chance to walk away," he told the two men.

"We're the one with the gun. We call the shots. Now put your hands on top of your head," the one on the left ordered.

Marcus followed the order and put his hands up, keeping his body in front of Crystal.

"Last chance," Marcus warned.

The one with gun raised it to point it at him. At the same time there was a growl behind them. Marcus turned and pushed Crystal down on the ground before he launched himself at the two men, changing form as he flew through the air.

A grey and white wolf burst through the trees and took one man down as Marcus slammed into the other. The gun went off and he felt the gash of silver as it grazed his shoulder.

Neither man had a chance. They weren't used to having to fight men bigger than them. They were cowards who preyed on weaker people.

He got his teeth around the man's throat and bit down, drawing blood.

The wolf wanted to rip his throat out and lap up his blood. How dare this man put his mate in danger? How dare he come into his territory and try to ruin what he had only recently been lucky enough to find?

He bit down harder, finding it harder to control the wolf.

There was another shot. This time it came from beside them. Then he heard his father's voice.

"Enough!"

Marcus raised his head with the man still locked between his jaws and saw his partner Alex in wolf form holding the other in the same way.

His father stood beside Alex looking down at them, with a black wolf, his brother Michael, beside him.

"Let him go, son. We've got them," his father told him.

Marcus bit down a little harder in warning before he released him.

Alex let go of the man he was holding, snapping at him. The man, terrified, held up his arms.

"Enough, Alex!" his father ordered but amusement was evident in his voice.

Alex gave a full body shake and looked towards the way he had come. His mate Kelly stepped out with a frown on her face.

"Stay where you are, Kelly," she mocked sarcastically as she approached. "This is no problem. Just sit and watch." She dropped to her knees next to her wolf. "I ought to beat you for making me watch that. Guns! They had guns!"

Alex whimpered and nudged her side.

Marcus turned to see Crystal sit up, looking pale and shaky. He walked over and rested his muzzle on her leg.

She buried her hands into the fur on his back. "I've got to tell you, I didn't like that at all," she murmured close to his ear.

Marcus turned his head to lick her arm.

A shadow fell over them and he looked up to see Kelly followed by Alex still in wolf form.

"Hi. I'm Kelly." She held her hand out to Crystal.

His mate accepted it. "Crystal."

"It will be a few minutes before the guys can change back," Kelly told Crystal. "Why don't we go inside and let them clean up this mess."

Crystal leaned over the top of his head and placed a kiss between the eyes. "I'll be waiting for you."

Marcus watched her until she disappeared inside the house. Alex pawed at him and he turned to see his partner had a big wolf grin.

Chapter Ten

Crystal sat in Marcus's living room with the other woman waiting on the guys to come back inside.

"Are you okay?" Kelly asked, looking concerned.

"I think so. I've never seen anything like that before," Crystal admitted.

The other woman looked at her with pride. "The first time I saw Alex in wolf form he saved me from the man who murdered my sister. I was trapped in an alley with him and his goons but then a wolf came charging in. It was quite a sight."

Crystal found herself smiling. "I bet." The other woman was very pretty. It was obvious that she loved her mate very much. Crystal hoped one day people would be able to look at her and say the same thing.

"How long have you known Marcus?" Crystal wanted to know more about her mate. Only time would be able to give her that, but this woman could show her a little of his past.

"I met Alex and Marcus a couple years ago. They were the officers in charge of my sister's case," Kelly started to explain.

"I'm so sorry," Crystal hadn't meant to bring up such a painful time.

Kelly sent her a small smile. "Even if my sister hadn't been killed I would have met Alex. I believe he was always meant to be mine."

Crystal laughed. "I know what you mean."

"When after a year they still hadn't arrested the man I knew did it, I went to find him myself."

Crystal couldn't believe Kelly had been so bold. She would have never had the nerve.

"Alex was there of course. He wouldn't let me confront him. He wanted to protect me. I didn't know anything about the paranormal world then. Now that I do, he was right to try to keep me out. I wasn't prepared."

Crystal nodded in agreement.

"But he knows better than trying to leave me behind so as long as I promise not to get involved..."

"So that's how you ended up in the woods?" Crystal asked.

"I had to promise not to run out and try to save him."

"It was a good thing everyone showed up when they did," Crystal admitted.

The other woman winked. "Marcus called Alex this morning and told him about your dream. They decided not to take any chances so we left right away to get here."

Crystal felt tears start to burn her eyes and looked away. "He believed me."

"Of course I believed you," Marcus stated as he walked in.

Crystal looked over to him as he walked in followed by another man. He was dressed only in a pair of jeans. He stopped in front of the couch and held open his arms.

Crystal stood and wrapped her arms around his waist. He kissed the top of her head. "I'll never doubt you, darling."

She rubbed her face against his bare chest. "I was so scared."

"I know," he rubbed his hand down her back. "It's over now."

She lifted her face to him. "You're sure you are okay?"

He smiled down at her. "I'm sure." To prove it he rubbed his lips over hers until she opened to him.

She sunk into his kiss as he held her tight against him. He ran his hands down her back and cupped her ass. When he lifted her she wrapped her legs around him. She could feel him hard under his jeans.

She ripped her mouth from his, embarrassed to have gotten carried away. She looked over his shoulder at the other couple who were deep into their own kiss.

"Don't worry, darling. They won't even miss us." With that said, he carried her from the room. He kicked the door to his bedroom closed after he walked through.

"They'll hear us!" she whispered as he fell on the bed with her.

"Doesn't matter," he told her, kissing her again.

Crystal had to agree when he kissed her so hungrily nothing else seemed to matter. He pulled and yanked at her clothes. She pushed him off her so he could remove her shirt.

"God, you're beautiful," he told her and bent his head to her nipple. She hadn't worn a bra not expecting to be in her clothes for long. His lips pulled at the pert nub until she grabbed his head to hold him to her. His fingers played with the waistband of her pants until he had them unbuttoned. He moved away long enough to pull her pants down her legs. The small thong she wore was quickly torn away. He reached for her again.

"You first," she put her hand against his chest. "Take off your jeans."

He smiled and quickly went to work on his own clothing. Once he was naked she reached over and stroked his erection.

"I love to feel you in my hand," she told him.

He moaned and bucked against her hand.

"Let me taste you again." She didn't wait for his approval but bent her head and engulfed him.

"Oh yes," he encouraged and gripped the sides of her head with strong hands.

He let her set the pace. She licked up one side of his hard shaft and down the other. He groaned and tightened his grip.

With one hand at the base she wrapped her lips around his tip and sucked.

"Good Lord, woman," he hollered.

Crystal hummed and took more of him inside her mouth, her free hand cupping and gently massaging the heavy sacs between his legs.

"I'm gonna..." he groaned out.

She let some of his length withdraw so he could spill in her mouth. One more strong suction, and he was releasing his seed. She lapped up every drop before she let go of his still hard cock.

He grabbed her face and kissed her gently. When he pulled away she only had a second to smile at him before he flipped her over. She found herself positioned on her hands and knees in front of him. He ran his hand over her ass cheeks and brushed his fingers through her slick folds.

She pushed back against his touch. But he didn't use his fingers to enter her. She felt his tongue slide inside instead.

She cried out as he licked and nibbled her most sensitive flesh. Finally he added two fingers and started to pump them in and out. His mouth moved up until he came to her back entrance.

"I bet you'll love for me to take you here too." He teased the puckered hole with his tongue. "I will. Soon, I will take you in every way imaginable." She moaned at his words and the sensations he was causing.

His tongue moved up again until he was placing small bites on her lower back. "I have the most unbelievable urge to mark you as my own."

She arched her back inviting him to do just that. His fingers continued to move inside her. She slammed backward, riding his hand.

"That's it, baby. Take what you want," he coaxed.

She desperately did as he said, raising her hips and moving her body, intent on release. He pulled his hand away before she came and she moaned in disappointment.

Marcus kissed the side of her neck. "Are you my mate, Crystal?" he asked as he teased the shell of her ear with his tongue.

She nodded. She had been his since the first time she saw the black wolf in her dreams.

"Say it," he demanded.

"I am your mate. Take me!" her voice was hoarse as she spoke.

Marcus positioned his cock at her entrance. With both hands, he gripped her hips, then thrust deep and buried himself inside.

She threw her head back as she arched, taking him deeper. She loved the feel of him strong and dominant behind her.

He plunged inside and she could feel her body already trying to fall over the edge. She squeezed her eyes closed, wanting the feeling to last longer.

Just as her body shook, he leant over her back and bit into her shoulder. She screamed, lost in the pleasure as he sucked on her skin.

Marcus licked the mark seconds before his own release took over.

Crystal tried to fall forward onto the mattress but he easily caught her. Withdrawing from her body, he turned her, and bit down on his lip.

Blood started to flow and he pressed his lips to her. She began to suck the blood into her mouth, somehow knowing that was what she needed to do. The strange copper taste did nothing to turn her away from him.

He was hard again when she pulled away and looked up to him. He licked the drops of blood that had fallen on her chin.

"I'm yours now. Forever," she finally said.

"Oh yes, love. Always," he agreed.

Happier than she would have ever thought possible she gripped the base of his cock and pumped her hand. "Finally," she whispered.

His chuckle turned into a moan as she straddled his legs and began to lower herself onto him. Her body tingled with the need to have him inside, hot and hard. She rocked her

hips and slammed down. He filled her, his cock pulsing inside her. She squeezed her inner muscles holding him tight.

“Oh baby. Yes,” he murmured. He attacked her next with his tongue and teeth. Little sharp bites and licks. She rode him hard wanting to cement them together forever.

He palmed her breasts. “Perfect. Your body was made for me,” he continued to talk in hushed tones.

“Yours. Always yours,” she chanted. Her pussy clenched then exploded.

Marcus flipped her back on the bed and plunged inside. Sweat dripped off his forehead and dropped down on her as he continued to thrust. Already her body was ready to go over the edge once again. Crystal lifted her legs higher and lifted her hips to meet each stroke.

Three more thrusts and she climaxed. Bright lights exploded in front of her eyes and she screamed, clamping down on Marcus’ cock.

He yelled her name as his release coated her inside. Finally they were mates, she thought happily.

Marcus wrapped his arms around her and they snuggled into the bed.

“Mates,” they whispered together.

About the Author

Crissy Smith lives in Texas with her husband, daughter, and three Labrador retrievers. The three dogs love to curl up under her computer desk and nap while she writes. It doesn't leave a lot of room for her but what's a woman to do?

When not writing or reading, she enjoys hunting, camping and shooting. But she has a girly side too and is addicted to pedicures and coffee.

She has been writing since she was a teenager and still loves everything to do with the paranormal. Her stories and characters all have a place in her heart. She loves the alpha male, the dominant werewolf, or the Master vampire which find their way in most of her books.

Learn more about the characters she has created at her website where they have their very own page. It will be updated from time to time to let you know what's going on with them. Also you can find out who will be in the next book.

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Crissy Smith loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

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