



The Wolf She Married
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The Wolf She Married

Ever since Jack had come home from his weekend hunting trip in Maine, he'd been acting strangely, Shelly noted. He was restless, jumpy, and kept mostly to himself. She had repeatedly asked him what was wrong, but Jack wouldn't give her a straight answer. She thought he was having his man-thing crisis. Heck, she didn't know what to call it. Jack was too young to be having a midlife crisis, and he was too old to be in a teenage moody mode. They were both in their early thirties and they had been married for two years. She knew Jack had some problems at work, and the hunting trip was supposed to act as his escape. Relaxation, as in women in a spa. But his mood had gotten worse since he came back. He had become distant. And weird. Just plain weird.

This morning, he sniffed his breakfast. He sniffed her. He sniffed all around the house. And he scratched. Excessively. She knew most men had a scratching habit — it was almost coded deep into a man's DNA. But Jack's scratching streak was alarming. She wondered if maybe he was having an allergic reaction or something, but he looked fine. No hives or anything. And his sniffing! He was behaving like an animal. A wild dog. Shelly half expected him to take a piss and mark his territory. And when Jack unconsciously unzipped his pants after dinner, Shelly couldn't help yelling, "What the fuck are you doing?"

Jack flinched, and growled at her. Growled! For the love of God. Shelly almost had a heart attack. Without a word, he left the house and didn't come back until dawn.

She didn't know where he went. She called the bar where Jack used to hang out after work, and the bartender told her Jack wasn't there. She dismissed the theory that Jack was seeing another woman. She was sure about that. With his excessive scratching habit? Naah. She didn't think so. No way. Something weird was happening to Jack and she intended to get to the bottom of this problem.

He snuck out of the house again the next night, and Shelly felt compelled to follow him. He didn't take his car. He walked. It was forty degrees outside and he wasn't wearing his jacket. Shelly shivered as she followed her husband in secret. It was a full moon, and the neighborhood looked eerie under the bright moonlight. She thought Jack would head to another bar in the neighborhood, but to her surprise, he headed toward the forest.

What would he be doing in the forest? Her heart sunk. It didn't seem right. There was nothing in the forest at this hour. Was Jack involved in something illegal? She'd heard rumors drug dealers used to come to the forest preserve's park to conclude their business. Could he be dealing with them? Shelly didn't want to believe it.

She followed him deeper into the forest. He was still oblivious to the fact that she was snooping on him. When he reached the heart of the forest, Jack started to shed his clothes. What the fuck? Shelly didn't understand. Her husband had gone completely gaga. He was now buck-naked standing in a forest clearing. He snarled and growled, acting totally loony. From the way he behaved, Shelly was scared he had contracted rabies, but the next thing she saw absolutely blew her mind.

Jack howled to the moon and changed.

His bones cracked. His body shifted. Fur grew all over his body.

Her husband had turned into a beast.

Jack Anderson, the love of her life, was a werewolf.

Shelly dropped on her knees, mortified by what she was seeing. "Oh, Jack," she lamented. So this was the reason he was acting strange. She wouldn't have believed werewolves were real if she hadn't witnessed his transformation with her own two eyes.

The werewolf snapped his head in her direction when she unconsciously called his name. His ears pricked. His lips peeled upward into a snarl. His yellow eyes glowed, fixing his hypnotic stare at her. He trudged to where she was with heavy steps. Panic started rising within her. She wanted to run, but her feet were rooted to the ground. She closed her eyes and prayed that he wouldn't hurt her. The werewolf came closer and stopped when their faces were only a hair's breadth away.

He sniffed her. Shelly?

She opened up her eyes. "Jack?"

What are you doing here?

"I can hear you in my head." Shelly stared straight into the werewolf's eyes, looking for any evidence that this beast was her husband. "What happened to you, babe?"

He growled. I was bitten, and now I'm one of them. I'm so ashamed you've found me this way.

Her fear melted away in an instant. "I still love you, no matter what." She reached for him and caressed his face. She hugged him and buried her face on his furry chest. Jack felt like an oversized teddy bear. His fur was long and silky. He felt warm. She started to think this whole werewolf-thing wasn't such a bad idea after all. They only changed at full moon, right? She didn't mind her man being a bit furry at this time of the month.

I don't think this is a good idea, Shelly.

"What?"

I...

Shelly jumped when Jack gave a loud howl to the moon. Then she heard fabric tear. He had ripped her jacket with his sharp claws. Her jeans came off next. Before she knew it, Jack had flipped her on her stomach. Shelly yelped. She spat some dirt from her mouth while he sniffed behind her ear. His muzzle caressed her exposed neck, and his tongue licked her flesh. Shelly shivered at his touch. She had never been turned on with just a lick before. A roll of sexual moisture dropped from her sex, making her panties wet. Jack made a low growl, as if he noticed her arousal.

Bad idea... Fucking bad idea...

She turned her head and saw the man-beast was debating with himself. "I don't mind," she urged. "Fuck me, Jack."

The encouragement was all he needed. He ripped her panties and positioned himself on her cunt. The tip of his cock nudged her entrance. He thrust in. Shelly yelled. She didn't remember Jack being this big. She clawed the dirt, the dry leaves crunching

in her hands as he slammed home, spearing her open with his beastly cock. She gasped. It hurt but it also felt so fucking good.

Jack howled again as soon as he sheathed himself to his hilt. A conquest. A triumph. She barely caught her breath when Jack pinned her to the ground and rained her with slam upon slam of vicious thrusts. He lunged, snarling, unleashing the beast within him in a series of animalistic fucks. Her cunt clasped around his pistoning cock, pain and pleasure intermingled into one.

“God, yes,” she sobbed, her body quaking with manic need. She had never been fucked this rough, this primal. The experience enslaved her to the new meaning of ecstasy. She writhed, ass rearing upward to meet his slams. Her submission made Jack even wilder. He fucked her harder, battering her pussy to the point she could only feel fire. The pleasure was building, making her body tense. Her breath stalled in her throat. The air around her thinned. The world darkened as a powerful climax swept her in its path.

She shouted, surrendering the ultimate rapture. Dimly, she heard Jack howl before he sank his fangs on her shoulder, biting her as he climaxed.

The forest was silent afterward. The only thing she heard was their heavy breathing above the rustling of the wind.

“Fuck.”

She heard Jack groan. He let go of his grip and withdrew from her, leaning next to her naked body. She turned and saw that her husband had changed back. “Oh, babe.” She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Jack looked crestfallen. "Damn it. Shelly, I bit you."

"It didn't hurt. Don't worry about it."

"I couldn't control myself. Do you know what this means?"

"I'll become a wolfie just like you are?"

"I've condemned you to live as a freak."

"Babe." Shelly rested her head on his broad chest. "I don't really care. As long as we get to be together."

"You're a crazy woman, Shelly. You should be mad."

She laughed. "Look on the bright side. You're living with me, so you were going to bite me, sooner or later. This whole thing was inevitable. But if I'm a wolfie just like you, I could keep you in check from biting other people."

"Can't argue with that logic."

"Though I hope I won't scratch excessively like you do."

Jack gave a harsh laugh. "Join the club, sweet babe."

About the Author:

Lizzie Lynn Lee was a guitarist, receptionist, executive assistant, tarot reader, boutique owner and graphic artist before she discovered writing is her dream job. The advantage is she can do it in her pajamas and socks. She's an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, book worm, digital enthusiast and a night owl since most of her stories were done in the wee hours of the morning because of her caffeine-induced insomnia. These days she still plays her guitar whenever she gets bored, staring at her computer's screen or plotting the most elaborate scheme of world domination.

Fortunately, she has a chronically short attention span.

She loves to hear back from her readers, so drop her a line at:

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