

SAVAGE WOLF

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Protect and Serve: Savage Wolf

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Protect and Serve: Savage Wolf

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A werewolf and a deer shifter. There's never been a game of predator and prey quite like this.

I'm Wolf, Officer Aidan "Wolf" Savage. I'm a werewolf. But unlike most of my kind these days, I'm one of the good guys even if I do scare the hell out of most people the first time they meet me. When a white-tailed deer shifter comes leaping into my life, she makes my body hotter than an erupting volcano. She's on the run, and she doesn't want my help. But I'm not about to let her get herself killed, and I'll use any means necessary to keep her safe.

01 Wolf's Blog

I'm Wolf, Officer Aidan "Wolf" Savage. I'm a werewolf. But unlike most of my kind these days, I'm one of the good guys even if I do scare the hell out of most people the first time they meet me.

I'm a damned good cop. If I'm tracking a criminal, he doesn't stand a chance of getting away. I love the chase, the takedown, the chance to be scary-as-hell, but there's one thing I hate about this job: stakeouts.

That's what tonight is all about, sitting in a hot, muggy car, eating doughnuts and watching the woods for signs of life. Man what I wouldn't give for a beer right now. And a warm house and a warm woman. OK, that train of thought isn't doing a damn thing for me. Because my partner and I are stuck right here, until we see something, or the sun comes up.

Jacobson, my partner, crushes his paper coffee cup and tosses it in the bag that serves as a trashcan. "I so don't want to do this shit tonight."

I don't think his comment deserves a response so I take a sip of my own coffee, which is damn near empty too.

Jacobson stares hard at the fence outside his window. "Do you actually think we're going to see anything? Anyone could have dumped those bodies by the park. Why would they come back now?"

We're parked along the outer perimeter of City Park. In its heyday it was a place for city residents to relax, have a picnic, get some exercise, and remember what trees actually looked like. When the economy went south, the city stopped maintaining it. Now it's an overgrown eyesore used primarily by the homeless, drug addicts, and kids looking for a thrill.

The department is constantly getting complaints about the vermin that thrive in the undergrowth, both animal and human. But recently, the volume of calls about trouble in the park has increased, and two teenagers were found dead at the park's northern gates last night. They'd been shot, execution style.

I take another sip of coffee before responding to Jacob's questions. "We've had too many complaints and none from the usual suspects. Something's up."

"Gang initiation?" Jacobson suggests.

I shake my head. "I don't think so."

His eyes narrow. "You smell something, don't you?"

I nod. Under the smells of sex, beer, and greasy food, there's an odd chemical odor. I can't place it, but I'm certain it doesn't belong in the park. It hadn't been there a few months ago when I'd pulled the short straw and been sent to run off a bunch of kids who'd come out here to party.

Before I can describe the smell to Jacob, I hear distant footsteps pounding the pavement. "Someone's running this way. Someone fast."

Jacob nods. I doubt he can hear a thing, but he's learned to trust my non-human ears without question. A few seconds later, a woman comes into view. She's wearing a sundress and a pair of high-heeled sandals so I doubt she's running for her health. Not that any sane woman would be in this part of town at night.

She has straight, reddish brown hair that swings past her waist. Her heavy round breasts are barely contained by her dress. Long shapely legs reach out for the ground, making my cock sit up and say hello. Her strides are so long she's practically leaping.

She's moving faster than any human should be in shoes like that. The wolf inside begs me to chase her for the sheer thrill of apprehending such a hot piece of flesh. But my cop instincts tell me this woman is our key to what's actually going on in the park.

Jacobson reaches for the door handle, but I lay a hand on his arm, stopping him. "Not yet."

"She's not out for an evening jog, Wolf. Someone's chasing her."

"Exactly. And we need to know who and why."

Jacobson frowned. "While letting her get killed in the process?"

I know my partner's right to protest, but my instincts tell me to take the risk.

The whine of a motorcycle engine grows louder. The woman runs past us and reaches the entrance to the park at the end of the block. The motorcycle driver guns his engine. He's only a block away. I watch as he pulls out a gun.

"Now?" Jacob asks.

"Now."

We exit the car and scale the fence, dropping down into the park, making our way through the thick undergrowth until we see the path. The motorcycle turns into the park and blows past us.

The woman darts into the woods up ahead. As she disappears, I swear I see the upraised white tail of a deer.

The driver fires a shot into the woods. Jacobson raises his gun and aims for the bike's tires. He misses. My heart pounds. If my instincts were wrong, if this woman died because I hesitated, I'll never forgive myself.

Suddenly an enormous stag leaps out of the woods directly in the motorcycle's path. The driver swerves. The bike falls on its left side, crushing the driver under it, as it skids to a stop.

My werewolf speed brings me to the carnage ahead of Jacobson, I touch the driver's neck, checking for a pulse. Nothing. He's dead.

I turn toward Jacobson and shake my head. The deer lies several feet ahead, his legs twitching. I ready my gun to put him out of his misery, but I stop cold when his scent hits my nostrils.

Jacobson reaches for his weapon. "Shouldn't we --"

I hold up my hand signaling him to stop. "He's a shifter." I start to tear off my uniform, preparing to shift. Now I know why I'd seen a white tail disappear into the woods. The long legs, the hair the color of a deer's fur, the superhuman speed. Our runner's no more human than I am. I turn to Jacobson. "Call this in and get us some backup. I'm going after the woman."

“Wait,” he calls, but I’m already in my lupine form. I breathe in the scents of the night, damp leaves, warm earth, a few rodents. Then I catch her scent, deer mixed with the delicious musk of sweaty human female. My wolf salivates, eager for a chase.

I keep my nose low to the ground until the scent grows stronger. My ears prick. I can hear her breathing. I’m close. So close. She’s hiding, but I know I’ll flush her out. I wait for several long seconds.

She bursts from a tangle of bushes twenty feet or so ahead. And the chase is on. I tear after her, my wolf rejoicing in the freedom to run, to chase, to catch. But while my wolf is hungry for deer meat, my human side is hungry for this female in a whole different way.

I’m closing in. Her scent surrounds me. Sweat and fear and... whoa... sex. Bambie is as turned on by the chase as I am. Maybe this interrogation is going to be a whole lot more fun than I’d imagined.

02 Natalie's Blog

My name is Natalie Fleetfoot, and I'm a white-tailed deer. I'm also a woman, and I'm in trouble. Ever since I lost my job four months ago, my life has gotten shittier and shittier.

My brother thought he'd found a slick way to make us some cash. Then he realized the men who wanted to hire him were making illegal weapons, and they didn't give a damn who would get hurt with them. When Jason tried to turn down the job, his prospective employers kidnapped him and started blackmailing me. They say they'll let him go if I acquire several highly controlled substances for them.

I don't know what to do. I don't know if Jason is still alive. But I know they'll kill him if I call the cops. Unfortunately, someone's done it for me.

The one they call Wolf is chasing me. He is in actual fact, a wolf. Now, I'm his prey. The thought makes my heart race. I'm ashamed to say the chase is making me more hot than afraid.

I love dominant men, and Wolf is all hulking, scary cop. The thought of being apprehended by him makes my pussy wet with need or at least it would if I were in human form.

I feel Wolf closing in on me. His scent fills the air, musky and masculine. My human side longs to be caught almost as much as my deer side longs to get away. I push myself harder, dodging trees, leaping over underbrush, stretching my legs as far as they can reach. I hadn't taken the time to strip before I shifted so I'm hampered by the torn remains of my dress trailing behind me.

I sense him readying to spring. I glance over my shoulder. My dress snags on a branch, and I realize I haven't got a prayer.

I feint to the left, but I'm too late. I stumble and hit the ground. He's on top of me instantly. He seizes my neck between his jaws. Fuck! Is he really going to kill me? I know werewolves are vicious but I thought he'd capture me, not rip out my throat.

His teeth only prick my skin. But he makes damn sure I'm not going to fight. The scrape of his teeth spikes my desire. If we were in human form, I'd buck against him, eager for the feel of his teeth and his cock. This man pushes all my buttons. What an inconvenient time to get all hot and bothered over a cop.

As much as I want to play prey to Wolf's predator, I need to get free. I wonder whether I can startle him enough to make him let go. I gather my energy and shift.

Wolf jerks back, his jaws snapping shut about a millimeter from my neck. Before I can move, he follows my lead, shifting until he's all man. Now he's right on top of me, and he's naked. My tattered dress hangs open, making me virtually naked as well.

His golden brown eyes shine with hunger. The man wants to eat me up as badly as the wolf had. And, God help me, I want to let him. He grabs my wrists and stretches my arms above my head, pinning them to the ground. "Caught you." He flashes a wicked, self-satisfied smile.

His hard cock presses into my belly, letting me know he's as horny as I am. And oh my heavens, his cock is built to suit the rest of his large frame. I can't resist wiggling a little so I can rub against his impressive length. "What are you going to do now that you've caught me?"

His gaze drops to my breasts. My nipples grow tight and hard under his scrutiny. When he looks into my eyes again, his irises have gone from golden brown to yellow. "What do you want me to do?" His voice is low, gravelly, and not quite human.

All I have to do is open my legs, and he can drive his cock into me, filling me to bursting. I'd spent the last four months trying to keep my little brother out of trouble, and scrambling to pull together enough money from the temporary work I could find to feed us. Then Jason got himself kidnapped and I'd done nothing but worry about keeping him alive. Through these months of hell, I hadn't done one thing for myself.

I was due.

I open my legs and lift my hips in blatant invitation. Wolf's eyes widen, and a growl rumbles in his chest. He takes hold of his cock and slides it over my folds, groaning as he discovers I'm wet and ready for him. "I won't be gentle. Wolves like it hard, fast, and rough."

My breath catches and my mouth goes dry. I force myself to swallow. If I'd dreamed up the perfect man he would've said those very words. I look into his wolfish eyes and smile. "I like it rough."

Heat sizzles between us. His eyes glow in the darkness. "I'm going to make you scream."

For a split second I wonder how far behind his partner is. I'm not one for public spectacles. But when Wolf jerks his hips back and drives all the way in with one swift stroke, I lose all inhibitions. My world narrows to the throbbing need between my legs and the hard cock that's ruthlessly filling me.

03 Wolf's Blog

I tried to make myself be a gentlemen and roll off my naked little shifter. But werewolves aren't gentlemen. I heard her racing heart and smelled the hot cream between her legs, and my wolfish side begged me to shove her legs up onto her chest and bury my cock in her pussy. Then she shocked me by opening her legs and inviting me in. How could a man say no?

And, by all that's holy, she said those four words that just about made me lose it before I'd even gotten inside. "I like it rough." Just what an alpha wolf like me needs. A woman who appreciates my appetite.

When I drive into her, holding nothing back, she cries out. Her pussy holds me tight. I fight to hold still and let her adjust to my size. But she wraps her legs around my hips and bucks against me.

"More," she begs, and I'm not about to deny her. I slide out nearly all the way. She whimpers.

I thrust back in, and she groans, "Yes." After that I ride her hard and fast. She meets every stroke, slamming her hips against mine. I fuck her with brutal strength, and she keeps crying for more. I'm in heaven.

Her gorgeous breasts bounce up and down in rhythm with my thrusts. I can't wait another second to get better acquainted with them.

I shift my weight to one arm, and use the other hand to cup the tantalizing flesh, which is as soft and smooth as it looks. I slide my thumb back and forth over her tightly puckered nipple, and I'm rewarded with a sharp cry.

I keep up the light, teasing strokes. She arches toward my hand, whimpering. I pinch and tug on the pink bud. She bucks so hard she nearly unseats me. "Yes, God, yes!" she cries.

I need one of those sensitive nipples in my mouth like I need to breathe. I grab her hips, holding her firmly on my cock as I sit back on my heels. She lets her torn dress and bra slide from her arms. Then she wraps her arms around my neck and pulls herself up until she's seated in my lap. Now I can lick and suck and bite those hard buds all I want while driving myself even deeper inside her tight, wet cunt.

As if she can read my mind, my doe pulls my head down to her breast. I draw a pink tip into my mouth and suck hard, letting my teeth sink in just enough for her to feel them. She cries out, digging her hands into my scalp. "Harder, oh God, harder. I..."

I glance up without letting go of her nipple, desperate to know what she wants to say. Her deep brown eyes are wide and filled with need. "I like it to hurt."

I nearly choke around the hard flesh in my mouth. Have I died and gone to werewolf heaven? I bite hard enough to make her scream. She writhes against me. Before she's recovered, I give her other nipple a vicious pinch.

She twists and cries, screwing her hips back and forth, I lave the nipple I've just bitten, giving pleasure instead of pain. I slide my hand between our bodies and find her clit, scissoring my fingers around it.

"Yes! Oh, yes! I'm right there." Her words shoot straight to my cock.

I suck on the nipple I've been soothing, drawing it sharply between my teeth. She screams and her pussy contracts around me.

I lift my head, wanting, needing to see her in the throes of orgasm. She throws her head back, baring her neck. My wolf takes over my thoughts. Submissive. Prey. Bite.

Shit! My control is going to snap any second. This doe is a dream come true, but I don't want to hurt her. There's a big difference between rough sex and fucking a werewolf who's partially shifted. She might not be ready for that.

When her hips still, she opens her eyes, and I lift her off my cock. She whimpers.

"I'm not done with you. I just want to see what it feels like when I take you like the animals we are." Her eyes widen, and she scrambles to position herself on her

hands and knees. She lifts her ass and wiggles it in invitation. I'm not going to last much longer.

I position myself and drive into her. She gasps when I go so deep I hit her cervix. I take her hard and fast. I couldn't have stopped if my life depended on it. I need to take her, possess her, make her know she's not going to escape. I'm close, damn close. I'm going to fill her hot cunt with my come. And she's going to take every drop.

I grab her hair and wrap it around my wrist, tugging her head down to the ground. Then God help me I sink my teeth into the thick muscle at the back of her neck, pinning her. She screams and comes again, thrusting back against me in short hard jabs. That's all it takes to send me over the edge.

I slam my hips against hers, letting go with all my strength, praying I'm not hurting her more than she wants me to. The spasms of her pussy drain me dry, and we both collapsed on the ground.

04 Natalie's Blog

I'd planned to make my getaway while Wolf was subdued by his violent climax, but of course he chose to collapse on top of me. No way I'm going to shift all that heavy werewolf muscle without him realizing I'm planning to run.

So I stay where I am, reveling in the screaming orgasms he's given me. He'll probably try to haul me off for questioning as soon as he comes back to his senses. I can't let that happen. He might be the answer to all my submissive fantasies, but I need to get away as fast as I can. My brother's life depends on it.

I hear footsteps and tense. Wolf sits up. I start to roll over, but he lays a hand against my back. "Stay down."

His partner appears, shoving his way through the overgrowth. Wolf exhales. His partner's eyes go wide. "'Whoa! Now I know what was taking so long.'"

Wolf glares at him. "You alone?"

"Yeah. Watkins and Smith are with the body. I wanted to know why the fuck you were keeping us waiting so long, and I thought you might need these." He held out a uniform, a pair of cuffs, and a coat. Most shifters are as comfortable in the nude as they are dressed, but the humans get a little squirrely when we walk around naked.

I sit up and glance from Wolf to Jacobsen, gauging whether I could make a run for it. Wolf closes his hand around my wrist. "No you don't."

I guess that answers my question. He holds his other hand out toward his partner. "Give me the coat."

I glare at Wolf. "Well prepared, aren't you? Do you do this often?"

He snarls at me.

His partner laughs. "No, ma'am, he doesn't. To my knowledge this is the first time he's used this particular apprehension technique." He looks me up and down and flashes an appreciative smile. "I might just have to try it myself."

Wolf growls and bares his teeth. He looks like he wants to rip the man apart.

His partner holds up his hands in surrender. "On another case. With another woman. Jeez."

"Just give me the damn coat, Jacobson." His partner does as he asks. Wolf reaches for my arm. I pull away. "I really need to go."

Wolf shakes his head. "Remember the part where I caught you. You're mine until I say otherwise."

It's my turn to snarl. "I don't belong to anyone."

Jacobson looks like he's trying to keep from laughing. "Please put the coat on, ma'am. You really don't want to go down to the precinct naked."

"Fine." I might as well do as they ask. What harm will it do to put on a coat? Wolf helps me, making sure he never breaks contact with my body.

I curse my body's reaction to the heat that rolls off him as he buttons me up. I already want him again despite the thorough fucking he's just given me. My body longs to know what he would do with more time and an actual bed at his disposal.

"Cuffs." His voice is low and hoarse. I do believe he's as affected by our close contact as I am.

His partner grins as he hands them over. "You really think that's necessary?"

"Hell, yeah." Wolf spins me, traps my wrists at the base of my spine in one of his large hands, and snaps the cuffs around them. The cold metal makes me shiver. My heart pounds and wetness floods my still damp pussy. I desperately want to be at Wolf's mercy. I long to see just how far he'll push the game of big bad cop. If only I'd gotten to know him four months ago.

I turn to look at him, my face the picture of doe-eyed innocence. "Do you like having me helpless?"

He growls and glares at me. "Helpless my ass. Let's go."

Jacobson clears his throat. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Wolf stares at him for a few seconds and then looks down at his naked body and growls. "Make sure she doesn't run."

Jacobson pulls out his gun and points it at my chest. "Don't make any sudden moves," he says dramatically.

I arch a brow and glare at him.

He grins. "I don't think she believes we'll actually shoot her, Wolf."

Wolf looks at me, his eyes wolfish like when he was inside me. "I'll do far worse than shoot you if you run from me again."

I shiver at the thought of what he might do and wonder if he knows his words only make me want to run so he can catch me again.

05 Wolf's Blog

I'm not usually the jealous type. I'm more of a one night stand type of guy. But when Jacobson leered at my doe, I came dangerously close to attacking him. No matter what I usually want. I know one time with my doe isn't going to be enough, not even close. She's not going to get away from me again.

Someone tried to kill her tonight. She needs protection, and I'm going to give it to her. She's going to give me the info I need about the shit going down in City Park. Then I'm going to put those cuffs to better use and find out just how far she'll go with the submissive doe routine.

When we reach the path, a team from the coroner's office is zipping up the motorcycle driver's body and Watkins and Smith are watching, bored expressions on their faces. Watkins calls out to me. "About time you showed back up."

I snort. "You got something better to do tonight?"

"Oh, hell no. Sitting around in an overgrown park with a dead guy and his bike is top of the line for me."

"That's what I thought."

The joker waves a hand in the doe's direction. "Who's this?"

"The woman the dead guy tried to kill."

He arches a brow. "Why's she cuffed?"

"She's reluctant to give us the information we need. So I'm going to have to convince her."

Smith whistles long and low. "Honey, you're in for quite a night. You might as well just give in now. They say Wolf could break Satan himself."

My little doe snarls at him. "Fuck off." She turns to me. "You killed him?"

I shake my head. "A buck jumped out of the woods in front of his bike. The man died in the crash."

Bambie's face goes white. "A b-buck?"

"Yeah, a shifter. I don't suppose you know him?" My voice is filled with sarcasm.

She refuses to meet my eyes. "I'm sure I don't. Is the buck dead too?"

Watkins shakes his head. "They rushed him to the hospital, but it didn't look good."

I grab my doe's arm and lead her toward the cruiser. Watkins and Smith have driven right into the park. Jacobson follows us. "We're leaving these clowns to finish up?"

Wolf chuckles. "No, I'm leaving you to finish up. You can catch a ride back with them."

I open the back door of the car and give the doe a gentle push on the shoulder. She surprises me by getting in without a struggle. I close the door and start to circle the car.

Jacobson gives me a hard stare. "You taking her to the precinct?"

"Hell, no. I'm taking her home."

Jacobson sighs. "I know you like to walk a fine line with the regs but this might be pushing the big bad wolf routine a little too far. You can't detain a suspect in your apartment."

I don't feel like defending myself. Truth be told I'm afraid I might have gone a little crazy where my doe was concerned. "She's not a suspect. She's a witness. Call it protective custody." I glance down to see her glaring at me through the window.

Jacobson runs a hand through his hair and shakes his head. "That's what safe houses are for."

"My house is as safe as it gets."

Jacobson frowns, but he doesn't argue anymore. "You're leaving me to file the report again, aren't you?"

I can't resist grinning. Since we've been partners I've managed to get out of doing the paperwork about ninety percent of the time. "Damn right I am."

He glares. "You owe me."

"Next time you catch a naked shifter, I'll remember that."

Jacobson makes a rude gesture. "Bite me."

I shake my head. "I've got tastier things to bite."

I open the driver's door and slide in. My shifter glares at me with her big doe eyes. She looks more sultry than fierce. "You planning on telling me your name?"

"No." She looks from side to side as we drive through the park gates exactly like a deer watching for predators.

"Who're you looking for?"

She jumps, startled by my voice. "No one."

"Riiiiight. If you won't tell me your name I'll just have to call you Bambie."

She turns to face me again. "Don't."

I shrug. "What choice do I have?"

"My name is Natalie, OK?"

I smile. "Do you have a last name, Natalie?"

"Not one you need to know. Look, I don't know anything that would interest you. Can't you just let me go?" Her hands twist together in her lap. She's scared as hell. I can smell it. I've got to get her to talk to me.

"You might be surprised what would interest me."

"I doubt that. I think you made yourself pretty damn clear back in the park."

"As did you. So don't act like you're afraid the big bad wolf is going to drag you home and eat you up."

That won a smile from her. "I'm not afraid. I'm aroused. It's the interrogation I'd like to avoid."

Her words do unspeakable things to my body. "What if we combine the two?"

She shakes her head. "You're a great lover, and I wish I was self-indulgent enough to stay with you tonight, but I've got a brother to take care of and a job to get to in the morning."

"Then tell me why you were trying to outrun a man on a motorcycle?"

"He was chasing me."

I raise my brows. "Cute. Why he was chasing you?"

She shrugs. She knows plenty, but someone's made her scared to talk. "I can protect you."

"I don't need your protection. I need you to let me go."

I shake my head. "Not until you talk."

"I have rights. You can't hold me forever."

"Humans have rights. Holding a shifter for a few extra days won't even raise eyebrows. Unless someone's going to complain to the department."

She sighs. "No one is going to do that."

"Good."

The anger in her eyes threatens to burn me. "Asshole."

Oh, shit! I'm screwing this up. "I didn't mean it like that. I just meant good that you don't have a... that you're not..."

"Of course I don't have a boyfriend or a husband. I wouldn't have fucked you if I did."

OK, I'm making it worse. "I didn't mean that either. I just..."

She laughs, finally taking pity on me. "I understand. And I appreciate the compliment."

I exhale in relief. "Thanks." Something tightens deep inside me. Something that hasn't been touched for a long time. I realize I have no intention of letting her go even if she does talk. I'm going to find whoever is after her and rip out his throat. But first I'm going to show her what it means to be thoroughly pleased by a wolf. Not a hurried fuck in the woods, but a long slow burn that leads to detonation.

06 Natalie's Blog

Wolf circles the block a few times and finally eases the cruiser into a parking spot. He cuts the engine and comes around to open my door. I scoot across the seat and step out of the car, tugging at the cuffs that bind my hands behind my back. "Couldn't we dispense with these?" Being cuffed and at Wolf's mercy has me so hot I've probably left a wet spot on the seat of the cruiser, but I don't want him parading me past his neighbors all trussed up.

He raises a brow. "Can I trust you not to run?"

I am going to run, just not yet. I have no chance of outrunning him on the city streets and having a safe place to sleep is just too tempting. My brother's kidnappers know where I live and I haven't truly slept since he was taken. I'll spend the night in Wolf's apartment, but I have no intention of remaining in human form. Shifting would be a hell of a lot easier without the cuffs.

My face gives me away before I can answer him. He smirks and says, "That's what I thought."

I've always sucked at hiding my emotions, but my brother's life is at stake so I'm going to have to do my best. "Do you bring cuffed women to your apartment often?"

His golden eyes sparkle. "Only on very special occasions."

I flash what I hope is a sexy smile. "Are you going to leave them on when you fuck me?"

He sucks in his breath. Desire flashes in his eyes. "God, yes."

"Mmmm, then what are we waiting for? Let's go upstairs." If I can distract him with sex, I can keep him from asking more questions before we get inside his apartment.

He slips his hand around my arm and leads me toward the door of his building. The heat of his hand alone sends waves of lust racing right to my pussy. For a second I imagine myself confessing everything to him and begging him to help me.

My instincts tell me he's a good cop no matter how fast and loose he plays with the rules. But I can't risk my brother's life on a hunch. My brother already owes me big for what he's put me through. I'll just put giving up the best lover I've ever had on his tab.

Wolf punches the building's access code and we enter. The elevator is broken so he leads me to the stairs. One old woman mutters in disgust and slams her door as we walk past, but otherwise no one even looks askance at the cuffs. Maybe Wolf really does bring bound women to his apartment regularly or maybe his neighbors are scared as hell of him and know better than to interfere in his business.

I watch carefully as Wolf locks the door and sets the security code, memorizing it for use after he falls asleep. As I unbutton the coat and summon the necessary energy to shift, I take a single regretful look through his bedroom door, sighing at the sight of his big soft bed. Wolf turns around. I drop the coat and let my body transform. The cuffs clatter to the floor as my arms narrow into deer legs.

07 Wolf's Blog

My mouth drops open as I stare at the deer in my living room. "What the hell are you doing?"

She gives me a look that could only be described as doe eyed innocence.

I shake my head. "That was fucking sneaky. I suppose you have no intention of shifting back."

Natalie lowers her head and swings it slowly back and forth.

I suppress a growl. I'm horny as hell for another taste of her and I'll be damned if I'm going to let her leave me hanging. "Let's see if I can encourage you to change your mind."

I undo the buttons on my uniform shirt, resisting the urge to rip them loose. I'm used to stripping fast as lightning in order to shift. But I need to take things slow, tantalize her, make her as hot for me as I am for her. My wolf growls deep inside. He doesn't like slow. He likes to pin a woman down and take what he wants hard and fast. But kinky as I am, I will not fuck a deer.

I let my shirt slide from my shoulders. It hits the ground. Natalie's ears perk up and angle forward, and the hair on her back rises. I've definitely gotten her attention.

I unbuckle my belt and slowly slide it free. After curling it around my hand, I slap the end across my opposite palm, giving her my best bad cop stare. "I'd use this on you if you were human. I'm sure I could have you talking in no time."

She stamps a foreleg and starts to pant. I drop the belt and unfasten my pants, pushing them and my boxers over my hips. Her panting increases, and she stamps both forelegs, doing a little dance. But she stays stubbornly in deer form.

I'm going to have to take serious action. I wrap a hand around my cock, already semi-hard from the thought of reddening her ass with my big black belt while she lies

over my bed, wrists cuffed to the headboard. I slide my hand up and down. "Do you really want to let this go to waste, Natalie?"

Using her name for the first time affects her as much as I'd hoped. Her eyes widen and her white tail rises, signaling danger. Damn right she's in danger. Sooner or later she's going to be human again, and I'm going to fuck her until she begs for mercy.

I keep pumping my cock, increasing my speed. I close my eyes and imagine all the kinky things I will do to her when she's human again. I'll clamp those ultra sensitive nipples, restrain her delicate wrists and ankles, and use pain and pleasure to make her hotter than a block of asphalt in July. I won't let her come until she talks, no matter how much she begs.

I'll be one bad cop and then this big bad wolf will eat her up. Just the thought of tasting her juicy pussy has my balls drawing up. My cock's about to go off like a geyser. I open my eyes. "I'm going to come. Don't you want my cock inside you when I do?"

Her body tenses, and she makes a strangled whimper.

Heat bursts at the base of my spine, and my orgasm roars through me. Come shoots out again and again, coating my hand and running down my arm. Natalie turns and leaps, white tail pointing straight up. She reaches the bedroom in a single bound.

When my breathing returns to normal, I grab a towel and clean up. Then I retrieve some blankets from the linen closet and walk into the bedroom. Natalie is standing beside the bed, panting heavily but still a member of the hoof and tail club. Damn, she's strong willed. If she'd just given my wolf a performance like that I would have been human and on her in seconds. I'm already imagining the payback I'll give her for her stubbornness.

She watches me with the wariness of an animal scenting a predator. "I'm not going to eat you... yet. If you're that determined to deny yourself, then I'm going to shower and grab a few hours sleep. The security screen's active. You're not getting out of this apartment without alerting me. I don't stock grass and leaves in the fridge so you're eventually going to have to shift back if you want to eat."

I dump the blankets in a pile on the rug. “Make yourself a nest. The bed is for those of us in human form.”

08 Natalie's Blog

I wait until I'm certain Wolf's sound asleep. He's lying flat on his back, naked and snoring. He sure is one fine specimen of manhood. Maybe once I've found my brother and gotten him out of this mess...

No. Why torment myself? I'm never coming back here. I seriously doubt Wolf's a man who stays interested in one woman for very long. Even if he is, he'd never be satisfied until he knew all my secrets.

I shift and tiptoe into his bathroom. After I've taken care of necessities that have waited far too long already, I pull a T-shirt from the laundry basket sitting on the floor. I can't resist pulling it to my face and drawing in Wolf's scent, musky and all male. My body tightens, begging me to give in to what I want.

I imagined all the delicious ways I could wake him, with my mouth, with my hands, by taking him deep into my pussy in one quick stroke. Damn, this man could be my undoing.

I slip the T-shirt over my head and walk on silent feet to his closet. Fortunately several belts hang from hooks on the door. I slip one around me, turning his shirt into a passable dress.

I'm desperately hungry, but I can't risk waking him by poking in the kitchen. I'll have to make do with the meager pickings at my apartment. I punch in the security code. The light on the keypad goes green. I unlock the door and slip out into the hall. I worry for a second about leaving Wolf in an unlocked apartment, but I figure anyone who breaks in will be in greater danger than Wolf.

Several hours later, I'm in the office where I'm working as a temp while the receptionist is in the hospital. I've had one hell of a morning so far. I've misdirected almost every call I've fielded. I've mistaken a client for a delivery man, and I've

screwed up the print order for flyers. I'm trying to reconfigure the file for the flyers when the phone rings again. I click a button on my headset. "Alexander Services, how may I help you?"

"Natalie. It's Dan." His voice is weak, raspy.

When Wolf told me a buck had saved my life by jumping in front of the motorcycle, I'd known it must be Dan. He'd supplied equipment for the weapons makers, and he's the one who got Jason mixed up with them. But he'd been our friend since we were kids. When he realized how much trouble Jason was in, I'd seen remorse in his eyes for the first time in years. "Are you at the hospital? Are you OK?"

"I'm dying." His voice was weak, but his tone was matter-of-fact. "Considering my lifestyle, I never expected to last long."

Tears burn behind my eyes. "Why'd you save me?"

"I've always liked you, and you should never have been mixed up in this mess. But that's not important now. Your Wolf was just here?"

I lowered my voice as much as I could. "My Wolf?"

Dan laughed which set off a coughing fit. "I could smell you on him."

My heart pounded. "What did you tell him?"

"Everything."

Fear formed a knot in my stomach, but strangely, I also felt relief. Now that Wolf knew, I no longer had to bear this burden on my own. "They said if I involved the police they'd kill Jason."

"They won't. They need his skills, and you need help. You can't handle this on your own."

He's right about me being in over my head, but what if he's wrong about Jason? "Where is Jason?"

"He's in the lab. They've got him working for them." I heard the murmur of voices in his hospital room. "I've got to go. The nurse is here with my pain meds."

"Dan, I..."

"Don't say it. Just help your Wolf get your brother back." He hangs up.

Before I can gather my wits, I hear someone gasp. I catch Wolf's scent before I look up. He stands in the doorway, exuding an aura of menace that lets everyone in the room know he's a predator, and they stand no chance against him. My heart slams against my chest and my nipples harden to stiff points. "Can I help you, Officer?"

He flashes a distressingly wolfish grin, sending lightning bolts of lust straight to my pussy. "I'm looking for Miss Natalie Fleetfoot."

His eyes are filled with menace. He's obviously pissed that I escaped. I shiver. "I'm Natalie Fleetfoot."

He gives me an assessing glance and approaches my desk. Heads pop up over cubicle walls to watch the show, but no one dares approach us. His look shifts from erotic to serious. He mouths these words. "Resist me and play along." I hope I've understood him and that this isn't just about sex, because if he arrests me, I'll never work for the temp agency again.

I flash him a questioning look. He nods. "I'll take care of you." His whisper is so low only a shifter would hear. In a louder voice, he says, "You're wanted for questioning, Miss Fleetfoot. I have reason to believe you witnessed a crime last night in City Park."

I take a step back, trying to look frightened and guilty. "I'm afraid you're mistaken, Officer."

He walks around the side of my desk until he's standing right next to me. "I have orders to bring you in for questioning."

"I'll be happy to make a statement on my lunch break, but I really can't --"

He's behind me before I realize what he's planning. He jerks my wrists together and slips something around them, binding them together. Not metal cuffs like he'd used before. The material feels like a plasticuff. He leans forward, placing his mouth next to my ear. "Neutralizers. New technology. They keep us nonhumans from trying any of our tricks."

Fuck! He'd certainly learned his lesson last night. Now I'm well and truly caught. Part of me rejoices, hoping I'm about to get what I'd given up so reluctantly last night. Heat races all the way down to my toes.

I look over my shoulder. "Is this really necessary, Officer?"

He smiles, and his golden eyes burn with need "I've learned not to take chances, especially with shifters."

The room buzzes with whispers. I'll certainly never work here again. Hell, I'll probably never work anywhere. Wolf better damn well make this worthwhile since he's likely sentenced me to eternal poverty.

When we're tucked into his car, he turns to face me. My anger boils over. "If you talked to Dan why did you have to arrest me?"

He sighs. "If someone is watching you then we can't let on that I know about the weapons lab."

"You think someone is watching me?"

"They tried to kill you last night and you got away. I sure as hell would have someone on you. You know way too much."

He's right but I'm still frustrated that he made such a spectacle even if I'm also turned on. "What happens now?"

"I'll take you home and we'll wait for instructions. The department's got a team working on a plan to get us into the lab and rescue your brother."

"And we just have to sit around and wait?"

Wolf smiles. "I was rather hoping we could find a way to distract ourselves."

I suddenly realize how desperately I need an outlet for the tension that's making my heart race and every nerve in my body fray. I can think of no better way to relax than a round of brutal sex with Wolf.

09 Wolf's Blog

When I woke to find my doe gone, my stomach twisted in a knot. Someone wanted her dead and she was out on the street without protection. I never imagined she'd been watching when I punched in my security codes, but I hoped to God that's what she'd been doing. The possibility that someone had breached my security and taken her from under my nose was unthinkable.

I'd had no choice but to report to the precinct and take the tongue lashing I was due from my superiors. But when I was sent to the hospital to question the buck who'd saved Natalie, my day started looking up. He'd told me why she was running scared and given me the name of the temp agency she worked for.

I'd been in such a hurry to get to her that I'd shifted and ran, carrying my uniform in the pack I wore when Jacobson played the role of K-9 officer. I'd frightened the hell out of more than a few of the city's residents.

But now she's here in my apartment, wrists still bound in neutralizer cuffs. She's mine and she isn't going anywhere. Except into pleasure overdrive.

She's standing in the middle of the living room where I'd put her down. I admit it, I'm so lust crazed I slung her over my shoulder like caveman and hauled her up the stairs. She's scowling at me, but I can smell her desire. If I slide my fingers into her pussy, I'll find it slick and ready for my cock.

I pace in a circle around her, thumbs hooked in my belt. She shivers and my cock jumps against the confines of my pants. *Easy, boy, you'll get your chance.* I've broken many a suspect with nothing more than my menacing presence but never one as lovely as Natalie or one I intended to fuck into oblivion. "Are you ready to answer my questions, ma'am?"

"Officer, you've detained me unlawfully." I love that she's playing along. She wants this fantasy as much as I do.

"I'm afraid you lost your chance of seeing my good side when you ran. I'm not in the mood to play by the rules today."

She snorts. "As if you ever are."

I unbuckle my belt and tug it off. I've already dispensed with my radio and my weapon so they won't get in our way. "Comments like that make me think you need a little discipline." Her eyes widen and her tongue snakes out to wet her lips.

"Do your worst, Officer. I'm still not going to talk."

I step closer and run the tip of my belt between her breasts and down across her belly. "Before I'm done with you, you'll talk, scream, beg, anything I ask."

She shudders. "I'm stronger than you think."

I grab her hips and pull her against me, letting her feel the hard line of my erection through our clothes. "That makes it all the more fun to break you."

I take her lips in a fierce kiss. Her mouth opens under mine. Her tongue surges inside, letting me know I'm reading her right. She's loving this as much as I am.

I force myself to release her before I end things way too fast. I turn her toward the bed. "On the bed, face down, ass in the air."

She scrambles to obey, giving away how eager she is to see how far I'll take this. I intend to take it all the way.

When her hot ass is tilted toward me, I shove up her dress and jerk down her thin silk panties until they bind her legs together at the knees. The sight of her dripping wet pussy has me biting my lip to hold back a groan. I take a deep breath, drawing in the musky smell of her lust. She's so fucking hot. How did I get so lucky?

I slide the end of my belt over her ass, caressing her with it. "Do you have something to confess, ma'am?"

She gasps and wiggles her ass against the leather. "I confess to a weakness for dominant wolves."

"That is very naughty indeed." I grin and crack the belt across her ass. She cries out. I spank her again and again. She writhes on the bed, rubbing her breasts against the sheets and pumping her hips, raising them toward my belt as I bring it down on her ass.

I can smell the cream dripping from her pussy, and I love how hot my punishing strokes are making her. I stop and she whimpers, panting as hard as she did when she watched me jerk off.

I rub my hand over the heated flesh, letting my nails rasp against the red welts I've raised. I slip my other hand between her legs, coating my fingers in her cream before capturing her clit. She bucks against me, caught between the pain burning her ass and the pleasure I'm giving her pussy. She's going to come if I keep it up much longer, and I've got no intention of letting her off that easy. I squeeze her clit and pull my hand away. "Bastard!" she shrieks.

I laugh. "Ready to talk?"

"No, damn you."

I crack my hand across her ass. "What are we going to do about that foul little mouth? Fill it with my cock?"

She groans. "God, yes."

"Oh yeah, I like when my detainees are eager to please."

She tugs on the Neutralizer holding her wrists together. "Please uncuff me, Officer. I want to worship your cock properly with my mouth and my hands."

I didn't think I could get any hornier but after she says those words, my dick hardens enough to split rocks. I'm not about to gamble on her being so worked up she's lost all will to defy me. But I want her hand wrapped around me. "Do you promise to be good?"

She looks over her shoulder and smiles. "Oh, I'll be very good."

"Hold still." I leave her long enough to get snips. I cut through the neutralizer cuff, but as soon as I pull it loose, I strap another one around one of her wrists. She's no longer bound, but the cuff will keep her from shifting.

She kicks off her panties and then sits up and arches her back, working out the kinks. I bury my face in the fall of her hair, drawing in her scent. Her long hair slides across my cock like a caress, and I make a strangled noise. I can't wait any longer. "Suck me."

She smiles as wickedly as any wolf. "As you wish, Officer."

She slides off the bed and kneels between my legs. She unfastens my pants and drags the zipper down slowly. Her breath catches when she sees I've gone commando. She pulls my cock free from its confines and wraps a hand around the base.

I expect her to go slow, to take a little taste of me and work up to taking me in her mouth. But she leans over and swallows me whole. I choke, bucking my hips, driving even deeper. She makes a strangled noise but keeps sucking me, doing things with her tongue I didn't know were possible. God, I'm going to go off in her mouth in seconds if she keeps this up.

As if she can read my mind, she pulls her mouth off my cock but she never stops working her wicked tongue, sliding it along my underside then flicking it across my balls. I'm thankful for my werewolf stamina because there's no way in hell I'm going to last long enough to do everything I need to do to this sexy little doe.

She teases me, stroking my cock with her hand, licking me, nibbling with sexy bites that almost hurt but make my cock feel like it's going to explode any second. I growled, low in my throat. I've had enough of her teasing. I need the tight heat of her mouth, and I need it now.

I slide my hands into her hair and tug, pulling her mouth away from my flesh. She glances up, her doe eyes wide. "Swallow me and don't stop until I come."

She grins and licks her lips. "I've definitely developed a taste for wolves." She tugs at the waistband of my pants and I stand so she can slide them over my ass and shove them down.

Before I can sit back down, she takes me in her mouth again. I groan as I watch her eat up inch after inch of my cock, fighting not to shove it down her throat. I'm

riding the edge of control. I want to let my claws out, to dig them into her scalp and pin her while I fuck her mouth. Sweat drips down my chest as I fight those darker instincts.

She grips the base of my cock as she sucks, squeezing me in rhythm with her hot mouth. Her other hand cups my ass then slides between my cheeks. Her finger finds my anus. She teases the tight hole then pushes inside. I roar, "Oh my fucking God."

She works her finger in and out, hitting the sweet spot inside. My world narrows to her mouth and her finger. Then my cock shoots off in her mouth like a rocket headed to the moon. She swallows every drop.

10 Natalie's Blog

When Wolf's orgasm finally finishes I sit back on my heels and give him a coy smile. "Are you going to let me go now, Officer?"

He laughs, sounding like the evil cop he's playing. "Not after that performance. You're one bad little doe, and I'm not done with you yet. I want you naked on the bed, on your back."

And that's exactly where I want to be. I've had lovers who like to dominate but no one who could do it like Wolf. I unzip my dress and slide it down my arms, leaving it in a puddle on the floor. Then I unhook my bra and drop it on top of the dress. Wolf licks his lips at the sight of my bare breasts.

I climb onto the bed slowly, showing off my long legs and agile body. My ass still stings from the spanking he's given me and I relish the erotic pain as I position myself on my back.

Wolf stands at the foot of the bed and strips. As divine as his muscular body is, I almost hate to see his uniform go. I've really gotten into the cop fantasy. Though the idea of his playing the part of the big bad wolf is equally as scorching hot. I have a feeling I've found a man who can fulfill every submissive fantasy I've ever had.

When he's naked, Wolf bends over and picks up his cuffs. He toys with them as his eyes roam over my body, making me squirm. "I intend to make you beg, and I don't want to run the risk of you escaping your torment."

I shiver as the cold metal snaps around one of my wrists. He wraps the cuffs around one of the slats in his headboard and closes them around my other wrist. The sensation of helplessness makes my pussy clench. I love the game we're playing, but my need to come is growing more desperate by the second.

Once I'm restrained, he rummages through a drawer, giving me a perfect view of his finely sculpted ass. When he turns around, he's holding two small silver clamps. I know exactly where they're going and the thought makes my pussy even wetter. I lick my lips.

He smiles. "I've been waiting to put these on you since I first saw your pert rosy nipples in the park."

I squirm, lifting my breasts in invitation and trying desperately to squeeze my thighs tight enough to put pressure on my clit. He snarls. "Legs apart unless you want them restrained. You come when I say you come."

His words only make my need greater. He's so damn good at this. He stretches out beside me and lays one of his large hands on my stomach, preventing me from moving my hips. He sucks my nipple into the heat of his mouth. I jerk, crying out. I feel like my nipple and my clit are connected. If he keeps sucking long enough, I'm going to come.

Without warning he stops, and lightning fast, he closes the clamp around my nipple. "Fuck!" I scream. The clamp is tight and it fucking hurts in a way that is pure bliss.

"We'll get to that. First, I have to do the other nipple." He clamps it just like that, hardly giving me a chance to breathe after the torture of the first one. I try to stifle my scream, but I can't. This time I scream his name. His eyes burn with heat. "My God, that hurts."

He grins. "You love it."

"Yes I do." My voice is breathless. I'm still trying to recover.

The weight of the clamps tug at my nipples, making we want, need. I've got to get off soon, or I'm going to die.

Wolf's eyes flash as he watches my writhing body. "You know what it's time for now, Bambie?"

"What?" I barely choke out the word through the pain and pleasure wracking my body.

His smile looks like pure sin. "It's time for the big bad wolf to eat you up."

"Oh, my. Yes!"

He settles himself between my legs. His hands grab my legs, pulling them apart, holding me open for his feast. He starts with my inner thigh licking, sucking, grazing his teeth across the tender skin. My pussy tightens, desperate to be touched. I want to beg. I bite my lip to stop myself.

He lifts his head and blows across my oversensitive flesh. I buck and jerk my hips. "Please!" I can't stop myself from begging.

"Please, what?" He looks up at me, and his eyes have gone wolfish.

"Eat me up!"

He swoops down and sucks my clit into his mouth. My scream may have deafened his sensitive ears. No centimeter of my pussy goes untouched by his talented mouth. And finally he brings his hands into the mix, finger fucking me.

He moves them in and out faster and faster curling them forward to hit my g-spot. I pump my hips and tug on my cuffs desperate to touch him. Every movement sends my nipple clamps bouncing. Pain and pleasure swirl through my belly and shoot straight to my clit where his mouth sucks with abandon. "Oh God, Wolf. I'm coming! Now! Please, now!"

He pulls back and I think he intends to make me wait. I snarl.

He laughs. "It's OK, my little doe. It's time for you to detonate."

He lowers his mouth again, rasping his tongue right across the tip of my clit. Then he draws me in again while stuffing me with his fingers. I lose my fucking mind. I've never come so hard in my life.

He moves up my body, positions his cock at the entrance of my pussy and drives in before the contractions inside me have even stopped. "Yes! Oh, my God, yes!" I shout.

His rhythm is fierce and pounding from the start, just like I like it. "I want to... touch... you!" I barely get the words out.

He reaches up, hits the release on the cuffs, and pulls them from my wrists. "Touch me." His voice is low and gravelly.

I slide my hands into his close cropped hair and pull him down to my lips. I eat up his mouth the way he'd eaten my pussy, licking his teeth, his tongue, the roof of his mouth, drinking down the flavor of my wolf.

Shit! When did I start thinking of him as mine? That could be very dangerous.

He nips my bottom lip and pulls back. His breathing is as ragged as mine. I watched his throat work as he swallows hard. "I can do claws and fangs and hold there. I won't shift on you. Won't... hurt you."

I see vulnerability in his eyes for the first time. I bet he doesn't offer this to many of his lovers. And man, oh man, do I want it. I might seem like a calm little herbivore in my daily life, but when it comes to sex I like to ride the edge of danger. Wolf is the most dangerous man I've ever met. "Please!"

He gasps, shock plain on his face. "You're sure?"

I look into his eyes, make him see how much I want him, all of him. "Yes!"

He drives into me and stills. I lock my legs around his hips, holding him right where I want him. His head drops back. I watch as claws extend from his hands and his incisors grow into fangs.

I shiver despite my certainty that he won't truly hurt me. He looks every inch the predator, and the expression on his face tells me I'm definitely prey.

He draws one clawed hand between my breasts and down over my belly, not hurting me but letting me feel the edge of his claws. I hold my breath, mesmerized by the sight. My heart thunders against my ribs.

He circles each of my nipples, the sight of his claws and the clamps making me crazy. I don't dare move. My mouth hangs open, drawing only the most shallow breaths. He seizes the clamps in his fingers, letting his claws ever so gently press against my nipples. I want to scream.

Fear, pleasure, need, all combine to overload me with sensation. He squeezes the clamps, releasing me, and quickly draws his hands away. Sensation floods back to my abused nipples, sending erotic pain racing through my body. I arch up, screaming.

He digs his claws into the mattress. I hear the sheets rip. But I can't think anymore because he's fucking me hard and fast, like his life depends on it. I look up at him. His gaze is locked on my neck, his eyes hungry. Oh, God, what have I done? Is he going to bite me, to drive those fangs into me? I almost want him to, but I know that would be a very bad idea.

He senses my fear. "I'm OK. I can control it. I just need to come really soon."

"Me too." He increases his pace until he's pistoning into me so fast I would have thought it impossible. I slam my hips against him, as desperate to come as he is. My body's on fire, needy, desperate.

"Yes! Oh God, yes! Now!" I scream, as I come. He follows me, bucking his hips against me and shouting my name. I'm one lost doe.

11 Wolf's Blog

The ring of my phone wakes me out of a deep sleep. I note that it's grown dark since Natalie and I fucked each other into oblivion and crashed. I slide from the bed and fumble through my pants searching for my phone. I find it just as it stops ringing. I recognize the number, my Lieutenant. I hit redial, ready to be bitched at for not having the phone by me.

"Where were you, Savage?"

"Right here. Phone was stuck in my pocket."

He snorts. "In your pocket on the floor by your bed, where your naked ass lay after *protecting* our subject."

Damn, I hate when he does that. "Miss Fleetfoot is safe and sound."

"I just bet she is. Playtime is over. We need her."

Apprehension makes me tense. "Need her for what?"

"Bait."

I shake my head even though he can't see me. "Hell, no."

"Savage, you're a damn good cop, and I put up with a lot from you. Don't push me too far."

I fight to keep the growl out of my voice. "Yes, sir. Let me rephrase that. I have no intention of putting her life at risk."

"We found the lab. It's a maze of underground tunnels with a well camouflaged entrance like the buck said. Multiple sets of fresh tracks from men obviously loaded down with heavy burdens suggests they're getting ready to relocate."

"If her brother's in there, we've got to go in now. We'll have our best men there, you included. But we've got no proof of illegal activity. We need to lure them out. Sending Miss Fleetfoot in to make a deal is the best way to do that."

My stomach knots. "There's got to be another option."

"Have you got one that we can have in place by tonight? We have no idea how much time her brother has left."

I run my hand back and forth across my close cropped hair, wishing to God I had a better solution. Everything I can think of would take days to put in place. "Damn it I don't want to do it this way."

"I don't think any of us do, but it's our best shot. You'll be there to protect her. Ask her what she wants to do." I know exactly what she's going to say. She's been taking stupid risks for weeks, setting herself up as a target, refusing to go to the police. She'll obviously do anything for her brother, even sacrifice herself.

My gut twists. My wolf senses give me a better chance of saving her than anyone else on the force, but what if I'm still not fast enough? I can see in the dark, hear the faintest movement, and smell someone from miles away, but one of these bastards could still put a bullet in Natalie before I can stop them. "Give me five minutes to talk to her. I'll call you back."

"Five minutes. No more."

Shit! I turn back toward the bed and see Natalie watching me, her eyes wary. "Is it Jason? Have they found him?"

"The team found the entrance to the weapons lab. Evidence suggests they're getting ready to change locations. If Jason is there, he'll be moved soon or... eliminated. We've got to go in tonight."

"OK, let's go." She scoots off the bed and begins searching the floor for her clothes.

"Whoa. We need to talk."

"No, we need to rescue my brother." She pulls on her panties and grabs her bra.

I find my uniform pants, nervous she'll charge out of the apartment before I can even get dressed. "We can't be sure he's in there."

"Dan said he was."

I slip on my shirt and grab my belt. "Dan also worked with the men who took him."

She steps into her dress. "So he knows what they did. Why would he bother to confess if he were just going to lie?"

"I don't know but I can't guess all of his motivations." I grab her arm, stopping her from raising her zipper. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

She glares at me. "I'm not going to stay behind."

I exhale sharply trying to get a hold on my fear and annoyance. "Are you willing to be bait?"

"What?" She freezes. I've finally gotten her attention.

"That's your role. You go in acting like you've brought them the supplies they asked for, giving us a chance to get the proof we need that they're engaged in illegal activities. Once we've got that, we'll go in."

I watch her drag in a long breath and swallow hard. "I'll do anything to save my brother."

I take her by the shoulders. "Natalie, you could die."

"They've had him prisoner for weeks. There's no telling what they've done to him. I can't leave him at their mercy."

"You could let the police handle it. We'd find another way."

She lifts her hands and lays them on my chest. I realize she's shaking. "You just said we don't have time. If this is the plan, then I'm in."

I caress the side of her face. She leans into my hand. "I don't want to lose you." My voice is rough with emotion.

She smiles, but her eyes are sad. "I don't want to lose you either."

My phone rings. I hold her face between my hands. "This is your last chance to refuse."

She shakes her head. "I'd never forgive myself if I didn't do everything I could to save him."

I answer the phone. "She's in. We're on our way."

My Lieutenant gives me the rendezvous location and I hang up. We finish dressing in silence. I don't know what to say. I don't want Natalie to do this, but I can't stop her. I hope to God I can protect her, because I can't imagine my future without her.

12 Natalie's Blog

I listen to Wolf's list of instructions at least ten times. I love that he's so worried about me, and hope it means we might have a future. I haven't been stupid enough to ask if we will see each other after the lab raid, but the thought of not being with Wolf again, of not having him be part of my life, makes me ache inside.

I need to test my mic one final time. "Wolf?"

"I'm here, baby. I'll always be here."

The words warm me, but my hands still shake as I lift the phone to my ear and dial the number I've been given by Jason's captors.

The man who contacted me before answers with a rough, "Yes?"

"It's Natalie Fleetfoot. I've got what you asked for."

"Do you now? I'd started to think we weren't going to hear from you. I thought perhaps your brother was as big of a pain in the ass to you as he's been to us."

I fight the urge to snap at him. "It wasn't easy to acquire what you asked for. I worked as fast as I could."

"I'm afraid you're too late. We thought you might get the message when we tried to kill you last night. We're packing up shop."

My heart hammers in my chest. I can't let him hang up. "I'm here. In the park. Bring my brother, and you'll get the supplies you need."

"Out in the open? You've got to be fucking kidding. Bring them to the lab and I'll see if I can convince the boss to deal with you. You've got thirty seconds."

Wolf spoke in my ear, his voice frantic with worry. "Abort the mission, Natalie. We'll find another way."

I know I'm probably sentencing myself to death but I'd been expecting that for weeks now. "Not an option."

Wolf growls. "Natalie, we can't protect you if you go inside the lab." Would he come after me and give us away? I have to take the risk. I run toward the lab, leaping over obstacles in my way, thankful for my agile legs. Never once does my grip loosen on the satchel of chemicals my brother's captors demanded I acquire.

When I reach the door, a man lifts the well camouflaged hatch. He's a dog shifter. He must have smelled my arrival. "The boss is waiting." I recognize his voice as the man I'd spoken with on the phone.

I follow him down a long dark tunnel, and I'm thankful for my excellent night vision. We walk on and on. How far into this maze will he take me? Will my wire still work this far under ground?

A man steps out from the shadows. He's huge, several inches taller than Wolf and even broader across the shoulders. He has to be Landon, the boss of the operation. His eyes are flat and cold. He pulls out a gun and trains it on me. "Hand over the case."

"There's no need for weapons." I pray Wolf is listening. And that there's still a chance of rescue. I know now that I've made a big mistake.

"Surely you didn't think we were going to let you and your brother walk away after you've seen us and our operation."

My legs quiver. If I were in deer form, my tail would be raised and my ears laid back. I have to keep him talking and give Wolf and his team time to get to me. If they're coming. "We made a deal. I obtained your supplies, now release my brother."

"Doesn't look like you're in much of a position to argue with me. You're staying with us. I'm sure we can find a use for you." His gaze drifts down my body, and I shudder.

The dog shifter chuckles. "I've thought of several uses already."

I listen for any sign of Wolf and his men. I hear footsteps on the surface but no voices. I have to do something now.

Wolf warned me that the mix of chemicals the police had given me would explode if mixed. He'd admonished me not to drop the case or even shake it very hard.

He wanted to give me something less volatile but I wanted the real goods in case they were inspected before his team could move in. Now I'm glad I held my ground.

I tighten my grip on the case, and hurl it toward Landon as hard as I can. "Wolf, if you're coming in, do it now!" I scream.

The big man dodges the case and it slams into the wall of the cave. It falls to the floor and nothing happens. I watch with horror. Time seems suspended. One second. Two. Then it explodes.

I'm knocked back down the tunnel. My head slams against the ground as I fall. I try to get my feet under me, but I sway and fall to my knees. I fight the dizziness and try to stand again.

Landon and the dog shifter have been thrown to the ground, but I see the big man reach for his gun. I push to my feet, making myself run even as my vision darkens and the tunnel swims in front of my eyes.

Stinging pain bursts in my shoulder. My brain faintly registers that I've been shot. Then Wolf is in front of me. The man and then the wolf. I stumble. He leaps over me and slams into the boss. I turn away as he tears into the man's throat.

The dog shifter gets to his knees. I see the gun in his hand. Before he can take aim, a shot explodes from behind me. Red blood blossoms on the dog shifter's chest and he falls to the ground.

I turn to see Jacobson and the rest of Wolf's team running down the tunnel. My vision blurs. I'm vaguely aware of the sound of more of Landon's men coming from deep in the tunnel. Then I lose consciousness.

* * *

"Natalie. Natalie. Please." A voice calls my name from far away. I don't want to answer. I only want to sleep.

"Please, Natalie. Please come back to me." It's Wolf. Wolf is calling me. He sounds worried, maybe even scared. Why would Wolf be scared?

I wiggle and stretch. My shoulder aches and my head throbs. As I try to sit up, I realize I'm in deer form.

I open my eyes and look at Wolf. He's hanging over me. His face is pale and his body is covered in cuts and bruises. He's also stark naked. I blink and look around. Where are we?

"Natalie, are you all right?"

I look up at him. Was I all right? Other than my headache and some soreness I seem fine. I nod my head.

"Thank God. A bullet grazed your shoulder but it's healing nicely. I'm not sure what other injuries you have."

His words bring my memory online. The tunnel. The weapons makers. The case of explosive chemicals. Wolf ripping out the leader's throat. My brother? Had they found him? I summon my shifting energy, but my reserves are too drained. I'm stuck in deer form, unable to speak. I give Wolf a pleading glance.

He pets me with his firm, sure hand. "We found him. He's got some cuts and bruises but nothing serious. He's at the hospital now. The police need to question him once a doctor's seen him. I'll take you to see him in the morning."

I look back down the tunnel and widen my eyes, hoping they look questioning and that Wolf can guess why. "We think we got them all, but there's a guard on Jason's room just in case."

I nod and do what I can to approximate a smile.

Wolf frowns. "Can you shift now?"

I try again and fail. I give him a sad look and shake my head.

"Do you need a doctor?"

I shake my head again. I wish I could ask him to take me home with him. That's the only place I want to go.

He smiles. "Good. Then I'll take you home with me." Maybe he *can* read my mind.

I get my feet under me and stand. My legs shake but they hold. I pointedly look up and down Wolf's naked body.

He frowns. "I guess I need to find some clothes."

Just as he says it, Jacobson walked toward us from the direction of the surface, carrying clothes. "I'm getting damned tired of being your laundry boy."

Wolf laughs. "Your other option is to deal with me walking around naked all the time."

Jacobson gives a mock shudder. "I've seen enough of your family jewels to last me a lifetime."

"I know. It's so hard not to be envious."

Jacobson throws the uniform at Wolf. "Quit being an ass, and take your woman home."

Wolf flips him off, but Jacobson ignores him and turns to me. "Good work tonight, Natalie. I'm assuming you're looking for a job since Wolf screwed up your last one. Why don't you apply with the department?"

Wolf growls. "Don't get any ideas from him. I have no intention of letting you put yourself in danger again."

We'll see about that. I look up at Jacobson and make my best attempt at a smile.

13 Wolf's Blog

By the time we reach my apartment, Natalie is curled up in the back seat, sound asleep, still locked in deer form. I open her door and lift her onto my shoulder, thankful for my werewolf strength.

I enter the building and start up the steps. A few men and women are congregated on the landing of my floor. They stare at me, open mouthed. I give them a toothy grin and tilt my head toward Natalie. "Dinner."

They all inch away from me. I grin and make my way to my door. Breaking the no animals rule I'd made the night before, I lay Natalie on my bed. She curls her body into a circle but otherwise doesn't stir.

I strip and fall into bed beside her. I'm asleep in seconds.

* * *

I wake to sunlight streaming in the window and a soft feminine body half on top of me. Natalie apparently woke up enough to shift and then went back to sleep.

I slide my hand over the curve of her hip and draw it along her side, cupping her breast then brushing her nipple with my thumb. The pink tip hardens. I trap it between my thumb and forefinger and roll it, tugging gently. She sighs and pushes against my hand.

I roll her to her back so I can take her nipple into my mouth. I suck it deep and capture its mate with my other hand.

Natalie moans and arches her back. Her hands clasp my head, holding it against her breast. I'm more than happy to be trapped there. I torment the tight bud, before licking and nipping my way across her chest to draw the other one into my mouth.

She's wide awake now, writhing beneath me. Her hips jerk up and down, inviting me in to the heat of her pussy. I have every intention of going there, but not until I've got her hot enough to explode.

I squeeze her breast, plumping it to push her hard nipple further into my mouth, loving the feel of her soft, smooth flesh and reveling in the knowledge that she's alive and in my arms.

I scraped my teeth against her nipple and she jerks under me. "More."

I growl and flick my tongue back and forth over the tight flesh while holding it between my teeth. She cries out. "Yes! I need... I need you to fuck me."

I release her and pull back, looking down into her rich brown eyes. "I need you too. I need to reassure myself that you're healthy and whole and here with me after the stunt you pulled last night. But rest assured that I will punish that little white tail of yours for defying me. I intend to spend all day thinking up ways to make you writhe."

She groans and her eyes light with passion. "I'm counting on it."

"Witch." I shove her legs apart and double them on her chest. "You need a deep hard fucking to put you in your place."

She wiggles her hips. "I damn well do."

I growl. Her eyes widen. "Are you afraid, little doe? Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?"

"I'm only afraid of combusting if he doesn't give me his big bad cock right now."

I thrust into her, my stroke so hard my balls slap her ass.

"Yes!" she screams. "Just. Like. That."

I let go of her legs. She locks them around my hips. I drive into her over and over as hard and deep as she likes it. We're both frantic with need. Her hungry pussy squeezes my cock, and I know I'm not going to last long. I need to fill her with my come, mark her as mine. I'm never going to let this woman go.

Her legs trap me against her, and her hips slam against mine. "Please! God, please! I'm so fucking close!"

"Mine," I snarl, my voice making me sound like the beast I am. I've lost all control. I need to possess her utterly.

"Yes. Yours. Yours forever."

I open my eyes and look down at her. "I love you, Natalie. I'm never going to let you go."

Her eyes widen and she bucks up, screaming. Her climax crashes over her, her cunt squeezing me so tight I lose it. My hips jerk violently, pumping her full of come.

I collapse on top of her. She keeps her legs wrapped around me. One of her hands pets my head while the other strokes my back up and down in a soothing rhythm. My heart pounds. How will she react to my confession? What the hell was I thinking telling her I love her when I've only known her two days? But it was true. I love her and I can't imagine life without her.

"Aidan?"

Her use of my given name startles me. I summon the energy to lift my head. She smiles at me, her eyes bright.

"I love you." Her soft words make my heart pound and my cock harden again. "I wasn't sure you'd want to see me again after we found Jason."

I caress the side of her face. "This time the little doe has caught herself a wolf. I have every intention of staying by your side for as long as you'll have me."

"Then you'll be with me a long, long time. As long as you promise not to let me tame you too much. I do so like it when you eat me up."

My cock swells inside her. No other woman could make me this hot with nothing but a few words. "I have every intention of biting you, eating you and arresting your fine ass on a regular basis."

"Then we have ourselves a deal, Officer."

I laugh. "Has my little doe been a bad girl?"

She tightens her legs around me and lifts her hips so I slide deeper. "Oh, yes. I'm so very, very bad."

I slide my hands under her, gripping her ass and holding her still as I bury myself inside her. "We'll have to do something about that."

She smiles. "I have a feeling it's going to take a very long time to get me to reform."

And it did.

Silvia Violet

Silvia Violet can often be found haunting coffee shops looking for the darkest, strongest cup of coffee she can find. Once equipped with the needed fuel, she can happily sit for hours pounding away at her laptop. Silvia typically leaves home disguised as a suburban stay-at-home-mom, and other coffee shop patrons tend to ask her hilarious questions like "Do you write children's books?" She loves watching the looks on their faces when they learn what she's actually up to. When not writing, Silvia enjoys baking sinful chocolate treats, exploring new styles of cooking, and reading children's books to her wickedly smart offspring.

Silvia writes erotic romance and erotica in a variety of genres. She recently won Angela Knight's Golden Stiletto contest with a hot excerpt from her Shifter's Station series.

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