



My Werewolf Lover

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We weren't allowed to mate with them, never to marry one of the creatures of the night. But I wasn't seeking a husband among the wolves, just a lover. The desire had haunted me ever since I'd gotten caught out after dark, in the Forbidden Woods and came upon an injured werewolf.

He lay trembling on the ground, his hair matted with blood, obviously from an attack. It touched my heart to see him there, and I wanted to help. You see Elves, what I am, feel an affinity for all living things. We want to heal the world, as it were. But our leaders had warned us against going to the Forbidden Woods where the werewolves ran. They were savages, the elders said. And I believed it. But as a young Elf, I was curious about them.

I had often seen the werewolves running with the wind beyond our magical barrier, just off in the trees. They were swift, darting along so fast, they were almost a blur. It was only by use of my magic that I sped up my ability to see them whoosh by. The thick brown pelts, the glowing yellow eyes and long sharp teeth hadn't frightened me ... much. It fascinated me. So I snuck out through the barrier regularly in hopes of meeting one of the magnificent creatures. Yet, for months, I had had no luck. They kept their distance.

Then came that day when I stumbled on the injured werewolf. He looked no different than a regular wolf as I already described, except maybe bigger, with bulkier muscles and greater intelligence behind the intense eyes. But that wasn't what drew me to this specimen crumbled at my feet. It was when he began to change, his bones snapping and popping as they rearranged themselves into a human form.

I jumped back away from him, but I couldn't take my gaze from the change. I was a virgin, had never had a lover and was promised to one of the Elven men in my village. Yet, as I looked on at the close-cropped brown hair, the full bottom lip with the tiniest of clefts in it and the strong jaw line, I knew I wanted more than just a glance at the werewolves. Inching closer in a squat on my hands and tiptoes, I let my hungry examination of the beast continue down over a butterfly spanned chest, tapering to a narrow waist and ... I caught my breath.

I have brothers, so I'd seen a naked male before when my immature siblings had wagged their goods in my face, in an attempt to embarrass me. But as proud as the boys were of their jewels, they would cry in shame in comparison to the werewolf's cock. The thick long tool made my mouth water. I imagined that had I spanned it with my fingers, I would not have been able to close my hand completely around it.

While I stood there admiring the creature's hard thighs and saluting cock, I heard the stomp of feet through the bramble. I knew I should run, back through my people's safety barrier, but I couldn't tear my eyes away. A wetness had already gathered in my panties, and I was squeezing a fist between my legs.

Soon men with ears like dogs and extra hair along the edges of their faces broke through the trees. They all arrived sniffing the air, some as full wolf shape, some half human half wolf and some fully human. I knew that they had found their way to their comrade by picking up his bloody scent.

As soon as they caught sight of me hanging over the felled wolf, they began growling in my direction, baring sharp teeth and laying back their ears. I threw up a barrier around myself, shaped into a transparent sphere. "I ... I didn't hurt him," I whispered fearfully.

Even still, I don't think they understood my language. Confusion lit in the yellow eyes. Some whined and inched cautiously toward me. That was when I noticed that all the werewolves in human form were naked. Their cocks were long, thick and erect. And that's when I knew that I would find a lover among them, a wild beast who would satisfy the craving that burned inside me.

I stood up, allowing my protective shield to dissolve. As the werewolves lifted the injured man, the gash in his side spilling blood that should have killed a mortal man, I took a tentative step toward them. The growls stopped me.

"I can heal him," I offered. "Back at your den?"

Wasn't I the clever one, thinking on my feet to get myself invited back to their home? If I was going to be able to heal the werewolf—and I was not sure that I could since I hadn't had much practice in that area of my powers—I could just as well do it here, on the edge of the Forbidden Woods and near my own home. However, I wanted to see where they lived, and naughty of me but I wanted to see if I could get a glimpse of them mating. Did they even have females? There were none in the pack that showed to claim the injured werewolf.

When they didn't bother to answer, I took it upon myself to follow, a difficult task. The man beasts shifted as they strode. When four feet were on the ground, they began to run. Even using my magic to flit from tree limb to tree limb, keeping them in sight beneath me, I couldn't keep up with the pace. Soon I lost sight of the werewolves. And angry, horny and frustrated, I floated on the air to the ground. Tears wet my lashes.

Chapter Two

This little ritual of chasing after them happened day after day, not when they picked up the injured of their kind, but when I spotted them taking a drink at the river or resting in some other location. I tried so hard to make them understand what I wanted. My own body kept me returning to the woods even after three weeks without success. The vision of that first naked man in my mind.

Finally, a day came when I was as close as before, jumping through the trees, close on their trail. But nothing and no one was faster or stronger than the werewolves, especially in their own territory. Out of breath, I dropped to the ground in defeat.

I closed my eyes and leaned back against a tree. My body was on fire and there was no one to satisfy the need. My intended, whom I hadn't as yet accepted, would stick to our customs. He would not touch me or even visit with me until after the wedding. That could be months away. I needed fulfillment now, and I wanted to great big stiff rod of a werewolf!

My foolish tears continued to flow down my cheeks until I heard the snap of a twig nearby. I jumped and opened my eyes to see a man standing before me. He was so tall. I bumped my head against the tree trying to look up at him. Though he stood less than an inch from me, I knew he was naked. And the scent, that earthy aroma—male and feral—told me he was of that wild race I had been warned about, the one I had been chasing.

My heart pounded and my throat went dry with him so close. I wasn't sure if he knew what I wanted and was there to offer it to me, or if he planned to rip me to shreds. Flames

heated my face when I became aware that the thing bumping against my belly was in fact his cock. My eyes widened in shock as I gazed into his eyes.

He uttered something, a command maybe. I could no more speak his language than he could speak mine. As though mesmerized, I reached up to touch his face, but he drew back. And then in one rough movement, he hooked his fingers around the collar of my dress and tore downward.

I squeaked in amazement when the afternoon breeze tantalized my bare nipples. The werewolf's gaze dropped to the tightening dark pink buds. A tongue longer than any Elf's snaked out to lick his lips. It seemed hardly believable, but the wolf wanted me. I was going to have what I had been craving for so long.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

He didn't even attempt to answer. Rough hands grasped me by the hips and lifted me. He slung me over his shoulder and began walking deeper into the forest. I can't pretend that I wasn't afraid. I was, especially when he caught a hold of the tattered remains of my dress and tore it away from my ass. When my rear was bobbing for all the world to view as we traveled, he alternately stuck a finger inside my flowing cream and then trailed it back to my ass opening.

I groaned and twitched on his shoulder, loving his touch, but wanting a little self-respect like walking under my own steam. The werewolf wouldn't be reasoned with, so I resolved to enjoy what I could. But then when he felt my anus was wet enough and his finger slick enough, with no warning, he plunged the finger inside my hole. I screamed and pleaded.

"No, no. Stop!"

But he continued in and out, over and over. I gasped and struggled against him. I didn't want to cum upside down, while being carried through the woods, but that's exactly what was happening to me. It hurt ... alot! But I came. My juices were flowing down toward his shoulder, mixing in the curly red hair at the apex of my pussy.

The wolf laughed at me and flipped me around on his shoulder so that I was now facing forward, with my ass airing behind us. Angry that he had taken what I had not yet given to him, I decided that two could play that game. He could behave like some kind of caveman werewolf, but I was an Elf! We were not pushovers.

Straightening my head so that I was looking down toward the ground, I saw that his still erect rod was bobbing close enough for me to play with it, unfortunately not close enough to take it into my mouth. I made do with tugging at the delicious looking appendage and teasing his balls beneath it. The sharp intake of breath above me let me know the wolf was enjoying my touch.

I sucked on the tips of my fingers and stroked the head of his cock. When a bead of pre-cum bubbled up, I swiped it up and licked it from my fingers. Never had I imagined a

man tasted like this. Never had I imagined it was okay to taste a man like this. I wanted so much more.

As the brush thickened around us, and I continued to stroke him, hoping for more pre-cum, his fast clip slowed. I knew we were nearing his home. He finally stopped and flipped me around so that my body slid quickly down his own. His cock caught between my legs and an inch pushed inside me. I cried out in pain and fear, and he pulled back before setting me on my feet.

'Drgeat.' He shook his head no as if I knew what he was talking about.

"Well, I didn't tell you to be so rough. I've never been with a man, and you need to take that into consideration." It was silly to argue with him, neither of us benefiting from it. He gave me another clipped command and pointed to a cave opening. It was dark in there, so I shook my head no and pointed to the soft grassy ground. "I'm not planning to stay longer than it takes for you to feed my hunger. So let's stop playing games, wolf."

Chapter Three

I grabbed onto his cock again, tugging him to a nice spot I had picked out. While I was making a show of being brave, I was actually terrified. He was really big, and something told me he knew nothing of taking a woman slowly. If the wolves did have women, I was almost certain they lost their virginity in a painful way.

The wolf would not be led around by his dick, by a mere woman. He not only shook my hand from his cock, he encircled me with his arm and dragged me back against him. While I fought, other werewolves began exiting the cave. They surrounded us so that we stood in the middle of the small crowd. At least my question of women was answered. I figured the children, if they had any, were kept inside the cave. Beside each man stood a woman as naked as the day she was born.

I was somewhat embarrassed, though not ashamed of my body. I had always thought my breasts were a nice generous size, my hips rounded, my belly flat. I was a tad on the diminutive side, but there were still the pluses to my figure. I had wavy red hair that extended half way down my back. Since I'd caught more than one Elf male admiring me as I strode by, I figured I was easy on the eyes.

But looking around at the women in the wolf pack, I felt somewhat dowdy. Their breasts were bigger and perkier. I couldn't help but stare. They had long shapely legs, and apparently irresistible pussies, since their men's hands were not far. Some boldly thrust fingers in between their women's legs, stroking in and out absentmindedly. My face warmed at the sight. This had been a mistake. Who was I but a young Elf, out of her league and probably in danger among these beasts?

The man that appeared to be the leader of the pack called out something to my wolf. The man at my side gave me a hand signal and uttered a command. I knew right away he wanted me to kneel in front of him. I didn't know what he planned exactly, but it was for

sure I wasn't going to perform in front of all his people. Besides that, I didn't do well with commands, demonstrated by the fact that I often left my people's barrier behind to explore the woods.

An argument among the werewolves ensued when I crossed my arms to refuse him. Their language was harsh and foreign to my ears. I tried to make out sounds, letters, anything that would help me to understand. Nothing was familiar. I only followed by their gestures, and the gestures were demanding that my wolf tame me. My suspicion was confirmed when he pushed me down to my knees by force. His strength was such that my knees had no choice but to buckle.

I pressed my lips firmly together and turned my head to the side. With one hand on my shoulder and the other wrapped around his cock, he began to offer me a taste. I moved further away, hating that a dab of pre-cum had been caught in the slit again. I longed to lick it clean, to taste the salty liquid. But to give in to him meant he had power over me. I would not budge.

My wolf was not deterred. He brushed the beautiful dark head over my lips, pushed lightly against my mouth. Everything inside me wanted to open to him, to give in. My mouth watered so that I had to swallow repeatedly.

The small crowd chanted encouragement. The woman called out something to me, probably telling me to give in to my new master. I still refused. No Elf had ever mated with a werewolf. I had been crazy to come here, to desire what I should never have. If I were smart, I would cast a spell to transport myself through the second dimension until I slid out at the entry to my village. Problem was I didn't know the way back.

In an attempt to make them think I had given in while I considered my options, I stuck out my tongue to sample his small head. When the tip was glazed and he was again panting, I took him an inch into my mouth. My jaws had to stretch wide to accommodate his girth, and I eased down and up several times.

The taste of him made me so hot, I fingered my swollen button. Thoughts of running flew from my mind. I just wanted to swallow him whole. Allowing his cock to bump against my nose, I teased the underside with my tongue, inching lower until I reached his balls. I sucked on first one and then the other, plying them gently in my hands when I wasn't sucking.

When I had left his poor neglected rod too long, my lover pulled back my head by my hair and pressed his head against my lips again. I considered biting him, but I'd noticed a certain tightening in his balls and I wondered if something wonderful was going to happen if I sucked him again. For years, I had been fingering my button, playing with my pussy at night. It stood to reason if my cream gushed over my fingers at the climax of my pleasure, then maybe males did the same. I wanted to find out. I wanted my werewolf lover to cum in my mouth more than anything.

Deeper and deeper he slid into my throat. I was shocked to find how much of him I could take in. An Elf had skills I never knew existed. He tasted so good, I could eat him all day

and all night. Soon he tucked both hands behind my head. His hips glided forward and back, sliding himself in and out of my mouth. His low growls frightened and excited me. The wild beast was holding himself in check so that he wouldn't hurt me. And yet I craved that unbridled passion. If only I could handle it.

When he came, I choked on the rush of warm salty liquid. It was thick and satisfying. After I caught my breath, I drank as much as he gave me, sucking hard for more when the flow ebbed. When dribbles escaped down my chin, I used the head of his dick to wipe them up just so I could lick them off him again.

Too soon he was finished, but something odd was happening to me. The cheers and chatter around me was not so foreign anymore. I drew back and glanced around at the pack. My sight was unchanged. It was my hearing, or rather my understanding.

Chapter Four

My lover tilted back my head, his fingers still in my hair. "Do you understand me?"

I gasped, eyes widening. "Yes, but how? And you know what I'm saying?"

He nodded, but rather than explain to me what had just happened, he bent down and lifted me in his arms as one would a child. The wolf carried me away from the group, into the trees. I rested my head against the side of his, listening to the protests of his pack behind us. They wanted a show. My wolf was no longer willing to give it to them, and that was a relief. I didn't want anyone to see if I screamed too much because my first time was painful. And I knew from experience that I screwed up my face when I came. That was private.

In an alcove surrounded by thick greenery that shielded us from prying eyes, he laid me down and knelt between my legs. I glanced down to find he was as hard as he had been before he came. My mouth watered for more.

My lover, seeming to read my thoughts, reached out a hand to caress my bottom lip. His silky brown hair gave me a desire to run my fingers through it.

"Don't worry, you will do that soon, when I am inside you."

I gasped. "You read my mind? How?"

He grinned, "Elves are not the only beings with abilities. Tell me, what is your name?" His question was more of a demand. I got the feeling he was used to commanding. He would have a lot to learn about Elves, and I was only too happy to teach him. Well, if this was more than a one time deal.

"My name is Elspeth, but you may call me Ellie. What is your name, werewolf?" I infused as much command in my tone as he did, and waited on bated breath to see if he would refuse to answer, being so proud.

He only chuckled. "You will learn your place soon enough, young one."

I clenched my fists at my sides, tearing up blades of grass. He got off on trying to tame me. If I fought, it would turn him on, make him harder. And though I didn't speak the words out loud, the smirk on his face and the triumph in his eyes let me know my imaginings were on target. The wolf was more experienced than I. He was clever, and he could have any woman he wanted, I was sure, with a snap of his fingers. I, on the other hand, was nearly driven to madness with need.

My soon to be lover leaned down toward me, his lips barely brushing mine. His hairy chest grazed my nipples, and my body involuntarily arched up toward him. He whispered, "My name is Conall. Say it."

The warning in his black eyes made me tremble. "Conall."

He nodded. "I will make you cry out my name continuously as I thrust all of myself inside you. I will not return you to your village until I have sated our desires, which will take some time."

"I'll be missed," I squeaked.

The look in his eyes told me he didn't care.

"I change my mind," I told him.

"I have claimed you."

Shaking my head, I raised a hand to push him back from me. At the same time, I formed a shield, strong enough to lift the wolf into the air. He balanced on the shield, his naked form hovering above my body.

"You can't claim me. I am all but betrothed. My father has promised me to an Elf male. I don't doubt that I will be married within the next month or two." Which of course begged the question, why was I in the Forbidden Woods about to lose my virginal status to a werewolf.

Conall was not interested in my excuse or my reason for, in a sense, being unfaithful to my intended. As far as he was concerned, there *was* no intended. I belonged to him. His next admission confirmed it.

"Ellie, you are foolish and young, exactly what I thought when I first saw you leaning over me in the woods after my hunt."

My shield faltered. For a few minutes, I worked to hold it before speaking. "You? That could not have been you who was injured. There's no scar on your body. You were torn apart, and I expected you to be down for weeks to heal. Had you used an Elf, it would be less time, but still..." My mind clouded with confusion as I stared at the spot where he had been bleeding profusely.

"Werewolves are fast healers," he said simply. Then he reached down through my shield as if it didn't exist. He rested a palm against my chest, his gaze locking on mine. "I claimed you before the elders and my people. You sealed it when you drank from me, causing us to understand each other's language."

"That was forced!" I screeched.

His response was a raised eyebrow.

"Okay, not forced but still coerced. I do not belong to you, wolf. I told you, I am promised to an Elven male. In fact, you might say I *belong* to him."

Conall lowered himself back down to lay across my body. Though I tried to hold it, my shield dissolved. He reached down to my thighs and yanked them apart so that he could settle in between. "If you would like to say that again, I would be happy to go to your village tonight and tear this Elf to shreds. No healing you do will help him. Is that what you want?"

I shivered. "No." I wanted this, and now I had more than I bargained for. Hadn't the elders said not to mix with werewolves? I should have listened. Maybe there was a way to be free of this savage. Having sex with him once could not hurt. I could have my desires satisfied and then I could go to my father and confess what I'd done. He would help me to rectify the problem. I was more naive then I realized.

Hiking up my thighs to give himself better access to my pussy, Conall slid down my body until his mouth was poised above my juicy box. He ran his tongue along his lips, giving me the impression of a hungry wild animal. Nervousness fluttered in my belly.

When he plunged between my legs, shoving his un-Elven like tongue inside me, though it hurt just a little, I was already bucking against his thrusts and whining my pleasure. I grabbed onto his hair and dragged him closer, wanting all of his tongue. It was stiff, long and thick for a tongue. Was it like having a man's cock in me? I didn't know, but if the feeling was similar, I'd lose my mind before an hour was up.

Conall pulled back his tongue and began an exploration of my clit. I screamed when he began to suck it hard into his mouth. My ass rose from the ground, and I was chanting his name just as he wanted me to.

"Yes, please yes! Conall!"

Within seconds I was cuming into his mouth and Conall was lapping up my sweet cream. His low pitched grunts of delight and the sound his tongue and lips made as he ate me sent me over the edge several more times. I was wiggling my hips and tugging at his hair, demanding that my lover never stop.

Several hours later, Conall finally climbed up from between my legs. I could not believe a man could eat a woman for so long and she cum at his mouth's command each and

every instance. My pussy was thrumming with his ministrations, but still my little clit was swollen.

"Don't worry, little one," Conall chuckled. "Your button will be satisfied as soon as you are full with me. He placed a hand at either of my hips and pressed the head of his cock against my opening. Fear gripped me. "You must relax, Ellie, or it will hurt more."

"Have you seen your size, Conall?" I nearly chewed my bottom lip off.

He pressed harder so that the tip eased inside me. I pinched my eyes closed, gripped his forearms and held my breath. The pain was great.

"I have seen myself, and I am convinced you will enjoy me. Open your legs wider, baby, and let me prove it to you." I could hear the effort at patience in his voice. Anyone detecting that note would know the werewolves considered the Elves weak, soft. No doubt Conall thought I should just grit my teeth and let him shove all of himself inside me. That thought almost made me faint.

"I will take you slowly. Don't worry." He was reading my mind again. If I continued to see him, there would be no secrets. I needed to enjoy this, every moment and damn the consequences. They would come soon enough when my father knew of what I had done, how I had shamed my family name.

Not soon enough, but still so hot, my lover got all of himself inside me. I moaned my combination of pain and pleasure when he rolled into me and out, over and over. His thrusts increased in speed until Conall was virtually slamming his thick cock inside my wet pussy. I wrapped my legs around his torso and cried out his name, pleading that he never, ever stop.

When I had cum at least a half dozen times—my mind had completely forgotten how to count—Conall pulled back to flip me over. Rough fingers were pushed into my pussy, scooping out as much my thick cum as he could before smearing it on my anus. Anticipation had me squirming.

"Are you ready?" he paused to ask.

"Put it in me," I screamed.

Soon I was bouncing off the end of his pole, my nipples brushing his palms as he tweaked them. He tugged and pinched, and I came over and over. I reached a hand down between my legs to pinch my aching clit when Conall slapped away my hand.

"You will not satisfy yourself ever again. I am your lover. That is my job."

I didn't deign to answer because his thumb and forefinger were rolling my clit gently. Waves of passion poured over me, and tears streamed down my face as I came so hard he had to hold me to keep me from crashing down on the ground.

When the last sexual charge electrocuted my nerve endings, Conall pulled back, lifted me and carried me deeper into the woods. This time, we came to a stream where he dipped us both into the water. I was wrong. He did know how to be gentle. With caresses that had me shivering in delight, Conall washed my body then teased my clit until I came in his palm.

He lifted me up onto his dick, which I had begun to think just never went down. Not that I was complaining. I clamped my legs around his waist, hugged him around his neck and rode to my heart's content. My cum was beginning to drip down toward my ass cheeks, but Conall caught some at my pussy. He ran his fingers over my sensitive flesh until his two fingers were coated. And then he pushed those two into my mouth.

"Lick it," he demanded.

Hungry to please him and on fire at eating my own cum mixed with his, I greedily licked every drop. "How can it be this good?" I gasped against his neck, exhausted from our activities.

"This is nothing, baby," he promised, "once I take you fully, it will only get better and wilder."

I frowned, "What do you mean fully? You've already been inside me. Several times, I might add."

He clearly hesitated, "Fully taking you involves something more. You are not ready to discuss it. When you are convinced you cannot live apart from me any longer, you will come to me, and I will take you."

Anger rocked me. He was still trying to control me, to own me. "I need to go home now," I demanded. "My family will be worried. They will know quickly that I am not within the barrier and will search your woods. They won't give up until they find me."

Conall pulled me tighter against him, his eyes once again turned black. "Do I look worried, Ellie?"

"Please, Conall."

For a stretched period, he examined me silently. Finally he said, "You will go to your village, to settle things. And I will expect you back in one week."

Chapter Five

I wasn't going back. It was a fantasy. I had lived it, and now it was over. Conall had told me I would crave him now that I had mated with him, but I didn't believe it. After giving my father the flimsiest of excuses as to my whereabouts for hours, I settled back into my regular routine—minus forays outside the Elven barrier.

Agreeing to wed Tomas, the son of one of the elders, in a few months' time seemed reasonable. I had held on to my sexual desires for all these months, there was no reason why I couldn't wait longer to be intimate with my husband. My indiscretions could stay in the past, and no one would be the wiser.

Unfortunately, I had been fooling myself. Currently, I was studying to be a teacher of first level Elves, just learning to use their magic. While that was sure to be fulfilling, it was not as yet. I had to observe holograms of other teachers who worked with the children. It would not be for another two years before classroom instruction was replaced with working with real Elven children.

I had come to terms with falling asleep in class during the holograms. But on the first day after my sexual encounter with Conall, something strange happened to me when I fell asleep. It was as if I nodded my head, fell asleep and then woke up again. One occurrence let me know I didn't wake up at all. It was when a wolf came strolling into the lecture room.

He stood a moment in the aisle, at the top of the stairs leading down to the instructor. My heart leapt to my throat, and I jumped to my feet, looking around to see the other Elves' reactions. No one had moved. No one even seemed to notice. The wolf began a slow decent to my row and stopped in front of me. When he opened his mouth to speak, flashing long sharp teeth, I glanced around again. Nothing.

"Come out to the Forbidden Woods, Ellie." The wolf spoke with Conall's deep sexy voice. I felt a spark in my nether regions just hearing it, remembering his touch. And yes, craving it.

But I shook my head. "I can't. I'm in class. And you had better get out of here before the elders find you."

The wolf made no other attempt to speak. It simply turned around and headed up the stairs again. The weird part about that was that I followed, as if I had no choice. My body knew what it wanted. Even my eyes ached to gaze on Conall's naked form.

When I reached the barrier, I passed right through it. Normally, I would have to concentrate, will myself into a sort of two dimensional being in order to slip through the hold surrounding our village. But this was a dream and perhaps I wasn't really leaving.

Moments later, after following the wolf deep in the woods, I stopped at the tree I believed to be the one where Conall had found me crying for him. The wolf turned at its base and began to transform to first a werewolf and then fully man. My gaze dropped to his thick cock, and I licked my lips. It was hard. A flash of me sliding up and down that wonderful pole went through my mind, and my lover grinned.

"Come here and let me satisfy you." Conall reached out a hand to me. He didn't need to ask twice. I ran to take it, to be lifted up into his arms.

My clothing disappeared so that I was naked. Conall stroked a hand over my ass, and teased my rectum with his finger. A shiver of delight lit my body. "I should not be dreaming this in class," I gasped.

He ignored my comment. "Tell me what you would like me to do to you first."

I think that this wolf was incapable of speaking to me in anything other than a command, but somehow it made not a lick of difference. If I could have him all day, it wouldn't be long enough. "I want you to eat me," I told him, instilling command in my own voice. He flicked up an eyebrow, but complied.

Conall eased me back down to my feet before dropping to his knees. When his mouth was inches from my pussy, I began to tremble in anticipation. I leaned a hand against the tree behind his back and spread my legs a little wider. He ran rough palms down my outer thighs and then up the inside. But his fingers never touched my moist center. He uttered a bark and a growl before plunging his mouth between my legs.

I screamed and threw back my head as his long tongue invaded my tunnel. He dipped in and out, scooping my cream into his hungry mouth. I felt like I was his only sustenance feeding him. When he began to suck and tease my swollen clit, I whimpered, pressing both my hands against the tree and resting my cheek against those.

My hips ground forward and back against his mouth. My climax was ready to rupture like a bubbling volcano. "Oh my goodness, Conall. I'm going to cum!" He grasped my ass cheeks to shove me tighter against his mouth. His tongue plowed inside, wriggling with such strength, it felt like a dick. I panted and pleaded to cum. I needed release, needed him never to take it out of me.

Too soon and not soon enough my climax crashed down over me. My legs gave, but Conall held me in place as he pierced me again and again with his tongue. I never came down from my exploding orgasm. I just kept going up again and cumming in his mouth.

Finally, after what seemed like hours of bliss, Conall pulled back. "Now you will satisfy my need."

My lover eased me gently onto my back and positioned himself above me. He stared down into my eyes as his fingers explored my body, first tweaking a nipple then gliding lower. When his fingers dipped into the wetness at my core, I grasped my knees, wanting him to have all the access he desired.

"You like that, my love?" he queried.

My heart did flip flops. He'd called me his love. I didn't think I felt anything more than lust for him, but then why did his words fill me with such joy? "Yes." I wanted to say something more, to dispute my being his love, but I couldn't seem to focus long enough to know what words would work. Conall was finger-fucking me so hard and fast, I felt myself going up again. "Conall..."

"It pleases me to make you cum."

As I neared climax again, Conall replaced his fingers with his shaft. He held my hips in place as he plunged deep inside me. I wrapped my legs around him to rest my heels on his ass. Just as I began to get lost in the sensations that my lover was inflicting on my lust-hazed body, I became aware that we were not alone. I glanced around to find that his pack was surrounding us, just as they had been in front of his cave.

As before, the males drove fingers inside their women in a steady rhythm while their gaze never left Conall and I making love on the ground. I stiffened, feeling uncomfortable about being observed this way.

"Conall, they are watching us."

He covered my mouth to kiss me before answering. "It is our custom. When I make you fully mine, my people must observe our final bonding."

I shook my head. "No way. Tell them to leave or we can stop now."

"Too late, my love."

I screamed when the werewolf bared his fangs and sunk them deep into my neck. At the same time, we came together, the hot rush of our sexual juices running together and bonding us for a lifetime.

Chapter Six

The dreams continued, several sessions a day. They were so vivid, so real. It was like I was fucking Conall all day long, every day. It was oh so satisfying and frustrating at the same time. Everywhere I went, I heard his name. I knew it was all in my head when I visited the tea room of an elderly, widowed Elf. Her husband was reported to have been murdered by a werewolf. So I knew she couldn't have shouted "Conall" to me across the restaurant when I entered. It was just my obsession with my wolf lover that was causing it, an obsession that seemed to be growing.

By the third day back from my tryst in the woods, I was desperate. I cornered my father and demanded that I be allowed to marry on the seventh day. Eager to be rid of his wild daughter, my parent agreed. And I felt safer knowing I would soon be married to Tomas, safe from the lust that ruled my body.

The security did not last. Just two days later, I was rolling from my bed exhausted from tossing and turning. I had made love to Conall all night in my dreams, only to wake feeling like I was dying of thirst and he was my life-saving drink. Worse, I was no longer simply lusting after him, my heart was breaking being separated from him. I decided it was some sort of werewolf spell, and I was going to do something to put a stop to it.

My idea for breaking the spell was not in visiting the village wise Elf. It was in visiting my intended and having passionate sex with him—before the wedding. This was of course against our customs, but I didn't care. I needed to be free.

Our village was small. Though I was not allowed to “meet” Tomas until the wedding, I knew him in passing. I knew his face, where he lived. I went to school with his sister and had waited on his father at the tea room once when I had worked there for all of a moment. That job hadn't lasted as I tended to visit the Forbidden Woods more than show up at work, even before my hormones kicked in at about one hundred years of age.

But Tomas would not be at his home on a day like this. He would be in the lower room at the town hall. It was the room where the sons of elders met, feeling they were important enough to consult with one another though they held no official title or position in the village. I knew already that Tomas was the most arrogant of the group, which was why I had at first refused to marry him. Now, I had no choice that I could see. It was seduce him or be driven insane from the touch of a werewolf.

Running Tomas to ground was easy, getting him in a room alone was simple, but seducing him, not so good. It wasn't that Tomas wasn't handsome. He was, and he knew it. He stood at about six feet tall, had shoulder-length blond hair, green sparkling eyes and a finely chiseled frame. Yet, as I stood looking up at him, I couldn't help remembering that Conall was taller, broader of shoulder, his hair was silkier and his dark eyes could probably make me cum if I looked into them long enough. So there I stood comparing my husband-to-be and my lover. The temperature of the craving I had for Conall jumped by a hundred and fifty degrees.

"You wanted me to speak to you alone, Elspeth, though it is highly irregular. What do you need to speak to me about?" I could see the impatience in Tomas' bearing.

I swallowed and went for it. Resting a hand lightly on his shoulder and flashing him a look of desire, I folded myself into Tomas' muscled body. "I wanted to get to know you better before our wedding. I'm sure you can understand how nervous I feel about all of this."

I was against him for less than a second before I felt Tomas' dick go hard against me. I couldn't believe the distaste that rose in my throat. It was as if I was repulsed because of my bond with the wolf. I prayed that wasn't the case, or at least that it would change once Tomas and I were intimate. I was even more determined to make sure that happened right here and right now.

Running my hands down over his back to his ass, I squeezed and smiled up at him in invitation. Tomas' eyes widened. A look of desire came into his eyes, and his head lowered toward me. Before his lips could touch mine, I turned my head and his kiss landed on my neck. That didn't deter him. He began to suck softly at my skin, an action sure to leave a passion mark. Again, I felt disgust, but I beat it down by grinding my pelvis into him. The groan that escaped his throat let me know I was on the right track.

And then something came over me. I heard a growl inside my head. Violent anger that didn't feel like my own washed over me, almost coloring my eyesight, so that I saw red. The growl in my mind was on my lips, and I bit into Tomas' shoulder.

He yelped and drew back, clutching the spot. "What are you doing, Elspeth?" He looked down at his shoulder and pulled his hand away from the spot. He and I both were shocked that there was blood on his fingers and his shirt was torn in that spot. Fear gripped me. I muttered a "sorry" and bolted for the door. I didn't stop running until I was home, closeted in my bedroom.

Chapter Seven

It was the seventh day. I had not been successful in seducing Tomas for the mere fact that I had manifested a wolf's aggression as soon as we tried getting physical. Maybe I was losing my mind. I refused to believe or accept it.

My wedding was still going forth as far as I was concerned, and meanwhile, I was staying firmly inside the barrier. In fact, that day, I was being measured for my wedding dress. That was between longing for Conall so much that I fought off emotional displays that involved me curled on the floor crying.

I craved my lover in the day, and I craved him at night. Even as I stood for the seamstress to make final adjustments on my dress, thoughts of him filled my mind and made me wet.

I squirmed thinking of him, wishing he filled me right then or was eating between my legs. I was still clinging to my lust theory and that I wouldn't feel this aching after I was married because my Elven husband would satisfy my needs. But I found myself wanting to hear the wolf's growl when he came inside me or to hear him speak in that deep sexy voice. I wanted him to watch me as he had done when I walked out of the water. Glancing back over my shoulder, I had been shocked to find such naked emotion on a man's face whom I had not met but once before.

Somehow, I didn't want to believe it, but we were connected.

"Miss Elspeth, please hold still," my seamstress demanded. She'd pricked herself with a pin and wasn't feeling too charitable toward me. I was in my own world dreaming of Conall coming up from the lake with water pouring off his contoured body.

"You can have the real thing. Come to me now."

I gasped and spun around, searching the room. No one was there other than myself and the seamstress. So why did I just hear Conall in my mind?

"Come to me now, Ellie!"

The command came again, and this time I knew it was Conall speaking in my mind. No, commanding me in my mind. He still felt he owned me just because we had made love. No, sex. It was only sex, I told myself. Love was not involved—not on my part, not on

his. Mentally, I blocked him out, but his power was strong. Again, he cut across my thoughts, forcing me to pay attention to his demands.

"Ellie, if you do not come to me by sundown tonight, I will come with my brethren, to claim what belongs to the werewolves. Should any of your people try to stop us, they will be killed. Come to me!"

My stomach did somersaults and sweat pooled in inconvenient places about my body. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that Conall was serious. I had seen the dominance in him, knew from rumors that the werewolves were savage. Once they marked something as their own, they would destroy anyone who tried to take it away. I'd known all of this before I ventured out in search of him. But I had been foolish enough to think that laying with Conall once would be enough.

"No, no, Miss Elspeth. You must not sweat. Your dress will be ruined."

I was not thinking of my clothing at a time like this, at least not entirely. I needed to speak with my father or rather to Tomas. I needed to get married immediately!

Chapter Eight

Seven in the evening and I was clinging to Tomas' arm as I stood in the shaded middle passageway in the town square. The entire area had been decked in white blossoms and white streamers. Trained doves cooed as they perched on posts about the sacred circle where I would be married.

I was so nervous, I glanced around at the faces surrounding me constantly. Present were not just my family, friends, neighbors and fellow Elves. There were magical creatures from other villages and worlds too. Focusing on the chief elder's words or the fairies and nymphs faces was impossible. For the last few hours, Conall had been projecting images of our lovemaking in my mind. I had already cum twice just standing there, and I felt like a cheat to my fiancé.

When I continued to ignore him, he projected others making love in my mind, werewolves in half beast, half human form, bodies writhing in unison and crying out to the moon in an orgasmic symphony. It nearly brought me to my knees, and the Elves around me had run to my aid, thinking I was sick. Now that the ceremony was underway, I dared not allow any thoughts to take hold of my mind.

I glanced up at the sky to see the sun setting way too fast. My heart pounded, moisture pooled under my arms. It was said that the werewolves were strongest when the moon was visible in the sky. They didn't need a full moon to change. Werewolves from the Forbidden Woods were natural born beasts with a dual existence as humans. They were not more one than the other. How I hated that all these facts came back to mind now, when I had already gotten myself into this situation.

"Elspeth?" The chief elder caught my attention. I had no idea what he had just said, and everyone was staring at me. I looked again at the sky. The moon slipped from behind a cloud, the sky darkened. Lights twinkled in globes around the square. Was it my imagination or were there more guests? Taller guests...

A low growl began at the back of the crowd. The group parted on gasps of fear as all eyes turned to the robed figure with his face cast in shadows. My knees went weak when I saw only yellow glowing eyes. "You do not have the right to marry her," he told Tomas. "She is already claimed."

"The hell I don't!" Tomas dropped my arm and drew his short sword.

I threw myself at him, "No don't. Please."

"Stay out of this, Elspeth." Tomas pushed me away so hard, I fell. The wolf, seeing me fall, leapt across the expanse separating him from Tomas and landed on my fiancé's chest. His teeth found Tomas's throat so fast, the Elf didn't have a chance to defend himself. His sword clattered to the ground.

My father cast his magic at Tomas so that Conall's teeth could not penetrate a thin barrier coating Tomas's body. "What is going on here?" my father demanded. "Why are you attacking my village, werewolf? Your people have kept to your woods and we have kept to our own lands."

Conall stood reluctantly. "Have you? I think not." I shook my head slightly, hoping he wouldn't betray me, but Conall stared into my eyes. I couldn't move. "Ellie belongs to me, and I have come to claim her."

"I don't belong to anyone!" Brave words, but I was trembling. Not because I was afraid anymore, but because all I wanted to do was launch myself into Conall's arms and fill my wet tunnel with his shaft. In the midst of this disaster, I was looking at his robe wondering if he was hard beneath it.

"I am hard for you," he whispered in my mind. "Come here to me and I will not hurt your people."

"You can't threaten me to get me," I told him angrily. I wasn't going to go. I didn't think Conall would hurt me, but I was scared of this all-consuming lust. It couldn't be natural.

My father faced me. "Elspeth, what do you know of this werewolf? You have not fraternized with his people, have you?" Fraternize? That depended on what my father meant by the term. We hadn't been drinking tea together, that was for sure.

"Father, I..."

"Enough of this, let's fight!" someone shouted. Immediately, other robed figures stepped from the crowd, to surround the smaller creatures. The werewolves towered over all, their hardened muscles, fierce strength evident as they dropped their clothing to the cobbled streets. The Elves, Fairies and others ignited their magic, ready for the battle.

Conall stood in the midst with his hand held out to me. "*You can stop this, my love.*"

Still, I remained frozen in place. My father moved to stand in front of me, blocking my view of Conall. "Ellie, what have you done?" I gasped at his first use of my nickname, and bowed my head.

"Father, I mated with him, and now I need him like I need my next breath. What am I going to do?"

Waiting for his condemnation was excruciating, but finally he spoke. "I cannot condemn you, my daughter. You've only done what is in your blood."

I blinked. "I'm sorry, what?"

Chapter Nine

He guided me away from the crowd, Conall following with a warning in his eyes. They had turned dark again, the yellow receding.

My father looked as worried as I had felt when I'd considered for all of a minute telling him about what I'd done. Apparently, there was something he was not proud of, or afraid of sharing. "Years ago, I was also curious about the werewolves. Not this pack, but another in the high country. I came across them when I was away visiting our allies in that country. I became attracted to a female werewolf in particular. We were intimate and I fell in love. I could not imagine life without her and wanted her at my side forever."

I grew angry. "What about my mother? You just tossed her aside during all this *fraternizing*?" I decided to use his word because I found it embarrassing and disgusting to think of my father being intimate at all.

"Oh Ellie. It *was* your mother I was with." My father's words made me stumble against him, lightheadedness assailing me.

"W-Wha..."

He nodded. "Your mother was a werewolf. For a while, I thought to stay among their kind, but they are too wild. After she gave birth to you, I convinced her to come with me to our village, and she agreed. But the werewolf does not allow what is theirs to leave. I let you believe your mother had died in an accident, but the wolves killed her rather than let her leave. They would have killed you and I also, but fortunately, I was able to slip into the second dimension to move to a safer place."

His words were hard to believe, and even harder to accept. How could he put it behind him, having lost my mother, having left her to die?

He anticipated my thoughts. "It tore me apart to lose her, and now you understand to an extent why I kept you at arm's length. You have my coloring, even looking like an Elf, but you are wild like your mother, attracted to the werewolves. I should have known this day would come."

"My brothers?" I whispered.

"Were born of my second wife, also lost," he cried. Tears welled in his eyes. It seemed my father had faced more tragedy than I knew. The woman I'd always thought was my mother had died in childbirth nine years ago. No Elf had been able to heal her. I had always felt the woman was heartbroken, that my father would never love her. Now I knew why. He still loved the werewolf that was my mother.

Was that my fate? If I married Tomas, would I always ache for Conall? Something told me I would. Yet, even as I stood there looking into his eyes, I knew he was as wild as the werewolves from the high country. Someone would die if he didn't get what he wanted.

But I was different from my father. I had always wanted the wind to blow through my hair as I ran in the woods with the wolves. I had longed for their freedom, their disregard for all things tame. My father was right. I was as wild as they were. With my mate was where I needed to be.

I looked up at my father, tears filling my eyes to match his. "Father, I'm sorry. I must go. I need to be with him."

My father nodded forlornly and pulled me into his arms. I would miss my family and all that I had shared here in this little village, but the wild called to me, my lover called to me. I pulled from my father's arms and turned to Conall. He lifted his arms toward me and I ran into them.

His strong hold engulfed me, his scent a memory of the wonder at his touch. "Conall." He cut off my words with his mouth devouring mine. I was aware of nothing except the taste of him. And when my lips were fully numb from his rough kiss, he raised his head to stare down at me. I stood there considering whether he would have killed me if I didn't come back to him. He read my mind and answered aloud.

"I would have forced you to come to me." He shrugged as if that was not some werewolf caveman tactic. "You would have adjusted eventually. Now, let us go. The night calls to my people, and I must make you mine so that we can run together."

My eyes widened in delight. Finally, I would experience what my heart had longed for all my life.

Chapter Ten

We were in the circle. Were-men and were-women surrounded us, all naked, all seemingly in a sexual frenzy from the influence of the moon. I can't say I wasn't feeling it too, now that I had let myself be who I'd always been. Maybe I should have known, or at

least suspected when Conall brought my senses alive with his lips, his hands, his body—even his cum as it slid down my throat.

As I stood there in front of him, Conall's finger became a sharpened claw. He used it to tear straight down my clothing like a knife ripping through the thin material of my wedding dress. The white cotton pooled around my feet, and I trembled seeing I was in my panties with no bra, in front of his people. My lover's eyes flashed from black to yellow and back again. I knew he was impatient to take me, given we'd been having mental sex all week.

The moon rode high in the sky, lighting the dark night. Conall was in a half-were state. That meant his rock hard chest was coated with silky fur and his teeth were long and sharp. His ears had grown out so that they were as pointed as mine at the tips, but furry. In that state, I knew he was much more aggressive, would take what was his.

I extended a hand to stroke the fur on his chest while staring up at him. He tilted up my chin and ran a thumb over my lips before pushing between them so that I could suck gently. He caught his breath.

"Tonight I must lay full claim on you," he whispered.

"What will you do?" I was starting to tremble.

He stepped back, glanced down at my panties and said, "Take them off. Now."

I chafed at the command but obeyed. Somehow I knew how to get back some of my own from Conall. His body craved mine as much as mine craved his. So I hooked my thumbs in the material, swung away from him and bent over as I slowly slid my undies to the ground. His growl of hunger nearly split my eardrums. I grinned.

It was a bold move, knowing that the others could see me too. That gave me pause. I mean, surely I wouldn't be attacked by the other men?

"You belong to me. No other wolf would dare touch you or I'd cut his dick off."

Those words and the mental image they gave me settled that fear. I found that Conall's possessiveness turned me on, as long as he allowed me the freedom to do what I pleased when we weren't making love. I gave him a look. He gave me a stubborn one in return. And I knew we'd at least have an interesting life butting heads with clashing wills.

Finally, Conall's patience was at an end. I wanted to ask him more questions about what was involved in me being made fully his, but he lifted me by my hips and ground my body against his. A roar went up from the small crowd observing us. I glanced up over Conall's shoulder to find the others were now engaging in sex. Their bodies pumped together in a sort of primal dance. The women were dominated by their men. Some of the men tangled fingers in their partner's hair, pulling their mouths on engorged cocks. Others hiked up their lady's legs and plunged deep and hard inside her with no regard to whether she was ready.

The sight of it all had me so hot, I needed Conall inside me right then. I wrapped my legs around his waist and lowered my wet pussy down on his dick. In seconds, I was riding like I'd never had it before. But Conall would not be dominated. He pulled me off, and I nearly cried.

But he placed me on the ground and followed me down. "You will have it when I give it to you," he grunted.

I turned my head away, prepared to ignore him. When his fingers plummeted inside me, scooping up some of my cream, I was whining with pleasure. Like the half-tamed Elf I was, I greedily ate my own cum from his fingers while he plunged between my legs. Conall lifted my hips from the ground, holding my ass with one hand as he pumped. He stretched me so wide, I was sure he was bigger than the last time. If possible, his fangs extended longer, and when he embraced me fully, I knew what the final detail was that would make me his mate.

His teeth pierced my skin in a cruel but sexy bite—the bite of the werewolf. One that would not only bond us together for life, but make me like him, able to shift to wolf at will. I felt the burn in my blood immediately. And while we came together, Conall's warm seed shooting over my belly inside me, my own teeth grew. My red hair lengthened and expanded all over my body.

"Conall," I screamed, somewhat panicked.

"Do not worry, my love. Now we are one."

A sweet calm spread over me, as calm as a sex-crazed were-woman Elf could be, and I tightened my legs around my man for another round. This time rougher!

"I love you, Conall," I confessed in his mind.

"And I love you," he said aloud for all the wolves to hear.

THE END

About the Author

Brenda Steele loves all things out of the ordinary. She writes to gratify the cravings of her own sexual drive, and then for her dear readers. Hopefully, the two won't be far apart and all who read her work will come away satisfied. Look for her coming soon work entitled, "My Vampire Lover."

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