

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

*Nightwalker's*  
*Pet*  
**CRICKET STARR**

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

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Nightwalker's Pet

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# *NIGHTWALKER'S PET*

Cricket Starr

*Dedication*

This story is lovingly dedicated to the memory of a lovely young lady.

Lara Anne Punches

10/4/1989 to 2/12/2009

You touched the hearts of more people in your short nineteen years on earth than  
you could have ever imagined possible.

## Chapter One

All Andrea Windall wanted was to go home. She was hungry and it was late, two in the morning, an hour later than she usually worked, but at least she'd managed to get caught up on the billing on her web design contracts. She stacked the completed invoices on her day partner's desk to be put into the mail in the morning.

That was a relief. Once paid she'd be able to afford her monthly shipment of blood in a bag from the medical supply store she'd found online, some of which she'd be enjoying as soon as she got home. She stepped out of the snug Palo Alto bungalow she used as an office and turned the key to lock the place up.

It had been raining earlier although the clouds were gone now and the nearly full moon was out. Andrea appreciated the freshness of the damp air after the stuffiness inside. She took a deep cleansing breath, filling her lungs and enjoying the smells of her rural surroundings. The clean smells of wet pavement, damp earth, clean leaves and —

She frowned and took another sniff.

And wet dog?

Perplexed, Andrea took a deeper breath and again smelled wet fur, tinged with a touch of blood. A low whimper came from the bushes next to the door of her bungalow and a long black nose poked out of the branches. Two deep brown eyes stared soulfully at her for a moment then a large furry body slunk onto the porch.

It was a big male dog, biggest Andrea had ever seen, and she thought he must be one of those wolflike breeds like a German Shepherd Dog. In the pale moonlight his fur was dark brown, mixed with other colors. He appeared to be a stray but came right to her and held up his paw as if he wanted to shake.

Normally cats, dogs and other animals didn't like vampires and avoided her like the bigger predator she was. But this one seemed unafraid of her. Or desperate, she

amended when she saw the big shiny nail that had to be at least three inches long sticking out of the dog's paw.

He tilted his furry face up at her and stared at her with big sad eyes.

Andrea knelt next to him. "Oh, you poor thing. You want me to get that out?"

The dog licked her face and whined plaintively and any resistance she had to helping him disappeared. She tried tugging on the nailhead buried in the paw but couldn't get a good enough grip on it.

She patted the animal on the head. "I'll need to get a tool." Andrea expected the dog to wait outside but instead he followed her into the bungalow and into the small kitchen where the tools and first-aid kit were stored. Judy, her best friend and business partner, had insisted they needed such a thing, in spite of Andrea being impervious to most injuries. Since Judy used the bungalow during the day for her work, Andrea had agreed. Now she was glad her friend had insisted.

For a wild-looking animal the dog seemed pretty much at home indoors. She got her pliers and adjusted them to lock on to the head of the nail. Propping the paw onto the table, she was able to draw out the nail.

It must have hurt him and she was prepared to jump away if he tried to bite her. Not that the bite would be more than an inconvenience but it would hurt and she might inadvertently react in a way that would frighten the animal. Being a vampire gave her strength that she could sometimes barely control.

Fresh blood gushed from the wound and speckled the length of the nail, making her hidden fangs itch. She tamped down the urge to lick the nail, wrapping it into a paper towel and dropping it into her coat pocket instead. The dog didn't show the same restraint, licking his wounded paw while she pulled gauze, tape and antibiotic salve from her first-aid kit. The salve was made for humans but it was all she had. He sat quietly as she bandaged his paw.

"There," she said. "All better."

The dog gazed at her with his big brown eyes, the trace of adoration in them warming her heart. She rubbed his head and he nudged her hand. Obviously the dog liked her.

"Time for me to go home," she told him reluctantly, leading him outside and locking the door again. "No doubt you have someplace to go as well."

To her surprise, instead of heading back into the bushes, he followed her to her car. When she opened the driver's door he hopped inside before her, jumped over the console and settled into the passenger seat.

"I guess you aren't as wild as I thought you were. You sure look comfortable about riding in a car." Andrea contemplated shoving him out of the vehicle but she had to admit the idea that the animal might want to come home with her gave her a thrill.

It had been a long time since she'd had a roommate of any kind and she was tired of living alone. At least most women living on their own could have a pet of some sort, a dog or cat to keep them company. Here was a dog that actually liked her. Why not take him home on a temporary basis?

"Okay, you can come with me. But you better be housebroken." She climbed into the driver's seat and took off down the road. The dog ducked down on the seat as they reached the end of the short road her office was on. A black SUV was parked at the corner and the dog dropped his head onto his paws as they passed, almost as if he didn't want to be seen.

Andrea thought she saw someone watching from the front seat of the other vehicle. Odd. This late at night there wasn't usually anyone around. For a moment she wondered if whoever was in the SUV was up to no good. Not that a stranger in a car worried her...she *was* the scariest thing in the dark, after all. But it did make her wonder what was going on.

As soon as they got onto the highway the dog sat up and stared out the window. After a moment his paw must have accidentally hit the switch for the window and Andrea felt a blast of chill air. She reached to close it but before she could the dog stuck

his head out the window. She glanced over and saw his big doggie grin, tongue hanging out and catching the wind.

Who could tamper with happiness like that? Andrea laughed to herself and decided to put up with the chill, leaving the window down all the way home.

She parked in the garage and used her automatic door opener to roll the door down before getting out of the car. The dog followed her inside and trotted into her living room as she hung her coat on a hook near the front door. He caught sight of her big-screen TV and gave what sounded like a yelp of pleasure.

Andrea laughed. "You like television?" Again he turned his head at her and there seemed to be adoration in those brown eyes. She needed a moment to herself anyway. "Okay, I'll turn it on for you but you have to stay off the couch." Using the remote on the coffee table, she found some kind of nature channel program she thought he'd find interesting. The look he gave her didn't seem happy but he lay on the floor to watch as a pair of lions trotted after a herd of zebras.

In her bathroom Andrea removed the dental appliance that covered her upper teeth and put it in to soak. Sighing, she examined the most visible signs of her condition, the slightly longer and very sharp fangs in her upper mouth. The appliance gave her a normal-looking mouth but wasn't the most comfortable thing to wear. After changing from her work clothes into sweats, she headed to the kitchen. As she passed the living room she noticed that the television channel was no longer showing zebras but a football game.

Curious, Andrea walked into the living room, expecting to find the dog with the remote in his mouth but the dog wasn't on the floor anymore. He wasn't on any of the chairs or any of the furniture. In fact, there was no sign of him.

On the other hand there *was* a naked man on the couch with the remote in his hand. His bandaged hand. A naked man with an impressive build, golden-brown hair and that bandaged hand. A mouthwatering man who turned to stare at her with big soulful brown eyes.



Andrea gaped at him. His eyes dropped to her mouth, widened and his mouth opened.

They spoke nearly in unison. "You're a..."

"Shapeshifter!" she said.

"Vampire!" he finished.

## **Chapter Two**

For a moment all they could do was stare at each other. The football game droned on unheeded until Ron clicked it off and put the remote down. The game was interesting but this situation was far more critical. He couldn't afford to get tossed out of her place quite yet and as a vampire she had the strength to get rid of him if she thought he was a threat or even an inconvenience.

Besides, she was cute and it had been a while since he'd been with a woman of any kind, much less one who made his wolfie heart happy. Now that his color vision was back he saw that her hair was a dark auburn and not the black he'd thought it was and her beautiful eyes were the deepest blue he'd ever seen.

He'd gotten her sympathy before with the nail through the paw and she'd been sweet and gentle about removing it. He wanted to keep her sweetness directed at him.

"I guess we better talk," he said.

"I guess so." She came into the room and sat down on the couch.

Eyes wide, she glanced down at his crotch and he realized that naked wasn't probably the best way to have this conversation if he wanted to make himself seem harmless. He grabbed the nearest thing to him, which turned out to be a heart-shaped throw pillow with some sort of writing on it, and dropped it into his lap. The woman stared at it and her lips twitched as if she were trying to avoid a smile.

"Let's start with introductions. I'm Ronald Harn."

"Andrea Windall."

"Happy to meet you."

One of her fangs worried her lower lip and he saw an indentation there that showed it was an old habit of hers. "Why did you let me believe you were a dog?"

"In my other form I'm a wolf actually. But I didn't have much choice."

"Oh?"

"I was changed when the nail entered my paw and couldn't change back."

She looked skeptical. "It isn't a full moon. Why couldn't you change?"

"I saw you put the nail in your coat pocket. Take a look at it."

With a dubious glance at him she got up and got the nail, still wrapped in the paper towel. She wiped the blood off it, revealing the shining surface, and dropped it on the coffee table like it was a hot coal.

"Silver!" She stared at him. "It's made of silver."

"Silver-plated and only on the tip. The nailhead is safe to touch."

Even so, she didn't touch it again. Vampires were as sensitive to silver as werewolves. "Where did it come from?"

"A man with a nail gun stuck it into me."

"A nail gun? And one loaded with silver-plated nails?"

He couldn't help his grin at her outrage. "Yeah, surprised me as well."

Andrea sat heavily on the couch. "Who is this man and why would he have shot you with a nail gun?"

"He's a wizard gone rogue. Seems to think he can make some superspell by using blood from other parafolks like you and me. I've been hunting him for a while to bring him back to San Francisco. Tried to capture him in my alternative form and that's when he nailed me. Literally," he added.

She winced. "That was bad, Ronald."

"Call me Ron."

"Okay, Ron." She was silent for a moment. "Was this wizard by any chance driving a black SUV?"

Inwardly Ron grimaced. His vampire honey was cute and smart. "Yeah, that was him."

"So that's why you ducked down. You were hiding."

"I didn't want him following us here. I thought you were a human and he'd hurt you."

Andrea looked skeptical. "And you thought you'd be safe from him if you were hiding with me. Given that I was the only one around tonight when you disappeared he'll probably be able to figure out that you went with me."

"But he doesn't know who you are or where you live. So he won't be able to find you."

That fang of hers was out again and worrying that little groove in her lower lip. The sight of it was driving him a little crazy, wanting to feel that tooth against his own skin.

"Perhaps not tonight," she said, "but he'll be there tomorrow evening when I return to work. He'll ask the people in the surrounding shops who it is who keeps late hours and they all know I do. They'll send them to talk to Judy."

"Who is Judy?"

"A friend. She uses the office during the day while I work at night. That way we share expenses." Her face paled. "She won't know what he wants and he might get enough information to find me here while I'm sleeping."

Ronald frowned. She seemed to be living on her own here, which was odd for a nightwalker. Most of her kind had companions who watched over their unconscious bodies during the day. But even so she shouldn't be that frightened about a single spellcaster. Unlike a shifter, she would have a natural immunity to their mental powers and could outmaneuver them. She probably could even outrun this particular wizard's silver-plated nails.

Some of Ron's best friends were vampires and he knew a lot about them. She was unusually timid for a nightwalker.

"Call the office phone and leave a message for your friend. Tell her not to talk to anyone looking for you. As for guarding you during the day, I'll take that job. I won't let him hurt you, Andrea. He got past my guard once but it won't happen again."

She shook her head. "I can't have you stay here."

"Why can't I stay with you?"

"It wouldn't look right. You're a man." She couldn't seem to keep from glancing at the pillow in his lap, which had been steadily rising higher. He couldn't help grinning at her.

"See something you like?"

She blushed. "No. I mean, I'm not looking for a boyfriend."

"Then why did you let me come home with you?"

"I wanted a dog," she blurted out. "You know, for companionship."

A dangerous look came into Ronald's eyes. "I could be a dog for you." He'd love being her "dog".

She stared at him. "You want to be my dog?"

He gave her his most wolfish grin. "Sure. A dog with benefits."

Andrea closed her eyes. "That is just wrong on so many levels."

Ron moved closer. "Let me love you, Andrea. I promise you won't regret it."

"I regret it already," she said but without any heat to it. He reached out to touch her and she noticed the pillow slide away from his crotch. She couldn't help but look.

Oh my...

*Ronald is a big dog and he is very happy to see me.* She tried to back away only to end up cornered at the end of the couch. "I'm a vampire, you know."

"Yes I know." Ronald put both hands on her shoulders and pulled her closer. "I can see the fangs." He ran his tongue over his own perfect teeth. "I only have them when I'm shifted."

"I don't think this is a good idea."

"Why is that?"

"I could bite you."

He grinned at her as if he thought the idea was delightful. "Oh really? And who's to say I won't bite you back?"

Andrea mentally thrashed around for reasons to say no. "I'm really strong. You could get hurt."

"I'm a shifter, as strong as you are. I could lift you and this couch and not break a sweat. A truck could roll over me and it wouldn't make a dent unless the tires were silver-plated. You can't damage me." He studied her for a moment. "Are you saying you aren't interested?"

It was the bit of hurt in his eyes at the idea of her disinterest that overcame her final resistance. She knew what it was like to be rejected.

Andrea crossed the distance between them and planted her lips onto his.

Ronald huffed a bit in surprise but then got into the business of kissing her back with all the enthusiasm she could ask for. In fact, he pulled her into his arms and deepened the kiss, using his tongue to slip along the edges of her mouth and pushing past them to delve deep inside.

It had been so long since she'd felt a man's kiss. Years really, since she'd been turned and had fled the vampire who'd made her. Irony she should be worried about biting a man in her arms when the last one who'd kissed her had done more than bite.

He'd made her into the monster she was.

Well, at least with this man she wouldn't be able to turn him. She might not know much about being a vampire but she knew that shifters were immune to whatever it was that had changed her. Fear of harming a lover was one reason she'd hung back from sleeping with anyone in the past long lonely years.

What would be the harm in enjoying a little bed play with Ronald? None, her body was telling her as she leaned into the hard planes of his chest. He growled deep in his chest, the animalistic sound awakening in her a similar feeling.

She wanted him.

Ronald tugged on the hem of her sweatshirt. "You are wearing too many clothes."

Andrea lifted her arms, giving him permission to pull the shirt off over her head. He growled again as it became obvious that she'd foregone a bra.

"Beautiful," he said quietly. He eyed her bare breasts hungrily for a moment then with surprising gentleness touched their pebbled tips and rolled them between his fingertips. She sucked in a breath at the exquisite sensations flowing from her nipples into the pit of her stomach.

He was a big man and there was a wildness about him that was probably due in part to his being a shifter. But there was gentleness in him as well, as evidenced by the way he touched her, sliding his hands along her skin as if appreciating the silky smoothness. She was slender, overly so given her diet of liquid protein, and she'd often wondered if her breasts had shrunk along with the rest of her. But Ronald didn't seem to mind as he cupped her breasts.

She couldn't read his mind the way she could normal people and so didn't know what he intended to do next. She found that wildly erotic, not knowing. When he tugged her sweatpants down it came as a surprise. And then he delved one finger between her legs and stroked her clit and she was more than surprised—she was ecstatic.

Ronald's fingers played with her clit, making it throb. Her body tightened at the unfamiliar touch. It had been so long since any fingers but her own had given her pleasure—and pleasure he was indeed giving her. The shifter seemed to have a real gift for coaxing a response from her under-gratified body. Sensation built until she exploded in his arms.

Andrea gave a sharp cry and Ronald covered her mouth with his, swallowing her cry. He kissed her thoroughly, letting her recover in his arms from the unexpected orgasm. "Just a taste," he murmured into her hair. "Take me to your bed."

That was just a taste? Andrea couldn't wait for the rest of the meal. It promised to be a banquet of sensual delights. She banished all thoughts of malevolent spellcasters from her mind and smiled up into Ronald's face.

"Just down the hall. Do you want me to lead you?"

He lifted her into his arms as if she weighed less than the heart-shaped pillow he'd used to cover his cock. "If you don't mind, I'll find the way."

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside the house, the watcher saw the light go out in the big front window and decided it was time to make his move. He'd peeked in earlier and knew it was the living room of the woman's house. The wolf-man had still been in fur form and sitting in front of the television, the woman nowhere to be seen. He'd then checked the doors but they were securely locked...too secure for his simple spells. The doors themselves were metal, nothing he could break down.

He'd need more than magic to get into the house and brute force wouldn't work either. Subtlety might be the best approach. He cast a spell on his clothes to make them look like a tan uniform and conjured up an ID to make it seem he was associated with the town's animal control.

He needed the woman to turn the wolf out of her house so he could be taken captive. Probably she was some kind of bleeding-heart animal lover – wouldn't she be surprised to know what she'd actually brought into her home? If he told her it was actually a wolf he probably could convince her to let him take the animal. He pulled a silver-plated choke collar and leash from the back of the van and began to head to the front door.



Before he got to the door he noticed that a light glowed faintly through the heavy curtains across the windows on the other end of the house. He'd thought it might be a bedroom because of the curtains. Since the woman worked late at night, he figured she slept during the day.

He couldn't see in that window so he returned to the living room window but there was no sign of the wolf there.

The watcher considered his options. When the woman's car had passed him on the street earlier his senses had told him that there was parafolk blood inside. Obviously the wolf had gone with her so he'd given them a little bit of a head start and then followed at a distance.

The ceremony needed the full moon as well as the sacrifice and that wouldn't be until the following night. He returned to his van. This late at night the woman would be cautious about opening her door to a stranger and once alerted she'd be much harder to get the wolf away from. Much as he hated to wait, he'd do so. Perhaps the wolf would even give himself away.

He'd check on them later.

## **Chapter Three**

In the bedroom Ronald laid his woman on the bed. He barely took note of the harmoniousness of the furnishings, the feminine peaches and pale blues of the comforter and pillow shams, the matching blue in the rug and peach of the floor-to-ceiling curtains that covered the outside wall.

The curtains he did notice because they told him that Andrea was a fairly new vampire and not one in touch with other vampires. Otherwise she'd have the heavy steel shutters her kind favored over the less effective fabric curtains she was making do with.

Or perhaps she liked the looks of the curtains but at the moment he wasn't in any mood to discuss interior decorating even though it was a secret passion of his. Right now his passion lay in the woman on the colorful comforter, wearing only a pair of sweatpants pulled low on her hips.

She looked deceptively delicate surrounded by the pastels of her bedroom, her auburn hair spread out beneath her. He knew she wasn't and that nightwalkers were known to be as strong as shifters in most cases. As he'd said before, she couldn't hurt him any more than he could hurt her.

And if she bit him... Ronald couldn't help smiling over that. Biting was an intimate part of shifter lovemaking. That she might sink her fangs into him only made him want her more.

She was concerned about hurting him and it touched another part of him, something deep inside. He liked it that she was worried about him. No one had been since he'd left his pack two years ago, after his sister had died — died at the hand of the spellcaster he'd been chasing ever since.

The spellcaster who'd almost caught him tonight with his silver-plated nails, and from whom he was now hiding.

No, not hiding. He was merely regrouping after a nearly disastrous encounter that could have left him dead. He'd not underestimate the spellcaster again. A single parafolk person couldn't overpower the man. But a vampire and shifter working together probably could.

That was one good thing that had come out of all this. As a result of being injured he'd met the lovely Andrea. If she helped him he could probably defeat the spellcaster, assuming he could talk her into helping. That might be difficult since she seemed to be so timid. She reminded him of a rabbit, cowering in her home rather than facing the world.

Perhaps he could help her grow into the vampire she'd become. Right now he was about to become her lover. The taste he'd had of her on the couch told him how good this was going to be.

She smiled at him, showing her fangs, the delicate tips just poking below her upper lip. Ronald found the sight surprisingly sexy. He crawled onto the bed next to her and leaned in to run his tongue along her lips, deliberately touching the sharp points of her fangs. He felt a small sting and tasted blood.

Apparently so did she. Andrea gave a sharp gasp and when Ronald leaned back she was staring up at him. She ran her tongue along her lips, bringing more of his blood's taste into her mouth. Closing her eyes, she moaned.

"You like that?" he said.

Andrea's eyes reopened and he noticed the blue was tinged with red, the incipient sign of bloodlust. She blinked and the red was gone but fear colored her eyes instead. "Too much. If I bite you I'll drink too deep."

"No you won't," Ronald said confidently. "I trust you. Besides, it is really difficult to harm a shifter by taking too much blood."

Her eyes opened wider. "Are you sure? I don't want to hurt you."

"I know you don't. It's one of the things I like the best about you." He stroked her cheek. "But I didn't come in here to worry about who is going to hurt who. I want to make love with you, little nightwalker."

The fear left her eyes and she smiled again. Ronald didn't give her a chance to worry again, simply covering her mouth with his own and letting his kiss distract her while his hands divested her of her sweatpants, leaving her as naked as he was.

The skin revealed was as uniformly pale as her upper half. One thing about nightwalkers was their lack of tan lines. But Ronald found he didn't care about that. With the dark flame of her hair as contrast, he liked how pale she was.

He also liked how soft her skin was. It was like stroking satin. He let his hands wander her body, touching and stroking, finding what she liked by how she tensed as he played.

This was going to be so good. His nightwalker friends and their companions had hinted at the sensual pleasures they experienced through sex. He couldn't wait to have her bite him, that ultimate in vampire intimacy.

Her stomach clenched as he petted her bottom and the backs of her thighs but to his surprise she also seemed to like having her shoulders rubbed.

She nuzzled his neck and seemed to sniff along the vein in his neck and he found he had to hide a smile. She wanted to bite him but as she'd admitted didn't dare. Her uncertainty was sweet. Somehow he'd have to persuade her to overcome it because he really did want to have her feed from him.

Just as he wanted to use his tongue and teeth on her, although not in quite the same way. Ronald began a campaign of kisses and nibbles down her front, pausing to suckle deeply on her breasts. They were firm and beautifully uptilted and larger than he would have expected given how slender she was. The nipples were small but grew while in his mouth. He pulled the one he was sucking on deeper and she moaned again.

"Like that?" he asked.

"You know I do."

"Then you'll love this."

He let go of the nipple he was playing with and headed south, barely spending the time to kiss her navel. To his sensitive nose the heady smell of her sex beckoned enticingly and suddenly he couldn't wait to get there. Apparently dazed by his attentions so far, Andrea didn't seem to realize his destination until he got there.

Then she tried to shut her legs. "You don't want to do that."

Growling, he grabbed her knees and pulled them apart. "I absolutely want to do that. I love doing that."

"But..." She swallowed. "It's nasty."

"Who told you that?" Ronald asked indignantly. "Never mind, I don't want to know," he added when she opened her mouth again. If it was a past boyfriend he didn't want her thinking about him and his hang-up over oral sex. His little rabbit needed an education, so instead of talking he'd prove his point.

"I'll show you how 'nasty' it is." He lowered his mouth and gave her sweet little pussy a kiss. She startled but at his smile she settled back on the bed. So he kissed her again, this time taking the opportunity to lick her clit.

She tightened under him so he did it again, this time eliciting a cry from her. It didn't sound like a cry of dismay or disgust. "You liked that, didn't you?"

She stared down at him. "I shouldn't..."

He grinned. "Because it's nasty?"

A hint of a smile grew on her face. "You're teasing me."

"A little. Sex isn't nasty, Andrea. Not when it's with the right person."

"The right person. Like me?"

"For me, yes." He lowered his head but refrained from touching her. "I like you."

"I like you too."

"So nothing we do together is going to be nasty. Okay?"

She swallowed hard but gave him a little smile. "Okay."

"I'm glad we agree because like I said, if you liked what I did before, you are going to love this."

He reached out his tongue and slid it along the tender nub of her clitoris. Andrea shook under him but made no further protest against his exploration of her private places with his mouth. Instead while she started tense and apprehensive, she seemed to relax under his tender ministrations. Her breath deepened and she made soft encouraging cries, her body tensing and then relaxing. Each time she came close to climax, her body arched up and gave him better access.

Ronald thoroughly enjoyed himself. Her flavor was as rich and sensual as her scent had promised and her responsiveness as he worked her clit with his tongue and lips made her all the more mouthwatering. He shoved his face deeper into the cleft between her legs, capturing her wetness on his tongue like he was thirsty and she was the sweetest water. Her flavor was a marker like her smell, and made her special to him. In his mind a word began to form.

*Mate. She is my mate.*

Not possible, he knew. Shifters didn't take mates outside their own kind and a nightwalker would want a companion they could link minds with, something he had no ability of at all.

Still, whenever he'd dreamed of the mate he'd someday have, the flavor that he'd sensed was the same as Andrea's. She tasted like his mate should taste. And as her passion grew the flavor changed and became even more intensely familiar.

Ronald pushed her taste, the word and all implications deep into his mind. Thinking of Andrea as his mate wasn't practical right now. Instead he should stay focused on bringing her to pleasure as many times as he could.

Her knees tightened against his ears, telling him that she'd peaked again. But this time she didn't simply go limp. Her small hands buried themselves in his hair and tugged lightly. He leaned up on his elbows and smiled at her.

Her face was flushed, eyes wide, but there was nothing but passion in them. She smiled. "Nothing nasty about that."

He wiped her juices from his lips and jaw with one hand then licked it appreciatively. Her flavor was as rich as her smell. Again that word rose in his mind — mate — but again he chose to ignore it.

She could no sooner be his mate than he could be hers. They were too different.

No two people could be as different. But somehow Andrea felt rightness in being with Ronald. She watched him lick his fingers, knowing it was her body he tasted. And yet there was no sign of revulsion in him.

Not unless he evidenced revulsion with lip-smacking appreciation.

Not something she would have expected after what David, her ex-boyfriend and would-be master, had told her. But then David had told her a lot of things she'd found out later weren't true. Such as drinking his blood wouldn't have any effect on her when he'd forced it down her throat.

No effect other than the fact that she now couldn't stay awake during the day, could only drink blood and had fangs. He'd left that part out.

Apparently he'd also left out that some men enjoyed performing oral sex on a woman. In fact, Ronald looked like he'd had more fun than she ever had sucking on David's cock.

On the other hand, maybe it was like Ronald had said. If you were with the right person nothing was unpleasant. She should test that theory by going down on him. Sitting up, she pulled back from Ronald. He watched her with a touch of apprehension in his eyes but then she kissed him and when she leaned back the concern was gone. In fact, he was definitely smirking at her.

"I guess you decided it wasn't nasty after all."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Andrea said. "But if it is, it's the kind of nasty that I like."

Ronald's grin slipped a little when she reached for his erection. "Of course, now I want to see how you like nasty business when it's performed on you."

He all but rolled his eyes but he leaned back on his elbows and let her take hold of him. "Sweet lady, I'm in your hands." And since she had both hands clasped around his cock that was actually true. She stroked him and he closed his eyes with a low-pitched growl.

"You like that?"

Ronald opened his eyes and grinned. "It's the nicest kind of nasty."

For a moment she simply stroked him, admiring his cock. In her hands it seemed even bigger than she'd thought. It was also heavier than she'd imagined, long and straight and hard to keep hold of without using both hands. For an instant she had a minor concern about how big he was. Could he possibly be too large for her to accommodate?

In any event, she knew she could at least take him into her mouth. Andrea slid her lips over the engorged tip and felt him stiffen. She licked the slender crevice at the end and tasted the rich pre-cum oozing from it. At the flavor, she melted. He tasted so good.

As her mouth closed over him Ronald gave a low growl. Taking the sound as encouragement, Andrea worked his cock deeper and began to suck it in and out in rhythm. She was careful to keep her teeth out of the way, particularly her fangs, although when she slipped once and scratched a narrow furrow along his shaft it wasn't a curse he muttered.

Even so, she pulled back, trying to ignore the taste of his blood on her tongue. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

He stared at her for a moment then barked out a short laugh and with one hand directed her head back to his cock. "Think nothing of it. And please get back to work."



Now it was her turn to laugh but a chuckle was all she could manage with his cock in her mouth. She sucked hard on the head while her hand stroked the shaft. After a moment Ronald began thrusting along with her, pushing into her mouth. A couple more times she felt her fangs snag his skin but he didn't seem to mind. In fact, he thrust harder, as if the slight pain spurred him on.

He tensed and slowed his thrusts into her mouth. "If I don't stop I'm going to..."

Andrea pulled her mouth off him and smiled into his face, one hand still stroking his now-throbbing cock. "You want to come in my mouth?"

His eyes seemed to glow. "Can I?"

In the past she'd hated when a man came in her mouth but with Ronald it was different. She was eager to taste him fully. "If you like."

Another laugh and he pushed her head back down. "Oh, I like a lot." She went back to work on his cock and quickly she felt the tension return, this time harder, as he was no longer resisting. She felt the first taste of his cum and then with a shout his cock pulsed and her mouth was flooded.

She'd been right that with Ronald it was different. All she had to do was look at him and see how pleased he was and a feeling of contentment filled her.

He seized her shoulders and pulled her up for a passionate kiss. "That was fantastic but I want more."

She tensed up again and he realized he was holding her shoulders tightly. Easing up, he smiled at her. "Sorry, I guess I don't know my own strength."

"You are very strong. More than I am."

"Not really. You just don't realize it." He stroked her face. "Vampires have close to shifter strength and are a lot faster. You could take me out just by outmaneuvering me."

"Really?" She seemed intrigued but then she shook her head. "No, I'm sure you're wrong."

"No, I'm not. Some of my best friends are vampires and I know what they're capable of. In fact, you could handle most threats, including that spellcaster I was talking about. A vampire isn't as sensitive to their mind tricks and you are stronger and more agile."

Andrea trembled like a frightened rabbit. "I couldn't possibly deal with someone like the man who attacked you."

"I bet you could. I'll prove it. I tell you what, let's make it a game." Ronald released her. "We'll race. You try to get to the front door in the living room and then back to the bed before I do."

Andrea looked dubiously at him. "You sure about this?"

"Absolutely." Clearly she didn't know, but shifters often engaged in chase games as part of sex, with the female trying to get away from the male—until she let him catch her. The idea of racing after her had his blood pounding hard.

A look of mischief appeared in her eyes. "All right. But if this is a game there should be a prize."

"What kind of prize?"

She seemed to think about it for a moment, that little fang of hers worrying the groove in her lower lip, once again driving him crazy. "Winner gets something they want?"

He knew what he wanted and couldn't think of anything she'd ask that he wouldn't agree to, other than his leaving. As far as he could tell she didn't seem eager for that to happen. "Sounds fine."

"Okay... Go!"

Andrea leapt off the bed and was halfway to the bedroom door before he could move. Ron bounded after her, using his longer stride to catch up.

Perhaps she was as timid as a rabbit but she ran like one too, faster than he expected. That was okay. He liked chasing rabbits.

His wolfie heart was going to like catching this one too.

Andrea glanced behind and her eyes widened as she spied him on her heels. It spurred her to move faster and Ron sped up as well until the hall walls seemed to fly by.

Her hand reached out to flick on the lights as she entered the living room. Ron followed her in as she reached the door to the outside, tagged it and turned around. She breezed past him as he approached the door, heading back to the bedroom. Ron barely avoided running into her and he hit the door with a hard thump. He turned and again chased after her, just remembering to turn off the lights on his way back to the hall.

She was far in front of him so he sped up until he was once again breathing down the back of Andrea's neck.

This was the most fun he'd had in...well, in ever. Andrea made a great rabbit to his wolf and he was so looking forward to the end of the chase. It didn't really matter that she might beat him back to the bedroom.

If he won, great. He got to pick what they did next. If she won, she'd be so happy she'd likely do what he wanted. Either way he won.

Ron couldn't help a grin. Either way he won and besides, chasing his female was foreplay for a shifter. His cock hardened as he was once again on her tail, the sweet scent of her trailing behind.

Andrea seemed to have eyes on the back of her head. Either that or she sensed how close he was to her. She glanced back at him, squeaked and put on another burst of speed and was well ahead of him by the time they reached the bedroom.

She made it to the bed seconds before he did.

Triumphant, she grinned at him. "I won!"

"I told you could do it!" He sat on the bed next to her. "So what do you want?"

Her grin turned into a sensuous smile. "I want you to make love with me."

As he'd expected, it was something he wanted as well. Ron slid his arms around her. "Ah, so we both get our wish."

Ron seized her and bent to kiss her, lowering her back onto the bed. She was a little out of breath and flushed with excitement. At his kiss the excitement transformed into something else. Her body tightened and heat built in the pit of her stomach as well as farther down.

The sexual relief she'd gotten from Ron going down on her disappeared only to be replaced by an even more intense desire. She wanted him, in her bed, in her body.

She wanted his shifter strength covering her. She liked the idea that even if she bit him or lost control with her bloodlust urges, she couldn't actually hurt him.

She loved the idea that what she was didn't seem to bother him. He didn't see her as the monster she thought herself to be. Ron saw her as a woman and someone he wanted to make love to. His hands ran down her body again, teasing her nipples and caressing her stomach before delving into the folds of her pussy. His fingers touched her throbbing clit and she moaned at his now-familiar stroke there.

She opened her eyes. "I need you."

He smiled. "I know." Rising over her, he fitted the head of his hard shaft to her center and pushed. She was wet but a little tight. Not like a virgin, but like a woman who'd been a long time between lovers.

And he knew it had been a long time—he could tell with her uncertainty and shyness. He tried a short stroke and she gasped and then her body relaxed, inviting him in. Triumphantly, Ronald thrust again and this time he slid deep within her. She was still tight but her body welcomed his intrusion until he was seated all the way to his balls.

He could have laughed in delight over that. So few women could actually take all of him without discomfort. This little vampire could and still be smiling. In fact, she looked delighted to have him inside her.

He was delighted as well. Ronald grinned down at her. "This what you wanted?"

"Absolutely," she said, repeating his word from earlier. Her knees rose on either side of his hips and she lifted beneath him, shockingly enough taking him farther into her. Ronald groaned as her tight walls milked his cock.

*Moon be damned, she could make me come just by doing that!*

But he didn't want to come that soon and he definitely wanted to be moving when he did. Even more, he wanted her coming with him.

Ron drew out of her and then surged back in again. Then he was moving in and out with a vengeance, enjoying the feel of her under him. She was crying out now, her playfulness gone. But her hips rose to meet each of his thrusts, her energy and strength matching his.

Again that word crept into his mind. Mate. She was his match in so many ways and could be his mate.

But he couldn't talk to her about that now. Now wasn't for talking, it was for fucking.

He sped up and again she kept pace with him, her legs now thrown over his hips. His fingers clutched the sheets on either side of her head. She threw her head back and her teeth grazed one of his forearms.

Without thinking he pushed his arm to her mouth. This was what he wanted, her vampire bite given during sex. That was the intimacy he would have asked for if he'd won their race.

Her eyes briefly flared red but still she hesitated. She looked to him and he nodded. "Please, take what you need."

The red returned to her eyes and she hesitated no longer. Ronald felt the sharp pain as her fangs sank deep, as deep, in a way, as his cock in her. The pain was momentary and then he felt her draw from him.

He slowed his thrusts, matching them to the rhythm of her sucking his blood from his arm. She didn't take much, cutting herself off before he became at all lightheaded,

licking his arm to close the wounds. As he'd known, she could easily control her hunger with him.

Either that or their fucking was more interesting to her than drinking his blood. She was like the vampires he knew, with both hungers needing satisfaction. She'd taken enough for now, her face was flushed with their exertions and his fresh blood.

Her legs tightened around him and he again sped up until he could feel the imminent approach of his climax. He slowed a little, just enough to make sure that she was catching up with him, her eyes glazed with passion. Again her pussy tightened around his cock and this time she cried out, mouth open. The slight tinge of blood staining her small fangs was the sexiest sight he'd ever seen.

Ronald gave in to orgasm and howled his pleasure as he climaxed, harder than he could ever remember feeling before.

In the aftermath of his climax came the realization that he'd been right earlier. Sex with Andrea was different than with any other woman. This was his female.

Whether or not she might think it, Ronald was sure of it. His fated mate was a vampire.

As soon as Ronald rolled off her, Andrea turned from him and lay curled up on her side. "I bit you," she whispered.

Ronald tugged her into his arms. She thought of fighting his strength but as he pushed her into the mattress she found herself giving in instead. He crouched over her, staring down, his gaze solemn. "And now you're going to say you're sorry?"

"Of course I am."

"You shouldn't be. I wanted you to."

She blinked. "You did?"

He smiled. "Of course I did. That's what vampires do when they make love. They need blood when they're aroused."

"They do?" Another thing David hadn't mentioned, although it explained why he'd bitten her.

"Yes, they do. You do. And like I told you, you can control yourself when you take it."

She sat up in astonishment. "That's true, I did."

"Would it help if I told you it was the most sensual thing a woman's ever done for me?"

"It was?" Andrea blinked at him.

"It certainly was. Give me a minute and I'll show you what I mean."

"One minute?" she teased.

Ronald gave her a sheep-eating grin. "Shifters recover quickly. Particularly when we've got incentive."

"I'm incentive?"

"You are wonderful."

He leaned in to kiss her again but was interrupted by the doorbell sounding in the hall. Andrea glanced at the clock. "It's four in the morning. Who could that be?" When the bell sounded again she grabbed her robe off the back of the bathroom door. "I better go see who it is."

## **Chapter Four**

She peeked through the peephole at the man on her front doorstep and frowned. The man at the door wasn't anything like what Andrea expected. Not that she had any expectations as to who could be ringing her doorbell at four a.m. but it certainly wasn't someone wearing a khaki-brown uniform with a city animal control patch on the shoulder.

Attaching the security chain across the door, she cautiously opened it. "What do you want?"

He waved an official-looking ID through the narrow opening of the door. "Hello, miss," he began. "I'm sorry to disturb you this late at night but I saw the light was on. I'm wondering if you might have seen a large dog running loose?"

"You're going door-to-door asking about a dog?" Andrea shook her head in confusion. "At this time of night?"

The man seemed to cower under her glare. "Well, you see, miss, it isn't really a dog. It's actually a wolf and quite dangerous."

Andrea felt a prickling on the back of her neck, a sure sign that something wasn't right. Could this man be the sorcerer who Ronald had told her about? He didn't look dangerous with a leash and metal collar dangling from his hand...

Her senses flared as the metal swung close to her, her skin itching just from being close. Silver...

What kind of animal control officer would be carrying a silver-plated dog collar at four a.m.?

The wicked sorcerer kind, that's who!



Andrea started to close the door in his face. "I'm sorry, but I haven't seen any kind of dog around here."

The man muttered a few words and suddenly the door didn't want to budge. Andrea pushed it with all her strength but it suddenly flew open, the force breaking the security chain's anchor on the doorframe. She stepped back into the room just as the man pulled what looked like a stapler on steroids from behind his back. With a sinking sensation, she recognized it as a nail gun.

He waved the power tool in her face. "I'm sorry to do this but I happen to have seen the wolf in here earlier tonight through the windows. So I know he's here."

Andrea's jaw dropped. "You were peeking through my windows?" Outraged, she realized he could have seen her and Ronald making out on the couch. At least the bedroom curtains were too thick for someone to spy through.

From the hallway came a roar and Ronald burst into the room, naked of course. He began to charge the sorcerer but with a sudden lunge the man grabbed her neck in a chokehold and pressed the nail gun to her skin. "One more move and I'll nail her."

Ronald cut short his charge and Andrea froze in place. She felt her skin itch from the silver on the plated nails. A silver-plated nail in her neck might not kill her but it would sure hurt a lot. She shuddered at the idea.

The shifter held up his hands. "Really, Ozzie. She's a helpless little female, nothing special. No strength in her at all... I can't believe you'd stoop so low as to hurt someone like her."

Ozzie didn't even loosen his grip. Instead he sniffed her neck. "I'd agree but I can smell your scent all over her and I know you too well to think she doesn't mean something to you. Besides—" He buried his nose into her hair as Andrea tried to squirm away, cringing in distaste. "She isn't really a norm, is she?"

He tightened his grip. "What are you, woman—a vampire? Maybe I'll just use your blood for my full moon ceremony."

Ronald's eyes flared silver as Ozzie raised the nail gun to her temple. "One more inch and I'll kill her."

Andrea felt Ozzie's arm loosen a fraction. He was paying far more attention to the shifter than her.

Big mistake.

The arm under her neck was just in biting range. With lightning speed Andrea dropped, sinking her teeth into the arm holding the nail gun on her way down. The gun fired, spraying a few nails that fortunately missed her but dug into her hardwood floor.

*The floor I laboriously refinished just six months ago.* That added to her aggravation. She grabbed the power tool from the now-shocked sorcerer and threw it across the room. Then she lifted the man over her head and slammed him onto the floor in front of Ronald.

The shifter picked up her heavy couch like it was made of plastic foam and dropped it onto the stunned man. Ozzie groaned and appeared to pass out.

Ronald sat on the couch and grinned at Andrea. "Nice work."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Helpless little female, am I? No strength, have I?"

His grin turned into a smirk. "Did I say that?"

"Yes, you said that."

"I didn't mean it. I mean, look at you. You're magnificent. No more poor little vampire victim. You are a parafolk force of nature, sweetheart. Just as you should be."

Andrea realized that the door to the house was still open so she went to close it. Then she leaned over and pulled up the nails embedded in the floor using her bare hands, being careful to only touch the un-silvered heads. Finished, she dropped the nails onto her coffee table. When she turned Ronald was watching her, his grin gone.

"You're mad at me." He sounded perplexed.

"I'm not mad."

"Yes you are." He rose off the couch and dragged the unconscious Ozzie from beneath. Using the leash, he lashed the man's arms together behind his back. While he worked he kept glancing over at her.

Still unsettled, Andrea sat on her couch. "I could have been hurt."

"Unlikely. Like I said, you're faster than I am and with nearly equal strength. Ozzie should have let you go as soon as he figured out what you are."

"But you called me a victim."

"I did?"

"Just now. You said I wasn't a victim anymore."

Finished tying up his prisoner, Ronald dumped the man into corner and sat on the couch next to her. "I wanted to remind you of what you are. You're a vampire, not the woman who was victimized by her maker."

"How do you know I was victimized?"

"A guess. But I'm right, aren't I? He abandoned you."

Andrea shook her head. "He didn't abandon me. I ran away once I knew what he'd done to me."

Ronald shook his head. "He could have found you if he'd tried. He didn't and that's abandonment. I'm guessing he didn't ask your permission to turn you too. I know he didn't teach you anything about what you would become or ease you into our society." He took her hands. "You live like a hermit, don't you? I've never seen you at any of the parafolk functions in the city."

So she didn't get to San Francisco very often. "I'm happy here."

"You need more than this. You should come with me."

Andrea pulled her hands from him. "Why do you care, Ron? So I like to live away from others."

"I care," he hesitated, "I care because I feel something for you that I haven't felt for any other woman."

She stared at him in astonishment. "I'm a vampire."

"And I'm a shifter. You have fangs and I have fur. That doesn't mean we can't care about each other. That doesn't mean we can't be together." He touched her face. "We're good together."

For a moment she leaned into his palm, enjoying the feel of his hand touching her. She'd been alone so long.

"I have to deliver Ozzie to the authorities up in the city. Come with me, Andrea. Let me introduce you to the rest of the parafolk. I know a lot of other nightwalkers and their companions. None of them are like the one who abandoned you. You'll like them, I promise."

For a moment it was tempting. But she'd known him only a few hours and even with all they'd done together she just wasn't sure. In some ways he was another man who wanted to change her life, but this time she could say no. She didn't want to leave her quiet existence here. She shook her head.

"No, I'm staying here. I have work and my own life."

Ronald took her hand and kissed it. "And you couldn't make room in your life for someone like me?"

So tempting. But to give up her security, her safety, for a man she'd known less than twelve hours? That made no sense. She shook her head.

Disappointment passed across Ronald's face but she wouldn't be swayed by it this time. She schooled her face to stay firm as he lifted the still-unconscious Ozzie onto his shoulders and headed for the door.

But before he left he turned to face her. "This isn't over yet, Andrea," he said before stalking naked out of the house and heading for Ozzie's black SUV parked across the street. Andrea watched from her living room window until the car drove away down the dark and silent street.

## Chapter Five

"He really said that, Andrea? 'It's not over yet'?" Judy sighed. "That's so romantic."

Andrea shook her head at her hopelessly idealistic friend, wishing for the hundredth time she hadn't said anything about her experience the night she'd found a wolf with a nail in his paw. Three days had passed since she'd last seen Ronald and his final words, which had promised he would return to her, had proved a disappointment.

"It would have been more romantic if he'd come back."

Judy refused to accept it. "I think you should go up to the city and look for him. Maybe he's expecting you to come to him."

Andrea had thought of doing that. But she didn't know any of the parafolk or where they hung out. "I wouldn't begin to know where to start."

Judy put her arm around her. "There are those bars I found." The past couple of days her friend had been searching for signs of other parafolk and had found a few places with what she deemed "suspicious names".

Andrea couldn't help but smile. "You think I should start barhopping to find him?"

Her friend folded her arms across her chest. "It beats your moping around here."

Andrea glanced at the clock. Nine thirty. The evening was even relatively young. She could be up to the city and back long before dawn. "Okay, I'll go."

The other woman beamed. "Good, I'll handle things until you get back."

Stepping out of her office bungalow, Andrea turned to lock the door, but a sound alerted her and when she turned around a large wolf was sitting on the sidewalk behind her.

A very familiar wolf. "Ronald?"

The wolf's mouth dropped open into a doggie-style grin and he wagged his tail. Then he blurred, the fur disappearing, and the man stood in front of her, smiling and apparently completely unconcerned that he didn't have a stitch on. Andrea looked at his smile and then couldn't resist a peek at his crotch. His cock jutted hard and long, and everywhere she looked Ronald was happy to see her.

She was happy to see him too. But she didn't need to see him naked on the doorstep. Grabbing his arm, she pulled him into the office.

Judy looked up from her computer and her jaw dropped at the sight of him. "Who is this?"

Andrea gestured between them. "Judy, this is Ronald. Ronald, this is Judy. She needs to get some coffee."

For a moment Judy stared at her. Then her eyes widened and she rose to her feet. "That's right. I need to get some coffee." She headed to the kitchen but paused to give him a long look up and down. "Can I get you something?"

Ronald grinned at her. "No, I'm good."

As if mesmerized, Judy smiled back at him. "You certainly are."

"Judy..." Andrea said. "You were getting coffee."

Judy shot her a look and then disappeared into the kitchen.

Ronald smiled down at Andrea. "I think your friend likes me."

"Of course she does. You're naked." She shook her head. "Don't you have any clothes?"

"I have clothes. I just left them in my truck."

"Why?"

"So I could surprise you. Are you surprised?"

She was. But. "I expected you sooner."

His smile spread into a grin. "Did you? I'm sorry I couldn't be here before now. Processing Ozzie took time and I had some other stuff to take care of."

"Oh?"

He stepped closer, his voice warm and soothing. "I wanted to be here sooner. I missed you."

The little warm glow in her stomach that had started when she first saw him brightened. "I missed you too. I was even going up to the city to look for you tonight."

"You were?" His grin took over his face. "Braving the big bad parafolk world to look for me? I'm glad to hear that."

"Because you want me to learn to live around other parafolk?"

Ronald shook his head. "That's not why I came here, Andrea."

Her glow spread to her stomach. "What did you come for then?"

He stepped forward. "I came to be with my mate. If she'll have me."

Andrea stared at him. "Your mate? But I'm a vampire," she said.

"That doesn't matter. Or maybe it does. I like it that you are who you are. I respect that you've made a life for yourself. If you want to live here, that's fine. We'll live anywhere you want. I love you."

The warm glow blazed into pure flame. "You do?"

He stepped forward. "I told you before I could be your dog. Do you still want one?"

She couldn't help her grin. "A dog with benefits?"

"If the benefit is loving you." He tilted his head to one side. "Could you possibly love me too?"

Andrea laughed. "Of course I love you." She went into his arms and tugged him tight against her then leaned up to smile into his face. "How could I help it?" she said. "I never could resist a furry face with big sad eyes."

He laughed. "My eyes aren't sad now."

"No, they aren't." She snuggled into him, feeling his cock hard against her stomach. "In fact, you aren't sad anywhere."

Ronald buried his head in her hair and breathed deeply. "I really missed you the last couple of nights. I don't suppose your friend could be talked into leaving..."

Just then Judy came out of the kitchen, wearing her coat and with her bag slung over her shoulder. "Did you know we're out of coffee?"

Andrea blinked at her. "We are? I thought we just bought some."

Judy grinned. "Really? Maybe I just couldn't find it then. Anyway I have to be going." Studiously avoiding staring at Ronald's bare ass, she headed out, waving her hand as she passed by. "See you tomorrow...maybe."

The door banged shut behind her. Ron chuckled into Andrea's hair. "I think she heard me."

"Maybe." She leaned up to smile into his face. "Either that or she knows she's not needed around here."

"In that case I like your friend. A lot."

"Yeah, she's not bad for a norm."

"I've got nothing against norms. Really." Ron's face showed his sincerity. "Some of my best friends are norms."

"I thought your best friends were vampires."

"Some are. I have a lot of friends." Ron lifted her to set her on the edge of her desk. "But there is only one vampire I really care about." He spread her legs and stepped between them. The hard rod of his cock hit her right in the crotch.

He wanted to make love to her, right now, on her desk? Not a bad idea. But this was so not fair—she still had all her clothes on. But Ron took care of that fast, tugging open her pants and slipping them down past her ankles. Then her panties were gone as well and his hand was between her legs, playing with her clit and fondling the rest of her.

"I dreamed of this last night," he said, his voice husky. "When I was shifted and baying at the moon. I wanted my mate. I wanted you."



"You wanted me? When you were a wolf?" Driven to distraction by his hand, Andrea nearly howled herself. She spread her legs wider, giving him better access.

"I imagined you with me, running through the woods. It was fabulous."

"I'm not going to shift like you do."

"That's all right." Ron fitted himself to her. "We can always do this." He drove his cock inside her, filling her. Once inside he began thrusting, his movements speeding up.

And it was like they were running, moving together, their bodies hurtling toward satisfaction. The urge to bite him hit hard but she still had her prosthesis covering her teeth. She reached up and snatched it out of her mouth. Ron put his arm up to her lips.

"Bite me. Please," he gasped out.

She sank her teeth into his forearm and drank deep, the harsh sweetness of his werewolf blood so satisfying. It didn't take much to fill her and then she was coming, rushing into climax.

She threw back her head and howled as her climax came, Ron howling along with her. It was fast but fabulous and she felt like she *had* been racing after Ron under the moon.

He wrapped his arms around her and nuzzled her neck. "I'm going to be the best nightwalker companion ever and you are going to be the best mate a werewolf ever had. I'm so glad I have you, my sweet little nightwalker."

Andrea kissed him and smiled, for once not worrying about showing her fangs. Ron loved her and she loved him. What was a bit of fur or a pair of fangs between lovers?

"And I'm glad I have you, my big bad wolf."

*The End*

## **About the Author**

Cricket Starr lives in the San Francisco Bay area with her husband of more years than she chooses to count. She loves fantasies, particularly sexual fantasies, and sees her writing as an opportunity to test boundaries. Her driving ambition is to have more fun than anyone should or could have. While published in other venues under her own name, she's found a home for her erotica writing here at Ellora's Cave.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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