

The background of the cover features a man with a beard and tattoos on his back, seen from behind, wearing a dark t-shirt and jeans. In the foreground, a white wolf is looking towards the viewer. A large, bright full moon is visible in the upper left corner against a dark, starry night sky.

LUNA KNIGHT

KEEPING
HER

Close

THE WOLVES OF CHERISH GROVE

KEEPING

HER

Close

LUNA KNIGHT

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To all the haters that always said I couldn't do it.

Guess what?

I fucking did it.

To my family...

Please DO NOT read this!

Like none of it!

Stop Here!

To everyone else....

Hope you like your stalkers...

I mean men

tall, dark, tattooed and ready to hunt you down.

Author's Note

This novel is a dark paranormal romance. It contains dark themes and graphic sexual content that may be disturbing and triggering to some readers.

Now I would absolutely love for you to dive right into this and read without spoilers, I know that some readers have triggers. If you are one who has triggers please read through the list on the next page.

If you are one who doesn't have any triggers, please continue and I hope that you enjoy the ride.

Just remember that your mental health matters to me!

Trigger Warnings

Open Door Sexual Situations

Foul Language

Violence

Stalking

Unaliving

Dubcon/CNC

Knife/Blood Play

Kidnapping and Torture

Degradation

Praise

Voyeurism

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Prologue - Four Months Prior

ANDREA

Growing up in the mountains of South Carolina was an absolute shit show most of the time. They considered me an Omega back home, bottom of the totem pole as far as roles go. Only useful for two things, breeding and being the pack bitch. Once you turn eighteen, you're fair game for anyone and I have been dealing with that bullshit for four years now and I am done with it.

The Alpha chose me for breeding purposes because of my appearance, and since my parents were not present to object, I became fair game. I hated The Alpha so much, and was so disgusted by the thought of being his breeding whore, that I did the one thing I knew would get under his skin the most and make me undesirable for his seed. I took his Luna to bed instead. The only problem is, it did not go how I had hoped it would go.

Taking his Luna to bed didn't take much convincing, since I knew she swung both ways. What I was not anticipating was The Alpha walking in to find her shoved up against the wall,

her leg thrown over my shoulder and my face nestled between her thighs. He had me thrown from the house, stark-ass naked, followed by threats that they would deal with me before the night was over.

Luckily for me, my house was on wheels. Being able to get all my belongings loaded up in no time, I got the hell out of there before I found out what The Alpha really meant. I hope that once he found me gone, he wouldn't bother me anymore. So I drove. Drove as far as my meager savings would take me. Hoping that I would be far enough out of his reach.



Arriving in Denver, Colorado seems to be the break that I desperately need. I had planned on continuing to the West Coast until heading as far north as possible, but this will have to do for now. My van needs a little work done, and it needs a break about as much as I do.

When I converted this bad boy into an apartment on wheels, I didn't anticipate having to drive so far or so fast, so I never got the chance to get it in the shop before skipping town. While she's not very old, I know she'll need work done before something majorly goes wrong.

Looks like it's time to reinvent myself and just blend in until I can head north like I had originally planned. I need to end up in Alaska. I know that there are packs up there as well, but it's big enough that I should be able to disappear easily enough and not have to worry too much about any of them. Hopefully it will happen soon though, because I am still too close to

home. I just pray that they don't find me before I am able to get the fuck out.



CHAPTER ONE



Damien

I am here for one job.

That job is to kill her.

But I don't think I can anymore.

And if I don't, then I will have to kill the people who hired me.

Sitting in this corner booth with my hood drawn up and sipping a whiskey, I watch and wait for her to show up for her shift. I do not plan on being in this Godforsaken city for long. Missing Cherish Grove already and refusing to deal with a full moon while away from home in unknown territory. I need to be home by then. That gives me exactly two weeks to deal with this little job and then get back home to Momma Jo and my brothers in time for our monthly run.

Flagging down one of the servers running around, I order another three fingers of the finest whiskey in the place. Happily, she obliges and is back before I know it. I withdraw a twenty from my wallet and tell her to keep the change while

flashing her one of my million-dollar smiles. She blushes fiercely; I watch as it starts in her cheeks, slowly spreading down her neck and her chest. It travels down until her skimpy little top prevents me from seeing more. Just as I'm about to invite her back to the place I'm renting for a little fun after her shift, my target walks in.

Andrea Dodge.

She matches the photo only partly now. Her hair is dyed, and she's gotten a few piercings and tattoos and I think she might have had a style change. Blonde, bubbly, and beautiful in a gothic kind of way.

She greets everyone she passes on the way to the bar, which is amazing because some people in here look like douchebags, but that doesn't seem to bother her. Continuing to the back of the room, she waltzes behind the bar and stashes her bag under the counter. She whips off her hoodie and is sporting the tiniest faux corset top I have ever seen on a woman in public. Completing her work attire is a messy bun that she's thrown her long, golden hair into.

I don't even notice my server getting pissy at me and storm off because I am so focused on Andrea. I'm not exactly sure what is happening, but my wolf is beginning to stir beneath the surface.

Demanding to claim her.

Mark her.

Fuck her.

He wants her now, and it is taking everything in me to not act on it. My cock strains against the zipper in my jeans just at the thought of her writhing underneath me as I take her and make her mine.

So I just sit in that back corner booth for hours, watching her while sipping my whiskey. The way she moves up and down the bar slinging drinks is flawless. She smiles at every single person that she makes a drink for; even those that look like they need a fist to the nose for making her grimace and roll her eyes when they aren't looking. More than one guy in here has their eyes on her, too. The air about her is magnetizing and draws me in every second that passes. All they wanted was to make her their cock sleeve for the night and I would not be letting that happen.

I will have her, and she will be mine.

Sitting here for the last couple of hours, I'm on my fourth drink now. Lost in my own thoughts, while watching Andrea work.

I want to make her mine.

But I am here to kill her.

While trying to figure out if I'm going to get the job done, I notice a mousy little thing going up to the bar. Shyly, she waves my girl down and orders an Angel Shot. The panic I can see in both of their eyes from here, has me on high alert but I don't move from my seat. The mousy girl then makes a beeline for the bathroom and Andrea follows shortly behind her.

Starting to become concerned when my girl came out of the bathroom after a bouncer knocked on the door. After a few minutes of their hushed whispers, the bouncer ushers the poor, young, mousy girl out as fast as he can without drawing too much attention. It is then that my girl goes back to the bar, acting as if nothing had just happened. By this point I've finished my whiskey again.

I wave down the next server to walk by my booth. This time I just order water and send her to fetch it. In the short time it takes for her to bring it back to me, I witness some jackass start to stagger up to the bar, screaming and yelling some garbled shit.

It turns out that he was the date of the mousy one that was escorted out of here. He wants to know where his woman went and Andrea just kindly says that she had caught a ride home before excusing herself to go help another customer. Douchebag then proceeds to get even more pissed off, spewing profanities and throwing everything in sight, right at my girl.

The growl that escapes me not only surprises me but my server, who is dropping off my water. Ignoring her, I get up from my seat and push past her. I am ready for a fight. At easily twice this boy's size, I am just itching to smear his face across the floor for even thinking about harming her.

Before I can even make it to him, the bouncer from earlier materializes out of nowhere and tackles the guy, just as he

throws a stool across the bar. That piece of shit better be thankful it missed its intended target.

I decide to help drag the guy out of the place, kicking and screaming, before tossing him out into the night on his ass where he belongs. Leaving him with a few parting words, I make my way back inside to my vacated booth. Just as I'm passing the bar, my girl grabs my attention by tapping an empty beer bottle on the bar top.

“Hey, thank you for your help with that guy. He was pissed that his date *ghosted* him,” she explains.

“It's no problem at all. I saw the whole thing go down with her before he came up here drunk and harassing you. You won't need to worry about that again, by the way.”

She looks at me for a moment. Wanting to ask what I meant by that, but then she just smiles before turning to another customer next to me. Her smile lights up my entire night, and for just a second, it chases away all the shadows. Maybe I will have a little fun and make her mine before I have to remove her from this fucked up world.

Just as I sit back down, I realize the time. It is well after midnight and the bar will be closing down soon for the night. After finishing the water I ordered, I catch the server as she floats by cleaning tables. I slip her a hundred and tell her to keep the change and that she was amazing tonight.

She was a shit server, to be honest. I had to physically flag her down for all my refills and she never took the empty

glasses, but I am in a good mood and don't want to wait for the change. I need to get into position.

Slipping out of the front door, I make my way across the street, where I wait in the shadows until she gets done with work. I didn't drive here and will be walking back to my rental as soon as I make sure she gets to her car safely. I wouldn't think the drunk douchebag would come back after our little chat, but I have seen dumber shit happen and I would just like to make sure no harm comes to her.

About twenty minutes later, she comes out of the bar and turns left. She has her hoodie back on to cover her tits up, but her ass is still on display in that little mini skirt she has on. Damn, does it look amazing with those huge platform boots as she struts down the sidewalk. Staying on the opposite side of the road and in the shadows, I follow her.

It takes just a few minutes before I notice that someone else is following her, too. They are far enough behind her that she doesn't notice them, but I do. I don't engage though. I just keep my eye on both of them as we all continue to walk in the same direction. At the next light, she turns left again and rounds the corner. Since it is a busy intersection, I am held up for a moment because I have to wait for the cars to get out of the way for me to cross safely.

Within the minutes that she is out of my sight, she disappears. Once I can cross, I realize that I can no longer see her or the person that was following her. It could all be a

coincidence. Maybe she lives on this block. Maybe that dude is her boyfriend or maybe it's the jackass from earlier.

Just as I'm about to turn around and head back to my place, I hear what I swear is a muffled scream from up ahead. Rushing ahead, to get a better look at where the sound is coming from, and sure as shit, there they are. Tucked away in an alcove between two shops, he has her pushed up against the back wall. One of his hands is traveling up the back of her skirt to grab her ass, while the other hand is fixed against her mouth and nose, dampening all the sounds she is trying to make.

A growl erupts from my chest and it's so loud I startle both of them. Taking two long strides, I grab the piece of shit by the back of his shirt and rip him from her body, throwing him to the ground. Landing hard on his back, the only sound that comes from him is a pathetic grunt and the hollow thud as his skull meets the sidewalk.

I don't stop there though.

Kneeling on his chest, I proceed to snap each of his fingers until they are all hanging at grotesque angles. It's the least I can do for having his hands on what is now mine, especially without her consent. After making sure to rearrange his face a few times, I wipe the blood from my hands on his jeans before standing up.

"Hey sugar, are you okay?" Immediately, I reach out to grab her in a tight embrace to make sure that she is okay. I'm not sure of everything she is saying because she has her face

buried in my chest, sobbing uncontrollably. I just hold her until she is ready to let go.

Finally, she takes a step back, wiping at her face and trying to collect herself as she says, “I will be. Thank you for all of that.” She gestures to the trash lying unconscious on the sidewalk next to us.

“Well, he deserves more than I delivered. He’s lucky to still have his hands and his life at this point. No one and I mean no one, touches you without your consent. I will not tolerate it.”

She seems to be taken aback by what I just said, considering we are technically strangers and we just met tonight. It will be the last time she sees me until I get her where I need her to be.



CHAPTER TWO



I cannot believe what just happened. I'm still in shock from it all. Between the assault, to the beat down of the piece of shit, I just don't know what to do. I know I need to act like I can't take care of myself, so I just cling to this strange man for what seems like way too long. But his muscular arms continue to hold me tightly and his earthy scent comforts me in ways I didn't think was possible.

While I continue to hold on to him, I try to make myself seem as weak as I can manage without overselling it. Before things get too damn awkward though, I let him go to take a step back, wiping at my face so that I don't look so disgusting. I'm sure it doesn't work, but hell, at least I tried.

"I will be. Thank you for all of that." Gesturing to the trash lying unconscious on the sidewalk next to us.

"Well, he deserves more than I delivered. He's lucky to still have his hands and his life at this point. Noone and I mean no one, touches you without your consent. I will not tolerate it."

He says this with such conviction and seriousness that I wonder if this man really would have killed this man for doing what he did to me.

“That seems a bit much, don’t you think?”

“Like I said, he deserves more, but I’ll let it go for now. Don’t need to tarnish my reputation in front of the pretty lady,” he says, a smirk on his face.

“Well, I don’t know about all of that,” I scoff before asking, “By the way, why did you help me, anyway? I mean, it’s not like you even know me. You could have just as easily kept walking and ignored everything happening. Most people would have.” Avoiding his gaze, I do my best to adjust my clothes and make sure that everything is covered as it needs to be. Don’t need a slip up in front of this guy.

“Well, that would be because a pretty little thing like you doesn’t need to deal with shit like him. Taking things that don’t belong to them,” he says seriously.

There seems to be so much more that he wants to say, but he just keeps his mouth shut. After what is a long awkward silence, he asks, “Can I walk you home to make sure you at least arrive safely and don’t have to worry about any more creeps tonight?”

“Sure, I guess so.” Backing away even more and gesturing toward the way I was heading originally, “I don’t actually have a home though, but you can walk me the rest of the way to where my van is parked” I say sheepishly, “It’s not too far from here right now.”

As we walk, I find myself analyzing this man who thinks he saved me from some skeeze. Okay, so maybe he kind of did. My wolf has been ignoring me for the last few months since I left my pack, so I can't depend on her right now.

Taking in this man, I realize he is a fucking god. I'm pretty sure he is at least six foot three or maybe six foot four, built like a goddamn Viking. Beautiful dark chocolate-brown hair that's peeking out from under his ball cap and I swear the most beautiful emerald green eyes I've ever seen. What gets me though, is the damn tattoos that are peeking out of the collar of his shirt and snaking down his wrists and hands from under his cuffs. He is wearing a simple black Henley underneath a leather jacket and what has got to be the best pair of jeans I have ever seen on any man. They are leaving very little to the imagination right now and his ass looks fanfuckingtastic. What I wouldn't do to dig my nails into those sweet cheeks of his.

He catches me staring at him and I see a small smile form on his face. I look away quickly before he sees the arousal written all over mine. That smile is a serious panty soaker and mine are beyond drenched at this point. I watch him take a deep breath and I swear I hear a growl rumble out of him. But I could be wrong though. What kind of man just growls for absolutely no reason at all? I'm about to start some agonizing small talk when my van comes into view up ahead and suddenly my anxiety soars.

I've never actually told anyone that I live in the back of a van. I mean, it's like a mini camper with all the work I've done to it, but still. It's kind of embarrassing to explain that I sleep

in my vehicle and have to keep a gym membership just to shower and keep myself clean. But I feel like I could trust him enough to tell him that. Though I am not sure why.

I don't like this feeling that is steadily growing within me, but I just go with the flow, because what is the point in fighting it? I am supposed to be Andy Smith, the vulnerable damsel in distress. That's why I changed my appearance and go by a different name here. I don't need The Alpha to find me or recognize me if I were to run into him.

We continue walking in silence across the car park to my van. There are a few times our hands brush together as we walk closely to one another. The tingle I get every time, followed by an overwhelming warmth, is intense and all-consuming. It makes it hard to think properly. Why am I letting this stranger know exactly where I lay my head at night and just how vulnerable I am while I do it?

God, I need to get my shit together.

This man is a stranger, no matter how he makes me feel when he is close. I need to make this quick and get rid of him so that I can move on with my life. Hopefully, this is the last time that I will see him. I can't have any attachments here, and I cannot let my defenses down for anyone or anything. It's bad enough I already have done it for Cassie, my friend from the bar.

Finally reaching a little car park where I have my van tucked into the treeline, I turn to him, "Thank you so much for

walking me to my van. Is there any way that I can thank you for everything you did for me tonight?”

Taking off his hat, he runs his hands through his long hair and looks around us, surveying the area. He is very observant. I'll give him that. Just when I don't think he is going to answer me, he steps impossibly close to me and grabs me by the chin to lift my face so he can look directly into my eyes. All I see is pure, unbridled lust. Putting my hands on his chest, to either pull him closer or keep him back, I don't know which. I can feel his heartbeat racing beneath my fingertips and his breathing becoming ragged. The longer he seems to stare into my eyes, the harder it is to breathe. Then there is also the ever-growing bulge pushing against my stomach, which seems like it's getting harder as each second passes.

His gaze falls to my parted lips, and he leans down until I feel his breath along my cheek. Breathing deeply, as if he's trying to ingrain my scent in his mind, he whispers, “I don't think there is anything that you would be willing to do for me, pup. But I will make sure to let you know if I can think of something.”

Just when I think he might act on that lust, he rubs his thumb across my bottom lip, taking a step back before turning on his heel and walking away. The confidence and promise of malice in his words have caused goosebumps to spread over every single inch of my body. My thighs clenching together involuntarily. What the hell is wrong with me?

Shaking my head, I turn and hurry over to my van before I end up doing something I may regret, like stopping him and telling him to just take me right here and right now. Fuck, now I need a goddamn shower to cool down before I overheat. It's too close to the full moon to be playing with fire like this. I cannot shift while I'm living here, and can't risk outing myself to any of the packs around here. I have done everything in my power to mask my wolf since I left South Carolina, and I need to make sure that I keep it up. I cannot afford to lose control now.

Grabbing my shower bag and some clean clothes, I make my way across the street to the gym so I can shower this ridiculous day off. I need to get my head on straight and rein in the wolf that is fighting to break free. I cannot do this shit right now. As much as both of us want to let go, I just can't. Not yet.

But I am beyond worked up right now after that exchange with whoever the fuck that was. And since I have no one to help me, it would seem like I will have to take care of it myself, like I always do when this happens. It's been so long since I've been this hot and bothered, but it rarely takes me too long before I am chasing my release and satiated once again.

Unfortunately for me, the women's locker room seems to be locked up tighter than a nun's cunt, so I'll have to use the men's locker room tonight. It's not the first time that someone has locked that damn door, but it's annoying as fuck when they do.

Creeping in, I make sure that the locker room is empty before setting all my things on a bench near the sinks and start stripping down. There isn't usually anyone in here this late at night, but you never know. People can be weird with their workout times. However, it's like three in the morning now and if I don't hurry, the morning muscle heads will start filtering in. I'd be caught naked in here by a bunch of beefy wannabes. Most of who would love to get their dicks wet.

Stripping down to nothing takes no time at all, and I find myself in front of the mirrors. My mascara and eyeliner are smeared down my face from all the sweat and tears I've shed tonight, but my tattoos stand proud and vibrant against my pale skin and my piercings glitter in the lights from overhead. Running my hands up the curves that I have fallen in love with recently, I bask in the feel of them while imagining that my hands belong to one tall, dark, and broody stranger.

Before I get too lost in a fantasy that will never happen, I reach up and pull my blonde wig off so I can let down my real hair. It's hair wash day and I cannot wait to run my hands through it and let it breathe. I love my natural hair color. It is jet black and runs halfway down my back, but I have what they call poliosis. Mine presents itself as a thick band of white running through all the dark at the front. I love it because it makes me unique, but I used to dye it to match the rest when I was with my pack growing up. I hated it then because of the bullying I received, but I have learned since to embrace it, just like I have the rest of myself.

It's nearing three thirty in the morning now and I know that I need to get moving if I am going to get out of here in time, needing to get some sleep before the world outside gets too loud. I have so much to do today ahead of my shift and I will need whatever sleep I can get.



CHAPTER THREE



Walking away was the hardest thing I have had to do in a long time. I know for a fact that she is sopping wet after that little encounter. I could smell her arousal as clear as day and God damn, I wanted nothing more than to taste that sweet pussy and lose myself in her. Ripping off her tiny ass clothes and just burying myself in her right there in the middle of the car park for the whole world to see, until she came so hard that she couldn't stand.

The need to mark her and make her mine. To show her who she belongs to now. My wolf and my cock are begging for me to lose all control with her, but I manage to gather every single ounce of willpower to rein them both in. I need time to figure out what the fuck I am going to do here. Every single part of me wants to protect her from those that want her dead and take her home to Cherish Grove with me. The other part wants the money and satisfaction that comes with getting the job done.

I don't go far though, just far enough out of sight so that I can hide in the shadows and continue to watch her for just a

while longer. I need to fulfill this hit while I still have the mindset to do so, and I'll just get it out of the way tonight. Watching from my location, I see her make her way over to the van that she calls home to grab some bags before shutting the door again. She walks across the street to the gym and I assume it's to shower. This is perfect because I could use a better look at the beauty that now consumes me from head to toe. Thanks to the big open bay windows of the gym, I see her disappear through a set of doors to the back of the building and I decide to follow before I can talk myself out of it. It may be a mistake to follow but I just can't help myself.

Sneaking into the gym, staying as quiet as possible, I lock the front door behind me to prevent an audience. I skirt around the big open main room and all the exercise equipment to the back of the building where I saw her disappear. Turns out the doors she went through are to the men's locker room. Not sure why she would have gone in there, but I don't have time to analyze that right now. I push open the door just slightly so that I can peer inside. I barely have the door cracked and I am met with the most amazing sight I have ever seen in my life.

There she is, on full display in front of a set of mirrors. Running her hands along her body, while watching herself in the reflection. The door's angle is just out of her eyeshot in the mirror, so while I can watch her, she can't see me peeking through.

She is exquisite with all of her curves in just the right places. I can also see all her tattoos from this angle as they spread across her body. She has a huge piece that starts at her ankle,

flows up her leg and around the curve of her hip up to her side where it stops as it hugs the side of her left breast. She has a few others that I can see but I keep eyeing that one. It is an intricate piece with flowers and vines, and right at her thigh, a huge wolf is stepping out of the flowers. It is a beautiful white wolf and it is perfectly done. Makes me wonder if that is her wolf or not.

As I am drinking her in, something shiny catches my eye. She has both of her nipples pierced. Just the thought of wrapping my lips around those pebbled nipples and pulling that bar through my teeth has my mouth watering, and my wolf needy. My cock has grown uncomfortably in my jeans again and is just begging for release, but I have to ignore it. I am here to get this job over with so that I can stop becoming more obsessed with her as each second passes and just get home already. But there is just something eating away inside of me. Begging me not to do it. But I can't afford to listen to it now. I am here for a reason and I will fulfill this job.

Watching her, lost in my thoughts, she does something I do not expect at all. She takes off a wig. I never in a million years would have thought that her long blonde hair was fake, but sure as shit it was. Underneath that wig is the most beautiful dark hair I have ever seen and there's this white streak at the front. I'm not sure if that was intentional or if it's something that happens on its own. It is so unique as it stands out against the darkness of the rest of her hair, making her eyes pop even more. The need to run my fingers through those long luscious waves has my hands itching.

What I wouldn't do to have that hair wrapped tightly around my fist as I bury myself deep inside of her.

Interrupting my train of thought, she makes her way over to the showers and I exhale a long and slow breath, withdrawing my knife from one of my boots. I really hate to be the one to remove this stunning goddess from this world but this world isn't fair and I'll just have to deal with the repercussions later.

As I enter the locker room, I make sure to lock the door behind me. Stopping by the benches where she left her things, I see a sexy, black thong laying on the pile of clothes she was wearing when she came in here. I grab them before making my way back to the showers. They aren't one communal room here like you see sometimes, thankfully. There are individual stalls but are separated by a low wall on two sides and a curtain for the door. I slide my way through the area, all the while keeping my eyes trained on her as she washes her body. Just as I enter the stall next to hers in a crouch, I am hit with the smell of vanilla and oranges. It takes over all my senses and I just stay in my position, letting the aroma imprint itself in my brain.

Just as I'm about to stand up, I hear a whimper come from the stall she's in. Slowly peeking underneath the low wall, I notice that she is leaning against the wall with her back to me. Taking the perfect opportunity, I slowly stand up, holding my knife in my hand ready to strike her. That's when I see what has caused the whimper to escape her perfectly plump lips.

She has one hand dipped low between her thighs and one on her breast twirling that damn piercing of hers, head slightly thrown back in ecstasy. It takes everything in me not to claim her right here and right now, and my wolf is growling and whimpering in the back of my mind. Begging me not to hurt her.

Her breaths continue to pick up and her little moans get louder. Just before she reaches her destination, I stop her short. Reaching up, I wrap my hand around her beautiful unmarked neck and pull her head back. I lean forward, whispering in her ear, “My my, little pup. Aren’t you a sight to see right now? On display for anyone to see, in a men’s locker room no less. I don’t think that I like that very much.”

She grabs my wrist, trying to break my hold on her throat, but I just squeeze it tighter. At this point, talking is going to be impossible for her. Which is fine because I don’t want her words, I want her whimpers and her moans. Having her throat in my grip causes me to lose all control, and she’s not going to like it when I do. I grab her panties out of my pocket before I let go of her.

I wrap the lacy thong around her head and use a hair tie I found on the floor to secure it over her eyes. Not the best blindfold I’ve put on someone, but it’ll have to do for now. Then I remove my hand from her throat, just long enough to walk around into her stall. She’s too stunned to try to remove it and stands frozen in the stream of water.

I am soaked in an instant, but I pay it no mind. My prey is all I see and the sheer fear I smell radiating off of her skin is enough to drive any hunter mad. I back her up against the back wall and cage her in.

“What makes you think it is a good idea to play with that pretty little pussy when you are being hunted?” I ask her, running my hand gently down the side of her face.

Her breathing starts to pick up again but this time it's not from pleasure, it's from fear. Fear that has both me and my wolf ravenous and dying to taste the sweet prey that we've just caught. She tries to rip the panties off her face so I grab her wrists in a bruising hold. Pushing them above her head, pinning them to the wall.

A thousand possibilities are likely to be running through her head right now. Why is she in this predicament again? Why didn't she see it coming? Honestly, I didn't see this happening either. I'm not usually one to play with my prey.

What the fuck is wrong with me? Momma Jo is going to have my ass when she finds out about this. I need to just get rid of her for good so I can move on. But I can't. Not anymore. She is more than just some random prey that I usually deal with. This woman is taking over every thought and driving me to do things I wouldn't normally do.

She still has yet to say anything to me. Her hair is plastered to the side of her face from the water cascading down both of our bodies. I take my knife and use the tip to slowly drag it down the side of her face to brush the hair back. Not enough to

cause a lot of pain, but just enough to leave a scratch before nicking her jawline with its point. Leaning in close, I take a deep breath once again. The smell of her skin, her blood, and her fear is what does it for me. I lean back just enough to get the full view of this goddess in front of me.

Reaching up with the hand holding my knife, I rub my thumb across her jaw, collecting the blood that is still slowly trickling down her neck. Bringing it to my mouth, I savor the taste of her as it explodes across my tongue. A low growl escapes me as I slowly lick it clean, while my eyes continue to roam over every inch of her body. She shudders under the heat of my gaze even though she can't see me fully.

That subtle reaction was all I needed. The hitch in her breath, the tightening of her fists as they flex in my hands, and the not-so-subtle clench of her thighs tell me that she is no innocent girl. She may be scared right now, but she is also so turned on that her body is starting to betray her. She likes to play rough and there is nothing that will stop me now. Taking a deep breath, I confirm my suspicions.

I smirk at her as I drop the knife to the floor, adjusting my hold on her wrists. With my other hand planted firmly on her hip. Fingers digging into her soft curves, I lean in again and run my nose along her jawline up to her ear. Her chest rises and falls with each shaky breath. Her hips push into me, begging for more.

“Tsk Tsk. My little pup. You are a needy little thing aren't you, baby?” I whisper to her before leaning back to see if she's

going to fight back yet. What I wouldn't do for a little resistance right now.

“I'm not your baby and I'm not your little pup. Let me go and maybe I'll let you live out your life,” she spits back at me.

“Well, now that is where you are wrong my little pup. You are mine. Only mine, and I do what I please with what belongs to me.”

With that, I press my entire body against hers just to prove a point. She gasps as she takes notice of my cock pressing into her lower stomach.

Taking my hand from her hip, I turn off the water and reach inside my jacket and grab the small amount of rope that I always carry, just in case I need it. In no time at all, I have her hands bound together and I loop them up and around the shower head above her. She's so short that being in this position has her on the tips of her toes and in the best position for me to fully see her. She tries to turn herself so that I can't see her on full display, but she can't get the momentum she needs in this position.

Reaching around her struggling body to remove the makeshift blindfold, she tries to push away from my body pressed against hers. As soon as it slips free, she screams in frustration and glares at me. The fear has left her eyes as they glow a beautiful arctic blue, full of rage. Then the recognition hits of who her captor is and they shine brighter.

“Well, would you look at that,” I chuckle to myself, “you have a wolf hiding inside of you and you have done an

amazing job at hiding her too. I couldn't smell her on you at all." Little does she know, I was already aware of who and what she is.

She scoffs as she gathers herself. Holding her head high when she says, "Yeah, I did do an amazing job. Too bad for you though because the moment you release me from this wall, I will kill you for what you are doing to me."

"Come on now, little pup, I just want to have a bit of fun with you. Aren't you having fun? Because I know I am." Bending over, I pick up my discarded hunting knife, giving it a little flip while I watch her seething against the wall.



CHAPTER FOUR



I am fucking pissed.

I came in here to shower so that I could get some damn sleep, and this asshole follows me in here and stops me just before I am about to have an orgasm and be done. And now, he's got me strung up like a prized pig on this shower head.

Completely naked and having no way to cover myself up or fight back, my wolf is seething and just begging to be let out. It's about fucking time she makes herself known. I've missed having her as backup or even just when I've felt alone. Letting her out would get me out of this pretty easily, but a wolf leaving the bathroom would not go unnoticed and I do not need to bring unwanted attention to myself at all. So I just wait for him to decide what he plans to do with me.

He can't seriously want to leave me up here for good. Can he? I don't even know who the fuck this man is or what he wants from me.

“Come on now, little pup, I just want to have a bit of fun with you. Aren’t you having fun? Because I know I am.” he says with a smirk as he bends down to pick up the hunting knife he dropped earlier, flipping it in the air and catching it perfectly by the handle. He’s skilled with the thing that’s for sure, because I would have sliced my hand wide open with that wicked-looking thing.

Just then, he steps closer to me again and runs the back of his hand down the side of my face before wrapping his fingers around my neck. His mouth is inches from mine and I can almost taste the whiskey on his breath. I’m about to spit in his face when I feel the cold steel of his knife nick my thigh and drag slowly up my body, as it skims over the curve of my hip and stops just below my breast.

The small amount of sharp pain is enough to have my eyes rolling into the back of my head and a tiny moan escapes against my will. My reaction to the knife gliding along my skin has left a smirk on his face and his eyes darkening more and more with each passing second.

He must have cut deep enough to draw blood because I can feel liquid running down my body from right where the knife tracked, and I don’t think it’s leftover water. He backs up just enough to look at his handiwork and lets out a low growl in response. When his eyes lift to mine again, all I see is pure unbridled lust and the need to take down his prey.

Looks like I am that prey.

“My pup loves her pleasure with a little bit of pain I see. What I wouldn’t do to be able to bring you both right now,” he says as he watches the blood drip down my side following the shape of my hip.

“I will not answer that. You don’t deserve an answer like that from me. I don’t want either from you. You have me hanging in a gym locker room for fuck’s sake,” I spit while pulling on my ropes again. Hoping to get them to slip off the shower head so that at least I can try to fight this onslaught of conflicting emotions that are coursing through my body.

He just chuckles at my outburst, “Oh, pup, you think this is bad? You’re lucky that I have some self-restraint today. But just know, that I can do to you what I want and there isn’t a single thing that you will do about it. However this place is just too public and we only have about,” he pauses releasing my throat from his hold to get his phone out of his pocket, “Maybe forty-five minutes before someone tries to get into this place.”

I gape at him, my jaw dropping.

What the fuck does he think he is going to do in the next forty-five minutes that he hasn’t already done to me?

I am livid and just want to leave so that I can go to bed and forget this nightmare of a night. Maybe I will just skip town this weekend after saving up all my tips and I won’t ever have to see this fucker again.

“So, pup, what do you think we can make happen in the next forty-five minutes? Because I for one have a few ideas that

would have us both begging for more.” He says, sheathing his knife back inside his boot and takes his time standing back up. Looking over every inch of my exposed body as he does.

The chill in the air, and the heat from his gaze, make me shiver as I continue to hang here. My toes are going numb from trying to hold myself in this awkward position as the blood drains from them. Stepping closer to me, he runs his hands along both of my thighs, up over my hips before reaching around to palm my ass. He squeezes my cheeks a few times before gripping them tight and lifting me off the ground with ease and pushing me further against the wall. Instinctively, I wrap my legs around his waist, which lines up my center with the bulging cock beneath his jeans. This simple action has me so turned on I can't stop the small whimper that escapes from between my lips.

What the hell is wrong with me? This shouldn't turn me on, yet here I am. Ready to let this fucking stranger fuck me into the tile while I hang here.

He holds my ass in a painful grip while he grinds his cock against me more. The reaction he gets from me is surprising to both of us.

“If you want it so badly, why don't you just take it so you can go about your life?” I whisper to him, while the need to cum is starting to overwhelm me.

Part of me may just be okay if that happened. I never thought I'd say that to any man that had me in this predicament, but there is just something about him that has me wanting more.

No. It has me needing more.

His body slams into mine. One hand comes up to grip the back of my head by my hair. Drawing my face impossibly close to his he growls, “I don’t want to just take this perfect pussy, my little pup. I want to devour it. Own it. Mark it. Destroy it. But. You will. Beg. For. It.” he says as he leans in and licks the side of my neck before releasing my hair.

“I have never begged a man to come and I will not be starting now. There isn’t a damn thing you could do to me to make me beg someone like you.” I tell him matter of factly.

“Oh is that so, little pup?” he challenges. “I would sure love to test out that fact since you seem to believe your own words. I can make you beg for things you never thought possible.”

Before I can even give him a response, he has dropped to his knees in front of me. Dropping my weight along with him. The pain in my wrists causes me to cry out and slump back against the wall again. The burn is almost unbearable and the ropes start to cut through the skin. But before I can even register anything other than the pain, he grabs both of my thighs and damn near throws my legs over his shoulders to hold me up and open for him. The need to cover myself becomes too strong. I start to struggle, trying to get off his shoulders and get his face out of my most sensitive parts.

He growls in response and grips my hips tighter to hold me still. “Now now, little pup. You are going to sit still and behave while I look at this pretty pussy and admire how much she is begging for me to touch her.”

“You don’t deserve to touch me.” I spit out, continuing to try and wriggle out of his hold.

“Oh, pup. Your mind might not want me to touch you but this beautiful pussy is just dripping with need,” he says as he leans forward, and as if to prove a point he runs the flat of his tongue from cunt to clit just once. His tongue circles my needy little nub twice, before latching onto it with his teeth and nibbling it lightly.

“Oh my fucking God,” I moan, throwing my head back into the shower tiles. My whole body shaking in anticipation for what is to come. He is right though. My mind may not want this but my wolf is panting and needy and my body is betraying me at every turn.

He sits back just enough to look up at me while he reaches back and slaps my ass as hard as he can. The suddenness and pain it brings causes me to jump and yelp. Trying to pull away from him again only warrants another growl and a death glare. I stop in my tracks and stare down into his eyes.

“Oh, pup, God isn’t here for you. He cannot and will not save you or give you what you so desperately need. But I am here. And you will not call anyone’s name but my own while I am between these thick thighs.”

What the fuck did he just say to me?

Stunned beyond belief, and trying to wrap my head around what he just said, I ask, “If I cannot call out to God then who am I to call out to?”

Trying to act brave isn't working as well as I want it to. My resolve is quickly weakening with the need to watch this man eat me like I am his last meal and come all over his mouth and beard. And he can sense it too.

He just smirks at me when he says, "You, my little pup, can call by one of three things while I am giving you the pleasure you need."

"And what...what are those three things?" I ask sheepishly. I can feel heat flushing my neck and face. This is all so new for me and way out of my comfort zone.

"You can call me by name, Daddy, or Master," he says seriously. Not a glimpse of humor in his eyes.

"Then what is your name? Because I will not be calling anyone Daddy or Master," I scoff. I cannot believe he thinks that anyone is willing to do that.

Like what the actual fuck.

"You don't get to know my name yet, little pup. That knowledge is a privilege that you have yet to earn."

With that, he quickly plunges two fingers deep into my pussy causing me to jump again. His other hand comes up from my ass to hold my lower stomach while he curls his two fingers just enough to hit my sweet spot, causing me to shudder and moan. Continuing his achingly slow assault on my pussy, he leans in again and laps at my swollen, needy clit, just once. Teasing me further as I come undone on his hands and tongue.

I wish I could just grab him by his long hair and shove his face into me until he can't breathe but all I can do is grind my hips forward trying to reach those full lips. Then he surprises me again by continuing to massage the inside of my pussy and latching on my clit with such force that I yell out again. My body starts to spasm and I clench around his fingers as I am about to finally come.

“Holy fucking shit. Yes right there. Please, God, don't stop”

Before I can even correct myself, I feel him growl against my pussy before sitting back and pulling his fingers out of me, causing me to whimper and try to pull him back into me with my legs. But he's too strong and can withstand my attempts to put him back where I need him to be.

“What did I tell you, pup? You will not,” he pauses to lick his fingers clean, “call out to any god while I am the one between those thick thighs of yours. And as punishment for your slip up, you will not be permitted to come on my hands or tongue.”

He pulls my legs from his shoulders, setting me back on the floor, a little more gently this time. Then he stands up and straightens his clothes and adjusts his massive bulge. All the while, he stares deep into my eyes waiting for my reaction.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me?” I angrily bark.
“You are seriously just going to leave me like this?”

He folds his hands behind his back and continues to watch me.

“You fucking followed me in here. Attacked me. Tied me up and hung me here like some prized pig. Then you get on your knees to please me only to stop short and not allow me any release?”

“Oh, my little pup. Do you think that I came in here to just please you? While I would love nothing more than to spend the rest of my days on my knees before you, like the goddess you are, I am here for business. I took a job and you are that job. Just so happens that your pretty pussy distracted me from what needs to be done.”

With that, he bends down and pulls his knife free. Once again, he gets impossibly close to me, grabbing my chin with his empty hand, he pulls my face to the side exposing my throat to him. When I think that this is the moment he’s going to kill me, he bites my neck. Hard. Hard enough to make me scream and tears start streaming down my face.

Pulling back just enough to see the mark he just left on me, that’s when I see them. His teeth. They aren’t human teeth anymore and he just fucking marked me. I start to thrash around in anger. Screaming at him.

Fuck that hurt! Not only am I horny and pissed off, I am bleeding all over the damn place now. I cannot believe this man just straight-up marked me, and in such a visible place! Who the fuck does he think he is?

He takes one last look at the mark on my neck then licks the blood clean. Once he is satisfied with his work, he cuts the

rope holding me. I fall to the floor in a heap of anger but before I can do anything he turns around to leave.

“You are a real piece of shit, you know? I bet you don’t even know how to make a woman come. Your game is weak, but your fingers and tongue are even weaker.”

“I’d hurry if I were you, pup. Men are going to start filing in before too long and we wouldn’t want them to see that pretty pussy now would we?”

And with that, he is gone.



CHAPTER FIVE



Damien

Walking away from her has to be one of the hardest things I have ever done. I want nothing more than to turn around and take everything she has to give, but I won't because I've already made the worst possible mistake that I could.

I marked her as mine.

Momma Jo and my brothers are going to be pissed when I call them in a few hours with an update.

Momma Jo is our handler, so to speak. People contact her with the jobs they need to be done, and then she sends out whichever of us has expertise in that area. She was contacted by a pack on the East Coast for this job. Being the most ruthless out of the three of us that are hitmen, she figured I'd be the best bet to kill off a twenty-two year-old woman. Well, she should have just sent one of my brothers because apparently, my target is my mate. Never in a million years did I think that I would mate with anyone, let alone with a target

who is seventeen years younger than I am. And to top it off, I let my wolf take over just long enough to mark her.

Shaking off the anxiety that is taking over, I head back toward Andrea's van. I have to make sure she will not be leaving Denver before I have the chance to figure out what the fuck I am going to do about this. I make it to the van just before the sun starts to crest the horizon and pull my knife from my boot. There is still blood on the blade and the smell of it makes my mouth water immediately and my cock to start to swell again. Pushing down the urge to lick the blade clean, I get onto my knees so that I can reach under the van and access the gas lines. I have no problem locating them and I cut them just enough to make it look like an accident. From there, I pull the cameras and mics out of my inside pocket to install them inside the van before I disappear into the background for a few days. Thank God these cameras and mics are waterproof, because Kage would murder me for destroying them. Especially with how it happened.

Testing the back door, I find it is already unlocked. I was anticipating having to break in, but this makes things so much easier and it will take no time at all. Pulling open the back doors, I'm met with the messiest, yet most comfortable-looking, bed I think I have ever seen. I cannot believe how chaotic a woman Andrea is, considering that she doesn't seem like she would allow anything in her life to be out of place.

Spotting a few overly loved stuffed animals nestled in her pile of pillows further proves why I should not be getting involved with her. I am almost old enough to be her fucking

father for God's sake. Shaking my head of all the inappropriate thoughts that are trying so hard to make themselves known, I get back to the job at hand. In all, I install two microphones and four cameras in the inside of the van and two microphones on the outside so I can see and/or hear anything and everything while I wait for my perfect opportunity.

I hate that I have to do this, but it's part of the job. Watching for the perfect moment to take her out, but I just want to observe her in the place she feels safe. Where she feels at home and can be herself. I'm just going to keep telling myself that I am doing this for her safety or I will lose my shit.

I manage to make it into the safety of the treeline and turn around, when I see a very pissed-off Andrea coming out of the gym. She stops at the curb to scan her surroundings. No doubt looking for me. When she doesn't see me anywhere, she sprints for her van. She throws open the side door and flings her things inside before she jumps up and slams the doors shut.

My wolf is just as pissed at me as she is right now and demands that I go back and claim her. Not just mark her. The fucking urge to slam her up against her van, wrap my hand around that beautiful neck, and fuck her as she deserves is overwhelming. But I have to fight the compulsion so I head toward the little place I'm renting while I'm here so that I can do my check-in before crashing for the night. My cock is so hard that it is starting to hurt as it presses into my jeans and no amount of adjusting is going to help. It's going to be a long fucking night, that's for damn sure.

Walking in and locking the door behind me, I pull out my knife and set it and my keys on the table next to the door before shedding my jacket and boots. I'm pretty sure I'm going to need new boots and a new jacket, because water and leather do not do well together, and they are soaked and most likely destroyed. Whatever, I can just buy new ones when I get back home because that little romp in the locker room shower was more than worth it.

It's just before seven a.m. and I don't have to check in until seven-thirty. Heading into the small kitchen, I put on a pot of coffee before heading to the shower. I need to wash all this sweat away and try my best to get rid of the raging hard-on that refuses to soften. Since the coffee will take a few to brew, I shed the rest of my still damp clothing into the laundry room and head back to the bathroom. I turn the water to straight ice cold because I need to cool my blood down and wake the fuck up to my reality. Cold water should also calm my cock down enough to get through today. I don't have the time to take care of it right now, so it's going to have to wait.

My mind drifts during the mundane task of scrubbing my body and it starts to drift back to her. My cock instantly springs back to life and instead of ignoring it this time, I take it in my hand and begin to slowly stroke myself to the vision of her strung up on that shower head.

Her wolf's beautiful eyes shining back at me and the taste of her sweet skin. Vanilla and oranges. Not only is that now my favorite scent, it is my favorite flavor. Add in her sweat, anger,

fear, and blood mixing with the taste of her pussy, and it was pure heaven. There's no other way to describe it.

Being so close to a release, it takes minutes before I come onto my hand and watch as it washes away, with any remaining scent of her on me. Punching the wall of the shower in frustration, I leave a major crack in the tile the moment the high of my orgasm disappears.

God dammit, I cannot do this.

I am thirty-nine fucking years old. Seventeen years older than her. I cannot do this to her, me, or Momma. I just can't. She may be a lone wolf but better her be a lone wolf than with a killer with no shot at redemption and surrounded by a bunch of other questionable characters.

After drying off and wrapping a towel around my waist, I go back to the kitchen for my coffee and phone. It's already eight a.m. and I have missed three calls. One from Momma Jo, one from Kage, and even from my asshole brother Callum. Running my hand down my face to smooth out my beard, I click on one of the missed calls. Momma Jo answers on the first ring.

“Damien, where the fuck have you been? You are thirty minutes late for your check-in and that is fucking unacceptable! We weren't sure if something awful had happened to you.”

“I'm sorry, Momma. I was just showering quickly and got lost in my thoughts. It was a long night and I haven't gotten a

wink of sleep yet,” I say in one breath. I don’t know why the fuck I am acting like a child about to be disciplined.

“I don’t give two shits about what the fuck you were doing. You know the rules and it’s not like you to break them and fail to check in on time. What happened last night? All four of your brothers are here with me right now. I’ll put you on speaker so you don’t have to make multiple calls.”

I wait for her to give me the go-ahead to begin.

“Okay, you’re good to go. Start.” She spits out.

My God, this woman is fucking pissed at me. It’s only thirty minutes. It’s not like my entire world got turned upside down last night or anything.

Thankfully, she can’t see me roll my eyes at her through the phone. I start from the moment I laid eyes on *her* in the bar, ending when I got back to the apartment. Leaving out one small detail. One small detail that I did not want my brothers to know unless something came of it.

Once I finish my verbal check-in with all of them, she takes the call off speakerphone. Before she directs her attention back to the phone call with me, she barks off orders to everyone else. Telling them all to fuck off and give her privacy.

“Thank you for calling, Damien. I’m sorry for being so curt with you, hun. You know how it has to be when it comes to business. However, I can tell that you aren’t being completely truthful with me, and I did not want to confront you in front of your brothers. Your timeline isn’t matching up and there are a

good two and a half hours unaccounted for. Care to explain why that is? Busy getting your dick wet with some unnamed whore as usual?”

“Well, Momma, do you want the whole truth or the partial truth? Because I don’t know if I want to tell you either,” I ask as I finally pour myself a cup of coffee. I’m going to need it if she answers the way I know she will.

“Boy, you know damn well I want the whole truth so tell it to me,” she clips out, getting frustrated again, no doubt.

I man up and tell her everything. Well, almost everything. She doesn’t need to know the dirty details of my encounter with Andrea. I explain that Andrea is my fucking mate and that my dumb ass cornered her and had an altercation that ended with me marking her.

“You have got to be shitting me, Damien. Your current target is your mate?” she asks.

“Yes, Momma. She is my mate and no I am not shitting you. Trust me when I say that I did not intend for this to happen. I came here for the hit. Not to meet my mate.”

It takes way too long for her to respond. Just as I think maybe she hung up on me, I hear her take a deep breath. “Well whatever you do, do not tell any of your brothers yet. I want you to steer clear of her for a few days. Watch her, but don’t engage and for the love of all that is fucking holy, don’t let her see you. I’ll figure out what to do about all this shit,” she finally says.

I'm just about to end the call when I hear her say "Oh, and Damien, for the love of God, please keep your dick in your pants until I figure this shit out." All I can say is that I will and then hang up.

I really hate to disobey Momma Jo's orders, but little does she know, there is no way in hell I am just going to watch my little pup from a distance. After all, Halloween is just two days away and I am a hunter. My prey will be expecting me.



CHAPTER SIX



I slept hard last night. Not really sure how after all the shit I found myself in. Being cornered by some pissed-off sleazeball and then being ambushed in the shower has my nerves fried and my anxiety on high alert. I still can't believe it all. The stranger that helped me get away from the first guy did not seem like the type to string me up in a shower and leave me on the edge, but yet here we are. I will give him some credit though. He didn't fuck me and leave, but he did seem to enjoy himself a little too much last night considering that massive bulge in his pants he was sporting the entire time.

Laying here, I continue contemplating what the fuck I am going to do about everything. The human side of me wants to just up and leave this city right now and head to Alaska. Sticking to my original plan from months ago. But my wolf is screaming at me to stay. I'm not sure why she wants us to stay. If that is what is going to keep her around, then it looks like I'll be staying. At least for a little while longer.

I really missed having her company and her help. Once I left the pack she retreated into my mind because I couldn't let her out anymore. I had to hide her from fear of being discovered. But now that she's back I will not shove her down again. I need her just as much as she needs me.

Sitting up I reach for my phone. Realizing that I have missed multiple texts from my boss and Cassie, I notice the time. It's fucking nine at night. I have slept the entire day away, and to top it off I'm now fucking late for work. I press my boss's name to call him back before I end up fired for being a no-call no-show.

He picks up on the first ring. "Hey, Andy. Are you doing okay?" Sounding genuinely worried, which strikes me as strange because this guy is a serious asshole to me the majority of the time.

"Hey, Jake. Yeah, I guess I am okay. I am so fucking sorry that I am late. I had a long night and wasn't feeling the best. I slept the entire day away and am only just waking up. If you could give me like twenty or thirty minutes, I'll be there. I will even stay late to clean up to make up for it." Everything rushes out so fast that I'm surprised he can even understand me.

He chuckles lightly letting me know that it is totally fine, and even gives me tonight and tomorrow night to rest up so that I am in top shape for Friday night. After thanking him profusely, I flop back down onto my bed unsure of what to do with myself. I have worked every night since I started at Jake's Place, busting my ass for that man. I'm so happy to finally

have a day off, but what the fuck am I going to do? All I have done since moving here is work, sleep, and eat. I guess tonight and tomorrow night is going to be for me to get to know this city, and hell who knows, maybe even get some shopping done.

After trying to hype myself up for Friday, I decide that the only way I am going to be excited about it is to go shopping. I fucking hate shopping really, but I own nothing for Halloween and I want to make sure to look just as yummy as all the other girls that will be working that shift with me.

“Ahhhhhh, fuck it! Looks like this girl is going shopping.” I squeal as I sit up in my bed again, swinging my legs over the side. Standing up, I rummage through my pile of clothes and find clean shorts and a hoodie. It’s chilly outside this late at night sometimes, but I hate jeans and I am not going to be any more uncomfortable shopping than I already will be. I’m not wearing makeup tonight because if it’s my day off, then my face is going to breathe right along with me. Grabbing my wig to brush it out, I notice that part of the lace underneath is starting to rip. Fuck it. Looks like I will also be letting my scalp breathe for once too. Good thing it’s almost Halloween. People will just think I dyed it for the holiday.

I throw on my chucks, shove some cash into my bra, and grab my phone. As I’m swinging open the side doors, I shoot Cassie a text letting her know that I wasn’t feeling well and will see her Friday.

Cassie is my best friend, but we only ever see each other at work, which is about right considering I work constantly. We've never hung out outside of work and I am okay with that. The closer you get to people, the more information they want, and I am not ready to share the majority of my life with anyone. Just as I jump down and shut the doors, my stomach growls loudly. Looks like I'll be stopping in somewhere to grab some food too. Walking out of the car park, I turn to head toward my favorite café in the area.

Just as I turn the corner, a few minutes later, I see Annie's Café all lit up and my stomach immediately rumbles louder. Waiting for the stoplight to change, I scroll through my phone looking for shops in the area that might specialize in the type of outfit that I am looking for. I find a few but they aren't open this late during the week. Looks like I'll have to do that tomorrow. However, there is a bookstore on the corner that is still open, but not for much longer by the looks of it. Skipping the food, I head to the bookstore first. If I'm going to be forced into having the night off, I might as well enjoy the shit out of it, and my inner bookworm has been dying to read something spicy lately.

Just the idea of getting lost in someone else's world has put a little pep in my step, and I'm damn near skipping down the sidewalk. They are only open for about another ten minutes, so I better hurry and figure out what I'm going to buy. I don't want to impose and be one of those people that push off closing time. Once inside, I head straight for the romance section. I am looking for some super smutty, dark romance to

get lost in. I grab a few different ones that stand out to me and head up to the register without giving it a second thought.

Unable to make the choice myself, I ask the woman behind the counter what she recommends for me.

“Well, Miss, you have quite the selection here. Red Night is dark and you’ll be dealing with things like breeding kinks, dubcon, impact play, degradation, and false imprisonment. This one, Capo Dei Capi’s Daughter, is a darker mafia romance that will destroy pancakes for you and the guy fucks her with a cigar before smoking it. This last one isn’t romance at all. The Echoist is an amazing book, but it will make you ugly cry.”

“Well as much as I love a good cry once in a while, I don’t want to cry this week if I can help it. And while I want dark, I’m not sure that I want as dark as Red Night right now. So I’ll be getting Capo for now. I will be back for the others though.”

Setting the other two aside, she rings up my purchase and bags it for me.

Walking out the door, I turn and wave, “Thank you so much for your help! Sorry if I held you up at all.”

Book secured, I head back toward Annie’s. I am officially fucking starving and I need a burger and fries before I lose my shit. Once inside, I am assaulted with dozens of heavenly smells. From freshly baked bread, to eggs and bacon, and most importantly, the fries. The smell of those damn fries has my mouth watering like crazy. After looking around for a minute, I notice that there is no-one else here . I can’t even see anyone

who works here, so I sit down at a booth by the front window and just wait for the waitress to make her appearance. I already know what I'll be ordering, so when she gets here at least I can get my order in right away.

While I wait for him or her to show up from wherever the hell they are, I decide to pull out my phone and start looking for costume ideas. There are thousands of options, but I am looking for something that will be not only sexy on me but as ironic as possible. That's when I see it. Little Red Riding Hood.

How fucking perfect would it be to dress up as Little Red while I am hiding my own big, bad wolf?

Right as I go to put my phone away, the waitress comes out of the kitchen. Pretty damn sure I know what was taking her so long too. As she comes out she is fixing her little apron, trying to do something with her hair, and fixing her lipstick. She looks up and we lock eyes. Her face instantly turns five shades of pink, red, and everything in between. Once she seems to gather herself a little more and recovers from the embarrassment, she comes over to take my order.

“Heya, hun, what can I get ya to drink?” She seems breathy and nervous as hell. She won't even look me in the eye as she talks to me.

“Just take a coffee, water, and then I'm ready to order whenever you have time for that,” I smile as I ramble, because her nervousness at getting caught is just too damn funny.

“Well, okay then, what can I get for ya?” She doesn’t seem to like that I was ready and waiting for her while she was doing God knows what. So I order my cheeseburger and fries and she goes to put the order in.

As she is sending my ticket back to the cook and grabbing my drinks, I get the feeling that someone is watching me. Looking outside, I can’t see much, but the feeling won’t stop. I continue to scan the area in front of the café on both sides of the street. Finding myself drawn to a little alcove across the street, I focus in on the darkness. Partially tucked away in front of one of the closed-up shops, a man is facing this way. I swear I see his eyes glow green but that is probably just my imagination. He takes a step forward. A step toward me. At least I think he is. I squint and watch the man closely.

One more step and his face is illuminated by the street lights and, sure as shit, it’s fucking him. We lock eyes and he smirks at me. It’s like the whole damn world comes to a complete standstill. My frumpy-looking ass straight-up panics and I look away too fast, throwing up my hands to cover my face. I don’t notice the waitress is already back with my drinks, and one of my hands smacks the water I ordered right out of her hands, and straight into my lap.

The scream that claws its way out of me as the ice cold water hits me, is deafening and I bolt up so fast I also knock the damn coffee right out of her hands. Thank God that it hit the floor and not me this time. The amount of embarrassment I am feeling is astronomical, however, I just grab a few napkins to try and help clean up the mess.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me? I cannot believe you just did that shit! My shoes are fucking ruined,” the waitress hollers at me. Her face is red for a whole different reason now. She storms off to go get some rags, but before she comes back, I fly into the bathroom before I have a full-blown meltdown right here in front of everyone.

I use the shitty hand dryer to try and dry off my shorts and hoodie so they aren't super uncomfortable to be in. I then turn to fix my hair. I'm stunned at my reflection. Forgetting that I didn't put my wig on earlier, I realize how much I actually hate the damn thing. I'm not used to seeing my natural hair on display and it looks about as good as I feel right now. Which isn't great. I smooth it down as much as I can and head back out to face the mess I caused.

In the small amount of time I have been in the bathroom, my food has been delivered to my table and the mess I made is long gone. Sneaking a peek out of the front window, I notice that he is also gone. Or at least I can't see him anymore. After a huge sigh of both relief and some disappointment, I make my way back to my table to try to enjoy my food before heading home.

Making sure that I pay the waitress and leave a generous tip for the bullshit I created for her tonight, I take a step out into the cool night air. Taking a deep breath, I check my surroundings and scan all the shadows. I'm unsure if I want to find him, but still I find myself looking. I can still feel his eyes on me but I see no trace of him. Reluctantly, I head for my van.

It doesn't take me long to get back and before I know it I am stripped down to nothing and cuddled up in my bed with my new book. It's just after eleven-thirty and while I would love to do nothing but read, my mind is elsewhere. I just cannot get into this book without thinking about last night. It was like one of my books came to life and I don't know if I am excited about that or not. They are just supposed to stay fantasies after all.

The events from last night play through my head on repeat. From the moment he blindfolded me from behind, all the way up until he marked me and left me naked, needy, and vulnerable. At the time I did not want any of it. Especially with a man I know nothing about. But there was just something about losing two of my senses that has me soaking the sheets beneath me just thinking about it.

Being blindfolded, tied up, and cut from thigh to chest. Having my pussy feasted on like it was his last meal in this lifetime. My hand finds its way between my thighs and seeks out my swollen nub. After being edged last night, not once but twice, I am beyond rational thought and need the release before I lose my mind and do something stupid. I cannot go into the full moon this month this horny or someone won't be making it out alive.

Instead of continuing to work myself with my fingers, I pull out my bright pink vibrator and get comfortable by propping myself up on a couple of my pillows. I grab my phone as well, because honestly, it's easier to get there when I have a little visual and audio aid. I pull up one of my favorite sites and

search out the guilty pleasure videos that always seem to do the trick when I am in a bind.

It doesn't take me long to find the perfect video of some guy, who eerily resembles the man from last night, taking a woman over a desk in the most forbidden way possible. It is hot as hell to watch, even though I have never had the pleasure of even attempting any of it with a man. Or woman for that matter. Settling in with my little friend, I insert her into my already dripping core and make sure she is nestled right up against that sweet spot before clicking her on and adjusting the suction tip to my clit.

I can't help but think about someone else catching me again. Even though I was not allowed the release I wanted, I can't help but be more turned on by it. Just thinking about it is getting me closer. Him ripping the door open to find me laying here, pleasuring myself. Grabbing my wrists and throwing them into the mattress above my head. Replacing the vibrator with his own fingers. Or maybe even his tongue...

Within fifteen minutes, I clamp so tightly around my toy and moan a little too loudly, but I couldn't care less. Hopefully, there isn't anyone outside in the car park or I am going to have a rude awakening when the cops come knocking.

Fuck it. Let them come.

Turning it off, I slowly pull it out of me and return both it and the phone to the little stand next to my bed. I grab my duvet and start to settle in for the night. While I managed an okay-sized orgasm, it does not help as much as I was hoping it

would. I really need to get laid, because it has been way too long since a man has touched me intimately, besides him.

My thoughts start to drift toward him again. I get lost in another fantasy of him taking me however he pleases and it leaves me wanting so much more.

The jolt I felt when he wrapped his arms around me the first time I met him and the warmth of familiarity that spread from head to toe was insane! It was also slightly ridiculous that some random man managed to turn me into a soaking-wet mess, in more than one way, just by looking at me.

I cannot wait until I get back to work and can tell Cassie all about this shit. She will freak the fuck out, before asking how hot he is or if he knows how to use his tongue. While my thoughts are running a million miles a minute, I start to drift off into sweet oblivion even with my anxiety being sky high!



CHAPTER SEVEN



She slept all day!

After getting off the phone with Momma Jo this morning, I made sure to call Kage right away. I let him know that I got the cameras and microphones set up in Andrea's van for surveillance and have him test all the feeds and make sure that everything is working properly before feeding everything to my laptop. I do not want him watching her like originally planned. I don't want anyone to see her when she is vulnerable. No one except me.

It takes no time at all and I spend a good portion of the day just watching her sleep. I don't know how she manages to sleep so soundly after last night. Most women would still be freaking out, but not her. She looks so peaceful in her sleep. Surrounded by more pillows than I can count and stuffed animals all over the place. She has kicked off her duvet and she lays in just a shirt and pair of panties. The shirt has risen in her sleep and has left her curvy hips and tummy on full

display. Hair splaying across her pillows in the perfect dark halo with a few pieces still framing her face.

Around noon, I decide it's time to get moving. I needed to get some food and replace my jacket and boots since they are officially trash now. I make sure that I can access the video feed from my cell phone so I can check in periodically. Getting dressed I make sure to grab everything I may need and slide my knife back into my boot. I shouldn't need it, but you never know.



I have spent the day wandering around Denver and checking out all the little shops they have within walking distance. I refuse to get a taxi and I am not doing buses or any other public transportation either. I manage to find some kickass boots and a nice leather jacket that has a hood this time. I also find a little café called Annie's. Their food isn't all that bad but it doesn't quite hit the spot like I was hoping it would. As I'm leaving Annie's my phone begins to ring. It's Momma Jo.

“Damien, I've been thinking long and hard about the situation that you have found yourself in,” she starts, right off the bat. No hello. No, how are you doing? Nothing.

“Hey, Momma. I'm doing great. How are you?” I say in reply

“Well exfuckingcuse me, young man. I am more worried about the shit going on with this job than some stupid ass small talk.” She snaps back.

“Sorry. I’m a little on edge with everything going on and a little snappy. I didn’t mean to take it out on you,” I apologize. Trust me when I say you don’t piss off Momma Jo and get away with it. She may be getting older but she can and will still kick your ass. Or at the least not cook you dinner anymore, and I will never risk losing Momma’s cooking for anything. “What have you figured out so far?”

“Well, hun, I’m sorry to say there are only three options for you right now. Option one, you do the job that we were hired to do. Option two, you can swap out with one of your brothers and they will finish the job.” She pauses and takes a deep breath. Taking way too long to continue.

“Is there a reason why you are taking so long to tell me the third option? I’m not going to like it, am I?” I ask.

“Well. You may not like it. But option three would be to back out of the hit.” She states. “But you know I do not like backing out of a job. It kills our reputation and you know how much this business depends on reputation.”

“Yes, Momma, I know how things work by now. Don’t cancel the hit. I will get the job done. I am just biding myself a few days until after the full moon. She will be at her strongest on Friday night and I am going to need all the advantage I can get. This will be difficult enough for me.” I say solemnly, telling her what she wants to hear. Not sure if I’ll go through with it yet, but I need to give myself some time to figure things out myself.

We both say our goodbyes and hang up. I start to walk mindlessly through downtown until I find myself in the treeline near Andrea's van again.

How the fuck did I end up here?

My wolf must have led me here, because he knows just as well as I do that we are going to have to go through with this and take her out of this miserable existence.

Taking my phone out of my pocket, I pull up the camera feed and see what Andrea is up to. It's been a while since I last checked in on her and the sun is starting to fall beyond the horizon. Darkness is setting in. It's approaching nine p.m. and she is late for work. Once the feed loads, I see that she must have just woken up because she seems to be in full freak-out mode.

I watch as she checks her phone before making a phone call. I have the feed muted though, since I left my earbuds at home. I don't need any civilians hearing anything and finding me hiding in the trees. A minute or two later, I watch as she visibly relaxes right before hanging up with whoever it was. She stands up and stretches her short but thick body out and runs her hands through her hair. In no time at all, she is dressed and heading out.

My prey is on the move I see and this hunter is ready for the chase.

While tonight definitely did not start out well, it seems like it may just turn around after all. I'm not sure where she is heading, but she is dressed in an oversized hoodie and some

short shorts that hug every inch of her perfect ass. Her beautiful raven hair is hanging loose down her back and framing her face. No wig and no sign of any makeup either. I can even see freckles peeking through that she usually hides with whatever makeup she wears. Sticking to the shadows not far behind her, we walk for a few blocks before she comes to a stop.

She seems to find what she is looking for and quickly sprints across the street and disappears into a bookstore on the corner. I follow slowly behind and cross the street, sticking to the security of the shadows. After about ten minutes, she heads back my way with a small bag in her hand and the most magnificent smile on her face. It lights up her whole face, and I would be lying if I said it did nothing for me. Just the sight of her right now has my cock straining against my zipper, just begging to be freed. To be touched.

She's just about to pass where I am hiding when she looks up and sees Annie's lit up across the street from us. She makes a beeline for it and I make myself comfortable, drawing my hood up over my cap and leaning against the wall. I know I'll be here for a little while, which is perfect because I am still trying to decide if I am going to stay away from her or play a little cat-and-mouse game. God only knows how much I need to play with my prey, and how much I need to see her writhing beneath my hands again.

I'm lost in my thoughts for some time when I notice the waitress walking away from the booth where my little pup is sitting near the front windows. I think she may feel my eyes on

her because she starts looking out the window, checking up and down the street. She spots me tucked into the shadows. Trying her best to see me, I step out of the shadows just enough so that she can see the shape of my body against the shadows. I stand here watching as her eyes widen with fear as she slowly takes in every aspect of my body that she can see from the safety of Annie's.

Every single fiber of my being wants nothing more than to walk over to her, grab a fist full of that thick luscious hair, and slam my mouth into hers before bending her over the table she is seated at. I have thought about nothing else since I first laid eyes on her. Just when I think I'm about to lose all self-control, she looks away quickly and smacks a glass of water right out of the waitress's hands. In the midst of her freaking out, I tuck myself back into the shadows where I was originally hiding and continue to watch everything unfold inside the café. Before I know it, she has darted off to the side out of sight, which if I remember right is where the bathrooms are located.

Waiting for her to come back into view, an idea springs to the front of my mind and the only way that I can make it happen is if I work quickly. Heading away from the café, I turn right and walk over to the florist store a few doors down, just as they are locking up for the night. I knock twice in hopes that they will let me in for just a minute to grab something. Thankfully, the young woman working lets me in.

I am looking around for two minutes when I see the perfect arrangement. It is a dozen red roses with several beautiful

sunflowers nestled throughout, and I know for certain that sunflowers are her favorite. I just can't pass it up. I pay for the flowers and leave a generous tip for letting me in after hours. Heading toward the place Andrea calls home.

Managing to make it back in about ten minutes, I know that I have to work quickly. I need to be out of here and back home before she gets back, which will take me about twenty minutes or so. Carefully, I place the flowers on the windshield of the van so that they are noticeable with a note attached so that she'll know just who they are from. When I am happy with myself, I set off for my apartment to settle in for the night.

Once again, I struggle with leaving. My wolf is screaming at me to turn around and wait for her. To take her home where we both belong.

Damn thing doesn't understand what is going on, he just wants our mate. Don't get me wrong, I want our mate too, but I don't know if I can disappoint Momma like that.

I owe her too much.

Lost in my own thoughts, I make it back to my apartment in no time. Heading in and locking up, I shed everything by the front door and head into the kitchen to get myself a drink. I pour a generous amount of whiskey and head into the living room to get my laptop. By the time I get comfortable, I'm a little late tuning in. She's already back, lying comfortably in her bed with her entire body on display, and what a sight that is. If I thought I was hard earlier tonight, I was sorely mistaken because it is excruciating now as my cock digs into the teeth

of my zipper. She seems to be reading, so now is probably the best time to grab my phone and check in with Momma.

Instead of calling her, like I normally do, I shoot her a text filling her in on the day's events. Making sure to leave out how I decided to fuck with Andrea at the café and with the flowers. She's worried about me and how I am going to pull this off, knowing that I have spent half of my life searching for that one woman to settle down with. Neither one of us can understand why the fuck it has to be Andrea, and why now. I'm thirty-nine fucking years old for God's sake and I should have found my mate many years ago. Most of my kind do. I am pretty sure that all of this is just punishment for the line of work that I am in. Or maybe it's because I left my original pack so many years ago. It's not like I had a choice in that matter anyway, it was either get fucked or fuck off. I fucked off.

Leaving those thoughts behind me, where they belong, I throw back the rest of the whiskey and focus on my laptop again. She has set her book to the side and is scrolling through her phone now, so I head to the kitchen to get more because the only thing that is going to help numb this pain is whiskey. Lots of fucking whiskey.

On my way back, I peel off my shirt and throw it into the laundry room. Planning to have my jeans follow, I only make it so far as to unzip them when I hear a noise coming from my laptop. I round the coffee table where it is set up and stop short. The growl that reverberates from deep within reminds

me just how much both my wolf and I want her and need her. I shove him back down and focus.

She is spread out on the bed, still completely naked, with one hand down between her legs and the other playing with one of her nipple piercings. Setting my whiskey down on the table, I take a seat and lean in for a better look. Sure as shit she is fucking herself with some hot pink toy and is whimpering and moaning so loudly I'll be surprised if no one hears her. She's got her phone propped up next to her, and her head is thrown back in sheer ecstasy.

I did not plan to jack off tonight but the sight of her coming from her own hand is enough to make me pull my cock out of my boxers and start stroking myself. I swipe my thumb over my tip to collect the pre-cum that has already leaked out and use it as lubrication.

This is pure torture. I should be the one making her look like that. I should be the one to bring her orgasm after orgasm. But instead, I sit here and watch her do it herself.

I continue to run my hand up and down my shaft aggressively, wishing that it was her warm mouth instead. Just the thought of slamming my cock into the back of her throat while I unload and seeing her pleasuring herself is enough to have me spilling into my hand.

Just as I stop shuddering and start to relax again, her body locks up and a scream leaves her mouth. She melts into the mattress beneath her with a look of partial satisfaction on her face and part annoyance. I probably look, and most definitely

do feel, the same. Slowly, I lick my release from my fingers as she switches off her toy, withdrawing it inch-by-inch from her dripping wet pussy, and tossing it and her phone onto a little table. Before she has even drawn up the duvet over her perfect body, my cock is as hard as a rock again and there is no relief in sight.

After she has fallen asleep, I turn on the motion-activated alarms before heading to take a shower. Walking with a raging hard-on can be uncomfortable. Especially when it continues to scrape against the open zipper of my jeans, but maybe it'll be enough to soften up a bit. I just need it to go down long enough to get some damn sleep tonight. I've been up for about forty-eight hours and tomorrow I need to prepare for Friday.

Halloween and a full moon on the same night.

Shit is going to get wild.



CHAPTER EIGHT



Today has been a long one already. First thing this morning, I found a bouquet of my favorite flowers on the windshield of my van with a note that read,

For My Little Pup.

**Don't forget to be a good girl because bad girls
get punished.**

Love, D

So the guy following me has to be D. I never got a name from him the other night when he caught me at the gym or even before that. The damn flowers aren't going to ruin my day though, so I toss them into the front seat of my van before slamming the door and leaving for the day.

I have shit to do and I cannot be worried about this fucker all the time. I have a life to live, which will not revolve around someone with some sick infatuation with me.

This morning's bullshit has left me tired, so I decide to stop in at a little coffee shop for some much-needed caffeine to help me finish off today with an energy boost. It is much needed after spending hours shopping today, spending the majority of my savings. I just can't help treating myself in the little boutiques I find in the town. It's not very often I can splurge on the finer things in life, considering my usual line of work. Being a bartender is super fun and the tips are great, but the style of clothing that gets you those tips is not the expensive type. They are flashy, sexy, and barely there. Let's just say that I am glad that I am in love with my body because if I wasn't, I would be so screwed.

I even found the perfect outfit for tomorrow's Halloween party. It is the perfect amount of sexy and I cannot wait to see everyone's reactions when I show up in it. But I'm looking forward to the tips that I'll rake in while wearing it even more.

I decide to go with a slutty version of a Little Red Riding Hood costume. Honestly, I'm not even sure that I would consider it a costume. It's lingerie that covers a little bit more and a cute little red cape. I also managed to find some thigh-high fishnets and red heels to go with them.

Fuck, I'm going to look sexy!

Walking to the counter at the coffee shop, I order a white chocolate caramel cappuccino blended, my favorite coffee. It

is seriously amazing and I always recommend it to my friends when they don't know what to order. I also order a blueberry scone to munch on and tide me over until lunch. While waiting for the lady behind the counter to make my drink and grab my scone, I find a seat near the front window so that I can people-watch while I enjoy my snack and catch up on my social media.

While waiting, I start to daydream a bit. I can't help but hope that one day I will find everything I have ever wanted in this life and find a nice little town to settle down in. Don't get me wrong, Denver is great, but it's a big city and there are too many people and too much going on that it can be hard to just enjoy the little things. I love the little things. Like getting to know the people in town around you, making real connections. The fact that you can slow down in life and just live.

Maybe I will just have to make my move sooner than anticipated. I really would like to slow down for a while.

Sometime in the middle of my daydream, the barista calls my name. Apparently, I don't hear her call, so she brings my order over to my table and gives it to me.

"Hey. I know I don't know you, but I just wanted to let you know that whatever is going through your head is what you need to do. Hopefully, it's not going to cause anyone else a tough time, but you're clearly thinking hard." she says nonchalantly.

"I'm so sorry," I say, "I was just thinking about how I very much need a change in my life. Even if it is just a change of

scenery.”

“Well, looks like I got the right vibes off that dreamy look you had on your face then,” she replies as she giggles slightly.

“Hell, girl, sometimes it’s the daydreams that keep us going when nothing else seems to be going the way we want,” I reply before picking up my drink.

“Well, I hope that you can get everything your heart desires. We all deserve a happy ending.” she says to me before spinning around and making her way back over behind the counter.

As she walks away, I return to staring out the window while enjoying my scone and coffee. As I’m munching away and people-watching, I see him. “Fuck,” I mutter as I slink down in my seat, trying to cover my face. I hope to God he does not see me sitting in here. He seems to be strolling down the sidewalk minding his own business but I can’t risk him seeing me. I continue to watch him from behind my hands and see that he has stopped and is checking his phone. A small smirk crosses his features and makes him look more godly than man.

The involuntary clench of my thighs and deep sigh that escape me make me think I am clinically insane. I cannot believe I have this type of reaction to someone like him. He is what gods are made of. Absolutely stunning and sexy enough to make any girl come undone and drop to their knees.

He starts walking again and I hurry to finish my scone and coffee. My wolf is screaming at me because we need to get outside to get a better look at him and right now she has more

control than normal with the full moon being tomorrow, so I comply. I follow behind on the opposite side of the street for a few minutes, soaking in everything about him when he turns his head and locks eyes with me. I can't help the smile that spreads across my face or the warmth that his gaze has created.

He scowls as he takes me in with all bags and casual attire. From here, it kind of looks like disgust. I don't know why, but it upsets me more than I care to admit. Wiping the smile from my face, I turn on my heel and head back in the other direction so that I can circle and head to my van.

When I get back to my van and start putting away everything from my shopping spree, I notice that the flowers I threw on my front seat are now on the table next to my bed in a vase. The card is standing against it proudly. A sick reminder of everything that has happened and a threat of what may be to come. But what gets me the most about it is that someone had come in while I was gone and did this.

I can't believe that he would just come into my home and do this. It's bad enough that he left them on my windshield after everything. Yeah, they are beautiful flowers. Sunflowers are my absolute favorite flower of all time, but still. How could he just invade my safe space like that!

Seems like I need to start remembering to lock all the doors. Never, in the four months that I have lived here, has someone broken into my van. Never. Not until he showed up. Whoever

the fuck he is. Brushing aside the feeling of overwhelming dread of being followed and having someone violate my home, I kick off my boots and jacket and grab my book so that I can settle in for the remainder of the day.

It takes me about three hours to devour the book from start to finish. I am now starving and horny as fuck. The lady at the bookstore wasn't joking about the pancakes or the cigar fucking. The author, JL Quick, sure does know how to write her spice and was on point with creating a one-handed read. It's too bad though because I can't charge my toy here in the van. I'll just have to bring it and the charger when I go shower later so that I can get it ready for next time.

Since I am not used to having a day off and therefore have nothing left to do besides wander the streets, I snuggle down and decide to take a nap. It's been so long since I've had any kind of a nap and I am exhausted. I fall into a restless sleep in no time, dreaming of being in my wolf form. Free and running through a thick forest with another wolf on my heels. Just before it blacks out into nothing, the strange wolf runs ahead and disappears. Then it's nothingness, while I continue to toss and turn fitfully.



I wake at a more normal time than the previous day, still tired from tossing and turning all night and not eating before passing out. Rolling over, I pick up my phone to check the time and see that I have a message.

UNKNOWN:

**You better watch out, Little Red. You never know when
the big bad wolf will come for you.**



CHAPTER NINE



Damien

I have spent the better part of my day on the phone with Momma Jo and Kage. We have been trying to see if there is any way around this job, which won't destroy our reputation or our business. But we haven't found a single thing that can help me. Not a damn thing. They decide that if I cannot get it done tonight, I will head home and one of the others will come and take my place here in Denver and finish the job. I tell them both that if it has to be done, then it will be me.

After the call ends, I smash my phone into the table. Shattering the screen to pieces and leaving a phone size dent in the coffee table. Tonight's full moon has heightened my emotions beyond the norm, and I am raging. I pick up my laptop and throw it against the wall, where it explodes and falls to the floor in pieces. Running my hands through my hair, I exhale loudly, trying to calm myself. I need to get these fucking feelings under control or I'll end up doing something that I'll undoubtedly regret. I fucking hate feelings.

Fuck it.

Leaving all my smashed electronics behind, I leave the apartment and head to find the right costume for tonight. My wolf needs to run free, but I can't let him out while I am here. The least I can do is let him control my mind for just a bit so that he isn't as forceful.

I have a feeling tonight's going to get real messy. Good thing I am ready for it.



CHAPTER TEN



Arriving at Jake's Place, I find it packed with so many people that they are having a hard time moving around the dance floor. It's like looking at a giant orgy happening on the floor, and by the smell of it, someone out there is fucking. Or a few someones, who knows at this point. Making my way over to a booth, I find it's occupied tonight and that pisses me off immensely.

Whatever. I can't kill someone over a damn table, at least not tonight.

Needing to blend in for as long as possible, I kept my clothes very simple tonight.. And for Halloween, I decided to go as The Big Bad Wolf for my Little Red.

Andrea is already here and looking fucking stunning. But instead of the work clothes I saw her in a few nights ago, she's wearing even less and I swear she's trying to taunt me. Dressed in what is tiny, red lingerie with thigh highs and a pair of heels, if she's going for a super slutty Red Riding Hood, then she nailed it on the head. Her top barely contains her

ample tits and that small piece of cloth around her hips is barely enough to be considered a skirt because half of her ass is hanging out the bottom.

She looks good enough to eat.

Watching her interact with her customers and seeing them all eye fuck her has both me and my wolf enraged and ready to go on a killing spree. This big bad wolf is going to catch his prey tonight. The question is, what is he going to do with her once he catches her?

I can't wait to find out.



CHAPTER ELEVEN



Work is fucking insane.

Jake did a fantastic job advertising this party because I have never seen it so crammed in here and for once I am thankful for my lack of clothes.

I am sweating my ass off running around here trying to serve everyone's drinks. It's also my job to keep the DJ hydrated as well. But on a better note, I have got to be making a shit ton of tips because there are only three of us working tonight. Cassie and I are the only two bartenders that agreed to take tonight's shift, so we have the owner, Jake, helping us out as well. It's weird seeing him slinging drinks alongside us, he usually just hangs out in his office all night. He is not usually one to be doing the bitch work.

About three hours into my shift, I realize the DJ is waving me down. He must need another drink, too. I quickly make his drink and grab him a bottle of water as well. The biggest downfall of tonight is the jacked setup and having to swim through the sea of people just to get to him. Once I get to him,

he thanks me profusely and I head back to the bar, using the outside wall to avoid the dance floor.

I don't make it very far. About halfway around the room, I slam into some guy as he twirls around and rams right into me, spilling his beer down the front of my body. Soaking me in the foul-smelling liquid.

“Hey bitch, why don't you watch where the fuck you are going?” he slurs as he sways where he stands, barely able to stay upright.

Having to yell to be heard over the music, I lean in just enough so that he can understand me.

“Why don't you watch where the fuck **you** are going? Stop acting like a toddler and we wouldn't be having this problem now, would we?”

Apparently, I chose the wrong set of words because he goes off like a firework. He throws his, now empty, glass to the floor and stumbles toward me, quickly backing me into the wall. I try to push him off me but he is easily three times my size, and drunk so he doesn't move. He twirls me around and slams my body into the wall with such force that I lose all the air in my lungs. Gasping to catch my breath again, he cages me in with his arms. Leaning in close, I can smell his rancid breath.

“Maybe I did it on purpose. I sure do love to see my entire beer dripping down this hot ass body.”

Running one of his hands down the length of my body, lingering over my breasts for too long. His other comes up to cup my bare ass under my skirt, causing my whole body to shudder in utter disgust.

“Get the fuck off of me, you piece of shit.”

Using everything in me, I summon my wolf to help me get this fucker off of me. Planting my arms against the wall in front of me, I shove off as hard as I physically can. Throwing him back, I spin around quickly just in time to watch him stumble back before falling on his ass. Turning to run, I am instantly caught by two other drunk assholes, who slam me back up against the wall. One on each side, pinning an arm above me, causing my chest to push out, showing off my breasts more than before as my top fights to contain them.

These three have some serious balls to be trying this shit in a packed bar. Especially with the way they look. Like seriously? The first guy looks like he crawled right out of an Alabama trailer park. White tank top and all. The second guy has a pot belly bigger than I have ever seen. Then there's the third guy, he is scrawny compared to the other two but he has a choppy ass mullet, dip tucked into his lip, and smells like an outhouse. I think it's safe to say their new names are Backwoods, Porky, and Billy.

“You little bitch. You are going to regret that for the rest of your miserable life,” Porky whispers in my ear.

“We are going to have so much fun with this thick little body tonight. And you are going to enjoy it,” Billy spits out as his

hand slides across my thigh, reaching up under my skirt.

Looking up, I see Backwoods finally getting up off the floor ungracefully. He stumbles toward me again and wraps his hand around my throat, shoving his other hand into my hair to pull my face toward his. Looking over his shoulder, I can barely make out the DJ, who is flagging down security and pointing our way.

Just as his face is an inch away from mine, my wolf comes to life within me and gives me the strength that I need to defend myself. My eyes glow an icy blue in the darkness of the club and have the asshole in my face freezing. A look of terror shines back at me through his own dull, lifeless eyes. Yanking my arms out of the hold I am in, I reach under my skirt and grab the knife that I stashed in my waistband after the other night.

Flipping it open, a smile grows across my face as I twirl it around in my hand. I grab Backwoods by the front of his shirt and drive the blade straight into his thigh. Making sure to drive it as far as it will go before twisting the blade to the side. He screams as I pull it free before leaning in so he can hear me.

“I hate to say it, baby, but you aren’t the ones that will have fun with this body tonight. You don’t deserve a single thing that I have to offer.”

His two goons try to grab me again, attempting to defend the sobbing asshole. But just as I’m about to slice Porky open, security finally reaches where we’re pressed up against the far

wall. Ruining any more fun for me, they grab all three men and drag them out of the building.

Flipping my blade closed, I slip it back to where it was hidden, and that's when I realize how much blood is covering my hand. I stare, mesmerized by the sight of it as it trails down my hand and wrists. The coppery smell makes my mouth water, piquing my curiosity.

All I hear is my wolf purring. The sound around me has dissipated completely as I zone in on the blood covering my hand. Why is she so fascinated by this? Is this what it feels like when the wolf comes out to play? I've never experienced this feeling before.

Bringing my hand up, I smear the blood across my lips before licking them slowly, cleaning off every bit. Closing my eyes, I revel in the taste as it spreads across my tongue, waking every hunter instinct inside of me that has been dormant almost all my life. A shiver racks its way through my body and a moan escapes my lips before I can stop it, thighs clenching involuntarily.

Opening my eyes, I scan the surrounding crowd to make sure no one saw any of what happened. It would seem I'm off the hook.

Except one.

A man is standing in the middle of the dance floor, towering over the crowd encircling him. He stands frozen, staring right at me. I can't see much of him with the amount of people in here, but what I can see is his face, and that's when we lock

eyes. His eyes are shining green under the mask he is wearing. From here, it looks like one of those masquerade masks, but it's shaped like a wolf's head.

“Oh, fuck me”

I freeze, remembering the text I woke up to this morning.

Just thinking about it both excites me and has fear seeping into my bones. I still remember it word for word. You better watch out, Little Red. You never know when the big, bad wolf will come for you or what he'll do once he catches you.

Is this the big, bad wolf I need to be looking out for? If so, do I want to run? There is a part of me wanting to let him catch me. It could be fun to find out what he has in store. But before I can do something idiotic, I turn and beeline for the bar. I need to get out of here for a few and calm the fuck down.



CHAPTER TWELVE



Damien

*H*oly fucking shit.

That is hands down the hottest thing I have ever witnessed a woman do. I saw the three assholes back her into that wall, but with how busy it is in here, I wasn't able to make it to her aid as fast as I wanted to. Now here I am, standing halfway across this damn floor surrounded by hundreds of people, and yet I only see one. Can only smell one, as the scent of vanilla and oranges fills my senses. Can only hear one, as all the noise around me filters out.

Watching her wolf come forward to help her out was enough to get me hard, and then she had to go stab him with a knife that she pulled out from somewhere. Curious about where she has that stashed.

Maybe I will have to find out for myself.

Transfixed on what is happening before me. I watch as she twists the blade that is buried in the asshole's leg. A

murderous glint in her eye and a malicious smile spread across her face.

Just when I think she is going to try and take on another of the men, security makes it to her and peels the men away from her. Watching as they take the trash toward the exit, as they kick and scream like the little bitches they are.

Turning back around to make sure she's okay, I see something that has my cock digging into the confines of my jeans. The look on her face as she watches the blood drip down her hand. Bringing her fingers to her lips to taste it, her tongue darting out and cleaning the evidence from her lips. My wolf, who is howling inside my head, is ready to take her right here and right now. In front of anybody and everybody.

He doesn't give a shit anymore, and nor do I.

I feel him starting to take over and I know my eyes are shining just as brightly as hers were just a moment ago. Watching her as her entire body shudders, thighs clenching together. That's when I hear a small moan escape from between those plump red lips. Even over the craziness of the place, it reaches my ears.

Her eyes open, scanning the surrounding crowd. I still haven't moved an inch and won't. I want her to see me watching her. To know that I caught her enjoying herself over a little blood. Her eyes find mine and she freezes. We continue to stare at each other for a few moments before she turns and runs for the bar.

I'll let her go for now, since I have a few things I need to do. And knowing that the head of security will be back any minute to check in on her and update the boss on what just happened. I am sure that she will be busy with those two for a while.

Making my way out the front door, I look for the assholes that just got kicked out. They are going to pay for laying hands on what is mine and I am in the mood to shed some blood after what I just witnessed.

I find all three of them standing in the opening of the alley next to the bar talking shit about Andrea. About how they will get their payback for the stabbing. Little do they know, they won't be getting the chance tonight or any night.

Walking up to the three of them standing there plotting their bullshit, I tap one on the shoulder to get their attention. He spins around, still holding his thigh, trying to stop the bleeding.

“Can I fucking help you?” he spits at me. “I'm not really in the mood to deal with your ass, old man.”

I feel a grin stretch across my face. “Well, as a matter of fact, you can help me. I couldn't help but see what you guys did to that girl in there or overhear your so-called plans for her. Aren't you worried her man might retaliate?”

“That bitch does not belong to anyone. If she did, she wouldn't be walking around asking for it in that skimpy ass outfit. Shit, she's begging for it.” He spews this bullshit with full confidence and has his lackeys laughing.

The smile immediately disappears from my face. “That bitch, as you call her, belongs to someone. She belongs to me. And no one, and I mean no one, is ever asking for any piece of shit like you to touch them without their consent,” I growled in response.

I’m quickly losing control of my wolf. My hands fist at my sides as my eyes start glowing. If I’m not careful, I will shift right here in this alley before ripping their throats out. But I have a better plan. A plan that will please me much more. They’ll be losing all the pieces they deem necessary to continue their douchebaggery behavior.

The look on my face must portray what I am thinking because the three men in front of me are shitting themselves while looking for a way out. Stalking toward them, I close the distance before any of them can even think about making a move to escape.

They all start backing up while I stalk them until I have them backed into a corner in the dead-end alley. The music from the bar pulses, even out here. Not only is the beat of it putting me in the perfect mood, but it’s also helping drown out their attempts at getting anyone’s attention. I scan the surrounding area, looking for any security cameras before finishing my pursuit.

Bending over, I slide the knife from my boot, flipping it in the air before catching it by the handle. Looking up and meeting the eyes of the three cowards in front of me, one by one, I see they are all shaking, begging for their pathetic lives.

“So I’m guessing that you three want me to let you go.”

All of them shake their heads yes. Pleading with me.

“Well, I hate to say it. None of you will be leaving this alley tonight with your lives. And if you somehow manage to live through what I am about to do in the next twenty minutes, you aren’t going to want to live anymore.”

Closing the distance between myself and the first guy that assaulted Andrea, I grab him by the throat. Lifting him off the ground, I slam him into the brick wall behind him. His head cracking from the impact. Letting go, he slumps to the ground, momentarily unconscious. Then I reach for one of the others to do the same thing.

I’m only able to take these guys one at a time because it’ll take me a few minutes to do what needs to be done to each of them. After dropping the scrawny one, I spin around and catch the pot belly one by the back of the neck before he can make it out of the alley. Throwing him back, I hear a sickening thud as his head meets the brick.

I only have to wait about two minutes before one of them starts to wake. Reaching for him, I grab him by the throat once again and pull him up until he is standing. Using my knife, I cut through his already soiled pants to reveal an equally soiled pair of what I would consider men’s panties.

“You have got to be kidding me? You act all big and bad to the boys around you and try to rape women but you still wear the panties your momma picked out for you?”

Snickering to myself, I cut them away as well. After releasing his throat, I reach inside my jacket and pull out a pair of gloves that I keep on myself for times just like this. Pulling them on, I notice that another of the men is starting to regain consciousness.

I quickly adjust my grip on my knife, grab this lowlife by the thing he cherishes the most, and slice clean through in one swoop. The scrawny one next to him witnesses his friend's dick coming clean off in my hand, and he begins to scream like the little bitch he is. Before anyone can hear his pleas, I shove his own sorry excuse for a shrimp dick right down his throat and slam his jaw shut around it.

He starts to try and claw my hands away as he gags on his dick. Grabbing his right hand, I slice off each finger one by one before starting the other hand. The man next to him is frozen on the spot, a single stream of piss travels down his leg as he whispers what sounds like please no. But I can't be sure because The Dick Swallower won't stop trying to scream around the dick lodged in his throat.

Once I am finished with the first guy, I pull my phone from my pocket. Looking at the time, I realize that it's been fifteen minutes already and I'm not one to break a promise. I quickly slit the guy's throat, pushing him to the side before making quick work of the other two in the same manner.

Wiping my knife on the leg of my jeans and sliding it back into my boot, I remove my gloves and stuff them back into the

pocket I pulled them from. I readjust the stupid ass mask covering my face before smoothing my hair back into place.

Unable to push my wolf back down, I feel the menacing grin stretch across my face and the glow in my eyes shines bright. The wolf has come out to play and he is nowhere near done with this remarkable night.

Time to head in and find our Little Red.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN



The adrenaline from stabbing that asshole has me shaking still. As I wash my hands in the bathroom, my thoughts begin to drift away, right alongside the blood mixing with water. Disappearing down the drain, never to be seen again. I cannot believe that just happened. Why the hell do I keep finding myself in these situations lately?

Is there a giant note on my back that says "Fuck Me Against My Will?"

If I could figure out why, I would put a stop to this shit. But until then it looks like I am just going to have to be a little more aggressive, instead of the cute, innocent girl that I have been pretending to be. I hated her anyway. Looks like it's time to bring Andrea back because she loved what happened out on that dance floor tonight.

The look on his face when my knife pierced his skin and the feeling of it sliding through his leg like butter, down to the bone. Then there was the way his blood ran down my hand afterward, and the taste of it as I licked it from my lips. The

coppery tang as it exploded across my taste buds sent tingles coursing through my body. My thighs became slick instantly and my wolf purred right along with me.

We missed this. It was intense and we need more.

But I have to act like sweet, innocent Andy, who was just traumatized on the dance floor, for at least the rest of my shift. Just as I make my way behind the bar, I spot Jake and the head of security coming my way. I know what is coming, and I am as ready for it as I am going to be.

“Hey, Andy. I’m going to need you to come with me back to my office for a few minutes so that we can chat about what the hell just happened out there,” Jake demands.

He’s fucking pissed. I can tell. What I can’t tell is whether I pissed him off or if it is the whole situation.

Trying my best to put on a face of sheer terror and that of a traumatized little girl, I turn to face them. Tears start to well in my eyes as I sheepishly say, “Yes, thank you. I could honestly use some time to gather myself before I can even attempt to finish this shift.”

Jake wraps his arms around me protectively and leads me to the back, where his office is located. Heading down the long hallway, past all the bathrooms and the liquor room, I keep wiping my eyes and sniffing to keep up the charade of being hurt. He opens the door and gestures for me to head ahead of him into the room.

“Why don’t you take a seat and we’ll chat?” he asks as he gestures toward the couch off to the side of his desk.

Walking over to the couch, I sit on the side closest to the door and curl up, tucking my legs underneath myself. It’s freezing in here and I don’t exactly have much clothing on tonight, so I’m instantly chilled. He sits on the opposite side of the couch and starts talking. All the while avoiding my eyes and looking as uncomfortable as ever.

“Security said they escorted three men out not too long ago. Said they were bothering you and had you pushed up against the wall on the dance floor. “

Well yes that’s what happened. He’s acting like I wasn’t the one going through it. Hopefully he isn’t able to see how annoyed I am right now.

“They also said that one of them was holding his leg and bleeding profusely from a fresh wound. Would you like to explain what the fuck happened out there?”

Taking a deep breath while doing my best to keep the smirk off my face, I muster up the most exaggerated feelings I can manage.

“I was coming back from delivering the DJ his drinks when one of them slammed into me. Spilling his beer all over me and when I told him to watch where he was going, he shoved me up against the wall and started feeling me up. I tried to fight back and get him off of me.”

Tears start skating down my face as I recount everything. Not out of sadness or fear, but out of pure rage.

“Then two of his buddies decided they needed to help hold me still, and they surrounded me. Security wasn’t making it to me fast enough, so I fought back.”

Straightening up, I reach under my skirt and pull out my knife to show Jake.

“That’s when I took matters into my own hands before his hands found themselves somewhere they weren’t meant to be. I stabbed him in the thigh.”

“Well, shit Andy. What in the fuck am I supposed to do with that? We have no cameras over there and if he tries to sue you, I will lose.”

He starts running a hand through his hair as he gets lost in thought for a moment.

“That is pretty fucking intense though, I’m glad that you could defend yourself against them. But we definitely should not be stabbing the customers from here on out.”

“Well, as long as your customers keep their nasty hands to themselves, I won’t stab anyone.”

Nodding his head in agreement, he stands up and heads toward the door. I go to follow when he turns around and stops me in my tracks.

“Why don’t you hang out in here for a bit and gather yourself before heading back out there? The night is still

young and there's plenty of time to make more money, but for now, I would like you to relax and compose yourself."

Flopping back down on the couch, I grab the blanket, which is draped over the back, and wrap it around my legs so that I can at least warm up, and just stare at the floor. A minute or two later, after no response in return, Jake walks out, shutting the door behind himself.

Once he is out of the room, I am back on my feet and begin pacing the length of the room. I have so much adrenaline coursing through my body that I am surprised that I am not still shaking from it all. I may have to give in tonight and let my wolf go for a run after work so that I can at least relax tomorrow, because at this point, I don't even think that I can sit still; let alone keep her under control.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN



As I come back inside to find Andrea, I see her boss with his arm around her, escorting her to the hallway that leads back to the bathrooms and other back rooms. My wolf growls in response to another man touching what is ours. But I have to shrug it off because I have to believe that he is just trying to help her out, not trying to claim her.

Walking up to the bar, I order a whiskey on the rocks and a couple of shots of tequila. My body is buzzing with adrenaline after the incident in the alley and I need relief. Alcohol will at least numb it for now until I can fully let go. I will most likely go for a run tonight too, after all this bullshit is done.

The bartender, Cassie, hands me my drinks while staring at my hands and I immediately throw back both shots before digging out my wallet. Maybe it's the tattoos snaking down the backs of my hands, but I ignore it and hand her a fifty, telling her to keep the change. She clears the empty glasses from in front of me, scurrying away as fast as she can.

Turning, I take in my surroundings once more. I am about halfway through my whiskey when I see Jake returning from the darkened hallway. Alone this time.

Fucking perfect.

I throw back the rest of my drink, relishing in the way it burns on the way down, and slam my empty glass down on the bar.

Pushing off the bar, I head to where he came from. There are a few different doors back here besides the bathrooms and I'm not sure where exactly she is, so I stop and listen, using my wolf to locate her.

Following my instincts, I find myself at the last door on the right, next to a door I assume leads outside if the exit sign above the door is any indication. Just as I go to reach for the handle, it turns and pulls open. In front of me is a very pissed-off and sexy Andrea in all her gloriousness.

She is still in her teeny little outfit, mascara is running down her cheeks, and she has some smears of blood that are still visible. Her body is vibrating with power as she stands before me, taking me all in. Starting at my boots, she drinks me in until her eyes lock with mine. Her eyes flash that beautiful blue, while she takes a step back, both in shock and fear at what is to come.

I stalk toward her like the hunter after their prey. Like the Big Bad Wolf looking to devour Little Red. If she only knew what I wanted to do to her, she would try to hightail it out of here.

Shutting the door behind me, I make sure to lock it, all the while keeping my eyes trained on my prey. She looks scared for her life, as she should. I have finally caught her and have her right where I want her. She tries to back herself behind the desk situated in the middle of the room, but freezes when she sees my eyes flashing an intense green.

“You better think twice about what you want to do, little pup,” I growl at her, noticing how her thighs clench together. Hands inching closer to the hem of her skirt and to what she has hidden beneath it.

She doesn't take my warning and before I can restrain her hands; she has pulled out her knife and whips it open. Pointing it straight at me with a wicked little smirk on her face. I'm not sure if she's meaning to be scary, but all I see is a cute little pup about to get her world turned upside down when she submits to me.

In a movement too fast for her to track, I step into her body and rip the knife out of her hand. Catching it by the blade, I pull it out of her hand, slicing open my palm in the process. Sheathing her knife right next to mine in my boot, I watch as the blood starts pooling in my hand.

Looking up at Andrea, the way it pools in my cupped hand is utterly mesmerizing her. I turn my hand just enough and she watches as it slowly drips to the floor, tracking each drop until it hits the outdated carpet beneath our feet.

I continue to watch as she struggles with herself, and her instincts, as she steps forward and takes my massive hand into

her two smaller ones. Cradling it while it continues to bleed and begins to cover her own hands.

Just when I think she's going to try to subdue me once again, she stabs her fingernails into the wound. Eliciting a deep growl from my chest, I step even closer to her, her chest brushing against mine every time she takes a breath. That's when she surprises me. She drops my hand down and backs up a step, putting her bloodied fingers to her lips. Just like she did out on the dance floor.

Only this time, she takes it a step further. Slipping one finger into her mouth, she rolls her tongue around it, licking the blood free. Then she locks eyes with me as she trails her bloodied hand down her neck and chest, before finally dipping her hand underneath her skirt. Her pupils are blown wide with the lust that has her reeling. A whimper escapes her pretty little mouth as her tongue darts out, pulling her bottom lip between her teeth. I can't help but smirk to myself because I knew this woman had brat tendencies, but little does she know, she just started a game that she will not win.

"I would be very careful how you continue here tonight, little pup," I growl, warning her.

Her eyes narrow at me before she picks up speed with her fingers. Her head falls back from the pleasure she is bringing herself. Just as I am about to lose it, she pulls her hand free from her skirt, bringing those fingers back to her lips. She cleans each finger of my blood and her arousal, all the while

staring straight into my soul, knowing damn well what she is doing.

I take a step toward her, and she seems to snap back to reality. She bolts for the door, throwing a chair in front of me. It only slows me for a second, but in that second she manages to flip the lock and starts to pull open the door. Reaching her just in time to slam it shut from behind her, I turn her around to face me and push her up against it.

I sandwich her between me and the door, her hands resting gently on my chest as if to stop me from doing whatever I am about to do. Little does she know, her teasing, followed by her defiance and gentle touch, is all I need to make the decision I have been fighting with for days.

Suddenly my hand wraps around her throat, tilting her head up so that I can look her in the eye.

“You, my little pup, will do exactly as I say and nothing more. Now. Sit. Down.”

Fighting every single need inside of my body, I let her go, backing up so that she can sit down as instructed. As I retreat, I make sure to adjust myself because my cock is painfully pushing against my zipper, and the look of sheer lust in her eyes is making me feral. This woman is just a brat that needs some direction.

“Okay,” she says with a mischievous glint in her eyes before moving to the couch along the wall.

I walk up to her, pushing the coffee table out of the way so that I can stand in front of her. Kneeling down until I am at eye level with her, I set my hands on each of her thighs. Relishing the feeling of her smooth skin as it pushes through the fishnets she is wearing, beneath my rough palms as they glide farther and farther up her body. Feeling her shudder beneath my touch almost drives me mad.

“Can I?”

She stares back at me, searching for answers. But instead of giving her any, in the form of words, I begin to show her what I want from her. It is something I have been dying for since the first time I had a taste.

Slowly pushing her thighs apart, I watch her face for a reaction. When she doesn't give me a reason to stop, I start massaging her thighs, creeping up her form until I get close to where I am dying to be. Still no sign of her wanting me to stop. Her pupils are blown out completely and her breathing has sped up in either fear or anticipation. The look in her eyes is not saying fear, though.

Continuing my way toward her center, I brush my finger over her pussy. Expecting to feel fabric, I find out she is not wearing any panties underneath this devilish outfit.

“My, my, Andrea, you are a naughty girl, aren't you? Do you remember what I told you about not being my good girl?”

The only response she gives me is a small moan, while her body reacts to my touch, seeking more. I pull my hand away

just enough to be rewarded with a small whimper that escapes her luscious, full lips.

“May I?”

She gives me an actual response this time, and it is just the thing I wanted to hear.

“Yes. Please. Touch me D. Take me.”

She sure does know how to get what she wants, but it was all I needed to hear. There will be no holding back this time. I slam her legs apart, grab her by the ass, pulling her body toward mine, still kneeling in front of her. Her skirt rides up around her ass in the process, giving me the perfect view of her pussy already dripping for me.

“Such a needy little slut, aren’t you, pup?” I say before diving in like a starved man looking for his last meal.

Lavishing in her sweet taste, I run the flat of my tongue over her cunt from ass to clit before dipping my tongue into her wet heat. I feel her pussy clamp onto my tongue while she squirms in my arms, whimpering and begging for more.

Moving up, I nibble at her needy little nub, which is begging for the attention that I am finally ready to give. Wrapping my lips around her clit, she moans so loudly that I pull away from her instantly.

Reaching up and grabbing her by the throat, her eyes fly to my face instantly.

“You, my pup, will need to stay quiet if you want to cum today. We can’t have anyone outside that door knowing what

is happening in here now, can we? Are you going to be a good girl and cum for Daddy, while you keep that pretty mouth shut? Or am I going to need to fill it for you to shut you up?"

"Maybe I will be quiet just enough to come on your face, and then I'll scream so you'll shove your cock down my throat and punish me like the bad girl I am."

This woman is seriously going to be the death of me. The only response I manage is a low growl that crawls up out of my throat as I lean in closer. Squeezing the sides of her throat just a little tighter, listening as her breathing becomes more and more labored. Slamming my mouth to hers, I shove two fingers deep into her soaking wet pussy. I curl them just enough to find that sweet spot, catching her moan in my mouth.

I keep up my assault on her pussy, adding a third finger, stretching her even more. Just as I feel her pussy start to clamp around my fingers, and her body start to quiver, I pull them free and sit back on my heels. She growls in response to the emptiness she is feeling before glaring at me, eyes flashing in warning.

"With an attitude like that, you will not be permitted to come until you can prove that you can be Daddy's good girl," I say, while licking my fingers clean as I stand back up.

She peers up at me through her lashes as she speaks in response to my declaration. A mischievous glint in her eye as she slides forward until her knees hit the floor in front of me.

"I know how to prove that I can be a good girl."

My cock instantly responds to the sight of her on her knees and pushes even harder into my zipper. Putting my fingers under her chin until she is looking up at me fully.

“Do you truly think that you can handle what I have to give you?”



CHAPTER FIFTEEN



I don't know where all this courage is coming from today. It could just be the full-moon lust I am feeling, the adrenaline, or just sheer stupidity.

But I'm just going to go with the flow and hope for the best. He had me so close to coming and then just left me high and dry, and needy as fuck once again. This time he needs to finish what he started and the sooner it happens, the better.

I get up to push him back so that I can get onto my knees in front of him. Staring at the bulge created by the monster beneath his jeans, my mouth begins to water uncontrollably, my wolf purring in anticipation. But it doesn't take long before he puts his fingers under my chin and lifts my face to look into my eyes.

“Do you truly think that you can handle what I have to give you?”

This is most definitely something that I can handle. Who the fuck does he think he is? Is it a third arm hiding in those

jeans? Is it fucking scary looking? Before I can talk myself out of it, I meet his eyes once again.

“Whatever the fuck you have hiding in there, is nothing I haven’t seen before, and is probably smaller than the last guy to fuck me.”

It is most definitely not smaller and I probably haven’t seen one like it in real life. I’ve only technically been with one man before this, and I don’t even count that. Keeping my eyes on him, I slowly reach up for his belt. With shaking hands, I start to fumble slightly while trying to undo it. He ends up getting frustrated with me and does it himself, along with his button and zipper.

What in the fuck am I doing? I’ve never done this willingly before. I don’t even know what to do really so it looks like I’ll just try to do what I’ve seen in porn before. Let’s just hope that it works for him because I need the release just as much as he does.

Taking a deep breath, I pull down his jeans and boxer briefs just far enough for his cock and ass to be free, his cock smacking me in the face as it springs free from its confines.

I don’t know what I was expecting, but this sure as shit wasn’t it.

He is fucking huge. So big that I know for a fact that this fucker isn’t going to fit anywhere comfortably. Bigger than I have ever actually seen in person. And oh my God, his cock is pierced. It looks like two barbells right through the head in a cross shape.

I'm staring at it with my mouth agape for what must have been too long because I hear a growl come from him as I see a bead of pre-cum leak from his tip.

I am so fucking nervous at the sheer sight of this monster, it's too much!

“What the fuck am I supposed to do with this little thing?” I force a giggle. “You know my mom always said not to put small things in my mouth or I may choke.”

“Excuse me? What the fuck did you just say to me?” he growls.

“You heard me,” I gesture to the monster in front of me, “What do you expect me to do with this little thing? I'll choke and possibly die!”

“Why don't you just open that bratty little mouth of yours and let me show you how badly you'll be choking on this cock?”

Running my tongue along my bottom lip, I slide my hands up his thighs as I lean a little bit closer, my breath quickening as I take in his cock twitching with anticipation. D growls and grabs a fistful of my hair with one hand and his cock with the other. Sticking out my tongue, I wait as he slowly strokes himself before guiding it toward my mouth.

“That's it, pup. Open wide for me.”

Leaning down until he is right above my open mouth, he spits onto my waiting tongue. Too stunned to do anything, I

look up and meet his eyes as I swallow before opening my mouth once again.

“Such a good pup. Now you are going to take the whole fucking thing like the dirty little whore that you are. You think you can do that for me?”

Standing back up, he slowly enters my waiting mouth, just enough for me to finally get a taste. Rolling my tongue around his swollen tip and piercings, I get a feel for them before taking my time to collect the pre-cum from his tip. My eyes flutter closed, moaning as his taste explodes across my tongue. Earthy and smokey. Salty yet sweet. Pure fucking heaven and I cannot get enough. I would die if I never got to experience this again.

Pulling free from me, he yanks my head back until I am looking up at him.

“You will look at me while you suck my cock. I want to see the tears run down your cheeks while I am fucking that pretty little throat of yours. Do you understand?”

Barely managing a nod, he eases his death grip on the back of my head. Keeping my eyes on him, I open my mouth again. Waiting. Sliding his cock back into my mouth, I begin working the tip, my tongue wrapping around the piercings and massaging the head. Releasing his cock, he grabs my hair with both hands and begins to drive in and out of my mouth with such savagery that I am sure he will split my lips.

Slowly, I glide my hands up his legs, caressing his muscular thighs, until I am cupping his balls in one hand. He growls in

response to my touch, pupils blown wide and hooded with
lust.



CHAPTER SIXTEEN



Never in this lifetime did I think I would have a woman like her, on her knees willingly. Yet here she is, with my cock thrusting into the back of her throat repeatedly. Gagging on my size, with spit running down her chin and tears escaping the corners of her eyes.

Just the sight of her as she struggles to take every inch of me has me about ready to lose control. The way her hands caress my thighs while she expertly works every inch of me.

I thrust into her and hold there for a moment, feeling her groan as her throat constricts around my cock as she struggles to breathe. Hearing the small gasps for air as I cut off her oxygen, my release starts to build faster than I anticipated. Pulling back slowly, she nearly chokes on the air as it rushes into her lungs, her eyes slamming shut.

Tightening my grip on her hair, I shove myself back into her throat with such force her eyes fly back open as her nose slams into the base.

“Haven’t I already made myself clear, pup? I told you. Eyes. On. Me.”

She tries to nod her head again, so I release my grip from her hair completely as I pull free from her again.

“I want you to continue sucking my cock like a good little slut so that I can come all over this pretty face,” I say as I wipe away the tears running down her cheeks.

Nodding her head, she brings her hands up to grip my cock, pumping me a few times before guiding it back into her mouth. She works it expertly and I don’t know how much longer I am going to last. I still want to bend her over the boss’s desk and make her come before I get off.

I can feel my release getting closer, and I think she can, too. Because she reaches around and grips my ass, shoving me into the back of her throat with such force that I almost lose control right there.

I go to grab her by the hair to pull her off when she gets this mischievous look in her eyes. Getting a bit worried that she may bite my dick off, I try to step back and pull free from her grip, but she digs her nails deeper into my ass. I can feel the blood dripping down the backs of my thighs, soaking into my jeans, but she just keeps digging them deeper.

Between the look of my cock buried deep in her throat and the pain from her nails digging into my ass, I am about to explode. That’s when she does something I never would have expected. She pulls one hand away and brings it up between

my legs, squeezing my balls before her finger darts back and she shoves it in my ass, using my blood as lube.

That foreign sensation, part pain, and part pleasure, is all I need to lose it completely. Throwing my head back, I howl as I spill every single drop down her throat. Shuddering as she laps at my dick, I look down and see a look of complete satisfaction on her face.

Sitting back on her heels, she never takes her eyes off of me. Once again, she brings her fingers to her lips. One by one, she cleans them. Moaning as the taste of my blood hits her tongue, her thighs clench. All evidence of the blood on her fingers is now gone. She starts to trail her fingers back down her body.

Stopping to cup both of her tits, giving them a little squeeze, she toys with her piercings. Meeting my eyes, one hand continues south, where it stops between her thighs. Dipping her fingers inside her dripping cunt, she starts pumping them in and out in a come-here motion, moaning as her orgasm starts building. I can hear how wet she is right now as she fingers herself. Both the sight and the sound have my cock hardening all over again, ready for round two.

Bending down, I grab her around the waist, picking her up off her knees before slamming her onto the desk behind me. Cock ready to go, begging to be buried deep inside her tight little cunt. Leaning over her body, I run my tongue up her shoulder. Tasting the arousal on her skin as I get to her ear. Nibbling it slightly.

“Oh, pup, you are going to regret making me bleed and you will regret touching yourself without my permission even more.”

“Oh no, what’s a girl to do? Do you think you’re going to punish me? I don’t even know your fucking name, you asshole,” she spits back, attempting to get out from under my hold whilst hiding one of her hands.

“You either fuck me like a man, or you can fuck off. I don’t have time to play games with a bitch.”

The laugh that escapes me at her statement is real, and it echoes throughout the room as I straighten up, tucking myself back into my jeans. The moment that I release her from my hold, she spins on me, raising her arm. My hand darts out to catch it, but she caught me off guard.

She jams her knife right into my shoulder and twists the blade before backing up. Howling in anger and pain, I pull the knife from my shoulder, stalking her once again. Twirling the blade in my hand as I watch her corner herself.

“Little pup, why is it that you keep pushing my patience? Your decision to bury this blade into me will have you punished accordingly, and you will fucking enjoy it. Won’t you, pup?” I growl.

As she backs into a wall, her eyes remain on me, wide with fear. Watching me stalk my prey once again, eyes flashing bright blue the closer I get.

“Why are you backing away from me now, pup? Did you not just have my cock shoved down your throat moments before you licked my blood from your fingers?”

Grabbing her, I hoist her up and push her against the wall. Her bare center lines up with my still hard cock as her legs wrap around my waist. I grab both her wrists in my hand and hold them above her head so that she cannot fight back. Leaning in, I run my tongue across her jaw, tasting her. Making my way down her neck to her collarbone, I stop at the scar already forming from the last time that I marked her. Kissing the scarring wound, she growls at me, trying to warn me off what I am about to do. But I do not intend on stopping, not after that minor incident.

A growl erupts from my chest in response to her challenge just before I bite into her again. The exact spot as before. Ripping open the healed flesh to mark her once again, I grind my throbbing cock into her cunt as my teeth sink deeper into her flesh.

Howling in pain, she tries to pull her wrists out of my grasp, but she's no match for me, wolf or not. Licking at her neck to clean up the blood that has rushed from the open wound, I reach between us to release my cock once again. If she wants to be fucked by a real man, I will show her what that truly means.

Before I can even get my zipper down, a pounding starts on the door. Slamming my free hand over her mouth, I listen.

Hoping that whoever it is, just goes the fuck away. I'm not done here and hate being interrupted.

The pounding eventually stops, but not long after we hear thuds as if someone is trying to break down the door. Before I can react to what is happening, the door flies open. Jake rushes into the room, freezing as his eyes land on us. All he sees is some big ass motherfucker with his bartender up against the wall in the most vulnerable of positions with blood running down her chest and my chin. He starts yelling at me to let her go before hollering out of the door for security to hurry the fuck up.

Turning back to the reason I am here, I lean in so that only she can hear.

“I am not done with you, pup. You are mine now and there isn't a fucking thing you can do about it. I cannot wait to feel this pussy milking my cock as I spill deep inside of you.”

Slamming my mouth to hers, I kiss her like a lover, but only for a moment.

Security walks into the office, so I set her down on her feet and make sure that she is covered and decent before backing away. I am then escorted from the building, through the front door no less, and told not to come back to the establishment or I will be arrested.

I don't see how these fucks think they can keep me out but whatever. I did what I came here to do. Well mostly, but I don't give a fuck. I'll finish what I started later.

Chuckling to myself, I adjust my clothing and run a hand through my hair to smooth it all down before wiping at my face, hoping to get as much of the blood off as possible. Ducking into the alley again, I see that the assholes from earlier are all still there and most definitely dead. Not wanting to get caught back here with them, I head across the street to hide out in the shadows until the bar closes for the night.

Pulling my phone from my pocket, I start sending out texts to keep Momma Jo and my brothers in the loop. I shoot Momma a text first.

**Hey Momma, I just wanted to chat about
Andrea for a few minutes if you got time for a
call. I know it's late, but I just freed up some
time.**

Waiting for a response, I return my phone to my pocket to take a look around.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN



What the fuck just happened? Jake is screaming, the head of security is screaming and D is just smirking at everyone. He gives zero fucks about being caught how we were.

Watching as two of the security guys escort D from the office, I am still frozen in place. Jake must think that I am traumatized once again because he comes over to me and wraps me in a hug. Smoothing down my hair while whispering something to me about how it's all going to be okay.

I really hate it when he does this. I am not a child. And not only that, but considering what happened earlier, he should know that I can take care of myself. While what happened with D wasn't completely consensual, a lot of it was.

Unwinding myself from his arms and pushing him away, I try to reassure him.

“Jake, it's fine. I'm fine. You are way overreacting and honestly, it wasn't as bad as it looked. I had it under control.

Mostly.”

Noticing that I am still half exposed to my boss, I try to fix my top a little better. But it seems to be ripped now and my girls won't cooperate anymore, which makes me more uncomfortable than D has ever made me feel.

Jake doesn't believe me though, and digs his phone out of his pocket.

“Hun, I know what the fuck I just saw, and that did not look fine or under control. He had you held up against the wall and you are bleeding all over the damn place.”

Finally, looking away from me, he begins dialing 911.

“For the love of God, Jake, he is a friend. What you saw was some fucked up shit, yes. But it was consensual fucked up shit,” I lie, hoping that he doesn't pick up on it.

Setting his phone on the desk, he grabs a t-shirt with the bar's logo out of the drawer before walking over to hand it to me.

“Here, put this on at least. You are a mess and your top is ripped. No one should see you like this, let alone me, and we need to talk about this.”

Rolling my eyes, I take the hooded cape part of my costume off, dropping it to the floor before taking the shirt from his hands. I pull it on over my head and adjust it so that it covers everything. He then gestures to the couch, assuming that I will sit to talk.

I look at the spot where I was just sitting with D in between my legs and thoughts of his pierced tongue circling my clit come to mind full force. There is still a wet spot right where my ass was. My thighs clench as my eyes flutter closed, barely catching the moan that was making its way out.

Realizing that Jake is still staring at me, I just shake my head. “Nah, I think I will just stand. I am a bit antsy.”

“Okay, whatever makes you more comfortable. Can you tell me what the fuck happened since I left you in here?” he asks as he leans against his desk. The same desk that I was slammed down into with a cock grinding against my ass.

My God, I'm never going to be able to be in here again without thinking about all the ways I want to ride D and his monster cock.

Shaking the naughty thoughts from my head, I begin pacing the room.

“Yeah, I guess I can if that's what will keep you from calling the cops.”

“D is a friend of mine, I guess you could say. He saw what happened on the dance floor and came to make sure that I was okay after you left the room. And well, one thing led to another, and it ended right where you saw us up against the wall.” I rush out. Once again lying and hoping that he won't call me on it.

Running his hand through his hair again, he exhales audibly.

“Andy, what part of my office did you two just desecrate, and where the fuck do I need to sanitize before I can work in here again?” He asks while glancing around the room.

“Well, you should probably start with the couch. The floor in front of the couch. The side of your desk that you are leaning on. Oh and the wall where you caught us.”

The look on Jake’s face as he scans the room, looking at all the places that I mentioned, is enough to make me giggle. I don’t though. I just hold it in and hold my head high. Yes this may be my boss’s office, but I am a grown ass woman and will not be belittled.

“Well, I’m glad you had a great time here, Andy, but I think after everything you should just head home for the night. You cannot return to the floor in the state that you are in,” he says flatly.

Worried that I will lose my job, I try to argue back with him, but he just cuts me off by holding up his hand.

“You aren’t fired. I just can’t have a bartender half naked, with her assets falling out all over the bar and covered in blood serving my customers. Talk about a goddamn health code violation. I will collect your tip jar and stash it in the safe until your next shift. I will see you on Wednesday. You can have the rest of the weekend off so that little love bite on your neck can heal.” He gestures to where the blood is starting to seep through the shirt he gave me.

“Oh, and when you are done with that shirt, just throw it out. I won’t be wanting it back.”

“Well, okay then, thank you for not firing me. It won’t happen again, I swear.”

Going out to the main area, I take a look around and notice that Jake called in one of his daytime bartenders to help with the rush we are having tonight. A pang of jealousy hits me square in the gut because that bitch will be getting all of my tips. All because I couldn’t help but taunt the Big Bad Wolf. Rolling my eyes inward, I make my way behind the bar to grab my things.

Just as I grab my purse and turn to leave, I feel a hand wrap around my upper arm, spinning me around. Cassie looks me up and down, stopping at the blood on my shirt.

“Holy shit girl! What in the fuck happened to you back there? I saw security escorting some huge fucker from back there. Did he hurt you too? I swear I will kill him if he did!”

Laughing at her reaction and the thought of this petite little thing trying to take on someone D’s size. I pat her hand and pull her fingers from their death grip on my arm.

“Nah, girl. Just had the time of my life after stabbing some douchebag out on the dance floor. Then Jake busted down the door and caught us when that huge fucker had me pinned up against the wall.”

“You have got to be kidding me? How in the fuck did I not know about a guy like that in your life? I thought you told me everything. Or is it a new thing? I need all the details!”

Loving the pout on her lips but hating the pang of guilt brewing in my gut, I wrap my arms around her.

“I love you, Cassie. You are seriously the most badass bitch I know and I am so glad to call you my friend.”

Starting to get a bit teary-eyed, I let her know that I am heading home for the night because D got a little rough with me and bit me too hard. I need a shower before heading out for a run, anyway. I am sticky and covered in both my blood and D's, and while I love the fact that he is on my skin still, my love to be clean is winning.

Giving her one more hug and a peck on the cheek. I head out for home.



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



It doesn't take long before she is walking out the front door of Jake's Place. Unfortunately for me, she is no longer displaying that sexy body, but a big old shirt that someone must have given her.

Between the bite mark and how badly I fucked up her clothes, she was sure a sight to see. I can just imagine Jake in there, clutching his pearls at the sight of us when he came in.

Chuckling to myself at that thought, I begin to follow Andrea to where she is headed. It's just after midnight and still technically Halloween, so the streets are more packed than usual. She won't notice anyone following her tonight, so I don't worry about hiding my presence this time. Just as she turns the corner to head toward the car park, my phone starts ringing in my pocket. Pulling it out, I see that it's Momma Jo calling me back.

"Hey Momma, sorry it is so late. I didn't think that you would call me back tonight. Figured I'd hear from you first

thing in the morning.” I say right away. Hoping that I didn’t worry her or piss her off.

“Oh no, honey, you are just fine. A couple of the heifers are calving again, so we are all up late tonight making sure they are all good.” She says without pause.

“Well, I hope that what I am about to say isn’t about to ruin your night, but,” I start, but she cuts me off.

“Damien, there is no but. I already know what you are about to say, and it’s already done.” She says. I think I can even hear a slight smile in her voice.

“Can you please explain what is already done?”

Part of me is worried about what the hell she did exactly, but I should know better than to doubt Momma in her actions.

“Honey, I already canceled the hit. Yesterday. Made sure to send in the file that shows everything that we were able to find on her and let them know that we would be unable to finish the job. They said that they will forward the information and the message to the one that put out the hit and let them figure out what to do.”

“Are you serious? Why would you do that for me?” I ask. Honestly curious.

“Damien, never doubt your momma. Do you hear me? I may be old, but I’m not naïve. I know what it’s like to mate with someone, and I would never expect you to kill yours. No matter who she is or how old she is. Killing her would kill a part of yourself and even though you can be a giant pain in my

ass, I could not bear the thought of that. Now I gotta go, honey. Your brother just texted and apparently, we got a breech to take care of. Call me tomorrow.”

And with that, she hangs up. I’m so fucking stunned that I hardly realize that I am standing in the middle of the car park where Andrea lives. Looking around, I realize that no one is around but I can hear movement coming from near her van. Darting into the shadows, I watch as she steps out of her van with a bag in tow, still sporting that dirty ass shirt. Either she’s taking off, which would be weird, or she’s headed to the gym again. Watching her closely, she crosses the street and heads straight into the empty gym.

Waiting for her to disappear into the back of the building, I cross the street to follow her into the locker room once again. Thoughts of that first night with her in the shower run through my mind and I contemplate doing it all over again. But she has had enough bullshit tonight, and I still need to go for a run. I just want to get a small sneak peek at her before heading out.

Repeating the same process as last time, locking the main doors behind me while skirting the room, I make my way back to the locker rooms. I push open the men’s room slightly, listening in, unsure of which door she went into tonight. Hearing nothing, I cross the small area to do the same to the women’s locker room. I pop the door open just enough to hear the shower running.

Stepping in, I take a quick look around, hoping that she can’t see me. When I see the coast is clear, I lock the door behind

me. Walking around all the lockers toward the showers, I make sure to stay as quiet as possible. She's had a long night and I don't want to make it any longer.

That's when my eyes land on her.

Drinking in her naked body, I try to take in everything that I can. She looks like she is shaving and I can't help but notice how her body moves as she does. She bends over to get one of her legs and I now have the perfect view of her ass. To say it's flawless is an understatement. It is round and plump, but not in a muscular way, and I can see cute little stretch marks stretching up the sides of both of her cheeks until they kiss her hips.

Continuing to watch, mesmerized by the woman who has taken over my entire world, I think about all the ways I want to ruin her and how I will talk her into it. Suddenly pissed off and starting to get hard again, I turn and leave before she spots me lurking.

Stepping out into the night, my skin begins to crawl. I've never not shifted on a full moon and tonight my wolf is demanding to be released after everything. He is just as horny and riled up as I am.

Knowing what is about to happen, I walk over to Andrea's van and check the side doors to find that she locked them this time.

Walking around the van, I check the remaining doors and only find the driver's door unlocked. Swinging it open, I start stripping down. I don't want to ruin my clothes and I sure in

the fuck don't want to lose them. The only choice I have now is to leave them in here and hope that she doesn't destroy them or throw them away.

Coming around the front of the van, I lock eyes with her. She's freshly showered and wearing a thin little summer dress despite the chilly night air. I can see her pert little nipples poking through the sheer front and even the outline of the barbells running through each one. Her hair is hanging free over one shoulder, still damp and curling as it dries. My mark stands out against her pale skin in the moonlight.

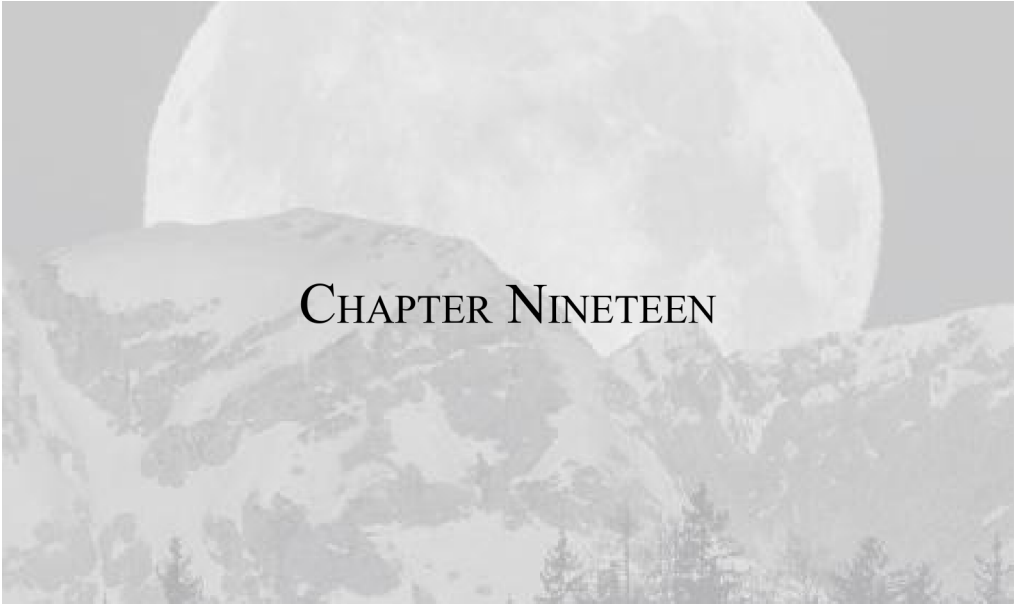
My gaze travels down her body slowly, taking in every inch as I have done a dozen times. But when I look up into her face, she too is slowly taking in my naked body. This is the first time she has seen any amount of my skin other than my cock, which is getting harder the longer she looks at me like that. When her gaze meets mine, I can see her wolf shining through. Those beautiful arctic blues are flashing at me while she bites her bottom lip, thighs clenching as she clutches her bag like it's her lifeline.

“Don't mean to interrupt, pup, but I needed to stash a few things in your van for a few hours. I need to go for a run and I don't have time to head back to my place first.”

“Umm, that's okay, I guess. But once you are done streaking through the streets of Denver, make sure to come back and get your shit out of my van. Once morning hits, it's going into the nearest dumpster.”

Chuckling, I just shake my head before taking one more good look at her.

And then I shift.



CHAPTER NINETEEN



H^{oly shit!} Walking back to my van, I expect to go inside and curl up before passing out. But no, that's not what is happening. What's happening is, a naked man is standing in front of my van. A very well-endowed and sexy as fuck naked man, covered in tattoos. Of course, it's D. I just can't seem to get away from him.

But then again, I don't think that I want to anymore.

I want to be pissed that he is here again. He seems to be everywhere, and it's undoubtedly starting to irritate me. No girl wants a fucking stalker. Let alone a stalker like him. But I keep getting distracted by him.

It's so hard to be mad at someone that looks like he was created by the gods themselves. This is the first time that I have seen anything about him besides his cock as it was in my mouth. Which seems to be growing larger by the minute.

I can't help but stare and notice how his tattoos dance when he moves, or how each of his piercings glitter in the moonlight. His nipples are pierced too, and he has so many tattoos all over his body that I can't even count them all. All over his body.

The way he just stands there, his gaze sliding over my chilled body, heating my skin everywhere he looks. I can feel my nipples hardening under the thin dress I am wearing. My arousal makes itself more than known as it drips down my thighs, my pussy begging to be filled by this masterpiece in front of me.

His eyes meet mine and I can't help but notice how they look in the moonlight. Seas of emerald green I could swim in forever, and my God, do I want that right now. But I can't let him know how much I want him, how much I need him. So I glare at him the best that I can. Not knowing how well it's working.

My wolf howls and whimpers in my mind. She wants him too, and she is not making my life very easy. She's starting to piss me off. I need to get him out of here so that I can go for a run. I need to let go and not worry about anything, even for just a little while.

His arm comes up, and he rubs the back of his neck. Wincing at the sudden pain from his stab wound.

“Don't mean to interrupt, pup, but I needed to stash a few things in your van for a few hours. I need to go for a run and don't have time to head back to my place first.”

I let him know that it's fine and all, but his shit will disappear if he isn't back before morning. And then he fucking shifts. Standing here, frozen in place, I stare down at a giant, black wolf with glowing green eyes. He circles me a few times before taking off toward the tree line.

Before I can even comprehend what I just learned and witnessed, I throw all my shit into my van, slamming the door shut. Taking off in a sprint, I rush for the treeline he just disappeared into. We are a long way from privacy, being near downtown Denver, but I know it'll be about a fifteen-minute run if he's careful.

Concentrating on the feel of my feet hitting the earth as I run, the wind blowing through my hair, and the moonlight peeking through the treetops above. It's been months since I've shifted myself, and my wolf is being a little stubborn tonight. I know that I have lost him for now, but I am hoping I can catch up to him at some point during the night. Let's just hope that I remember everything this time. Usually, I can't remember anything after my shift because I didn't have anyone to teach me how when growing up.

Finally feeling my wolf coming to the surface, I let her free just as I make it into the hills south of Denver. There isn't much space between here and the next city, but there's enough to let go for a short while. I stop and take in my surroundings, seeing nothing but my shredded dress behind me and the nature that surrounds me.

Howling, I take off into a full-on sprint. Rushing through the wilderness as fast as my paws can take me. Before I know it, I reach the base of the mountains. I'm not sure why I ran this way, but then again, after the wolf comes out, I tend to lose all control while she takes the driver's seat.

Continuing in the same direction, I can feel another presence nearby, though I'm unsure who or what it is. I can tell they aren't fully human, but that's it. I guess my wolf has tracked down D, or vice versa. Slowing down, I lift my nose to the air, while I perk my ears up. Trying to get a whiff of them, or at least hear where they are, there's nothing out there but running water. No scent besides the different types of trees that surround me. Shaking off the feeling, I trot toward the sounds of the water to find a small waterfall coming off the mountain. It is truly breathtaking.

Taking my time, I wade into the water at the base of the mountain, relishing in the cool water as it flows over my fur. Coming up behind the waterfall, I discover a small cave with a pool inside it. I decide to walk further inside to look for anything else; once again, I find nothing. Feeling exhausted, I lay down next to the pool, just for a moment, to gather my energy before heading out into the forest again.



CHAPTER TWENTY



She knows she is being watched. Or at least I think she does. She keeps stopping, searching for something. Now and then, she sniffs at the air and listens for movement. I'm not exactly being careful in my pursuit of her, so it may be me that she is looking for. While I do want her to know that I am here, I do not want her to know where I am. There is no fun in that.

I can't help but love this little game. She may not realize that it is happening yet, but she will soon enough. For now I will just stalk my pup.

I continue to follow her at a slower pace; stalking her and watching her every movement. Noticing the way the breeze flows through her snow-white fur and the way her eyes flash every time she looks around nervously.

She is just as beautiful in her wolf form as she is in her human form.

What surprises me though, is the color of her fur. Her hair is jet black with just a simple streak of white at the front, but her wolf is snow-white with a small black patch on her chest and the tips of her ears and tail.

I will never know how or why, but I will revel in her beauty, nonetheless.

Running to fully catch up to her, I see her wade into the water under a small waterfall that is coming out the side of the mountain above us. Honestly, it's pretty badass, and I would love to come here when I'm not a wolf, so that I can fully enjoy the place. Right now, all I want to do is run and hunt. Looking down from where my gaze has traveled, I see her disappear behind the falls, so I just sit down on the edge of the water and wait for her to come back out.

After what seems like an eternity, I start to become a bit worried about her well-being. I stand up and start pacing the shoreline, my wolf whimpering. Begging me to allow him to go to her. Just as I give in and start to wade into the water, I see something within the falls.

It's not easy to make out, and I would have thought it was a hallucination if it wasn't for her eyes shining through. Knowing that she is fine, I let out a howl. I do it for two reasons. One, to let her know I'm here and watching like I always am. Two, as a way to let her, and anyone else know, that I have found my prey and she will not get away.

A growl echoes from the caves beyond the waterfall as I watch her walk out from beneath the water. Looking like a

goddess on a mission, with a look in her eyes that could strike down an ordinary man.

Good thing I'm no ordinary man.

With that thought, I turn around and walk a few steps, before looking at her over my shoulder, taunting her. I need her to follow me, to chase me. The only way that I will get her where I want her is for her to pursue me for once.

Without waiting for her to make a move, I take off toward the side of the mountain the waterfall is coming from. I don't wait for her; I don't slow down. I run as fast as my paws can carry me. Running for a solid twenty minutes, I start to slow. Listening for her footfalls against the earth. I can hear her chasing me. Faintly at first, but as I continue at my slow pace, the sounds of her paws through the forest floor become louder and louder.

Slowing down to a playful trot, I continue my path deeper into the woods. I realize that I can no longer hear her footfalls behind me. I don't hear anything at all but the sounds of the forest at night.

Concentrating on each sound I pick up the wind as it whistles through the branches rustling the leaves that hang on for dear life. The animals all seem to be sleeping or hiding right now but the musical calls from the owls perched high up in the trees creates a haunting ambiance. The clicking of the bats as they look for their meal and the Katydid's as they too look for their mates. All of these create the perfect atmosphere for how I am feeling.

Turning around to head back, I hear a low growl coming from my left. Fully alert, I hunch down to brace for whatever plans she has, but I'm not quick enough this time.

All I see is a blur of white fur, as her body collides with mine, throwing me to the side. Jumping up to face her, fully ready this time, I see she is in no playful mood. She is fucking pissed and I am ready for her. Or so I thought.

She lunges at me, teeth bared, and I'm not fast enough to evade her. My reactions are slow tonight with the lust fogging my brain and I cannot counter her attack at all. Her teeth sink into my throat as she hurls me to the ground. I don't try to get up, though. I want her to think that she has won this one. While her teeth did puncture my skin, they did not sink deep enough to cause any lasting damage.

She begins to circle me, snarling and growling. Just as I think she may lunge at me again, she lifts her head to the sky and howls. A howl filled with misery and agony. Despair. Filled with so much hurt that I can't help but join her. Letting her know she is not alone and that I am with her, but she doesn't seem to care because she turns and runs.

Confused and stunned, I am rooted to the spot for a beat too long. Gathering my bearings, I shoot off after her. I need to catch her and make sure she is going to be okay.



CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE



I lost hours. Fucking hours as usual and I hate it so much. I wish I could remember the feel of the forest floor as my paws dug into the earth. Of the wind running through my fur as I pushed myself to run as fast as I could go. I dream of one day being able to remember. Until then, I'll just have to pretend.

Waking a little more, I realize that the sun is shining through the trees, warming my skin. Skin. Not fur. I also hear a deep, steady breath and a heartbeat so close that I begin to worry. Sitting up so fast that my head swims, I take in my surroundings. I am stark-ass naked, of course, laying on the forest floor, in the fucking arms of a sleeping D.

What in the actual fuck happened last night?

Panicking, I try to stand up but my leg is numb from how I was lying on it. Tipping to the side, I catch myself on his upper thigh. Right next to his quickly rising cock. I try to jerk my hand away before waking him up, but his arm flies up and traps my hand in its spot. A low growl leaves his chest as his

eyes focus on my current disheveled appearance. Trying to smooth down my crazy-ass hair, picking out a few twigs and leaves, I completely avoid his searing gaze.

He releases my hand after I continue to ignore his existence. Or at least I try to. I am very aware of every single aspect of this man. From the heat of his skin burning into my hand, which is still planted on his thigh, to the sounds of his breathing. Peeking a glance over, I see he has lifted himself onto his elbows and continues to watch me. Rolling on his side, he reaches over and starts tracing the stretch marks that work their way up my hips. Leaving behind a trail of goosebumps that has me blushing fiercely.

I can't do this. This man has already had me doing some questionable things. The last thing I need right now is to do something I may regret later. Again.

“Well, this has been nice. I think. So I’m going to go on and head out. I need to get home and shower. Again.”

Looking anywhere but at him, I stand up and try my best to cover myself as I start walking, not wanting to give him a chance to respond.

“Andrea,” he growls.

Stopping dead in my tracks, I look over my shoulder. Fearful of what I might see. My eyes travel up the length of his body as he is now standing. He looks even more magnificent in the sunlight than he did last night. My breath catches in my throat when I make it to his face and see a smirk on his face and a mischievous look in his eyes. I have a fleeting feeling I am not

going to like what he is about to say. He already looks like he wants to devour me whole.

“I never said that I was done with you, pup. But if you insist on wandering these woods, naked and alone, then by all means, head on out, and good luck getting home. However, if I catch you, I will have you any way that I want. Do you understand what that means?” tilting his head, he challenges me.

Fine, but he'll have to fucking catch me first.

Without a word in response, I take off running with no idea where the fuck I am going. I can figure it out later once I make some distance between the two of us. I run at a full sprint for roughly twenty minutes before I need to slow down and catch my breath, hunching over and leaning into a nearby tree for a few moments. Once I get my breathing under control, I hear it. A quiet chuckle, followed by a low growl.

“My, my little pup. If I’m not mistaken, I would say you aren’t trying very hard to get away from me. Is it that you want me to catch you? To fuck you up against one of these trees before feasting on that pretty little pussy of yours? To elicit so many orgasms from you that you can’t walk anymore and have to be carried out?” he continues laughing as I start running again.

As much as I want all of those things, I won’t let it happen easily. He is still a stranger regardless of the things we have already done. I don’t know his name but I can’t explain why I

feel the way I feel about him. And that shit scares me more than being hunted.

I hate how he makes me feel things that I have never felt about anyone else.

Lost in thought, I don't realize I have slowed down, barely jogging now. He must have used my distraction against me because the next thing I know, he steps out from behind a tree and I run straight into him.

He grips my hips tightly in his massive hands before I bounce off him and onto my ass. The feeling of his hands on my bare skin lights a fire deep within me. Leaning into me, his lips brushing my cheek.

“Got you, pup. Now, how about that little promise?”

Before I can even utter a response, one hand comes up to wrap around my throat, backing me into the nearest tree. He slams me against the trunk of the tree, knocking the breath out of me. Letting go of my throat, he winds his fingers through the hair at the base of my skull. Angling my face up and away so that he has better access to my neck. He starts to nip and kiss at the skin he just held in his bruising grip. Unable to fight what he is doing to me, I wait for my moment, trying not to let my body betray me, and failing miserably.

Bringing his hand up from my hip, he massages one of my breasts while peppering kisses across my collarbone. Pinching and rolling my nipple as he does so. The mixture of sensations assaulting my body right now has me ready to come undone in

this man's hands. Pain and pleasure. On their own, they can be great, but together, they're fucking euphoric.

The wolf in me purrs and whimpers at what we're feeling right now. His mouth finally made its way farther down my chest, his lips finally latching onto my nipple. Tongue rolling around my piercing. Groaning as his teeth graze ever so slightly over the sensitive shit.

Looking down, I notice he is gazing up at me, watching my face for the reactions to the things he is doing to me. Trying my best to wipe the look of lust off my face, I glare at him until he chuckles a bit, releasing my breasts.

“Aww, what's the matter, pup? Don't like it when I touch you here?”

He asks as he runs his hand down my neck, caressing my breast again.

“Or is it that you would prefer me to touch you here?”

His hand slowly dips down between my legs. Sliding his finger over my clit before plunging it deep inside me.

Stifling the moans of pleasure racking through my body.

“No, I don't want you touching me anywhere” I grit out.

Pumping his finger inside me a few more times, he runs his finger around my clit a few times before bringing it to his lips. Groaning as he cleans my arousal from his hand, as he grinds his hard cock into my stomach to show me just how much he wants me.

“Do you see what you do to me, pup? How hard you make me when I am in your presence?” he asks, pushing further into me.

“Honestly, it’s kinda hard to miss that monstrous fucker trying to drill a new hole in my stomach for it to bury itself into.”

My words catch him off guard and he steps back and laughs. A real genuine laugh, which causes my heart to constrict because I’m about to cause him some pain yet again. Thinking twice about my original plan since I don’t want to damage that magnificent cock.

While he is lost in his laughter, I pull my arm back and swing. My fist connects with his jaw. My hand screams at the impact, but it’s enough to throw him off enough for me to wrench his hand free from my hair.

And then I run.



CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



I cannot believe this fucking woman. I should have expected it though, considering the last time I had her in this predicament, she stabbed me in the shoulder. But I assumed she'd be all for it this time. Looks like I was wrong, but I will not be giving up on her.

She is mine to take. Mine to fuck. Mine to claim. And yet she ran from me again. She should know better than to run from a born hunter. It makes everything so much more fun to chase my prey.

Giving her a five-second head start, I take off after her and it doesn't take long until she is within reach again. I let her think she may get away, by slowing down just enough so that she can still hear me.

"Oh come on, pup, you should know better than to run from me," I yell out to her.

She falters just long enough, her head swings in all directions, looking for me, when her foot catches on a tree root

sticking up through the forest floor. She's not able to catch herself and ends up sprawled out in the vegetation.

“You motherfucker! Any normal guy would fuck off after getting socked in the jaw. Not chase the person who did it. Fuck off, old man!” She screams at me while getting back to her feet.

My laugh echoes through the trees as I continue to step toward her.

“But you should know by now that I am no normal guy. All you are doing when you attack me is turning me on more. I mean, come on, look at me right now. Here I am chasing you through the woods, naked, with a fucking hard-on.”

Darting to her left, in what seems to be an attempt to lose me, I follow slowly behind as she limps along, cradling her hurt hand to her chest. I don't need her hurting herself anymore while we are out here. That would make getting back into town a lot harder than it will already be.

Ducking behind a tree, she stops. Breathing unevenly, I can hear a pained whimper escape from her. I know exactly where she is, but since she can't see me, I play along with her.

“It's funny you think you can hide from me, pup. I can hear you breathing, how your heartbeat picks up the closer I get. The smell of that wet pussy of yours as it weeps for me to fill it.”

Peering around the side of the tree she is hiding behind, I make my presence known to her, waiting for another punch

but it doesn't come. Instead, I find her examining her hand with a scowl on her face.

“I wasn't hiding from you. I just wanted to go home until I realized a naked woman walking through Denver would cause a lot of commotion. I don't feel like getting arrested today, so I'm going to have to wait until nightfall before heading in. And I think your fucking fat face broke my hand.”

The scowl on her face doesn't let up until she turns to look at me. Eyes traveling from my feet, she stops at the sight of my hard cock before traveling up the rest of me, finally meeting my eyes.

“And I'm not aroused from being chased by you, no matter what you think. You don't make me wet. You're just an asshole.”

Challenge accepted. Grabbing her by her uninjured hand, I twirl her around and twist her arm behind her back, shoving her into the tree.

Leaning in close, I whisper, “If you are not aroused by the mere thought of me ravaging this pussy, then what has you so wet, pup?”

“I'm not fucking wet,” she huffs. Like she's trying to convince herself more than me.

“Really now? Then what is this?”

Reaching one hand down as I kick her legs apart for better access, I slide my hand forward and I find I am right. Her pussy is dripping down her thighs, clit swollen with need.

Circling my finger around her clit a few times, I nip at the side of her neck and shoulder before dipping my finger into her. Massaging that sweet spot, I have come to know that she loves so much.

“That’s my body and my wolf is betraying me. I don’t want you, no matter how much they do.” She says weakly as her hips push back into my hand, body begging for the release she so desperately needs right now.

“So you’re telling me that if I got on my knees right now that you wouldn’t come on my face like the dirty little slut you are?” I purr into her ear. Voice getting huskier by the minute. Withdrawing my finger from her pussy elicits the most beautiful whimper ever to escape her pretty little mouth.

“I’m not a slut.” She whispers. So quietly that I almost didn’t catch it.

“You may not be a slut, pup, but you will always be my slut and I cannot wait to show you what exactly that means.”

Spinning her around so that I can look her in the eye, I find her starting to tear up.

“Hey, what’s going on?” I ask her, brushing her hair out of her face so that I can see her better. Brushing my thumb across her cheek to collect the lone tear that has escaped her eye, running it along her bottom lip.

“I don’t like being called a slut. My old alpha used to call me that all the time, even though he has been the only man to ever actually enter me in any sense.”

She starts, avoiding my gaze, but I wait for her to continue. I won't be rushing her this time. Whatever this is, she needs to get it out. Just when I think she won't say anything else, she buries her face in her hands and starts sobbing.

“Just to make it clear, when I call you my dirty little slut, it is not derogatory in any sense, unlike when he would say it to you. Now hush.”

Pulling her to my chest, I start to smooth my hand over her hair, trying to calm her down. The pinch of comfort that I could provide was all she needed to collect herself.

Her sobs stop, but her breathing picks up. Lifting her head, she peers up at me through her lashes. I have never seen anyone more breathtaking than this woman is right now. Meeting my eyes, I can see that she is feeling better because there's a brief glint of something I can't quite make out. She pulls her head back slightly, just far enough so that she can look me straight in the eye.

“It's really nothing. Just thoughts about life before all of this here. Bad thoughts. But then you touched me gently, you washed them all away in an instant. How can you do that?”

She doesn't know, does she? Nothing about what it means to be a wolf. I knew she was young, but I had no idea that she wasn't taught anything.

“Pup, has no one ever talked to you about the way being a wolf works when you are an adult? After you have found your mate?”

Looking down and pulling away from me, I see a blush starting to creep in.

“No. No one could teach me. Or at least didn’t give a shit to. My parents died when I was young, and being an omega bitch, people didn’t care for me to know shit. And not only that, I could never find my mate. It’s not like they exist, anyway.”

So she doesn’t know about mates and how their bonds work, or even what it feels like to find one. Preparing for a reaction I’m not sure that I will get, I run my hands through my hair. Taking a moment. Closing my eyes and taking a few breaths, I center myself. Ready to explain to her why exactly we are so drawn to each other and why she is probably feeling the way she is feeling.

I never thought that I would have to explain a mate bond to my mate, which has me part annoyed, part sad, and part pissed the fuck off. Even though I didn’t grow up within the pack I was born into, Momma Jo made sure to teach us everything about being a wolf.

“Listen, pup, “I start, but then I see her eyes go wide. Fear takes over every single part of her features as she grips on to me. I try to turn and look at what has her so freaked out, but I’m too late.



CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE



The last thing I remember was a sharp pain shooting across the back of my skull, Andrea screaming, and then total darkness.

I am still sprawled out on the forest floor right where I was when I went down. I don't know how much time has passed, but it seems like hours because the sun is dipping below the horizon. Seeing anything while I lay on the thick forest floor is becoming harder by the minute.

Reaching up, I feel the back of my head where I felt the pain earlier, my hand coming away stained crimson. I'd say it's safe to say that someone bashed in the back of my head. Head pounding, I slowly work on picking my broken body up off the ground.

Fuck! Everything hurts!

It takes a few minutes to get my bearings straight, but once I do, I instantly start yelling out for Andrea. I hope to God she fought back against whoever the fuck it was that hit me,

knowing that she can. But is she strong enough to get away? I can't find her anywhere and there is no sound outside of the normal forest sounds. The only scent I am picking up is her fear, along with the scent of three or four other wolves. She did not get away if there were that many, which can only mean one thing.

This cannot be happening right now. I finally found her and now she's gone! There is no way in hell that I am going to be able to live without her anymore. She is my everything.

They came for her. It's the only thing I can think of amid my panic. Shifting back into my wolf, I head back into the heart of Denver as fast as I can push my body to go. I need to get to a phone to call Momma Jo and the boys so we can figure out what the fuck just happened and get my woman back before it's too late for her.



I make it back to the van in record time and find it destroyed but empty of all life. It looks like they came here first and tore it apart before tracking us down. Shifting here was probably not the best idea because it's got to be the only way that they were able to track us way out to where we were in the mountains.

Shifting back without giving a shit if someone sees me, I grab all my clothes and start pulling them on. Finding Andrea's phone in the back, I pick it up, and I thank God that her passcode is easy to figure out. Dialing the number I know

instinctively, I call Momma Jo and put the phone on speaker. She answers on the second ring.

“Momma, she’s gone and I don’t know where she is,” I spit out the moment she answers. I hear a deep sigh come from the other end of the line. “What was that for? You only do that when you have bad news.”

“Well, Damien, I do have bad news and I knew it was only a matter of time before you called,” she says wearily.

“What do you mean, you have bad news? Do you know what the fuck is happening and why I had my head bashed in today?”

I all but yell at her. My frustrations grow out of control as I finish lacing up my boots before sliding my knife inside. Locking up all the doors to Andrea’s van, I start heading back to my apartment.

“Well, in order to cancel the hit, we had to turn over everything we found on Andrea. Including her location.”

Before I can respond to that, she continues.

“Trust me when I say that I didn’t want to tell them where she was, but it’s part of the original contract, so I had to. I just didn’t think that they would be there to get her themselves so quickly. I was sure you had an extra day or two. I’m so sorry, Damien.”

She sounds utterly defeated and I know it isn’t her fault. I’m just pissed off that I was so distracted that I let some assholes

get the better of me. It was the first time that's ever happened outside of Andrea and it will be the last.

I will get her back and I will take out the assholes who thought they could take her from me.

“There isn't anything that you need to say sorry for, Momma. We will get her back. Let me just grab my shit from my apartment and I will be on the first plane home.”

I know she's blaming herself right now and she shouldn't be. It isn't her fault at all. It's just the way shit has to go in this line of business. I should have known better.

Before hanging up to book a flight, I get her to get the boys to the house and fill them in on what's happened. I'm going to need every single one of them if we are going to get her back before something awful happens. Thankfully, she's already sent out the text and they're all on their way to her.

Taking one last look around the tiny apartment, I toss my bag over my shoulder and head to the airport.



CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR



*Where the fuck am I? How in the hell did I get here?
God, why am I so sore!*

Trying to remember what happened is causing my already aching head to throb worse. Everything is so fuzzy, and I can't pinpoint anything after I watched some asshole hit D in the back of the head. They must have given me something to knock me out.

Every part of me is in agony and trying to move seems to take everything I have. But my arms and legs won't move at all. I seem to be tied to a bed, and still fully naked. Whoever took me didn't even have the decency to at least cover me up.

Looking around the room, the realization hits me. I know exactly where I am. I know this room all too well, and I swore to myself that I would never find myself back here again.

Struggling against my restraints proves to be futile, as it only causes more pain to spread throughout my aching body. Giving up on my attempts to free myself, I hear movement

outside the door, along with a few different hushed voices. Straining my ears trying to catch a snippet of something, the door flies open and he walks in. Having my fears confirmed, I pull at my restraints once again until my wrists are raw and bleeding.

“Now, now, little one. Just relax and let me get a look at you. You have a few fresh additions to this delectable body, and I want to see them all.”

He runs his tongue over his bottom lip as his eyes roam over my body. Eyes filled with revenge and need.

“Don’t you even fucking think about it, you piece of shit,” I spit at him.

He chuckles as he circles the bed I am in, eyes devouring every inch of my exposed skin.

“Andrea, is that any way to speak to your alpha?”

“You are no longer my alpha. I disowned you and this pack the moment that I left months ago. You are a fucking vile piece of shit. Now fucking let me go before I make you regret it”

Trying to muster up as much confidence as I can, I glare at him, not wanting him to see how weak and scared I am. I know for a fact that even if I managed to get out of these restraints, I would be no match for him or his lackey standing outside the door.

Rushing toward me, he leans over me, gripping my face harshly. His remains just inches from mine.

“I am your alpha and you are my bitch. I will do what I please with you. There is nothing you can or will do about it. And if I have to keep you bound until the day you die, then so be it.”

The smell of his breath makes me gag audibly, which seems to piss him off even more because he slaps me across the face. Hard enough to throw my head to the side and my eyes to water. I want to scream at him, but I just lay there quietly, staring at the wall. Refusing to give him the reaction he wants. When I don't, he turns on his heel and leaves the room. Slamming the door behind him so hard that the door frame shakes from the force.

“I want your dumbass to sedate her again, with more this time. When she is out cold, take her out to the post and have everything ready for me.”

Knowing exactly what he means when I hear him talking to the man watching my door, I let the tears fall, silently sobbing and feeling alone. Tied up in the one place I wish I would never see again. But it doesn't last long, though.

The asshole in charge of me comes in with a syringe filled with something and jams it right into my arm before emptying its contents into my body. Drifting off into nothingness, I only have one thought in my mind.

I am not who I used to be and I'll be damned if I just lay here and take it.

I will not be his pack bitch anymore.

I will get out of here, or I will die trying.



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE



It's been a whole fucking week since they took her from me. I haven't slept since the night in the woods of Colorado. With her naked body pushed up against mine. Her arm draped across my stomach as her head lay on my chest. I have not known peace since that moment. I won't know that peace again until I have her here in my home and safe. My brothers and I have spent every waking moment trying to figure out who took her and where.

“Damien! Get your fucking ass in here!” Kage yells from within the room he has set up with dozens of screens.

Setting down the drink that I just poured for myself, I hurry into the room to see what the hell he is hollering about. He's clicking away at God knows what, and I watch as multiple pictures and videos pop up over a few of the different screens. Never having seen any of them before.

“Well Kage, what am I looking at? I've never seen these ugly bastards before. Please tell me you found something.”

He turns in his chair to face me, a huge smile spread across his smug ass face.

“Well, we finally got a hit on facial recognition from the footage of the van being trashed. They are from South Carolina and from what I can tell, they’re either a part of the pack that Andrea is from or they work for them.”

“That’s great, kid,” I say as I slap him on the shoulder, spinning him back around to face his screens.

“And do you know where she is now? Or just the names of who will die in the next few days?”

“Do you have any faith in your baby brother?” he asks, holding a hand over his heart in mock surprise.

“Oh baby brother, I have more faith in you than anyone else in the world. I just need to know if you have found it already or not.”

“Well, good thing you do because I found where the pack lives in South Carolina. And according to the satellite images, they don’t have shit for security out there. It’s nestled in the trees in the middle of nowhere, but there aren’t any fences or walls around the place at all. Anyone can just waltz right in.” He scoffs, shaking his head. “These people are fucking stupid.”

“Their stupidity will work in our favor this time, kid.”

Slapping him on the back, I pull my phone from my pocket and send out a mass text to the rest of the family. After clueing them in on what we found and telling them that they need to

get home now. I turn to Kage and tell him he'll be coming with us this time because if I am going to storm into an entire pack; I am going to need as much backup as I can get.

As soon as we have everyone in the house, I fill them in on the plan. It's not much of a plan, but it'll have to do. Storm in, kill all who oppose us looking for her, take her, and leave. Oh, and make sure to kill those fuckers that took her, along with that piece of shit, Alpha. But he will be mine to deal with, and mine alone.

“Does everyone understand what we're going there to do, or do we need to go over it again?” I ask, looking around the room at each one of my brothers.

Everyone agrees with the plan, so we all head out. We are flying straight there and renting a truck to get us close to the pack lands. That's when we'll go the rest of the way on foot, with only what we need on our person. Kage will stay in the truck so that we can signal him when we are ready for the getaway. He's not great with combat or death just yet, so it works out well.

Just as we are about to head out, Momma Jo comes into the room.

“Boys I know that you are all in a hurry but you better not forget to say goodbye to your Momma.”

Adrian is the first to speak up. “It's not a goodbye Momma, it is a see you when we get home.”

“You’re damn right baby. I best see all five of you in one piece when this is all over or so help me God.” She points at each of us, making sure that we promise to be home safe.

“Good now get the hell out of here before I start crying. Good luck my boys!”

Saying our goodbyes, we head out for the airport.



CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX



I don't know how long I've been here anymore. I was doing well keeping track of the days, but then they decided I was too combative, so they started drugging me into compliance. That's when my wolf retreated into my mind to the point I couldn't find her anymore. The only good part of being drugged was that they untied at some point and bathed me.

However, they have taken turns dragging me out to the center of the grounds and whipping me with different objects in front of the rest of the pack. They are using me to set an example of why everyone else should fall in line and not go against The Alpha. It has gotten so bad that it is daily now and I can no longer put any pressure on my back.

As I lay here naked for anyone to admire, I thank God that I am at least back in the house. My wrists and ankles are finally healing on their own. Unfortunately, I think they may be infected though, because they burn so badly. The lashes on my back, however, haven't had that chance. The moment they try to close up, I am taken back out, and it starts all over again.

The Alpha hasn't been back since that first night. I know it's only a matter of time before he comes for me since his Luna cannot bear his children. He'll be expecting me to start pumping them out in no time.

As I begin to drift back off into a peaceful, yet dreamless, oblivion, I hear footsteps nearing the door before it flies open, embedding into the wall behind it. The force of it is enough to bring me back to the waking world and a small scream to escape. I curl in on myself, making myself as small as possible, just hoping that whoever it is will just leave me alone to die already.

"Get your ass up, bitch," the man screams at me, kicking the bed to jostle me.

"Please, just leave me alone. I won't cause any problems for you today. I just want to lie here."

I beg the man, hoping that he'll go away but knowing he won't. He never does, no matter how hard I beg.

"Get your nasty ass up. The omegas are waiting to clean you up and get you ready," he spits out as he grabs me by my upper arm in a bruising hold, hauling me out of the bed.

Reluctantly, I allow him to yank me from my safe place. He leads me out of the room where I have been kept to parade me through the courtyard buck-ass naked. Everyone who is out and about sees this man dragging me and turns a blind eye to what is happening. It's what they have been doing since I was first taken to the post. Nobody wants to go up against The

Alpha because they don't want to be taken from their loved ones as well.

Reaching a small cottage on the other side of the grounds, he kicks open the door and shoves me through, using such force that I drop to my knees just inside the door. Kicking me out of the way, he closes the door. Leaving me with three young, frightened girls who don't even look to be of age yet.

They all come running to me once the door shuts to help me to my feet. Leading me to a small back room where there seems to be a tub of water.

“Has anyone told you, ladies, why I am here? I'm not complaining, I just need to know what the fuck is happening.”

Looking at each of them, I am met with only silence. None of them respond to my questions and all are refusing to meet my eye. Instead, they keep their gazes trained on the floor. Taking a moment to look at each of them, I realize that all three of them are in various stages of pregnancy. That's when I recall what the man said. They are omegas. This means each of these girls is carrying the seed of The Alpha.

Utterly disgusted with what I just realized, I let the girls clean me up and get me ready for whatever it is I will be heading into tonight. Once again, I am not offered any clothing at all, which I'm not entirely mad about. The thought of having anything on my back is enough to make me wince. But instead of getting pissed at the girls helping me, I suck it up and try to appear to be strong, despite my current situation.

The girls are just about finished with brushing through my hair when the man from earlier throws open the cottage door. “Let’s go, bitch. He’s getting tired of waiting for your sorry ass,” he grumbles as he reaches for me, this time grabbing a fistful of my hair as he pulls me through the doorway. This time, he doesn’t take me back to the room where I have been held. That’s when the dread begins kicking in and his words hit home in my mind.

He’s leading me to The Alpha’s home.

I don’t want to be here. Why couldn’t I just stop fighting D so much? Being back in Denver with him would be so much better. Being here has created a hole in my chest that I can’t quite explain and I haven’t felt it since I was with him last.

Pulling myself from my thoughts, I begin to claw at his hand gripping my hair and dig my heels in. Hoping to loosen his grip just enough to make a run for it. I don’t think I would make it very far, but I still have to try. I refuse to go down without a fight, even if I am too weak without my wolf. The fighting seems to piss off the big oaf more. Stopping just long enough to yell at me and punch me square in the mouth before continuing.

He throws me through the open door of The Alpha’s house.

“You know that just because you look like the bottom of someone’s shoe after they’ve stepped in shit, you don’t have to act like it, right?” I ask defiantly, head held as high as I can in the position that I’m in.

“Bitch, you better shut your fucking mouth before I shut it for you.”

Reaching for me again, he gets cut off before he can make good on his threat.

“You even think about laying your hands on her again and it’ll be your head. Do you fucking understand me? The only motherfucker here that will touch her from this point on is me,” Alpha roars at the man, yanking me up from the ground by my hair. “Now leave us.”

Now that he’s gone, it seems my worst nightmares are about to come true. That’s truly saying a lot, considering some of the shit that I have been through while being back here. All I know is that I will not be letting this man get away with this shit this time. He will regret ever wanting me to be his breeding whore, and will most definitely regret touching me. If I am going to die at the hands of this sick fuck, then I will go out with a goddamn bang.

“So what is it exactly you intend to do to me?” I ask, trying to get my hair free from his grasp. But he doesn’t respond as he leads me to the back of the house. The one place I don’t want to be.

“Well, I will start by putting you in your place. You have been gone for some time and I have missed having you around so much.”

Taking me into the room, I see it hasn’t changed at all since the last time I was there. The whips and chains still hang along the back wall. Every kind of sexual torture device you can

think of lay across tables and tucked into drawers. There is a Saint Andrew's cross against one of the walls near a spanking bench. The lighting in here is minimal and comes from a small chandelier hanging in the middle of the room. The smell of old blood assaults my senses and causes me to cringe in disgust.

I hate everything about this room. He begins leading me to the corner where the spanking bench is and I begin to fight.

I know exactly what he wants me to do if he straps me onto that thing, and I don't want his nasty worm dick anywhere near my face.

Throwing punches is all I've got right now, so that is exactly what I do. One of them lands right at his ribs and he doubles over momentarily, tightening his grip on my hair.

"Stop fucking fighting, you stupid bitch," he spits as his fist connects with the side of my skull.

Fighting the darkness threatening to take over and the pain radiating through my skull is enough to bring a woman to her knees. But I will not bow down to this fucker anymore. I will fight until there is nothing left of me, and if words are all I have left right now, then so be it.

"Wanna know what's sad, Alpha? You can't even get a woman to like you without having to force them onto their knees and into your bed. I guess that's what you get when your personality matches your face."

I guess I said the wrong thing because he swings again. Blood immediately fills my mouth. Pain sears through me as

his fist collides with my jaw.

“You know what, bitch, if you weren’t just an orphaned piece of shit, you might have made it somewhere in this world. No one wants you and never will. You are here on this Godforsaken rock to please me and nothing else. Now get on your fucking knees. You know what I am expecting of you.”

I can see the rage seething inside him and I only have one thing left to do that will be the cherry on top of the fucking cake. I gather up all the blood in my mouth, look him straight in the eye, and spit in his face. Watching the blood splatter his hair and over his face.

“Fuck you. I hope that one day you get exactly what you deserve.”

“Bitch, I said on your knees!” He screams as he shoves me onto my knees, face slamming into the bench.

I must lose consciousness for a moment because when my vision clears, I’m already tied to the damn thing, and he’s standing in front of me. The sound of his zipper grating on my ears, makes me cringe and pull against the ropes. I can tell they aren’t tied very well this time, which will come in use, I hope. Focusing on what’s happening again, he already has his pants around his ankles and is stroking himself.

“Wow Alpha,” I say, trying my best not to giggle as he steps even closer to my face. “That thing is fucking pathetic.”

“You won’t be saying that when you’re screaming later, will you?”

I love how he assumes that that teeny tiny thing could make me scream, considering that I was still a virgin when I left this fucked up pack. I popped my own fucking cherry after escaping this place, with a dildo, for fuck's sake.

“Well, big boy, the only way that thing is going to make me scream is if it actually does what it's intended to do.”

Grimacing at the sight of the thing, he steps even closer, wrenching my mouth open and shoving it in.

“That's it, bitch, suck your alpha's dick. One of the few things you are good for.”

He grunts as my mouth closes around him. Knowing what he is expecting of me, I comply. For now. I need to figure out what the hell I am going to do to get out of here and at least this is one way to distract him while I work through it in my mind.

Right when he seems to be closer to being done, I hear a huge crashing noise come from outside somewhere. The sound of the noise makes us both jump, but before he can pull free from my mouth, I bite down as hard as I can. I feel as his flesh tears underneath the pressure. Howling in pain, he tries to grab my hair again to pull me off, but I don't let go.

I'm having a hard time figuring out where the noise came from over the sound of The Alpha screaming in pain. Just when I think it was a one off, another crash sounds through the place, so close that it rattles the shit hanging on the walls. Biting down as hard as I possibly can, I yank my head back, completely severing his tiny dick from his body. Blood pours

out of the wound where his dick used to be as I begin gagging on the thing in my mouth.

Spitting it out onto the floor next to Alpha's feet, clearing my mouth from as much of his blood as possible.

Jesus fucking Christ, looks like Momma was right after all.

“Honestly, Alpha, never thought your dick would hit the back of my throat, but you did it. You should be proud of yourself.”

Smirking as I watch him, his hands covering his wound, trying to pull up his pants, shoving some type of cloth in there trying to staunch the bleeding.

“You are going to fucking pay for that!” He roars, fists balled at his sides. Just as he is about to strike me again, the door flies open, crashing into the wall so hard it splinters.

“It would be in your best interest to step away from my woman.”

Oh, my fucking God.

Opening my eyes, I see D standing in the doorway, with a look in his eyes that promises nothing but death.

I never thought that I would see him again, but am so happy he is here. And there is just something about him standing in that doorway, covered in blood, that is doing it for me. My wolf howls in anticipation of being near him again.



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN



Storming this hellhole with three of my brothers was simple enough. They don't have enough guards in place to do shit. And the ones they do have went down easy and squealed like little pigs when we started asking questions. Having been told where Andrea was, I stormed right over. Leaving my brothers to take out any remaining issues, checking on the ones that are just as innocent as my pup.

Kicking open the only closed door in the place, I find some weaselly piece of shit standing over her naked body. She's tied to a spanking bench, blood running down her chin and down her chest.

"It would be in your best interest to step away from my woman," I growl, stepping into the small room.

Taking notice of me fully, he reaches for Andrea and grabs her by the hair, wrenching her head back and exposing her throat.

“And who the fuck are you? And this,” he says gesturing toward her, “is my property. I will do with it as I please.”

“Do you want to know what I will do about it? Or are you just trying to bide your time so that your scrawny little ass can figure a way out of this?”

I feel the anger coursing through my veins and every part of me wants to kill this man, right here right now. Meeting my pup’s eyes, I see pain, relief, and something else I can’t quite put my finger on. It has my wolf ready to tear out the man’s throat and part of me is thinking maybe I should just let him have some fun.

Storming into the room, I pull my knife from my boot and flip it into the air like I always do. A maniacal grin spreads across my face as I stop short of where the two are situated in the corner of the room. Just as I reach them, I feel something squishy under my boot.

Scraping my boot against the floor to dislodge whatever it is, the laughter crawls its way out of my chest and echoes around the room.

“Is this what I think it is?”

Taking another look at Andrea and taking in the room around, I see the blood drying on her face and the blood splattered on the douchebag from the neck up and soaking him from the waist down. Noticing the bloodstain on his pants as it continues to soak through.

Hearing a slight giggle, I look down at where Andrea is looking at the now smashed dick with a look of accomplishment on her face. Laughing again, I push the sad excuse of a dick out of the way before going around the side of where she's on her knees.

“You will untie her right now or your missing dick won't be your only problem.”

“I am the Alpha here. I will not take orders from anyone. Especially not someone like you.”

“If that's the way you want to do it, then so be it,” I state, throwing a punch square into his smug face. Not giving him enough time to dodge it, he crumples to the floor, unconscious.

Making quick work of the ropes binding Andrea, I cut her loose and help her to her feet. Wrapping my arms around her and pulling her to my chest.

“Oh, pup, how I have missed you. I'm sorry that it took us so long to get here. Took us a bit to figure out who took you.” I whisper into her ear, as I rub circles over her back before realizing that it is sticky with blood and no longer smooth and unmarred.

I spin her around to look at her back and see what kind of damage has been done to her. She has dozens of whip marks of all sizes all over her back.

“What the fuck is this?” Softly, I run my hand down her back. “Who did this to you?”

“It doesn’t matter, D. It’s over now and I’m sure the ones that did it are dead now, anyway. Thank you for coming for me. I’d have been dead by morning had you not.”

“No one on the planet will keep me away from you. Or will ever harm you again without having to deal with me. And trust me when I say that they do not want to deal with me.”

With that, I turn her around and lay a swift kiss on her blood-stained lips. Grabbing her hand, I lead her out of this nightmare.

We manage about two steps when she digs her heels in and stops moving. Turning around to see what the problem is, she looks pissed.

“Wait a minute. You said us. Who the fuck is us?”

“My brothers. There are four of them. They helped me track you down and storm the place. They are out making sure no more problems arise and attempting to clean up the mess we made.”

Turning back, I yank on her hand to pull her from the house. As soon as we clear the threshold of the front door, I turn and plant a kiss on her forehead. Grabbing the can of gas I set by the front door, I walk through the small living area, dumping it over everything that I can.

When I turn around, Andrea is standing there looking like the Norse goddess of death, Hel, herself. Completely stripped of all her clothing and covered in her attacker’s blood. Just how I like to see her.

“I want to be the one to do it.” She states, holding out her hand for the matches I have taken out of my pocket.

“Okay, pup, you can do it.”

Handing the matchbox to her, she takes one and strikes it against the side of the box before slowly tossing it onto the gasoline-covered couch. It lights up in an instant and we both just stand there, watching as it burns , before I whisk her back out of the door.

We’ll be back another day to make sure the asshole died in this fire as he deserves. I would have preferred to take my time with him, but I just want to get my woman home.



CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT



Never in a million years did I think D would come to save me from this hellhole. I was so sure that I was going to die today, tied up to that fucking spanking bench for what I did. I don't regret it one bit either. Well, maybe a little, considering I choked on the damn thing before spitting it out. So fucking gross. But I will never forget the amazing feeling of taking back my power, even if I was going to die for it. My head is filled with so much right now that I can barely even think straight as D leads me away from the house as it burns behind us.

Stopping suddenly, I turn around to observe what is happening. Dropping D's hand, I fold my arms over my chest as I watch the flames as they engulf the house. Watching as the entire cause of my nightmares slowly burns to the ground. I hope The Alpha doesn't make it out of there. He deserves to burn alive for all the hurt that he has caused in his lifetime.

Feeling a pair of powerful arms wrap around me, I lean into them for support, wincing from the pain. I don't mind it so

much now as I'm so tired that I can hardly stay upright on my own. The adrenaline is starting to wear off, and the exhaustion is creeping in. The heat from his body causes me to shiver, so I tip into his warmth, letting him comfort me.

"It's beautiful, isn't it, pup?" he asks as he pulls me impossibly further into him.

"It is something, that's for sure. Just kind of surreal to finally see the thing you've been dreaming about come true."

Taking my last look at the house, I shrug, turning in his arms and burying my face into his chest.

"Thank you for saving me. I know I mean nothing to you, but it means everything to me."

Stepping back out of his arms, I shake my aching limbs out, looking around me. If there is anyone left alive after tonight, I don't see them. But what I do see are three men making their way toward us and start panicking. Ready to run for the hills, D grabs me by the arm to hold me in my place.

"Relax, these are my brothers. You have nothing to worry about because if any of these fuckers even think about touching you, they will have to deal with me."

"I don't know, D. This one here looks like he could be a lot of fun, if you know what I mean."

Sauntering up to the three men as they stop near us, I put my hand on the broad chest of the only blond one in the group. He looks younger than D and while he is blond; he is still stunning to look at.

A growl fills the air behind me, causing a shiver to race down my spine. Spinning around, I back into the poor guy and grind my ass on him. I can feel his cock starting to swell in his jeans at the contact. He looks up and locks eyes with D, hands flying into the air as he backs away from me.

“I think that’s about enough, don’t you, pup?” he says, walking up to me. “Or do you think you could handle both of us?”

“Oh yeah, I think I’ll pass on the Andy sandwich. One dick is more than enough for this girl. Thanks though.”

Walking away from the men, I head toward the trees. Ready to leave this all behind for good.

Turning suddenly, I say, “Hey blondie, sorry if I got you in trouble. I love fucking with the asshole. It’s just too much fun.”

“No hard feelings, hun. Damien can be a bit overprotective of the things he likes, but he means well. You should give him a chance.”

“Woah! Woah! Woah! Did you just say his name is fucking Damien? Or did I just hear that wrong?”

There is no way in hell I’m leaving now. Things just got interesting.

“You mean to tell me that this entire time, you had no idea what his name was?” he chuckles as he shakes his head in disbelief.

“No, I didn’t! He always said that I will know his name when I earn it or some shit. I’ve always referred to him as D!” Laughing myself as I look around for Damien.

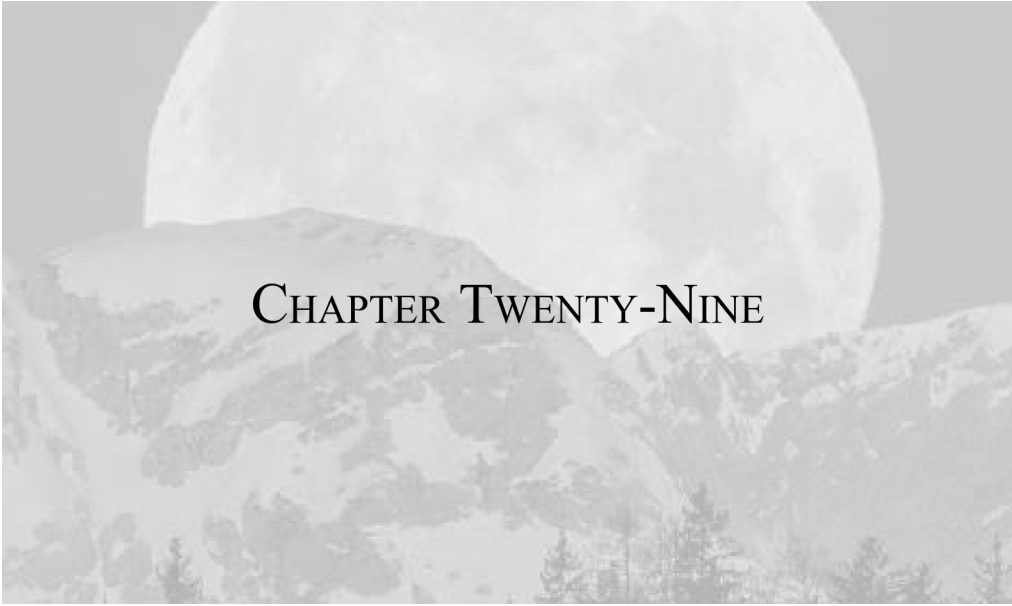
“Well, I suppose since Damien couldn’t hang around for me to thank properly, I will just be on my way out then. Thanks for all the help, guys. I do appreciate everything you all have done for me. Maybe we’ll all run into each other again someday and I can return the favor.”

They all tell me I should wait around for D to come back, but I just can’t.

If I wait for him, then I won’t be able to leave. I don’t want to depend on a man, ever. Not if I can help it. I’ll make my way out of here, back to Denver, and then decide my next move from there.

Waving goodbye to D’s brothers, I head into the woods surrounding us and that’s when I lose it. Everything from over the past couple of weeks is finally catching up to me, and while I have done well with it all so far, I’m starting to spiral now that I am alone again.

I don’t want to be alone anymore. The feeling that I get when Damien is around is all that I have ever hoped for! When I am in his arms, I feel a level of comfort I have never had the pleasure of knowing. A feeling of being complete.



CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE



I know I should have waited around and introduced her to my brothers. They can be quite a lot to handle sometimes, but I don't doubt she can handle whatever shit they may throw her way.

Plus, I'm not far away.

Standing just inside the treeline, watching her talk to my brothers, they all seem to be getting along and are all laughing once she figures out my name. I'm going to love hearing her scream it now that she knows it. She looks happy chatting with them, but it doesn't last long.

Looking around, the smile fades from her face as sadness creeps into those beautiful blues I have fallen in love with. Every part of me wants to run to her, to hold her and make her smile again. I never want to see that ache in her eyes again, but I hold my position because I just need to chase my prey one more time before I take her home for good.

Turning, she heads toward me and into the woods. I back into the shadows so that she doesn't see me and I thank the smoke for masking my scent as she passes right by where I am hiding. A few steps into the treeline, she shifts and takes off running.

Well, shit. I wasn't expecting that, but why the hell not join her in a run while I hunt her down?

Jogging out of the treeline to where my brothers are standing and waiting around, I let them know that she's shifted. And that I am going to head after her and try to talk to her. They understand and decide to go into town and get a hotel for the night so that I have some time with her. No longer feeling rushed to get her back here, I strip down and hand everything off to the guys before they head back to the truck we rented.

It's just easier this way.

Heading into the trees, I shift immediately and all I can think about was how she looked when I found her in that goddamn room. Naked, tied up, and on her knees. Honestly, there would be no better sight, but at that moment all I saw was red because it was not me she was in front of and it wasn't me who put her in that position. But I am so damn proud of what she did to defend herself. It was the only thing that she could do and at least it prevented him from hurting her or anyone else any more than he already had.

Picking up her scent is fairly easy since it's the only one that I am familiar with within these woods, and I find she hasn't gone very far from the pack grounds. She has shifted back and

is sitting on a big rock with her feet dangling into the small stream of water in front of her. Staying far enough back for her not to hear or see me, I shift back and slowly make my way toward her. It would seem that she has washed away the evidence of what happened and is now glistening with the water from the stream in the moonlight.

Not wanting to scare the absolute shit out of her, I step on a nearby stick. Hearing it snap underneath my weight, she whips around, ready to fight. When she sees that it's me, she visibly calms. Not fully letting down her guard, but relaxing while she watches my every move.

“Well, what do we have here?” I ponder as I circle to her, stepping into the cool water of the creek. “It would seem that I have caught you once again, my little pup.”

Seeing her perched up on that rock, dripping with water with the moonlight shining off her skin, has me feeling a certain type of way. With everything that must have happened this last week, I don't want to act on the things I am feeling right now. But I also need to play as well.

Slowly, I make my way toward her as I wade through the water. It's cool, but not enough to calm the heat coursing through my veins. I look up and meet her eyes as she watches me, egging her on.

“Well, pup? Don't you have anything to say now? I would've expected you to have some kind of smartass comeback, but yet all you give me is the fire in your eyes.”

I stop and bend down slightly to splash some water over my head and face. Scrubbing away any of the evidence from the night on my body.

Standing back up, I see her slipping down off the rock and into the stream along with me. Still not saying a single word to me at all, but her eyes roam over my body. They are the ones telling me everything I need to hear. Not being the one to make any kind of move for once, I let her figure out what she wants.

She bends and splashes more water up her body, pretending to scrub away something as she watches me out of the corner of her eye. When she doesn't make any other move and continues to stay silent, I let out a sigh and move back toward the bank. I may want to do nothing but play with my pup, but I cannot do this tonight when she is acting as she is in my presence.

With one foot up on the creek bank, I feel a sharp pain in my shoulder. Turning suddenly, I see her with a rock in her hand.

“Did you just throw a rock at me?”

Bewildered by this, I turn and continue until I'm completely back on land. Hoping that she will stop me, but not sure if she even wants to. She has all the say right now, even though it is killing me not to take control.

“Wait, Damien. Please,” she whispers. Hardly loud enough to hear.

Turning back, I take her in again. She looks timid for the first time since I met her. While she is truly stunning all the time, I am not a fan of this version of her. I much prefer the feisty stabby version. She's much more fun. I want to kill the person who created this version again, if they aren't already dead.

I don't say a thing as I watch her fidget with her fingers, not meeting my eyes. When she doesn't say anything else, I turn again to walk away.



CHAPTER THIRTY



I don't know what the hell I am doing, or why I even want to do it. But I cannot let him walk away from me right now.

I know back in Colorado he mentioned something about mates and though no one ever told me about how it all worked or how it felt; I need to know more. I figured it was more of a myth nowadays because I didn't know anyone who had met their mate outside of my parents, but they weren't around to teach me anymore.

Before I lose all the confidence I have left, I lift my arm and throw another rock at him. Hitting him in the back of the head this time.

“Damien. God dammit, I said wait.”

He stops in his tracks, but this time he doesn't turn around to look at me. He just stands there, frozen in his tracks. I can see his arms and back flexing with tension as he balls his fists at his sides. It seems like he is angry and it's not making this any easier.

“Just please come back to me,” I whisper again.

The *please* must do the trick. Or maybe it was the way I said it because he spins around with a look in his eyes that looks like hunger. He strides toward where I stand in the stream. Stopping an arm’s length away from me, but doesn’t touch me and doesn’t say a word. Just continues to burn my skin with just the look in his eyes.

Neither of us is moving or speaking. All you can hear is our hurried breaths and racing hearts as our gazes roam over each other’s bodies. This is the first time that I have been able to see him and everything that he hides daily. Stepping close to him, I meet his questioning eyes, bringing my hands up and placing them on his chest.

I can feel his heartbeat pick up as I trace the outline of his muscular chest and track my finger around each of his tattoos. Slowly, I walk around him, keeping my hands on his skin as he stands there unmoving. Tracing everything I can see in the moonlight and taking him in, circling him completely before stopping to face him once again.

“Why?” I ask finally.

“Why what?” he asks, genuinely confused. “What do you want to know?”

“Why did you come here for me? I am nobody.”

Putting his hand under my chin, he brings my gaze to his face as he searches my own.

“You want to know why? Because you have infiltrated every fiber of my being. I cannot think of anyone but you. I cannot breathe without knowing that you are okay. And I cannot live without being able to touch you ever again. When I woke and couldn’t find you, I wanted to kill everyone who may have had something to do with it.”

“But, why me?”

“Because pup. You are mine and I am yours. I would burn this world to the ground if it was something that would make you smile, and I will spend the rest of my life being the reason you do.”

He says this quietly as his thumb runs across my jaw. Heating the skin it passes more and more.

I don’t respond to that because I don’t know what to say. But I know how I am feeling and I think I am ready to do something about that. At least part of me is ready for what is to come because the part of him I love the most is the hunter and I love to be his prey.

Pushing him back as hard as I can, causing him to stumble slightly, eyes widening in confusion, I turn and start running. Not fast, but not slow, either.

“Why don’t you try to catch me? Prove to me what you claim is true.”

And then I’m gone.

It takes a minute before I know for sure that he is chasing me because I can hear him chuckling for just a moment before a

growl erupts from his chest. He's right behind me, so I push harder. I want him to take me, but I also need him to fight me for it.

Looking back over my shoulder, I don't see him anymore. He has disappeared. He must have turned back, not wanting the chase anymore, which upsets me more than I want to admit. Slowing down, my breaths start to even out again, and since there is still no sight of him. I just continue. I guess he didn't mean what he said back there.

It fucking figures. I knew it was too good to be true.



CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE



She thinks I have left her, but she should know better by now. She should also be able to sense me, but I don't think that she can right now. Either her skills are shit in that department or she's distraught enough to not notice. Either way, we are going to have to work on that more. By the time I am done with her, she will be just as skilled as I am. If not more.

I let her wander into the woods deeper than we were before, really wanting to make sure that there is no one around and that no one is going to hear us before I take her. Coming up to a giant oak tree, she leans against it, throwing her head back as she closes her eyes. Taking my chance, I slip up beside her before stepping in front of her.

Smirking, my hand flies up and clasps around her perfect throat, leaning in to whisper into her ear.

“Shit, pup, did you think I gave up on you so easily?”

Nibbling on that spot right below her ear, I hear her breathing speed up and her heartbeat flutter in her chest.

“Yes, I did. I thought maybe you turned into a little bitch and backed off finally.”

Her response genuinely surprises me, but the look in her eyes and the way her back arches away from the tree say that she is enjoying this.

“Why don’t we start where we left off, then?”

I trace the curves of her chest. Twirling the little bars going through her hardening nipples. Looking up and meeting her eyes, all I see is lust and a touch of something else. It sure doesn’t take long to figure out what it was though, because before I can even react to it, she punches me square in the jaw again. Grabbing her wrists in my hands, I slam them above her head against the tree.

“Oh, so this is how you want to play it? You want me to be rough with you? To take you like I have wanted for weeks now?” I growl as I run my free hand down the length of her body.

“Yes. Please.”

She moans as I dip my hand in between her thighs, collecting her arousal on my fingertips. Bringing them to her mouth, rubbing them across her lips, watching as her tongue darts out to clean them off.

“Oh, pup. You have been a very, very bad girl. You are going to need to beg harder.”

Kicking her legs apart, I grab hold of my cock with my free hand and slide it between her lips. I let my piercing tease at her needy clit, watching as she grinds herself along the length, trying to find the relief that she wants.

“Oh no, little pup. You will not be taking what you want from me, but you will take whatever I give you, how I give it to you. And you will fucking love it.”

The only response that I get is a breathy moan as my gaze roams over her face. Her head is thrown back as she arches her back to get more friction where she needs it. Her lips part slightly as her breathing becomes more ragged; eyes hooded with lust.

I pull back suddenly, causing her to whimper and sag against the hold I have on her wrists. Before she's able to complain, I let go of her wrists and flip her around, bending her over at the waist.

“Grab the tree, pup, I don't want you tipping over while I fuck this sweet little pussy.”

At first, I don't think that she is going to listen. But then she turns and looks over her shoulder and meets my eyes. Whatever she sees must be enough of a reason, because she complies quickly. The view from this angle is probably one that I will never forget. Her plump ass on display with her feet spread apart, juices dripping down her thighs.

Dropping to my knees behind her, I grab her hips and bring her to my face. Slowly, I run the flat of my tongue from her clit to her ass, over and over. Bringing a hand up, I shove two

fingers deep inside of her, rubbing that sweet spot while my thumb applies pressure on her swollen nub. The breathy moans that escape her have me growing impossibly harder with a need of my own. But I will put her first this time. Continuing my assault on her pussy, I run my tongue around her pert little asshole, massaging it with my tongue.

“Oh, fuck, D!” she moans as her pussy grasps my fingers.

“Please don’t stop this time. Please let me come.”

“That’s right, pup,” I growl. “Come around my fingers and let me taste you while you come undone.”

Within minutes, her body locks up as she explodes all over my face. Withdrawing my hand, I quickly lean in to catch everything that she has to give me, soaking my beard and running down my chest.

Her body goes limp above me, hardly able to hold on to the tree. Standing up, I grab her by the hips once again, and before she’s able to protest; I slam my cock deep into her pussy in one hard thrust. The scream that echoes through the forest is music to my ears.

“Sorry about that, pup. I didn’t see any way that was going to happen slowly”

I guide her body up, flush against mine while I am buried inside of her.

“But I’ll be gentle with you this time. I’ll give you some time to adjust.” I whisper as my hand reaches around to rest on her belly.

Looking over her shoulder, she meets my eyes.

“Damien, I don’t want you gently.”

I pull out slowly, almost to the tip, before pushing back in until my hips kiss her ass.

“Then how would you like me to fuck you?” I grunt as I revel in the warmth wrapped so tightly around my cock.

“I want you to fuck me like you hate me,” she whispers as she starts swirling her hips. “I want you to fuck me like you would have back in Denver.”

Stunned by her boldness in asking what she wants, I let the wolf take over.



CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO



He freezes, like actually fucking freezes with his cock pressed deep within me. I think I may have said the wrong thing . Pushed things too far. But when I meet his eyes, I watch as they flash green back at me. He squeezes my hips, digging his fingers in. His nails breaking the soft skin, small droplets of blood seeping out and running down my hips.

“Andrea, I want to remember that you asked me for this. Don’t you forget it.” He growls, “Do you understand me?”

All I can manage is a small nod, as a flash of fear shoots through my body, causing a shiver to work through me.

“If at any point it becomes too much for you, I need you to tap out or use a safeword. Do you have a safeword pup?”

Do I have one? I’ve never fucking needed one before today.

“Umm, I guess I’ll just say pineapples if I need you to stop.”

“Okay, pup. Pineapples it is.”

Before I can even fully comprehend what he just said to me, I feel as he withdraws slowly. Oh, so slowly, before slamming back into me with such force that I almost lose my balance.

“Grab the tree, pup.” he growls again.

When I don't move fast enough, he pulls free from me, grabbing me by my hair and shoves me down onto my knees in the dirt. Positioning himself behind me, he pushes into me again, reaching around to rub my clit while he pumps in and out of me.

I feel so full, he is hitting every single nerve ending inside of me. That piercing of his rubbing my g-spot repeatedly.

“Oh, fuck, D! Yes!” I moan as he continues driving into me.

“I will only tell you once, Andrea, you will call out my name and no other while I am between your thighs,” he says just before I feel something wet hit my ass.

He stops circling my clit and slows down slightly while he leans over my body.

“Open up, pup,” he growls into my ear.

Unsure of exactly what he wants me to do, he bites down on my neck, piercing the sensitive skin below my ear. Screaming from the sudden pain, he reaches around and shoves his finger into my mouth.

Releasing my neck, he licks the bleeding wound, before whispering, “I said, open up. Next time maybe you will listen the first time I ask.”

Swirling my tongue around his finger, I clean my arousal from it before he puts his thumb into my mouth as well.

“Get it nice and wet for me, pup, because if you don’t, this is going to hurt a lot more.”

Obedying the commands he is giving me, my mind runs in every direction, trying to figure out what he is planning. Unable to form a coherent thought while my body lights up with pleasure, ready to let go.

“That’s a good girl, pup. Now I want you to relax for me. Do you think you can do that?” he says as he sits back on his heels.

Pulling out until only the tip remains inside of me, he spits onto my ass again, beginning to massage my opening with his thumb as he slowly pumps in and out of my pussy.

Before I can fully comprehend what he is doing, he shoves his thumb into my most forbidden place. Slowly withdrawing it before pushing it back inside. The feeling is foreign and my body starts to pull away from the pain that it is causing, but he reaches up and grabs a fistful of my hair, keeping me in place.

“You will not pull away from me. I told you once that I will take what I want when I want it. You try that shit again, it’ll be my cock inside this tight little hole and not just my thumb. Now be a good girl and relax for Daddy.”

Relaxing into the repetitive movements, he starts to drive into me harder, his balls slapping into my clit. The feeling of his thumb massaging his way in and out of my ass has me

starting to meet his thrusts with just as much enthusiasm. Only the sounds of our moans and skin slapping together fill the surrounding forest.

Feeling more liquid run down in between my cheeks, he pulls his thumb free, only to replace it with two of his fingers. Stretching it more than I thought was even possible.

“Oh, God, yes! More.” I moan as I slam my ass back to meet his thrusts.

A third finger gets added, and he pumps them in and out in time with his cock. Within seconds, my whole body locks up as the most intense orgasm of my life rocks through me. He continues to pound into me, drawing out the orgasm as much as he can.

Coming down from my high, I feel his cock swelling inside of me and he becomes less coordinated as he picks up speed.

“Where do you want it, pup?” he grunts, trying to hold back for just a moment longer.

“I want you to come all over my ass.” I purr as I meet his thrusts.

“Well, that’s just too damn bad, pup. Because this pussy belongs to me now and I am going to come so deep inside of you, I’ll be leaking from you the rest of the night.” He growls.

Only managing a few more pumps, his body stills, and he spills inside of me as he howls. After a moment, he pulls out slowly before getting on his back beneath me, spreading my cheeks open, he watches as it drips out of me.

I am so uncomfortable and not sure what to do, so I try to get up, only for him to grab onto my thighs and slam my pussy down onto his face, licking me clean.



CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE



I just want to watch as my seed drips out of her pussy, but I just can't help myself. I have to taste it. The mixture of both of us explodes across my tongue as I run it across her lips. Dipping it inside her pussy, feeling it clamp around me.

Knowing that I have to get back to my brothers soon, I reluctantly pull away, patting her ass cheek to tell her she can finally get up so I can slide out from under her. Standing back up, I reach out my hand so that I can help her up as well, but she seems to be unsteady on her feet after everything. I can't in good conscience allow her to walk back, so I bend down and sweep my arm behind her knees so that I can pick her up.

"Put me down! I am too goddamn heavy for you to just be toting around out here!" she squeals as her feet leave the ground.

"Shut the fuck up, pup. I don't care how heavy you think you are, I can carry you. And not only can I, but I will and there isn't a damn thing you are going to do about it." I say sweetly, placing a kiss on her full luscious lips, pulling her

bottom lip into my mouth and biting down. Not hard enough to cause a lot of pain, but just enough to shut her up.

It takes us about twenty minutes to get back to the stream where this whole night started. Wading into the stream, I set her down on a large rock in the middle. She squeals as her ass hits the frigid water.

“What the fuck, D! This water is so cold right now!” she giggles as she tries to stand.

“I just want to wash you up a bit, if that’s okay?” I ask, waiting before proceeding.

“You don’t need to clean me up, D. I’ll just shower when I get to wherever I am going and I will be fine,” she says as she looks away from me, avoiding the look on my face altogether.

Grabbing her jaw, I bring her face to mine, forcing her to meet my eyes. I need her to see how much I mean what I am about to say.

“Andrea fucking Dodge. You are my mate. My world. My everything. I will take care of you right now and I will take care of you tomorrow and every day after that. You will never be without someone who cares for you again. And if you think I plan on leaving this fucking state without you by my side, then you are sorely mistaken. Now let me clean you up so that we can go home. Got it?”

Her eyes begin to mist over before I can even finish speaking. “Yes, Damien, I got it,” she whispers.

“Good, now sit still so I can get you cleaned up. I don’t need you meeting my brothers covered in my cum, blood, and filth. Again.”

Sitting perfectly still, she lets me wash away everything from her body until the only thing that is left is the goosebumps that cover her flesh. Still kneeling in front of her, I open her legs so that I can crawl in between them. Pulling her to me until she’s straddling my lap, I lean in, kissing her with all the passion that I can muster.

“Damien?’ she whispers against my lips.

“Yes, pup?”

“Fuck me like you love me.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice.”



CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR



Last night was single-handedly the best night of my life. We proceeded to fuck three more times before making it back to the place where my brothers were waiting for me just after dawn.

We had agreed the night before that if I didn't make it to the hotel, they would come back and pick me up.

Walking into the clearing with Andrea by my side, I felt complete for the first time in my life. It took many arguments and orgasms before she agreed to come back to Cherish Grove with me to see if she likes it.

I don't know why she doesn't think she'll like it. Considering where she came from, she definitely seems like she would enjoy small-town living over being in the heart of the big city. And not only that, she loves animals and we have enough for her to love on for the next 500 years. And not only that, she'll have me by her side the whole time, worshipping her like the goddess she is.

We surprised the guys when we came striding out of those woods together. I don't think they thought I would come back with her, but honestly, I would have followed her anywhere she planned to go if she would have said no. Whether she wanted me to or not.

“Well boys,” I say as we get closer to the truck, “I hope you don't mind riding into town with a naked woman in the truck with us.”

Everyone laughs except Adrian, who walks away back to the truck. He is the more serious brother, who doesn't like when things change too much and always has a permanent scowl on his face. Poor guy needs to get laid and loosen up. Jet is the first to speak up.

“Well, I for one don't mind having a naked woman so close, especially one that looks as delicious as you,” he says as he steps closer to Andrea, holding out his hand.

She takes it shyly as a blush spreads across her cheeks and continues down her chest when he kisses the back of her hand.

“Jet, I suggest you keep your fucking hands to yourself before you end up like the last three that decided to lay hands on her,” I growl, causing him to throw up his hands and back away.

“Yo, back off, bro. I was just trying to be nice to the pretty lady and compliment her. It's hard not to admire what she has to offer when it's all out in the open,” He says, gesturing to her body, which she doesn't even try to hide in the slightest. “I mean, have you seen all of this?”

“Don’t worry, D,” she whispers to me, “They can look all they want. It’s you I will be on my knees for. Don’t forget that I know how to take care of myself and I will not hesitate to stab any of your brothers.”

She starts to run her hands across my chest, sliding them lower and lower until I have to stop her. Grabbing her hands, I spin her around and bring her back to my chest. Being mindful of her wounds, I lean in so that only she can hear me.

“Oh, pup, I would be careful what you do while in the presence of my family. It won’t end well for you, because I will drive my cock straight into that mouth of yours until I explode all over these perfect tits.”

Clenching her thighs and biting down on her bottom lip, she pushes into my growing cock just enough that no one else notices except me.

“And if you don’t stop teasing me, I will bend you over right here. Letting my brothers watch as I bury my cock so deep in your ass that you will be screaming my name to the gods.”

Adrian comes back around the truck and brings me some clothes I had stashed in a duffel bag, along with an extra shirt and some sweats for Andrea. We both get dressed quickly and meet the guys in the truck. Opening the back door, I jump up before helping Andrea in as well and plant her ass right on my lap.

Once we are on the road to the airport, she starts wiggling and grinding her ass into my cock. The growl that climbs its way out of my chest surprises everyone except for Callum,

who is sitting next to me. He laughs and watches as she giggles, before leaning in and kissing me so passionately that he clears his throat to get our attention.

“So, Damien, how do you expect to get her on a plane? She doesn’t have any kind of identification with her and they aren’t going to give her a ticket without one.” Callum questions, making me think.

“Well, it looks like we will be dropping you boys off at the airport and we’ll just have to meet you back at home. Should take us a couple of days to drive there. That’ll also give Momma more time to be ready for her.”

That’s when Adrian pipes in, “So you won’t be flying back with us? Thank fuck for that. I refuse to be in close proximity to either of you for any longer than I need to. This whole puppy love shit is making me sick.”

“Oh, come on, brother. You know you love watching a woman being fucked so good she doesn’t even remember her name.”

Making sure to emphasize it when I grind my already hard cock into her ass while I meet his eyes in the mirror.

Without saying anything else to that, we all settle in for the rest of the drive in comfortable silence. Andrea falls asleep in my lap as I trace circles along her stomach under her shirt.

Dropping the guys off at the airport takes us about twenty minutes and then we head out, grabbing something to eat and gas before we head for home.



Epilogue - Two Weeks Later

ANDREA

It takes four days for us to make it to Cherish Grove. Turns out it is a super cute little town nestled in the mountains of Montana. I fell in love with it the moment that D pulled into town and started pointing out all the little shops and boutiques along Main Street. I all but bounced in my seat as I took in all the decorations I saw for Thanksgiving.

I still cannot believe that I am here and how comfortable I already am with everything. Turns out Momma Jo owns a few different places here in town and Adrian even owns the only bar here. Damien offered to let me be a stay-at-home girlfriend in his cabin at the ranch, but I just can't do it.

I am not one to just sit around and let everyone else pull the weight. I have already talked to Momma Jo about wanting to work for her at one of her establishments in town, since I don't have the skills for their "side" business. So far, I have trained at the B&B, the bookstore, and am now at the coffee shop. I love all three places so much and since I couldn't choose just

one, I am now working at all three whenever they need an extra hand or someone needs a day off.

“Hey, pup,” I hear coming from the front of the barn where I’m currently brushing the horses that I’ve fallen in love with, even though they don’t need it again.

“I’m back here, D!” I holler out, continuing to run the brush down the side of the beautiful mare in front of me.

Moments later, he walks into the stall that I am in and wraps his arms around my middle, laying his chin on my shoulder before nuzzling my neck.

“What has a guy gotta do to get that kind of love from you?” he murmurs into my ear.

“Well, first,” I start, setting down the brush on the stool next to me. “You could just call me pretty and I would be on my knees for you in a heartbeat.” I chuckle.

“Well shit, pretty pup, why don’t you get down on your knees and suck Daddy’s cock like the good little slut you are,” he growls.

Slowly, I turn in his arms before getting to my knees in front of him. Keeping my eyes on his, I undo his belt, pulling his already hard cock free from its confines. Sliding it past my lips and teasing the head, I swirl my tongue around his piercings before pulling back.

“Only if you fuck me like you hate me afterward.” I purr before taking him all the way down until my nose brushes his pelvis.

“You don’t have to tell me twice, pup,” he growls as he yanks me up onto my feet before spinning me around and bending me over.

“But we are going to have to hurry because Momma is putting the turkey on the table as we speak. She won’t tolerate it if we’re too late for Thanksgiving dinner.

The End....For Now.

About the Author

Luna Knight is the author of debut novel, *Keeping Her Close*. She enjoys writing all things dark and paranormal with plenty of spice. While dreaming of releasing her stories to the world for most of her life, only recently did she take the plunge to make those dreams come true.

She is a Colorado girl at heart but currently transplanted in smalltown South Dakota. Looking forward to the day when she will return home. When not glued to her computer creating twisted stories for you all to fall in love with, she can be found nose deep in her kindle reading, binge watching her favorite shows or spending time with her husband and four kids.

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