

# *Wild in Wyoming*

*JJ Argus*



# *Wild in Wyoming*

*JJ Argus*



# **Wild in Wyoming**

By JJ Argus

*Copyright 2013*

**Smashwords edition**

JJ Argus has written scores of novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests. This work is the result of the long, hard effort and creativity of the author. Please do not post or resell it without permission.

*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

# Chapter One

Holly had never had a watch. There was a big old grandfather clock at home which had allegedly crossed the prairies in her great, great, great grandfather's wagon. That had always been the only clock in the house. Out here, time didn't run in carefully measured increments, and there were no appointments to keep or meetings to attend.

Time moved at its own pace here, and for her, slowly enough not to have to worry overmuch about its progress. She knew it was nearer to sundown than she'd have liked, but as Licorice picked her way carefully through the uneven scrub-land just below the Black Hills she knew there'd be no rushing home.

Riding in the dark wasn't a good idea, but racing along the grassy ground strewn with gopher holes wasn't a good alternative. Even if she'd taken the Honda bike, she'd have had to keep her pace fairly slow through this valley.

Licorice was a sure footed, jet-black mare with a solid six years of experience under her hooves, and not likely to make a misstep unless some bone-headed rider pushed her into it. Holly was not about to be that bonehead.

The problem was that darkness came fairly quick once the sun set below the hills. And she hadn't brought any light. She hadn't expected to be out this long or to travel this far. She'd been searching for a calf which had strayed from her small herd. She'd soon discovered it wasn't coming back, when it's hooves met with the footprints of what looked like an awfully big wolf.

Well, wolves were no longer an endangered species in Wyoming, and she was not feeling in a generous spirit after she found the calf's remains. She had a 30-30 in her saddle and her daddy had always told her that predators were like ants. Once they found a good feeding ground they tended to tell all their little friends, and come back for more all the time.

She was not about to let her little herd become that feeding ground.

She had tracked the wolf, sweating under the unseasonably hot, late afternoon

sun, until somehow or other it'd disappeared as if it'd never been. It could have jumped up onto the rock strewn hillside heading up towards the hills, but that wasn't something a wolf would normally do. Since the incline was too steep for Licorice, and it was getting late, she'd decided to head on home.

Her hat wasn't anything fancy at all. She had a fine leather cowboy hat made by Struthers and Martin and given to her on her nineteenth birthday by her father. It fit perfectly, had a purple leather band around it, and a small, artificial sprig of heather on the side.

But that wasn't a working hat. She just had on a cheap white straw hat for shade now. It was lightweight and breathed a lot more. Still, she was feeling the glow of the warm air around her as the sun headed towards the top of Bishop's Peak. She'd be in the shade, then, thankfully, but soon after, the shade would deepen and darken.

The temperature would fall off even more rapidly. Drops of thirty degrees were fairly normal, and you could go from sweating to what her aunt Brenda called 'stiff nipple weather' all too quick. Given Hannah was wearing nothing more than a light, peach colored short-sleeved shirt currently unbuttoned and tied together under her breasts, that was not something she was looking forward to while still in the saddle.

She shrugged off the thought. You got used to wild temperature swings out here, and got used to enduring them without complaint. Could've been worse. In her younger days she'd been known to ride bareback, meaning pretty near naked. They were more than isolated enough for that, and she'd been kind of daring in her youth.

She clicked her tongue and tugged the reins to the right to move Licorice around what looked like a suspiciously uneven patch of ground likely to contain gopher holes, and looked up along the rim of the hill. It was darn unlikely a wolf would head up. But what if it wasn't a natural wolf? There was supposed to be a werewolf pack off to the east. She'd never had any issues with them, but those prints had been awful big.

You couldn't shoot a werewolf except in self-defense, though if you could prove who it was you could sue him or have him arrested for damaging property. Of course, first you had to catch him. And then there was the opposite problem.

What if you did catch him? Not all those were people had their heads screwed on right. She supposed she'd probably be a little screwy if she turned all hairy too, so could sympathize with that. But werewolf attacks on humans were not unknown, and she had no silver bullets.

Come to think of it, there'd been a full moon recently, not last night, but the night before. Could it have been one of them? Maybe she'd call the sheriff and see if he could come out and have a look at the carcass. She had no idea if werewolves had a different feeding pattern than regular wolves, but the sheriff would likely know.

The sun dropped below the peak and she sighed with relief. The broad brimmed cowboy hat kept it out of her eyes, but her skin fairly glowed with the long exposure. Sunblock might keep her from burning but it did nothing to cool her down!

The air began to darken and the land to cool. She kicked Licorice just a bit to urge her on. They were past the worst of it now, and if they could get out of the foothills and onto solid ground she could sprint for most of the rest of the way home and get there before full dark hit.

There was a lot of tall brush nearby, and she wasn't sure quite what caught her suspicions. Licorice hadn't sensed anything, and was starting to move faster. Holly put her hand on the butt of her Henry rifle, almost unconsciously as her head turned to the left. Licorice sensed it just a moment later and reared up with a scream, throwing Holly backwards. Her hand had closed on the Henry, though, and yanked it back as she fell, tumbling into the grass.

The wolf was massive, and snarling at Licorice, who was rearing again, kicking at it with her forefeet, eyes rolling with terror. Holly landed with a cry of pain, almost knocking the breath out of her, but managing, somehow, to hang onto the rifle.

She managed to sit up, swinging the rifle around and clicking off the safety. The wolf, proving it wasn't natural, turned its head and leapt at her so fast she barely had time to squeeze the trigger before the world was full of fur and muscle.

It's snarl turned into a scream, but its heavy body still slammed into her hard enough to send her slamming back against the ground, this time hitting her head on something and succeeding in knocking the wind out of her.

Her pounding heart and the adrenalin surging through her system forced her to roll quickly over and reach out for the Henry again as the wolf spun, snarling, and dripping blood from a wound in its chest. It was still far too healthy looking for her taste, though, as she tried to bring the gun around for another shot.

She didn't have time. It leapt and she jerked her legs up with a scream. They held it, its snarling teeth inches from her shocked face. It was enormous, and heavy, and it was all she could do to hold its teeth off her as it struggled to get past her feet and legs to her throat!

Then something she barely saw flew past her head, and the thing was gone.

Light-headed, gasping for breath, she pulled the rifle around and saw the giant wolf fighting with another one a few yards beside her, both animals snarling and snapping and clawing at each other like rabid dogs. A sound behind her spun her around as another huge shape raced towards her. She raised the rifle and fired in one motion, only to have her legs knocked out from under her and hit the ground hard, face first.

That was one too many hits for her head, especially as dizzy as she was from lack of air, and she felt the world fading into a skin prickling wave of black dots.

\*

She woke with her cheek against something soft and warm, which, given the coolness of the air, was welcoming. Her hand moved up against it, and she groaned low in her throat, eyes fluttering. The first thing she noticed was that her head hurt. The second was that her knee hurt. And the third... the third was that nothing was right about anything.

She wasn't laying comfortably on her bed, and the world was kind of moving up and down around her. Then she realized the warm something her hand and face were pressed against were skin, and not her skin. She opened her eyes and tried to focus. Her brain seemed to be sputtering like car trying to start on an ice cold day.

And it was kind of chilly, but the ice that ran down her spine as she realized a man was carrying her was a lot colder.

“Don't be afraid,” he said.

She squirmed wildly and half fell out of his arms. He'd been carrying her like a baby, and she staggered backward with a cry of fear, then of pain as her left leg tried to take her weight and shot up a bolt of pain that dropped her to her butt on the ground.

She couldn't have been out long, for while shadows swept along the grass and it was rapidly getting dark it was still light enough to clearly see the naked man standing in front of her!

He was, at a guess, somewhere around thirty. And even in her shock Hannah couldn't not be surprised at how... impressive an example of the masculine gender he was. She'd not seen a naked man in a while, but the ones she remembered hadn't looked like this!

He had longish hair for this area, which was to say his brown hair spilled untidily across his forehead, and along the sides of his head with a slight curl around his ears. He had a square cut face with open, honest eyes, but the rest of him kind of jerked her attention downward.

It wasn't often you came across a naked man full-frontal, so to speak, while you sat on the ground in front of him. He had a muscular build, too, firm, flat stomach all the way down to that small, thin line of hair which traced downward below his belly button, then spread out around – .

She jerked her eyes away and up, blushing fiercely.

“Sorry to scare you,” he said. “You hit your head and I was trying to carry you home.”

She stared up at him, feeling like scrabbling backwards in the grass, even though he wasn't making any effort to come closer.

God, he's cute, she thought, but that was almost an afterthought. He didn't sound particularly menacing, but ... he must be a werewolf! That would explain the lack of clothing, too! Of course, that was a relief, in its own way. If he wasn't a werewolf, then he was some kind of pervert!

Or he could be both, she thought, frantically trying to keep her eyes above his waist.

“Wh-who are you!?” she gulped.

“I'm Hunter,” he said.

“Uh huhhh,” she gulped, eyes flicking from side to side.

Nope, no police cars sitting around waiting to be yelled out to.

He squatted low, serious brown eyes on her.

“I apologize for you being hurt,” he said. “Logan is young and new, and his instincts took him. The wolf instinct is very powerful after your first turning, and we lost track of him while he was hunting.”

“You... he killed my calf!” she gulped.

He cocked his head to one side. “Very possibly. If so, the pack will compensate you.”

She looked around again.

“Where are they?”

“Darien took him back home. He has your rifle, incidentally. I had my hands full. We'll get it back to you.”

“My horse – .”

“I don't think it was harmed. Once Darien gets Logan home he'll go find your horse and bring it to you.”

She stared at him doubtfully, heart still pounding, but less violently.

“I was carrying you back to your place. I assume you're from the small ranch to the south.”

She jerked her head hesitantly, then wondered if she ought to tell him where she lived. But then, that was dumb. If he wanted to do anything to her he could do it right now. From what she'd heard, even in human shape weres were unbelievably strong and fast. And realistically, even if he was just human he was a big, strong, healthy guy who could easily overpower her.

She tried to figure out where they were. It was hard in the dim light but she knew these hills well. She was maybe a mile or so from her place. She looked at him in surprise.

“How long you been carrying me?”

“About twenty minutes.”

“How could you get this far!?”

His lips curved up slightly. “We can move pretty fast when we want to.”

“Even uh... even on two legs?”

He nodded and she suddenly felt a little nauseous, groaning as her hand went to the side of her head. He moved forward and she gasped, half falling back.

“You hit your head,” he said, stopping. “There's some blood, but it looked like just a scalp wound. I wanted to get you somewhere there's warmth and light, though. From the way you acted a minute ago it looks like you hurt your ankle too.”

She felt a sudden flare of resentment.

“I didn't hurt nothing, mister!” she said angrily. “You people hurt me!”

“I am sorry,” he said solemnly. “It wasn't our intent. Darien moved quickly because you were shooting at him.”

“I thought bullets didn't hurt you people anyway!”

His eyes widened. “Are you kidding?” he all-but blurted. “They hurt like hell! They just won't kill us.”

She felt her eyes drop lower, and jerked them up again.

“So whatsisname is okay?”

“Darien? You missed him. Logan's got a wound from the rifle but it's half healed by now. It will be fine soon. We heal very quickly unless it's silver.”

“Uh huh,” she gulped.

God, she was sitting here talking to a naked man!

Of course, he wasn't a man, not quite. Then again – .

Her eyes darted down and up again.

She put her hand up and winced as her fingers felt her throbbing head, and the drying blood matting her hair.

“Why don't we talk as I carry you?”

“Uh, no thanks,” she said.

He sat on his heels and put his hands on his knees.

“What's your name?”

“H-Holly.”

“Holly, you don't want to spend the night out here, do you?”

She scowled. “Well what a dumb question! Of course not!”

“Well, if you can walk, I'll help you along, but if you can't then I kind of have to carry you.”

She didn't like being presented with those kinds of demands. Her knee was aching fiercely, and she knew she wouldn't be able to walk, but having this naked man carry her didn't seem like a good idea either.

“You don't have no clothes?” she asked in exasperation.

“We can't carry anything with us when we change. I suppose you could take your shirt off and I could tie that around my waist...”

He gave her a kind of smile at the ridiculousness of the suggestion, but she would have done it if she were wearing more than the little black lace half-bra which was all she'd had clean that morning.

“I promise to be a gentleman,” he said, putting his open hand over his heart.

“Shit,” she said.

He stood up, and she jerked her eyes up again as he held out his hand.

“Why don't we see if you can stand first?”

She looked at his hand suspiciously, but there seemed no logical way to counter the facts. Either she walked or he carried her or she stayed here all night. She took his hand. It was a large hand, warm, and work roughened, with strength behind it which seemed virtually limitless as he pulled her slowly and gently up onto her one foot.

She kept the other up, then, using his hand for support (support that was as strong as a flesh coated steel railing) she slowly lowered her other foot to the ground. Her knee throbbed even worse, but she gritted her teeth and forced more weight on it. The pain mounted but she still kept putting weight on, determined it would bear her weight.

And then he abruptly scooped her in his arms like she was a small child and started carrying her again.

“Hey! Lemmie down!” she gasped, squirming in his arms.

“You know you can't walk. You'll hurt your knee.”

“I can walk!”

“I could feel how much it was hurting you and you didn't even have your full weight on it.”

She stared at him. His face was very close now, and the rest of him, that uncomfortable rest of him, was somewhere underneath her.

“What do you mean you could feel my pain?” she demanded.

He turned his face to her. “When you become... one of us... you develop much more powerful senses. You can hear and see far better, as for scent, well, that's even more of an upgrade. I can actually hear your heart pounding in your chest

and your pulse racing the more weight you put on your knee. I know that comes from pain.”

She bit her lip, wanting to argue.

“And I can kind of sense very strong emotions. Pain causes strong emotions.”

His right arm was under the crook of her knees, his left under her back, his hand on her hip as she remained pressed against his chest. He was easily double her weight, and at probably six and a half feet, a good foot taller than her. She felt like a child in his arms, and a part of her definitely didn't want to feel child-like.

He was carrying her with ease, and she wondered just how strong these people were, just how long he could carry her weight. Probably forever, from what she'd heard. But her anxiety had less to do with that and more to do with being in the arms of a naked man, a very large, strong, very naked man whose bare chest and shoulders were inches from her eyes!

She avoided that for a time, turning her head away from him. But it was impossible to not keep sneaking peeks up at him ... and down

“Hunter,” she said, finally.

He looked down at her again.

“That's uh, a neat name.”

He shrugged. “It's the one I was born with. My parents were big into hunting. That's how I got attacked. They went after the wrong prey, though they didn't know it at the time.”

“Are they...?”

“They're alive. Just dead to me.”

She stared at him.

“When they found out the werewolf had clawed me, well... They hoped, we all hoped, the Reverend James hoped, that enough prayer would keep me from being turned into, as he put it, one of Satan's creatures, but it turned out my faith

wasn't strong enough. Or so he said.”

“So your parents wouldn't speak to you no more?”

He let out a bitter half-laugh. “My parents moved when I was in the hospital and didn't leave a forwarding address.”

Her eyes widened and she stared at him. “How old were you?”

“Twelve.”

She looked away uncomfortably, glad the light was faded to almost nothing. He sounded grimly determined not to be emotional about it but she could hear it in his voice anyway. She couldn't imagine what it would feel like to be abandoned like that by your own parents! And as a child!

“It's not something I generally like to talk about,” he said.

“So... what'd you do?”

He shrugged. “There's no such thing as homeless werewolves. The pack will always take you in. Of course, you have to abide by the pack's will. It's sort of like the army. There's officers, and the rest, and the officers are in charge.”

He looked down at her again. “So I decided to become an officer.”

“Uh, well, that's good I suppose.”

“It's better to be the shepherd than the sheep,” he said laconically.

## Chapter Two

He looked on ahead. “No lights on. Nobody home?”

“I live by myself,” she said, then instantly regretted it.

He looked at her in surprise. “Alone? How old are you?”

She glowered at him. “I’m twenty three, okay! That’s plenty old enough to be on my own, Mister Wolf man!”

“It’s just ... odd,” he said. “Don’t see too many people on their own out this way, let alone females.”

It was strange the way he said 'females'. Most men would have said girls or women, and Holly reminded herself that despite the bare flesh pressed against her this 'male' was used to having a lot of fur on his body and running around on all fours. How weird was that? How could you even get used to something like that?

“My parents died in a car accident two years ago,” she said.

She realized she had felt sorry for herself since then, but now, compared to being purposefully abandoned by your parents at twelve, well, it almost made her feel petty to mention it.

“I’m sorry,” he said somberly. “Don’t you have other family?”

“I have an aunt and uncle in Cheyenne, and a grandfather in Tulsa.”

“No brothers or sisters?”

She shook her head. “You neither?”

“I had a little brother.” he said, “But my parents took him with him when they left.”

She cringed mentally, wishing she hadn't asked. She looked up at him. He seemed very calm about it, almost matter of fact.

“I have dozens of brothers and sisters now,” he said, as if noticing her look.

“Uh, you mean you're uhm ...”

“Pack mates.”

“Well, that's... good,” she said.

Better than what she had, she thought wryly.

“Don't you get lonely living out here alone?”

She'd never quite thought of it as lonely, though she had often wished for someone to talk to, to share things with. She was pretty self-sufficient, but sometimes the house did seem pretty empty.

“Not like I don't know anyone,” she said.

“The roads out here aren't very good. I bet it takes a while to get into town.”

“Yeah, well, town's not much to write about anyhow,” she replied.

“That's a fact.”

Holly was having trouble minding her hands. Her right arm had, by instinct, gone up over his shoulder, her hand behind his neck and gripping his other shoulder. Her arms were bare, of course, and she felt odd, having her bare skin pressed against his when he was naked. Even odder was her hand didn't really need to support her. He was so strong he held her effortlessly, and her hand kept feeling twitchy, like it wanted to move around, stroke that soft skin, feel those firm muscles underneath.

He was naked, after all! God! She was being carried by a naked man!  
Completely naked!

A very hot looking naked man with a great body and... a lot of stuff there between his legs!

It had been a long while since she'd seen that, and she couldn't recall seeing it all put together as well as this before. Maybe it was running around on all fours that built up that kind of body. But she could feel how solid his chest was beneath the soft skin.

I must be cracked in the head, she thought, mentally giving her head a shake, to be even thinking about him that way! He was a freaking werewolf! She wasn't a religious nut like his parents had obviously been, but everyone knew how dangerous werewolves could get, and how incredibly strong and fast they were.

Of course, he seemed very nice, and it wasn't just his body which felt firm, so did his voice and manner. He might be studly but he also seemed, well, the kind of reliable, calm, but strong sort of guy her father had been.

“So why stay out here by yourself?”

She sighed. She'd been asked it often enough, after all.

“It's not like I'm a hermit,” she said, “But the truth is I love this place, and I love the land around it and I love living out here. On top of that, well, I own this place now, and I don't think anybody would be much interested in buying it from me at any kind of big price, you know? So where would I go? What would I do?”

“You seem bright and capable,” he said.

She snorted. “Lots of bright, capable people with university degrees scurrying around making coffee for people,” she said sourly. “I don't take orders too well, and I don't like sucking up to people. I don't think I'd make a very good waitress.”

“Barrista,” he said.

She looked up at him. “Huh?”

“They're called barristas. Not entirely sure why.”

“Well, whatever they're called I'd way rather be here than in some air conditioned coffee shop all day waiting on people who want donuts and coffee.”

“But at least you'd have people there.”

“Unpleasant people,” she said, scowling.

“You've had this discussion before, I take it,” he said dryly.

She sniffed. “Yeah, once or twice.”

His eyes kept rolling down towards her and across her. Her face was just a little below him on his left, but she noticed his eyes didn't stay there for long, but tended to slide along to his right. Her top was still tied together, but it could have been tighter, and there was probably a half decent view down the front of it from his angle too!

She resisted doing anything about it. That would just draw attention to it things. Besides, it wasn't like he was being rude and staring. If anything, his eyes seemed to move lower along her body, to her belly. Holly was willing to concede she had a pretty decent, flat belly, but his eyes sliding down there so much seemed... odd.

She watched him watch her, and everything else. His eyes never seemed to stay on one thing for long. It slid across the horizon ahead, moved up to his left, down onto her face (usually with a smile), panned rather more slowly down her body, then up and across to the right, then back ahead again.

“You looking for anything in particular?” she said.

He seemed surprised at the question and raised his eyebrows.

“You're looking all over the place, like you're looking for something.”

“Force of habit,” he said, shaking his head briefly. “If you're prey, or predator, you always want to know what's around you.”

And what's in my shirt, she thought, more than a little cynically.

“So, no boyfriends?”

“Not none I could stand for long.”

He snorted in amusement. “Too bad you couldn't order a mail order husband or something,” he said with a grin, 'Like the old time settlers did for brides.”

“Yeah, well, with my luck I'd wind up having to drag his drunken ass into the house every Friday night. No thanks. Batteries are more reliable.”

He was right about her having had the discussion often enough, but most of the time it was with her girlfriend Shelley, and her eyes widened and her skin heated as she realized she'd fallen back on the sorts of stock statements she'd made to Shelley.

Please don't have noticed that, she thought prayerfully.

“They say we'll be having sex with robots in a few years,” he said, amusement in his voice.

She dropped her head into her hand and could feel the heat coming off her skin.

“You know, it's unfair that women have so many sex toys and men have nothing,” he said.

She said nothing.

“Of course, men do have sex toys, but they're kind of sad and pathetic. Not that I've ever bought one of course but – .”

“Would you... please change the topic!?” she said through her teeth.

“I kinda like this one, but I'm a gentleman so of course I'll do whatever you want.”

“Gentlemen don't run around naked,” she said, glaring down at her stomach.

It was an okay stomach, she thought.

“You think I should be running around in a tophat and tails? Actually, I do wear the tail...”

And wouldn't that be weird!? She felt the urge to look at his butt to see if there was any sign of the tail he had as a wolf. Not that she could from this position, of

course. But maybe when he set her down she could look at his butt.

“We're all made naked, you know,” he said. “Nothing wrong with the human body. I don't know why everyone finds the look of it so offensive.”

“It's not... offensive,” she said. “It's just that, uh, well, people aren't used to seeing all those... dangly bits hanging out, if you know what I mean?”

“No, what dangly bits were you referring to?” he said with a straight face.

She glowered up at him, face heating again.

“Don't you think I have a good body?” he said.

“You know you do,” she said, now looking out at where the shadow of the house was growing mercifully bigger.

“Are you ashamed of your naked body?”

“Never you mind my naked body,” she said.

Although pressed against him like this she couldn't help a sudden flash of thought, about her naked body pressed against his naked body. That flash of thought sent a brief rush of heat through her, and she quickly thought of something else.

“I'm sure it's fine,” he said. “I mean, from what I can see of you you're in pretty good shape.”

“Change the subject again, would you?”

“Sure,” he said, grinning. “So... how long do batteries usually last in those things?”

She turned and gaped at him, face heating again, then jerked her face down as she felt, more than heard him chuckle softly.

“For your information,” she said between clenched teeth, “I do not have one of those things! That was just a .. an expression I use when I'm arguing with my friend Shelley!”

He shrugged. “Why wouldn't you have one? Living out here alone? Again, you normals are so different in your thoughts about natural behavior compared to weres. We take stuff like nudity and sex as naturally as wolves do. It's nothing to remark over, let alone be embarrassed about.”

He said it with such obvious belief she felt a strange sense of envy.

“Well, this is Wyoming, in case you hadn't noticed,” she said. “We ain't much on openness about stuff like sex and nudity here.”

“I suppose,” he said. “I haven't spent a ton of time around normals since twelve. I guess my cultural value set is kinda different by now.”

They reached the front door, and he removed the arm from behind her to open it. Holly had to slide her right arm up across his shoulder, and that produced a soft, shimmering sensation of tactile pleasure as her skin met his.

She was really going to have to get into town more, she thought. Or more likely, get down the highway to the Roadhouse where she could meet some guys!

She flicked on the light switch as they stepped inside, and the hall lights came on. She blinked her eyes against them, at first, surprised at how dark it had actually gotten outside, and how much her eyes had adjusted. He turned her and her eyes swept across the big hall mirror. She gasped at the sight of the view of herself in his arms, reminded again how big and powerfully built a man he was.

And what was down underneath her right that very second!

“You can set me down right here!” she said.

He shook his head, carrying her down the hall and into the kitchen.

“Lights,” he said.

It was all but an order, and she bit her lower lip, but flicked them on. He carried her further in and set her down on the kitchen counter of all places.

“Look I can – .”

“Shush. I'm not leaving you till I'm sure you're okay,” he said, now examining

her head in the light.

Her eyes flicked up at him as he fingered her head wound, pulling the hair away and staring intently.

“It's stopped bleeding,” he said. “Do you feel dizzy?”

“No.”

“You've got quite a bump here. I'd feel safer if you had an X-ray.”

“I feel fine!”

While he was staring at her head her eyes dropped much lower on him and she gulped and jerked them away.

Shiit.

He slipped his fingers under her chin, lifting her head up, and she looked at him, face to face.

“Your eyes look good,” he said, staring into them intently.

“Sh-shouldn't they?” she gulped.

“You feel any sort of ringing in your ears?”

“No.”

“Headache?”

“Yeah.”

“Bad? Do you feel a kind of pressure?”

She shook her head then winced and raised her hand to her head.

“Spell your name backward.”

“What?”

“Just do it, Holly,” he said.

She liked the sound of her name in his mouth, for some reason.

“Y L L O H,” she said in an irritable voice..

“You don't feel any sense of confusion or anything?”

“Just confused about why this naked man is standing in my kitchen asking me all sorts of fool questions,” she said.

“The naked man wants to make sure you aren't hurt,” he said with a smile.

“I ain't hurt, okay!?”

She pushed him back, which required putting her hands flat against his chest, and then hopped down from the counter. That, unfortunately, jarred her head and she gasped, and stumbled. His arms were around her instantly, and that had her pressed against his body.

His naked body.

She tried to backpedal but the counter was right behind her!

“You okay?”

“Yes! I'm okay! I'm fine! Lemmie go!”

He stepped back suddenly, releasing her, and she fell on her butt on the floor.

And her head ached!

“Shit!” she gasped, holding her head between her hands.

She looked up... right into his... dangly bits.

“Shit,” she said, jerking her head down, face red.

He stepped back, an odd look on his face, then spotted something and stepped to the side, snatching her apron off the counter and pulling it against himself. He tied it around his waist and turned back to her.

“Happier now?”

“Uh, well, kinda,” she said.

She felt relieved, but oddly, a little disappointed too.

She was definitely not using that apron again!

He squatted before her. “Would you be offended if I maybe cleaned your cut and put some stuff on it.”

‘What kinda stuff?’

His eyebrows rose. “I assumed you had some sort of antiseptic?”

“Well, of course I do.”

He reached down and took her hands, then gently pulled her to her feet, or tried to. Her knee gave out instantly. She didn't fall, though, because his grip simply strengthened.

“And I want to look at your knee,” he said.

He lifted her up in his arms but not like he had before. He simply closed his hands on her thighs just below her buttocks, so she was pressed against him, arms over his shoulders as he turned and carried her back into the hall.

“Bathroom?” he said.

“Uhm, left,” she said, a bit breathless.

He set her down gently on the counter in the bathroom. The lights were even brighter here, and every bit of his naked body, except what was covered by the apron, was even more... nakedly in view as she jerked her hands back from his body at last.

He turned on the water and looked in the cabinet, taking down a bottle of peroxide.

Then, using tissues, she gently cleaned the cut on her head, cleaned off the blood from her hair, then applied some peroxide. She hissed in pain, grasping his arm

tightly. It was, she realized, a very, very strong arm.

And his bare chest was right there in her face, too, impossible to ignore, however much she might want to. And the truth was parts of her didn't want to. That bare chest was awfully pleasing to the eye.

“I think you'll be fine,” he said. “Now let's see the knee. Take off your pants.”

She jerked her eyes wide. “No way!”

“Way,” he said firmly.

## Chapter Three

Holly glared at him determinedly.

“I can look after my own knee!”

“You've had medical training?”

She scowled.

“Did I mention I was a paramedic?”

“Really?”

“I can't be hired, of course. I mean, nobody would hire a werewolf as a paramedic. But I took the training. I mostly work on weres, but it's the same stuff, basically.”

“Well, I don't care if you're a doctor! I ain't taking off my pants in front of you!”

He made an exasperated sound. “You are wearing underwear, aren't you?”

“Never you mind my underwear!”

“If I was going to molest you I could have done it any time. You do know that, right?”

“Don't care,” she said mulishly.

He glowered at her, then left her there on the counter and went out into the hall. He looked left and right, then snapped on the light in one of the empty rooms.

“Hey! What do you think you're doing?”

Her voice sounded odd, even to her, as she noticed that, of course, his bottom was completely naked. The apron only covered the front, after all.

There wasn't any sign of a tail on his very, very nice looking bottom.

He ignored her, going to the next room, which happened to be her bedroom. He disappeared around the corner.

“Hey! You get out of there!”

He didn't reply.

“Hey! What are you doing in there!?”

He returned, carrying a pair of cutoffs and handed them to her.

“Put these on if you can. If you can't I'm going to tear these jeans off you,” he said with a glare.

“You wouldn't dare!”

“Wanna try me?”

He stepped out of the bathroom and closed the door.

She glared at it, then leaned over and locked it.

“You got one minute,” he said. “And don't think a lock would stop me.”

She bit her lip and then slid slowly off the counter onto her good foot, then quickly undid her jeans and, wincing, pushed them down her legs.

She was wearing underwear. It was the matching thong that went with the bra. They were a set, a present from Shelley, in fact, who kept urging her to find a guy. And if she hadn't been distracted first by repairing the wall in the barn, and then by getting groceries and trying to figure out what was wrong with one of her hens she'd have gotten her clothes washed in time so there'd have been more to wear than this.

She winced as she pushed the jeans down below her knees, seeing the bloody scrape on her left knee. Getting them off required she put her hands on the counter and raise herself up off the floor, then using her right foot to kind of kick them loose. With that done she quickly pulled the cutoffs onto her right foot.

“Thirty seconds,” he said.

“You all just wait!” she shouted, feeling a sense of panic.

She had more difficulty getting the shorts over her left leg. Then she had to ease off the counter and yank them up as best she could.

“Time's up.”

“You better not break my door!” she shouted.

She pulled them up around her hips and jerked up the zipper.

The door opened.

She yelped and then relaxed, realizing she was covered.

He grinned, no, smirked, holding a wire coat hanger in his hand and pointing down at the little hole on the outside of the doorknob.

“You think you're real smart, don't you?” she said, glaring.

“I am real smart, little girl,” he said.

His eyes dropped down and his expression changed entirely.

“Nice uh, undies,” he said, trying to pass it off as a joke.

The cutoffs were up and zipped, but she hadn't closed the clasp, and so the front of them was kind of pulled open low enough to show the waistband of her lacy black thong.

She colored and tried to jerk it closed, but the fact was the shorts he'd selected were on the floor of her closet for a reason. They'd shrunk too much to be of much use and she never wore them any more.

“These are too small,” she said, glowering at him.

“They cover the essential dangly bits, right?”

She colored further and he grinned, then picked her up again.

She gasped, her arms jerking up over his shoulders as he set her gently down on the counter.

“Stop pickin' me up like that, you!”

“It saves time.”

Her knee was aching now from all the bending and straightening, but he dutifully bent low to examine it, his warm, rough hands gently gripped her leg above and below the knee. He very slowly straightened her leg as she watched, gripping the edge of the counter.

“Rate the pain on a scale of one to ten,” he said seriously.

“I dunno. Uhm, three, maybe.”

He straightened her leg.

“Ow! Four! Five!”

He slid his fingers over her knee, prodding it very gently as he worked it slightly up and down.

“There's nothing broken or dislocated,” he said. “I think it's a superficial strain, though the bone might be bruised. It's going to be sore for a while.”

He began to clean the scrape on her knee, as he had before, though the difference was he kind of held her hand up and was standing in between her legs, his hand warm on her leg. He turned to toss the blood marked tissue into the toilet and she saw his bare bottom, not at all covered by the apron in front.

Oh my, she thought. It looked even nicer under the bright, bathroom light!

He turned back, continuing his work, and she watched him. He was very intent, very careful and serious now. And in that goofy apron it was hard to see him as threatening.

And it was impossible to forget he was completely naked underneath it!

Especially since he turned around several times.

“You uh, know that apron hasn't got no rear end, right?” she finally said, a bit nervously.

He grinned and winked, and she scowled. Oh, he knew it, all right!

“Well, it ain't' considered polite to uh, moon people!”

He didn't look up, still intent on her knee.

“Mooning would be bending over. Want me to demonstrate the difference?”

“No!”

He chuckled softly and she scowled again.

“Ain't uh, officers supposed to be more... mannerly?”

He looked up with a grin. “We don't have officers.”

She opened her mouth to object but he shook his head.

“I meant I'm an alpha male. Alpha wolves are kind of in charge of things.”

He straightened.

“I could put a bandage on but I don't want to. It'll make you less likely to bend it. You should bend it continuously so it doesn't stiffen up. If it stiffens up you won't be able to walk on it for days.”

“It hurts to straighten it, not bend it!”

“It'll hurt more if you don't keep moving it.”

He gently raised her leg up and back, and she bit her lip as her leg bent fully, wincing.

“How does that feel?” he asked.

“It... hurts,” she gulped.

Her knee was pressed almost back against her shoulder as she sat there, and he

was standing awfully close, close enough her eyes flicked down to make sure he wasn't actually pressed against her. He wasn't... barely. She felt a sense of breathlessness as she jerked her eyes up and looked into his face.

“On a scale of one to ten?” he asked calmly.

“I uhm... three or ... maybe... maybe four sometimes,” she said.

“That bearable?”

She jerked her head up and down and he let her leg slowly down, but then his other hand flicked some of her hair, which, she thought with a small sense of panic, must be a raggedy assed mess, out of her eyes before leaning forward and kissing her.

True, it was only on the bridge of the nose, and he drew back smoothly right away but she still gaped at him.

“Wh-what was that for!?”

“For bravery,” he said with a small smile.

She scowled.

“And because you look cute like that.”

“Like what?” she said suspiciously.

Sitting up there, your hair all over your eyes and you nervous and brave at the same time.”

“I'm not nervous,” she said, dropping her eyes.

But then she raised them again. “And I'm not brave neither.”

She realized he was standing in between her parted legs now as she sat on the edge of the counter, and all too close. She raised her hands as he leaned in, afraid he was going to kiss her again, and her fingers pressed against his bare chest. She sucked in a breath of air and jerked her hands back and he grinned.

“It's not contagious, you know,” he said.

She blinked in confusion. “What?”

“You can't get lycanthropy from touching one.”

“I never thought you could!”

“Lot of people think so. I'd have to be in my wolf form and claw you or bite you, something like that. Even then you often don't catch it.”

“I'm not stupid, okay,” she said. “I'm not... not touching you cause of that. I just... you don't go groping strange men's chests, okay?”

“Groping?”

“Or touching!”

He grinned. “You can touch my chest any time you want, Holly.”

“No thanks!”

He leaned in and kissed her again, this time on the forehead, and her hands rose instinctively, pressing flat against his chest, pushing him back. He let himself be pushed back, grinning broadly, and she jerked her hands away.

Though they'd felt mighty good against his chest!

“Stop that!”

“Okay. So, where should I put you? I'm assuming you don't want to sit on the counter forever.”

“I dunno. Living room, I guess.”

He nodded, and she reluctantly let him pick her up again, her arm going over his shoulder and behind his neck, feeling his skin against her again. She felt her eyes studying the nape of his neck, following it up to his ear, and she licked her lips, turning her eyes away as she felt the urge to lean in and feel his earlobe with her lips.

God, she was shameless!

He set her gently down on the sofa, and then there was a knock at the door. He turned as if expecting it and went out into the hall. She heard a low murmur of voices, then a bark of laughter before the door closed. He didn't reappear at once, and she wondered if he'd left, but then he came back around the corner and tossed the apron to her.

She gasped, then relaxed. He was wearing a pair of shorts. Though they were awfully small shorts that sat awfully low on his hips, she thought, her eyes taking him in greedily despite her best efforts at appearing completely casual.

“That was one of the pack. Your horse is in the barn. He's going to brush her and feed and water her. Oh and...”

He leaned back into the hall and then returned, showing her her rifle. “It's been cleaned. I'll set it by the front door.”

“Uh, thanks.”

“Now, what would you like for dinner?”

She stared at him. “Uhm, don't worry about it.”

“You're not hungry?”

“I uh, can make something later.”

“I'll make it. What would you like?”

“It's not necessary,” she said, a bit desperately.

He folded his arms across his chest.

“Holly, let me put this in words you will understand. I ain't leaving.”

She opened her mouth to protest and he pointed a long finger at her.

“No. You can barely move around right now, and you might have a concussion. Someone needs to be here to keep an eye on you overnight.”

“Oh no way!”

“Way!”

“You can't... just... insist on staying!” she sputtered.

“Sure can. Did. Done. Now what would you like?”

“But – !”

He moved much closer much too fast. It was like, he was over there, then he was right in front of her, leaning over her, hands on her shoulders.

“Why should you have to try to cope when it was entirely our fault?” he demanded. “Why should have you to try and hop around, your leg aching, trying to make dinner, when it was our fault you got hurt? Why shouldn't we make it up to you?”

“Well, uh...”

“Are you afraid of me?”

“No!”

“You sure?”

She considered him. He could pretty much do anything he wanted to her, but then he could have any time. And it really didn't matter that he was a werewolf. With his size, with that kind of body, even if he was normal he could do anything he wanted to her. She didn't think he would, though. There was something truthful and honest and trustworthy about him.

“No.”

“Then take what we owe you. It will make the pack feel better.”

He straightened. “I could ask one of the girls to come if you'd be more comfortable.”

“No! I don't want no stranger here!”

He grinned.

“Not that you ain't sort of a stranger either,” she said, scowling.

“After you've tasted my cooking you won't think so. In fact, it's a good thing you've got trouble moving around, otherwise after one of my dinner's you'd probably be attacking me, desperate for me to be your husband.”

“Oh right! Dream on, mister!”

“Hunter,” he said, grinning.

He went into the kitchen and she stared after him, exasperated but... not unhappy.

“Ah, steaks,” he called. “Exactly what the doctor ordered.”

She was suddenly reminded of her hair, and that she'd been outside in the hot sun all day, and gasped as she instinctively tried to rise.

He popped his head back into the living room. “Problem?”

“Uh, no. I was just uh, I moved suddenly.”

He raised his eyebrows.

“I was thinking about getting out of these clothes – .”

He beamed.

“And into something else,” she said hurriedly. “I been out in them all day. They're work clothes. Plus, I could use a bath. Or at least a shower.”

He frowned thoughtfully.

“No bath,” he said. “And showering would mean standing on one foot. You might fall.”

“There's a bench in the shower stall and a hand shower.”

“Ah, okay then.”

He came into the room, grinning. “Your chariot awaits.”

“I can make it on my own,” she said doubtfully.

He picked her up, ignoring her protest and carried her back to the bathroom, then closed the door and went back to the kitchen.

She noted his butt looked pretty good in the shorts, even if it was more decently covered.

She sighed and then stripped, slowly and carefully. She looked down at her leg doubtfully, knowing it was going to sting some, as was her head. But if she kept the water mostly cold she'd be able to bear it. She was just so not going to sit around all sweaty in dirty clothes with Hunter there. Didn't he mention how werewolves had such good noses? She probably smelled awful!

She looked at her hair and winced. It wasn't like she had a complicated hairstyle or anything. And it was normally pretty easy to maintain. It just sort of hung there like it ought to, with most of it gathered behind her in a pony tail. Not now. Now it was all tangled and twisted and a ragged mess!

She hopped to the shower and turned on the water, keeping it coolish as she eased into it. It wasn't easy but she managed to wet herself down and then soap herself up, avoiding the knee, which he'd already cleaned.

With that done she turned to her hair. Now she had to get the cut wet, but it didn't feel too bad. She soaped up carefully but it soon started to sting. She ignored it, quickly scrubbing the rest of her head, then letting the water wash over her and rinse herself off.

That done, she stood up and slid the shower door open, then grabbed the big fluffy towel on the rack and wrapped it around herself.

So who said you needed two legs to stand up anyway, she thought.

She dried herself, patted her hair dry, then hopped over to the counter, where she brushed it in and back. She usually just let it dry like that, but this time she picked up the hairdryer and started blowing it dry, brushing it up and back on both sides with a lot more care than her usual.

## Chapter Four

Making it to her room was the next challenge. She looked at her dusty clothes doubtfully. Pointless to put those on again. The big fluffy towel was all damp now. She didn't want that on her. But there was the next biggest towel, and it would cover – enough, especially since he was in the kitchen cooking.

She wrapped it carefully around herself and then opened the door slowly, peering out into the empty hall. She licked her lips, then hopped forward, wincing as her knee jerked below her, muttering curses under her breath.

And of course, he came out into the hall, just then!

She colored, and held her hand tighter against the towel.

“I'll carry you,” he said.

“No way!” she said, half panicked.

He grinned broadly. “You're wearing a towel, Holly.”

“You just stand where you are, mister Hunter!” she exclaimed, pointing at him.

He shrugged and she glared suspiciously, then hopped along the wall to her bedroom door. She had just reached it when the hall rug slipped under her feet and she yelped as she started to go down.

And just that fast he was already there, grabbing her before she could hit the floor. Which was good, because she was clutching the towel so tightly she didn't have hands free to brace herself against hitting the floor hard.

He gripped her arms as she held her hands across her chest, lifted her bodily, easily, carried her several paces into her room, and then gently set her down next to the bed, before turning and walking out. He closed the door on his way out, too.

She looked after him ruefully, feeling like a fool girl.

And she didn't want him thinking her a fool girl.

Still, she hopped carefully back to the door and locked it before hopping to her dresser. A part of her wanted to grab the ugliest clothes she had, and the most conservative, cover herself neck to ankle.

That wasn't the part that made her clothing choice, though.

She had no underwear, though! They were in the washer! And she'd be damned if she'd ask him to go get them! She cursed softly, then slid her legs into a pair of soft cotton pants. They were her hanging-out-around-the-house pants, with an elastic waistband and a string tie. For a top, well, it was still hot out, and she needed something with support if she didn't have a bra.

What she pulled on was a black baby-T. It was exactly like a T-shirt except that it only went down to just below her breasts, and then cinched in tight beneath them. It wasn't great, but it would keep her from moving around too much.

If she'd been in the city she'd have had air-conditioning, she thought, a bit rueful, and a dryer too. But electricity was expensive, and she'd never wanted to waste it on frivolous and unnecessary things. The sun would dry her clothes fine, and you got used to warm weather if you had nothing but.

She checked her hair, then hesitated. Should she stay in here for a while? No, then he'd come and get her, and her bedroom was a mess! Bad enough he'd been in already! She hopped awkwardly to the door, wincing again, then cursed as she banged her knee softly against the doorjamb before pulling the door open.

He was standing right there, and she yelped in startlement and stumbled back. Again, he caught her before she could hit the floor, lifting her up and carrying her down the hall.

“Stop sneaking up on me!”

“I heard you cursing and thought you might need some help,” he said.

“You couldn't have!”

“Oh I hear very, very well.. Much better than you.”

He set her down on the sofa again.

“How's the knee?”

“It hurts like the dickens!”

“Got any aspirin or something?”

He went back to the bathroom and then returned with a couple, and a glass of water.

She took them gratefully.

“Thank you. So how good can you hear?”

He smiled and headed back to the bathroom. “Well enough to hear you say that is a a nice lookin' butt as I was walking away,” he said over his shoulder.

Her jaw dropped and she stared after him, face flushing as well.

“I so did not!”

“Did too,” he called back.

She might have thought it, maybe even muttered it ever so gently under her breath, but he was already practically out of sight by then, damnit!

He walked past into the kitchen without a word, and Holly glowered at him the entire time.

She was definitely going to have to watch every word she even thought!

The steaks were smelling pretty good, though, and she licked her lips, looking over her shoulder frequently at the kitchen doorway. Finally, she pushed herself to her feet, or foot, and started hopping in that direction. He appeared almost at once, a reproving look on his face.

“Don't you dare pick me up!” she said, pointing a finger at him.

“Can I catch you before you fall and hit your fool head?” he asked.

She glowered. “Yeah!”

“Okay.”

She hopped past him into the kitchen and he followed her as she opened the stove and examined the steaks.

It wasn't exactly deliberate that she had to bend over, but she knew as she did it that he'd be looking at her butt, and felt a rush of some kind of ego-satisfying pleasure. She knew she had a nice butt, after all. All the guys said so. So did Shelley, though her assessment was more clinical.

She jerked her head around suddenly and snorted as she saw where his eyes were.

“Stop staring at my butt,” she said.

That'd teach him to embarrass her!

But he wasn't like the guys she knew. He didn't blush or pretend to deny it. He just smiled at her.

“It's a very nice lookin' butt,” he said comfortably.

She straightened, pushing the stove door closed, mixed emotions swirling inside her. She liked his saying she had a nice butt, but on the other hand, that was rude, sort of, or at least embarrassing.

“You shouldn't be staring at people like that,” she grumbled.

“Holly, you are a hell of a lot of woman to not be looking at,” he said plaintively.

She stared at him. Again, it wasn't like he seemed to be even trying to flatter her. He acted as if he was just pointing out the obvious.

“Oh please.”

She hopped a little further along the counter, opened a cupboard, and started pulling out seasonings. And then suddenly she turned around and he was right there again. She gasped, jerking back, but was pinned against the counter, though

he made no move to touch her.

“Holly,” he said, again in that serious voice, “Anyone who questions the self-control of werewolves, or at least, my self-control, would change their mind really quickly if they saw me and you together.”

“Wh-what's that supposed to mean?” she gulped.

He raised his eyebrows.

“They'd see me not touching you, and if they were a man, they'd have to admit I have amazing self-control.”

She folded her arms across her chest, glaring at him a bit anxiously.

“Don't you dare touch me!”

“You're perfectly safe around me. I'd cut my own arm off before I hurt someone like you.”

“Someone like me?”

“An innocent person, a girl, a helpless, beautiful young girl.”

“I ain't so young as all that,” she said, glowering at the way he was looking at her.

His eyes weren't on her chest, nor her face, they were on her stomach again.

“Why do you keep looking at my stomach?” she demanded, exasperated as well as curious.

Now he seemed surprised and even blushed a bit. How weird, she thought.

“You have a very... firm stomach and abdominals,” he said

“Well uh, thanks, I guess.

“It's part of our instincts,” he said, his eyes looking at hers, but dropping, flicking, down and back up frequently.

“What instincts?” she asked, curious at the strange effect the talk was having.

He was so in-control, only now, for the first time, he seemed somewhat unsettled and uncomfortable. Well, good!

“Kind of a mix of wolf and man.”

She looked down at her stomach and back up.

“It's just a stomach.”

He let out a slow breath and she felt a strange prickling sensation of energy coming off him.

“You should pull your uhm, pants up higher,” he said.

She looked down again. “Why? They don't go up no higher.”

He shook his head and turned away, yanking open the oven door.

“Hey!”

“I like mine rare. And I'll feel better after I've eaten.”

“What do you mean better? You don't feel well?”

“I'm... hungry.”

It was so odd seeing him like this she just stared. Every second since she'd met him he'd been completely poised and full of calm self-confidence. Now he was rushing to take the steaks out early. She liked hers fairly rare, too, so that wasn't any huge deal, but he was sure in a hurry. How had he suddenly realized he was that hungry?

She shrugged and opened the fridge. When she turned around he was already sitting at the table.

“You don't want no butter or onions or garlic or nothing?” she asked in surprise.

He shook his head, cutting and quickly forking some steak into his mouth.

She shrugged, shook her head and put some serano pepper on her own steak and spicy BBQ sauce. She hesitated over the garlic and onions, then decided to forgo them tonight. She didn't want her breath smelling all horrible, and he apparently had a pretty good nose.

She hopped over to the table with her plate, surprised he didn't try to help her. He was focused on his steak as she sat down.

“You really are hungry,” she said.

He rolled his eye towards her but kept eating for a bit.

It was only when he was half finished that he cleared his throat.

“Hunger has a strange effect on us,” he said.

“Hunger has an effect on everyone,” she said.

He shook his head. “Hunger brings the beast out in us.”

She looked at him in alarm.

“No, I don't mean it makes us turn into a wolf,” he said.

“Well, what then?”

“It makes our.. instincts stronger, much stronger, and they're already pretty strong.”

“What kind of instincts?”

He put another large piece of steak into his mouth and chewed on it slowly. She looked at him suspiciously.

“How's your knee?”

“Same as before. So do these instincts got anything to do with my stomach?”

He flinched a bit and then sighed.

“Let's just say the soft underbelly is something which fixates wolves.”

She blinked in surprise. “But you said...”

“I don't mean I'd like to hurt you, Holly. I mean that... what I want to do is run my fingers back and forth over your abdomen, followed by my lips and tongue and face,” he said, slightly flushed.

She dropped her jaw in astonishment, blushing. But she didn't know whether to get angry or be afraid or... then there was that strange sense of pleasure at his words. She was used to guys wanting to grope her, of course. This part of Wyoming didn't grow the most sophisticated of men. But no man had ever suggested he wanted to rub his face against her stomach!

“Uh, you mean like uh, wolves like... stomachs?”

“It's one of our favorite erogenous zones,” he confessed.

“Uh... Erogenous...? Oh. Wow. Really?”

She wasn't sure what she thought about that, except that she had to keep yanking her mind off the thought of him licking and kissing her belly and rubbing his face across it. There was something awful... interesting about that thought.

He flicked his eyes to her, and down. “I'd say you work out but you clearly don't need to.”

“I got more than enough work to do around here without needing to go to a gym,” she said with a snort of dismissal.

Her mind kept dwelling on that thought, except when it dwelt on his shoulders and chest. And she thought of how tempted she'd been to run her fingers across his chest, to feel his shoulders, his upper arms. Was he feeling that about her belly? Her eyes slid down to his own stomach, noting it was a pretty attractive one, too.

And what was underneath was pretty nice to look at, as well. The sight of it was fixed very firmly in her mind.

Maybe she should eat faster, too!

\*

After dinner he insisted on doing the washing up, while she sat back in the chair and admired the view of him from behind – while trying to ignore it. His bare back was strong and smooth, and it led up to those shoulders which had her licking her lips. It also led down to a very nice ass, one she'd seen naked and knew was extremely nice on the eyes, then those firm legs.

“So are you planning on staying out here alone for the rest of your life?” he asked over his shoulder.

“I don't know,” she said, at least glad to be back on familiar ground. “I suppose at some point I'll need to go somewhere, unless I want to get old all by myself. I just don't know where to go or what to do with this place or how I'm gonna live out in a city.”

She tried to look out the window as opposed to his butt, but the windows were black, of course So she tried to distract herself by examining her fingernails.

“You could find some country boy and settle down here and start having kids?”

“And join the PTA and gossip with the ladies from the Baptist Church,” she said disdainfully.

“You've got some nice land here. You could be raising more cattle on it than you do.”

“I raise what I can afford to keep and look after,” she said. “And no, I don't wanna hire nobody. I don't like strangers.”

“I hear you,” he said.

He walked over to her and looked down as she finished her milk.

“Want more?”

She shook her head and handed him the cup and he brought it back to the sink and washed it.

“So uh, how good are your ears anyway?”

“Real good,” he said.

“How good is real good?”

He wiped his hands and came back to her, standing uncomfortably close.

“Can you hear my heart beating?”

“What? No, of course not.”

“Not even a little?”

He leaned in closer, his hand on the table before her. His chest was inches from her face and she turned her head to the side uncomfortably.

“No.”

“I can hear yours.”

She looked up at him. “Really?”

“From here. Without trying.”

His hand came down and a long finger suddenly brushed gently along the side of her throat.

“I can hear your pulse, as well,” he said in a softer voice.

“Uhm, yeah?” she gulped.,

They looked at each other for a long moment, and Holly felt a soft thrumming heat starting to rise up within her.

“I uhm, I need to go to the bathroom!” she gulped, pushing herself up.

He nodded, but just when she thought he wasn't going to try to carry her he grabbed her firmly but gently around the waist, and lifted her into the air.

“Hunter!”

“Much faster and easier on your knee,” he said, carrying her out of the kitchen and up the hall as she clung to his shoulders.

He set her down and let her go inside and she closed and locked the door, then turned on the water and began to brush her teeth.

What the hell was she doing with this guy!? More to the point, what was she going to do with him!? He was hot, very sexy. She couldn't remember thinking that about a guy in a long while, and the guys she could remember thinking it about paled into nothing compared to him.

That wasn't just it, though. She had become remarkably comfortable in his presence in a very short time. She couldn't remember that happening before. It felt like she knew him. Did he drink? She couldn't imagine him getting stumbling drunk and breaking things. She couldn't imagine him bragging about what he'd done with her with his friends, either, like Stevie Moore did.

There was a comfortable solidness she couldn't remember seeing in anyone before.

She'd slept with Stevie a dozen or so times and hadn't felt like she'd known him nearly as well.

That was the good. The bad was... well, he was a werewolf! Still, he seemed pretty in control of himself, and it was hard to imagine him going all hairy and attacking her. The women at the baptist church sure wouldn't approve of him, but then again she wasn't sure she'd like anyone they did approve of, the old biddies.

## Chapter Five

There was a fire going in the living room when she came out. She could hear the familiar snap and crackle of the flames as she tried to ease her way back up the hall as quietly as possible. For a wonder, he didn't show up to carry her! But it wasn't a long distance, and she managed to make it into the living room on her own.

Maybe the aspirin were having an affect, at least, or maybe her knee just wasn't as bad as all that after all. She licked her lips, feeling her heart thumping as she looked into the living room, then tried consciously to ease her breathing and relax. Who ever heard of a man who could hear your pulse anyway!?

She saw him feeding more of her small twigs and wood chips into the fire, and then pushing in one of the smaller logs. She hesitated, looked down at herself, then eased the hem of her pants a little lower before gripping the back of the sofa and hopping forward into the room.

“Thought the place was getting a little cool for you,” he said, not turning around.

She usually did start a fire around now herself, but felt a momentary irritation which had nothing to do with that. He still wasn't looking at her, after all. She tested her foot, and was able to take a little pressure. She gasped softly, but it took her weight as she limped forward.

He turned around quickly at the sound and his eyes widened as he came just about face to face with her lower belly. He seemed momentarily dumbstruck, and she felt a wild thrill of ego before he jerked his head around to stare into the fire again. She smirked and eased herself down onto the ottoman nearest him.

“Thanks,” she said demurely.

“This is a nice rug,” he said, gesturing at the one he knelt on.

“Genuine bearskin,” she said. “My grandfather's.”

“Still soft,” he said, running his fingers through it.

“It's a real chore to clean it,” she sighed. “But it's got a lot of memories from long ago. Sometimes I put on a fire in the evening, and a few candles, have some wine, and think about long, long ago.”

He turned to her, eyes serious.

“This house has been here for a long time,” she said. “And nothing much outside has changed in all that time.”

“It's good to have a sense of where you come from,” he said.

“Especially when you're not sure where in heck you're going to,” she said replied with a wry twist of her mouth.

The light was reflecting against his bare skin, making him seem to glow a soft red and orange, and she felt her fingers twitch beside her, imagining them running across his shoulders and down his chest. She jerked her eyes off to see his eyes fixed on her stomach again, her abdomen, and felt a mixed thrill of fear and desire.

He was still a werewolf, after all! What if he lost control!?

His eyes rose and met hers and they stared at each other, then he broke away.

“My family were newcomers,” he said. “They came up here from Utah.”

“Mormons?” she asked in surprise.

“No, but they could've given the Mormons lessons in religious dedication.”

“You don't have, like, a uhm, family, like, a wife and kids or something? Like, a girlfriend?”

“Most women aren't real interested in settling down with a werewolf,” he said.

“Well, what about your uhm, pack?”

“The pack doesn't live together like wolves,” he said. “We're scattered all around the surrounding towns, working normal jobs just like most people. We generally

meet up during formal occasions, and when someone or other needs help. We're not a big pack. There's only a couple of dozen of us in all. Eight women, five of them married. Married from before they turned into werewolves," he added.

"What about the other three?"

"One is nearly fifty. Another is sixteen, and the third one is a lesbian."

She let out a brief laugh, then looked apologetically at him.

He shrugged. "Not a lot of options there for finding someone really compatible."

She stood up, and he looked up.

"What we need is some popcorn."

He stood up as well. "I'll get it if you tell me where it is."

"I'd kind of have to show you."

She cocked her head to one side, and he snorted, and picked her up, then carried her into the kitchen. There she got down the very old fashioned metal popcorn popper, put some oil into it, then poured in the loose popcorn seeds and closed the lid. He carried her and the pan, and the bowl back into the living room, and she showed him how the pot was placed over the fire on hooks hanging from the stone mantle.

It didn't take very long to pop, and they were soon sitting back munching on popcorn, watching the flames, and talking.

Sharing the bowl proved problematic, though, since she was sitting back on a comfy recliner while he was sitting on the rug, and when she got tired of leaning forward to grab from the bowl she teasingly extended her foot.

"Put some on my foot," she ordered.

He raised his eyebrows, then carefully placed several on the back of her foot. She eased her foot back and snatched them off, popping them into her mouth.

"Lazy," he said.

“I'm wounded, remember, by some nasty werewolves.”

“Fell down. Clumsy,” he said, putting a handful into his mouth.

“Anyway, you said to work on bending my knee.”

“That's the wrong leg!”

She giggled. “You didn't say which one.”

She extended her leg again and he put more popcorn on top of her foot. She drew it back, smirking at him.

“So are you gonna sleep on the floor like a good doggy when I go to bed?”

“I've slept worse places than here,” he said.

“You actually sleep in uhm, wolf shape?”

“Sometimes, out on the prairie. It's a bitch, though, because you don't want to wake in human form far from your clothes or where you wanted to be. It's a lot longer walk home on two feet than four.”

She extended her foot again imperiously and he snorted, putting popcorn on the back once more.

“You're gonna get your foot all oily,” he said.

She drew her foot back and scooped the popcorn off.

“You mean you're not like a dog and won't lick it clean?” she teased.

She extended her leg again and he grinned and took her ankle.

“Well, you did just shower,” he said.

He pulled her foot forward, though, and she yelped, dragged forward until her back was on the seat of the chair.

“Hey!”

He smirked at her, then his tongue licked slowly across the back of her foot.

The touch made her gasp, and sent a roll of tingling heat up her leg.

“Hey!” she squeaked.

“Mmm,” tastes like popcorn,” he said.

He licked up along the top of her foot again.

“Stop that!” she gasped, giggling but slightly breathless as she tugged at her foot.

“Mmm, fresh toes,” he said.

He licked down along her foot and then slid his lips around her big toe.

Holly gasped, her eyes widening as his lips closed around her toe and he sucked gently.

“You... weirdo!” she gasped.

“Very weird,” he said with a grin.

She put her hands on the arm of the chair, struggling to sit upright, to pull back from him. He let go of her foot but instead nimbly gripped the bottom of her pants leg so that as she jerked herself back it tugged downward on her hips.

“Hey!” she yelled, letting go of the chair and grabbing the hem of her pants as he laughed.

He let it go but rolled onto his knees and slid forward. She scrambled back into the chair breathlessly, drawing her knees up and back as he rose in front of her. He leaned in against her, his arms spreading her knees apart as he rose to his full height, and then his hands were on the back of the chair on either side of her head and his face was inches from hers.

She gulped and stared at him uncertainly, and could feel her heart pounding again.

“Your foot tastes very... sweet,” he said. “I bet your lips taste a lot sweeter.”

She stared at him and he leaned in and kissed her. It was a kiss that started out slow and easy, but never seemed to end. Instead it just shifted and changed and grew in strength as she returned it, then grew in passion as he leaned into her further, his hands sliding in against the side of her head.

And then her hands rose instinctively, pressing against his chest as he leaned over her. She shuddered at the rush of heat and excitement as her fingers slid over his shoulders, then back, then lower, caressing his chest, sliding along his ribs, then around behind him, over his powerful back.

The feel of his soft, warm flesh against her fingers made her moan into his mouth, and reminded her how long it had been since she'd felt that touch. Her legs relaxed, then her knees began to straighten, her feet going out, then back around behind him as the kiss continued.

His tongue was swirling and dancing at the entrance to her mouth, teasing her own tongue and caressing the inside of her lips. It was a tongue which seemed to change in shape and texture as it moved, even as his lips massaged hers with varying degrees of pressure.

His hands were buried in her hair, but weren't still. They were moving and combing through it, letting her long, soft hair slide through his fingers as they kissed.

Her hands weren't still either. They skimmed across his flesh as a rolling wave of tactile delight made her insides ripple with heat and excitement. Her fingers slid up and down his back, then along his ribs again before moving up and down his front and over his shoulders.

She gasped as his fingers suddenly tightened in her hair, and then jerked her head up and back to one side. His lips tore free of her mouth at last, letting her gasp for breath as they slid up and over the nape of her neck, in under her ear, then back down, his teeth nibbling, his lips kissing her, his tongue darting out.

At almost the same time she felt his other hand slide up under her baby-T, sliding in over her bare breast! The feel of his rough hand sliding against her already very hard nipple made her gasp aloud, but then he caught it between the tip of his thumb and forefinger, rolling it between them.

His lips slid down her neck, bypassing her chest, and then he was licking and

kissing his way down her chest, down her belly, onto her abdomen. She shuddered, staring breathlessly as he nibbled lightly at her lower abdomen, just above the waistband of her pants, then turned his face, rubbing his cheek back and forth against her stomach before licking at her again.

“Wha-what – .”

She saw amusement and a kind of fierce sense of excitement come over him, and his mouth suddenly went lower – much lower. Her eyes widened and she let out a startled cry as his mouth closed firmly but ever so gently against her sex through the thin cotton pants. He stared up the length of her trembling body at her as he growled softly, his teeth clamped against her there! She felt a low rumble, almost a vibration against her there, and gasped in dark excitement.

Suddenly he jerked back, his hands on her waist lifting her bodily up and swinging her around in mid-air as if she were entirely weightless, lowering her quickly but gently to the floor atop the bearskin rug before the fireplace!

And just like that the pants were gone! Even as he set her down his hands pulled back, yanking them down her hips, jerking her legs up as they slid down them, then she was naked below the waist as he threw himself atop her!

He rained small bites and kisses up her abdomen, his tongue circling her belly button again and again, then sliding higher, his hands caressing her just as she'd done him. Only his hands, as they moved up, gripped the baby-T and peeled it up and over her head in a sudden rush of movement that again caught her by surprise.

He knelt over her, and her pulse raced as she stared up him, face flushed with heat and no small sense of self-consciousness. She was entirely naked, after all, even if he wasn't paying attention to much just then but her face.

He knelt on all fours, his shoulders low, his lips on hers again, his hands in her hair as his lips crushed hers. Her tentative protests died in his kiss, and her hands moved up eagerly across his chest again, then higher, caressing and kneading his muscled shoulders.

He settled his body slowly atop her, and she groaned as she finally felt his chest pressing down firmly against her breasts, as his still denim-covered groin pressed in between her legs. His elbows remained on the rug, supporting much

of his upper body as he held her head in his arms and gave her another of those long, endless kisses.

This is a very bad idea, her mind was insisting desperately.

Her body had a different opinion.

Her heart was undecided.

He pulled his lips off hers, at last, chewing lightly down along the side of her throat, his body sliding backward, his hands easing downward as his hips rose. Then his mouth was on her breasts, and Holly was squeaking, gasping and moaning as his tongue and teeth and lips made her swollen breasts throb powerfully, and made her nipples tingle and burn with a strange kind of aching, burning joy!

His fingers brushed the soft skin tenderly, and he let his lips repeatedly slide down over her nipples, take in the center of her breast, and then begin to suck rhythmically. Then his teeth bit softly into the surrounding flesh, making her ache with a dark, ragged, dangerous pleasure!

He was chewing harder now, but the fire in her body only seemed to grow more intense as he shifted from one breast to the other, his fingers and lips and teeth and tongue driving her into dazed, shuddering whimpers of passion and hunger.

Finally, when she was afraid she wouldn't be able to take any more, he began to slide further down her body, chewing, nipping, growling softly, his tongue and lips caressing and gliding across her skin. Her eyes widened, and her chest rose and fell wildly as he finally licked and kissed his way down past her abdomen, his arms firmly forcing her bent legs aside, pressing them down against the soft rug beneath as he came face to face with her pussy.

He leaned in and licked up along her inner thigh, then his eyes locked on hers as he shifted higher and his tongue found the bottom of her sex and slid up its length in one, tingling, burning, sensual line that made her shudder and roll her hips up against him!

Holly was certainly no virgin, but then again, she was a small town girl from Wyoming. She hadn't had a lot of boyfriends, and the ones she'd had were mostly when she was younger – and so were they. She'd never experienced the

kind of attention to her breasts Hunter had paid, and never more than passing oral attention – down there!

Now she stared, breathlessly, open mouthed, as his thumbs gently peeled aside the lips of her sex, and his tongue began to caress the soft furrow within. Each long, sinuous lick of his tongue ended with it sliding across her swollen clitoris, causing her hips to jerk convulsively at the wild, raw sensual pleasure surging through her body.

She half sobbed at the intensity of the pleasure coursing through her, her buttocks grinding into the rug, her back arching at sudden bursts of sensation and heat. Her head rolled back and she moaned low in her throat, her lower body thrumming with energy as he started to focus more and more on her clitoris, his tongue licking again and again, shifting directions and intensities as her mind began to melt under the onslaught of the fiery sexual passion he roused.

And then he suddenly, drew his right hand around, caught her quivering, burning clitoris between his lips, and plunged two fingers slowly down into her pussy as he sucked.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh! OH!”

She shuddered, her mouth wide, her hips jerking spastically beneath him, and as his fingers sank deeper still, all the way to the knuckles in her warm, moist depth, he shifted to tonguing, licking hard and fast, and the intensity redoubled, flooding her mind with a wild wall of sensation that blew her over the edge of the cliff into a writhing, sobbing climax like none she'd ever felt before!

She would have screamed had she the breath to do so! Instead she gurgled wildly, gasping and grunting as her hips bucked up violently, her nervous system overloaded by the wild, snapping nerve endings that were overloaded by the strain of the wild pleasure rippling through her!

Her hips bucked again and again, but he rode her expertly through the violent release of energy until she slumped breathless, chest heaving, staring up at the ceiling above as he slowly eased his fingers back, and then began to delicately lick his way down along her inner thigh once again.

She moaned, sprawled on the rug, feeling utterly drained and in the grip of a warm, languorous aftermath that had her wanting to just lay there forever.

But then Hunter slid up her body again, settling down atop her, and now she felt very clearly that his shorts were gone. Her attention was yanked back to the present at the feel of his warm, thick hardness laying between their bellies as he began to kiss her again.

Now his entire body lay pressed against her, heavy, pressing her down, but with much of his upper body still held by his arms. Still, she felt overwhelmed by all that firm, hard, warm, heavy skin and flesh against her, by his lips on hers, by his hardness squeezed between their bodies, and still more than slightly dazed by the powerful orgasm which had just faded from her body.

Her hands rose, sliding up and down his ribs, then going around him, caressing his back again, then, daring, for her, sliding downward until her fingers passed the small of his back, then slid up across the softer skin of his buttocks. She felt a sense of shocked delight as her fingers squeezed his flesh, kneading and caressing him as their lips continued to move together.

He wriggled downward a bit, and she gasped as she felt his hardness pressing between her legs. It wasn't about to enter her. It was the long length of the shaft, near the bottom, which was pressed directly against her, but he began to grind himself against her, both up and down, as well as from side to side, and she was already warm and very, very moist so that his soft skin caressed her with a delicious tactile pleasure that began to make her insides thrum and bubble with hunger and need once again.

Suddenly his lower body rose, and he braced himself on one arm as she felt the softer head sliding firmly along her groin, then pressing against the warm and eager entrance to her sex. She held her breath, eyes wide, gasping as she felt him pressing down, felt the head slowly pushing back her labia, forcing the lips of her sex and back and then stretching them wide... and then wider!

She moaned and dug her nails into his shoulders as she felt herself aching with the thickness of his girth, then felt a wild thrill of heat and pleasure and passion as she felt him pushing forward, entering her, pushing deeper and deeper! She felt herself stretched incredibly wide, an ache that was incredibly exciting filling her mind as she felt him driving deeper and deeper into her body!

“Oh!” she gasped. “Oh God!”

“Just me,” he growled with a lewd smile.

She closed her eyes, groaning, her knees rolling back and spreading so wide the tendons in her inner thighs ached.

Her breasts were squeezed down by the weight of his chest as his mouth found hers again, and while her heart fluttered wildly, she slid her arms around his back again, hugging him fiercely, groaning as every movement seemed to shift the long length of him inside her!

And then he pushed even deeper.

“Oh!” she squeaked, eyes wide, grasping at his shoulders.

He covered her mouth with his again, grinding his pelvis into her in a slow, sensuous movement that had her gasping for breath, her body twitching beneath his weight. She raised her knees, moaning, then dropped her feet to the floor again, raised them, then, moaning, dropped them again as he continued to just lay atop her, kissing her, grinding himself slowly against her.

She felt him filling her, moving within her, pressing against her inside as his body moved, and she was finding it harder to control her breathing.

Then he drew his hips up and back, slowly, and not far, before sinking them down again. She shuddered, her knees pulling up and back again and holding in mid-air, waiting for him to do it again. He did, and she cursed weakly, grasping at him, trying to pull him in harder.

He ignored her, his hips moving with tantalizing slowness in shallow strokes that was driving her crazy!

“Harder!” she moaned breathlessly.

“I don't know... a weak little innocent girl like you...”

“Harder!” she gasped.

“Wouldn't want to hurt such a delicate little – .”

“Fuck me!” she cried.

He chuckled softly, then buried his face in the side of her throat, chewing and

sucking as his hips moved up again, this time higher. She cried out as he thrust back into her, but it still wasn't hard enough or fast enough!

Her hands sought his ass, trying to jerk him down, but he refused to be rushed. He was using half the length of his shaft now, working it in and out twice as fast as he'd been doing, but it wasn't nearly enough!

“Please!” she moaned.

“You're beautiful when you're this hot,” he said.

He eased himself up and back, staring down at her, then scooped her legs back, and leaned into her. She gasped as he drew back and thrust in sharply, then did it again. His powerful arms were pushing back her legs, bending her in two as he leaned further into her. His hips were working faster and faster, the long length of him stroking back and forth inside her as she trembled and jerked beneath him, trying now to roll her hips up to meet his strokes.

His hips began to slap against her, harder, and then still harder, throwing her back down as he picked up the pace. It ached, but ached wonderfully! Her voice rose in pitch and became lost to the ragged breaths she was sucking in and out, heat rolling over her in waves as her lower body churned with sexual heat and passion

Another orgasm hit her, and she dropped her head back, arching and twisting and bucking her hips up frantically as she cried out in pleasure.

Holly had never climaxed with the men she'd had sex with. She'd faked them, but even her faking had been reserved, for she'd never really and truly trusted any of her boyfriends not to brag about it to their buddies, not to imitate her to make themselves look good.

Guys were so incredibly immature!

But the cries were now forced from her mouth, from her throat and lungs, breathless, helpless, passionate cries of startled, intense pleasure as he pounded into her and the orgasm shook her like a dog with a rag doll. Her brain felt as though it were spinning and tumbling through a churning rush of bubbling, multi-colored floodwater, her body trembling and shaking as her belly ached with the force of her spasming muscles!

## Chapter Six

Holly groaned as her eyes fluttered open. She felt a spreading sense of confusion and even unease, for nothing seemed right, and she ached in a lot of places. She wasn't in her bed, she knew that. She was laying on her side, and there was movement coming from the warm flesh pressed against her from behind, and, she saw, the thick, tanned arm around her.

Everything came back in a rush, and she stared at the fireplace and the burned out ashes within. She closed her eyes, a swarm of memories flickering past her eyes.

It had been a long night.

A very long, and very startling night.

It was not only the best sex of her life, but the most uninhibited, and the longest. She'd been only intellectually aware that after a guy came the sex could actually continue. It never had before, after all.

But then, none of the guys she'd had sex with had the kind of tongue Hunter did, nor his skilful hands!

The arm around her shifted and his big hand covered her breast, squeezing gently.

“Good morning, beautiful girl,” he said, his voice soft, his breath warm against the side of her neck.

“M-Morning,” she gulped.

She felt him rub his face in her hair like a cat as he grunted in contentment. Then his hand moved off her breast and down her body.

“Oh! Don't!” she gasped, as his fingers found her sex.

She heard, and almost felt his low rumble of amusement as he ignored her, his

fingers finding her clitoris, framing it between them, then closing together to rub gently up and down.

“H-Hunter!” she groaned.

“Yes?” he asked in a sleepy drawl.

His fingers slid behind her clitoris and dipped into the mouth of her sex, but then his thumb found her button and began to stroke against it as his fingers pushed deeper.

“I-I... oh,” she gasped. “I’m... I have to.. .I have to get up and... do chores...”

His teeth bit gently into the side of her throat, and his other arm, which she realized now was beneath her, slid up to cup her breast and draw her back tighter, so that she felt her bare back pressing firmly against his chest, and his groin pushing against her buttocks.

And then she felt him hardening.

Again!?

She was still sore from last night, though it was a wondrous soreness.

She groaned, squirming against him, but feeling his fingers quickly working her into a state of gasping, moaning need. Then they stopped and she felt him reaching just beneath her. A moment later his long shaft was pulled between her thighs, then guided up, the head rubbing up and down along her pussy and over her clitoris.

She moaned, raising her top leg, and he adjusted his aim, then pushed himself into her.

She was already startingly ready, and groaned in delight as his thickness strained her opening. He slid into her beautifully, though, and she closed her eyes, grinding her buttocks against him as he began to slowly roll his hips in and out.

“Fuuuuck!” she groaned.

“Anything you want,” he growled softly, his teeth nibbling on her earlobe, tugging back on it as he growled low in his throat again.

His right hand returned to her pussy, stroking against her clitoris as he thrust in and out, and the dual rush of sensations made her quickly lose control of her mind, never mind her body. She came in a rush, in what seemed like the umpteenth orgasm since he'd lifted her down onto the bearskin rug! Her body ground back desperately as he thrust hard into her, and she cried out in wanton release as she arched and strained against his arms.

She lay for long minutes afterward, wrapped in his arms, his body warm and comfortable against her, but finally, her sense of responsibility forced her to pull away and get gingerly to her feet.

“I have chores to do,” she protested. “I'm not some city girl who can call in sick or something. I have to tend the chickens for one thing. Can't you hear them?”

“Yup,” he said, rolling over lazily onto his back. “Don't care about them. Care about me.”

She snorted in amusement, but was still felt a little strange about just how comfortable he was with his body. He just lay there naked, smiling up at her.

“Lazy dog,” she said. “You could offer to help gather the eggs.”

“I could do that,” he said, “on one condition.”

“What would that be?” she asked suspiciously.

He smirked. And bounded to his feet so quick she gasped and took a half step back.

“We do it now.”

“Well, that was the idea.”

“Great.”

He picked her up, this time over his shoulder, and she squealed and slapped at his back as he headed for the door.

“Hunter! Don't you dare!”

“You're in the middle of nowhere,” he said.

And he carried her outside naked!

He set her down outside the run, and she looked around wildly, arms across her chest, but it was clear they were alone. Still, it felt bizarre to be outside naked, and she slapped his chest in exasperation.

“I don't go outside naked!’ she exclaimed.

“You should,” he said with a smile. “The sun feels good on your bare skin, doesn't it?”

The sun was warm, but the air wasn't, and she shivered a little.

“It's not exactly warm out yet,” she protested.

“Hard work will warm you up!” he said with a broad grin.

She glared at him, but the chickens were already mostly out of their coop and rolled her eyes and went to check on the water and feeders. She turned the latter on, letting the feed flow down into the narrow trough. They all hurried over to eat, their clucking slowing to near quiet for a time.

“Looks to me like this run could be swept out some,” he said.

“Not in my bare feet, thank you very much,” she sniffed, pushing past him as she limped back to the house.

“I think you should stay naked from now on,” he said, following her.

“I don't think so!”

“You have a great body!”

“Thanks, but I ain't showing it off to anyone who happens by.”

“And just who all happens by?” he asked, scooping her up in his arms.

“I can walk!”

“But you don't have to,” he said, then leaned in and licked at her nipple.

“Stop that,” she said, pushing his face back. “I have chores to do!”

The screen door banged behind them, and she wriggled out of his arms, glad that her knee was a lot better this morning. God knows it had moved around enough yesterday evening!

She paused and frowned as she saw an unfamiliar and oversized shirt on the hall chair, then picked it up and looked at it.

“That's mine. Andy left it with the shorts last night.”

She raised her eyebrows at him.

“How come you weren't wearing it then?”

He grinned unashamedly. “You were enjoying me not wearing it.”

Her mouth opened indignantly, even though it was true.

“You are such a... a... “

“Narcissist?”

“Pig!”

She tossed the shirt down and turned away, only to have her wrist jerk her around and back as she found herself gasping, up against his body.

“I like having a beautiful girl appreciating my body,” he said softly, his hands stroking her back. “And I bet you like having me appreciate yours too.”

She gulped, breasts pillowed against his chest.

“But... it ain't... proper!” she finished lamely.

He chuckled in amusement, and she slapped his chest and pulled away.

“I am putting some clothes on,” she said firmly.

“Why? You got kinda sweaty last night. You should shower first,” he said in amusement.

She scowled as she limped up the hall, but he was quite right.

“Fine! You make breakfast! And make it good, wolf boy!”

She was glad of a few moments alone as she closed the bathroom door. There was so much her mind hadn't even begun to process. Like that incredible, amazing, extended sexual session. It was more than sex, though. She just wasn't sure what more. He had been an incredible lover, but last night had not been all physical, that was for sure.

There had been too many small intimacies that had nothing to do with sex, like his face in her hair, and his arms wrapped so comfortably around her, and the delicate way his lips had moved against hers, the small looks they'd exchanged, sometimes hot, sometimes amused, sometimes playful, but always communicating so perfectly!

It was almost impossible to believe she hadn't even known him twenty four hours yet!

She soaped herself up, reminding herself about his enhanced sense of smell, then washed her hair, even though she'd done so the previous evening. She was just about to turn off the water when the shower curtain drew away and, grinning, Hunter stepped into the tub with her as she reflexively tried to cover her body with her hands.

“Hunter!”

He grinned. “A man has other kinds of hungers too.”

“Are you kidding!? We just did it like thirty minutes ago!”

“So?” he asked, sliding his arms around her.

“How often do you generally have sex in a day?” she demanded.

“As often as possible,” he replied, grinning. “But I wasn't talking about sex.”

“Then wha – .”

“I meant feeling you, touching you, watching you, smelling you...”

His hands slid over her body as the water poured over them both, and he pulled her head back and kissed her long and slow, until, gasping, she pulled back.

“But – .”

“Besides, you're hurt. You might need help soaping up.”

“I already done that,” she exclaimed as he turned off the water.

“I'm sure you did a poor job of it without my help.”

She stared at him in confusion as he picked up the soap and soaped up his hands, but then he began to soap up her body, and her protests began to fade at the feel of his slippery fingers moving over her wet skin. She'd just had an orgasm half an hour earlier, but the touch of his skin against hers was more than sexual. It just felt good on several levels.

Of course, one of those was, in fact, sexual.

And it wasn't like his soapy fingers weren't spending a lot of extra attention on certain parts of her body either!

He had to rinse her off, though, to get his mouth where his fingers had been, and she wound up standing, legs shaky, grasping his head for support as he knelt before her and his tongue pushed almost impossibly deep inside her trembling body!

She still would have collapsed when the climax took her, but his strong arms held her up until he could, looking entirely too smug for her, turn off the water and draw back the curtain and help her out of the tub.

He wrapped a towel around her, working his fingers gently in amongst her hair, and rubbing it around her shoulders and chest, then lower still.

“I can... do it,” she gulped.

Her eyes glanced down at him.

“But what about... I mean... you?”

“I don't mind sacrificing,” he said in a noble sounding voice.

She snorted in amusement. “Uh huh. That's good. Cause I am doing nothing for your little man there.”

She reached out and folded her fingers around it, feeling it pulse in her hand.

“Though he doesn't look all that excited anyway,” she said. “Old guys have a hard time getting it up too often, I know.”

“You think?” he asked.

He was pulsing even more, and hardening as she ran her hand up and down his length.

“Especially guys with tiny ones like yours.”

He folded his arms across his chest and gave her a reproving look.

“Oh I'm sorry. I mean, it's not the size that counts, right?”

“Get on your knees,” he growled.

She raised her eyebrows at him, fighting to keep the grin off her face.

“Excuse me, sir?”

“I'm an alpha male. I require you to take care of this.”

“And why should I do that?”

“You caused it.”

“Oh I did, did I? I can't imagine how I could have done that,” she said, her hand stroking up and down his length.

He grabbed her and threw her over his shoulder again, then turned and opened the door.

“Hey! I got chores to do!”

He carried her into her bedroom and then dumped her on the bed on her back, crawling in atop her. She squirmed around, though, pushing him over onto his back and then staring at his chest.

“This is nuts,” she said, leaning in to lick at his nipple.

“Live for today,” he said.

“I got lots to do today!”

But she sucked and chewed and ran her hands up and down his skin, working her way lower and lower until he was springing up between her breasts. She squeezed them down around him, then slid lower still and took him into her hand again. She worked her hand slowly up and down, pulling his cock up and back as she licked at his balls, then drew them slowly into her mouth.

She licked teasingly up and down the long length of him, mouthing him from the side, along the shaft, then finally pursed her lips and took him into her mouth, letting his cock slowly push her lips wide and slide up across her tongue and into her warm mouth.

He sighed in pleasure, and she felt a surge of pride and happiness, bobbing her lips up and down, her tongue working avidly on the head as his fingers slid through her damp hair. She slid down deep, until the head was threatening to push into her throat, then drew back, preparing herself.

She bobbed up and down, her hands massaging his balls, bracing herself, then, as his cock threatened to enter her throat, she forced herself lower. As always, she felt her gag reflex threatening, but she kept moving, and it relented as he slid deep into her throat and the heat flared up within her.

He cursed softly, fingers tightening in her hair, and she forced her lips all the way down until they were wrapped around the base of his shaft. She held there, heart pounding, enjoying his own pleasure, gleeful at her own ease, then slowly pulled back up.

He popped out of her throat, and she gulped in air, still bobbing and sucking, and suddenly his fingers tightened in her hair to the point of pain before his other hand gripped her arm, dragging her upwards along his body until she was over him. His eyes were hungry and filled with heat as she felt his hardness below her belly, and then he guided himself into her and she moaned in pleasure once again.

She forced herself up and back, straddling him, aching inside from the fullness and length, but aroused again despite herself, and more than a little amazed. She gripped his hips with her thighs and put her hands on his powerful chest, then began to ride him, her eyes meeting his as she worked herself up and down faster and faster.

His hands rose to cup and knead her breasts, and then his eyes seemed to lose focus, drifting away from her own, and his hips began to thrust up powerfully to meet her movements. His muscles tightened and he gasped and shuddered as the orgasm took him. Holly rode him harder, feeling a strange sense of exultation in having brought him so easily and apparently so strongly.

Again.

“Will that keep you, you horny bastard?” she gasped, as she stopped atop his softening cock.

“For a few minutes,” he said in a sleepy voice.

She shook her head in amused exasperation.

“I am getting dressed,” she said firmly.

“Not necessary,” he grunted.

“I am not walking around naked.”

“How about a compromise?”

She looked at him suspiciously. “What kind of compromise?”

He raised his head and grinned smugly, and she frowned.

He hopped out of bed, his quick movement startling her again.

“I saw this in the closet when I was getting your shorts,” he said.

He pulled open the top right hand drawer to her dresser, which happened to be her lingerie drawer, which of course, was pretty much empty at the moment, reminding her that she had to take the laundry and hang it to dry.

But it wasn't completely empty. It was just empty of anything practical.

It did have the nearly black baby-doll nightie Shelley had given her two years earlier – and which she'd never actually worn. It had small, satin half-cups, sheer black lace hanging from it to the tops of her thighs, parted in the middle so that every time she moved it would swirl back like curtains in the wind. The bottom was not a thong, but merely two narrow triangles attached to a black string designed to cling ridiculously low to her hips.

“Oh come on,” she said.

“You got any other underwear?” he asked with a grin. “It's all in the laundry, remember?”

“That don't mean..”

He gave her an exaggerated, sad little boy look and she rolled her eyes, annoyed but not entirely displeased.

She slipped on the panties, at least, then drew on the bra, turning her back to him to fasten it before looking at herself in the mirror. She gasped.

“Oh my God, my hair!”

“Looks fine to me,” he said.

She cursed and hurried back to the bathroom.

“I'll do that breakfast thing,” he called after her.

## Chapter Seven

Holly wasn't sure what his excuse was for hanging around the house since she was obviously fine now, or at least, mostly so, but on the other hand, she wasn't going to ask. She teased him mercilessly with the teddy, making sure the front blew open constantly to expose her belly to his flickering eyes, then finally got tired of it (sort of) and put on a tank top and shorts.

That was to go outside and check on Licorice, feed her, then finally hang up her clean but wet laundry. That meant she wasn't wearing a bra under the tank top, and she was too big for that, really, even though she'd purposely chosen one that was kind of tight against her chest... and was midriff baring.

Hunter cleaned and oiled her rifle while she was doing that, still wearing just his shorts.

“You are such a slut,” he said as she came back in.

He shrugged. “It's hot. Why wear a shirt when I don't have to.”

He actually sounded too sensible for her to argue with on that score, for even though it was still early morning the heat was rising fast outside.

“I was thinking of something, earlier,” he said.

“Me naked?”

“That's a given,” he said with a quick grin. “But this has more to do with your land.”

She frowned. “What about it?”

“You know werewolves are legal now. We have pretty much the same rights as everyone else.”

She nodded.

“Just like blacks did a hundred years ago.”

“Uhm, what's that mean?”

“Means that no matter what the law says this is rural Wyoming and it's full of God fearing people who think we're devils. It's very hard for us to get jobs if anyone knows what we are. People won't rent to us. They don't want us in their stores. And they don't even like selling us feed and supplies.”

“There's a lot of narrow minded people around,” she sighed.

“One of our ongoing problems is we eat a lot of meat. We have a very high metabolism, whether we're in human form or wolf. We need a lot of meat.”

“This is cattle country,” she said, wondering what his point was.

“We mostly live in and work in the towns. And frankly, wolves don't make very good farmers, at least, not for meat animals.”

“So?”

“So we have money, though we're not rich, but we are hassled all the time when people know what we are. If one of us starts buying a lot of meat, and I mean a lot, from the local grocery store, people are going to start talking, start wondering. It would sure be a help if we had our own little cattle herd.”

“You want to buy my cattle?” she asked in confusion.

“No, we want to give you money and have you buy more cattle, and look after them for us. We'll pay you a fair price for the added work, and we can supply a human helper from time to time, as well, as well as give you our help in looking after other things around the farm.”

“I dunno,” she said uncertainly. “How many extra cattle? And how do you expect they're gonna get from my farm into your bellies?”

“We can butcher cows, Holly, but we can't raise them. They don't like being around us any more than they do around regular wolves. Even in human form they can sense what we are. I think you've got enough land here to double or triple your herd.”

“Yeah,” she said thoughtfully.

“I've been looking around your house, and the barn. You've got a lot of little repairs that need doing. One of our guys is a handyman, a contractor. He can repair roofs and fences for you, even provide the material. Another guy is a mechanic. I looked at your car. It's not in very good shape. We can make things a lot more comfortable around here for you, and maybe make your farm a lot more profitable.”

“And all I have to do is look after your cattle?”

“And provide the land, and of course, the most important part.”

She looked at him.

“You have to provide sexual services to me on demand.”

He said it with such a straight face she opened her mouth indignantly, then rolled her eyes as he grinned hugely.

“You'd need to pay extra for that,” she said.

“Oh right! You should be paying me! I am magnificent!”

“Magnificent?! Is that what you think of yourself!? What a big head you've got!”

“It's not the size that counts, remember?”

She laughed and shook her head.

“You can say you got some money from your grandfather or some other relative, and that's how you're buying more cattle,” he said.

“Yeah, but explaining how I'm taking care of them'll be a might harder.”

“We have some friends who aren't weres. Not everyone hates and fears us,” he said. “You'll get more than enough help to offset the added work, and we'll pay you well. This place looks like it could use some extra money.”

She looked around ruefully. “I haven't exactly had a lot of disposable income the last couple of years.”

He nodded. “Now you will if you agree.”

Holly considered it. She sure could use extra money. On the other hand, there'd be people coming around, strangers, to help her. She wasn't sure she liked that, though she had to admit that things had been mighty... hermit-like out here for a while. That was something that needed changing. There was the issue he mentioned, how people would react if they found out. But there was nothing illegal about it, and if other people were afraid of werewolves – which she could kind of understand given what had happened the other day, well, she wasn't as concerned, personally.

“There's a lot more to taking care of cattle than just letting them graze, you know,” she said. “You sure you understand what you're talking about? You know what has to be done in winter? The kind of feed that has to be bought and stored then spread out in the winter? Nutritional supplements? Separating out the pregnant and sick and looking after them?”

“I know how to kill them not look after them,” he said.

“Any fool can kill a cow, Hunter! The job is to keep em alive and healthy!”

He grinned. “That's why I won't be the one helping with them. I'll provide bull service for you, though, to keep you happy.”

“Bull service?” she said, raising her eyebrows. “You think yer a bull? You know what we do to most of the bulls round here?”

“Ouch,” he said. “You know what I mean!”

She snorted

“Let's say I'll be around from time to time,” he said.

“Uh huh. Whenever you get horny?”

“That would be any time I look at you, beautiful.”

“Or an other girl, I reckon.”

“You don't get out much, do you? You really think you're just any old girl?”

She rolled her eyes. “Please. I ain't no Miss America.”

“I'd have to check the internet and see what they look like but I bet most of them are no Holly.”

His hands slid around her and down onto her butt, and she pushed them back.

“No, no, we're talking here.”

“I thought you were agreeing that everything I said made sense and of course, you'd do whatever the alpha male wanted you to do,” he said, sliding his arms around her again.

“That alpha male stuff doesn't cut no slack here, mister. This here is my land and I ain't sharing without some real good motivation. Plus, how do I know you ain't gonna screw me? Don't give me that look, Mr Wolf! You know darn well what I mean!”

He grinned and shook his head. “Well, just to start, we'll give you the money to buy the cattle. They'll be in your name. You can screw us, if you want to.”

He waggled his eyebrows as he said it.

“You don't want me signing for it?”

He laughed. “We don't work that way. We trust someone, and that's it. We have an agreement and we keep it. We don't need lawyers.”

“And you got the money for all the stuff that'll come up, like vet bills?”

He nodded easily. “Unless I'm very, very mistaken this will actually save us a pile of money, not to mention a ton of trouble.”

“And you can make this agreement all on your own?”

“Not entirely, but people generally accept what I say since I'm so smart and honest and all.”

She rolled her eyes again.

He slid his arms around her again.

“Also, I have a big dick.”

“You ARE a big dick!” she exclaimed, pushing against his chest.

His bare chest. She swallowed the moment her hands touched it, and her fingers began to slide up and down against it as his hands moved down onto her bottom again.

“You already had sex twice this morning. You surely can't be all that excited already,” she said, examining his chest a little more closely.

“I'm making up for lost time,” he said.

She looked up at his face. “Guy looks like you must be having to fend off the girls with a big stick.”

“People around here know what I am, Holly,” he said, his voice turning serious. “I've been openly known as a were since I was twelve, remember. Most women are afraid that if I even kiss them they might catch it.”

“Well that's right dumb. Even I know better than that. I mean, I knew it before I even met you all.”

His fingers dug into her bottom and he lifted her up against him. She squeaked, her legs going around him and her hands shooting up over his shoulders, but he held her easily, effortlessly. His strength was... exciting, and she stared down at him as he turned her around and then sat her on the dining room table.

“I hope to show you a lot more about us,” he said.

She smirked. “I seen everything you got, big boy.”

“Baby, I'm only getting started with you,” he said, leaning over and kissing her.

His hands slid up her back, up under her tank top, caressing her warm, bare skin as they kissed, then his right hand moved around front and up across her breast.

“Ahem,” a voice said from the door.

She yelped and shoved at his hands as she turned her head to see a man standing

at the door, looking in through the screen.

“Darien,” Hunter said, not seeming surprised.

“You said to pick you up at noon,” he said.

He opened the screen and came in without waiting for an invitation, his eyes raking her with interest. Holly blushed, especially since she wasn't sure how much he'd seen, and since her nipples were very hard, and probably very obvious against the thin tank top.

He looked younger than Hunter, and was probably her own age. He was taller but much more slender than him, with longer hair and an openly cocky attitude that took the place of the stolid self-confidence Hunter exuded.

“You're every bit as pretty as I thought yesterday,” he said.

“Uh, thanks,” she said.

“This is Holly,” Hunter said. “She's going to be working with us, letting us put cattle on her ranch, and help us learn how to care for them.”

“Us?”

‘Some of us, not you.’

“Good. I can kill em, but not care for em.”

He had a longer, more narrow face, and eyes that seldom left her, making her feel more than slightly uncomfortable.

Hunter cuffed in on the side of the head, and he yelped and turned with a glare.

“It ain't polite to stare,” he said.

“A cat can look at a king, can't he?” Darien said in a voice Holy thought of as a bit sulky.

“Long as he isn't undressing him with his eyes.”

The cocky look came back onto Darien's face. “I'm thinking you been using a lot

more than your eyes to do that,” he replied.

He dodged back from Hunter's next cuff, though it was a lazy sort of effort on both their parts. Hunter, to her mind, wasn't displeased, though she felt her face heat further.

“I'm gonna send Anna over to discuss things with you,” Hunter said. “She's our bookkeeper. She can cut you a check so you can buy the cattle. I'll send Rob over to look at your barn and ceiling and get a list of work you want doing around here. Anything he can't do he can find someone who can.”

“But I don't even know for sure what all this is gonna cost!”

“Look at your costs from last year and double em,” he said. “I'm sure you and Anna can work that out. She's pretty smart.”

He turned towards Darien. “Darien, wait for me in the car. I'll be right there.”

“Sure. You be uh, quick now,” he said with a smirk.

He dodged another slap and, laughing, stumbled out the door.

“He's a...”

“Guy,” Hunter said.

She glared at him. “You must have heard him coming.”

His hands caught her up again, squeezing her butt and lifting her against him. Her legs slid around him once more and her arms went over his shoulders. She was still glowering at him though.

“Maybe,” he said.

“You could have warned me!”

“He knows you're mine now,” he said.

She stared down at him. “Excuse me!?”

“He's a horny little bastard. If he didn't think you were mine he'd be after you all

day long now that he knows you. I just saved you a lot of effort putting him off.”

“For your information – stop that!” she said, pushing at his head to get his lips off her throat. “For your information I know perfectly well how to put boys off!”

“He's very persistent,” he said, chewing lightly along her shoulder.

“And maybe I'd like him better than you! You ever think of that!?”

“Nope,” he said. “I'm way better than him.”

“You sure are arrogant! Put me down!”

“Got a lot to be arrogant about,” he said with a grin.

He let her slide down his body, though until her feet gently touched the floor.

“How's your knee?”

“Still hurts, but the aspirin helps, as long as I don't move around all the time.”

“Your head seems fine. That's the important thing. I have to go see some people about this deal, and arrange for Anna to come over. But I'll be back later.”

“I can manage fine,” she said.

“Sure you can. I'll still be back later.”

“Maybe I'll even let you in,” she said.

He grinned, kissed the bridge of her nose, and left.

“Horny bastard,” she muttered.

Then again, her nipples were still kind of hard.

## Chapter Eight

Anna proved to be a very pleasant woman in her forties with frizzy, dirty blonde hair that looked like it had the same style it had in the eighties. She looked over Holly's books and they talked about the costs of maintaining cattle, and what extra things she'd need with double the herd. They'd need a lot more hay for winter, and more shelter for the winter storms.

“The average person eats about 100lbs of red meat a year,” she said. “But weres are different. We have much, much higher metabolism and need a lot more protein. Figure three hundred pounds, easy, maybe three fifty.”

“That's a darned lot of meat,” Holly said.

“Yep. So if I'm understanding you, the cheap thing is to buy em young and raise em, not eat them right away. So if we're gonna get, say, ten thousand pounds of meat a year, how many cattle do we need?”

“Well, it depends on the size of the cattle,” Holly said thoughtfully. “You don't get a thousand pounds of meat off a thousand pounds of cow, you know. It's more like, say five or six hundred pounds, depending on how choosy you are. So you're talking about twenty head a year. If you want to have a continuous program, not be killing every cow every year and replacing them, you need forty or fifty head. That's not too much extra work. I got a hundred now.”

“So let's figure a 60% increase in your expenses to make up for all the incidental things that're bound to happen,” she said.

“Stuff happens,” she agreed.

“If you need more we'll take care of it. The idea here is not for you to be taking on extra risk since we know, or at least, Hunter says, that you're not exactly in a position to cover unexpected expenses.”

“You got that right,” she said ruefully.

“But also need to pay you for your time. We'll provide some help but you'll be doing things for us and you need to be rewarded for that.”

Holly found it hard to disagree with that.

“Some of the guys will be coming over to help with stuff,” Anna said, 'Putting down her pen. “They can be a mite ... uh, rude in some eyes.”

Holly frowned. 'What do you mean?’”

“Let's just say male werewolves have a very high sex drive.”

She laughed. “Well, if Hunter is any example – .”

She stopped, blushing.

Anna merely smiled. “Hunter is an example, but he's also a grown man with a lot of self control. Not all our males do, particularly the younger ones. I don't mean they're any danger to you. So put that out of your head. What I mean is you might get some behavior you'd think of as pretty rude. Weres don't do a lot of sophisticated beating around the bush about what they want. They'll make it real obvious like.”

“Hunter did,” she said.

“Yeah, well, like I said, they'll be obvious about how much they, uh, appreciate you, but they will take no for an answer and they won't be deliberately insulting. It's that unintentional insulting that you'll need to prepare for. In most of society, a guy ogling you or telling you what a nice butt you got is rude, unless he's like, a special friend. It's not rude among us.”

“Your guys must be real popular fellas at a square dance,” she said.

“Not especially, no. Mostly they're pigs, if you want to use the term, but they're not mean spirited pigs. They just don't really get it unless you pound their heads into the dirt. And they have powerful instincts that don't always leave them in exact control of their hands, never mind their mouths.”

“You mean they think with their little heads and not their big ones?’”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Not that different than most of the men I've known,” she said with a shrug.

“They are different, Holly. They're werewolves. They're a lot different,” she said seriously. “Different culture, different thought patterns, different instincts, well, stronger ones. Like I said, they'll take no for an answer. I'm not worried about that. But that doesn't mean that they won't make it plain what they'd like, or maybe even be a little grabby.”

“Grabby?” she asked, eyes narrowing.

Anna nodded wearily. “It's hard to explain but you get used to it. I'm older now so it's not really a problem for me. But for the younger girls, well. Let's just say you get used to moving their hands off your butt or fending them off when their hands land anywhere else on your body. Just do it gently and you'll be fine.”

“Gently!?”

Anna nodded. “Like they were a small child. They'll take it. You don't need to be slapping and screeching at them and calling them names. They don't react well to aggressive behavior. They react much better to politely saying 'no' and moving their hand away.”

“How about a knee in the crotch?”

“That would be one of those aggressive ways I mentioned,” Anna said dryly.

“I dunno,” Holly said. “I'm kinda used to the knee.”

“Honestly, I'm not saying they'll all be groping you. It's just, in case it does happen on occasion, you know how to handle it the easiest way. You can't be getting mad at them for being what they, in part, are, which is wild animals. Weres have a whole different attitude about sex than most people.”

“Hunter was sort of saying something like that.”

“Speaking of Hunter. What do you think of him?”

“He's uh, nice,” she said.

“Very nice. Very handsome too. Also, very good in bed, or so I've heard.”

She flushed.

“And he's at that age.”

“What age would that be?”

“Past the age of sowing wild oats, getting towards that age where he's looking for someone more important. What I'm saying is sex with him might, in his mind, lead to more than just a little temporary pleasure.”

“Well, my goodness, you don't think that's the way most people think?!”

“Yes, but he's a werewolf. What do you think of that?”

Holly paused. “I ... dunno. I mean, I haven't given a lot of long-term thought to it.”

Anna nodded. “You're still in your early twenties and not really thinking about settling down.”

“I been settled for quite some time, lady,” she replied with a smile.

“I don't mean that. I mean with a guy. Can you, could you see that guy being a were?”

“I... well... I don't know. I mean, that's not something I ever considered before. I knew there were werewolves but I never met one and never, to be honest, ever expected to.”

“Well give it some thought,” Anna said, gathering up her things, “Because if you decide there's no way you could ever have a were as a long term boyfriend, let's say, then it'd be best to let Hunter know soonest. He's good at saying no but he's also good at falling for people who he probably shouldn't. Like you said, he's a nice man and I wouldn't want him to get stuck on you when you couldn't return his interest.”

“I just met him yesterday!”

Anna nodded. "I know. But give it some thought anyway."

Holly saw her to her car and then walked slowly back to the house. It was way too early to be thinking about Hunter as anything but a very pleasant diversion, she thought. She hardly knew the man! Then again, she knew him better than most people she knew. Even though she'd been with him so little time it had been... an intense period of time.

And he was so... big, she thought. She wasn't thinking of his physical size, but his personality, his presence, his incredible confidence and determination to do whatever he thought he ought to do. He was like a force of nature, irresistible and awe inspiring.

And that was quite aside from the sex!

If there were other men like him around she had yet to catch sight of them.

But a werewolf? What would that mean? So far it hadn't meant anything other than him being very strong. But then any larger man was going to be far stronger than her, so what difference did that make?

Not that he was without faults. She had been used to doing pretty much whatever she wanted for a lot of years now, even before her parents had died. It irked her the way he assumed he had the right to simply take over and take charge immediately. He had a very dominating personality, and it chafed her at times.

She sighed and went to get her clothes down. She needed to ride out and have a look at the herd, and she was tired of bouncing around without a bra!

She brought the laundry in, folded in her haphazard fashion, and put it away, then changed and saddled Licorice and rode out to the south pasture to have a look and count her little herd. She checked on how well the grass was doing, as well, to estimate how long it would be before she had to move them along.

She was a little worried when she came up two short on the count, and did a circle search until spotting them in a low creek bed. She herded them back up with the rest and then headed back towards the house.

\*

It was two days later before she drove south to Wilmot, some day's distance, where the Watson ranch was. They were a giant ranch that ran thousands of head of cattle, and her primary source of calves over the last few years. She only bought twenty-five young calves, not wanting to arouse suspicions, for they knew the size of her herd and something about her abilities after years of contact.

She arranged for delivery, then drove home, thinking to spread her purchases out over a few other ranches to the north in order to keep people from remarking on things. In her experience, people talked entirely too much about other people's business. She could invent a new source of money but disliked lying if she didn't have to.

When she got back there was a strange pickup parked in front of her barn. She frowned and wandered over, but wasn't particularly wary. Crime out here was almost non-existent, so she assumed whoever was there had some proper business.

She wandered into the barn, looking around, wondering who it could be.

“Hello?” she called.

“Up here,” a middle-aged male voice said.

She raised her eyes to the hayloft, then went to the ladder and climbed up to find a shaggy haired, middle aged man with a measuring tape and a clipboard making notes.

“Hey,” she said.

“Heya,” he replied, not looking up as he finished his note.

She waited patiently and he finally looked up and smiled.

“Name's Joshua,” he said. “Hunter probably mentioned me.”

“Uhm, maybe,” she said.

“You planning on storing all your hay up here?”

“To tell you the truth I've been putting most of it in the shed but I don't think that'll take enough this winter.”

He nodded. “You got leaks from the looks of it.”

“Always have had,” she said.

“Probably why the shed,” he said. “You don't want to keep hay in here till the roof is fixed.”

“Haven't been able to afford it,” she replied, sitting on a box of tractor parts.

“Ayup. S'wat Hunter said. Won't be much effort, though. I'll bring in a couple of boys and just lay down the roofing panels atop the wood you've got in place.”

“You're talking tin?”

He nodded. “Much better than what you got. It won't rot and won't leak.”

“Well, what I know about roofs could fit in a gnats ear so I'll bow to your learned wisdom,” I said.

He snorted. “Make me sound like an old man!”

“Why, and you don't look a day over thirty, too,” she said with a grin.

“Not in fifteen years, darlin', but thanks for the flattery.”

He stood up and stretched.

“Be nice to get things done quick like,” he said. “Mostly we got to slow down so nobody wonders why we're moving so fast.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“My helpers are both weres,” he said. “We can lift a lot more and move a lot faster than your normal workers.”

“I'da thought lots of places would want to be hiring you, then.”

“You'd think it but it wouldn't be true,” he said. “Too many people are too

uneasy around us. They'd rather have someone take three times longer, even if it costs more. I'd like to go and look at some of the stuff in your house Hunter mentioned now that you're home.”

“Surely,” she said.

There was some rot in the main bathroom, a few small leaks in the roof and around one of the windows which had resisted all her caulking efforts, and the lights often flickered in the kitchen, especially when she turned on the oven. Joshua dismissed them as easy to fix.

“Take a few hours, at worst,” he said.

But then he pronounced her windows “crap”.

“Haven't seen many aluminum windows around lately,” he said. “They weren't bad in their time but they're decades out of date.”

“They're mostly tight,” she said. “I mean, I put some plastic around them in winter but ...”

“We'll put in new windows. Won't cost much at all.”

“New windows!?” she exclaimed.

“Bought wholesale, and put in as fast as we can, it's nothing, and it'll save you a ton on heating in winter. These things aren't even coated. The ones I have in mind have a thin silver coating to help reflect heat, and of course, they're double paneled with argon gas between. They'll be far better than these relics from the seventies.”

“Well, I dunno. What do they cost?”

“Ain't gonna cost you nothing, so don't worry about it.”

“But – .”

“It's a necessary expense, far as I'm concerned. Gets too cold out here not to have proper windows and insulation. Which reminds me, I want to look in your attic and see what you got there.”

\*

Her visit from Joshua reminded her she needed to start buying hay now. If she waited until the fall it would cost twice as much, and she could fill her shed without worrying about delays in the roof repair. She was finding herself more than a little excited about all the changes, with plans for this and that filling her head. Things had been entirely too predictable for entirely too long.

A man named Caleb showed up the next morning in another pickup and after spending twenty minutes looking at her old Jeep shook his head and made his hand into a gun and pretended to shoot it.

“It still works,” she said defensively.

He looked at her.

“Mostly,” she said.

He next day he showed up with two pickups, one of which he left for her. It was eight years old, but he promised her it was in great shape and would reliably get her through at least the next few years.

“It's cause it's small,” he said. “All the local boys got their dick size tied in with their pickup. They want a pickup as big as they can find it.”

“I notice your pickup is pretty big,” she said with a straight face.

“Yeah, well, I got lots of tools to carry,” he said with a suspicious frown.

He had come with a much younger guy, who had been driving the smaller pickup, and who had spent the whole time just staring at her, his eyes moving up and down and back up again. Remembering what Anna had said, she tried to ignore him. It was hot and she'd been wearing just shorts and a tank top when Caleb had unexpectedly arrived.

She wasn't showing any cleavage to speak of but then, from what Hunter had said they liked looking at stomachs almost as much if not more. She didn't have the same emotional reaction to someone staring at her belly as she would at her top, though. Still, when his hand reached out and casually caressed her bottom she pushed his hand back in a way which was more than gentle.

“Jamie, go wait in the truck,” Caleb said.

The younger man seemed surprised at the request, but turned and went back to the older pickup without protest.

“He ain't entirely housebroken just yet,” Caleb said.

“Uh, okay.”

\*

She'd been wondering why Hunter hadn't showed up again, and was starting to become more than a little annoyed at his absence. The next day, though, when she was out on Licorice, inspecting the herd again, a wolf that was far too big to be wolf trotted up, then stopped before it got too close to spook Licorice and looked at her.

She stared back, more than a little nervous, and with her hand on her rifle and the safety off. From what Hunter had said, even if bullets wouldn't kill them it would sure hurt. But then the wolf seemed to waver and blur and change and a moment later Hunter was standing up, naked, as before, smiling at her.

She gaped at him. It was the first time she'd seen anything like that and it struck her as something like magic! His smile seemed uncertain as he walked forward, and she gave herself a mental shake as he walked up to stand back a bit from Licorice.

“Well and where have you been, Mr. Wolf?” she asked, already feeling a bit breathless.

She'd seen him naked of course, seen, felt, and tasted, but the sight of him after two days was still a helpless thrill that sent odd little tingling sensations through sensitive parts of her body.

He just stared there for long seconds, staring at her in a way not unlike Caleb's helper had, but with more open longing than lust.

“You ain't gonna say nothing?”

“I thought I'd let you see me changing,” he said.

“Real impressive.”

“That's all?”

“Well, kinda weird, I suppose. Never seen nothing like it before.”

“You're not freaked out?”

“Takes a lot to freak me out,” she sniffed. “You turn into a giant spider and that'd sure do it.”

“No. No spiders,” he said with a smile.

He came closer and Licorice nickered unhappily, shifting her feet anxiously.

“Your horse doesn't like me,” he said.

“She knows someone who wants to eat her,” she retorted.

“I'm only interested in eating her rider,” he said with a wicked grin.

She flushed and sniffed. “You coulda come to the house.”

“I've been a wolf for seventeen years, Holly. I'm not sure it would do your reputation anything good if I was seen around there.”

She threw her leg over the side of the saddle and dropped lithely to the ground, then walked over to stand before him.

“Like I care what those biddies from the church think,” she said.

“You'd care if stores stopped letting you inside,” he said wryly.

“Why would they do that?”

“Cause a lot of them are real uncomfortable with us, and with anyone who associates with us. They'd assume you were involved in some kind of devil worshipping werewolf orgies or something.”

“Werewolf orgies?”

His lip quirked up a bit.

“You been to a lot of orgies?”

“Not to speak of.”

“That's too bad. I never been to a orgy. Be kinda interesting to watch.”

He took a step forward and his arms slid around her. “I don't think watching is what you're supposed to be doing at an orgy.”

His hands slid up and down her bare back under her tank top.

“Really? What is it you're supposed to be doing? I'm just an innocent young girl, you know.”

“It's kinda hard to explain,” he said, his hands peeling her tank top up and over her head. “Let me show you.”

She looked around nervously, arms across her chest.

“There ain't no other – .”

“Nobody,” he said, turning her around and undoing her bra.

“But – .”

“I'd know.”

“You know I haven't said yes or nothing yet!” she said, folding her arms across her chest.

“You know you can't resist my manly charms,” he said, fingers undoing the clasp on her cutoffs.

“Yer what?!” she laughed.

“The chicks dig me,” he said with a smirk.

“Maybe cause you're so modest and all.”

'I don't think that's it," he said, casting his eye down at his groin.

She stepped back as he tugged on her zipper.

"That little thing?" she sniffed. "Who all would be impressed by that?"

"Some people are," he said.

She reached out and took it casually in her hand, feeling a wild thrill rush over her as she closed her fingers and it pulsed and immediately began to harden.

"I can't think why? What could it possibly be good for?" she asked, releasing it and drawing back.

"Want me to show you?" he asked, his voice getting tight and heavy, eyes ravishing her with a deep hungry need.

"I don't know. I'm just a innocent young girl," she teased, stepping back as he reached for her.

He sucked in a deep breath of air and she turned her back to him, kind of rolling her hips teasingly as she shuffled further away.

"I think I should get back to work," she said. "And leave you and your little friend alone."

"Those are real nice shorts," he said.

"They are?"

"Real tight shorts."

"They ain't that tight," she said. "I mean, they cover my butt properly. Maybe they're a bit tight – ."

She bent forward, looking over her shoulder at him with a smirk.

"You better stop teasing me, girl," he said, his voice even tighter.

"Or what?" she said challengingly.

He stepped forward and grabbed at her butt and she squealed and twisted around, jumping back with a laugh.

“Uh uh,” she said, wagging her finger at him. “A man I know said I should just say no in a kind of a gentle voice when some werewolf tried to touch me.”

His eyes smouldered darkly.

She unfolded her arms from across her breasts, then put her finger under her chin.

“Maybe if you would sit up and beg like a nice doggy,” I might be willing to let you touch me,” she said.

“That isn't how it works with an alpha wolf,” he said in a low growl.

“Oh? And do tell me how it works,” she said with a grin.

“Sure. Run.”

She cocked her head uncertainly. “What?”

“Run!” he growled.

## Chapter Nine

Holly squealed as he lurched forward, running across the grass as he ran after her. She knew he could have caught her in seconds but let her dodge him and twist away several times, though he seemed to be getting more and more excited with every passing second judging from his erection.

“Kinda hard to run with that thing, ain't it!?” she yelled back at him.

He growled and threw himself on her and she squealed as he brought her down amidst the grass. Then she heard a tearing sound as her shorts quite literally tore apart on her!

“Hey!” she gasped.

He ripped them from the waistband to the crotch, then tore them right off her! His movements were fierce, furious, and yet even as he yanked her roughly up onto all fours again his powerful fingers never bruised the soft skin of her thighs and hips. Then he was atop her, his chest pressing against her back, his hot breath on her neck, his stiff, throbbing erection thrusting in between her thighs as wild heat flooded her system.

“I-I didn't say... y-yes yet!” she gasped breathlessly.

He bit into the side of her throat, sucking gently, and she shuddered as he reached beneath her belly and grabbed himself, then drew his long thick cock in against her abdomen, pumping slowly in and out so the shaft stroked firmly across her clitoris.

“Oh! Oh God!” she gasped, eyes widening.

“You didn't say no either,” he growled.

Nor could she bring herself to, as, for all his eagerness, his hips moved slowly and steadily in and out, the long shaft of his erection stroking back and forth against her sex and abdomen. He jerked back suddenly, and she yelped at a sharp

slap to her bottom. Then she felt the rounded nose of his cock pushing against her there, mashing in against the soft, already moist mouth of her sex, pushing into her, spreading her wider and wider.

“Oh!” was about all she could say, along with a long, guttural moan as she felt him pushing slowly into her trembling body.

“Oh Jesus! Oh God!” she moaned in a choked voice.

His hands gripped her thighs suddenly, jerking her bodily up and back, pulling her arms out from under her so that she fell onto her elbows and forearms.

“Let me show you the – wolf position,” he growled hungrily.

Holly wanted so say something snarky about dogs, but was all-but beyond speech as he jammed himself even deeper, achingly deep, then ground himself against her. All she could do was gasp and squeak and moan as his body came down atop her again, his chest pressing against her soft back. This time his arms slid around her, big arms folded tightly against her body as he ground himself into her.

He shifted them, then, a hand grasping each breast as he licked and then began to kiss and chew and suck lightly up and down along her throat. At the same time, his grinding hips started to pull back and push forward again in a short, agonizingly slow stroke that made her desperately want more!

Under the open sky, out in the grass, with a feeling of wild heat sweeping over her, she finally worked up the breath to speak.

“Harder!” she gasped.

His hips began to move in and out with longer, faster strokes, and she tried to steady her ragged breathing as she braced herself against the grass. She felt every ridge on his thick, hard erection as it moved in and out, and shuddered every time the head punched into what she was certain was the very end of her straining pussy.

“Fuck! Harder!” she moaned again.

He rose up off her, and she felt his hands on her hips, then he drew the long

length of himself fully out of her, and she felt momentarily vacant. He pushed into her again, penetrating her anew, then sliding down, down, down until he filled her to the brim again! He began to stroke harder, pulling her hips back now so that he slapped against her upraised buttocks.

Holly gasped helplessly, her head rolling back every time his hips struck her. Her hair came unbound, spilling across her face, flying and swirling against her eyes as her body jerked more and more violently to the increasing tempo of his strokes.

His hips were hammering her with bruising force now, his thick cock spearing her with a force that hovered in that wild, churning place between pain and pleasure, her blood afire with heat and hunger as he rode her with an animal heat she had never experienced!

She felt like a wall of crackling sexual electricity was moving through her body, and her mouth widened in a soundless, breathless scream of excitement and pleasure as he leaned into her, shifted his grip to her shoulders, and thrust harder still!

The pressure was building within her, the energy making it impossible to have stayed still even if that had been an option. But her mind was swamped with sensation, intoxicated by the wild, raw heat spilling through her nervous system. She couldn't think, and her mind was swept along on the flooding waves of pleasure and passion.

Her body was moving wildly, without conscious thought. Her hips rolled and bucked and slapped against him, her head thrashed and rocked and the world beyond the flowing mass of her hair was a sparkling wall of glazed light as her awareness narrowed to the storm of sensations within her. Every breath was a shuddering gurgle of animal hunger and dazed cries as he thrust into her again and again, in an endless pounding beat that threatened to overwhelm her senses.

And then suddenly he reared back, yanking her with him, dropping back onto his heels in the grass with Holly straddling him, her head rolling up and back across his shoulder as his left arm went around her throat, his lips hungrily seeking her face, and his right hand drove between her splayed thighs to catch her thrumming clitoris and rub furiously across it.

Holly screamed in breathless shock as the orgasm rose like the towering wave of

a tsunami and then swept down upon her. She writhed and twisted and bucked against him, convulsions wracking her body as he thrust up into her and his fingers stroked her with enough force to overload her nervous system with the intensity of the sensations.

He arched back, and she arched with him, riding him, eyes wild, body flaring with the shock-waves of a crescendo of raw pleasure. And then he threw himself forward, taking her to the ground again, gasping into her ear, his hips still thrusting violently, his own body trembling as Holly's cheek was crushed against the ground.

Her breasts ground against the crushed stalks of grass as his heavy weight bore her down, and for a moment, breath and thought left her, and she went limp save for her heaving chest.

He drew up and back, hands gripping her thighs, lifting her hips and legs bodily up and jerking them back against him again and again as he threw back his head and cried out in pleasure.

And then he fell forward atop her, only catching himself at the last minute on one elbow, the ground taking most of his weight, laying half atop her as the two of them sought to still their ragged breaths.

As usual, he recovered first, easing up and back off her, though still breathing heavily. He sat back on his heels and then rolled her onto her back.

Holly lay sprawled, gasping, staring up at the sky above, still gulping in air. Slowly, her eyes focused and lowered to him sitting there on his heels, looking at her with an odd, tender expression on his face.

“Wh-what?” she panted.

“I... you are... something,” he said.

He slid fluidly forward atop her, pinning her to the ground, but taking his weight on his knees and elbows as he brought his lips against hers. They didn't stay long, though, which was as well, as far as Holly was concerned. She needed her mouth for breathing just then!

He eased down her body, gently mouthing her nipples as she groaned weakly,

rubbing his cheeks against her, then sliding lower still, licking and nibbling at down along her belly, his hands moving up and down from breast to hips and back again as he reveled in the softness of her skin against him.

“Ohhhh,” she groaned, her hand raising up and feebly pushing against his head as he licked at her now wildly oversensitive clitoris.

He chuckled softly, ignoring her except to take her wrists in his powerful hands and move them down to the ground beside her hips. His arms neatly pinned her thighs wide as he began to move his tongue and lips downward and begin to – feast.

His lips and tongue swirled and moved against her, high and low, then pushed in harder against the mouth of her sex, his tongue dipping and darting, sliding amazingly deep as she moaned low in her throat. She was, in effect, locked in place, wrists and legs pinned, as his tongue explored her.

The throbbing, sensitive flesh between her legs flared with discomfort at first, but then quickly began to respond to his skilled caresses, and Holly felt her body yanked back into the burning, bubbling hunger she had just released. Quickly, amazing her with its speed, her insides began to thrum with power and excitement once again, and her hips began to jerk and buck helplessly against him.

“Oh! Oh! Hunter!” she gasped.

He ignored her, his tongue swirling and caressing deep within her. It was his nose grinding against her clitoris. Was it possible, she thought, dazedly, he was doing that on purpose!? His tongue was bad enough! It was impossibly deep! How long could it be!?

And then he shifted his attention, sliding his lips up and over her clitoris. Her hips began to buck with more and more power as the sensations rose in intensity, and she cried out in helpless pleasure, need and even denial as the intensity rose to alarming levels!

And then she was climaxing. Again!

He licked her wildly through the climax, but when her gasping body finally went limp again he simply resumed where he had left off, ignoring her whimpering,

dazed groans to rouse her again... and still again!

His fingers plunged into her quivering body, making her hips spasm and jerk violently. His teeth tormented her and his tongue made her scream. Her body bucked and shook and arched and twisted as Hunter laid out the full spectrum of his talents there amid the crushed grass of the meadow, until Holly could barely catch her breath, her body exhausted, her muscles aching.

And then he slid atop her, his cock hard again, grinding and thrusting harder and faster to force her into a long, shattering roller coaster of an orgasm, one which rose and fell and rose again, seeming as if it could end only when her overawed mind lost consciousness. And yet, finally, and to her relief, it did.

\*

The most difficult part, for Holly, was trying not to say anything to further swell his already towering ego. Yes, he'd practically fucked her brains out, and left her a quivering mess, eyes glazed, practically drooling there on the ground. Yes, her body had had more orgasms at a single time than she had imagined was even possible.

But he was already, despite his best efforts to not show it, clearly feeling entirely too smug about that.

It ... irked her. She liked to think she could do anything a man could do, but she knew there was no way she could possibly challenge him in this regard. Nor, she thought, was it her own lack of skill. It was simply a difference of anatomy. She couldn't rouse him and throw him over the edge that many times. Not because she wasn't up to the task, but because he wasn't!

Or would he? Didn't werewolves recover quickly? She was definitely going to have to see what she could do. She didn't like being second best to anybody!

She raised her head up, giving him a jaundiced look. He was propped up on his arms, a stalk of grass between his teeth, looking entirely comfortable in his nudity, and quite content with himself.

When she was sure she had her breathing under control, she jabbed her toes against his ankle and he looked at her.

“That the best you can do?”

He frowned, then his eyes narrowed, and, alarmingly, he licked his lips and gazed at her consideringly.

She hurriedly sat up. “Never mind. Can't be out here all day.”

She crawled forward to grab at her shorts, and then scowled at him.

“You tore my shorts apart, dog boy!”

He smiled comfortably, his eyes on her breasts. “I'll get you another pair.”

“That's not gonna help me today.”

“Go naked. You look... good... naked.”

He reached out and gripped her arm, yanking her over and atop him, his hands sliding down her back as she propped herself up on her elbows against his muscled chest.

“What if someone is back there when I ride back?” she demanded.

“Nobody comes to visit you.”

“They do sometimes! And your people been out there several times this week.”

“My people don't think anything of nudity.”

“That doesn't mean I wanna be naked in front of them!”

“Sorry,” he said, not sounding sorry at all.

She pushed herself up, sitting straddling his belly. “You are an exasperating man!”

“Aren't I supposed to be?” he asked with a lazy smile.

She supposed all men were. Her fingers slid along his chest.

“So where all do you live anyway?” she asked.

“Got a place a few miles northwest off the highway,” he said. “Not a farm or anything, just an acre and an old house. It's... comfy enough.”

“Do you realize I don't even know your phone number?” she said in annoyance. “We've never even been on a freaking date.”

“Hmm.” he said. “Movie and a dinner? Seems kind of quaint, considering.”

“It ain't quaint, it's normal.”

“Will I get a kiss?”

“Depends on how much you impress me.”

He smirked.

“Not like that,” she said, blushing.

“Have to be somewhere they don't know me,” he said.

“How come?”

“Because otherwise everyone will start talking about what a whore you are for screwing a werewolf.”

She slapped his chest. “They will not.”

“Oh yes they will,” he said.

“They won't know you and me are sleeping together anyways.”

“They'll assume it. They think weres are horny animals.”

“You ARE a horny animal!”

“See?”

“Well an I don't care what they think of me anyways,” she said.

“Yes, you do. Besides, if they start thinking you're a werewolf lover they won't be willing to deal with you any more than with us.”

“I'd like to see them try and throw me out a store!” she growled.

“I wouldn't.”

She sighed. “We could go to Laramie. They wouldn't know you, would they?”

“Most likely not,” he said.

“Uh, do you even have a car?”

He frowned. “Of course I have a car. I have a truck. It's just a lot faster to go cross country to get here than driving along what passes for roads in this county. You're about six miles by foot and about thirty by road.”

“Most people wouldn't think a six mile walk was all that easy.”

“They don't have four paws.”

“No, I expect not. Maybe if you give me your address I can come and visit you instead of the other way around.”

“You could do that,” he said. “But call first. Logan is staying with me for now.”

She looked at him.

“That's why I didn't come back earlier. He's young and new and I'm showing him some things. I'm a bachelor living alone. It's the ideal environment for him right now.”

“I think I'll give a pass to that idea of visiting.”

He smiled. “He's safe, mostly, at least, when he's fed and when it's not a full moon and when I'm around.”

“And when it is full moon and you're not around?”

“Someone will be around,” he said confidently. “We take care of our own, Holly.”

“Well that's right nice, I guess,” she said. “I'm more concerned with who all is gonna take care of me if some crazy wolf shows up.”

He reached up and pulled her down against him and then kissed her surprisingly lightly on the lips.

“The only wolf you need concern yourself with is me, little girl,” he said softly, “And I will take care of you.”

She blinked. “I-I ain't a little girl,” she said, feeling a surge of emotion she tried to repress.

“Thank goodness for that,” he said, kissing her again as his hands slid up and down her back.

She pulled her head back. “And I can look after myself, right well too!”

He rolled over atop her and she squeaked as she found herself covered by his heavy body.

“No one said nothing different, did they all?” he drawled.

“You making fun of me?” she demanded.

He kissed her nose lightly. “Just a little.”

## Chapter Ten

The cattle were delivered the next day, and Holly was busy with setting things up for them even as Joshua and his helper replaced her barn roof. By the time she got back to the house the roof was pretty much done, and she was amazed at how quickly they had taken care of it. Joshua hopped down from the roof as she drove up – literally hopped down from the second floor roof without any apparent effort, and explained what they'd done and still had to do.

“Tomorrow we'll work on the house,” he said. “Oh, and Hunter dropped a package off for you.”

“He did? What kinda package?”

“Left it on the table inside. Said it was a replacement for something he'd broken.”

“Uhm, okay.”

“He said he'd be by later, too.”

She shrugged but felt a little ripple of anticipation. She still wasn't sure where she and Hunter were going but she was sure enjoying the trip!

The package turned out to be a plastic bag with a pair of shorts and a top. They were, she supposed, supposed to make up for him tearing her cutoffs to pieces and ripping her tank top. She gazed at the shorts suspiciously and then shook her head with a smirk. They were sand colored, low-rise short shorts. The top was green and beige, and more of a halter than a tank top. Both shorts and top were the right size, so she gathered he'd snooped at her clothes at some point, but they sure didn't look like they had a lot of material.

She took them into the bedroom to try on. They fit – sort of. The shorts covered her butt properly, but without a lot of material left over, and they were very low on her hips, so low that just about the only underwear she could wear that wouldn't be visible were those panties he'd liked a few days earlier.

Which she didn't think was much of a coincidence.

It wasn't that they were indecent. She'd seen younger women wearing the like often enough, though they were mostly teenagers eager to show off. Holly had never been one to show off her body, and had never worn the like. Then again, the idea of showing off to Hunter had its appeal...

It wasn't like anyone else was likely to see anyway, except when some of his people dropped by to work, like Caleb was doing.

The top was like a sleeveless shirt that only covered her chest, and not all of that. It had buttons down the middle – three of them, and only two were meant to button as she drew the two sides together across her breasts.

She checked herself in the mirror, shaking her head, but not displeased. The way Hunter spoke of her, the way he looked at her, had begun to affect her own self-image. She'd never really seen herself as being all that good looking before, despite the horny boys always trying to bed her. But there was no faking the way Hunter looked at her, talked about her, and reacted to her.

And she had to admit, her lithe, athletic body looked awfully good in the shorts and top. There was a lot of belly on display, from below her breasts to the hem of the shorts, which sat very low on her hips, a good five or six inches below her belly button.

She changed back into her regular clothes. They might not be indecent but she'd save them for when there weren't visitors like Joshua and his young assistant. No doubt Hunter would want to see her in them, she thought with a smirk.

She checked over her books and made sure all her invoices were properly filed away. She didn't like keeping records, but she liked it even less when she had to search for things come tax time, and her father had always taught her to be extra careful when doing thing she didn't enjoy, lest she do a poor job.

That done she went outside to find Joshua just packing things away. She thanked him profusely, and his assistant, Tom, who stared at her much like Caleb's assistant had the other day. It was discomfoting, but not hard on the ego.

Then she went inside, had a shower, and changed into the outfit Hunter had bought, planning on how she was going to tease him when he showed up, and

what she could do to impress him in the kitchen if not in bed.

When she heard the sound of tires pulling up out front she hurried to the door, thinking he must have driven over this time so he could be wearing clothes, but when she pushed open the screen door and stepped out into the yard she felt a rush of consternation. It was a county Sheriff's car, an SUV, and two men climbed out.

She recognized both vaguely, since she had a habit, like a lot of people, of not paying particular attention to the speed limit when she was heading to and from town. She'd never actually gotten a ticket, since smiling nicely and apologizing was normally all they needed, and they were both smiling in a very friendly fashion as they walked up – much as they usually did.

“Uhm, hello fellas,” she said. “What can I do for you?”

“Miss Conway,” one of them said, tipping his cowboy hat. “Sorry to bother you. Just a routine check.”

They were both heavily tanned, as were most who spent a lot of time in the sun and didn't use quite as high an SPF sunblock as she did. Both were in their twenties. One was tall and rangy, the other shorter and thicker around the shoulders, though he also had a bit of a gut.

“Deputy Rawlins, Miss Conway,” the shorter one said with an ingratiating smile. “This here is deputy Pearl.”

“We were just checking on you buying some cattle from Willoby's Ranch t'other day, the rangy one said. “And then some from Guthries, as well.”

She looked at them in confusion. “So? Why all would that concern the sheriff? Why all would you even know about that?” she said, a moment later.

“Miss Conway, the Sheriff asked all the local breeders to keep him informed of sales that are out of the ordinary. You see, we got us a werewolf pack somewhere in the county, and the Sheriff likes to keep close track on them.”

She frowned at both of them. “I don't understand? First of all, what's that got to do with me? Second, what difference does it make if werewolves buy some cattle? They're allowed, ain't they?”

“Yes, ma'am,” Pearl said with a nod of his head, “But the Sheriff does like to keep a close eye on their whereabouts, and he knows food is a surefire way to do that.”

“Yeah, when they ain't killing someone's cattle they're trying to buy it up in large amounts,” Rawlins said with a shake of his head.

“Well, okay,” she said. “Though to my mind if they're buying cattle they wouldn't need to be killing someone else's so I'd be all in favor of that myself.”

“Well, that's one way of looking at it, and yer not wrong on that score,” Rawlins said, “but the Sheriff kinda wants to discourage them from being around here, you see. So if they can't set up a ranch or something maybe they'll just go somewhere else.”

She frowned. “Or kill my cattle,” she said.

“If that was to happen, Miss, we would be looking into it right quick,” Pearl said with another nod. “Maybe be able to run these things out of the county.”

“That ain't gonna help me get back anything they took,” she said in an unfriendly voice.

“We figured most likely they'd go for one of the bigger operations,” Rawlins said soothingly.

“And you gonna buy me a new cow if they don't?”

The two men looked at each other uncertainly.

“In any event, we was just checking on them new cows you bought, seeing as how Willoby's says you normally only buy a couple or so and now you bought up more'n two dozen at once.”

“And you can be sure I'll be having a little chat with Willoby's about them snooping on my affairs and then calling up the sheriff to gossip!” she said indignantly. “And Guthri's too!”

“It wasn't that we was intending to snoop in you're business, Miss Conway,” Rawlin said soothingly. “We was just, like, trying to protect the public.”

Holly's mind was moving very quickly as she talked, but not quickly enough, she realized belatedly. She probably should have put on a wide-eyed, frightened girl look at the thought of werewolves to seem a lot more innocent than she was. Still, privacy was a big thing in Wyoming and nobody would be surprised that a small rancher didn't like the government snooping on them for doing something perfectly legal.

“Well you can tell the sheriff that I've been doing better than I expected, that I been saving, and that I haven't gotten more of a herd before because I was of two minds between leaving and staying. No point buying more if you're planning on selling the place and moving on, is there? But I decided there wasn't no place no better and I ought to just admit it, so that's what I've done.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Not, that it's the government's business.”

“No, and we're sorry if you're thinking we been interfering in your business, Miss Conway, but we need to keep track of these werewolves.”

She shook her head and folded her arms across her chest... though given how the halter kind of lifted and squeezed they were under her breasts.

“Well you know what, I never had no trouble from no werewolves. And if they wanted to buy their cows that seems real sensible to me. In fact, if real wolves and real coyotes wanted to buy cows instead of raiding someone's herd, well heck, I'd be all for selling to them too! Make things lots easier on us small ranchers!”

Pearl chuckled. “Real coyotes buying up cows. That's funny,” he said.

She forced herself to smile and shrugged in a girlish fashion. “Well, you know what I mean,” she said. “All I want is for them to leave me the heck alone.”

“I understand,” Rawlins said. “Must be a lot of work all by yourself.”

“Not so much as all that,” she said, putting her hands, well, her fingers into the pockets of her shorts and swinging her hips a little. “I thought they might be, and that was another reason to keep the herd small, but I've kinda gotten into a routine, you know. So some more cows don't really take a lot of extra work. Got a cousin out Miller way who promised to come over and help when I needed it anyway.”

Neither man was salivating at the sight of her like the younger werewolves she'd seen, but she could see and sense their interest and decided to use it.

“Anyways, I got me a Henry rifle for any varmints try and rustle out any of my herd,” she said indignantly.

“Well if the varmint is a werewolf you better have silver bullets,” Pearl said, slapping his holster lightly.

“You all got silver bullets? I bet that's expensive!” she said in wide-eyed innocence.

“Worth it,” he said.

“You got cause to shoot at werewolves a lot?”

The two men exchanged glances. “No, but you don't want to have to and not be able to,” Rawlins said.

“Tell you the truth, wish we did,” Pearl said, lowering his voice. “We'd clear those devil spawn out of the country easily enough if we shot a couple of em.”

“Well you just be careful,” she said. “You don't want to get in trouble with the law.”

“Law's what the sheriff says,” Pearl said with a smirk.

“Yeah, long as the New York types aren't around,” Rawlin said.

“New York types?”

“You know, the feebs, the federal types.”

“Oh them? We got any of them in Wyoming?”

“Nah, closest is in Colorado.”

“Well for heavens sakes don't do nothing to bring them here!” she said.

Both men nodded agreement but Pearl smirked as well. “They ain't gonna hear nothing from around here,” he said.

“From what I hear they're practically listening to everyone's telephone calls,” she said warningly. “I don't trust them to not be watching me from my own computer when I'm undressing,” she said deliberately, scowling at the same time.

That, as she'd suspected it would, threw their minds onto an entirely different track, and she could almost see the change in their eyes. They would both very much like to be watching her undressing, she thought cynically.

“Must get ... lonely out here all on your own,” Rawlins said, eyes raking her.

“Oh not as lonely as all that. I get into town often enough, and everyone there is real nice to me.”

“I'll bet they are,” Pearl said with another smirk.

“You ever get out to Buddies?” Rawlins asked

Rawlins was a dive, a roadhouse with ferociously loud cowboy music and amateur strippers every Saturday. It was not a place she frequented.

“Oh I get out there now and then,” she said, beaming.

“Well maybe I'll run into you there sometime,” he said with a gap toothed grin.

“Maybe you will,” she said, smiling.

Not very darn likely, though, she thought.

“And if you see anything suspicious roundabouts you call and let us know,” Pearl added.

“Let me give you my number,” Rawlins added, quickly pulling a pen from the breast pocket of his khaki uniform and writing it on notepad.

He tore the paper loose and handed it to her with a grin and she took it solemnly.

“Well if I see any werewolf or something I'll call you, right after I'm done running into the house and locking the doors,” she said.

Like that would stop an angry werewolf, she thought.

It took her a few more minutes before she could get rid of the two of them, and stood and waved as they pulled away, then rolled her eyes and went back into the house.

Hunter was sitting on the table naked and she yelped and then blew out a breath of air.

“You scared me! Who all said you could come in here without knocking?”

“You did.”

“Did not!”

“You said I shouldn't walk around outside naked. So that must mean you wanted me inside.”

“That's a real unique way of looking at things,” she said.

He looked her up and down and grinned. “Tell you what. The only thing I want to be looking at is you.”

She snorted and pushed past him but he grabbed her pony tail and stopped her, easing her back and around so he could kiss her.

“I got stuff to do. You're causing me trouble with the law, you know,” she said.

He swung his legs around her to pull her in and pin her and grinned down at her.

“I saw you out there with the deputy dogs. What'd they want?”

“To shoot them some werewolves, from what I gather. You couldn't hear?”

“I just got in.”

“How'd you get in? I didn't see.”

“Back door.”

“Anyways, the sheriff's got the breeding ranches telling him whenever anyone buys more than they usually do. They're trying to keep track of them werewolves,” she said.

He scowled.

“I'm pretty sure I convinced them it was nothing, and I was just expanding my herd. I didn't want to invent some story about inheriting money in case they checked it out.”

“The sheriff is another of those 'God-fearing' types who sees everything different as a threat. Unfortunately, there's a lot of them in Wyoming. That's one of the reasons we try to keep a very low profile.”

“But he can't do anything legally, right?”

He made a face. “Legally? No. But when God gets dragged into things and people are afraid, a lot of folks figure the law isn't all that important.”

He was looking her up and down while he talked, and he, of course, was entirely naked. She'd actually bought him some clothes she hoped would fit, but hesitated to mention it at that particular moment. Being alone with him naked was, she thought, raising the heat in her little house by a considerable degree.

“That halter looks pretty darn good on you,” he said. “But it'd look even better without the bra underneath.”

“Maybe you'd like me to just wander around naked all the time like you do,” she sniffed.

He grinned and cocked his head to one side. “We could give it a try.”

“No, we can't,” she said with a snort. “In fact, you should start wearing some clothes yourself.”

He shrugged. “If I'd driven here the deputy dawgs would have seen me.”

“I bought you some clothes.”

“You did?” he said with a grin.

“Ayep.”

He slid his fingers through her hair and kissed her again, softer and longer this

time, while his legs pulled her in tighter.

He eased back with a smile. “And when were you gonna show me these clothes?”

She took a deep breath. “When I got tired of seeing you naked,” she said.

He laughed and she joined him even as his fingers undid the buttons on the front of the halter and opened it.

“Hmm,’ he said, sliding his finger under the waistband of her bra.

She shook her head and gave him an exasperated look, then removed the halter, unhooked her bra with practiced ease, and, smirking, turned her back on him to pull it off. Then she pulled the halter back on and did it up before turning around.

He blew out a puff of air as he examined the results.

“I like,” he said.

“You sure? Cuz I got a nice turtleneck sweater I could wear...”

“Let me consider it,” he said, his fingers cupping her breasts very gently through the thin fabric, then stroking back and forth along the undersides. Her nipples hardened, pushing out against the halter, and his thumbs stroked them lightly.

“A lighter shade, say, white, might look even better,” he said.

“You mean you could see my nipples better.”

“That too.”

He caught her nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers, rolling and squeezing them lightly through the fabric as she ran her hands up and down his arms.

“I really do have stuff to be doing,” she said.

“Don't rush me, woman,” he said. “Let me enjoy the moment.”

“The moment? Enjoy the moment? You act like you haven't seen me naked most of the time we've been together! In fact, when we going to go on that date we talked about?”

“I don't know if you could stand to be in my presence that long and still keep your clothes on,” he said. “That might be too much to ask of you.”

“You think I'm some kind of nympho?”

“It's a possibility we shouldn't ignore. Your reputation wouldn't be helped any if you tore your clothes off in the restaurant and jumped across the table at me.”

“I think I can practically guarantee that wouldn't happen,” she said.

He had worked two of the buttons open and his fingers slid inside, just the fingers, caressing her soft skin. She watched his face, his eyes, and heard his breath catch as his fingers pushed in and caressed her skin, and a prickle of sexual energy ran down her spine.

“Seems to me you're the one who doesn't have any self-control around me,” she said.

“Nonsense. I'm a very disciplined person,” he replied, licking his lips as he opened the last button and pushing the halter open to bare her breasts.

“I'm so excited I think I need to watch TV or something,” she said, feigning a yawn.

“Hmm, I can probably find some way to entertain you,” he replied.

## Chapter Eleven

Holly yelped as he lifted her up bodily, impressed despite herself by another demonstration of the incredible strength he had as he lifted her up to sit astride him, her legs dangling over the edge of the table.

“I can think of more comfortable seats,” she grumbled.

“But I don't want you to be bored.”

“Don't worry. I got my knitting.”

She gasped as he filled his hand with her thick hair and jerked her head up and back suddenly, arching her back. She could no longer even see him as her head was pointed up and back at the ceiling behind her, but she felt his mouth over her left breast. His lips melded with her soft skin, and she felt him beginning to suck. Then his teeth bit in, softly, teasingly, then harder, as his tongue began to sweep across her nipple.

Her chest tightened and she gasped aloud, heat flooding her breast and then her chest even as his other hand slid up and down her belly and popped the catch of her short-shorts. Her hips jerked convulsively as his fingers pushed down into her panties and she felt them slide across her clitoris.

“Oh!”

“I hope you're not still bored,” he said.

“I-I'd rather be knitting!” she gasped.

“Would you now?”

His mouth dropped onto her other breast, his teeth biting firmly into her until her breast throbbed, his mouth sucking rhythmically as his tongue swirled and stroked and danced around her nipple with impossible speed. His fingers, meanwhile, had pushed down deeper into her shorts, curled up and pushed slowly up into the mouth of her sex.

Two of them dipped and caressed her there as his thumb stroked against her clitoris, and Holly felt her breathing come faster and faster as the blood rushed through her system

“Ah! Ow! Oh! Don't!” she gasped, his teeth biting harder at her breast, then shifting to the other to bite just as hard.

She heard an evil chuckle, then cried out again as his fingers, two of them, just... slid into her, all the way to the knuckles!

“Oh! Oh God!” she gasped.

He was still holding her hair, still forcing her body to arch back, and it was bizarre that she couldn't even see her own body, much less his! Yet sensations were flooding up into her mind as his fingers and mouth worked upon it, and her hips were starting to twist and grind against his fingers.

Those fingers slid all the way back out, then slowly pushed down again, accompanied by a third! She groaned as they slid deep inside her. Meanwhile his thumb stroked artfully across her clitoris, shifting directions and force and speed as he rained small bites and kisses across her breasts.

Her hips were working faster and faster now, and he had spread his legs for balance which let her bottom kind of hang between his thighs, her legs hooked over his right leg. His fingers and his mouth were moving faster, more excitedly, and she felt... felt like she was being devoured! She sucked in air, gasping and moaning, her hips rolling up and down faster and harder as an intoxicating rush of sensations sent her mind spinning!

And then he released her hair and pulled his hands out of her shorts. He lifted her down to her feet, and held her arm firmly when she stumbled.

“Well anyway,” he said. “If you've got those clothes for me. I can put them on. I wouldn't want to offend you with my ugly nakedness any more. And besides, you have chores to do.”

She glared at him, face flushed, nipples aching. The heat from her pussy had flooded her entirely lower belly, and he looked insufferably smug and calm.

He couldn't hide everything, though. His cock was as stiff as could be, poking

straight up in the air as he sort of lounged there as if he was totally calm.

Holly bit her lip, but then gave herself a mental shake and tried to ease her pounding heart and control her breathing.

“That might not be a b-bad idea,” she said as her hand closed around his cock.

“After all, it ain't decent for a grown man to be walking around naked. Not in Wyoming.”

Her thumb began to stroke against the underside of the head as she squeezed her fingers, and she reached in with her other hand, cupping his balls, gently squeezing and massaging them.

“This thing bounces around a lot when you move, after all,” she said. “You need to tie it down so it don't poke no ones eye out.”

She moved in closer, looking him in the eye. “I can't reckon how you manage to cope with it all the time,” she said, pulling it in between her breasts, then squeezing them around it.

“I-It isn't a p-problem most of the time,” he said, his voice strained.

“Though I must say, the skin is very soft. You know, like how you say my skin is so soft?”

She raised herself up on her toes, pressing him against her belly and rubbing him from side to side.

“But it's probably a good thing we get it under cover.”

He gripped her shorts, which were still open, on either side, and used them to pull her up against him.

“Y-yer gonna tear my new shorts!” she gasped.

She swung her legs around him as he pulled her mouth against his. His kiss was hungry and lip bruisingly fierce! She moaned into his mouth as his hands gripped her buttocks and pulled her in hard against him.

Then his hands slid down to the front of her shorts again and tore them apart, tossing them away.

“Y-You tore my shorts again!” she gasped.

“Don't care!”

He lifted her bottom up and she moaned, still holding his cock, guiding him against the overheated mouth of her sex. Then her legs tightened and he pulled her in and down.

Holly let out a gurgling moan of pleasure as he pushed into her, as she sank down onto him, as she felt the thick soft warmth of him pushing up deep inside her! She pressed her breasts against his chest, trembling and shaking now as she tried to jam every inch of him up inside her!

Her knees were on the edge of the table as she began to ride him. She started out slowly, or tried to, but almost immediately threw caution to the four winds as the sexual heat flooded through her and passion took control. His fingers dug into her buttocks and her lips crushed down against his as she rode him for all she was worth, gasping and crying out every time she impaled herself on his mighty lance.

The table shook beneath them but she spared it no thought, shuddering and gasping in pleasure, inhibitions lost to animal hunger. Not a word was said as the two of them panted and moaned and rocked together in desperate need. But then, no words needed to be spoken aloud.

Holly's fingers gripped his hair, jerking his head up as she jammed her lips down against him, her legs working frantically as she rode up and down, in and out. His tongue swirled and twisted inside her mouth, as if twining around her own tongue, and his hands jerked up and in against her in perfect rhythm with her own movements.

The orgasm hit her like a hammer blow of sensation, and she cried out in helpless pleasure, muscles spasming as she flung her head up and back, legs and hips working desperately, impaling her on his long, hard cock again and again and again as her head thrashed and rolled in dazed release, the breath gurgling out of her open mouth until he pulled her in and back against him.

He freed up a hand, letting it glide up and down her spine, then seize her own hair as he lay back along the table, pulling her down with him. She groaned helplessly, panting, gulping in air as his hands moved up and down her body.

His hips were grinding and rolling slowly as she lay limply across him, and Holly shuddered, feeling his stiffness still filling her with her cheek pressed against his chest now. She felt his breath on her head, felt his hand sliding through her hair as he rubbed his cheek against it.

“T-This is more fun than knitting,” she finally said, panting.

“Just a little,” he replied.

She worked her knees a little further forward and pushed her torso up off his chest, though her hands were still flat against him. She grinned down at him, Then eased up and forward with a sigh, feeling him sliding slowly down her passage until just the tip remained. She locked eyes with him, then slowly sank back down again.

“Ohh,” she groaned. “I could do this all freaking day!”

She leaned in and forward again, then paused with just the head inside her to enjoy the moment before sliding down and back again with a long, slow groan of pleasure.

“I am such a slut,” she groaned.

“Me too,” he gasped.

She rose up once again and held herself there.

“You ain't allowed to be a slut with no one but me,” she said fiercely.

“You too!” he groaned as she sank back down.

She remembered something she'd read, and squeezed down hard with her internal muscles as she slid back up again, then relaxed and slid back down. She did it again, and then again, taking her time as his hands seized her breasts and began to knead them.

“I think I like being on top!’ she said.

“Don't get used to it, honey,” he replied, squeezing her breasts tightly enough in his fingers to use them to pull her upper torso back down so he could reach her mouth with his lips.

They kissed long and sensuously as his hands glided up and down her back and over her buttocks, and Holly began to grind herself against him. She rolled her hips slowly, and pressed her breasts more firmly against his chest, rubbing them from side to side.

She was calmer now, after the orgasm, and was betting with herself how long he could take it before getting a lot more energetic.

“Want me to go get those clothes now?” she asked breathlessly.

“Don't even think about it,” he growled.

“You gonna bite me if I do,” she taunted him, pushing herself up again, leaning over him with sparkling eyes.

His own eyes were distracted by the sight of her breasts and she practically giggled. He reached for them but she grabbed his wrists and forced them down onto the table beside him.

Of course, he had to let her, but he didn't seem to mind.

Their eyes fixed on each other now as she continued to slowly grind her hips against him, feeling his thickness shifting around inside her body as she moved. She was taunting him, teasing him, but at the same time, she was pressed flat against him, leaning forward, and that had certain physical limitations on her sense of calm, including that she was, in effect, grinding her clitoris against his body while his cock moved inside her.

That was not something prone to keep her level-headed for long!

She stopped grinding – mostly, and pushed herself up and back to sit up straight, straddling him. She drew a deep, if shaky breath as his hands moved onto her thighs.

“Is this a good time to talk about what needs to be done to look after the herd?” she asked ingenuously.

“Sure,” he said, his hands sliding up her thighs. “Go ahead.

His fingers caressed the taut lips of her sex as they strained around his thickness, and his thumb found her clitoris, rubbing teasingly against it, making her skip a breath.

She tried to push his hands away, but this time they wouldn't be moved.

“Yer not being fair!” she gasped.

“Nature doesn't have to be fair,” he growled.

His hands shifted suddenly, though, gripping her bottom and then pulling her forward. Resisting against the kind of strength he could exert was impossible, and Holly gasped in confusion, hands slapping down against his chest for balance as his hands forced her up along his body.

“Wh-what are you – .”

His cock popped out of her as he slid her further up his body, across his belly, across his chest, until she was looking straight down at him, and then his mouth covered her sex and his tongue began to stroke against her.

“N-Not fair!” she gasped as pulsing waves of heat almost immediately began to sweep up into her belly.

He growled into her sex, his lips massaging her, his breath sucking at her, his tongue swirling and dipping and darting until Holly couldn't hold still and began to ride his mouth with ever growing passion and hunger, gasping and moaning and cursing as the sexual hunger made her literally tremble with the building pressure.

She began to writhe and twist, instinctively trying to pull herself off so that she could impale herself on the stiff cock she knew was right behind her, but he clung tightly to her thighs as his tongue drove her to the edge of sanity.

“Please! Please! Oh! Oh! Fuck! God! Oh! Hunter! Please!” she half sobbed.

He shoved her back roughly enough she would have literally flown up and back off the table had he not sprang up with her and grabbed her in his arms. He jumped off the table and threw her up across both shoulders, then carried her quickly into the bedroom, throwing her onto the bed and jumping in behind her!

Gasping, moaning, the world seemed to spin wildly as his strong hands flipped her onto her belly and yanked her hips into the air. She shuddered as the head of his cock pushed into her, then cried out in pleasure as he sank deep.

He started to thrust into her immediately, his self-discipline almost gone as his hips pummeled her buttocks and his thick cock churned violently inside her. Holly cried out again and again, her head whipping from side to side until he seized her hair and yanked it up and back.

Gasping, crying out, she felt the orgasm explode within her, his hips slamming hard against her, his hand jerking back on her hair, his other hand crushing her breast. The orgasm was like a screaming wall of sensations, overwhelming her mind as she thrashed and bucked and sobbed in pleasure. Every breath was a scream of unrestrained release as her muscles spasmed and her nerve endings crackled with overload.

She felt completely out of control, as if spinning through the air, the wild, raging sexual fever turning her into a mindless animal as lust and passion and heat rode her into the ground and Hunter rode her into the bed. And then his own powerful breaths were gasps and groans of pleasure as her thrashing body pulled him into the orgasm!

He half collapsed atop her, lips against her throat, teeth against her skin as his hips lunged into her again and again, his heavy chest crushing her upper torso into the bed as his arms surrounded her and squeezed her with bruising force.

\*

She had guessed right from his build. The jeans fit him nicely, and the white dress shirt, though perhaps a little big, looked very good on him. She had even found socks, and a pair of slippers that (mostly) fit his feet. So for the first time since she'd known him, Hunter was fully dressed. And Holly was delighted by the results.

But him being dressed made her feel more than a little odd, since she was naked.

Nor could she get dressed herself. Their lovemaking had continued, with him bringing his mouth and magical tongue down between her legs again. And there he'd taunted and teased and driven her half made to the point of making her beg him to finish her off.

He'd agreed on one condition. As frazzled as she'd been, she would have agreed to just about anything at that point. And staying naked for the rest of the day had seemed a pretty minor thing.

But he was holding her to it.

"This feels weird," she said in grumpily, as she served dinner.

"Doesn't feel weird to me," he said happily.

"You're used to being naked."

"Yes, so it's good you feel what it's like."

"It feels weird!"

He chuckled softly.

"Especially when you're dressed."

"I kind of like the reversal. Feels like you're my little slave girl. Serve me dinner, slave girl."

She rolled her eyes up at him, frowning.

"I am not your little slave girl," she said.

"How about my bitch?"

"Not that either!"

"A bitch is simply a female wolf, you know."

"You see any fur on my body?" she demanded.

He rolled his eyes downward. "No, now that you mention it. Say, how do you..."

“Never mind!”

He shrugged. “Don't forget the salt and pepper, wench.” he said, shifting his voice to one of autocratic arrogance.

She sniffed and considered throwing the salt at him, then had another idea. She left the dining room and went into the spare bedroom, which she'd been using as a storeroom. Yes, there on the closet shelf was the dog collar last worn six years ago by the family dog Jolly. It was a big collar, for he was a big dog. People in Wyoming didn't often opt for little yappy things that weren't any use on a farm.

She slipped it around her neck and checked her look in the mirror, then smirked evilly before going back to the dining room.

“Where's the seasoning, wench?” he demanded loudly.

Holly muttered under her breath then straightened her back and walked back into the dining room.

“I'll get it, sir,” she said.

He stared at her as she went past him to the cupboard, and she saw his eyes widen. She opened the cupboard and unnecessarily raised herself up on the balls of her feet, leaning in and reaching up for the salt, pushing her bottom back at him as she took her time.

She grabbed the salt and pepper and turned around, taking it back to his table and sliding them into place.

“There you are, sir,” she cooed.

“Where did you get that?” he asked in a somewhat breathy voice.

“What, sir?” she asked innocently.

“That collar.”

He reached for her and she stepped backward.

“Aren't I allowed to wear it, sir?” she asked.

He licked his lips.

“It looks... interesting on you.”

“Well thank you, sir,” she said, going back to the counter for the potatoes.

She walked back and forth, placing the food on the table, and his eyes never left her, even as she demurely sat down across from him.

“May I eat now, sir?” she asked demurely.

“Uhm... sure,” he said.

She picked up a plate of spareribs and used the fork to put some onto her plate as he watched her.

“Maybe you should sit closer to me,” he said.

“Oh that wouldn't be proper, sir. I might get in your way.”

“Why are you calling me sir?”

“Isn't that what slave girls say, sir?” she asked innocently.

His face was flushed and he wasn't paying any attention to his food.

“Mmm, this is good,” she said.

He licked his lips, looked down at his food, then looked at her again as she ate.

“You should... sit over here,” he said.

“But you wouldn't be able to concentrate on your food, sir, and you know how you love to eat.”

She ate more meat from a spare rib as he watched, apparently transfixed. She'd thought the collar would be a snippy joke but it was apparently having a lot more of an effect than she'd thought.

“Your food is going to get cold, sir,” she said, reaching for another bite. “Don't forget the baby potatoes and watercress salad. You'll love it.”

He picked up some ribs and chewed absently, still watching her.

“Don't forget the barbeque sauce, sir,” she said.

He blinked as if confused, then seemed to notice the barbeque sauce and poured it over his ribs. His eyes kept flicking up and down between the food and her, as if deciding whether he was hungrier for the food or for her. She smiled softly to herself and continued eating.

“Do you have... do you know what it means to wear a collar among us?” he asked in a strained voice.

She blinked uncertainly. “Uhm, among who, sir?”

“Among werewolves.”

She looked at him blankly, and he ran his tongue slowly across his lips.

“Come here.”

“Uhm, I'm not finished my meal, sir.”

“Get your ass over here.”

She frowned, tempted to tell him something more than a little unfriendly, but that would mean abandoning her role as demure little slave girl. Naked slave girl.

And she wasn't really feeling unfriendly at all. The truth was that being naked around him was kind of... arousing. Despite the wild sex they'd had earlier, it made her feel very sexual, and putting on the stupid collar and his reaction to it had aroused her even more. It wasn't as if she was out of control or anything, but there was a definite thrum of sexual interest within her.

She got up and moved around the table.

“Yes, sir?” she asked.

She yelped then as his hands grabbed her “Hey!”

But she was in the air, and then suddenly down flat on the table as he hovered over her. She gaped at him as he leaned over her.

“Wearing a collar before a male werewolf is making an offer of being his... bitch,” as I said earlier.”

She stared at him in astonishment. “Uh... what!?” she squeaked.

“Of course, you're not a female werewolf,” he said.

She shook her head frantically, and felt some of the salad spilled down against her cheek.

He gripped her hips and jerked her downward as he leaned over her.

“But the ... affect is pretty... strong,” he said in a growling voice.

“I uh... I didn't...”

He picked up the barque sauce, tasted it, then a dark and evil look came over his face as he drew it over her body and poured it down across her breasts.

“Hey!”

He pushed her back down, trailing the hot sauce (but thankfully not as hot as it had been) down her body and over her belly as she stared up at him in astonishment.

Then he leaned further, his mouth following where the sauce had dripped, sucking and chewing at her breasts, then licking his way down her body as she felt her breathing coming more and more raggedly.

He sat down, pulling his chair in, then seized her thighs and jerked them down and apart so that her bottom lay at the edge of the table, then he leaned in and began to ... eat.

“Oh!” she gasped. “That feels weird!”

It felt quite a bit more than weird as his tongue worked its way up and down her belly and in between her legs. It didn't even feel like a normal tongue any more. It felt rougher, like... like a dog's tongue, she thought wonderingly. The effect against her sex was electrifying, and her hips began to roll helplessly up with every long lick!

“Oh! Please! Hunter!” she gasped, fingers tightening on the edge of the table.

He raised his eyes, which were fierce and intense. “Shhh, I'm eating.”

Then he returned to his licking. His fingers spread open the lips of her sex and he poured more barbeque sauce over her, his tongue lapping it up, caressing her labia, delving deep inside her, then sliding up and across her clitoris.

“Fuck!” she gasped.

“Slave girls who use obscene language get spanked,” he said warningly.

He nibbled at her flesh, he bit softly, enough to make her gasp, he sucked in a strange, rhythmic fashion, and his tongue whipped across her skin, making her nerve endings crackle and the muscles in her lower belly spasm. The spasms grew worse, and her hips began to buck violently up against him as her head rolled and her back arched sharply again and again.

The orgasm swept through her and she cried out in helpless pleasure, her upper body twisting and rolling as he pinned her hips to the table and continued his oral assault on her mind.

The contents of the table suffered more than she did, and when he finally stood up and thrust himself into her the table shook with the force of his hammering strokes. He eyes seemed to wobble with the way her head was shaking and jerking, and she could only shudder and moan and gurgle in dazed sexual fever as he rode her to another orgasm, and then another, finally turning her over and riding her from behind.

His teeth came down on the nape of her neck, and she felt them biting into her hard as she cried out again, another orgasm sweeping her up in a wild rush of sensation. And then he finally joined her in the rush, crushing her to the table as his teeth gnawed at her throat and his hips ground against her buttocks.

## Chapter Twelve

A shower was a requirement after that, but they took it together, which made it far more than a chore. In fact, he insisted on soaping her up and rinsing her off himself, but was oddly gentle about it. Then he got down a towel and toweled her off before picking up the hairbrush.

“What are you doing?” she asked uncertainly.

“You know, werewolves have strong instincts,” he said.

“Yeah?”

“One of those involves touching and ... grooming each other.”

“Uhm, really?”

He already had her brush in hand and was slowly brushing out her hair, gently working the tangles free.

She looked at herself in the mirror, seeing him behind her, intent on her hair. Then she frowned, and raised a hand to her neck.

“Wow, what a hickey,” she said, wincing a bit at the soreness on the nape of her neck.

“Not a hickey,” he said, brushing her hair, picking up the dryer and turning it on.

“You almost broke the skin,” she exclaimed.

“You wouldn't catch anything when I'm in human form,” he said, still brushing and drying.

“That's not what I meant.”

“It was... it will fade, but not entirely.”

“What does that mean?”

“It's something males do to their females.”

“I'm not your female,” she said softly.

He kept brushing. “You didn't know the significance of the collar. I understand that,” he said. “You haven't made any commitment to me, nor do you have to.”

She stared at him in the mirror.

“Then what – .”

“I'm making a commitment to you.”

She stared at him in the mirror.

“Wh-what kind of commitment?”

He put down the hair dryer and brush and then wrapped his arms around her, pulling her back tightly against his body. It was a possessive sort of hug, and as he did so he leaned in and licked gently across the nape of her neck, across what she took for a hickey.

“Hunter?”

“I'm saying I belong to you,” he said, his face pressed against her, his eyes on the mirror, on her eyes staring back at him.

“What?!” she squeaked.

“You can toss me back or boot me to the curb any time you want. But think of me as your new dog, your new handyman, your anything you want me to be. You can put the collar on me and put me in the barn if you like but I want to be yours, to be around you because right now I can't imagine not being around you.”

“B-But you've only known me a week!” she gasped.

“Do you believe in love at first sight?”

She stared at him, mouth wide.

“The moment I saw you laying there on the ground I felt this .. pull, this intensity.”

He turned her around and gripped her head, tilting it back as he bent forward until their faces were inches away.

“You are beautiful, inside and out, tough, practical, smart, savvy and wildly sexy. And the most incredible part is you don't even seem to know it,” he whispered.

“But... but...”

“Do you want me to go away?”

She stared at him in astonishment. Of course she didn't!

“Until you do I'm going to stay around. That's my commitment to you.”

“But this is so... sudden!” she gulped breathlessly.

“Werewolves don't just have stronger senses, they have more of them,” he said. “I don't just see you and smell you and touch you, I can feel you, and every time I feel you near me I feel... good, content, satisfied.”

He slid his cheek against hers, burying his face in her hair. His hands came down and cupped her buttocks, then he lifted her up easily onto the sink so her head was even with his.

“You don't have that sense. You're human. It might take you longer, one way or another to decide how you feel about me. But I've got no inclination right now to be anywhere other than near you.”

Holly was feeling in a sense of near total disarray by his confession! Men weren't supposed to talk like that, were they!? And so soon!? She didn't really know how she felt about him except he was incredibly sexy and an incredible lover and fun to be around and that the empty place she'd had inside her for a long time while living all alone was filled when he was there.

But that wasn't enough, was it!? She needed to know him for a lot longer before

she knew what her heart would think! Right now her heart was content but what about next week or next month or next year!?

But then, she didn't have to make that decision just yet. For now, the only question he'd asked her was whether she wanted him to leave. That hadn't taken any thought at all to know she didn't.

“I-I don't even have a dog house,” she said, gulping.

He laughed and she joined him, and somewhere during their laughter their lips met, and it took a long time before they parted again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

*Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus*

Zoe's New Job \* Working For The Smiths \* What I Learned in College \* Two Teachers \* Twenty Nine \* Tomb of Darkness \* The Wolf Girl \* The Submission Game \* The Student Librarian \* The Straight Girl \* The Secretary \* The President's Slave Girl \* The New Neighbors \* The Mouse \* The Master's Choice \* The Interview \* The Girls in the Band \* The General's Aide \* The Director \* The Debt Slave \* The Dark Passage \* The Challenge \* The Butler \* The Banker Babe \* Stripped! \* Stocks and Bonds \* Sir \* Slave of the Vampires \* Rich Man's Yacht \* Personal Services \* Nigger's Girl \* Miranda's Tower \* Masters Fine Leather \* Journey into Slavery \* Into The Past \* In the Vampire's Lair \* In The Summer Heat \* Her Very Own Pirate \* Fiona's Need \* Erin's Four Masters \* Emily's Debt \* Courtney's Boring Life \* Courtney Gets Caught \* Chained Heat \* Bound in Red Tape \* Biker Bitch \* Behind the Mask \* An English Girl in China \* A Slave to the Pack \* Owned by the Pack \* An Office Affair \* A Life of Slavery \* A Darker Shade of Gray \* A Dark Spirit \* A Dark Desert Heat \* Anything \*