

Encounter

Diane's Choice

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Changing Press

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Garret leaped over his defeated opponent and sidled up to the female. He'd smelt her enticing scent from the top of the far cliff when he'd stopped to hunt some of the local jackrabbits.

He rubbed himself along her flank, tail held high, and snuffled the thick fur of her neck. She jumped nimbly sideways, coyly placing herself just out of reach before circling back to nip his hind leg with her sharp white teeth. He whirled around and tried to pounce but she'd already danced back out of range, her mouth lolling open in a wolfish grin.

With a happy yip, she turned and bounded into the woods, glancing over her shoulder. Garret scrambled to his feet and followed, the blood surging hotly through his veins. The glossy tip of her thick grey tail waved in the air before him. Teasing. Tempting. She disappeared around a sharp bend in the trail and he hurried to catch up. He'd fought her two brothers to establish his right to court her, defeating them with his superior size and prowess. When her trio of suitors objected, she had joined him to fight them off. Young, and in the throws of her first heat cycle, she'd made her choice

Garret. A stray.

He rounded the corner and skidded to a halt. The sexy young female was nowhere to be seen, but rustling noised in the thick brush off to his right indicated that she'd started to shift. Heat pooled low in his groin and he quickly selected a dense thicket for his own shift.

Diane tossed her head, enjoying the feel of her long hair sliding down her naked back. She emerged from the ticket, eager to consummate her union with the stranger. She knew she had to have him when he'd loped into the yard and challenged her

brothers, taking on both the mature pack wolves without hesitation. He stood larger than the local wolves, with thick muscles roping his entire body. His dark fur glistened with a healthy sheen, and his eyes were dark pools of liquid heat.

The stranger waited in the grassy meadow, standing naked and proud. One hand dropped to circle his shaft and Diane watched, mesmerized as he casually stroked the impressive length. A single pearly drop glistened on the tip, and she licked her lips.

With an impatient growl, the stranger closed the space between them, fastening his lips on hers to blaze a sizzling kiss across them. He pulled her up hard against him, letting her feel the heat of his cock against the soft flesh of her belly.

Diane kissed him back, winding her arms around his neck to hold him close. He was so big, so hard, so male. Exactly what she'd been waiting for. Were-wolves mated for life, and she'd been stalling for over a week now, ever since she'd first gone into heat. None of the local males interested her.

"Who are you?" She slanted a look at him from under her lashes.

"Garret." A fleeting grin curved the corner of his mouth, giving him a wicked appearance.

"Well, Garret. You certainly proved you can fight." She ran a finger through the light dusting of hair on his chest. "Here's hoping your male enough to handle me."

He laughed then, a rich dark sound that sent shivers of lust straight to her belly. Scooping her up in his muscular arms as if she weighed no more than a pup, he laid her down on a patch of thick, soft grass and followed her down to straddle her hips. "Is that a challenge?"

She giggled and batted her lashes at him. "Maybe."

He lowered himself over her and nuzzled her ear, warm breath sending tendrils of flame curling through her. "What's your name, sweet thing?"

She sucked in a deep breath. "Diane."

"Well, Diane." He nipped the tender lobe of her ear, and then licked the hurt away. "I guarantee you, by this time tomorrow; you're going to be begging your Alpha to let me join the pack."

She gave him a slow, sexy smile as his big hand closed over her naked breast, kneading the sensitive mound. "Then you'd better quit talking and start fucking, because it's going to have to be one hell of a ride to make me petition Jack.

He didn't reply, using one hand to capture her wrists, drawing her hands up over her head so that she lay spread out beneath him like a sacrificial offering. A dark smile lit his rugged face as he unhurriedly lowered his head to score white teeth across one sensitive nipple before sucking the tender tip into his mouth.

He feasted on her breasts. Licking. Sucking. Nibbling. He laved the pebbled peaks with his rough tongue, his eyes dark with lust. Each wet swipe sent shivers of erotic heat sliding along her spine.

His fingers skimmed over her body, tracing the slight swell of her stomach, the smooth curve of her hips. He nibbled a trail from her breast to the tiny indent of her belly button, his tongue swirling velvety hot caresses. Exploring. Tasting.

Flames of liquid heat blazed through her and she whimpered, her lust building, passion gathering deep in her core. His tongue ventured lower and she wriggled and squirmed beneath him, tiny mewling sounds escaping her lips.

He released her wrists, gripping her hips to hold her still while he blew gently on her wet pussy, a triumphant smirk crossing his lips when she gasped, bucking her hips up in instinctive need. He slid one finger deep inside her, his eyes blazing with lust. His thumb stroked across her clit, and she gasped, reaching down to thread her fingers through his hair, holding him close as her world tilted and waves of heat thundered through her.

She watched, every nerve ending on fire, as his tongue rasped over her aching sex, slowly, lazily, as if she weren't bucking and whimpering with need.

"Garret." She hissed his name out between clenched teeth. "Damn it, fuck me!"

"Tsk, tsk." He had the nerve to grin. "You have a foul mouth."

He took another swipe, stabbing his tongue deep, then straightened up and flipped her onto her belly with a quick twist of his muscular arms.

Diane braced herself on her hands and knees, twisting her head to watch as the handsome stray took his cock in his hand and aimed it at her sex. She rocked backward, tried to force herself onto the massive shaft as it prodded at the slick entrance to her channel.

"You're a hot little number, aren't you?" Garret grasped her hips, and sunk himself balls deep with one quick thrust of his hips. "I could smell your need from the other end of the valley."

He circled his hips, and Diane whimpered, the feel of his shaft stretching her tight channel an incredible turn-on. She gasped, arching back, needing to force him deeper. He leaned over her, wrapping one arm around her to cup her breasts while he thrust into her slick sex, over and over, settling into a steady rhythm. In. Out. Harder. Faster.

She'd waited so long for this, for her soul mate to appear and vanquish the mundane pack wolves who sought to impress her. He'd fought for her, claimed her in front of her family and her pack.

He blanketed her with his body, branding her with his hands, his lips, and his cock. Giving her pleasure unlike any she'd ever felt. Hot flames of need rocketed through her with every thrust of his massive shaft. She belonged with him, to him. She could feel herself spiraling ever higher, the sound of Garret growling softly sending flickering tongues of lust licking along her skin. She savored the feeling of him on her, in her, around her.

The first waves of her orgasm started deep in her core, rolling through her like a fireball. They built, sweeping her away to a place where nothing existed but feeling, nothing but her and Garret. She heard him cry out her name as his hot seed jetted deep within her.

They collapsed into a jumbled heap of arms and legs, cushioned by the soft grass. The smell of crushed greenery mingled with the odor of their lovemaking, and Diane sighed, content. She'd found her soul mate.

Garret nuzzled her hair. "You're mine, now. My mate. We should go get dressed so you can let the Alpha know I'll be joining the pack."

"I'll talk to Jack tomorrow." She twisted to snuggle into his arms, her head resting on his chest. "He's busy with the candy fair tonight."

Garret raised his eyebrows. "Candy fair? What's your Alpha doing at a candy fair?"

Diane chuckled. It did sound a little strange, until you got to know Jack. "He owns the chocolate boutique in town. His chocolate creations have won prizes in some of the largest culinary competitions in the country."

"You're serious?" Garret shook his head.

Diane tilted her head to brush a satisfied kiss across his lips. "Sex and chocolate, my big bad wolf. An unbeatable combination."