

Encounter -- Dire Wolves: Cold Heat

Shelby Morgen

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Dire Wolves: Cold Heat

The wolf ran soundlessly through the snow, his nose to the wind, keen senses focused on his prey.

It wasn't as if he didn't know where to find her. This time of day she'd be in the sanctuary, feeding the rescues. He jumped the seven foot tall fence with ease, scattering the smaller wolves as he bound across the snowy field to her side. He smelled meat. Fresh, raw meat. Sudden hunger twisted his gut.

"Hey, big guy. Welcome back. Did you have a good run?"

He shifted easily, unconcerned with his nakedness. Until he remembered how friggin cold it was in Alaska in winter when you didn't have a triple dense fur coat. "Gods! Man-things are all insane."

"Um-hmm. Here." Zan tossed him his rolled up sweats and fur lined moccasins. "Pull these on before you lose one of the things I love most about you."

"My balls?" he asked as he jumped into the sweats.

"No. Your sense of humor."

"I know how you could warm me up faster."

"Nuh-uh. John Michael Wolfe, you are not touching me with those cold hands. Don't even think about it."

"I bet I could change your mind." He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a slow, seductive kiss.

"You're really a vampire, aren't you? A body heat vampire, here to steal my warmth."

"Yup. But if we do this right, we can generate more heat than either of us need to stay warm."

She yelped as his cold fingers slipped under her shirt to tweak her nipples through her bra. Moments later, though, she was leaning into his touch. "Ohhh," she moaned. "You me-you mean there's a right and a wrong way to do it?"

He turned her with her back against his chest, sliding the other hand into her pants, grinding his erection against her ass. "I don't know about wrong ways, but there's definitely a right way. You. Me. Here. Now. Sounds pretty right to me."

"John, I'm working here!"

"I'll help you finish up rounds after we take care of your little problem."

"My problem? You're the one with the rock hard cock riding my ass."

"Your problem. The one that involves this sopping wet pussy." He slipped several fingers into her drenched opening and drew them out again to smear her own moisture over her folds. "Mmm. You smell so good. Like ripe sex, just waiting to be claimed as my prize." He closed his teeth gently over the curve of her shoulder, nipping, then letting go to lick the small red impressions with a tongue that was not quite human.

She was ready. She was always ready. He'd never met a woman with an appetite for sex as strong as hers. She helped him slide her pants down off her hips, and reached back to pull his down far enough to clear his randy cock, bending forward on the stack of grain bags to expose her deliciously rounded ass.

Wouldn't due to let her get cold. He spread her feet wider and slipped the length of his swollen cock deep into the pussy, reveling in the feel of her muscles as they tightened around him, demanding all he had to give. He worked her clit with fingers

wet with her own juices, stroking, teasing, riding her hot and heavy, stirring up the kind of heat that defied the pull of winter.

His strokes were long and deep, demanding all she could give him, pulling her back onto his cock, then pushing her forward to meet his hand. "Oh. God!" she screamed. "John! I'm going to come!"

"Good," he whispered against the back of her ear. "Come for me, baby. Come!"

Hot juices flooded his hand, and he raised his fingers to her mouth. "You're so friggin hot. This is what we taste like. You. Me. Together."

She licked his hand. "Mmm. We taste like more."

Her voice, her words, sent him over the edge, and he felt the knot grow thick and hard within her grasping muscles. Felt her shudder with each stroke as he ground into her, spurt after long, slow spurt of his cum washing away all trace of anyone but him.

His knot throbbed deep within her, stroking long and slow against that secret spot within her that had her writhing in his arms again. "Mine," he growled against her neck. "Mine."

"With every breath I take," she agreed. "Yours."

Which was a damn good thing, he decided as yet another wave of cum pulsed into her. Because wolf anatomy simply didn't allow for the human notion of a quickie.

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