

Encounter -- Guardian Angel: One-Woman Wolf

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One-Woman Wolf

Angel hurried up the walk leading to Gannon's big old colonial house. A light dusting of snow lent an air of old New England charm to the countryside. The bare tree branches stretched toward the darkening sky and the scent of fireplace smoke drifted on the air.

Wintertime brought with it so many wonderful memories. She and Gannon had first met in winter and it had been the beginning of the most unbelievable yet beautiful relationship of her life.

Normally Angel would have enjoyed the lovely atmosphere of this quiet December evening, but not tonight.

"I promised I'd be here by dusk," she muttered then gasped when she slid on a patch of ice and nearly crashed to the cobblestones. She straightened and continued toward the house. At the door she fumbled with her key before finally inserting it into the lock. Inside the house, she shouted, "Gannon!"

No reply. She must be too late.

Guilt washed over her. Usually she left work in plenty of time to be with him when it happened. Her presence calmed him through the change and helped him revert to human form far more quickly than when he was left alone. How could she have done this to him? Yet during the holiday season her restaurant was busier than usual and her

manager had called to say she'd be late, so Angel had to stay and cover until she arrived.

She made her way to the door leading to the basement. On the way she paused and glanced into the living room. As usual Gannon's songwriting notes were strewn around the piano. The logs in the fireplace glowed red, so he had apparently been working here not too long ago.

After shrugging off her coat, she tossed it onto a chair and called, "Gannon!"

A long howl followed by ferocious growls sounded from the basement.

Her heart skipped a beat. After spending so much time with a werewolf she should have been used to this, but Gannon's wild side still frightened her. It aroused her too. Even now her nipples tingled and her pussy ached. Not that she enjoyed seeing Gannon suffer the curse, but some of their best lovemaking happened when the beast in him took over.

She walked down the stairs and approached the brick barrier that divided the dimly lit basement.

A rush of excitement sent her heart beating out of control. Naked, Gannon stood in his wolf form -- bipedal and covered from head to toe in a wavy blondish pelt. His human features had elongated and fangs glistened in his mouth.

His attention wasn't on her, however. It focused on the hissing cat he had trapped against the wall. Fortunately his chains prevented him from reaching the frightened feline.

"Damn. Why can't people keep their pets in?" Angel muttered. The cat must have slipped in through the basement bulkhead door when Gannon had gone outside to retrieve more firewood.

The sound of her voice drew Gannon's attention. His gleaming blue eyes fixed on her and some of the rage faded from them.

"It's all right," she said, keeping her voice soft and calm as she approached.

He growled and sniffed the air. Aroused by her scent, he took a step toward her, his cock stiffening. The sight of his thick, velvet-skinned shaft was a delicious contrast to the rest of his fuzzy werewolf body.

“Come here,” she said, slowly holding out her arms. She’d learned that quick motions set him off when he was like this.

Gannon stepped even closer, straining against his bonds. Her fingertips touched his clawed hands and he growled again, very softly this time.

He reached for her and she stepped into his warm embrace. Angel closed her eyes and rubbed her face against his hard, hairy chest. Even in his human form he had a powerful build and as a wolf he was nothing short of intimidating, yet she knew in her heart he would never hurt her.

She lifted her head and glanced over his shoulder, glad to see the cat had disappeared.

Gannon nuzzled her neck, then lapped it. Little shivers of delight rolled through her and she closed her eyes and tilted her head to the side, making it easier for him to cover her neck with wolfish kisses.

Finally their gazes met and he made a soft, animalistic sound.

“I’m sorry I was late,” she said, then gasped when he used his claws to tear through her sweater. Though he didn’t so much as graze her flesh, the motion still frightened her a bit. His sharp claws could slice her to ribbons, yet in all the time they’d been together he had never hurt her, even accidentally.

“I know I promised,” she continued.

Using the very tip of his claw, he cut away her bra and she shrugged it off.

“But things got out of hand at the restaurant and...” Her voice faded and she drew a deep breath as his hairy hands pressed her breasts together and his tongue teased her nipples. The tip of one fang grazed one of the taut buds ever-so-lightly and she moaned.

He growled again and lapped the sensitive flesh beneath her breasts, then licked his way down her stomach. When he reached her pants, he used his claws to rip through them too, then sliced off her panties.

Next time she really needed to undress before meeting her werewolf. Or she could use him as a great excuse to buy a new wardrobe.

Kneeling in front of her, he lapped her clit and Angel gasped and moaned. She clutched his powerful shoulders and kneaded the rippling muscles. She even loved the sensation of his pelt against her hands.

Gannon tugged her onto the basement floor. It was cold, but luckily he'd spread a blanket on it, probably to keep from freezing before the change came on. At the moment she didn't care about the temperature. All she wanted was to feel his wet tongue against her clit again.

Stretching out on her back, she spread her legs. He grasped them and lifted them over his shoulders, then devoured her. Angel moaned and thrashed as his tongue flicked her clit. Over and over he lapped. His grunts and growls indicated his enjoyment.

"Gannon, oh baby!" she cried, coming long and hard. His big hands held her buttocks, keeping her steady while he lapped.

She relaxed, but he continued licking. He thrust his tongue into her pussy and swirled it around, savoring her. Then he moved away only to roll her onto her stomach.

A smile tugged at her lips. She knew exactly what he wanted. She raised herself onto her hands and knees, offering her ass to him. The werewolf licked and nuzzled the spheres before he grasped her hips and filled her pussy from behind. Angel cried out with pleasure.

Over and over he thrust until she came a second time. Howling with rapture, he joined her, his big, hard body straining into hers.

They tumbled onto the blanket and he drew her into his arms. She must have slept for a bit because when she woke, she found herself staring into Gannon's very

human face. It amazed her that a man this adorable, with almost innocent baby blues, turned into a werewolf every thirty days.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

She smiled and kissed him. “Just cold and a little guilty.”

His brow furrowed. “Why?”

“I told you I’d be here before dusk, but my manager was late and --”

“You don’t have to explain.”

“Yes I do --”

“No.” He took her face in his hands and kissed her. “You don’t. How many other women would understand my problem, let alone be here for me every time I... you know...”

She chuckled. “If they had any idea what a fantastic lover a werewolf makes, I’d be fighting my way through a crowd.”

“You wouldn’t have to.” He covered her body with his and nuzzled her neck. “I’m a one-woman wolf.”

To Angel that was the greatest gift of this and any season.

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