

Encounter -- Moonlust: Morning Moon

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Moonlust: Morning Moon

Erika Skye lifted her muzzle, catching a familiar scent. She picked up her pace, running a narrow path along Wolf Creek that led to the McCann cabin. Veering off the path, she jumped onto a slab of granite and looked down. Stripped down to his jeans, Jack McCann wielded an ax, working up a sweat chopping wood. Unlike unwashed human, Jack smelled great, his man scent mingling with the rising morning heat and fresh cut timber.

Erika laid her muzzle on her paws and watched Jack work. He was a looker with a great body. Piercing blue eyes dominated a ruggedly handsome face and sun-streaked hair fell in shaggy waves, brushing his broad shoulders. Damn, but she loved how his worn jeans rested low on his lean hips.

Jack stuck the ax blade in the chopping stump and looked up, his gaze locking with hers. "You've been watching me for two days. Why?"

Erika rose to her feet. She couldn't answer him while in wolf form and if she shifted she'd be naked. Not the best way to get reacquainted after all these years. Her gaze slid over his broad chest and down to the metal buttons of his jeans. Or was it?

Ohhhhh, Erika. Bad wolf.

Jack placed his hands on his hips. "Tell me what you want or stay on your own side of the creek."

She wanted him. Erika jumped off the rock and shifted.

* * *

Figuring the she-wolf had left, Jack grabbed the ax handle. He froze at the sight of a naked woman walking out of the woods. Her body was slender and lightly tanned. Her dark hair fell well past her shoulders, her breasts were high and firm and she had legs that wouldn't quit.

As she came closer, Jack noticed her eyes were dark blue, her face familiar.

An erotic memory stirred. He hadn't seen Erika in more than a decade, but Jack had never forgotten her. She'd been his first lover and his only she-wolf.

He released the ax. "My God, Erika?"

"Hello, Jack," she said, hugging him. "It's been a long time."

The feel of her soft breasts against his bare chest sent a tremor down Jack's spine and a rush of heat through his blood.

She smiled. "Does my lack of clothing make you uncomfortable?"

Even as a teenager Erika had been forthright and easy in her own skin. She'd helped him deal with the loss of his parents, victims of a car crash, and she'd been the only good thing that had happened during his sixteenth year.

Jack shook his head. "Not in the least, but seeing you is triggering a lot of good memories."

She took his left hand in hers. "No wife or girlfriend?"

"No. What about you?"

"I haven't taken a mate."

Jack grinned. "You've been watching me."

She touched his chest and ran her fingertip around his left nipple. That little action triggered another memory: the tender way she'd touched him after the wild sex.

"You're still good looking, for a human."

"You still leave me breathless," he said, aching to pull her into his arms and hold her close. "Join me for breakfast. I'm suddenly very hungry."

Erika glanced up. For the last several days the quarter moon had been visible after sunrise. "It must be the morning moon. You remember what it does to me?"

Whenever the moon had been visible, day or night, Erika had wanted to make love. He hoped she wanted to now. Damn, but his blood was hot. Grasping her gently by the waist, Jack drew her closer, so close the scrap of her nipples against his chest sent a wave of heat through his body. "I remember."

Jack lifted her up and Erika wrapped her legs around his waist. "I've never forgotten you, Jack. I really missed you when you left."

He was about to tell her that he'd felt the same way, but her hot kiss stilled his voice. By the time the kiss ended, he'd carried her to the porch and braced her back against a support post. Within seconds, his jeans were around his ankles and he was sinking inside her.

Ohhhhh. She felt good.

Her fingers dug into his back and her thighs held him in a vice-like grip.

She arched her back, taking him deep.

Jack pumped his hips, each wet, wild stroke taking him ever closer to the edge.

Erika grabbed a fistful of his hair and nipped his shoulder. She'd wanted him the moment she'd laid eyes on him. She'd never stopped wanting Jack and now the desire she'd felt during that long ago summer came roaring back.

Jack bucked his hips and stilled. "I'm on the edge."

Erika clamped down on him, squeezing him until her vaginal muscles trembled. "Take me there, Jack."

He sucked in an audible breath and drove into her, giving Erika exactly what she needed. Heart racing and blood pounding, she came in a hot rush.

Jack groaned, pushed deep and stilled. He brushed his lips against hers. "You're still amazing."

Then why had he left without saying goodbye? She had to know. "If that's true, why did you leave without telling me? You just disappeared. I loved you, Jack."

"I didn't want to leave. I was crazy about you." Jack touched his forehead to hers. "That last night we were together your father came to visit my Uncle Joe. When I got back to the cabin, my things were packed and in the car. Your father didn't want you involved with a human and he forbade me to contact you. With the weight of the pack elders backing your father, Uncle Joe agreed that our relationship had to end. Uncle Joe and I left that same night."

"I had no idea."

"Joe died a couple months ago. He left me the cabin and the acreage along Wolf Creek."

"I'm sorry, Jack."

"Have breakfast with me? Have lunch? Stay for dinner." His gaze slid down to her breasts and his voice softened. "Stay the night. We've got a lot of catching up to do."

"The pack elders want this land and they're willing to pay. Will you sell?"

"No way." Jack looked her in the eyes. "As long as you want me, I'm not going anywhere."

Erika brushed her lips to his. "Looks like I'm staying the night."

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