

Encounter: Lone Wolf Justice
Ravished By The Wolf
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Ravished By The Wolf

Diana picked her way along the path, carefully placing each step as to not dirty her slippers -- slippers better suited for a ballroom than the untamed terrain of the Wild West.

A low growl rumbled through the air, and a wolf broke through the brush to stand before her, his sharp teeth bared, his haunches rounded, his brown fur covering rippling muscles.

Goodness! Diana dropped her basket, pivoted on her silk-clad heels, and ran through the forest, the wolf in pursuit. Branches grabbed at her skirt and bodice like a thousand grasping hands. Her bonnet, her favorite pink bonnet covered with ribbons and felt flowers, was whipped from her head. Her blonde curls tumbled down her back, bouncing as she moved.

Her wolf was stronger, faster, and he toyed with her, nipping at her heels, slicing her dress with his claws, baring her skin to the cool night air. Fear cascaded down her spine. Arousal curled deep in her womb.

The trees thinned to a clearing covered with thousands of wildflowers. Diana sprinted across the space. She was too slow. Issuing a menacing growl, the wolf leaped, his paw landing between her shoulders, downing her. She fell. They rolled, fabric

ripping as they tumbled, fur and skin entwined, the crushed wildflowers releasing a sweet fragrance.

Diana came to a stop, her face buried in soft petals, the blooms caressing her cheeks. The wolf panted over top of her, his weight flattening her. He ripped the silk from her body with his sharp claws, grazing her skin but not leaving a single mark. She inhaled sharply as her ass cheeks were exposed, and she struggled to cover them with the remnants of her skirt.

He growled a warning. She stilled, trembling as he swiped his large, canine tongue down her spine, between her ass crack, swirling around her puckered hole, before continuing to her wet pussy. Clawed hands, not quite human, not quite canine, spread her legs wider, and he lapped at her private flesh, slurping her pussy juices thirstily.

“Oh. Oh. *Ohhhh.*” It was obscene, and unnatural, but her body responded to his licking, gushing with more moisture to feed his wolfish appetite. The tip of his tongue pushed into her farther and farther, filling her, stroking the inside of her pussy, pumping her.

It felt so good, and so decadent. She writhed, trying to escape his oral assault, but he held her fast, his claws pricking into her skin, the sharp sting reminding her of the primitive animal he was.

“Please,” she begged, wiggling her ass, enticing him with her bare flesh.

The erotic licking stopped. He pulled her hips toward him, forcing her onto her hands and knees. Fur brushed against skin. The tip of his big cock prodded at her entrance.

She held her breath, waiting for the pain and pleasure he always gave her.

Air whistled through her clenched teeth as he pushed into her, his width stretching her tight, his broad cockhead sliding inside her, up, up, up until she was stuffed impossibly full of beast and man. His furry chest rubbed along her spine, his long arms braced by her shoulders.

His breath blew hot in her ear. “Mine.” His voice was inhumanly deep.

He pulled his hips back until only his cockhead remained inside her. "Mine." He slammed into her, swaying her body forward. Diana cried out, protesting his relentless ravishment, but he didn't cease or slow. Her man-beast lover repeated his declaration of ownership over and over, as he rutted into her, taking her as an animal would, without softness, without sweet words, smacking his hips against her ass, pummeling her pussy with his cock.

As she learned his rhythm, Diana pushed back into each thrust, taking him deeper. His chest rumbled with appreciation, his fur rubbing against her skin, and he worried her earlobe with his sharp teeth, the pull on her delicate flesh escalating her desire.

She was so close. She panted. And when she came, he would too, spilling his beast man seed inside her, bathing her womb with his primitive essence. They would --

"Miss Diana. Miss Diana." Molly, her maid, shook her shoulder. Diana raised her head from the silk bed covering. "Ma'am, your lady mother wishes to see you in the morning room."

Not again. Diana gritted her teeth to keep from screaming with frustration.

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