

Encounter -- Hellhound Detective Agency: Feel of Fur

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Feel of Fur

"It's beautiful." Kartinka Kruse admired the gold and silver entwined links of her new bracelet. Haydn North was no slouch when it came to gifts. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he said, lifting her hand and pressing his lips to her inner wrist.

Deep within her, desire flared.

"When we're apart I think about you," he said.

She did more than think about him. She dreamed about him. Haydn was a hellhound, and an expert tracker, working for the Hellhound Detective Agency. Kartinka had met him months ago when their jobs placed them on a collision course to find a stolen diamond and ruby necklace.

Kartinka was a free lance procurer, her clients the rich and the powerful. Whatever they wanted she obtained it, for a price. Kartinka didn't like rules, but Haydn lived by them.

Kartinka had snatched up the necklace beating out the hellhound by a mere hour. As compensation for his loss, Haydn had insisted she join him for dinner. The supper had lasted until midnight. As the months passed the competition between them escalated. When Kartinka won Haydn sent her roses. When Kartinka lost she had to join

him on excursions like a picnic at the beach, watching the sunset from a city roof top or long walks with Haydn in hellhound form. She didn't like to lose, but as the weeks slipped by Kartinka discovered she really enjoyed the romantic outings and loved the feel of fur between her fingers.

The play of Haydn's fingertips over her bare skin sent a frisson of fire dancing along Kartina's spine. His touch was as possessive as it was sensual.

Hellhounds were protective creatures and Haydn was all alpha male. Handsome, hunky and passionate by nature he'd made it clear from the first date that he wanted more than just an affair. He wanted to lay claim.

"That moon makes even a hellhound want to howl," Haydn said, pausing on the wooden bridge that arched over a manmade lake.

After dining alfresco, Haydn had suggested another excursion, a midnight stroll through a private park surrounded by several high-rise apartment buildings and high-end hotels. Her room overlooked the park.

Kartinka glanced up at the bright ball, then looked at Haydn. "I had no idea hellhounds were affected by the moon."

"Maybe it's not the moon. Maybe it's you, Tinka," he said, drawing her into his arms. He slipped his hands down her back and palmed her butt. "You make me want to howl."

The feel of his erection against her belly made Kartinka want to howl, too, but she knew once they made love there was no going back. She had her doubts about a relationship with a shapeshifter. After all, she was only human. Still, she'd never wanted any man the way she wanted Haydn.

Kartinka slid her arms around Haydn's neck and melted against him. His lips found hers and the need he awakened fired her blood. He deepened the kiss and she trembled. Desire licked her insides and heated the air in her lungs.

He gathered the fabric of her skirt in his hands and slowly raised the hem. By the time Haydn slipped his fingers beneath her silk underwear, Karinka's breathing had changed tempo, becoming deeper, heavier and interspersed with gasps of pleasure.

His movements were slow, utterly precise as his fingers delved inside her. Wet and ready, her flesh quivered. Despite the cool night air, heat poured off his body, penetrating his shirt. Needing to feel his heat, she slipped a hand beneath his shirt. His skin was smooth and hot.

Mindless with pleasure, Kartinka forgot they were in a public place. Her thoughts were focused on the length of Haydn's fingers, the tempo of his strokes and the amazing pleasure. She hovered on the edge, almost there.

His fingers moved inside her, his touch demanding yet gentle. He pumped his fingers, taking her ever closer to the precipice, then easing the tempo only to rush her once again to the exciting edge.

Every nerve on fire, she bit her lip. The pleasure intensified, building into an inferno. She dug her nails into his shoulders, holding on as the first lush wave overwhelmed her.

Kartinka gasped as his thumb found her intimate nub and brought forth a climax that left her knees shaking. She cried out, wailing her pleasure and ending the long, lush kiss.

"You drive me crazy," Haydn whispered.

Before Kartinka caught her breath, she heard voices of young males and the blast of hip hop music. Haydn straightened her clothing, but remained possessively close. Kartinka felt the tension in Haydn's body as the group of teenagers passed them by and disappeared into the dark recesses of the park.

"That was almost perfect," Haydn said, taking her hand. "I'll walk you to your room." At her door, Haydn drew her into his arms and kissed her. "You're not going to invite me inside, are you?"

She wanted him. She wanted to do, with him and to him, all the things she'd dreamed about, but Kartinka wasn't ready. Haydn wasn't the kind of guy you seduce then kick out come morning. She shook her head. "Not tonight."

He kissed her cheek. "I'm not giving up, Tinka. You're mine."

Kartinka closed the door and leaned against it. That alpha male thing scared the hell out of her, but it also turned her on big time. One of these nights there wouldn't be a group of teenagers to break Haydn's spell. Kartinka smiled. One of these nights everything would be perfect.

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