

Encounter: Ambush (Memphis Heat)

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Ambush (Memphis Heat)

All is not what it seems at the Memphis PD -- this is one K-9 unit that's fast on its feet.

Ambush

Ambush! Callahan fought his way to his partner's side, but he was too late. Both Black and White lay in growing pools of blood. Shifting, he screamed out his rage, the howl echoing off the blood spattered walls of the alleyway where his partner lay dying...

"Callahan."

He howled again, the force of his grief threatening to shatter the window glass.

"Callahan!"

The voice reached out to him through the darkness of his despair, but he would not be consoled.

"Callahan, wake up! I'm here. It's OK. We're OK. Jamie, wake up." She shook him slightly, he knew, trying to pull him out of the darkness consuming him. The grief. The terror.

That voice... Jamie clawed his way through the dream haze toward her voice. Even if it was an illusion, a hallucination, he'd rather live with the dream...

The woman's skin turned to silky soft fur, the dream still edging his brain. Then her sharp canines closed over his jugular -- all too fucking real. His howl died in his throat, trailing off to a low whine. The sound of an Alpha in defeat. He wrapped his arms around her, burying his face in her fur as she loosed her hold and licked the curve of his jaw line. "Amanda?"

The fur turned to soft human skin. "It's OK, baby. I'm here. I'm fine. More than fine."

"Amanda..." He breathed the name into her hair, inhaling her scent, the sweet perfume of life.

"Come on, baby. Wake up for me. All the way. It was just a bad dream. Everything's alright."

No, it wasn't. It was real. Had been real. All too real. He'd come so close to losing her...

Amanda pulled out of his arms, left him clutching at nothing, and rolled to her feet. She flicked the lock on the window and shoved it up, then moved back to the bed, crouching over him, her gorgeous dusky rose nipples dangling just out of reach. She undulated her hips, making her gorgeous breasts sway back and forth with every move. Guys could say what they would about perky tits, but there was nothing more erotic than a nipple drawing circles in the air just out of reach. Jamie lunged -- and missed. Missed by a mile. She was gone. Shifted and out the window.

"OK, my little alpha bitch. If that's the way you want to play it. Game on!"

* * *

The day was going to be a scorcher, but right now the air was crisp and clean in the early morning dawn, the grass cool under the pads of her feet, and the morning run exactly what her mate needed to clear his head. Amanda

glanced back to make sure he was close, but not too close. Wouldn't do to let him catch her too soon. He needed to burn off all that bad Karma.

Callahan could keep up with her, just, but he'd never out distance her. She'd been a runner in high school, track and field, and an Olympic hopeful till her "late bloomer" boobs and her butt outpaced her reaching stride. Her determination to win just hadn't been enough to overcome mother nature. She was glad now she'd not sacrificed her body for that grasp at a medal. She loved to run, and nothing would quell her competitive spirit, but now the prize was something more tangible than any medal. Her randy red headed Irishman loved her body just the way it was. In either form. And this form still favored her long, long legs and her incredible natural speed. She poured on the speed, leaving Callahan behind.

When she'd chosen the huge old apartment overlooking Riverside Park she'd liked it for the view, and the price -- not the best neighborhood, but she figured her being there couldn't help but clean it up. And landlords loved renting to cops. Now having that short fire escape to leap down to ground level meant she had the best of both worlds. She had her view. And she had her cop. Callahan was panting, tongue hanging out of his mouth, but he was right on her tail.

Amanda made what could have looked like a wrong turn, spinning into the sand trap at the edge of the links, in what she hoped was a not too obvious effort to let Callahan catch up. She spun in a calculated U-turn and "lost" her footing for the half beat it took and he was on her, teeth snapping at the scruff of her neck as she headed for the shadow of the trees nearby. He caught her just as they tumbled down into the soft undergrowth together.

His jaws closed over her thick fur and his cock speared her cunt with one hard thrust, sinking his cock in balls deep. So thick. So hot. So what she needed. *Yes!* she moaned, her alpha bitch whine crying out her pleasure. She dug her claws into the loose leaf litter, fighting to arch back, to meet him thrust for thrust.

Yes! More, baby, more! Fuck me hard! She knew he knew what her growls and yips meant, and he fought to prove her right, banging his hips into hers at every hot, fast thrust. Man or wolf, his power and stamina were always exactly what she needed, just what she craved... but right now, more than anything, she wanted his teeth on her nipples. She growled again, and shifted.

Her alpha wolf shifted right behind her, flipping her over to capture one pendulous breast in his mouth, sucking hard. She nearly came just from the feel of his mouth on her. "Bite me!" she screeched.

Obliging teeth snapped at her nipple, nearly piercing the delicate skin.

"Oh, *fuck!*" Her belly shook with the force of her orgasm, bouncing her other breast into his cheek. His fingers closed over the neglected nipple, pinching hard.

Oh, yes. She lived for this. For the feel of his cock buried so deep within her she couldn't tell them apart, her power taming his beast, her pussy milking him as he broke within her, spilling his cum into her, filling her, losing himself in her... his demons expunged.

At least for now.

And later, when they were both too spent to move, they'd talk. About tomorrow. About this morning. About...

Revenge.

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