

The Beast

Dawn Montgomery

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The Beast

"You shouldn't be here." The growl lining his words made the hair on the back of her neck stand on end.

"I have to be." The warmth in her belly clenched, ready to be his. If he accepted her.

"Why?" He pressed closer and from the shadows she could see the glimmer of his eyes, the rest of his face hidden from her sight.

"A few reasons." Her nervous voice made her wince. He'd think she was afraid, but she wasn't. Not ever. Not of him.

"I asked you not to come here, not tonight." He moved with inhuman ease.

"You did." She raised her chin, her gaze never wavering. Winter wind roared around the manse, rattling the windows and curling around her feet from beneath the ancient doors.

"Rose, you shouldn't be here." He growled again, low insistent and her core clenched, slickening her pussy with excitement.

"I can't leave now. The storm would kill me before I reached the streets."

"It's dangerous." The growl changed to a rumbling purr that brought shivers of excitement down her spine. "You're not afraid of me."

“No.” She held her hands clenched in front of her in the loose confines of her skirt, remembering the warnings given to her by the beast himself when she’d first come to work.

“No.” He moved forward into the light and she gasped. His barrel chest was bare but covered in a light dust of fur. Narrow hips still wore slacks but his shoes were long gone. “You are excited.” Eyes gleamed liquid silver and he moved forward.

“Yes,” her breath caught on the word.

Moonlight blessed his beautiful face, artfully sinking part of it in shadow, enhancing the menace of his partially shifted form.

He dropped to all fours and stalked toward her. The way he moved told her he was farther along than she’d hoped. His fangs gleamed behind a smile. “I can smell the sweet heat of your cunt.”

His words triggered a flood of molten fire through her body. “I’ve wanted you for a while.”

“I know. I’ve tasted it on your skin.” He prowled closer. “Every day you’ve tried my beast, dragging it closer to the surface, did you know that?” His body moved with grace that had her aching to touch him. His dark hair flowed down his back, loose, like a mane.

“I could see it.” She cleared her throat over the lump forming. Nervous tingling filled her limbs. Was he already too far gone?

“Ahhh, I can taste your fear now, little one. Are you sure you want to be here?” His gaze turned predatory and she stood perfectly still, her heart pounding and the roar drowning out her own breathing.

A blur of motion and he was upon her, clawed hands touching her ankles. She jerked, hands flying out to keep her balance. How did he move that fast?

“Too late to run now, sweet Rose.” He rose to his knees and inhaled, pulling her hips toward his face, nuzzling her mons beneath the soft cloth of her skirt. “I love the way you look in a skirt.”

She clenched her fists to keep from running her fingers through his hair. How often had she wanted to tug it free of its binding, inhale his rich scent. "I'll have to wear them more often."

"You really think you'll survive this night?" His claws pressed against her skin.

"I --" His warm breath permeated the cloth at her pussy and she choked on her words.

"Yes?" He let his hands slide up her calves, controlled scrapes of his claws enhancing her need.

"I think I'd rather take my chances than spend another moon's cycle waiting for you to let me touch you, be touched by you."

"One scratch." His claws dug against the skin, not breaking it, but enough of a warning to make the blood rush through her veins. "One bite," he growled. Her pussy tingled, wanting that growl against her. "And you'll never be human again."

She glared at him. "You're far more human than most men I know and I'll take my chances."

A feral grin lifted his lips and she swallowed at the razor sharp gleam of his incisors. "I wasn't going to try, sweet. It's far too late."

Quiet menace laced his words and she gulped. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all...

The sound of cloth tearing jerked her attention back down. He dug into her skirt, tugging it over her hips and down until it pooled at her feet. With her pussy now bare to his gaze she couldn't hide the trembling of her limbs or the slick moisture sliding down her thighs.

His growl turned to a purr and he wrapped his claws delicately around her thighs. A warm tongue slipped between her folds and she gasped at the electric fire shooting through her core. Six months with no relief, wanting, needing. He nuzzled her pussy and she dropped her hands to his shoulders. The soft velvet of his fur tickled her fingers and she wanted to run her face against it.

“Don’t touch me!” He roared and she snatched her hands away. “Lie down,” his words rumbled against her pussy and she did, moving with a speed that had his laughter caressing her skin. Cool stone seeped through her back, settling in her bones. His warm breath touched the folds of her pussy and all thought scattered, leaving her focused on him, and him alone.

“You smell so delicious. Ready for me.” His tongue made a long swipe along her slit. Her heart slammed in her chest. A low purr against her clit and she bucked against him. “Shh,” he soothed. “So responsive.” His tongue swiped again and she whimpered. He brought a knuckle against her pussy, rocking against her cunt in aching slow thrusts. “If I were in my human form I’d finger fuck your sweet pussy until you came.”

His words made her melt. She knotted her fists at her side, wanting to say something, but couldn’t make her mouth work. She rocked against him, wanting more. He pulled his hand away and nuzzled her pussy until she panted with need.

He scraped his claws on the stone floor, so close to her skin the air tickled her sides. The sound brought chills down her spine but she spread her legs wider, pressing harder against him.

Tension coiled like a spring in her body, ready to release if he’d just hit that spot. Her inner muscles tightened. She moaned, desperate for release and he purred against her clit.

His tongue delved deep in her pussy. Then he purred. White hot lightning shot through her core and she shattered in orgasm. Wave after wave of heat flowed through her. He purred again and she cried out, slammed by another and arching off the ground. Rose thrust her hips against him, mindless with need. “Fuck me, please.”

He purred once more and she clenched her fists, desperate to hold on to something solid. While her body shuddered in release, her beast slipped back into the shadows.

Rose held her skirt against her chest. “Why are you leaving me?” Her heart ached.

“Come back to me in two days’ time, sweet rose. Come back and we’ll see if you truly are strong enough. Until then, stay away from this wing.” The glimmer of his eyes were the last she saw before the darkness enveloped him.

Rose dressed slowly, trembling fingers and hands making it all the more difficult to pull the torn fabric around her waist. Her feet carried her to the door and she caressed the deep etchings near the latch. His pain and his sorrow were too great for any one man, cursed or no, to carry. He’d already worn that cloak of pain for too long. “I’ll be strong enough. You’ll see.”

The door shut behind her and the beast trembled with rage at being denied again. The man, however, had found his sanity. For the moment. He tasted the sweet musk of her pussy on his tongue and prayed she was right. Because if she wasn’t strong enough, they were both lost.

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