

Ch 1

Garrett

He sat in his nightclub in VIP room 1, which was always reserved for him, he was drinking on his own. His unit was out there having a good time, dancing it up with she-wolves and humans; both were allowed to come to the Triple Moon Club.

It was the season to be jolly and there was a Christmas party from a big company in full swing out there. Garrett didn't mind that his wolves mingled with the humans, and his pack backed right onto this human city.

He ran the pack's human world businesses from a 12-story building that backed right onto the border of the pack. They all spent a great deal of time here in the human world. Half the staff in his oce were humans, so it was no big deal that his wolves socialised with them.

His glass was currently on the table before him and he'd dimmed the lights to close his eyes and get some rest, it was late on Friday night, and he'd had enough of the festivities and Christmas music playing out there. Though the humans were just starting to pile on it at 11pm, the pack's nightclub was always busy.

He didn't come here to hook up, it wasn't really his thing. But his unit liked it here, and they weren't the only pack here in town. On the other side of the city was an aliated pack; he knew some of them were here as well tonight.

It gave his wolves and theirs a good chance to mingle and see if they had Mates come the full moon. Though that wasn't for another week, and he would be off to some pack his mother had found; thought was a good place for him to nd him a Mate. Garrett sighed, it wasn't likely to happen, but she just wouldn't give up on it. He had been trying to nd his mate for a good 20 years now.

He'd told her not to bother, not even his wolf Huntley seemed at all interested in nding a Mate; he was of the opinion that he no longer had one. Garrett was kind of the same opinion himself, he and his wolf had seen 250 full moons and nothing.

His eyes snapped open as the door to his room burst open and then banged shut behind a woman. She looked more than upset, had a hand over her mouth trying to stie sobs, and tears were spilling down her face. She was a small petite brunette, with big blue eyes that were led to the brim with tears. She was wearing a knee-length black skirt, with tiny snowakes about the hem, it swished and swayed about her slender legs as she stumbled into the room.

She wore a red top that had a white uffy collar, and small red pixie boots on, she was dressed, he thought, for that Christmas party that was going on out there for Blackwell Industries, and smelled human to him.

She was trying not to cry, by the look of it, desperately trying to hold in those racking sobs, and she did not see him as she rushed into the dimly lit room. He'd turned the lights down to get some shut eye. His clothes were dark, and he wasn't sitting smack in the middle of the room for her to clearly notice him either. He was sitting off to her right.

Garrett smiled to himself as he watched her register his half empty glass of bourbon on the table, and saw her just reach out and grab it with one hand, down it in one long swallow, while the other rubbed at her face to get rid of her tears. Then she just banged that glass right down on the table, before letting out a string of curse words into the darkened room.

He shook his head, he didn't really like hearing ladies swear much, didn't much like using profanity himself. Didn't see a need for it, not really. Garrett watched her register that there was a half full bottle sitting on the other end of table, and she moved to get it.

To have another drink, whatever had her upset out there in his nightclub, it appeared she was willing to drink herself into a stupor, in order to forget it, he thought absently; he'd been there and done that more than once over the years.

Though she still hadn't registered him in the room with her, she was too caught up in her own mind at whatever had upset her, and as she half walked, half stumbled, to try and get that bottle, and not seeing him at all, she tripped over Garret's outstretched legs. He'd not moved a single muscle when she'd come into the room, was simply curious as to what she was doing, and would do when she realised she wasn't alone.

He couldn't have her fall on her lovely face, and she was lovely to look at, even in her drunken upset state, still so beautiful. He reached out with both hands to stop her from falling, and pulled her right into his lap, and her eyes landed right on his.

He could see the tears were still brimming in her gorgeous eyes, and he sighed and slid his hand over her cheek. She was too beautiful to cry, he thought absently, as he got a real good look at her. Even as upset as she was, it didn't mar her beauty. He saw her bite a little nervously on her lower lip, as it trembled a little.

"What's the matter, beautiful?" he asked her tenderly, his thumb brushing against her cheek, and the tears spilled down her lovely face once more.

"I just...he just." She stuttered words out, and more tears spilled as he watched her shake her head "Cheated on me." She sobbed. "Is in there, just...having s*x with her now... I saw him." she half whispered to him, her voice lled with pain.

Garret sighed, he could not think of a reason anyone would do that to this beautiful creature. He pulled her into his chest gently. "Let it out." He encouraged her. He had been there himself and knew how it felt to have one's heart broken. Had cried himself once, a long time ago, and gotten roarously drunk over it in an effort to forget it, not that he ever had. She, it seemed, was a kindred spirit, he'd been consoled by a comforting hug and soft words, he would return the favour.

"He is a fool," he told her softly as he ran his hand through her hair.

She leaned back and looked at him through her tears. "You don't even know me, and you're nicer than he is."

"Hmm, maybe a little payback is in order." He smiled at her and pulled her mouth to his, kissed her softly, he could taste the bourbon she'd downed, could taste the other drinks as well; she must have been here a while. He got hints of tequila and vodka. She'd been drinking cocktails, or shots, maybe.

Kissing her was like a mixture of wonderfully sweet fruits and candy. It was utterly delicious, she tasted like the season she was dressed for, and supposed to be celebrating; tasted like Christmas, he thought.

He deepened the kiss, his tongue tangling with hers, he liked the taste of this human woman on his lap. He slid his hands over her slowly, down her neck, as he felt more than a want to kiss her settle within him, slid his hands down along her arms and around her waist to press her against him gently, as she sat there on his lap, and she kissed him back.

Garrett knew she was drunk, very drunk by the taste of her and the way she had stumbled into this room. He could comfort the girl and let her exact some revenge on the scumbag that was currently in the VIP room next to them. Doing some other girl apparently, cheating on his beautiful girlfriend.

He slid a hand down over her thigh and right up the inside of her skirt and grabbed her backside, and she was pulling at his shirt a moment later 'Do you want to hurt him back?' he asked curiously.

'Yes.' She told him and kissed him harder.

Garrett kissed her right back and shifted her to straddle him, tugged those panties off of her, and tossed them away. She didn't mind, and he slipped a hand right between her thighs to stroke her. Heard her gasp and smiled, she was already a little wet, and denitely wanton. He stroked her in long soft touches, he'd not had anything in months. He felt his wolf Huntley roll over in his mind and ignore what his human was doing. Would take no part in the s*x act that was about to happen.

Garrett pushed two ngers inside this lovely human girl and heard her cry out with pleasure, smelled her arousal start to build quickly and smiled to himself. He was going to show her what real pleasure was. He would be bigger than any she'd had before. Then her current cheating lover, and he'd have more stamina than any human man could ever have.

He groaned as she started moving with him, loved how she was riding his ngers all slow and purposefully. He smiled right at her as she started undoing the buttons on his shirt. There would be no need for names, it was just going to be a one-night stand for both of them.

His shirt was gone, and she was sliding her hands all over his chest and dened abs, trailing those nails across his hot skin. His mouth was devouring hers now, and she started really riding his hand, and he matched her needs easily.

He felt her cumming around his ngers and heard her gasping and moaning till she was clamped around him tightly. He smiled at her as he slipped his hand from between her thighs. Tasted them for himself and saw her eyes widen a little. "Delicious." He told her and made quick work of removing her top and bra.

Pulled her mouth back to his and kissed the hell out of her, as his hands cupped and caressed her breasts, they were perfect, soft and smooth, her n*****s hardened as he teased them. He felt her hands start undoing his pants and let her. He groaned with pleasure when her hand curled around his hard c**k, as she freed it and started stroking him.

"Do you want it?" he asked, his mouth moving to her neck a few minutes later, he'd had enough, really wanted to bury himself inside of her.

"Yes." She told him simply.

He pushed her skirt all the way up and out of the way, grabbing her hips, and ground himself against her, allowing her to know just how big and hard he was for her, and smiled when she moaned and rocked herself against him. She was the take-charge kind of girl he thought. He liked that about her.

Garret saw the door to his room open and the light was snapped on, his eyes moved to a man who stopped and stared at the two of them; well, the girl actually, and Garrett knew by instinct, this was the dumb ass human that was her cheating boyfriend. He looked more than angry at what he was seeing.

Garrett smiled right at him, as he pulled the girl right down on him and thrust up into her, heard her cry of pleasure as he took her. She didn't even hesitate; took all of him, and started riding him hard and fast. Garrett raised an eyebrow at the man, who turned and banged out of the room. This beautiful human woman was riding the hell out of him, and was completely unaware of her boyfriend catching them in the act. Lost to the act and pleasure she was deriving from him.

He pulled her mouth back to his and kissed her once more, loved that sweet Christmasy taste, held onto her as she took him for herself, felt her cumming all around him, and sighed at the sensation, it felt damned good. She was leaned into him, her nails digging into him, and she was panting, and he was still hard inside of her. "You didn't."

"No." he told her simply but with a smile, "We're not done yet, I can go for hours." He murmured, and he could, enjoyed the company of a beautiful woman every now and again, and she was beautiful. "Hop up and turn over, I want more of you beautiful." He murmured, and she actually chuckled softly, it made him smile right at her, she was going to let him have more of her.

He put his foot on the table in front of them, and shoved it out of the way, turned her around and moved her to the oor. Rid himself of his pants completely and knelt behind her, took her once more for himself, and heard her cry out as he did so. He smiled, she was going to get him there and he knew it.

He held her hips and took her in long, slow, but rm strokes at rst, and she took all of him easily and already the scent of her arousal was increasing around him, she wanted more of him. He picked up the pace when he heard her cry out "Please, Oh god yes." And gave her what she wanted, was taking her all hard and fast now. He was getting close himself, could feel her coming once more, glared at the door as it opened and saw his Beta Wyatt, look right at them. He didn't want the interruption. Watched his Beta back out of the room with a smile and a shake of his head. He heard her cry out once more and felt her c*m all around him.

Pulled himself from her, he wanted to see her lovely face as he came, tugged her over and kissed her, as he took her again, pinning her down to the oor. He pulled his mouth from hers as she started really crying out, wanting to hear those cries of pleasure that o*****m he knew was ripping through her body.

He watched her lovely face, and saw her luscious red lips part as she screamed through the multiple o*****m she was having. Her nails were digging into his arm and rib cage, where she was gripping on to him, he loved the sight of it.

It turned him on even more, and he was really taking her now, giving her all he had, then slammed home as she screamed for her god, and her body uttered all around him. He came himself with one deep thrust into her, held himself inside of her, as he got his release, closed his eyes for a moment and enjoyed just how damned good it felt.

Then he smiled right down at her, as he watched her relax and come down from her own high. Leaned down and kissed her softly, slowly, as he slipped from her body. Her hands slid off him as she sighed softly to herself. She sounded sleepy to him. He leaned back a little and looked at her, "Satised?" He asked with a bout of a smirk.

"Mm" she nodded, and he watched those beautiful blue eyes of hers close, and chuckled softly to himself, he got up from the oor. Looked down at her, closed her legs and xed her skirt, then sat back on the couch to just look at her.

She was all dishevelled and sated, laying on the soft black rug in his VIP room. She looked good down there, he thought to himself. He'd helped her get revenge on her scumbag of a boyfriend, and they'd both fully enjoyed it.

Garrett would never cheat on this beautiful creature, if she was his, he'd devour her every chance he got. She'd walk on his arm and be spoiled rotten, cherished and adored. His eyes would never wander from her. She was still beautiful, even with her hair all messy as she lay there exhausted by him.

He mind-linked to his Beta 'is that scumbag still out there.'

'You mean the human that is stalking around fuming out here, glaring at your room.'

'Yeah, her ex I believe.'

'Doesn't much look like the ex, is royally ticked off. Does he know you're in there with his girl?'

'He does, but he cheated on her rst. I was just helping her extract some revenge.' Garrett chuckled.

He heard Wyatt laugh down the mind-link, 'Good for her. You know these rooms aren't soundproofed, right!'

'I do.' He laughed himself now, and he was, right this minute, glad of it. That scumbag out there would have heard just how much she'd enjoyed having s*x with him, and for how long. He doubted very much that i**** could make her c*m like that and so many times.

Garrett got up and pulled his pants on, looked down at his human lover, sound asleep and contented on the oor for the moment. He liked that he had been able to sate her needs. He picked his shirt up and stepped around her, to go deal with the jerk out there.

Who was going to make a scene in his nightclub. Only that man likely had no idea who he was dealing with.