

Chapter Three

She had been expecting the man to bring her to a bar, so when they pulled up in front of his home she felt a strange feeling of apprehension roll through her. Moving out of the car as he did, she bit her lip and allowed him to lead her up to the door.

“I hope this is alright. As much as I enjoy bars, I do find that my favorite place to drink is in my own home,” he explained, taking her coat and hanging it up with a smile as he undid his tie with a relieved sigh.

“It’s perfectly alright,” she smiled shakily, moving with him into his sitting room and finding herself amazed at the full bar that he had set up there. “I still would like to know what you meant when you said I had seen a dog. There was very clearly no dog in that room when we opened it,” she reminded the man, accepting the glass of wine he handed to her with a frown.

“You are absolutely right to be confused, Clara.” Nate smiled, sipping his wine and humming softly. “You see, things are not always what they seem at first glance. When you saw the dog in the first time you peered in, what you failed to realize is that this dog was not a normal run of the mill dog. It was a wolf.”

“A wolf? That makes even less sense. There haven’t been wolves in this area in hundreds of years!” Clara pointed out, watching as the man moved around the room, taking note of his rich, musky scent that filled the air as he moved past her.

“You’re wrong on that account,” he said, sitting down across from her in one of the plush chairs and gesturing for her to join him. “You see, many years ago there were hundreds of wolves roaming through these forests, and the legends claim that when man started to hunt them and chase them from their land, they developed the ability to mimic the shape of mankind,” he explained, earning a frown from Clara.

It was obvious to her that the eccentric billionaire in front of her had lost his mind completely. Either that or he was mocking her for calling the guard on him and locking him in a storage room. Either way, she knew that she had no desire to remain in his home.

“I think I’ll stand.” Clara attempted to sound nonchalant in the way she spoke, hoping that she didn’t come off as ready to jump ship. She had heard one too many horror stories about men luring people into their homes and killing them when they got them alone. Maybe he thought she had seen something that would incriminate him. That would be just her luck.

“I understand your reluctance to accept the truth. Most people don’t.” Nate smiled, taking a sip from his wine and humming at the anxiety obvious in the woman’s stance. “Relax, Clara. I won’t hurt you, I promise. Honestly, I’m very interested in you, Clara. You’ve been rising up the ladder so quickly. I’d like to be able to get to know you a little more personally,” he assured her, tapping his fingers against his glass.

“I’d love to, honestly, I would, but maybe we could do it some other time? It’s very late.” She laughed nervously, her gaze flickering towards the door. She was so close, all she would need to do was run and he’d have to stand up to catch her. Why did she have to choose that day to wear heels?

“But if you leave, how on earth am I supposed to tell you about the dog you saw?” he asked, looking more amused than anything at her eagerness to sprint out of the building. Chuckling when she hesitated, obviously tempted to hear what he had to say, he hummed softly. “There was a dog, Clara,” he pointed out.

“Yes, I know. I’m not blind, I’m just apparently a bit stupid,” Clara grumbled, reluctantly sitting down across from Nate and eyeing him cautiously. “Are you going to tell me that you’re some sort of werewolf and that I should be careful because you’re dangerous and you might hurt me? Listen, I’ve read the books, and I wasn’t impressed. If this is some way to seduce me, you’re going to be horribly disappointed,” she pointed out bluntly earning a stunned look from Nate as he looked back at her.

“I-I didn’t mean to...” He seemed to struggle for a minute to comprehend what she had said, his eyes filling with mirth as he threw back his head and roared with laughter. Shaking his head, he ran his fingers through his hair and looked up at the woman.

“Can you blame a guy for wanting to play a little mysterious?” he asked, his soft eyes filling with amusement when she eyed him slowly. “Fair enough, no more games. You want me to get straight to the point? I’ll get straight to the point,” he mumbled, sliding his fingers through his tousled hair and standing.

“Like I said before, I appreciate your forwardness, but I’m really not looking for a relationship with my boss at this moment. I am attempting to rise through the ranks and the last thing I need are nasty rumors going around that you and I are dating,” she mumbled, moving to stand herself and hesitating when the man in front of her seemed to slowly shift in place. “Are you alright Mr...” She shut up with a screech as the man doubled over, sinking onto all fours while his body shifted slightly.

Instantly, as his body changed in front of her, his eyes went from chocolate brown to bright yellow. His skin shifted from tanned flesh into gray, nearly black fur. He

was larger than a normal dog, but she recognized him almost immediately from the room.

He wasn't lying. He was the dog.

Letting out a shriek as she fell backward into her chair, Clara scrambled away from the massive beast and whimpered when he trotted forward and let out a little playful growl. Her heart pounded in her chest. Looking up at the man with terrified eyes, she whimpered and immediately snapped her eyes closed when the wolf leaned in, growling menacingly in her ear.

"No, no, no...please don't kill me!" she sobbed, covering her face with her hands. Just as she was about to scream in fear, she felt her breath hitch when his tongue lightly trailed over her cheek. The feeling not that of a dog's, but instead like a man's.

Trembling as she felt a hand slide up to rest on the side of her face, she slowly allowed her eyes to open and whimpered when she recognized Nate's dark chocolate eyes staring back at her.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you so badly," Nate whispered, his forehead resting against hers as her vision swam with fear. "Are you alright?" he whispered, trailing his fingers over her cheek.

Clara couldn't find words. Her breath was still caught in her throat as she stared back at the man with huge eyes. Shuddering at the amused look on his face, she glared at him and her hand snaked out and slapped him across the face harshly.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" she demanded, scooting back as he looked startled and lifted a hand up to his stinging cheek. "You can't just turn into a dog and expect me not to freak out!" she snapped, wiping at her still streaming eyes as he looked sheepishly back at her.

"Clara, I'm so sorry," he grimaced, sitting down with a sigh and waiting for her to calm down a bit before speaking. "I normally wouldn't have just shown you, but there's something about you that makes me want to trust you." He blushed, looking up at her with sad eyes when she continued to glare at him.

Sighing, Clara ran her shaking fingers through her tangled hair, closing her eyes a moment before looking back up at Nate.

"I'll take that wine now," Clara insisted, moving to her feet and slumping onto the couch with a groan. After everything she had been through that night, she was going to need more than a glass of wine to calm her nerves, but at least for now it didn't look like he had any intentions of killing her.

Chapter Four

It took a couple of glasses of wine to calm the shaking in Clara's hands, but the truly apologetic look on Nate's face helped to soothe her pounding heart. Despite his dangerous appearance as a wolf, his human self was far from threatening. He had some power to him, yes, but nothing that Clara couldn't handle and hadn't dealt with in the past working for such a powerful company.

"Alright, so let me get this straight," she began, setting her glass down on the table once it was empty while she regarded her boss with sharp, blue eyes. "You're some sort of werewolf?" she asked, tapping her fingers against her knee while she stared back at Nate patiently.

"Werewolf? No, that would insinuate that I don't have control of my other form. I don't work for the wolf, the wolf is me," Nate pointed out with a hum, reaching out a hand to show her how his claws could grow out at will before letting them retract back into himself. "I prefer the term shapeshifter. It's far more accurate to my condition."

"So you're a shape shifter, alright. Are there other people like you?" Clara asked, still trying to get this new information straight in her head. Nate nodded, glancing up at her and smiling softly.

"There's entire communities of people like me who can become different creatures. Some of them wolves, others cats. I've even run into a group that can turn into some sort of deer," Nate explained. "The shifters in this area, though, are mostly wolves, and they all work under me." He grinned wickedly, a familiar, smug look crawling onto his features.

"Work for you? Why?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at his cocky look.

"Because I'm their alpha." He laughed, leaning closer and eyeing the woman slowly. "I'm a CEO, a billionaire and I run the biggest wolf pack in the Americas." He hummed, beaming at the startled look that the woman gave him.

"And...why are you telling me this?" she asked, her eyes locked onto him as he moved over to the couch and sat beside her. Lifting up her hands in his, Nate smiled as he looked her in the eye.

"Because you and I are meant to be," he breathed softly, squeezing her fingers as she looked back at him as though he had lost his mind. "You're meant to be my mate! I know you don't realize it, but you were drawn to work at my company because I was there. It was your destiny to stay late tonight and see me in my true form," he insisted.

“You’re crazy,” she snapped, trying to pull his hands free and squeaking as he pulled her arm forward lightly and rolled back her sleeve, revealing the birthmark that lightly stretched from her sternum down her arm and to her wrist.

The mark that had marred her skin for years was slightly darker than her own skin and moved down her forearm in one slender line. It was nothing special as far as she was concerned, but she had never really liked showing it off so more often than not she preferred to keep it covered.

“What are you doing?” she demanded, when he rolled up his own sleeve, letting her see the mark that stretched up his own arm. Her eyes went wide when he pressed their arms together. She bit her lip and watched as he slid out of his shirt, smiling when she realized his own mark stretched as far as hers did.

“What in the world?” she began to question, only to feel her eyes go wide when the mark started to glow lightly, a dull throb like a second heartbeat flooding across it. Jerking her hand back in confusion, she looked up at the man and felt her own heart flutter when he smiled.

“It’s called a heart line,” he explained softly. “Every shifter is born with them. Sometimes they are meant to be with another shifter, other times there is a human waiting for them out there with a matching mark,” he mumbled, taking her hand gently and smiling when her mouth fell open in surprise when she once again felt his heart beat in her mark.

“What does that mean, matching mark?” she asked, looking up at him and shuddering at the warmth that flooded through her when his hand slid into hers. He smiled, leaning down and brushing his knuckles across her cheek.

“It means that you and I are destined to be together. We’re soul mates,” he grinned, brushing her hair out of her eyes and smiling when her round cheeks flushed lightly. She wanted desperately to tell him that he was crazy, that there was no such thing as soulmates, but after everything that she had gone through that night, soulmates seemed to be the easiest for her to understand.

“I suppose you probably think that means I’m just going to fall into your arms?” she whispered when he leaned in, biting her lip when he slid his hand gently down to rest at the base of her neck. Chuckling, he shook his head, his eyes flashing with adoration.

“No, course not, but I would appreciate it,” he breathed, smiling when she leaned in before sealing the gap between their lips slowly.

The sensation of electricity racing through her body when their lips pressed together was intoxicating. Closing her eyes and tangling her fingers into his hair

slowly, she hummed at the feeling of his hand sliding down her side to rest on her hip.

Grinning against her lips when she made no move to stop his hands, he pulled her gently into his lap. Humming when he lightly bit her lip, she granted him access into her mouth with a purr, her nails lightly needling at his scalp when he rolled his hips upwards slowly. Grinning against his lips, she pulled his bottom lip between her teeth and sucked lightly, her eyes closed as she rolled her hips downwards in response.

“You’re beautiful,” he grinned against her lips, his hands sliding under her shirt to trail over her stomach slowly. A hum left his lips when she started to press heated kisses down his throat, and he slid her shirt up and over her head.

“Wanna take this to the bedroom?” she breathed in his ear, lightly trailing her teeth along his earlobe. She didn’t have to ask twice. Before she could blink, Nate had her over his shoulder with a broad grin on his face. Laughing, she clutched onto his shoulders, squealing as he rushed into the bedroom.

Despite the arousal and excitement that was coursing through her body, Clara was able to make out the features of Nate’s room. It was as gorgeous as he was, the bed at the center of the room was covered in cream silk sheets and beautiful navy pillows and the furniture all looked as lush and comfortable as any five-star hotel she had ever stayed in.

Letting him lead her to the bed, Clara looked up at Nate through her lashes and shivered when he leaned down to slide their lips together with a hum. Trailing her fingers shyly over his broad chest, she squeaked when he pinned her against the sheets.

It was a nice change, to be treated like a princess. Normally men were intimidated by her powerful stature and commanding attitude, but Nate didn’t leave her room to overpower him. His body language, as well as his powerful

grip on her person, made sure that she understood that he was in control. For the first time in her life, she couldn’t find it in herself to be intimidated by this.

“You are so beautiful,” Nate breathed in her ear, his hands sliding over her body slowly, mapping out every curve with a discerning eye. Blushing lightly when he reached up and trailed his fingers through her hair, she shivered at the adoring look that he gave her as her chestnut locks tumbled around her face.

“Not as beautiful as you,” she mumbled, looking down at the growing bulge between his legs and shifting nervously. It had been a while since she had had sex. She had been too busy with work.

Catching where the woman's eyes were wandering, Nate laughed softly and pressed his lips gently to the corner of her mouth to draw her attention back up to his face.

"Relax. I promise I'm not going to do anything you don't want to do. We'll take it slow if that's what you want," he mumbled sweetly, before sliding his hands over her stomach slowly, drawing a shiver from his lover. "Now relax, and let me take care of you," he rumbled dominantly in her ear.

Relaxing against the sheets as her lover slid his fingers under her shirt, Clara's breath caught in her throat softly. His hands were warm and powerful against her skin and left her melting against the sheets. Shivering when he slid her shirt up over her head, she let out a delicate gasp when his hand slid between her legs and gently rubbed against her clothed opening.

"You're already wet. Are you that eager for me?" he hummed in her ear, trailing his tongue over her throat and chuckling when she let out a whimper at the sensation that rolled through her body. His body was gorgeous, and the mark they shared was pulsing powerful waves of pleasure through her body.

Whining submissively when his powerful body ground down against her own, Clara let her legs fall open completely, exposing herself to his wandering touches. Letting out a satisfied hum, Nate slipped his fingers over the zipper of her pants, slowly sliding down the zipper to reveal the lacy blue underwear that she had chosen that morning.

"It matches your eyes," Nate grinned, leaning down and sliding their lips together with a laugh, his fingers sliding over her stomach. Loving the soft moan that fell from her lips, he slid his tongue over one of her breasts, sliding his hand behind her to unhook her bra. Letting it fall away from her chest, he grinned at the way her voluminous chest bounced freely.

Self-conscious, Clara hid her face in her hands, shuddering as he reached up and gently pried them away from her face.

"I want to see you," he breathed, leaning in and sliding their lips together sweetly while his hips slowly ground against her own.

Nipping at her lip with a growl, the scent that had been driving Clara mad seemed to increase, leaving her hips bucking up to meet his own. Chuckling huskily at her plaintive cry, Nate slipped his fingers between her legs and slowly slid down her panties. Tossing them aside, he growled playfully, sliding down between her legs as she keened.

She had never felt so out of control in a situation, her entire body welcoming every touch he provided her with. Gasping when her legs were lifted onto his shoulders, Clara let her head loll back. The sensation that the mark on her arm was sending through her body was leaving her legs quivering, her body opening up to his advances eagerly.

“I want you,” she begged, gasping when he let a long finger slide between her folds and gently tease at her clit. Whimpering as she arched her back, she was stunned to feel an orgasm roll through her body at the gentle touch. Gasping in surprise at the sudden feeling, she curled her toes and whined lowly.

“One thing that I forgot to mention was that the marks allow us to arouse our partner just being in their presence. I suppose you’ve noticed that,” Nate chuckled heatedly, mouthing at her throat and chuckling when she bucked her hips down against his gently moving finger.

Sitting back a bit so that he could slide out of his own pants, Clara felt her heart flutter in her chest when she finally caught sight of his length. He was far larger than any of the partners she had had in the past, and the idea of him being inside of her left her entire body quivering with need.

“I told you it was nothing to worry about,” he winked, leaning down to kiss her as he slipped his fingers between her legs again. Gently slipping a finger inside of her, he let another wave of the scent roll between them, leaving her arching her back in delight.

“Ah! Nate!” she groaned, biting down on his seamless shoulder, marveling at the way the sparks traveled across his beautiful body. Trembling lightly when Nate slipped a second finger alongside the first, rubbing lightly at the bundle of nerves inside of her that left her arching towards his touch, Clara let out a delighted cry.

“Your body is so ready for me. I don’t even need to stretch you out, do I?” Nate smirked, his free hand sliding over one of her hips with a grin and rubbing at the soft skin there. Obviously relishing at the way she squirmed and gasped beneath him, he leaned down and slid his tongue over one of the nubs on her chest, his teeth sliding over the nipple slowly.

Wrapping her arms around his shoulders, Clara marveled at the contrast of their bodies, her soft skin pressed against his muscular chest. Gasping when his fingers slid out of her, she whined lowly as he leveled the tip of his throbbing erection at her opening.

“Ready for me, love?” he breathed in her ear, smirking when she nodded eagerly. Trembling as he slowly pressed inside of her, she gasped at the sensation of every inch of her being filled. Biting down on his shoulder once more to keep from

screaming, she wrapped her legs around his strong waist, gasping as he pressed into her until his hips pressed firmly against her backside.

“Nate, you’re s-so big!” she gasped desperately, her entire body quivering around his shaft as he rolled his hips forward slowly. Letting out a delighted gasp as he gradually started to pick up speed, Clara clung onto his broad shoulders, letting her nails drag over his back eagerly.

The sound of their breaths tangling together and the slap of skin on skin in the otherwise silent room left Clara writhing under her lover.

“Nate!” she cried, her eyes rolling back in her head and her mouth falling open with a gasp. Whimpering when he slid their lips together, their tongues sliding together in a battle for dominance, Clara felt her body twitching around his massive length.

She had never felt this way while making love to a man before. Her entire body felt as though it were on fire, and her hips jerked up to meet his thrusts with a need she could barely contain. Whimpering desperately as Nate held her in place, she let out a desperate keen and bit down on his shoulder, finding her climax with a muffled scream.

Above her, Nate groaned, his hips snapping forward into her once more before he too found his release, filling her to the brim as he held her in place. Groaning softly, he pressed his face to her chest, his breathing heavy as Clara clung onto his shoulders desperately.

Curled up in each other’s arms, they both started to doze. Nate groggily slid out of her before pulling her against his chest with a yawn. Too tired to protest the mess he had left, Clara pressed against his chest with a moan, falling asleep in his arms without another word.