

## Cursed Wolf Chapter 19 - Tips

Rex dropped a beaker full of the new potion into his mouth and looked up at his brother Felix as he swallowed.

"You feel anything?" Felix asked.

"No, nothing," Rex said. The physical pain and mental torment were both still there. He rubbed his temples against the screams of his wolf. But then, slowly, the agony began to dissipate. He looked up, his eyes widening.

"And now?" asked his brother.

"Relief," Rex said. "I feel like a man again."

He started towards the door, but Felix called out behind him to wait. He stopped with his hand on the doorknob of the shop. He stared at the ground and took a deep breath. He didn't know how long this potion would last.

"She's still here. I want to go to her."

"You asked me to make sure you are ready to see her again," Felix said. "I would fail as a brother if I let you go now."

"You're right. Thank you."

Rex slumped down on one of the folding chairs in the shop. The smell of sawdust and wood polish were thick in the air. They'd been living and sleeping in the woodshop for so long now.

After his taste of life with Luna for just a single day, he couldn't stand living like an animal for a second longer. He rested his elbows on his knees and cradled his head in his hands. Waiting for the screams of his wolf to return, he stared at the floor in anticipation. Felix sat beside him. His other brothers, who had chosen to shift back to wolf form, were out in the forest.

"I'll try it if you will," Felix said, and poured his own potion into his mouth.

The two of them sat in anticipation of the return of symptoms. After forty-five minutes had passed, Rex stood and started to the door. "It's been long enough. I need to speak to her."

He left the shop without waiting for his brother to respond. He was the alpha, the leader of this pack. He made his own decisions. Rex felt sane enough to see his mate now. He had the potion in his pocket, and it had removed the symptoms almost completely.

He hurried up the stairs of the porch and through the back door into the kitchen. Luna and Rebecca were sitting at the kitchen island drinking tea. Luna looked up at him with a gasp and slid out of the stool. She crossed the room to him and dove into his embrace. He held her close, smelling the scent of her body and the perfume of her hair.

“Oh, how I’ve missed you,” she said, looking up at him and cupping his cheek.

“I’ve missed you too, my darling.” He stroked her face with his knuckles and ran the palm of his hand over her hair.

Looking in her face was like staring at heaven. Luna was a goddess on Earth, sent to love him and save him from his curse. He felt in that moment like dropping to his knees in thanks and worship of her, but he held himself erect and strong for her. Luna needed a man, not a supplicant.

“Can we go somewhere private?” she asked him.

He glanced at Rebecca, who stood from her chair and told them that she was there to help if they needed anything.

“Thank you, Rebecca,” Rex said.

“Come with me. I have my car.” Luna took his hand.

Luna led him out of the house and into the driveway where her little sedan was waiting.

“I drove this all the way from California, and it didn’t break down once,” she said as she unlocked the door for him.

They started out of the Doolittles’ driveway and onto the road. He watched her drive, gripping the wheel as she worried her bottom lip. He knew she felt anxiety. He could smell it rising in the air. But he could also smell her desire and sense her need for him. Her need to be his mate forever and always.

He sat up straighter in the car, anticipation throbbing in his chest. He needed her possibly a thousand times more. She was everything to him. She was his purpose and meaning. She was his salvation.

She glanced at him and smiled. “How are you feeling?”

“I feel good. But I don’t know how long it will last.”

“It will last long enough,” she said with a giggle, accelerating the car down the winding road.

“Luna. I was not myself last night. I need to know that you can forgive me because I don’t know if I can forgive myself.”

“Rex, if that is the worst you ever behaved in our relationship then I will be the luckiest woman alive,” she said with a laugh.

Rex knew how Luna had been treated by men in the past—by her boyfriend and even her father. The thought that he had said one angry or unkind word to her stabbed him in the heart. He would do everything in his power so that her life was filled with comfort, pleasure and kindness. Most of all from him.

“I forgive you, Rex. There’s nothing to forgive.”

He accepted her forgiveness, but he knew that he needed it. Luna may have downplayed his behavior, but he did not.

If the curse was broken, and the man inside him had regained complete control, he would tame his beast until it was subordinate to him in every moment of his life. He would always be in control from now on. It was his vow for himself, for his family, and most of all, for his mate.

When they arrived at the shop, she unlocked the back door to her apartment, and they hurried upstairs together. A sharp jab of pain ran down his spine and into his gut as the wolf howled inside his mind.

He pulled the potion from his pocket as Luna turned around and gasped. His eyes flashed up at her, and he could see her fear. He quickly took another dropper full of potion, praying to all the gods that it would work.

“Luna,” he said, sitting down on the stairs as he tried to catch his breath.

“Are you okay, Rex?” she asked, gripping his shoulder.

“I’m fine. I just need to let this work. It appears we only have about an hour and a half.”

“I think that’s long enough,” she said. “I’ll make you some tea to help you relax.”

He listened to her trot up the stairs behind him as the screams of his wolf slowly faded away and the pain diminished. He rose to his feet and took the stairs, squaring his shoulders and breathing in his alpha confidence.

He was here now, in his mate’s home. She was ready for him, and he was ready for her. Nothing stood between them now. The courtship had not been ideal, but it would have to be enough. Waiting any longer would cause much more harm than good.

Luna carried a tray of tea into the living room and set it on the coffee table. He sat in the large armchair while she poured them both teas.

He hoped to be a much bigger help to her in the future, but his mind was still whirling with too much confusion to be a proper gentleman.

He lifted the teacup to his lips and drank. The smooth spicy sweet flavor invigorated his mind, then calmed his senses. His shoulders relaxed and he sat back in his chair.

Luna drank her tea from the couch watching him carefully with a neutral expression on her face. When he set his tea on the side table, she put down hers and stood, crossing the short distance between them.

She sank into his lap, and he gathered her in his arms. Her legs rested over the arm of the chair, and he carelessly stroked her hip. She stroked his hair, looking into his eyes with a depth of compassion and desire that nearly broke him.

“Rex. You are the love of my life. You’re the man I’ve been waiting for all this time. I’m ready for you. I want you to claim me.”

She leaned up to kiss his lips and he growled deep in his throat. The cursed wolf he’d been repressing growled with instinct, and Rex didn’t try to suppress it.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her gently into the bedroom. He lay her across the bed and watched her as her hair pooled on the pillow.

In the dim light of day streaming through the gauzy curtains, he lay with her in the blankets after kicking off his shoes. He kissed her forehead and then her lips with such tender sweetness and care that he had to stop and let out a ragged breath.

The honor he found in being with her, in knowing her and being allowed into her life, was beyond anything he could imagine he deserved.

“I vow to be the best man I can be. To be the man you need.”

“And I vow my loyalty and my love to you, Rex.” She ran her hands over his shoulders and down his chest, gripping his waist and then his ass. She pulled him toward her and said through quivering lips, “Please, Rex. Make me yours.”

He growled again, the wolf inside him pushing up to the surface. But the man was in control. He kissed her deeply with tenderness and raging passion. She lifted her hands above her head with a gasp and he ran his hands up her sides, over her breasts, and then up her arm to her hands.

He held them gently above her head as he kissed her face and mouth and neck. He rolled off between her legs and lifted her shirt over her breasts, pulling down the cups of her bra. He sucked her nipples into his mouth, one after the next.

She tasted like ice cream and candy. His cock throbbed with need to be inside her, and his fangs descended in his mouth, dripping with his mating venom.

The taste on his tongue sent him into a frenzy. His passion was all-consuming, but his love of Luna was even more intense. He would always protect her, even from himself.

He pulled off her clothes, sliding her pants and panties down over her legs. His hands roamed her body while she sighed under his caresses. He opened her legs and stared at her glistening sex. The scent of it drove him wild and he had to taste it.

The only balm for the burning need inside him was her pleasure and fulfillment. He licked up her slit, tasting her juices and consuming her desire. He sucked on her clit and listened to her approving moans.

“Oh, Rex, oh.”

He knew once he was inside her he would become a madman. He needed her to be ready for what was to come.

He twirled his wet tongue over her clit as he kneaded her breasts, tweaking her nipples as she praised him.

He loved the feeling of her soft, luscious curves under his hands. His cock was rock hard, and he had to take off his clothes or he would rip them apart. He stood above her, and their eyes met. Her hands were still above her head, her legs open, her pussy glistening from his tongue and from her need.

“Please, Rex. Claim me now.” She ran her hands over her breasts and down her belly and over her thighs. Rex pounced on the bed above her, the wolf bristling to come through. But it wasn't the curse, it was his instinct to take her and make her his.

She grasped his cock, sliding both her hands up and down his length and gently pulling him toward her.

He settled between her legs and thrust his tongue into her mouth as the head of his cock rested against her opening. He tasted her and drank in her needy groans as her hips tilted up toward him, begging for him to plunge inside her.

She sucked on his lip as his cock broke through her entrance. He slid deeper as her breasts swelled against him. She gripped his shoulders, then his ass, pulling him deeper. He held her hands above her head and licked her ear.

His sharp teeth grazed over her skin. When she felt the points of his fangs, she pleaded for more, pleaded for his bite.

He sank his cock inside her wet core with a powerful thrust. It sliced her open and sent her into ecstasy. He could feel her pussy clenching around him and her words praising and pleading for more. He was overcome by his instinct, primal and raw.

With one hand, he held her hands above her head, and with the other he grabbed her head, holding her still as he thrust hard and deep into her soft curves. She kissed his neck and cheeks. He drove harder and deeper, feeling her body yielding and begging for his dominance.

He could feel the curse. The pain and torment slice through him. In a blinding flash he came and bit down on his beloved's tender flesh. He tasted her blood on his lips as his fangs bit deep into her neck, cutting off her air supply and yielding her completely vulnerable to the beast within.

His come pumped into her pussy, hot and wet and filling her up completely. Her body was limp and yielding and in that moment of instinctive passion, he poured himself into his mate.

All that he was and ever would be reached out toward her just as she reached out towards him. He found himself in the darkness of night, the lights of the heavens shining above. Like in the Alaskan wilderness, with the sky so close you could touch it.

He stood with her as a woman and he as a man, dressed in white clothes like angels in outer space.

"Where are we, Rex?" she asked.

"This is the space between time. Where you and I are always bonded and always together. This is the eternal moment for only the truest lovers. Where we will meet eternally."

Crystalline tears slid down her face and he pressed his lips to hers. He held her like a princess in the Garden of Eden. And they ran like children through space and time.

Rex pulled his fangs from her neck, and she gasped as he licked the wounds clean and healed them.

"Rex. I love you so much."

He could feel every tiny morsel of her emotions, his awareness of her feelings stronger than even his own. He felt her outpouring of love for him, and his heart bled. He rested his head against her chest, knowing that he was finally home. He had finally been healed. The angry wolf was gone.

“The curse is lifted,” he said. “I know it.”

## Cursed Wolf Chapter 20 - Tips

Luna and Rex held each other in the bed, waiting for signs of the curse’s return. She held him, looked into his eyes as they spoke in soft gentle tones.

“I don’t hear the howling,” he said. “All the pain is gone. It came back just before the mating bite. But then it disappeared. I feel different.”

“It’s true,” Luna said. “I can sense it too. The Snow Queen didn’t lie about how to break it.”

She was so happy she wanted to cry. But instead, she rose to her feet and went to the kitchen. She was positively famished, and she could tell that Rex was too. Being so bonded to him, knowing his inner life and emotions, was so beautiful, so connected. It was like a dream come true.

Every woman wanted to feel as connected to their beloved as she felt. All the doubts and misgivings she’d had in the beginning were gone, and all that was left was this warm, perfect place where she knew his love belonged to her and always would.

She was wrapped in a fuzzy pink bathrobe with slippers. She whipped up some teriyaki chicken and rice and carried it to the dining room table.

Rex hurried to the kitchen and pulled out plates and silverware for them and poured them both a glass of ice water. She could tell how much he wanted to help—he wanted to be there for her and her world.

They sat across from each other, enjoying the simple meal and each other’s company. Despite the beauty of their bond, there was a slight inkling of doubt that the curse was broken, despite how certain she felt. She could tell that Rex had the same worry.

After they ate, they climbed back into bed and turned on the TV.

“It’s amazing what has happened with technology in the last seventy-five years,” he said as they watched a modern detective show.

“You’ll have to tell me all about the differences between now and your time, now that we can be together.”

She leaned against his shoulder, and they watched the show until they both fell asleep in each other’s arms. When they woke the next morning, he smiled at her and kissed her gently before they made love in the comfortable splendor of her soft bed. She knew without having to ask that the anger and pain had not come back to him.

She cracked some eggs into a pan while he called the Doolittles on the landline. He asked for his brother Felix, and they conversed.

Over breakfast he told her that Felix had been able to stave off the curse for a few more hours but was unable to maintain the dosage, so he was still feeling the effects of the curse.

“There’s no way that there will be enough potion to maintain them with the amount that we have now.”

“Most of my brothers don’t even want to take the first iteration, never mind the second.”

“Teal and I will continue working on the potion.”

“You’ve done more for us than anyone in many decades,” he said, taking her hand. “You don’t have to feel pressured or guilty that you didn’t get it perfect on the first try.”

“I know. But I want to help your brothers. I want to help them so that they can find the women who will make them happy the way you make me.”

She couldn’t help but feel responsible for the brothers now. It was part of the life that she’d stepped into, and she was proud of it.

I told you everything was going to work out.

Louise’s voice whispered at the back of her mind, and she smiled. No matter what happened with the rest of the Winter pack, she had her man, and he was here with her. They would get through the rest together.

Two weeks later, Luna hurried over to the bakery that opened an hour before the bookshop to have her coffee and croissant with River before the beginning of the day. It was part of their new routine. Rex had gone out to visit his brothers early that morning, so they would be apart for the first time since the day they mated.

River had their usual coffee and croissants ready at their usual table and waved Luna over as soon as she walked in the door. The early morning blurry-eyed customers smiled as she passed and slid into the chair across from her new best friend.

“You are positively glowing this morning,” River said with a wink.

“When you find your mate, you will know how I feel.”

She and Rex were making love night and day. They could feel each other across the room and the subtle love and support that was always there. He’d been running the

shop with her, going through all the numbers and suppliers and opening the doors. The coven had all come on the reopening day, buying books and trinkets to help welcome her back into business.

Rex—tall and imposing and handsome—should have seemed out of place in the cluttered little witchy shop. But in fact, he fit in just perfectly. All the customers loved him as much as they loved her. And working together with him all day was the most blissful experience she'd had in her working life.

He told her all the time how much he loved running the shop with her, and she had come to accept now that her life had been turned upside down and inside out and all the best ways.

“He wants to marry me,” Luna said, “but he has business to take care of so he can get me a ring.” She giggled into her coffee cup.

“I heard the Winters have quite a large parcel in the center of the state. If they sell it off, it could bring in millions.”

“Something like that,” Luna said. She wouldn't have cared if Rex had come to her penniless, but when he told her about the property and the deed on the land, she was pleased for all of them.

The brothers would need help starting out their lives with their mates. Luna knew in the pit of her stomach that they would all find someone soon and the Winters' curse would be broken even if she couldn't find the right balance of herbs and potions in the end.

Suddenly, Luna felt a sharp tightening of her belly and she covered her mouth. She stood abruptly and hurried to the bathroom.

She was barely able to lock the door before falling to her knees. When she was done losing her coffee and croissant into the bowl, she stood and wiped her mouth with surprise. And then something dawned on her.

She rinsed her mouth and washed her hands before hurrying out to River.

“I was just sick in the toilet,” she said.

“Oh? I hope it wasn't my pastry.”

“It definitely wasn't. I have to go.”

She hugged her friend tightly and hurried down the street to the drugstore. She wanted to know before Rex got back. When she returned to the shop, she went to the small bathroom in the back of the building and took the test. She watched the little windows as moisture moved across the screens.

She bit her lip and tapped her foot, impatient to know the truth. Almost instantly, the windows revealed two pink lines. Luna gasped and covered her mouth with her hands. She jumped up and down with excitement. After tossing the test in the garbage, she hurried out of the bathroom just as Rex was walking in the front door of the shop.

She hurried to him, her heart bursting with happiness.

“Rex,” she shouted with glee. “I’m pregnant.”

His mouth dropped and his eyes widened. He wrapped her up in his arms, lifting her off the ground as he spun her around. When he set her back down, he cupped her face and looked into her eyes.

“Luna, my darling.”

He dropped to his knees and pulled the box out of his pocket. “I want you to be my wife,” he said. She sank into his arms and sat on his bent knee. He held her, and they cried softly together from the emotion of the moment.

“You didn’t even need to ask. Of course I’ll be your wife.” He picked her up in his powerful arms and stood cradling her against his chest.

“Luna Winter, you’ve made me the happiest man alive.” And Luna knew in the depths of her heart and soul that it was true.