

Fierce Wolf Chapter 11 - Tips

Thorne brushed back his hair, looking in the mirror. He'd been waiting all day for this moment, and it was finally here. He couldn't wait to go ice skating with Heather and to take her to dinner at the Captain's Grotto.

Tonight could be the night where she opened up to him and allowed him in for the first time. She had a wall up, a wall he could completely understand. He had the same wall when it came to most people, including his brothers these days.

He was ready to move on from the curse that had kept him an animal for so many decades. He wanted to be his own man now, and that meant separating from his brothers.

It also meant connecting with Heather like he'd never bonded with anyone before. She was his mate, his fated one, the person meant for him. He wanted to experience every bright moment possible with the love of his life. Now that he had this chance, he didn't want to screw it up.

He finished dressing and hurried down to his car. When he was out on the road, his mind started to race with all the possible disasters that could occur. What if she didn't want him after all? What if she decided that he was really a lunatic who didn't deserve the time of day?

He'd already made his decision. If he couldn't have Heather, he'd go back home and confront the Snow Queen once and for all. He knew she would kill him. That was a given. One single shifter could never defeat a witch that strong. It would be worth it if he just got one bite in.

But he hoped things would work out. He'd never tell Heather about his plan. He didn't want her to feel any more responsible for him than she already did. Needing to claim her to break the curse was bad enough.

But he needed to know he could give his life to something if he couldn't have his mate. Nothing else in this world would ever replace her. Nothing could ever make the pain of an eternal curse go away. Confronting the Snow Queen was his only true option. There was nothing else for him in this life, other than Heather.

Which was what made tonight so important. He wanted to make love to her. He wanted to claim her and make her his, but he knew he had to go at her pace. He had to be the man she needed.

He hated the idea of acting or behaving like something other than he was. And the more he allowed the reality of his wolf into his humanity, the more integrated he felt as a man. He knew he had to be on his best behavior. He had to be a gentleman. Heather didn't deserve anything less.

When he arrived at the skating rink, he saw her car was already parked outside. He pulled into the lot and parked beside her, a rush of anticipation washing over him.

Inside, cool air hit his nose, and laughter echoed off the far walls. He spotted her sitting on a bench near the ice, tying on her skates. He hurried over and sat beside her.

“You already rented your skates,” he said. He had wanted to pay for everything.

“Nah. I already owned a pair.”

“Oh. Great. I’ll be right back. I’m going to get a pair for myself.”

“I got you a hot chocolate,” she said, handing him a small paper cup with a plastic lid.

“Thank you.” He took a sip, enjoying the sweet flavor. It seemed the perfect treat for the occasion.

He rented a pair of skates from the counter and went back to sit beside her, hot chocolate in hand.

“This is really good,” he said, lifting the cup toward her.

He strapped on his skates and Heather stood up before him, steady on her feet. He grabbed the railing around the ice and lifted himself to his feet. He immediately felt off-balance. The hockey players had made it seem so easy.

“Are you ready?” she asked, starting off into the ice with a small push. She slid a few feet away from him, seeming so graceful on her skates.

“I’m getting there,” he said.

He copied her movements and pushed out onto the ice. For a moment, he was sliding freely over the ice. The next he was flailing wildly before he fell unceremoniously on his ass. He smacked down with a loud oof, pain slicing up his posterior.

Heather stifled a giggle as she skated toward him. She bent down, patting his shoulder.

“Are you okay?” she asked, her eyes twinkling.

“Fine. Fine.”

“Let me help you up.”

“I don’t want to pull you down with me.”

“Nonsense. I’m an Alaskan.”

“So am I.”

She laughed openly now, taking his hands and helping him right himself. He felt like a newborn fawn, with wobbly legs and watery eyes. He gritted his teeth at the sense of vulnerability.

Heather slowly explained how to effectively push himself without falling again and demonstrated the movements while he stood unsteadily, watching her.

She took his hand, and together they pushed off slowly and steadily. After a few minutes of careful practice, his animal grace and instinct kicked in. He suddenly understood exactly how to control his skates on the ice.

A smile crept over his lips, and he pushed off, charging across the ice. He carved a circle and turned back to face Heather. Her expression was a mixture of shock, pride, and humor. He raced back to her and took her in his arms when he reached her. They circled around, holding each other close in the cold air of the rink.

“That was amazing,” she said.

“You can’t be afraid to learn new things if you want to be human.”

“So true,” she said. “I came to the same conclusion earlier today.”

“Oh? How so?”

“I decided that I’m going to give this thing between us a chance.”

The words were like the most beautiful poetry to his ears. He pulled her closer and kissed her lips. The feeling of her against him was so overwhelming, he knew he couldn’t linger there, or it would get so hot it would melt the ice.

“Come on,” he said, taking her hand.

They skated together around the rink, past the children and parents, past a young couple on their first date. He felt so alive and free it filled him with a kind of happiness he didn’t know he was even capable of feeling.

When they were both breathless and laughing, she suggested they go finish their hot chocolate. They slid to the bench and sat down with their cups.

“I can’t believe you learned how to skate like that so quickly.”

“I’m a fast learner,” he said with a wink.

She laughed and sipped her hot chocolate. "I'm glad we did this. It's good to see you in a different context, away from all the stress."

"I think so too." He paused, wanting to understand her deeper. "What made you decide to give us a real chance?"

She pursed her lips and looked into the distance, then took another sip of hot chocolate.

"I was at the park with Maggie today, pushing her on the swing." She looked back at him, her hazel eyes shining. "I kept thinking about how nice it would be for us to take her to the playground together. How nice it would be to have our own child."

Thorne gulped. He'd wanted to hear her say those words more than anything. It was as if his prayers had been answered.

"Do you want more children?" he asked. "I know you are busy with your career."

"I do. I want a big family. I love teaching, and I'll be working on a grant for a research study on island mollusks. I don't think that would interfere with my desire for a family. All that's missing is the right man."

"I could be that man for you," he said in a low voice, taking her hand.

"I think maybe you could be," she said, tilting her face up to him.

He captured her lips, kissing her gently. She smelled of flowers and honey, intoxicating his senses. He cupped her face and kissed her forehead.

"Thank you for saying that," he whispered. "It means everything to me."

She took his hand in hers and looked into his eyes. "I met Luna's coven today."

"Oh. How did that go?" Luna was one of the only witches he knew, and being his alpha's mate, she was a force to be reckoned with on her own.

"They showed me some magic." She sighed and looked down at the ice below her feet. "It could have just been a trick. A levitating table. Starting a fire with no source."

"I see."

"But I decided it was stupid to keep doubting when so many people are going out of their way to show me the truth."

"I was going to suggest you meet the Snow Queen, but that might not be a great idea."

"Ha. Maybe not."

“Our dinner reservation is in a few minutes. You want to get going?”

After changing out of their skates, they pulled on their jackets and walked out into the dimming light of the coming sunset. They had driven different cars, but they were parked close in the lot.

“I’ll follow you there,” she said, standing beside her door. He walked to her and gave her one more kiss before he climbed behind the wheel of his truck.

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Heather gripped the wheel of her car, following Thorne to the Captain’s Grotto. She worried her lip, thoughts racing through her brain. She was still conflicted, despite deciding to give the relationship a chance.

She had loved skating with Thorne today. It had given her the chance to see him in a totally new way. He’d been vulnerable in front of her, and she’d been able to see something very tender and precious inside him.

She’d also seen his strength and determination in the face of adversity. It was inspiring. She liked him a lot. Truly liked him. It wasn’t just that he was totally hot and an amazing kisser. He had a boyish charm that intrigued her.

His need for her no longer scared her. She was able to see it in a totally new light, now that she knew him better. She could see deeper into his soul and was closer to who he truly was. He wasn’t a dangerous man to her anymore. He was a person who could feel and learn and grow.

When they climbed out of their cars in the parking lot, he wrapped his arm around her waist as they walked to the door. Inside, the host seated them at their table. When Heather sat down and looked out at the big window overlooking the harbor, the sun was just setting on the horizon.

Thorne ordered a bottle of wine, and Heather took a sip of water. She looked up at him, noticing the slight suggestion of anxiety in his eyes. She had to remind herself that this powerful, gorgeous man had never lived in the modern world. He’d been in the backwoods, long before computers or even color television. He came from a totally different reality, and he was adjusting masterfully.

As she inspected the menu, she realized that she couldn’t judge Thorne for his previous behavior. The man was in deep shock, and he’d more than apologized for grabbing her arm.

She could only imagine what a hot mess she would be if she’d experienced anything similar. Being a single mom and a university professor obviously had plenty of

challenges, but it wasn't anything like being cursed to be an animal for seventy-five years and then discovering the entire world had changed.

"It must be strange for you," she said, deciding on the shrimp and salmon.

"Strange?"

"To be here in this time. I guess I hadn't really thought about it until now."

"Strange is an appropriate word."

The waiter came with wine and took their order. Heather took a sip of her Chardonnay while Thorne ordered the steak and sea ba.ss. She made her order, opting for the chowder for a starter.

"I have to take a potion just to remain human. The side effects are diminishing with each batch that Luna makes, but it's still painful."

She gasped. "I didn't realize..."

"It's better than being an animal twenty-seven days a month."

"I can't imagine what it must have been like for you to live like that for so long."

"Neither can I," he said with an ironic laugh.

She laughed with him, the tension breaking. She suddenly had a new empathy for him she hadn't experienced when they'd first met. Allowing herself to accept his story changed everything. This man had been cursed, tormented, chained to his animal form.

The server approached with a tray carrying their chowder, and placed the bowls on the table. Heather dipped her spoon into the soup, and she chewed on the delicious clams and potatoes. She gr0aned at the light flavor and smiled at Thorne.

"This is delicious," Heather said. Thorne made a satisfied sound of agreement.

"I've been thinking about applying for university," he said.

"What a wonderful idea." Heather's eyes widened. She hadn't imagined Thorne would want to do something like that.

"I was thinking Wildlife Management," he said with confidence.

"I could see that."

He growled with satisfaction, and soon the server removed their soup bowls and replaced them with their main courses. The salmon and shrimp dripped with lemony butter, and she popped a piece of sourdough bread into her mouth.

“What made you decide on Wildlife Management?” she asked, curiosity about this gorgeous man increasing by the second.

“I wanted to do something to give back to the nature that provided for me for a century.”

“That sounds wonderful.”

Heather found herself even more impressed by Thorne’s depth of character. He wasn’t at all what she had originally believed.

“You can apply for the fall,” she said.

“I want to join the hockey team.”

Heather almost choked on her salmon with a laugh. But of course he would want to join a hockey team. He was a natural athlete and he’d picked up skating immediately. But all she could see when he first mentioned it was him falling on his ass the first time he skated out onto the ice.

“How old are you?” she asked. She wasn’t sure if there was a cutoff date for age.

“Hundred and five,” he said without the slightest hint of humor. She shook her head and took another bite of shrimp.

“So you were 30 years old when you were cursed?”

“About that, yeah.” He wiped his mouth. His plate was already empty, and Heather had only finished half of hers. Thorne started in on the breadbasket while she finished.

“If you went to school, we’d get to see each other every day.”

“Mm. I’d like that. We could share lunch at the cafeteria where we met.”

“I’m not sure that’s the best memory to share,” she laughed.

“It was the moment I knew I needed to have you.”

Heather’s heart raced, and she gulped. Taking a drink of water, she tried to cool off. Her face was flushed. You’d think he’d said something obscenely dirty for how she was reacting. Something about the way he said it made her tingle all over. The deep rumble in his chest, the sultry smooth rhythm of his words. She caught her breath and looked up at him. She knew her cheeks were red.

"It took me a bit longer." Heat rose from between her legs and into her chest. Her nipples pricked.

"But you feel it now?" he asked, leaning forward on the table. He reached out for her, grasping her hand.

His thumb caressed the sensitive skin between her knuckles, heat and strength radiated from his touch.

"I do." Her voice was a murmur.

Thorne's chest rumbled, the sound burning deep into her soul. She bit her lip. She wanted to go home with him. She didn't want to wait for dessert. But the server arrived to take their plates and bring the final course. Vanilla and raspberry cream tarts.

"I never thought I would feel this way again," she said when the server walked away. But Heather had never felt this way before. Her feelings for Thorne were completely new, an experience she couldn't quite comprehend. It was so big and deep and real that nothing in her life had ever prepared her for this moment.

The dessert came, and she slid a small spoonful into her mouth. The creamy sweet flavor washed over her tongue, and she moaned in satisfaction. Thorne's eyes penetrated her soul, pinning her to the chair. She took another bite of dessert, this one bigger than the last. She savored the deliciousness as she felt herself growing wet under the intensity of Thorne's stare.

They gobbled up the dessert and drank the last of the wine when the server returned with their check. Thorne threw a few hundred dollar bills in the bill fold and asked her if she was ready to leave.

They prepared for the cool spring air, grabbing their coats on the way out. She took Thorne's hand when they walked out onto the patio and down the stairs to the sidewalk below.

"My apartment is right nearby. Would you like to have a look?"

"Yes," she said before thinking. She wanted to go to his apartment, and she knew exactly what she wanted to do when she got there.

His hand was warm on hers, and she felt held and guided by him as they walked down the street along the harbor. The moon was low in the sky over the silver water. The boats swayed on the sloshing waves. Soon they were at his building, riding the elevator up to his floor.

His apartment was nice, if sparse. Everything was clean and tidy and had an air of good taste. Thorne helped Heather take off her jacket. He hung it up in his closet with his own.

"I have a bottle of red wine," he said. "Would you like a glass?"

"Sure," she said, licking her lips and looking over at him. His blue shirt sleeves were rolled up and she could see his muscles flex as he removed the cork. He poured her a glass and brought it to her on the couch. He sat beside her, holding his own wine. He took a sip from the elegant glass, and his eyes roamed her body.

She'd worn tight black jeans, and mid-calf boots, with a flattering orange sweater. He looked like he wanted to burn them off of her.

Thorne clicked on the remote and turned it to a movie channel where he started a brand-new action/thriller she'd wanted to see but hadn't had time for.

"I started that book you suggested," he said, motioning to his coffee table. "I like thrillers too."

She snuggled closer to him, and he put his arm around her shoulder while they watched the opening action scene. As the story progressed, she grew increasingly attached to the protagonist, and gasped every time he had a close call. At a very tense moment, Heather sat up on the couch and started to yell at the screen.

Thorne laughed and rubbed her back. When the hero escaped death by the skin of his teeth, she exhaled and sank back into the couch beside him. He looked down at her, his expression that of a handsome wolf. She lunged for him, taking his kiss like it was her last breath before drowning. He growled into her mouth, pulling her closer.

He cupped her face, caressing her skin while his other hand roamed her back and side. He gripped her hips and pulled her astride him. Something exploded on the TV behind her, and she gasped and arched her back as her needy core met the hardness of his erection. He pulled down the neck of her sweater and kissed her breast, gripping her ass with his other hand.

His tongue found her nipples under her bra, and he sucked. Heather groaned, running her fingers through his hair as she tilted her hips against his cock. He roared and picked her up by the thighs, carrying her through the living room.

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He laid her gently on the bed and crawled on top of her. His hardness rocked into her over her jeans. Their hips thrashed, licked and sucked. He pulled her sweater up over her head and pulled down the cups of her bra.

His tongue lapped up her nipple and he sucked. Heather groaned, gripping his wide shoulders. She wanted him inside her. Her knees quivered as he tweaked and sucked her nipples, driving her into a frenzy.

She gripped the hem of his shirt, pulling it up over his head. He broke his hold of her flesh long enough to tear it off. When he looked back at her, he ripped off her pants and shoes, getting stuck on the zippers of her boots. She undid them herself and he yanked off his own pants.

He stared down at her as she lay on the bed in her bra and panties. His cock was massive under his black boxer briefs. Her mouth watered, wanting to suck him.

"Take off your bra," he said, and Heather obliged. He climbed over her, his massive cock resting between her legs.

He kissed her deeply and murmured words of adoration in her ear as he slid down her chest to her breasts.

"You are so beautiful," he said, making her moan with pleasure as he played with her nipples. He slid his hand into her panties and her entire body shook.

"Oh, yes," she moaned.

"My baby likes me to stroke her pussy," he purred.

His finger slid deeper, pressing between her wet folds. He found her clit and tickled it with the tip of his finger. His mouth opened over her nipple while his finger twirled and tapped at her bud.

She swore and groaned, her body going rigid with need. He slid down her body, taking her panties with him. Thorne spread her legs, licking up her thighs. She quivered and gasped, watching his head move toward her core.

He sucked her clit and pushed two fingers inside her. Lights burst across her eyes, and Heather came with a loud moan. Her body pulsed around his fingers, and he licked at the slick wetness pumping from within her.

He dropped his pants and hovered between her legs. Heather reached out for him, stroking his cock with both her hands.

"Are you ready for this?" he asked, thrusting into her hands. She wanted him so badly, she'd cry if he stopped.

"Do you have a condom?" she asked.

He growled and pulled open a drawer. Thorne slid a condom over his massive c0ck. He held it at the base, securing the rubber.

He pushed open her th!ghs with his knees and l!cked her pvssy again, getting it soaking we.t. When he pushed the wide tip of his d!ck to her opening it slid right inside.

Heather gasped and scratched his back as he sliced into her. He was h.uge, and she hadn't been with a man in five years. Her body responded with intense satisfaction, and she came as soon as he hit her g-sp0t.

He sank to the base inside, and she clung to him, catching her breath.

"Please don't claim me tonight," she whispered in his ear.

"I wouldn't. No matter how much I want to make you mine forever."

"We're so close. Just give me this now, without having to worry about the future."

"I'll give you whatever you want, whenever you want."

"Give me your d!ck," she chuckled, gripping his as*s.

He grabbed her th!gh and began to rock into her. She couldn't believe her body could take so much, but he made her so open and we.t that he could do whatever he wanted to her, and she would scream for more.

"Oh, God. It's been so long," she gr0aned as she came with his grinding thrusts.

He captured her in his k!ss, taking her and giving her everything.

"I want you like an animal," he growled into her ear.

She gasped in agreement, and he fl!pped her over on all fours. Thorne gripped her as*s and spread her cheeks. The hot head of his c0ck pressed into her channel, taking it slow and giving her time to adjust. Every second was like an eternity of pleasure. He ran his hands over her h!ps and pulled her against him again.

Their flesh slapped and she gr0aned. She'd never come so much in her entire life—maybe total. Her mind was on another planet, in a different universe. She didn't even know se.x could be this good.

Thorne's strong hands held her while his h!ps slapped into her from behind. Every thrust was another lightning bolt of pleasure. Her bre*asts bounced under her, each swing taking her to another level.

"You're mine, Heather. Mine." He gripped her ass as he came hard and deep inside her, growling ferociously. His sharp nails dug into her flesh, only making her come harder.

They gasped, breathless, totally spent and collapsed onto the tangled sheets.

"Oh wow," she said, crawling into his embrace. "Just wow."

"You're telling me."

"I didn't know it could be like that," she laughed, hiding her face.

"Neither did I. I never imagined. But I should have known it would be otherworldly with you."

He kissed her forehead, and she sank into his chest. She wanted to stay right here forever. His strong arms surrounded her, making her feel like she belonged.

But she knew she couldn't stay much longer. She'd had a bit of wine, but the sex had definitely sobered her up. She lay in his arms for a long time before he stood and asked her if she wanted some water.

He returned with two glasses of ice water after she'd cleaned up and dressed. They sat together in the dim light of the bedroom, sipping the cold beverage.

"We missed the end of the movie," she laughed. "But I should probably go soon." She looked at her watch.

"Next time."

"Yes. Next time."

He walked her to the car, and they kissed in the light of the rising moon. She felt so good, she could fly home.

"You're okay to drive?" he asked, holding her close.

"Yes. I'm totally awake."

She kissed him one last time and climbed into the car. When she made it home, she found Pearl knitting in the rocking chair. She was glad she didn't stay out any longer, she didn't want to keep her grandmother any later than necessary.

"How was it?" Pearl said, looking over her reading glasses. "Your hair says you had a good time." The older woman chuckled to herself as she pushed her knitting down on the needle and threw it into her basket.

"It was great," Heather said, still feeling on top of the world. "We went to the skating rink and to dinner, which was wonderful."

"Did you go to his house?" Gran asked.

"Maybe," Heather said with a knowing laugh.

"As long as you're comfortable, I am, Heather."

"Thank you, Gran," Heather said, throwing her arms around Pearl.

"I just want you to be happy, sweetheart. I hope that Thorne will bring much more happiness into your life."

"So do I." Heather hugged her again.

After Gran left, Heather took a shower and changed into her pajamas. As she lay in her bed, listening to the quiet house, she knew she was happier than she'd been in a very long time.

Fierce Wolf Chapter 14 - Tips

Heather swam through her Monday morning, finding herself at her first class as if she'd been in a dream. The night before with Thorne had been life-changing, mind-altering, absolutely amazing. She couldn't get him out of her mind and had to remind herself a dozen times to focus on what was in front of her.

After her first class, she grabbed a cup of coffee and went to her office to check her messages. While she was there, she opened the messages on her phone and reread her last conversation with Thorne.

She bit her lip and tapped on the message bar. "Been thinking about you all morning," she typed out.

She watched the bubbles indicating he was typing. "Can't get you out of my head. Can we meet up?"

Heather felt heat in her cheeks and touched her face with a smirk. She covered her mouth, wanting to blow off her next two classes to go spend quality time with Thorne between the sheets.

She let out a long sigh. She couldn't let this interfere with her life. She had a job, responsibilities to her family. She had to keep it together and not let her desire for him get too far under her skin.

"I can't today. But I want to see you again soon."

“Tonight?”

She laughed—he was persistent. But the truth was, if she didn’t have a job or a child that depended on her, she’d already be at his house and in his arms.

“Tomorrow at lunch,” she typed. “I’ll meet you at your house.”

“Deal. Don’t wear any panties.”

Heather gasped and giggled, shaking her head. He was naughty. She wasn’t going to come to work without panties, but she had a few ideas about how she might show up to Thorne’s house.

A plan began to form in her mind. When she looked up, she realized she was going to be late for her next class.

The rest of the day went by as if in a haze. All she wanted was Thorne, to have him in her life, in her bed, in her heart. She wanted to give him everything.

She couldn’t believe what a difference one night with him had made, but she couldn’t help it. Maybe this was her biggest downfall, letting herself fall for a man who made her feel so good. It had happened with Maggie’s father.

But with Thorne, it was a thousand times more. She wanted to open up her flesh and give him her heart and soul. She wanted to give her body up to him like a pledge or a prayer. The way he had k!ssed her l!ps, svcked her cl!t. The feeling of his fingers on her flesh, inside her, all around her. She could die in his arms.

On the way over to the daycare/preschool on campus, she had to pull herself out of her fantasy. The late afternoon glare shone down on the pavement, reflecting in her eyes. After the long Alaskan winter, spring was welcome in Selkie. The sky was pale blue with just a hint of faint clouds on the horizon. She opened the front door of the daycare and was greeted by one of the student teachers who immediately recognized her as Maggie’s mother.

“The kids are on the reading mat.”

“Thank you, Claudia.”

Heather walked through an archway into the main room of the preschool and found Maggie sitting with the other children on the floor.

Heather walked across the room and sat with her daughter as she listened to the end of the story. She greeted the teacher and helped Maggie into her coat.

Outside, the air had grown colder and the sunlight glowed gold against the brick and wood siding of the campus buildings. She helped Maggie into her car seat and started the drive back home. She watched her daughter in the backseat, wondering if she was making the right choice for her.

She had to introduce Thorne to her daughter. It was time for them to meet. They were two of the three most important people in her life now. She had to know what they were like together. Would they get along? Would Maggie be afraid of him? Would Thorne accept her as his daughter?

All these thoughts played through her mind as she stopped at a red light.

"Mommy met someone special," she said, catching Maggie's eye through the rear-view mirror.

"A new friend for Mommy? Your boyfriend?"

Heather's mouth dropped and Maggie giggled, covering her mouth.

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Uhm. I was hoping you could meet before anything like that happens."

"Really! I want to meet Mommy's boyfriend." She clapped her hands together, laughing again.

"I'm glad you're excited about it."

"You need to get married so I can have a baby brother."

"Right..."

Heather pulled into her driveway, flummoxed by the conversation she'd just had with her four-year-old.

"You want a baby brother?" Heather asked Maggie as she held the door for her to walk inside.

"Yes! I can teach him to read and to sing. I'll teach him how to count to ten. But he can't use my markers. Those aren't for babies."

"There's no baby yet, Maggie," Heather laughed, her hand on her hip.

"What is your boyfriend's name?"

“Thorne.”

“Like on a rose? That’s funny.”

“It suits him.”

“What is he like?”

“Very handsome. Tall. Kind of amazing in every way. He’s had a lot of struggles, and he’s made his way through them with a great deal of grace.”

“You should marry him,” Maggie said, sagely.

“Let’s get you washed up for dinner,” Heather said, not wanting to talk about it anymore. “Maybe you can meet him this weekend.”

“Yay!”

Heather helped Maggie get washed up in the bathroom, and she had her help set the table while she was cooking dinner. As they sat down to eat together, she saw a new text from Thorne.

Her eyes went wide, her cheeks burned, she turned off her notifications, and put the phone on the counter. He’d texted her something very dirty. And she couldn’t have her mind in a se.xy place while eating dinner with her child.

She ate her chicken and rice while chatting with Maggie about her day at preschool. She’d be entering kindergarten next year, and Heather was confident her spunky little girl would be ready. She was so proud of her it made her heart swell.

After dinner, she watched kids’ TV with Maggie while she read over some papers. Then it was time to give Maggie a bath and read her to sleep.

When Heather retreated into her bedroom for the night, she opened the book she’d been reading. She’d been so turned on, she hadn’t even gotten a chance to discuss it with Thorne. He’d said he’d been reading it, and it made her even more excited to see him again.

Heather nodded off while reading and the book fell with a thud onto her lap, waking her up. She put the book on the bedside table, turned off her lamp, and snuggled down into bed.

All she could think about that night was Thorne. He was in every dream. He was in between every thought.

When she woke up, she'd just been watching him plunge his d!ck inside her in a very hot dream. She couldn't wait for lunch to come around.

She dressed in a long, wool pencil skirt and a matching blazer. It was more formal than what she usually wore, but not completely out of character. She'd worn this exact outfit at least twice this semester. She paired it with riding boots with a slight heel. She wore lace panties and a matching br*a under a fitted white b.utton-up.

She was ready for her naughty encounter with Thorne. Gran didn't even comment on the extra attention she'd paid to her hair and makeup when Heather dropped Maggie off at her house.

She was focused and on point for her first class. At lunch, she was the first to leave the class. After a brief stop in the bathroom to take off her panties, she shoved them in her pocket and hurried over to Thorne's house.

She was at his door, waiting for him to answer moments later. His door swung open, and his eyes bored into her. He grabbed her by the wa!st and pulled her inside, closing the door after them.

She pulled her white lace panties out of her purse, holding them with one finger.

"No panties."

He rumbled, and grabbed her as*s, pinning her against the door. He thrust his tongue into her ready mouth, and they melted into each other. Her back pressed against the door and his c0ck pressed against her stomach.

He squeezed her as*s, pulling the skirt up her legs, inch by inch. His hot tongue darted in and out of her mouth. Her skirt crept up over her h!ps. Thorne pushed his hand between her open legs, gripping her pvssy. She gr0aned. She'd been waiting all day for this. He slid a finger inside her and pressed her cl!t with his palm.

Thorne k!ssed down her ch3st and she unb.uttoned her shirt, revealing her lacy white br*a. He svcked her n!pples through the thin lace, stroking his finger deeper into her pvssy.

He unzipped her skirt and it fell onto the floor.

"Go sit down and take off your shirt."

She walked across the room, the heels of her boots clicking on the floor. She dr.aped her white shirt over the couch and took a seat, spreading her legs as he knelt between them.

He spread them wide, gazing at her body in the streaming sunlight. He ran his hands up her thighs and his tongue up her slit.

“You’re so perfect.”

He kissed her clit and licked her opening. He lapped at her flesh, from ass to clit, teasing and tormenting her. She mewled and begged for more. He tore her bra down over her breasts and sucked them while he tickled her clit.

“I want to suck you,” she said. “I want to taste it.”

Thorne sat back, his eyes widening. He stood to his full height of six foot five and tore off his black t-shirt before dropping his pants and underwear. He stepped out of his clothes and walked toward her.

His cock was so massive she had to use two hands to encircle him. He ran his hands through her hair, petting her as she stroked him.

She looked up into his face, his expression intense. He watched her every move, taking everything in with that penetrating stare.

She flicked her tongue over his tip, and he shuddered. Heather loved seeing him like this: burning with desire for her while she held his life in her hands. She had total control of him. She could give him pleasure. Make him come. She could hurt him. And he would let her.

She sucked the tip of his dick into her mouth. It was almost too much for her. She’d had him inside her just the other night. It was hard to imagine how he’d fit.

She stroked him with two hands while she took him deeper into her throat. The scent of him enveloped her senses. He was all around her, deep inside her. She moaned as she sucked him, loving every second of it. She picked up her speed, feeling his growing desire as she moved with him.

He pulled back and popped out of her mouth with a gasp. She looked up at him, her face wet, her nipples as tight as rivets.

Fierce Wolf Chapter 15 - Tips

Thorne dropped to his knees and slid a condom over his erection. Heather was spread before him, her pussy wet and open, wearing the sexiest boots and bra in the noonday light. He was going to fuck her.

She took him in her arms as he moved toward her. His cock pressed against her entrance, and she moaned and moved to accommodate him. He pulled her down on the

couch and she gasped. He pressed inside her, splitting her open. She took him, tight and we*t, and he slid deep into her core.

Feeling Heather's pvssy squeeze around his c0ck sent a shiver of ecstasy down his spine. He gasped, arching his back and then leaned in to k!ss her, l!cking her tongue and tasting her flesh. He grasped her pert bre*asts and squeezed.

Her mouth opened and quivered under the thrusting of his tongue. He slid his hands down her slim body and gripped her h!ps. Tilting back his own h!ps, he pulled out and thrust inside her.

She gripped his back, her mouth open and her eyes gazing up at him. The sight of her n.aked body in the daylight did him in. It took everything inside him not to take her, claim her, and come deep in her core.

He wanted to r!p the 0ondom off his c0ck and spray his seed inside her womb. But more than that, he wanted to make her come. He wanted to make her feel how much he desired her. He wanted her to know how beautiful she was to him.

The wolf inside him needed her like his last meal. He knew he could not go on living without her sustenance. She was pure perfection and the very essence of his need.

He ran his hand down her c.hest and placed it between her bre*asts as he slowly thrust into her core.

"You make me want to claim you. I want to come inside you and put a baby in your womb. I want you to be mine forever. You're like a goddess to me. The most powerful, beautiful woman who's ever lived."

She gasped his name and pulled him toward her, capturing his l!ps in a trembling k!ss.

"I want that to," she said. "Soon."

He held her, wrapping his arms around her wa!st, and he held her in that delicate embrace as he moved into her center, worshiping her body and praising the ecstatic experience of her love.

They came together. Trembling l!ps and fingers intertwined in hair. He fell to her bre*ast and rested his head against her c.hest. She held his face and car*essed his hair, holding his body between her legs. He k!ssed her n!pple and then her l!ps, looking into her eyes.

"I feel like I'm in a dream," he said.

She laughed, kissing him hard on the mouth. He slid off her and rolled over on the couch. She kissed his cheek and he stood, going to wash himself off in the bathroom. When he returned, Heather was stepping out of the guest bathroom, fully dressed. She leaned up and held his shoulders, kissing him on the mouth. When she settled back on her heels, she smiled slightly and then pulled on her coat.

“I need to get going. I have class soon.”

Thorne took her in his arms. She was dressed and he was naked. Her warm hands ran down his back and gripped his ass. She gazed up at him, her blonde curls falling away from her face.

“Tomorrow night,” she said. “We’ll do it then.” She kissed him once more on the cheek and hurried out the door. He didn’t have the chance to ask her what she meant. Did she want him to claim her tomorrow night? Did she want him to put a baby in her belly?