

## Chapter Two – Simon

Benefit balls. Good places to meet women – bored trophy wives eager for a little illicit fun, young women high on life who wanted an attractive older man to show them the ropes, even middle-aged prudes eager for a night of being someone other than themselves – but not much else.

Dr. Simon Wolfe sipped a glass of champagne, amusing himself by idly watching the various women in their tight-fitting, low-cut dresses and picking out which ones looked the most desperate. He used to despise these charity events until he learned the secret of picking out the weaknesses of rich people who were so far removed from reality that it was laughable. These people getting drunk on champagne and eating caviar by the spoonful while the people they were raising money for were out in the streets, starving, freezing.

He had to come to these so he could continue to get funding for his research, but he'd rather have just taken every cent that was spent on such balls and give it to the charity. Every event he went to featured the same faces, but each time they had different clothes, different hair, different jewels.

And in some cases, different body parts.

"Mrs. Miller has gotten some breast work done," he mumbled into his glass, just loud enough for his companion to hear.

Clint Webb was the head of the nursing staff that Simon employed in his clinic. There weren't many male nurses available that suited his qualifications, but after his former nurse, Marta, sued him because he refused to turn their sexual affair into a real relationship, his lawyer had suggested that he have all-male employees.

She had then suggested he get a new lawyer, and that was the end of his tryst with her.

"Mr. Applebee's got a new nose," he gestured with his glass and laughed. "This one looks worse than the last one."

"Why am I here again?" Clint asked, annoyance clear in his voice.

Simon grinned at him. "To be my wingman, of course. I learned long ago that they don't like it when I come to these things alone, even if they do keep asking me. I'm going to need you to run interference with—"

"If you say husbands or mothers, I swear to God, I quit right now," Clint interrupted. "I could be home with my wife right now. Instead, here I am, expected to help you ruin more marriages."

"I have never ruined a marriage. I don't hit on married women. *They* hit on *me*. And if their husbands aren't giving them what they need, who am I to deny a lonely lady?"

"You're disgusting." Clint narrowed his eyes.

*Well, there was truth to that.*

Simon didn't respond to the accusation as at that moment, a lovely older lady, the widowed Mrs. Victoria (*call me Miss Vickie*) Howell approached with two unfamiliar faces. Streaks of silver were in Vickie's hair, giving her a queenly look. So she had taken his advice and stopped dying it. She was still tall and regal, the fine lines at her eyes and mouth adding an imposing aura to her. She looked like a distinguished matriarch, the kind that led with wisdom and a gentle power.

Why some men always went after young women rather than those with more experience, he'd never know. He himself didn't discriminate. Old, young, middle-aged. They all brought something different and exciting to the bedroom. But then again, considering his own salt-and-pepper hair combined with his approaching fiftieth birthday, perhaps he was the older, more experienced one now.

Vickie beamed at him when she approached. "Simon, I want you to meet my dear cousin's two granddaughters, Lana and Kari."

"Pleased to meet you." Simon's nostrils flared as he inhaled their scents. The dark-haired one smelled of a happy marriage – at least, there was the strong scent of a man on her.

The blonde, Lana, scented of baby shampoos and toddler spit-up. His eyes heated as they trailed down her body. She wore a stunning white dress with green embroidery upon its deep v-neckline and matching skirt insert. It clung to her in all the right places, her breasts high and perky. Her skin was alabaster in every sense of the word, and his mouth watered as he imagined tasting it. Her makeup was done in a natural palette with only a faint glimmer on her cheeks and eyelids. Her lips were full and pink. Simon was reminded of bubblegum.

This woman was a natural beauty. He would put her in her early to mid-twenties. Normally too young for his tastes, but the scent of motherhood surrounding her made her more appealing. In his experience, mothers were always more eager in the bed, cutting loose in a way they refused to allow themselves in their daily lives.

He glanced at Clint, but Vickie had taken him and the brunette away and was chatting animatedly with him while he checked out Lana. Her green eyes latched onto his face. It was clear she knew exactly what he was doing, but from the small smile on her bubblegum lips, she didn't seem to mind. He grinned at her.

"Lana. I haven't seen you at one of these before." Seriously? Simon could have hit himself. What a tired line. He quickly made to recover. "But then, I'm certain a lovely lady such as yourself must be fighting men off with a stick, so it's no wonder I've never met you."

She flushed and giggled, a pleasant sound that had him grateful that his tuxedo jacket was just a little long – great for hiding his arousal. She twirled a strand of loose hair around her fingers.

"Oh, I don't usually come to these. They're a bit boring. I'd rather just write a check for how much the dress, shoes, and jewelry would cost and donate it directly."

A woman after his own heart. "So why come tonight?"

"Once in a while, I like to get out for some fun."

She swept her tongue over her lower lip. His pants suddenly felt far too tight. Simon grinned at her. The little minx knew exactly what she was doing. But there was the scent of children on her. Yeah, sometimes he would indulge a bored housewife, but he would never step into a situation where children could be hurt. A bit more careful probing was needed before he continued this hunt. If she was involved with the children's father, then sleeping with her would be detrimental to the children.

"I do believe that I've heard of you, though." Simon pulled a thoughtful expression. He didn't like to let on that he was a Wolf shifter to new people. He found it usually made them awkward like they weren't entirely certain how to act around him once they knew he could turn into a giant Wolf. "Lana . . . you don't happen to have a child, do you?"

She sipped her champagne. "Twin girls. Three years old."

"Ah." He inhaled again, trying to catch a scent of a man on her.

As if knowing what he was doing, she sidled a little closer. "Their father isn't in the picture."

*Excellent*, Simon decided. He always brought something home with him after these balls, and he knew what he wanted this time. "So you don't have a curfew?"

"I can be out all night if I want to."

He set his champagne on a passing waiter's tray. "Funnily enough, I'm often awake all night. Insomnia, you know. How would you like to keep me company? There's a great hotel just around the corner."

"What about your date?" she rose a brow.

"My date?" He glanced at Clint and laughed. "Nah, he's a work partner. I needed someone to come with so I didn't seem sad and pathetic, and he needed a fun night away from his wife. Happily married, but the best couples always take some time for themselves, right?"

Lana didn't reply. She only grinned and linked her arm with his. Simon inhaled her sweet scent and repressed a groan. He didn't bother saying goodbye to anybody and just led her away. The hotel was close enough that there was no need to drive, and the staff knew him well enough that they didn't make any comments about luggage. Lana clung to his arm, her blonde hair veiling her face. She was silent as the doors of the elevator closed, and Simon was afraid she would change her mind. It was too late to go back to the party and find another willing woman.

Once they were in the hotel room, however, all her shyness disappeared. The door had hardly closed before she was kissing him. Her firm body pressed against his, grinding into his arousal. Simon chuckled into her mouth and pinned her against the wall. She reached for his jacket, but he firmly took hold of her wrists and shook his head.

"In this room, I am king. You do as I say when I say it."

A flicker of uncertainty crossed her face, but with a coy smile, she nodded. "Yes, sir."

*Heavens above.* If he was smart, he'd turn her around, smack that cute, tight ass and send her on her way. The smoldering in her green eyes was something he'd only witnessed once or twice in his life, and that grin on her bubblegum lips was simply sinful. Simon's eyes heated as she licked his lower lip. He dove into her neck, kissing and nibbling. Everything was tight, including his skin. A warm haze settled over him, and all he wanted was to feel her skin against his, to see her naked body.

At the sound of her tearing dress, she gave a small cry, but he swallowed it with his kisses. He tore the skirt off her body, fingers probing against her underwear. A grin crossed his face when he found her already wet. He ripped the thin cloth away and reached for her bra.

"No," she gasped, grabbing his wrist.

He hesitated a moment, but when she guided his hands back to her waist and kissed him, he shrugged. As much as he'd love to suckle those creamy breasts, there were plenty of other things to worship. He seized her around the waist and walked her towards the bed. Her eager mouth kept hold of his until they got to the bed. There, he spun her around and lifted her onto the mattress. When she tried to turn, he caught her hips.

"No," he ordered. "You stay just like that." He stepped back to admire her full ass as he started undressing. "Touch yourself."

She obeyed, her hand slipping between her legs. He snarled as her actions brought his desire back to the forefront of his mind. He shed the rest of his clothes and climbed onto the bed behind her. Holding her still, he entered slowly. Lana whimpered, clawing at the blankets. He started a steady rhythm, grunting as her warmth took him in.

He drove into her again and again, pure animal lust burning in his eyes. He felt his nails turning into claws and fought the desire to sink his teeth into the back of her neck, to mark her as his. He tightened his grip on her hips as he thrust, his head falling back. She trembled and squirmed beneath him, making mewling noises.

Her back bowed and she threw her head back so suddenly that he didn't have time to move out of her way. It collided with a solid thump against his chest, and she let out a strangled cry. The sight, feel, and smell of her orgasm drove him over the edge. With one more jerk, he finished. A howl burst from his throat, his claws digging into her hips.

He collapsed onto the bed next to her, panting, a galaxy of stars spinning before his eyes. When the tremors passed and he could breathe again, his eyes opened. He smiled at Lana, who now lay half on her side, pulling the torn scraps of her dress off her naked body. Her alabaster skin had him groaning, reaching to caress it.

"Wow," she mumbled sleepily, her eyes drifting shut. "That was . . ."

She trailed off. Simon stroked her hair as she drifted off to sleep. Clearly, she had been under a great deal of stress. He smiled, happy to be able to have helped relieve her, before he got up. His tux had fared much better than her dress, and after a quick shower, he dressed and headed downstairs. He'd have a dress delivered from the gift shop. They always had some cute summer dresses available.

Simon yawned as he got onto the elevator. Lara had proven to be a welcome distraction. Or was her name Lena? In any case, that had been fun . . . it was a shame he'd never see her again.