

Tangled in Moonlight: Unshifted Chapter 7

[WARNING: Mature content.]

LUCAS

My wolf howls in triumph as I stalk after the little blonde, keeping to the shadows of the garden. She's oblivious to my presence, her attention focused on the phone in her hand. The glow of the screen illuminates her face, casting a soft light over her delicate features. I can see the reflection of its screen in her glasses, and find myself disappointed that the colors obscure those striking eyes of hers.

As I draw closer, I catch a whiff of her scent on the breeze. Honey and vanilla, with a hint of something else. Something that calls to me on a primal level. My wolf is practically salivating, urging me to close the distance between us and claim what's mine. She must not be my mate—my wolf would know at first scent—but she's definitely something special.

I watch as she taps at her phone with a sense of urgency. A rideshare app, from the looks of it. Is she trying to leave?

The thought sends a surge of possessiveness through me. Like hell I'm going to let her slip away now that I've found her.

I move quickly, closing the distance between us in a few long strides. She doesn't even have time to react before I yank at her arm, spinning her around to pull her against my chest, wrapping one arm around her waist. My hand settles possessively there, gently stroking at the dip before her hips begin to flare. Her skin is warm and tantalizing, even through the soft fabric.

"Where do you think you're going, little wolf?" I murmur, my lips brushing against the shell of her ear.

She stiffens in my arms, and my wolf does not like that. "Let me go," she demands, but there's a tremor in her voice that belies her bravado.

I chuckle, the sound low and dark. "Now why would I do that? I've been watching you all night, waiting for the perfect moment to introduce myself."

She twists in my grip, trying to get a look at my face. "Who are you?"

"Lucas Westwood, alpha of the Westwood pack." I dip my head, nuzzling against the crook of her neck. Her scent is even stronger here, and I inhale deeply, letting it fill my lungs. "And you, little wolf, are coming with me."

Take her, my wolf urges. Here. Rut her here. Don't wait. Cover her in our scent.

Horny fucking bastard. But still, he has a point. My delicate little wolf has a crescent scar on the left side of her neck, and I swear her scent is even stronger there. Giving in to temptation, I lick it in a long, slow swathe of my tongue.

When I feel her shiver, triumph curves my lips. Her quick little intake of breath seems to shoot straight down to my cock. It has been standing at attention all night, but now it's harder than I think I've ever been in my life. Fuck, this woman smells divine.

"Get off me," she whispers, and I growl my displeasure at her words. But her hands, tiny delicate little things, with curious little fingers, slide up my chest. She's not pushing me away.

Take her. Rut her. The Moon blesses us.

The full moon seems to twinkle in agreement. Either that, or I'm delusional from every drag I take off this woman's skin. At some point, my hands had crawled of their own accord down her hips and around, gently massaging the generous curve of her ass.

I growl again, this time in approval, and she *melts* into me.

"Name?" I demand, nipping and gently suckling at the scar on her neck. In the dim light, I can just make out a bruise on her shoulder that seems to be covered in that powder women put on their faces. It makes my wolf howl in fury, and I brush my fingers over it.

She flinches, and I yank her closer, rubbing her pelvis against the tops of my thighs. *Fuck*, she's tiny, even in those fuck-me heels she's wearing. They have to add at least three inches to her.

A part of me realizes I should probably pull back. Be a gentleman. Introduce myself again with a lot less hands-on rubbing and squeezing. Maybe stop licking her neck.

But she moans, and I slide my hands under her pert ass to lift her until the very core of her cuddles against my cock, hot and wet and welcoming behind the barrier of her panties. I can feel it through my pants, especially when she wraps her legs around me and squeezes.

I realize then that she still hasn't given me her name, but the words that *do* come out of her mouth become my highest priority.

"Weird request," she pants into my ear, rubbing against me in the most delicious little roll of her hips, "Can you find a wall to shove me against?"

Fuck. Me.

I glance around, knowing I probably look like a feral man, before I kiss her with all the desperation my cock is holding onto, sweeping my tongue into her mouth to lay claim to every last inch of her softness. She tastes just like she smells, and it's hard to pull away, but I do. Because, *fuck*. This is happening.

"No walls," I grunt, and nip at her jaw, loving the little mewling sound she makes at the contact. "Only trees."

She gasps something that sounds like, "Great," so I do what any man in my situation would do.

I slam her against the thickest tree I can find, unbuttoning my slacks so the tip of my cock can shove against her hot, wet little entrance, held back by her panties. They're black and lacey and I want to rip them off her, but I'm trying to be a gentleman.

Kind of.

I slide my hand into that fancy hairdo of hers and fist my fingers in it, relishing her sharp gasp at the pain. Tugging her head back, I fight the urge to howl as her slender neck arches in forced submission.

I bite where a mating mark would go, hard enough to bruise without piercing skin, and suck hard as I shove two fingers into her mouth, demanding without words that she reciprocate.

And she does.

That sweet little tongue licks and laves at my fingers before she sucks them into her mouth with a little groan, and I rock against her hard, feeling that slight give in her core as my tip enters her, just a millimeter, with that soaking wet silk between us.

Fucking. Heaven.