

Acceptance

Acceptance. So simple a word, but something that was so hard to attain. To be able to truly accept someone, no matter who or what they were. Especially the revelation that your lover, the man who made your soul fly and your body tremble, was a werewolf.

After the loss of her mother Elle had moved to this small mountain town, the place the polar opposite of the city she had grown up in. Lost in a pain so great it was a constant ache in her chest, a pain that sometimes brought her to her knees, Elle had come here looking for something, anything that would break through it. And she had found it in a pair of dark brown eyes, a breathtaking smile, and a body that screamed sex.

Josh had come to her one evening, seemingly out of nowhere. She had been sitting in a bar; slowly crawling into a bottle of vodka, when he'd appeared beside her. From the first glance, the first touch, she had been swept away by him, her pain drowned in an overwhelming sense of connection.

They'd soon become lovers, Josh's skilled touch making her body explode in a way she'd never known. With hindsight she should have realized the passion between them was beyond normal but Elle had been too grateful to question it. Then Josh had revealed his secret. "I'm a werewolf Elle and you're my mate. What we have between us is destiny."

Of course she'd reacted as anyone would; flat out denial followed by anger and tears. Josh had tried to comfort her but she'd run from him, fleeing headlong into the night, uncaring who or what she ran into.

Unfortunately the men she came across were dangerous predators, viewing her as nothing more than tasty prey. She'd screamed and fought them, but they'd been too strong, overpowering her easily and tearing her clothes from her body ready for their sick pleasures. Held down in the dirt, one of them looming over her, Elle had sent up a silent prayer for someone, anyone, to save her and her prayer had been answered in a flash of grey fur and teeth.

Josh in his wolf form. Magnificent and fearsome, descending like a primal spirit of the forest, a spirit of vengeance bearing claws and fangs, ready to take the blood and lives of the men who dared to harm its mate.

After it was over Elle slowly got to her feet, her legs shaky but her will strong as she looked at the wolf who had saved her. Josh stood in front of her, his fur splashed with blood, his large body panting, his tongue lolling out of his mouth almost comically. But his eyes burned with a passion and desire she could not deny.

Looking at the wolf Elle had known it was Josh and she felt no fear, in fact she wanted to be near him. Without hesitation she'd gone to him, allowing him to lead her away from the carnage he had wrought, to a peaceful place in the forest.

Exhausted Elle lay down beside him, resting her head against his side, his soft body giving her warmth and comfort. No words were spoken, none were needed as she clung to her wolf, waiting for the world around them to calm, waiting for the man to reappear.

Finally, after all the denial and tears, the fear and anguish, Elle had reached that blessed place, that place where she could look on the man and the wolf and see only the other part of herself.