

Deep Red

The wolf licked his lips at the approaching flash of red, the color provoking both hungers within him. Terrorizing the village and then brokering peace on the promise of a tribute had been his finest moment—twice a year a succulent virgin was sent to satisfy his lusts, and when he'd tired of her, his hunger.

And the latest tribute was slowly approaching. With a smile he moved to middle of the room. The tributes had to willingly enter his home, but they usually tried to run as soon as they saw him. And he loved the chase.

The girl reached the steps to his house and as she slowly began to climb he braced himself, his muscles tensing, claws extending in anticipation.

But there was no tremble, no sweet tang of fear. She stepped boldly across his threshold, and though he could not see her face beneath her hood, he was sure she was studying him.

"What is this?" he asked in anger.

"Your tribute, Wolf." Her voice was soft and sultry, like a whisper on a dark night.

The wolf stalked closer but she did not recoil. "The tribute must be a virgin. And you are no virgin."

She tilted her head to the side. "No I am not. But I am here willingly."

A low growl rumbled out of him. "Then you are a fool. I will feast on your flesh."

"Not so fast, Wolf. You will not harm one hair on my head."

The wolf's lips parted in a mixture of anger and surprise. "Who are you?"

"My name is Celia and I grew up in this village, living under the shadow of the wolf. I watched girl after girl go to her doom, watched the heart broken families mourn, and I could not stand it. So, when I was almost of age I left, vowing to find a way to kill you." Her voice grew wistful. "But the world is not kind to the innocent."

"What happened?" He was unable to stop the question passing his lips.

"Men took me, many men, and I learned every lesson of pleasure and lust, but nothing of fighting and weapons. So my plans changed. If I could not kill you, I would seduce you."

The wolf narrowed his eyes, trying to gauge the creature before him. "You may have been used out there, but you are still a girl and I am a wolf. My appetites and lusts are vast. What makes you think you can seduce me?"

She did not answer, just flicked her cloak back to reveal a vision of sin; luscious curves encased in black leather, stockings and long black boots lovingly clinging to plump thighs. She kept her hood partly over her face, so that all he could see was deep red lips against pale skin.

A growl of desire and lust rumbled out of him and with a seductive swagger she stepped closer, until he could feel the heat of her body pressing against his skin, her delicious scent teasing him. The wolf raised a trembling hand and pushed the hood back from her face. Dark eyes met him, set in a heart shaped face surrounded by black curls. He could not take his eyes off her.

"Why Wolf, what big eyes you have."

The wolf swallowed. "All the better to see you with my dear."

She flicked a smoldering gaze across his chest and then placed her hands on his arms, her nails lightly digging into his muscles. "And what big arms you have."

The wolf encircled her, pulling her leather and curves against him. "All the better to hold you with my dear."

Her lips parted, her eyes growing even darker, and she ran one hand down across his chest, dipping her hand beneath his trousers to grasp his aching shaft. "And what a big cock you have."

He tangled one hand in her hair, pulling her head back so he could look into her eyes. "All the better to fuck you with my dear." His voice was deep, a gravelly growl, and he heard her breath catch in response.

"I have waited for you my whole life, as you have waited for me." She spoke with such confidence, such certainty, and with the feel of her in his arms, her soft

curves molding to his flesh, and her maddening scent dancing around him, he suspected she may be right.

"You still have to seduce me girl. No female has ever held me before. I have tired of them all."

Her lips curled, her eyes glowing with a mischievous light as she ran her free hand up to the back of his neck even as her hand moved on his cock, making him gasp and shudder. "Oh my Wolf, seducing you will be easy, and once you have tasted me you will be addicted."

Her words floored him. Where had she come from, this seductive, devilish creature he wanted so badly it hurt? From his darkest fantasies or his wildest dreams? He did not know, but as his gaze locked to the deep red of her lips, he felt his will slipping.

"Then let me be addicted," he breathed before he took her mouth, sinking into that deep red embrace that would make him a slave, willingly and completely.