

# Hot Springs Werewolf, Part 1 (BBW Werewolf Erotic Romance)

by Emily Cantore

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HOT SPRINGS WEREWOLF, PART 1 (BBW WEREWOLF EROTIC ROMANCE)

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Written by Emily Cantore.

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## Hot Springs Werewolf, Part 1 (BBW Werewolf Erotic Romance)

"Oh, c'mon Boris, you can make it!"

I'd driven across two states and was halfway into Arkansas and had spent most of the last day coaxing Great-aunt Millie's old truck (called Boris) up and down hills. But there was only so far he could go on prayer, frequent coolant top-ups and me beating my hands against the wheel. We crested the hill just as the motor coughed and expired with a whirr.

I turned Boris off and we glided down. As I neared the bottom, I hit the ignition and pumped the pedal but... nope. He was done. Not even a cough this time. Before I hit the next hill I braked and rolled to a stop.

I got out and opened the hood more for something to do than any chance of fixing whatever was wrong. There were bubbles of green liquid around the top of the radiator. I knew there was a leak and had been topping Boris up with oil and coolant the whole way but it seemed it hadn't been enough.

I should have known better. Boris was a truck used by a little old lady who only drove it to the supermarket once a week... for thirty years.

I looked around. The last house I'd seen was a good half-hour of driving behind me. Now, surrounded by green fields edging on to forests I was ten miles at least from the cabin I was moving to and the city of Hot Springs was ten miles on the other side of that.

It wasn't so much the walk that concerned me. Everything I owned was in the back of Boris and although I hadn't seen anyone in a while, I was worried someone would take it all while I was gone. Admittedly, when you can fit your entire life in the back of a truck it's not much but it was all I had. Including a laptop computer that would kill me to lose.

I slipped my laptop into a backpack and was getting ready to eat some trail dust when I heard the most beautiful sound in the world: gears changing. Someone was coming.

My sister Jem's warning came to mind: don't get taken as a sex slave by some country wildman. As I'd patiently explained to my sister: curvy girls don't get murdered or turned into hillbilly sex slaves. She had raised her eyebrows at me while I'd privately thought that meeting a country wildman wouldn't be so bad.

I checked my reflection in Boris' window. I was already rocking some decent cleavage but just in case it was a handsome man prone to helping girls, I undid my top button. Okay, sexy without being slutty. And if it were Ma and Pa Kettle on their way to church they could purse their lips at me all they wanted so long as they took me to town.

I pushed on what could be called a good day "a beautiful brunette tress" behind one ear (and on a bad day "a crazy bird nest") and made sure I didn't look too desperate. Cleavage, yes. But that's not an invitation. I adjusted my skirt and did the best I could to fix myself up after driving for a week straight.

A black 4WD truck crested the hill. There was a man behind the wheel and he was alone. I did my best to look both helpable but also able to punch him in the mouth if he got the wrong idea. As my ex-boyfriend (dick) once described me, I'm on the curvy side of curvy and while it sometimes had its disadvantages (a jiggle in my wiggle walk), I could throw a punch if I needed to.

He pulled up behind me and stepped out of his truck like he had all the time in the world. Printed on the side was Guile Constructions. He closed the door and then looked me up and down. I felt his gaze on me and I might have been annoyed but to tell you the truth, I was doing the same thing. He was dressed in blue jeans and a dark shirt, looking like he had just stepped out of a cowboy pin-up (complete with brown cowboy hat). He had on a pair of scuffed work-boots and between those, his muscular forearms and rough hands (and yes, the sign on the truck), he was one delicious farmer and/or builder.

"I know this truck. Boris. You must be Harper."

He stepped closer to me and I found myself staring into his hazel eyes. They had glints of gold in them. He took off his hat to reveal a head of jet-black hair shot through with a fine grey. The man was hot sex on two legs

and had a twinkle in his eye and he knew my name! How did he know my name? How did he know Boris?

"Harper." My brain had temporarily seized up. I realized he was holding his hand out to me. I shook it, feeling the rough spots on his palm and fingertips. He definitely worked with his hands.

"I'm Red. You're renting the cabin next door to my place."

"Red."

My brain still wasn't cooperating. My dear deceased Great-aunt Millie had arranged the cabin rental in her will and her lawyer had told me to collect the keys from the neighbor, Red Guile, but for some reason I'd imagined him as some aging retiree, living far enough away from Hot Springs to feel like he was in the country but close enough to still drive in for a mint julep or whatever it was that old men drank.

I wasn't expecting Red to be young. And fit. And drop-dead gorgeous.

"So what seems to be the problem?"

He let go of my hand and walked around the front of Boris. I followed him, my eyes tracking down to his perfect ass and then away as I tried to pull myself together.

"Coolant leak. And oil maybe."

Well done Harper. An actual sentence.

Red reached into the engine and tapped the radiator.

"Overheated. I'll tow you in and then take a closer look."

He slammed the hood shut and then patted his hand on it. "I haven't seen Boris for twenty years."

He turned to me then and took my hand. Just having him so close was doing strange things to my body. I felt like I wanted to button up my top ... and unbutton it at the same time. He looked at me and I found myself lost in his beautiful eyes again.

"I'm sorry about Millie passing. She was one hell of a lady."

I nodded as he squeezed my hand and then stepped by me to go to his truck. I blinked away sudden tears and finally found my voice.

"Thank you."

Red pulled his truck up in front of Boris and then hooked a tow cable somewhere underneath him. I watched all this with my mind still spinning. It was one thing to run into a gorgeous man but it was entirely another to discover he was your new neighbor and knew your favorite relative too (and her truck!).

"You'll have to steer. On the down slopes brake when I brake. On the up slopes just keep it straight. You'll do fine."

Then he winked and smiled at me.

I smiled back before I realized what I was doing. Then embarrassment kicked into high gear and I swear I blushed like some Southern Belle. Red got into his truck and I pirouetted on the spot like the world's curviest ballerina before bolting back to Boris.

I got in and put Boris in neutral. A moment later Red waved out the window and then we slowly took off.

I was still having a hard time processing that he had known Great-aunt Millie. Her name was Mildred but she'd been Millie to me my whole life. She'd died three months ago and had been by far the most awesome relative I'd had.

In her will she'd left me a cabin rented for the entire year, her truck (Boris), and somehow, a job offer from Greasy Manna. I also got a stern but loving letter telling me to take this opportunity or she'd come back from the dead to haunt me. Given that I was single (again) after my most recent ex had dumped me (dick) and my terrible job writing ad copy had replaced me with a bunch of unpaid college students, it didn't take much for me to decide to pack it all up and move. The final hairy and squeaking straws were a family of rats I discovered living in my apartment wall and then my hairy landlord dragging his ugly feet to do anything about it.

A few days after the will-reading (in which Millie left Jem a book on leech farming and techniques for blood-letting - the old girl had style) I received a call from a woman named Sarah. She was the owner Greasy Manna and told me the job offer was open for as long as I wanted. All she would say when I asked was that she promised Millie.

Now here I was, behind Boris' wheel being towed to the cabin by Red Guile. Neighbor. Hot neighbor.

I got a sudden image of his perfect ass as he walked back to his truck. What was wrong with me? I needed to slow down. Cool off. I was here for a year.

But my god, the man was hot.

\*

Soon we were pulling up a long gravel drive that led to a wood cabin. There were trees on two sides and a large open-air gazebo to the left of it. I'd only seen one image dragged up from the depths of the internet before deciding to come here. In real life it was so much better.

There was a matching black truck with Guile Constructions printed on the side parked next to the cabin. As we approached, two men stepped out. One was lean and tall, dressed in blue jeans and a white t-shirt. The other was shorter but muscular with a torso as solid as a tree trunk.

"What the hell..." I said to myself as we pulled up. Did this place have an excess of hot men? Red got out of the truck and went over to talk to them.

Okay Harper. Use your words. Remember how to language.

I got out of Boris and approached the three men.

"Harper, this is Fen and Jake. They work for me. Called them to help unload the truck."

I let out a squeak that could have possibly been hello at the ultrasonic spectrum.

Well done girl.

Fen was the tall one and Jake the strong one. They both nodded to me and then went to the back of Boris, peeled back the canvas cover and started lugging my boxes inside after Red unlocked the door.

I joined them and managed to take in two boxes but in no time at all there was only a single box in the back of Boris and Fen and Jake left before I could even say goodbye.

I walked into the cabin to have a proper look. It was a two-bedroom fully furnished log cabin that had been somewhat modernized.

"Where do you want this?"

I turned around to see Red holding the final box. The one with BEDROOM written on the side in black. The only box he has to ask about and it's *that* one? It had some ... things ... in it that were a little bit private.

"Just there on the sofa is fine," I said and then came the terrifying noise of sticky tape creaking before the bottom of the box let go.

Red made a valiant attempt to catch the contents but when a box full of sexy underwear, a few sex toys and a few books decides to go - it goes quickly.

Like it was happening in slow motion I saw something slip out of the box, bounce off his thigh and ricochet onto the floor, coming to rest between us.

A vibrator.

A *red* vibrator.

Red got one arm under the box to hold it shut. The instant he looked away, I leapt forward and grabbed the vibrator. I didn't have any pockets so I settled for hiding it behind my back. There was no way he didn't see it.

With his leg under the box he managed to keep it shut before placing it on the sofa.

"That was a close one. If it's okay with you I'll take the truck to my place and see if I can get him running. I'm up there on the hill. Follow the path."

"That would be amazing. Thank you so much."

What was I meant to say? No? I'll ... hire a mechanic from the town to come out?

He looked at me and smiled again but I was too focused on the red vibrator I held in my hand. It had a bad habit of turning itself on and had drained many a battery while I was away at work. I couldn't remember whether I'd removed the batteries and if it switched on now I thought I'd die right there on the spot.

He dropped the house key on the table and headed for the door.

"There's a spare key out there in the gazebo. On top of the third pole in case you get locked out. I have another one too. I'm having some dinner at seven-thirty if you'd like."

I followed him to the door with the vibrator still behind me. With my hands together behind my back my normally pretty awesome cleavage was verging on epic. He looked back at me and I swear for an instant his eyes flickered down. Or maybe over my shoulder. It could have been my imagination.

I finally found my voice.

"Thank you so much. Hope to see you again!"

Red nodded to me and then off he went, slowly towing Boris behind him towards the house that stood up on the hill.

I closed the door and collapsed back against it. My face was so red and hot that you could have cooked bacon on it. I got a jolt of adrenaline a moment later when the vibrator buzzed to life in my hands.

"Argh, you piece of junk!"

I turned it off and pulled out the batteries before looking up to see myself reflected in the full-length mirror that was set against the far wall. With my blush still in full bloom I walked over to where I'd been standing and turned around to face the door with my hands behind me. I looked back over my shoulder.

Yup. He saw everything.

\*

The first thing I did after hiding the vibrator away was to drag the boxes into the various rooms and unpack them. I'm a veteran of moving house and I know that the longer you leave boxes sitting around, the worse it gets. No matter how dirty or dusty or tired I was, I unpacked like I was possessed.

As I did, my mind kept straying back to Red Guile, rescuer of stranded travelers and owner of some of the finest forearms I'd ever seen. He said he hadn't seen Boris for twenty years. So since he was about ten (I guessed he was thirty). He knew Great-aunt Millie but never in the time I'd known her had she talked about Hot Springs or the Hot Neighbor.

I got everything unpacked fairly quickly (easy when you don't own much) and took my time looking around the cabin. It had good water pressure, comfortable old furniture and the view from the windows was spectacular. Out the front the gravel drive led down to the road but the cabin was mainly hidden from passing traffic. I filled up a glass of water and went out to the gazebo. There was a big wooden table there and carved weathered seats. I gave one a quick whack to dislodge any spiders and then sat down to take in the view.

Behind the cabin the grass led up to a forest that was as lush and green as a postcard picture. The air was clear and sweet and the water tasted better than anything I'd ever drunk in a city.

Finally when I was outside I managed to get my mind off the very sexy Red Guile and his hands and back around to why I was here. Like Millie, I was a writer. She'd published a book in her mid-thirties called *The Fire Complete*. It wasn't a best-seller and eventually dropped out of print but it had made her enough money to buy a house. It was the story of three families living in the wilderness and what happened when the men came across a seam of gold that crossed their land. Unlike Millie, I hadn't published a book. The early talent that I'd turned into ability with hard work had been put to poor use. Writing advertorial for cars that destroyed the environment. Websites for things no one needed. Apart from some children's stuff, I'd taken the best of me and thrown it into a low-paid machine. Millie (who was 88 when she died) had kicked me in the ass about it a few times, telling me that if I didn't get moving, I'd regret it the rest of my life.

Then she'd passed away and her final gift for me was the most amazing at all: time. The cabin was paid in full for a year. I had a truck to get me to town and I had a part-time job to keep me fed.

I raised my glass of water to the forest and said cheers to the memory of Millie. As I lowered my glass to take a sip, I noticed a flicker of moment between the trees. A rabbit maybe? I kept watching but whatever it was stayed still or had crept away.

I stayed out there for an hour or so until late afternoon began the slow transition to early evening. I decided to go back inside, take a long hot shower and then either 1) eat what I had with me or 2) go up to Red's house for dinner.

Option one was safe and I had zero chance of embarrassing myself. Option two sent my stomach fluttering. I went inside and stripped off for the shower. The pipes groaned and clanked but soon there was a strong flow of hot water. I used my final bar of soap that had survived the trip to wash the road off me. I thought I'd been relaxed sitting outside looking at the scenery but it was nothing compared to the hot shower. I felt tense muscles relaxing as layers of dirt and grime washed away. Finally I turned the shower off and dried myself with my backup towel before looking myself over in the mirror.

I had some red marks on my body from the long trip. The seatbelt seemed to have permanently left its mark on my shoulder and across my stomach. Under my bellybutton, the button on the front of my skirt had stamped a reverse image of itself too. I traced my finger over it and across my tummy before briefly wondering if long walks around the forest would slim off a few pounds. I liked being curvy. I even liked being on the curvy side of curvy (although my ex was still a dick for saying that) and had largely accepted being ... yeah, well, you know.

*Big.*

A three-letter word that wasn't flattering but it was better than that *other* three-letter word. The one boyfriends in the process of becoming ex-boyfriends decided to hurl out. Before I decided to throw myself a little pity party in front of the mirror or lose my mind worrying about what Red thought of me (someone I'd only known for less than an hour the stop-being-a-loser part of my mind said), I put on my underwear. The evening was still warm and I was in no hurry to put clothes on. Besides, if I was staying in then it was pajamas and if I were going out ... I don't know, something sexy?

I took myself to the kitchen where it turned out I'd severely underestimated my food situation. I had half a bag of corn chips, a packet of chewing gum and about two mouthfuls of flat lemonade swishing around the bottle.

Tonight madam we have corn chips for main followed by chewing gum for dessert and paired with a cheeky little lemonade served *sans* bubbles.

At that moment my stomach decided to let out a growl just to let me know that it was getting hungry and if I didn't sort something out soon, things were going to get rough.

I took out the celebratory bottle of wine that I'd bought for my arrival and looked at the label. Corn chips and wine for dinner? I wasn't a college student.

Before I could really get into why I was somewhat seriously considering having a bottle of wine for dinner rather than accepting a dinner invitation from a handsome man, I saw my phone sitting where I'd left it on the table.

Food delivery!

I knew I was ten miles out but perhaps with the promise of a large enough tip I could get a pizza out here from Hot Springs.

No signal.

I started walking around the cabin waving my phone around in the air. Just as I passed the front door, a bar flickered and vanished. I moved closer to the door, trying to hit the sweet spot but the bar never appeared for

more than an instant. Soon I was pressed up against the door with the phone above my head, watching the bar strobe on and off.

I opened the door a fraction and peeked outside. While I was showering, the sun had set and now it was the very early evening, the final glimmer of light vanishing over the horizon. Thanks to the trees and the angle the cabin was set on no one from the road or Red would be able to see me. I slipped out the door, holding my phone up in one hand and keeping a firm grasp on the door with the other, ready to jump inside at the first flash of headlights.

I waved my phone and a solid bar appeared.

"Yes!"

I hit 411 for information and pressed CALL at the same moment I let go of the door and heard it click shut behind me. The bars vanished an instant later and the call dropped out.

I turned around and tried the door handle. Locked. I looked down and then closed my eyes as though when I opened them I'd suddenly be inside. I was in my white underwear and white bra, locked out of my cabin. I opened my eyes and moved to the front window. It was locked too and now I could see the house keys sitting on the table where Red had dropped them.

Don't freak out. Just check the windows.

Using my phone as a light I moved barefoot around to the side of the cabin, keeping my eyes firmly on the lit interior and away from the darkness behind me. I hadn't touched the windows so I knew they'd be locked but I still gave each one a jiggle. Soon I was at the front door again wondering if I could just smash a window and then pay for it to be repaired. It was either that or stroll on up to Red's in my underwear.

What kind of invitation would *that* be?

When I thought of Red I remembered he'd told me about the spare key. Where did he say the it was? The gazebo!

I looked across at it. It wasn't that far from the cabin in the day but in the dark it may as well have been a million miles.

I'm here for a year. I'm here for a year.

With that accidental rhyme repeating in my mind, I set out barefoot across the dirt using my phone as a torch and praying no one was watching. Least of all Red from his house on the hill. I'm sure he'd notice a glowing phone screen bobbing up and down.

I reached the gazebo without being eaten alive or standing on anything spiky (although my feet were going to need a wash) and saw there were nine wooden poles holding it up. Red said it was on top of the third one... but which was the third one?

I moved one of the chairs in front of the closest pole and stepped up on it. I didn't particularly want to be feeling around for a key in the dark but my fear of spiders was far less than my fear of walking up to Red Guile's door in my underwear.

Nothing on pole number one.

I stepped down and as I was about to move the chair, the phone screen clicked off, leaving me in perfect darkness. I felt my heart jolt and I quickly hit the button to light it up again.

"Just stay calm, just stay calm," I whispered to myself.

I moved the chair. Nothing on pole number two.

Pole number three produced a single key sitting atop it. I practically leapt down from the chair before walking back to the cabin. I didn't run because I knew if I did, I'd probably lose it completely and living out in a cabin in the woods was no time to develop an intense fear of the dark. I managed to hold it together until I was at the door and then for some reason I became afraid the key wouldn't fit and I'd end up at Red's door in my underwear anyway. The key slid smoothly into the lock and I went inside, closing the door firmly behind me.

Once more I was against the back of the door looking at myself in the mirror. This time though I was practically naked.

I went straight to my bottle of wine, opened it and poured myself a mug (no wine glasses in the cupboard). I ate a handful of corn chips and went to the bathroom to wash the dirt off my feet while the alcohol did its work.

After I dried my feet off and put on my dressing gown, I looked out the window up the hill at Red's house. The windows glowed a comforting warmth. I could see an outside light was on next to a garage where Boris was sitting. As I watched, mug of wine in hand, I saw Red moving around up there, looking under the hood.

I looked across at the clock up on the wall. 7:30pm.

My stomach gave a growl.

It was just a friendly visit. A welcoming neighbor.

Who I would fuck like crazy.

I squeezed my eyes shut to push that thought away. I was going to be living here for a year and it would do me no good to get involved with the neighbor. No matter how hot he was.

Before I could change my mind (or get even hungrier), I gulped down the rest of my mug and got dressed. It was still warm enough outside for my black skirt. That was the reason I told myself I was wearing it. I put on a matching black blouse and a pair of shoes that were flats with the tiniest heel. Thankfully my hair had calmed down somewhat and so I was able to tie it back without too much trouble.

I gave myself a once-over in the mirror before adding the slightest hint of mascara and a light lip balm. I was the girl next door coming over for dinner and oh, no, I didn't make any huge effort, I just look like this most of the time.

I picked up my celebratory wine, stuffed the keys in my skirt pocket and locked the door behind me.

There was a long gravel path leading up from the cabin to Red's house. In the dark, the white gravel practically glowed. I kept my phone in the other hand just in case I needed the light and worked on opening lines.

Hey Red! How are you?

Hey Red - thought I'd drop by with my wine.

Hey Red - want to drink some wine and go to bed?

Hey Red - how about we skip the wine and go straight to bed?

I stopped halfway up the hill to get a grip on myself and then noticed Red's silhouette next to his house. He was standing there under the light, looking down at me. He moved and I saw the light glint off his eyes.

"Get moving," I muttered to myself, trying to think of a reason for why I stopped. A stone! Stone in my shoe. I made a pretense of wiggling my foot for a moment and then continued on.

As I approached his house, Red stepped out from the dark and nodded to me. He'd been hot before as Mr. Cowboy rescuing stranded travelers. Now he'd changed into a ripped pair of black jeans and a black t-shirt and he had grease on his hands. Standing there barefoot, covered in dirt and grime he looked hotter than any man I'd ever seen before.

Really have to hold it together Harper. Here for a year.

"Welcome. Can't shake your hand right now. Come on up."

He turned around and I followed that perfect ass up into the light before remembering how to speak.

"Thanks for inviting me. Not much food at my place. Only wine."

"And corn chips."

Had he been watching me? How the hell did he-

"You've got a crumb on your blouse there." He stopped next to Boris and turned around with a smile on his face. I looked down and sure enough there was the tiniest speck of a corn chip sitting next to my top button. I brushed it off.

"You have a good eye for snack spotting."

"You could say that. Come on inside, I'll wash up."

I followed him through the side door from the garage and down a small corridor. We turned right, walked past a set of stairs and into a large kitchen adjoining a lounge room.

"Wow, this is beautiful."

There was a big wood table similar to the one in my cabin surrounded by six chairs. The kitchen was packed with modern appliances but still looked rustic thanks to the bench tops. In the adjoining lounge there was a large sofa, some chairs and a low crackling fire that was mostly red glowing coals.

There was also the delicious smell of food - fresh bread and stew. The oven was on and there was a big pot sitting on the cook top.

"My great-grandfather built this place. It's been added on to over the years. Have a look around while I get out of these clothes. Fridge is there for the wine and glasses are up in that cupboard."

He walked by me and I breathed in the scent of him. Male. Oil and grease. Something else. Help him get out of his clothes said a very naughty part of me that was immediately told to sit in the corner with knees firmly pressed together.

I put my wine in the very well-stocked fridge (I'd have to go on a big shopping trip tomorrow if Boris was working) and heard a shower turn on in the back of the house somewhere. I kept my mind very firmly on looking around the lounge rather than on what Red would look like naked. And wet. And soapy.

In the corner of the lounge was a deep-set bookcase filled to the brim. Here was the real test of the man - what books did he love?

A nice mix of classics and newer titles. Some Stephen King, Carl Hiaasen, Terry Pratchett. Old and new sci-fi plus a few twenty-pound doorstopper fantasy titles. As I looked across his books thinking that the man had good taste, I came across a copy of Millie's book, *The Fire Complete*.

I slipped it out of the shelf and saw it was in much better condition than my copy. Her name on the spine - Mildred Finch - was virtually worn away on mine. I opened it to the title page. There was a dedication:

I'll never forget you Big Blue.

xx Millie.

I looked closer and saw a third x written in front of the two inked ones, as though someone had written it there using a pen with no ink. Triple x? I flicked through the book but there was nothing else written in it.

"My grandfather."

I squealed and almost dropped the book at the sound of his voice. I turned around with my heart pounding to find Red standing there barefoot (again) in blue jeans and a faded Black Sabbath t-shirt. He'd been as quiet as a whisper.

"You scared me! How are you so quiet? Are your parents ninjas?"

"Not quite." He looked down. "Bare feet maybe?"

He walked towards me and then looked over my shoulder at the bookcase. I turned so we were side-by-side and tried not to breathe in too much. Now he was male, soap and the scent of something else. Like a spice maybe? Whatever it was, it was beyond delicious. I breathed in against my better judgment and then saw him do the same.

"Big Blue was my grandfather John. Family trait to get these bits of gray in our hair even from when we're young. In the right light it looks blue. Hungry for something?"

There was something in the way he said it that made me think he wasn't just talking about food. Well, two can play that game.

I slipped Millie's book back into the shelf and turned to Red, giving him my best half-lidded look.

"Definitely."

Dinner was an incredible beef stew served with fresh crusty bread straight out of the oven. Red served up two bowls and tore the bread into chunks with his hands (a feat itself that sent my mind off to some wild places) before pouring us a glass each of my celebratory wine.

He did all this in silence, moving about the room with a sleek grace. He man didn't just move - he *prowled*. I kept looking away and then back to catch a flicker of his eyes, like he'd been watching me. Finally, we sat down at the table - me on the end, him on the side - and I decided it was time to swim out to safe conversational waters.

"How did your grandfather know Millie?"

I tried a mouthful of stew and almost moaned like a cat in heat it was so good. I hadn't realized how hungry I was.

"She lived around here a long time ago. Wrote her book in the cabin you're staying in."

I dropped my chunk of bread straight in my stew in pure shock. "I had no idea. That must have been before you were born - how do you know?"

"I'm thirty-one so yes it was before I was born. My grandfather told me. And it's a bit of family knowledge. I think my grandfather and your great-aunt were together actually."

I retrieved my bread (now soaked with delicious juices) and took a careful bite. Between the long trip, Boris breaking down, a hot shower, being locked outside in my underwear, my second glass of wine and the man in front of me with his irresistible eyes, I felt like I was on some crazy rollercoaster. I needed food and sleep. Finding out Millie had written her book in the same cabin I was staying in had knocked my brain sideways.

Time to move away from history and on to something else.

"So you own a construction company?"

As we ate the delicious stew and drank wine, Red told me about how he'd taken over the family building business after his dad passed away. They normally built homes but with the downturn in the economy over the last few years they were mostly doing renovations. There was enough work to keep the business going and his thirty staff employed and while they weren't bringing in multimillions, they were doing enough to lead a good life.

"That's what it's all about right? This is all my land, my property and I love it. Living a good life, whatever that means."

We cheers to that and I told him about Millie's gift to me of time, a truck and a job. I normally hedged around the topic when people asked me what I was doing but for some reason I felt safe telling Red I was writing a novel.

"It's in your blood," he said and then gave me a look that got those butterflies thumping around again.

He cleared the plates away, placing them in the sink and giving me another chance to enjoy that perfect ass of his. Then I looked up and saw him looking at me in the reflection of the kitchen mirror. I looked down and took a gulp of my wine. Eeep. Busted.

He came back over to the table and looked like he was about to sit down when I suddenly decided to wash the dishes and take a break from the crazy thoughts that were thrumming through my mind. I knew, somehow, that if he sat down that I'd be kissing him a moment later.

"I'll wash up! The cook doesn't wash."

Even to my own ears I sounded a little crazy.

I bolted up and went to go by him but the gap between him and the table was too small. I turned away from him and my ass brushed across him as I shuffled by. It wasn't intentional. Was it? I made it to the sink and turned the hot water on before gripping the cold metal like it was a lifeline. I'd *felt* his body as I passed him. The strength of him.

Those were the rules, right? The cook doesn't wash. I was just washing the dishes as a quick thank you and then ... and then I'd get the hell out of here before I blushed to death.

Red hadn't spoken at my sudden rush for the sink. Staring down at the plates and the running water, I could feel him standing behind me. I hadn't heard him move but I knew he was there.

I looked up from the sink into the reflection. Red was standing behind me, his eyes glinting golden in the light.

Our eyes met and all thoughts of keeping it platonic evaporated out of my head. My body must have been one step ahead of me. I felt my hips tilt, just a few inches, but it was enough for my ass to stick out a little. I moved my foot and arched my back. Just small movements.

Completely innocent.

I saw Red's eyes flash golden before he reached out his hand to touch my shoulder. His fingertips were rough, hardened by farm work and I shivered as they grazed across my shoulder. I could feel throbbing between my legs and was instantly wet. No man had ever turned me on like this and I barely knew him.

Red stepped closer to me and reached past my body with his other hand to turn the water off. I felt his arm brush mine and a flurry of electric sparks danced across me. His scent enveloped me and took hold of my mind like a drug.

He stroked his left hand across my shoulder and up to my neck. I tilted my head sideways and at the same time, tipped my hips just that little bit further. Through my heavy eyes I saw Red breathe in as though he was absorbing my scent. In the light the hazel of his eyes seemed to be turning golden. I felt his thumb brush across my neck and then he was gently holding me in place. There was the barest touch of pressure from his strong hand but I felt like I was captured. I closed my eyes as I felt his other hand stroke down my back, across my ass and then under, to stroke across my pussy.

This time I did moan like a cat in heat.

With my eyes closed, my senses were turned up to maximum. I could feel the strength of his hand on the back of my neck. I could smell his scent, could smell soap and food. I could taste the faint remnants of wine in my mouth. Every movement of his fingers against my underwear sent a rush of pleasure into my body. I was wet and as he rubbed his fingers across me, I tilted my hips even further, sticking my ass out. All I wanted was for him to pull my underwear aside and fuck me like crazy. The cold metal of the sink grew warm under my touch as I overheated.

A quick movement and he slipped his hand down the back of my underwear and cupped my pussy. I felt his thick middle finger brush my clit sending a shock of electricity through me. He began to slowly move his hand and then two fingers slipped inside me. I tried to push myself back, wanting more but his hand on my neck was too strong. He was holding me in place with one hand while he fucked me with the other. There had been no words but all I wanted to do was submit. I wanted him to hold me and fuck me. I wanted him to grab my hair, force me to my knees and make me suck his cock.

I wanted to be his completely.

I felt his breath on my ear and he said *mine* in a growl before my thoughts ran away then with the movement of his fingers. Each jolt sent a spark through my clit that then crackled out into my body. I felt my legs buzzing, my nipples rubbing against my blouse through my bra, felt my eyes too heavy to open and then I felt his teeth gently close on the side of my neck and I came.

I came shuddering and moaning, my legs weak beneath me, half held up by his hand alone. One hand slipped off the edge of the sink and crashed against the plates piled up. I barely heard it, barely felt it. All I could feel was his fingers inside me, his teeth against me.

My pounding heart and deep breaths eventually slowed and I stopped bucking my hips against his hand. Every part of me was buzzing.

I opened my eyes, warm and relaxed and over the top and saw his eyes golden in the light.

And his teeth.

His canines were longer, sharp and pointed. He closed his mouth and turned away from me in an instant but he knew what I'd seen. I stumbled away from the sink, my legs turned to some sort of buzzing jelly and turned around.

"What was that?" I gasped. My heart was still pounding and I wanted to simultaneously run to him and away from him.

Red turned towards me. His eyes were still golden in the light - but what light? I saw a panel of light switches next to me and in some mad impulse slapped them with my hand. The room went dark instantly.

And still his eyes were glowing golden.

I saw them vanish as he closed them. "Turn the light on. I'll explain," he said, his breath ragged in his chest.

I turned the light on and he opened his eyes again. His lips parted and I saw his teeth were back to normal.

"So start talking," I managed to say.

"I thought your Aunt would have told you about us."

Millie's letter had been short and sweet: cabin, truck, job, don't waste this.

I shook my head. I wanted to look away but even now, with my heart thumping and my body quivering, I was mesmerized by him.

"Where," he said and held my gaze.

Then my brain mentally subtracted the second letter.

*Were.*

"No... you're messing with-". Excuses and reasons flooded my mind. The light above me. Two glasses of wine. Fake teeth from a joke shop in his mouth to scare the new girl.

I had to get out of there. I turned and bolted out the front door, rushing into the night, the air cold on my flushed face and body. I heard Red say something but I was already gone, moving as fast as I could.

Halfway down the hill I heard a howl from the forest. It was loud and mournful ... and right there. I saw a wolf come trotting out from between the trees, quickly followed by another.

"Oh fuck," I said and sped up. Then I saw another wolf step out and let out a howl before it came trotting across, blocking the path back to the cabin. I skidded to a stop on the gravel path and then heard footsteps behind me. It was Red, running down the hill, barefoot.

He stepped in front of me, putting his body between me and the wolves.

"This is my property. Mine. Leave now."

Two of the wolves turned on the spot and vanished into the forest. The third seemed to consider it for a moment. It let out a low growl and then I startled when Red growled back. Then it began walking slowly towards us.

"I'll protect you," Red said under his breath to me. He started undoing the buttons on his shirt. Before he got halfway done between one blink and the next, the wolf was gone and a naked girl was standing in front of us. She was as tall as I was but slender with dark brown hair and eyes verging on black. She slinked towards us, swaying her hips.

"Red, I didn't see you there in the dark," she said.

"Yeah, it's a surprise that on *my* property you find *me*. What are you doing here Talia?"

"Out for a night walk. Came to see the new Finch."

She looked me over and despite her being completely naked and me clothed, it felt the other way around.

"My land. My protection. *Mine*." The last word came out as a growl and Talia stopped in place.

"Very well. Nice to meet you, new Finch."

She turned on her heel and walked away across the grass, swinging her hips. On the edge of the forest she vanished and then a wolf howled.

I felt my legs trembling and heard that high-pitched whine inside my head and felt my mouth fill with saliva and knew that I was going to faint. Red must have seen because before I could topple over on the path he had his arm around me, lifting me off the ground like I weighed nothing.

He carried me to the cabin and managed to open the door without putting me down. He pushed it closed behind him with his foot and then carried me into the master bedroom and gently laid me down on the bed.

It was dark in the room with only the starlight illuminating and the faint yellow flecks in his eyes. He reached down beside the bed and turned a lamp on.

"You can turn into a wolf."

He nodded and then suddenly looked ashamed, a frown crossing his face.

"I'm sorry. I really thought your Aunt would have told you about us. I thought you were just keeping quiet about it."

"A wolf turned into a naked girl and then back into a wolf."

"Talia. Those were some wolves from another pack. They get drunk, decide to fuck around. You won't see them again. This is my land and you're under my protection."

I saw him glance down at my body and back to my eyes. In the near-fainting and dropping on bed, my skirt had pulled up and that epic cleavage was back. I noticed this as I noticed something else far more extraordinary: I wasn't afraid. I knew I could go walking around the cabin in the middle of the night and I'd be safe.

"Why shouldn't I leave tomorrow and never come back?"

Red stayed silent for a moment, looking down at me. I caught a flicker of that look again, the one he'd given me moments before he touched me. The look of desire.

"Maybe it's best if you go."

He bit his hip and breathed out.

"But I want you to stay."

He rubbed his hand against his jaw and I heard the faint rasp of stubble.

"Besides, I have Boris still. And Sarah at Greasy Manna can't serve chicken-fried steak all alone."

I laughed, surprising even myself and he smiled at me before his face grew grave again.

"I mean it. You're safe. Millie rented this cabin for the year so you could stay here and write. There were werewolves around when she was here and they're still here today. Apart from a few like those idiots, no harm will come to you."

"You promise?"

"I do."

He leaned down over the bed and kissed me quickly on the cheek. His delicious scent washed across me and then he was gone. A moment later the front door closed. I didn't hear his footsteps up the gravel path but then I didn't expect to.

Somehow despite everything, my nightly routine asserted itself. I changed into my pajamas, brushed my teeth and wiped off the little amount of make-up I had on. All the while my thoughts were looping around like seagulls at a beach. Millie knew. Millie *knew*. But she didn't tell me. Werewolves are real. And the incredibly hot neighbor who'd just made me come in front of his kitchen sink with no more than his fingers and a bite was one.

I took myself to bed, feeling like I'd never get to sleep with the churning thoughts in my head. But then the travel and the food and wine and orgasm and adrenaline all caught up with me and a deep drowse came across me like heavy sand.

I closed my eyes as I felt myself slipping into sleep and then an image of Red facing off against the wolves came to me.

"This is my property. Mine. Leave now." That's what he'd said to them. A man, talking to wolves who were actually people.

Then I realized:

He wasn't talking about the land.

He was talking about *me*.

\*\*\*

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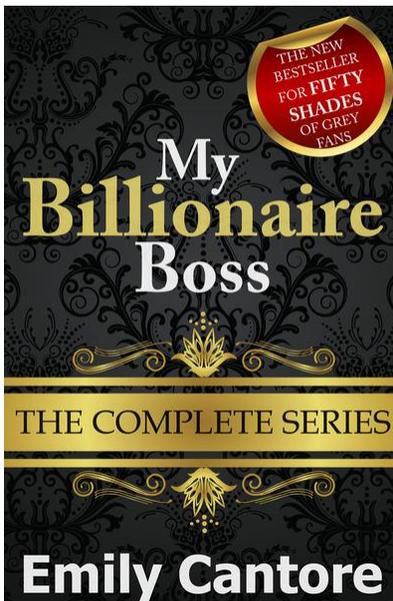
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## **About the Author**

Emily Cantore has a last name that sounds like some kind of dance and a mind that spends a lot of time thinking about hot and heavy moments. She writes creative smut that is based on true events and true smut based on wild times. Her stories are all works of fiction ... except when they're not.

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