

WOLF MOUNTAIN

Book Two of a Wolf Affair Trilogy

By

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Notice** Portions of this story may prove too graphic, sexually explicit, or violent for sensitive readers. This novel is intended for adult readers.

** This book contains a sneak peek at book 3 of a Wolf Affair Trilogy; **MISSY'S CHOICE.**

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ONE

It had been almost a month since Cindy was turned into a vampire by Kenton. The first few weeks were relatively calm. It was probably because we were all trying to overcome the trauma we'd endured after discovering that my mother's lifelong friend and the chief of police was, in fact, a sadistic sex pervert who was involved in human trafficking as well as providing pornographic and violent movies to the dark web.

Cindy spent most of her time sleeping and acclimating to her new form of existence while Kenton and I spent a great deal of the time we had together making love in almost every location imaginable in the old estate house. With my mother off roaming the mountain in her wolf form and the house to ourselves, we experienced a newfound sense of freedom and our appetites for each other were insatiable.

There was only a few more days before the moon would, once again, be full. We'd heard nothing from the Jefferson wolf pack during our time of recovery. When I pointed this out to Kenton, he said that it would have surprised him if they did try to contact us. Not only did Kenton have jurisdiction over the area for peace keeping, but the Association had warned the werewolf pack leader, Michael, in no uncertain terms, that he and his pack were to behave themselves. That meant the release of the girls they held captive, no more stealing of girls for breeding in the future, and they were to leave me alone.

I'd almost forgotten about the werewolves until I heard that eerie howl two days before the full moon. I was relaxing on my patio with Cindy. She'd expressed the fact that she missed riding my horse,

Daisy, and we were contemplating how the mare might respond to her now that she was a vampire. We decided to try it the following morning.

Vampires were able to go out during the day, but the sun hurt their eyes and burned their skin if they were exposed to the strong rays. It was similar to how a very fair skinned human would react to the intense sun. It also made them slightly weaker. Although, they had such superior strength that, even in a weaker state, they were ridiculously strong. Because of these things, they chose to do most of their business at night or in the very early morning before the sun became too intense.

We'd just agreed to go riding at six in the morning when a long, moanful howl permeated the night. Cindy did far more than the shuddering I did in response to the howl. She actually bent over and hugged her stomach and wailed as if she was in pain. When she collapsed onto the flagstone floor of the patio, I was at a loss at what to do.

Kenton was doing the quick, nightly patrol of the reserve that he'd adapted after moving in with me. Because of his vampirism, he was able to cover a lot of ground in a very short period of time. It wasn't something he'd done in the past, but he didn't feel comfortable leaving me alone with Cindy for very long so he'd adopted the practice. So far, it was working.

I knelt over my friend and did my best to comfort her, but to no avail. The more the wolf howled, the more Cindy wailed with distress. When we finally had a short reprieve from the howling, she lifted her head from the flagstone and stared at me with the scariest red eyes I'd

ever seen. Then, to my horror, she displayed very long, sharp looking fangs.

“What are you doing?” I asked as I jumped to my feet and backed away at a quick pace. “Cindy, what are you doing?”

“I need blood,” she snarled as she started for me.

I thanked my lucky stars that the sliding door leading to the kitchen was open. I'd managed to keep my head about me while I tried to understand what was happening and had inched close enough to the sliding door to be able to pass through it and slam it shut before she reached the thick glass.

When I first met Cindy, I was taken by her natural beauty. Her facial features were well proportioned and lovely to look at. Her skin was a flawless porcelain and her dark, waist length hair hung in thick, beautiful waves down her back. When she was turned into a vampire, those features became even more enhanced. So, you can imagine my shock when her normally beautiful face was distorted and horrifyingly scary and her fastidiously coiffed hair flew wildly about as she snarled her displeasure over the barrier between us while pounding her fist against the glass.

I needed to act quickly. Her strength was outstanding. It was only a matter of time before she'd break through the glass and my safety would be nil.

I pulled my cell phone from my pocket and called Kenton. It felt like only seconds between the time I screeched in fear to him about what was happening until he was rushing up to Cindy and snapping her neck. When I screamed my dismay over him killing my friend -even though she'd just been trying to do just that to me- he

assured me that she wasn't dead and would soon come around. In the meantime, he called the Association to explain the situation.

When he slipped his cell phone back into his pocket and came to comfort me, I asked, "What did the Association say?"

"They're sending a caretaker for Cindy so that I can keep an eye on the Jeffersons and patrol the reserve without worrying about what I might find when I come to see you. The house is so large, I didn't think you'd mind if a caretaker stayed here for a while."

It was on the tip of my tongue to suggest that the Association move Cindy elsewhere, but I didn't say it. What kind of a friend would I be if I bailed on her just because she was having a difficult time transitioning? Perhaps, with the help of another vampire who could be with her around the clock, her transition would smooth out and I'd be able to enjoy her company without fearing for my life.

"Absolutely," I said as I accepted his soft kiss on my lips. "Whatever Cindy needs."

"You're a good friend," he mused.

I shrugged. "She's the only friend I have here."

He raised his brows. "You don't consider me your friend?"

I smiled as I hugged him close. "You're my friend, my lover and my life, but you're not a girl. She's my only girlfriend."

He threw his head back in light laughter. "A girl, I am not."

The sound of the doorbell ringing forced us to release our embrace and deal with reality.

I started for the door. "Who could be visiting at this late hour?"

“Let me answer,” Kenton said as he gently grabbed my arm and placed me behind him. “It’s probably the caretaker for Cindy, but let’s not get sloppy and assume.”

“It’s only been a few minutes since you called the Association. It couldn’t possibly be the caretaker, could it?”

He placed his hand on the door and smiled. “Vampires move fast, my love.”

“I guess they do,” I said as I remembered how he was able to check out the entire eighteen hundred acres of reserve in about an hour.

I stood back, as he requested, while he pulled the door opened to greet our visitor.

My throat contracted and my insecurities kicked in when I looked at the beautiful red head smiling at Kenton as she introduced herself as Amelia. As Kenton guessed, she was sent by the Association to be Cindy’s caretaker. I literally shrank in place as I compared my tall, underweight eighteen year old body to her statuesque, shapely twenty-something physique. She stood a few inches shorter than Kenton, so she had to tilt her oval face up to look at him when she stepped just a little too close to him for my comfort. He looked at me and asked me to invite her in while he quickly backed away. I couldn’t tell if his backing up was to put space between them or to allow her entry into the house.

I almost regretted my invitation to her as she stepped into the incandescent lighting and I was reminded of a model or a movie star. Her skin was flawless, her hair was cut in a way that flattered the porcelain skin on her perfect oval face, and her features were well

shaped and balanced. If I could find even the slightest bit of fault with her, it would be with her eyes when he pointed to me and made the formal introductions. They didn't look like they belonged on a beauty such as her when they turned from a dark brown iris to a completely black globe.

"She's not vampire," Amelia hissed with disgust.

"She's fairy," Kenton said, firmly, "and she's also your host."

Amelia took a moment to observe her surroundings. "Nice digs, at least."

"How long do you plan on staying?" I asked.

I was already wishing her gone.

She smirked at me as if it was an effort to acknowledge my lowly presence. "My orders are to stay until *I* feel satisfied that I am no longer needed."

The way she emphasized the word '*I*' grated on my nerves. It was her way of making it clear that I had no say in how long she did or didn't stay, even if it was my home. Or, would be one day.

The estate still belonged to my mother since she was still alive. It was decided that, in the event that she was needed for legal purposes, she would transform back into her human form to take care of things. Otherwise, it was her wish to remain as a wolf. Thanks to her fairy and elf genetics, she had the advantage over the pure werewolves. She was able to transform at will, while the pure werewolves could only transform during the full moon. In fact, they were forced to make the transition whether they wanted to or not.

Since Kenton helped me move past the blocks that prevented me from communicating telepathically with her while she was in wolf

form, she was able to visit with me without having to transform into human state and avoid the pain of being in such a scarred and battered body.

My mother presented the possibility of me transforming into a wolf state and roaming the hills with her, but I declined. I missed being with her, but I enjoyed my life in human form too much. For one thing, there was Kenton. I was in love with him and couldn't even imagine not being able to hold him and make love to him like we did so often. I'd also miss my daily rides on my horse, Roger. Since he was delivered to the house shortly after we moved in, we'd created a solid bond. I enjoyed and paid attention to the other two horses, Peter and Daisy, but there was something special about my beefy, high strung gelding. When I sat astride on him, whether in saddle or bareback, we became as one; a complete unit with each seemingly knowing what the other wants without having to ask. Kenton once good-naturedly teased me about it. He claimed that that, if he was the jealous type, he'd definitely have it in for Roger. Besides, if I was to be turned into anything, I wanted to be turned into a vampire, like Kenton and Cindy. Other than my mother, the only impression I'd had of werewolves was that of savagery.

Even though the house technically belonged to my mother, I was the heir and the one present to receive Amelia. I expected politer consideration from Amelia than I was getting.

I returned her pompous attitude with one of my own as I said with the sweetest false smile that I could possibly muster, "I'd say that the ideal place for you during your *indefinite* stay is in the servant's apartment. It's perfect since it's designed to allow the help

their own space and you won't be in anyone's way there. Kenton, would you please show her the way?"

Kenton raised a brow in surprise, since we had an abundance of empty guest rooms upstairs, but he said nothing as he planted a congenial smile on his handsome face and guided the beautiful and bitchy Amelia to the door that led to stairs that would take them to the servant's apartment on the basement level.

Amelia's response wasn't so amiable. Her eyes developed a fiery red ring around her already black orbs as she glowered her way past me and followed Kenton. I held my head high in what I thought was a snooty, aristocratic manner until she was out of sight.

When I was confident that she could no longer see me, I released the tension that I'd pulled on to maintain the false bravado that I'd displayed. As my true feelings surged forth, I struggled to regulate my breathing while I forced my trembling legs to take me to the nearest chair. To add to my misery, Cindy had come around and was, once again, beating on the glass of the sliding door while demanding entry.

Before I was able to grasp what was happening, Amelia was at the back door letting Cindy in. Rather than allow her to seek me out for the blood she craved, Amelia produced a bag of blood that looked like it came from a blood bank and handed it to her. After reprimanding Kenton for not paying better attention to her new ward's transitioning process, she guided Cindy up the stairs to her room, but not without shooting me a look of hate as she passed by.

TWO

The days that followed were both interesting and uncomfortable for me. I had no idea that the moon affected vampires. Folklore never told of such things. I thought it was only the werewolves who were influenced by it. I was full of questions about what Cindy was experiencing but got nothing but scathing looks from wicked Amelia whenever I had the audacity to ask her a question. I found myself waiting until Kenton came to ask them.

I learned that the full moon enhanced everything there was about a vampire. If they were aggressive, they became more so. If they were in love, it grew more intense. Even if they weren't in love, their sexual needs were intensified to the degree that many found it difficult to have them satiated. It wasn't just their emotions and sexual desires that intensified. Their hearing got more acute and their speed increased; as did their strength. This fact made them better able to deal with the threat of the werewolf who, when the moon was full, was at its strongest and, often, most savage state.

Unfortunately, the full moon also increased the vampire's driving need for blood. This was what was happening to Cindy and why Amelia was there to act as her tutor. Over time, Cindy would be able to manage and control all of the effects from the moon, but, until then, she needed to be monitored. It was the same with all new vampires.

I was given fair warning by both Amelia and Kenton to steer clear of Cindy until at least five days after the full moon or risk her draining me of my blood. Bestie or not, as a newbie vampire, it was an

instinct in her that she wouldn't be able to control. The threat was its strongest on the night of the full moon, but it would begin to increase on the fifth day before the moon and not fade completely until the fifth day after the full moon. The only bright bit of information I learned was that the first full moon was the worst. With proper guidance, most vampires were able to keep the effects at bay by the second full moon. This meant that, if I survived, I should be safe after Cindy had completed her first full moon experience. Since we were already a few days into this time frame, I was a third of the way there.

One of the hardest things for me to accept, understand, or deal with was the hold that the Association had on Kenton. When the Association discovered that he'd been staying at my house – thanks to the beautiful and bitchy Amelia- he was ordered back to his own estate to resume his normal routine.

He visited me daily, but he no longer shared my bed at night. We were occasionally able to steal away to the stables or sneak out into the tall grass in the field for a few private moments and a quick - and often deflating- session of love making, but after long nights of sharing and entwining our naked bodies, the quick rutting we managed while still half clothed proved frustrating. My nights of snuggling in his loving arms had ended and I just couldn't understand why. The longer he insisted on avoiding my bed simply because the Association ordered him to, the more resentful I got. I worried that his blind loyalty to this group of faceless law makers would destroy us if he didn't take a stand for what he wanted soon.

Between the loss of Kenton in my bed and my frustration over his inability to take a stand against the Association, Cindy's shift in

personality, and Amelia's open animosity, I was miserable. I spent ninety percent of my daylight hours with the horses and then took to my room at night. I impatiently waited for the moon to stop turning my best friend into a raging, blood-thirsty maniac and return to me. I was lonely and needed her.

It was also my hope that, once the moon was no longer an issue and Cindy was back under control, that Amelia would leave my house and Kenton would return. Sadly, the moon went back to normal, but Amelia stayed on.

At times I felt as if she deliberately lingered to make my life a living hell by degrading me with remarks and looks at every opportunity. Since Kenton's visits grew shorter and shorter, she had plenty of opportunity. To add to my miserable existence, with her in the house, it was almost impossible to have a private moment with my friend; even if it was now safe to do so.

With Cindy no longer wanting to make a meal of me, I decided to follow through with our plans to go riding and see how my horse, Daisy, reacted to her. She and the mare had developed quite a bond before tragedy struck and Cindy's existence was changed forever. I thought it would not only give us a chance to spend some time together, but I hoped that it might remind Cindy of the good times before Amelia entered the picture and helped to harden her personality. If I could just have a bit of the old Cindy back, I'd be happy.

I managed to find a private moment with her to make the suggestion that we take an early morning ride. She eagerly agreed.

The reunion between my bestie and my mare was both touching and reassuring. Their reunion was a beautiful sight to behold. Daisy responded to Cindy like she was a long lost friend returning. There was no indication of fear due to her change of state.

That wasn't the case when the wicked, yet beautiful Amelia came bounding into the stable demanding to know what Cindy was up to.

"We used to ride together before I was turned," Cindy explained. "We thought we'd start back up again."

I don't know why I felt inclined to explain anything to her, but I added, "Daisy and Cindy bonded, plus, I need help exercising them. As you can see, there's three of them and only two of me."

"Great," Amelia said with a smug smile. "I happen to be an adept rider. I'll ride along with you." She walked from horse to horse while inspecting them from head to rump. She finally set her hand on my favorite horse's wither and said, "I'll ride this one."

"That's Roger. He's mine," I snarled.

As if I'd said nothing, she set the saddle pad and the recently oiled western saddle I'd placed on the saddle bar next to him while I'd brushed him down onto his back and tightened the girth. I professed my ownership a few more times while I watched her adjust the stirrups to accommodate her long legs, but my professions hit on deaf ears.

When I looked at Cindy with total frustration, she shrugged her shoulders and tacked up her own horse. I had two choices. I could either give up and tack up Peter to ride along with them or battle the evil vampire for my horse. Since I knew that Amelia was just looking

for an opportunity to fight -and possibly kill- me, I resigned myself to the fact that the bitch had won and tacked up my even tempered and sure footed gelding, Peter. All the while I silently hoped that Roger would prove the devil for Amelia to deal with.

Lady Luck must have been listening to my silent wishes because that's exactly what happened.

I took great satisfaction at how difficult Roger proved for Amelia to handle. He danced and circled and even reared a few times before she got him under control enough to ride in a straight line.

"This animal is useless," she snarled as she struggled to maintain control. "He needs to be put down."

It was at that point when I snapped. I leapt onto Peter's back and charged Amelia; stopping only when Peter's chest butted against Roger's flank. Amelia gasped with shock and surprise.

"Now that I have your attention," I heaved between gritted teeth, "hear my words and hear them good. Touch one hair on that horse... just one... and I'll personally rip your heart out. The Association be damned."

Her dark eyes went wide with surprise and her full mouth opened and closed a few times. It was as if she was trying to say something that just wouldn't come out.

When she finally did find her voice, she said, "If he means that much to you, why don't you ride him."

I leapt off Peter and handed her the reins. "Gladly. Switch with me."

I could see that she struggled with letting me have my own way, but, after what seemed like the longest stare down in history, she

dismounted and hopped onto Peter's back. To my surprise, Peter acted up as well. Although, not nearly as bad as Roger.

I eased myself onto Roger's back and watched while Amelia worked to subdue Peter.

She snarled at me when she'd finally settled him down. "Your horses aren't much, are they?"

"They are if they like you," I smirked. "Right, Cindy?"

Cindy nodded while subduing a giggle. "Are we ready now?"

I smiled and urged Roger forward.

The smile never left my face as I called back over my shoulder for Amelia to hear, "My horse always leads."