

Riding The Wolf by Jessica Quinn and Mary Winter
erotic shape shifter ménage (wolf)

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BLURB:

Red Taylor thought she had it all: her wonderful lover Daniel and the career she'd always wanted. For years, she'd trained her grandmother's horse, in hopes of becoming the first woman to win the Kentucky Derby. Then an envelope arrived, full of graphic pictures of murdered women—and a note telling her she was next.

Detective Jack Kennedy was assigned by the police to protect her. But Jack has his own secret: an attack three years ago infected him with lycanthropy, and every full moon he struggles to control his inner beast. His hunger for Red makes it harder to control the creature inside him, but giving in to those desires will inevitably infect her, too—and in turning her into a predator, prevent her from ever riding again.

Daniel has been Red's lover for years, but before Red, he dated men as well as women. He resents Jack for wanting Red, but at the same time, he's fighting his own lusts for Jack.

Can Red, Jack, and Daniel figure out a way to make each other happy? And can Jack and Daniel keep Red safe, or will the Axeman claim his next victim?

EXCERPT:

Red watched the uniformed patrolmen try to dust her mailbox for fingerprints in the pouring rain. The onslaught of water washed away the fingerprint powder even as they applied it; she knew they were fighting a futile battle. But she was glad for their attempt. They'd already dusted the padded mailer, and collected the photos and the note in latex-gloved hands and stored them in sealed plastic bags, writing her name, the date, the address, and a case number on the outside in black permanent marker.

"No unusual phone calls or voicemail lately?" the older of the officers, a man named Wilson, asked.

"Not that I remember," Red answered. "Daniel, you?"

He shook his head. "Nothing."

"No packages, no vandalism? Noticed any unfamiliar cars in the neighborhood lately?"

She shrugged helplessly. “No packages or vandalism, and I really don’t pay attention to who comes and goes around here. We’re just a few blocks from the highway, so we get a lot of traffic on this street.”

Wilson nodded, noting her words down, and flipped his notepad shut. “The department is sending a detective over who’s been assigned to protect you. He should be here shortly. We’ll wait until he arrives.”

“Protect me...you mean he’ll be staying?” Red asked, startled.

“That’s right, ma’am.”

Red exchanged a glance with Daniel. While the house they shared had a guest bedroom, the thought of having a total stranger living with them until the case was closed was disturbing. “I see.”

The other officer, Dayton, nodded as well. “We’re going to step outside the house and have a look around the side and back, make sure there aren’t any broken or unlocked windows, check to make sure the phone lines haven’t been tampered with...that sort of thing.”

“All right.” Red sighed. She waited until they left and shut the front door behind them before going to lock it again. Then she turned back toward Daniel. “So much for anything more exciting tonight than sitting on the couch and watching TV...”

“Screw that,” Daniel snorted, pulling her into his arms and bending down to nibble at her ear. “If they’re making us put up with a cop in the house, then whoever they send can just bring earplugs.” He trailed his tongue down along the line of her throat to swirl it over her collarbone. She shivered, hot tendrils of lust radiating outward from the path his mouth traced, down to her breasts, and beyond. “Besides, we’d better practice being quiet.”

A delicious shiver wound its way down Red’s spine. Closing her eyes, she leaned against Daniel’s warmth. His arms tightened around her in a vise of comfort and security that she never wanted to be without. She nestled her head against his chest, knowing she shouldn’t be thinking about sex at that moment. But the only thing she could think about was living. Feeling Daniel’s cock plunging into her, his lips and hands on her breasts -- *that* would make her feel alive.

She tilted her head toward his, finding an answering glint in his eyes when their gazes clashed. Daniel dipped his mouth to hers. The gentle kiss quickly deepened as his tongue swept across her lower lip. His erection pressed against her stomach, and she curled her fingers against his back.

“Yes,” she breathed when the need for air parted them. The desire to let him know how much she wanted -- no, *needed* him -- made her vocalize her thoughts.

Daniel stepped back, once, twice, until they moved down the short hall to their bedroom. He pulled her inside, closing the door after him. "You sure? I could just hold you," he said.

Red's heart melted. Her Daniel, always so thoughtful and caring, gentle to the point of tenderness. Sometimes the only thing that could cure her was a good, hard fuck. Right now was one of those times, and she knew if she provoked him enough, Daniel would be the man to give it to her. Her channel tightened just thinking about it.

She flattened her palm on his chest and shoved him toward the bed. Putting muscle behind it, she made him tumble backward. He landed on his ass on the comforter. Red grinned.

She crawled over him, pulling at her T-shirt as she went, half afraid he'd go all lovey-dovey on her. "Make me forget."