

NIGHT OWL ROMANCE

FREE READ



WEREWOLF'S REDEMPTION



R. MALONE

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Title: Werewolf's Redemption

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Werewolf's Redemption

By R. Malone

Sea water crashed against the sun-drenched sand, sprinkling wet droplets against Celia's backside. Goose bumps flourished near her spine, as she sat mere feet from the water's edge.

She had been looking forward to this vacation for months, for the sandy beaches of Florida had seemed to be calling her name. In fact, she had wished to visit the area since childhood, after seeing many a movie portray the beauty of the area. After living for twenty years in Michigan, she thought the dream would never become a reality. When that vision came to fruition, she had not been disappointed with its tropical allure.

Speaking of allure, she mused; staring at the beautiful visage of a surfer, his surfboard tucked at his side, the sun-kissed gold of his hair draped against his neck, the enticing six-pack of muscle etched upon his tanned abdomen. He returned her gaze as he stared at her through eyes of translucence, their hue resembling the bright green/azure ocean that nestled next to him.

Although there were a cluster of men around him, none visually compared with *him*; as though he were a glimmering gem in a sea of dull stones.

The man tore his eyes from her, then lunged toward the surf with his board, riding the waves like a pro. Celia watched him maneuver against the crashing waves, as though expertly making love to the ocean. The thought brought a small smile to her face.

The next incoming tide caught him off guard, propelling him and his board into the ocean. He emerged seconds later, the board tucked to his side once more. He strolled onto the beach, his body dripping wet as his eyes found hers. Her eyes darted downward, noting the bulge in the center of his scarlet shorts; now more noticeable since the fabric was drenched. She nearly salivated with desire.

Behind him, the full moon shone in the sky, despite the sun's remaining visibility on the horizon. The sky boasted hues of gold, not unlike the brilliance of the surfer's hair and body.

To her amazement, he meandered toward her; then fell down upon the sand next to her. He laid the board down, and turned to regard her.

"I guess I'm not as good at it as I used to be," he boldly stated, his teeth white as he smiled at her, contrasting against the copper of his skin. The gold of his hair appeared darker from wetness, and was slicked back from his forehead. Eyes of bluish green drilled into her, as though threatening to seduce her. He did not need to exert any effort in his seduction, for it was effortlessly working. Moreover, she was stunned speechless by the mere fact that he spoke to her, and she stared at him, her mind churning furiously for a potential reply.

"Uh--you looked pretty good to me," she faltered, then blushed as she looked away. "I mean, you looked like a pro out there," she corrected, perusing the sand below her feet. He chuckled next to her, and she returned her gaze to his, smiling.

"Thanks," he laughed, his handsome face displaying boyish charm. "I'm Trevor; what's your name?"

"C--Celia," she sputtered nervously. He did not offer to shake her hand.

"Hi, Celia. It's nice to meet you," he greeted, the perpetual smile arched across his face.

"Nice to meet you too, Trevor," she returned, avoiding his gaze. Her ebony eyes shifted toward her mid-section, noting the paleness of the skin as opposed to the tanned hard-bodies that surrounded her. Furthermore, she became afraid that he'd notice her body wasn't as well toned as the other women around them. Even her best friend's body was much better, she thought as she surveyed the ocean. She found Brandi mingling in the water, surrounded by a group of men.

"Penny for your thoughts, Celia," he purred, detecting her sudden quietness. Her gaze swept across his muscular abdomen, glimpsing the traces of sand that marred its long, slender surface.

"Nothing. I was just thinking how beautiful the sunset is," she conjured, avoiding his piercing eyes.

"Ah, yes. The sunset is indeed gorgeous," he sighed, his glowing eyes flickering over the horizon. "Look, there will be a full moon tonight," he stated, pointing to the sky. A spattering of stars emerged in the sky, signifying the day's imminent transition into night.

"Yes, I see that," she replied, then stole a glance at him. Her heart pulsated behind her breast, the sudden rush of blood hardening her nipples. She prayed he didn't notice.

“You know what they say about full moons,” he teased, returning his perusal to her. She folded her arms across her chest, hiding her bikini-clad breasts.

“Yeah, werewolves,” she returned his bantering, smiling.

“Indeed; *werewolves*,” he breathed, as though attempting to frighten her. A giggle eluded her lips. Suddenly, he reached over and brushed a few stray strands of hair from her face, causing her cheeks to flush and ignite on fire. “Your hair,” he mused aloud, “is so long, dark, and beautiful.” The flirtatious words spilled from his full lips, seeming to caress her ears with delicious temptation... *She wanted him; oh, how she desired him.* If it were possible, she would allow him to take her right there on the beach, allow him to fuck her right there at the water’s edge. Her heart fluttered like the wings of a hummingbird.

The sound of footsteps crunched against the sand behind her, and she turned to look.

“Hey, Celia; who’s the stud sitting next to you?” Brandi purred, then plopped down beside her. Her best friend’s cerulean eyes bored into Trevor’s, flirting and threatening to steal him away from Celia. Long, fluffy hair of spun gold fell against Brandi’s shoulders, and she fit in with the Florida patrons quite well. She was tall, slender, her skin sun-kissed as well, and Celia knew it wouldn’t take much for her to seduce a man. In fact, it wasn’t the first incident in which she had caught the attention of Celia’s male friends.

“Hi, I’m Trevor,” he greeted, his eyes returning Brandi’s fiery gaze. Celia scowled in disappointment.

“I’m Brandi. So you’re a surfer?” she asked, twirling the blonde waves of her hair with her finger.

“Yeah; but I’m not quite as good at it as I once was,” he divulged.

“Oh, I’m sure you’re *fine* at it,” Brandi breathed, then licked her scarlet lips.

Why did I bring her to Florida with me? I should’ve known better, Celia fumed to herself. *With a friend like this...* She resumed within her mind, shooting her friend a sneer of contempt.

As the sun vanished below the horizon, Trevor bolted from the sand with a nervous expression on his face; interrupting the conversation.

“Sorry, girls; but I must get going now. It’s getting late, and I have things to do at home,” he disclosed, kneeling down to retrieve the surfboard.

“Oh, do you have to go? I thought it would be fun to go skinny-dipping later,” Brandi whined. Nothing seemed to be sacred to her, nor did anything seem to embarrass her. Celia rolled her eyes.

“Sorry, no can do,” he laughed. Even *his* face seemed to have morphed into a crimson hue, although Brandi thought nothing of her inappropriate proposal. “Bye, girls,” he muttered, then turned to leave with his surfboard at his side. The women watched him clomp across the sand, until he vanished into the flourishing shadows beyond the beach.

“Wow... He was cute, Celia,” Brandi blurted, grinning widely as her eyes sparkled like azure jewels.

“I know,” Celia muttered, her eyes not betraying her jealousy. Then she stood up, and Brandi followed in kind.

“Sucks that he had to go,” Brandi murmured, running her fingers through her hair, jutting her hip to the side. She tugged the wedgie from her black bikini bottom. Celia did not respond to her words or perky gestures.

Hours later, Celia struggled to sleep in her motel bed. She glanced over at her friend in the vast darkness, envying her for her deep slumber. *In fact,* she pondered, *I envy Brandi for everything.* Being friends since third grade, Brandi always seemed to find it so easy to get the boys, with her extroverted personality and great looks. The two became especially close after Celia’s parents divorced when she was twelve. In high school, it was inevitable that Brandi become a cheerleader; and she *still* acted like one.

Although she was her best friend and Celia loved her as such, Brandi had been grating on her nerves of late; more so than usual. It irked her the way Brandi could bat an eyelash and cause men to grovel at her feet like dogs... In return to that thought, Celia blew out a sigh of exasperation. Then she tossed in bed and stared at the opposite wall.

Her eyes shifted to the window, gazing at the enormous full moon. The glowing sphere conveyed an odd crimson tint. Trevor’s words from earlier echoed in her mind: *you know what they say about full moons...*

Then her mind wandered to thoughts of Trevor himself, and his unusual masculine beauty. He nearly resembled a Greek god, with his skin of gold and hair of like hues... Body of an angel, face of an angel, eyes that seemed to radiate light like an animal’s.

Perhaps he was a *little* closer to an animal than she realized... The ravishing beast who could satisfy her every wish and desire.

In the distance, what sounded like a wolf or coyote bayed, seeming in tune to her thoughts. The creature's howling seemed to express an agony, agony entwined with longing.

What did the creature long for? She wondered; and with that question in mind, she began to fall into an abyss of slumber, with ensuing erotic dreams embellished with the handsome, charming Trevor; the type of man she would always yearn for, and the type of man she could never have.

She awakened to the sound of claws scratching their way across the floor. Her eyes opened wide, stunned and frozen to her spot upon the bed. Her heart thumped in fear, her brow threatened to break out in a cold sweat.

The bed next to her emitted a series of squeals, as the creature mounted the mattress. By a sheer sense of compulsion, Celia turned her head to look. She glimpsed the motel door, as streaks of claw marks marred its surface and rendered it ajar. The deadbolt hung in the center, as though it had been torn out.

Her eyes migrated toward Brandi, and the glorious white wolf perched upon her. Eyes of glowing emeralds glowered down at her friend, menacing as a guttural growl resonated from its throat. The beast seemed enormous, much larger than a typical wolf, and its silvery white fur stood on edge in a threatening manner. Celia tried to call her friend's name in warning, but no words could escape her mouth.

When the creature finally lunged forward, Celia squeezed her eyelids shut and refused to watch the macabre scene before her. The subtle sound of flesh being torn accosted her ears, and she whimpered in anguish.

A moment later, it was over. Celia ventured a look to her left, briefly glimpsing the blood near her friend's throat. Moreover, the surrounding sheets were stained with scarlet.

Celia edged from the bed, glancing to and fro to ensure the creature had left. She sidled toward the telephone on the nightstand, trying not to look at Brandi. She picked up the telephone receiver and prepared to tap the number to 911. When the beast behind her emitted a sharp growl of protest, the receiver dropped from Celia's hands, tumbling to the floor below.

Thump.

Celia turned to regard the monster. It glared at her through sinister eyes, eyes which reminded her of something... Or *someone*. A coat of white blanketed its face and body, resembling a covering of snow. Its jaws were open, revealing its razor-sharp fangs. The thing was nearly as tall as her, and she found herself swooning, nearly fainting from fear.

Celia's eyes darted to the door, and she bolted. She leapt over the next bed, over Brandi's lifeless body. She fell, and began to scramble toward the door while reverting to her feet. The wolf sprung forward, effortlessly chasing her into the corridor.

She plunged on through the dimness, furiously seeking her way to the elevators. The wolf slowed down, as though toying with her. He watched as she sprinted into the elevator, then bolted once more. Her heart pounded in her chest as she awaited the elevator doors to close. The wolf bounded toward her, then leapt upward just as the doors shut. It shrieked a mournful howl of objection, echoing down the elevator shaft. Celia sighed in relief. However, somehow she knew her ordeal wasn't over yet...

Once the elevators opened to the first floor, Celia darted into the lobby area. Glancing behind her for signs of the creature, she treaded toward the doors that led outside.

"No, it can't be," she breathed, spotting the wolf near the other side of the lobby. She quickly ducked outside the doors as the creature lumbered toward her. When it caught up with her, she shoved the door shut on its right paw, sending the creature into a frenzy of pain. It shrieked and yelped, then stood on its hind legs on the other side, scratching at the glass in a fit of rage. Celia ran; her legs propelling her in the direction of the beach.

She stumbled near the edge of the ocean, falling into the sand. Tears streaming down her face, she screamed in terror. She ventured a glimpse behind her, and the wolf was mere inches away, taunting her with its glowing eyes.

"Leave me alone, you furry piece of *shit!*" she flared, anger abruptly replacing her terror. She kicked the animal in its side, and it pounced toward her; seemingly unfazed by her newest assault. She squeezed her eyelids shut, awaiting its imminent attack.

The creature's fangs wrapped around her wrist, threatening to snap it. She whimpered. When its teeth inexplicably loosened and her wrist fell to her side, she opened her eyes.

A handsome, beautiful creature stared back at her, but not the wolf creature. Instead, it was Trevor. His full lips were parted, exposing his elongated incisors, marred with traces of Brandi's blood. His eyes still glowed in

the darkness, and he was kneeling on all fours. Not a stitch of clothing covered his body. Her eyes shifted to his right hand, staring at the laceration across it; the injury he had sustained from the doors of the motel.

Trevor straightened from the ground, fully exposing his nudity to her. She gasped, disbelieving the impossible sight before her. *For how could it be possible? Surely such beasts were merely the stuff of folklore and old wives' tales?*

Nevertheless he stood before her, his enlarged penis standing rigid and jutting forward; letting her know of his desire for her... Something else she could not fathom.

Why kill Brandi and not me? She wondered with guilt, her eyes searching his as though awaiting an answer.

"Because Brandi was not right for me," he answered after reading her thoughts. She gaped at him. "You will be my mate, Celia. I have chosen you," he smoothly stated, his expression firm.

"Me? But... Why me?" she questioned.

"That's not important," he returned, entwining his fingers with hers and raising her wrist to his lips.

"Then tell me why you killed Brandi," she whined. He ignored her question, and ran his tongue across her wrist. Then he engulfed the skin in his mouth, moaning with ecstasy as his eyes closed. He licked her finger, then kissed his way up her arm, tantalizing her. She gazed downward, staring as his erection seemed to harden and swell even further, flourishing into a crimson-hued cylinder of steel. Moisture trickled from the head, signifying his anticipation of taking her.

His lips migrated to her neck, then brushed against her throat. Waves of electricity crept up her spine, then detoured to the area between her legs, as it grew damp with arousal. All thoughts of Brandi eluded her mind, as she allowed herself to spiral into an erotic oblivion...

Her eyes drifted upward, noting the fullness of the moon as it continued to hover above them, casting a soft glow upon the ocean waves below.

"Will you allow me to take you right here, *fuck* you near the water's edge?" he moaned, his words echoing Celia's thoughts from earlier. Before she could answer, his lips glided across hers, then his tongue plunged into her mouth. It stroked hers, sensually sweeping across it. Her nipples projected through the thin fabric of her nightshirt, and he enhanced their sensitivity by rubbing his fingers against them. Then he glided his hand underneath her shirt, caressing her breast. She allowed him to tug the shirt over her head; then he pulled down her panties, rendering her as nude as he.

His finger brushed against her nipple, and she whimpered with arousal.

"Do you want me to fuck you, Celia?" he teased, the tip of his tongue playing against his lips.

"Yes," she breathed, feeling as though her clitoris would burst with climax; before the two even fully fulfilled their desires. Instinctively, she kneeled downward, until she was eye-level with his engorged cock. Then she extended her tongue toward the head, licking the pre-cum from the opening. She enveloped her lips around the head and began to suck, hungrily consuming the very tip. His entire body stiffened before her.

"*Oh, baby... Oh my God... Yeah; suck it,*" he moaned. His cock became a lead rod in her mouth as it threatened to explode with orgasm. She gave it one last suck of pleasure, then withdrew it to prolong his agony.

"Ah... You know how to make it feel good, don't you?" he breathed, eyes of fire boring into hers. "I can't wait any longer," he whispered, and she teased him by rushing off into the rolling ocean. She fell into the shallow water near the beach, as he drew near her. His sex was enormous, hard and unmovable even as he approached her with haste; conveying his insatiable need for her.

She gasped in a mixture of pain and bliss, as he shoved it inside her while she stood on all fours in the water. He draped his body over hers, thrusting within her with enough force to buckle her limbs. He nipped at her neck while slamming her, harshly biting the flesh as though the wolf within him were surfacing.

"Oh, *Trevor,*" she gasped; chanting his name over and over. She rested her arms and head near the water's surface, as her rear protruded in the air. Trevor straightened from behind her, then resumed banging her. He wrapped his arms around her hips, using them as traction for his frenzied, crazed movements.

While his rigid cock glided within her, she perceived its burgeoning, pulsating shaft as it prepared to spurt his seed. His imminent satisfaction was quickly mounting as he panted and raucously moaned behind her. The head thumped against the threshold of her womb, sending shock waves throughout her lower body. Then he halted his movements, forcing it further inside while his seed exploded deeply within her. He cried out, then resumed his heated thrusts. His cock contracted inside her, continually spurting fluid as though his orgasm refused to end.

Trevor tirelessly lunged inside her, causing the heat of her swollen clitoris to progress into an excruciating series of bursts. “Does it feel good?” he panted, grinding against her to enhance her orgasm. She writhed and whimpered, conveying her answer.

After he withdrew from her, she staggered and fell onto the beach in exhaustion. Trevor crept toward her, his erection as huge and ready as ever.

As she lay on her backside, the gentle waves of the sea caressing her toes, he crawled over her.

“We’re not finished yet,” he whispered, then smiled. He ducked down, pressing his lips against hers.

“I’m exhausted,” she groaned, after parting from his lips. He was giving her much, much more than what she had bargained for.

“I’m not,” he challenged, his eyes drilling into hers.

After placing her under his spell, she parted her thighs as an invitation. He grinned once more, displaying brightly white teeth.

He slipped his perpetual erection up into her, thrusting as though the end of the earth were imminent; grunting and panting as usual as he hovered above her. Once again, she became saturated with arousal.

His hand moved to and fro across her waist and hip, while she dug her fingers into the flesh of his back.

“Have you ever been fucked this good before?” he panted and pounded, riding her as she raked her nails against his spine.

“No,” she moaned, squirming beneath him, wrapping her legs around his bucking torso.

“I’m going to fuck you until it hurts; until you beg me for more,” he warned, grating it inside her. Then he grasped her wrists and extended her arms outward, fucking her harder, faster. His teeth found her neck, biting and sucking the skin until the area burgeoned with a deep violet hue. His lips grew fuller in kind, slightly swollen from the incessant impact with her skin and mouth.

The second time around, he banged her until he came; his body firm, his lungs gasping for air, a series of impassioned cries eluding his lips.

“It’s coming again,” she cried in disbelief, feeling her cunt shudder with climax. He slammed her as the head of his cock continuously erupted, moving against her until she screamed with gratification.

After his second explosive orgasm of the night, his ravenous appetite for sex was finally sated. He rolled from her, then collapsed onto the sand. His breaths came in quick repetition, crashing like the waves of the Atlantic ocean.

“My god, you’re right,” she panted.

“About what?”

“I don’t want to stop. I can’t get enough,” she beseeched, pleading for more. He looked at her, then maneuvered his body atop hers.

“Told you you’d beg me for more,” he whispered, his tongue edging across his lips. Her breath caught in her throat when he entered her, his cock as huge as ever; his thrusts just as hearty.

Near the ocean’s edge, Trevor fucked her until the emergence of dawn.

~

When Brandi’s body was whisked away to the morgue, Celia was questioned by the police. Naturally, only an animal could have done such a thing. It was a tragic, but natural occurrence, and no other scenario could possibly explain it.

Once it was time for Celia’s departure at the airport, Trevor accompanied her. He bid her farewell with a gentle kiss on the lips.

“Don’t forget me,” he whispered after their kiss.

“Oh, I don’t think I will,” she smiled, although a desolate loneliness seemed to radiate from her eyes.

“Yeah,” he chuckled, “I don’t think you’ll forget about me either.” His expression turned serious, giving her chills.

She departed for the airport; but before entering the doors, she turned to glimpse him one last time. Trevor was gone; but his charm and sensuality hung in the air like a trademark.

Indeed, she would not forget him... And less than four weeks later, she understood why.

The werewolf had left her pregnant, as though binding her to him with chains. He could seek her and their child whenever he wished; and she knew that someday he would. And for that, she was glad. After all, those proverbial chains could work *both* ways, and the birth of a child would seal their fates.

His prior words, spoken before beginning their night of passion, resonated across her mind: “you will be my mate, Celia. I have chosen *you*.”

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