



Wanton  
Werewolf  
Breuekelen Girl

## Wanton Werewolf

By Breukelen Girl

A Werewolf in Brooklyn Blog - Zine Edition

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1

I've always wanted everything. That's part of the problem of being a werewolf.

How we're raised in the culture to think so highly and expect certain things. Arrogance and confidence kind of become one and the same. Werewolves are raised to not only be physically strong and adept, but mentally too. Because the who we are isn't just related to the fur on the outside.

When I met Bg Sommers, my wanting went into overdrive. Something about that woman just knocks you over. I came to realize too late into my relationship with her, that she has that affect, unknowingly to her, on a lot of people. Bg's got an energy around her that draws other people into her. I only understood it later, much, much later.

Being a werewolf doesn't mean we lack our petty human issues and ranges of illogical emotions at all. If anything we have those on top of the werewolf instinctual stuff that muddles us up. Being a werewolf is not all Hollywood romance and happy endings. But Bg, she made me feel like happy endings were possible, that she would be mine and we would be a power above other werewolves in our pack.

Being a Breukelen werewolf is a great thing. Being a beta werewolf not so much. It means I've always got to prove myself, work harder to be able to do things that come easy to alpha werewolves. Our werewolf pack has one alpha lycan, and three alpha werewolves. The three alphas all come from the same family, the Sommers family. Our Pack leader's family. The family that Bg Sommers comes from.

The Breukelen pack leader is Dolph Sommers, Bg's father. So in hindsight, dating Bg was probably always going to be a challenge. But that's the thing about me, and my wanting it all. I love challenges and go after them with everything I am. I'd like to say Bg Sommers never saw me coming, but it wasn't like that at all.

Because I wanted her to see me, above every other male wolf in the pack. I might be a beta werewolf but I don't consider myself common and if my way into the Breukelen hierarchy is through dating the pack leader's daughter, then that's what I'll do. The pack leader's daughter deserves a strong pack mate and I can be that werewolf for her.

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"Oh god, oh god, yes, yes, yes." My hips are driving into her like crazy and I don't think I can hang on much longer if she doesn't come soon. Her grip tightens on my arms and I keep thrusting because it's all my body knows to do at this point. My legs are pressing and my balls are pounding and her back keeps hitting the wall behind her. I can't take much more of this, She's heavy and my arms are killing me, like doing a weights session and then I feel it, she clutches at me and her body stiffens, her nipples harden and her breasts jut out at me as she cries out, coming loudly. Too loudly. She's supposed to be quieter than this, were at her workplace. I follow and grunt biting my lip as I spill myself into the condom.

"That's it baby, that's it." She pants running her fingers through my hair, clutching my face to her sweaty breast. My hips jerk a few times and I lax against her, panting heavily. I lift my head and she moves to kiss my mouth. I don't want her too but I let her. After all, our transactions not done yet. Not till I got what I came for, figuratively and literally speaking. And all it cost me was closeted quickie.

I pull out of her and slide her down to the floor so she's standing on her own while I remove the condom and do myself back up. Throwing the condom onto one of the storage shelves next to me. "That gives new meaning to shop to you drop." The blonde says clutching the shelves either side of her as she blows her hair out of her face. "You are a powerhouse." She says putting a hand on my chest as I attempt to re-do up my shirt.

"Thanks." I mutter. I don't want to seem ungrateful, but she wasn't that great a lay. Still, I didn't fuck her for her beauty or for love. It's purely business. There's a leather jacket in this transaction for me.

"Mm," She says a bit wobbly on her feet and squinting her eyes at me like a drunk. "We should've done it with the jacket on. That would've been hot." I run my hands through my hair. I want to just get the jacket and get out of her, away from her. She's really not my type. And humans tend to get really fixed on sex with werewolves.

"Wanna go again?" She asks trying for seductive and failing.

"Sorry, got a party to get to." I reply looking back at her as she finally puts her breasts back in their bra and pulls her dress back up.

"Who's party is it?" She asks as I look around the closet I'm in and turn towards the door again. If she think's I'm going to invite her to it, she is dead wrong.

"It's a joint birthday party." I reply and push open the closet door and peek out around the door. No one in sight that might recognize me. Good. The sales girl follows me out and doesn't seem to care if someone sees her looking a little disheveled and like she's just been fucked senseless in a broom closet by me.

"This way," She says wiggling her finger for me to follow as she struts and sways her hips towards an area of the back of the store that looks like clothes are marked for keeping. I follow her and let out a breath. She reaches into a brown bag with the name Conall Wakely on it and pulls out a long white box, pulling the lid off I see tissue paper and a black leather jacket, she holds it up and I check out the sizing tag inside.

"Uh, you got one size down?" I ask her.

She rummages around and looks at the left over stock around her. "Not in that style. But I do have this one, only one left, in that size and it's red." She says holding up the woman's leather jacket before me. I smile widely. Happy with my present shopping. Bg looks stunning in red and our pack color is red. It's the perfect gift for my pack mate. Nons, they love sex with werewolves. Fucking love it.

"Pleasure doing business with you Conall, please, do come again and again and again." The blonde smiles handing the jacket over to me. I leave the store through the front door.

### 3

"I never got that saying," I say scooping up a bit of birthday cake in my hand and holding it before Bg's lips.

"Having your cake and eating it too?" She asks, arching a black eyebrow back at me.

"Yeah," I start licking the icing off the top of the cake with very deliberate and obvious strokes of my tongue. I glance at her and can see her eyes widen. We haven't been going out all that long and there is something very refreshing about making out with Bg. She's new to it all and I like that I can make her gasp and moan.

"You know it's just a state of mind thing." Bg explains to me, flicking a piece of black hair over her shoulder.

"State of mind?"

Yeah it's like saying you can achieve something if you can achieve it and enjoy the achievement." Bg replies smiling at me. I lick cake off my fingers and enjoy watching her watch me.

"You're so smart and cute." I grin putting on the charm. She giggles back at me happily. God she's cute. I'm so damn happy I'm going to be her first.

"It's just a metaphor."

"And I'm just a lowly construction worker." I pout playfully back at her.

"Please." I pick at the cake and eat a bit more. Bg hasn't touched it. "Why can't people just say what they mean?" I ask looking directly at her and she suddenly looks nervously back at me. I'm pushing to hard. I give her an out and look back at the cake. I don't want to scare her away. Not before we've consummated this relationship. Not before I've scored her virginity. I resume my destruction of the cake icing with my tongue. Time to return to this conversation back to comfortable ground for her. Flirting with the bad boy, thinking dirty thoughts.

"Wow, I never thought eating birthday cake could be so damn pornographic." She mutters watching me. I swallow a bit of icing and look back at her.

"Come here," I mutter and again, lick some icing off the cake but this time, moving closer to her, I put the cake down but move my tongue towards her mouth. Bg's brown eyes watch me closely and she moves closer to me, flicking out her own tongue to take the icing off me. I let her take it and then slide my tongue into her mouth and lock my lips onto her.

Bg welcomes the kiss and I pull her into me, she slides across the seat, her body right up against mine as I deepen the kiss. Taking my time to consume her mouth and feel the softness of her against me. I move my clean hand up her abdomen, over her top, to the underside of her covered breast. Bg pulls apart from me instantly putting a bit of space between us. She laughs nervously. It's cool, I'm prepared to take my time with her. But I don't apologies for my behavior. I'm not a total sap. Sure I got her to my house and produced a store bought cake, and made sure my brother realized I needed the house to myself tonight.

"Hey I got you something." I say and twisting around, reach behind my seat.

"Conall, you shouldn't have."

"Why not? It's your birthday." I smile back at her holding the box out.

"It's your birthday too." She points out accepting the box. I knew I was in with Bg when I found out through a bit of reconnaissance work that we shared the same birthday.

"Which is why I insisted on cake." I joke.

"So you could have your cake and eat it too?" She asks arching an eyebrow and sounding sensually husky beyond her years. My jeans suddenly become too tight around the crotch area.

"Touché." I grin going for cheeky and charming. Bg laughs.

"Open it." I nod my head at the box and watch as her smile gets bigger and her eyes brighter.

"I never really do the birthday thing, Never really cared for it." She says pulling the box lid off and pulling tissue paper out. "Oh my god Conall! She squeals excitedly pulling the jacket out of the box. "This must have cost a fortune."

"Construction pays well. Besides, I wanted to get it for you. You look amazing when you wear red." I confess honestly. Her eyes lock onto mine and I think I see lust in them. Have I turned her on? "I like the collar too." I say pointing out the mandarin collar on it.

"It's beautiful." She murmurs in appreciation before putting it back in the box. "But I can't accept it." She says looking up at me.

“What? Bg no.” Girls love getting free clothing. The one thing I’ve figured out about them. Clothing. How can I be failing at this? She tries to hand it back to me. “Nope. Not taking it. It’s your birthday gift.” I say refusing to take it off her and crossing my arms.

“Oh Conall, don’t be offended.” She pleads and I realize, I can totally play this angle up. I look away and clamp my mouth shut. “Conall, please, it’s lovely it’s just, it’s too much. I mean we’ve only known each other for a short time and,” She puts the box on the table next to the cake and moves closer to me. “Hey,” She says softly putting a hand on my jaw and turning my head towards her.

“You said it yourself, it’s my birthday too.” I reply feigning hurt back at her. “And what I want to do on my birthday Bg, is give my girlfriend a cool as fuck birthday present I know she’ll adore. It’s like the best gift I’ve ever given anyone. Thought I had it right with you.”

“Conall,” She tries against softly and I drop my arms and pull her across my body quickly till she’s sitting on my lap.

“If you hate it, I’ll take it back. But if you like it, you got to keep it.” I say as she winds her arms around my neck.

“I love it.” She murmurs back at me and I kiss her lips softly, hesitantly at first, waiting for her to follow me and re confirm our kissing status. Bg kisses me and I feel my lips harden against her, and that’s not the only part of me hardening. She has to feel it surely. She’s sitting atop of my cock and its getting stiffer by the second in my jeans, because of her. We break for air and look at each other. Bg goes to move off my lap but I tighten my grip on her.

“Stay.” I say softly. She nods her head and drops a hand down between us, casually exploring my chest. I press my stiffening, contained groin up into her and her eyes darken as she looks at me. She stays where she is on my lap.

“Will you wear it for me?” I ask her running a hand down over her shoulders, around to her breast, cupping them both through her dress. Bg has small pert breast, no where near big as the sales chick from the store. My thumbs brushing over her nipples, causing them to poke through her bra and dress back at me. I keep thumbing them as she pants lightly.

4

I’ve been patient. Man, have I been patient with Bg. But it’s been four weeks and we haven’t had sex yet. Not even my fingers have managed to get into her panties. We’ve been slowly progressing through various states of undress and making out. I still haven’t got her out of her underwear yet. But I’m so damn close. I can feel it in the air or something.

No that’s probably just the lunar lust talking. After all, it’s lunar week, the first one since we hooked up. I both love and hate lunar week every single time. It’s the week leading up to the full moon and every single werewolf practically goes into heat or something. Our feelings, our emotions, our biology, all of it, gets amped up ten fold. So we get extremes of everything. Like all the best feelings you could ever want, are stronger than ever and take you to heights you never knew existed within you. But we get the bad too, if something hurts us, then it hurts till we can’t fucking take it. Way more than normal.

So it's a total mix bag. A bit like my girlfriend. I figured I'd have to get to know her, I just didn't think she'd make me work so fucking hard to get to fuck her. But I can do it, because I've seen her around me. She doesn't even blink at other males. She just has eyes for me. It's totally remarkable. Werewolves aren't exactly known for monogamy. I've never met a girl that is like Bg. So, gorgeously naive and waiting to express her sensuality.

Which also part of the reason I didn't say I'd catch up with her this week. Lunar week means all werewolves are affected. The clubs open up and we get our freak on in them. There is so much lust in these places, it's an addictive feeling to be drenched in it. It also means, that guys generally have a permanent hard on these clubs, which makes hooking up with the females easy. And despite Bg taking the slow approach to us getting to know one another, naked and all, I don't even want to tempt her to get a look at any other werewolf male that might be around. Besides, Bg doesn't do the club scene. I mean, that's not where we met.

So tonight I get to play around and finally, truly give my cock some relief. And get my shit under control and then in a few days time I'll be back to Mr charming, and off to seduce Bg again. Although it makes me wonder, if she doesn't do the club scene on lunar weeks, what she does to cope with it all. Bg's cool but I've managed to get her a little worked up, so I know she's sexual. She's just new to it, that's all and I have to tell myself that a few times. I have to remember, I was a virgin once too.

But the female wolf I'm talking to in the darkened corner of the club isn't no virgin. No way, she is coming on all kinds of strong. Which is fine with me. Because tonight I need to shift and fuck knows I only do that with other werewolves. No sales assistants need apply tonight to ride my cock. She's a cute red head who's name escapes me after a few drinks. But that's not important. What is important is that her tight, hard body and mine met in a very natural state of animal fornication tonight.

The music is pumping and the club is packed with hard bodies. So much skin on display. Everyone letting the lust and desire take over. I could probably do her on the premises before trying out her friend, over there, and leaving with one of them, maybe both of them and shifting. The sex, definitely helps with shape shifting. That's the thing that annoys me the most about being a beta werewolf, the lack of ease with the shape shifting.

I'm sipping my drink and chatting away to this red head, when Joey suddenly appears beside me. "Look over my shoulder." He says softly looking away from me. I look past him at the crowd in the club and see her.

Bg is standing not so far from the entrance, looking smoking hot. Putting my drink down, I am suddenly very bored with the red head and ignore all her attempts to talk to me. Bg is standing by herself, in a black dress that curves to every inch of her body and the shoes. I think I've just developed a kink. The heels look tall and make her look a fraction taller than normal and I wouldn't mind those black high heels walking all over my back. Oh yeah. Now that, that thought has entered my head, my werewolf senses focus in on her, my need to mate is rising.

Straightening up, I keep watching her. Her hair is down and she's looking around the club. Like she's looking for someone. Is she looking for me? Why would she be looking for me? Bg doesn't do the club scene. At least, I'm pretty sure she doesn't. I start to move away from the tall table and the red head who's confused as to why I'm suddenly not interested in her.

"Hi I'm Joey," I hear Joey say working defense for me as I start walking to Bg. She's already getting plenty of attention from those nearby. The females look jealous and the male werewolves are starting to move in.

Bg smiles at one guy politely as he clearly tries to get close to her, she politely steps back from him. She has no idea about guys like him. I increase my pace and stride towards her, her eyes land on me and she smiles brightly. Oh damn, she's wearing red lipstick. Like blood red. Fuck me now please. What I wouldn't give to have those lips on me now.

"Hey babe," the other guy looks at me and throws me a dirty look. I want to grin like a fool at him. He never stood a chance. Bg is mine.

"Hi you."

The guy slinks away and I slide my hands around her waist. The dress is tight, it's practically a second skin on her. She stiffens at first and then relaxes a little into me and puts her hands on my forearms. "This is a most pleasant surprise." I say kissing her cheek. "I thought you didn't like the clubs."

She shrugs her shoulders. "Guess I figured I hadn't really given them a proper go and that you were here." She says smiling shyly at me.

I can't help her, I look her over. "Oh baby, you found me." She laughs. "Come on, let me get you a drink." I take her hand and we walk to the bar together. It's thick with people looking to get parched. We stand there and are soon surrounded by other bodies. I stand behind Bg, one hand around her waist, leaning down to her ear, I say "What do you want baby?" My other hand starts drawing circles on her bare thigh, under the hem of her dress. It draws a gasp from her.

"Conall!" she says in a breathless whisper looking back over her shoulder at me. I laugh and kiss her neck, before running my nose along the side of it. Tell me she knows what that means, please. I don't think I can handle teasing on tonight of all nights.

"What?" I feign innocence, probably poorly. "I meant what do you want to drink?" I cover quickly and my hand goes a little higher, pushing at the hem of that tight dress. Her hand pushes my fingers back down her thigh. I press my groin into her backside. I'm hardening by the second for her. God help me I may not survive if she doesn't have sex with me tonight. Bg presses back against me and I keep my fingers at her mid thigh, lazily caressing her bare skin. I moan softly into her ear, letting her know how she is making me feel.

In all our make out sessions over the past few weeks, Bg has never once pushed me off her when my cock has gotten hard against her. Which is quite often. So I know I can do this and she's okay with it. I start rubbing my hard crotch against her backside, slowly, while kissing her neck. We're getting there, slowly but surely, we're getting there.

"What'll it be?" The bar attendant yells at Bg and she opens her mouth and I lift my head.

"A wine for my girl and a beer for me." I say over her shoulder pointing to the drinks we want.

"Champagne." Bg says back at me.

“Make it a champagne for my girl.” I yell back at him and look at her profile, she’s smiling and looking straight ahead, pulling out her purse while I keep us close together.

“It’s alright baby, I got it.” I say into her ear handing money over.

“Oh yeah you got it.” She jokes back at me.

“What is that supposed to mean?” I ask accepting my change and leaving a tip for the bar staff. She shakes her head and picks up our drinks.

“What did poor little Conall do wrong?” I ask as she turns and hands me my beer.

“Baby, there is nothing little about Conall Wakely.” She says holding up her champagne glass. I raise my beer to her grinning.

5

One drink and we are out of there. I’m surprised to find it’s Bg who suggests we leave early and go somewhere more private. Could I be finally getting lucky tonight? Oddly, I actually found myself trying to convince her to stay. The atmosphere and scent of fur and sex in the club was working perfectly for me. I felt damn good. I actually convince myself that I could just handle fondling her in there all night long, as long.

“So you went to the club because you were horny?” Bg says to me when we’re back at my place.

“What? Nah. I was meeting up with Joey and the boys and we were just you know, hanging out before the shift.” We lay down on my bed, my bedroom window is pushed open allowing a cool night air and the scent of outdoors in.

“You need to shift tonight?”

“Badly.” I mutter back at her as the moon peeks through the silhouetted trees outside. “Don’t you?”

“Yeah, I do too.” She says leaning on her elbow looking back at me.

“Whatever will we do then babe?” I grin up at her.

She smiles back at me. “Guess we’ll have to help one another.” Bg smirks and moves to straddle my hips. I groan, my hard on has not gone down since we left the club, she sits across it.

“Oh babe, tonight is not the night.” I find myself saying before wondering who has hijacked my brain. “I don’t do patience well on lunar nights.” I blurt out and then wonder why I told her that. It’s true but not the kind of truth you want to reveal to your virgin girlfriend who’s not ready to let you fuck her, but wants to be a prick tease all night long. “I’m not trying to be rude,” It’s like my mouth has a mind of its fucking own. Why else would I be saying this shit at her?

She’s running her hands up my abs, back and forth, pushing my shirt up my body and looking at me differently. She takes my hands and places them on her legs that are wide apart on either side of my torso, and directs them to slide up her legs, to the hem of her dress. My eyes widen in surprise and I keep them moving up, pushing the dress up to the top her thighs. Bg doesn’t stop me.

My hands keep sliding the dress up and up, till I'm over her hips and she still hasn't stopped me. I watch the black material continue up her body, revealing red lace panties over her crotch. "Oh, yeah." I mutter looking at her underwear, I can see there's nothing but bare skin underneath. No pubic hair poking through the red lace, just smooth skin.

"Oh." She still hasn't stopped me, I get a little eager now, pushing the dress up her body, rolling it up to her breasts, where Bg helps me by pulling it up over her breasts and over her head. Yanking it off. I'm greeted by the sight of a matching red lace bra, her nipples straining against the material and the cool night air. "For me?" I ask stupidly grinning up at her.

She nods her head. "You said I looked amazing in red."

"This doesn't even come close to that babe." I say sliding my hands up her warm, flat abdomen towards her bra encased breasts. "Sexy, very fucking sexy." I blurt out playing with her breasts through the bra. Bg groans loudly and I watch her start move against me.

"Oh hell Cadey," I mutter watching her move and using her actual name, not the pack nickname. "You gotta stop. I'm likely to come in my pants right now if you keep that up." Why the fuck am I encouraging her to stop, this is what I've been wanting since we first started going out! She stills. Fuck me! I am my own worst fucking nightmare.

"Really?" She asks somewhat curiously.

I nod my head back at her because I no longer trust my brain and mouth to work in the correct manner together. It's like some part of me has hijacked some other part of me. The human needs to fuck off and let the swarve werewolf take the fuck over. Because I am damaging my own situation here. Self sabotage, fuck me! Before I can figure out what to do next. Bg is undoing my pants and I'm like a third party in my own body, watching her undo my jeans and slide her hand in under the band and wrap around my width.

"Oh fuck me." I murmur.

Bg pulls my cock out of it's confines and she puts my hand on it and raises up on her knees. She silently directs me to press my cock against her outer thigh and move against her leg while she looks down on me with dark eyes, twinkling with desire and mischief. As she reaches behind her back and unclips that red bra.

"Oh my god." I blurt out like a teenager who's never fucking done this before in his life. What the hell is wrong with me?

I love the feel of the friction of me against her and the sight of her breasts falling out of that red lace as she shrugs it off her shoulders and throws it aside. It's about this time, that a small part of my still functioning brain, realizes, Bg is in total control of me. No woman has ruled me as expertly and sexually as she has just done.

"Babe I can't," The words fade from my lips as she leans down to my face and hovers momentarily just above my face, those red lipstick lips, just out of my reach. She dips her head and kisses my chin first, and I find myself tilting my head up and she works under the soft pallet of my jaw, kissing her way down to my Adams apple where she presses her teeth gently around me.

“Yes.” I pant and start moving my hand up and down my cock as those teeth leave me and her lips keep kissing my skin, trailing further down my throat, till she tongues my collar bones, each one, again imprinting her teeth around them. I groan loudly. I never fucking knew that was a thing but fuck yes, it’s my thing. Her teeth doing that to me. Pressing into me hard and fleeting.

She keeps kissing me and I silently wish it will never end. It’s like the best feeling ever, after so long of not having her close to this. Her tongue flicks out and traces grooves over my abdomen and into my belly button before sucking and pulling at the snail trail of hair leading down between my hips.

“You’re killing me.” I pant staying otherwise perfectly still as Bg lays atop of me moving down me. “Fucking killing me.” What the fuck is wrong with me? I have never lost it this badly over a female before. Sex is my thing. This sort of reaction is always the other way around. And as she’s moving down me tortuously slow, and silent. I’m inhaling her scent, almonds, marshmallows mingled with fur and some sort of light perfume over the top, the human dressing over her otherwise natural werewolf scent.

Bg doesn’t even pause when she gets to my cock. She just removes my hand off it and slides that luscious mouth with those beautifully full red lips down my length and starts to play with me. Sucking and alternating pressure on my cock. And my head drops deep into the pillow behind me as I grab at the bed covers either side of me.

“Cadey you have to stop or I’ll come in your mouth.” Fuck even my own words to me at this point in the night are turning myself on. “Cadey,” She doesn’t stop, she keeps sucking me and I know I do not have enough control to stop myself from coming down her throat. “Cadey I don’t have any control.” I blurt out as a last ditch effort to stop her. But it’s too late, she goes deep on me and my cock starts spurting.

6

I pull her in close to my side and we’re laying there together half undressed with me still trying to recover from what just happened. “How did you know to do that?” I find myself asking her.

“I watch movies.” She chuckles back at me.

I turn my head to look back at her. “Like, adult movies?” She frowns lightly and seems to think about this.

“No, I don’t think I’ve ever seen a porno. Just you know, Hollywood movies, where the girl or guy is kissing his way down the person on the bed and camera always cuts out on the bit you really want to see the most.”

My mouth is turning up into a smile. “Oh my god, you have a filthy little mind.” I kiss her temple and keep trying to regain my breath as we laugh. She shrugs her shoulders.

“It’s lunar week, who doesn’t have a filthy mind night before full moon.” I look back at her and wonder if this is really happening or going to happen tonight. Bg’s right though, our sex drives go completely crazy with need that is as vital to us as water or oxygen. Some wolves control it better than others, but most of us, suffer to a degree before figuring out what it is that will work for us during

lunar week. For me, it's sex from the get go. I do not do well holding out, something I was kind of hoping to keep from Bg.

"Right." I reply softly and flip us around suddenly so I am over the top of her and she is laying on my bed under me. Her eyes go wide with surprise and a hint of something else. Excitement? Nerves? Am I reading this right? "Time to return the favor." I grin at her and start kissing her jaw and work my way down her body as my hands pull at the sides of her underwear.

I'm expecting her to stop me at any second now. She has every other time. But this time, her hips lift up under me and I pull the remaining red lace away from what it covers that I want so badly. Pushing her panties down her legs and off. I can suddenly hear her heart beat pick up like crazy as my lips go lower on her.

Bg's panting heavily and she's a little stiff. "Relax," I find myself whispering as I trail a straight line with my tongue from her navel to the bare skin above her core. I tease her, dancing my tongue around the soft folds. I want to drive her as insane as she drove me. I glance up at her and Bg's watching me in utter fascination. My tongue delves into her quickly and I taste the true sweetness of my girlfriend.

And as I enjoy the delight of her wet sex, coating my tongue I feel the moon through the window, in waves across both our skin, causing us both to struggle to hold onto something that is intangible as the sensation of wolves stir within us. Jesus are we that close to shifting that we won't even get to fuck first? Everything's hazy and wonderful at the same time. Bg just keeps surprising me and I keep feeling like she owns me, more and more as the night wears on.

Bg quivers against me and bucks, unable to stop her hips from moving. She orgasms in silence, and I feel her hands scrape the tops of my shoulders, digging nails in and find myself liking the pleasure and pain sensation that happens at once. I hear her breath catch and she arches and tries to fight it but her orgasm is powerful and she comes, again. A double. That ought to make an impression with her.

When I am sure she has reached her peak and come back down again, I lift my head and look at her, licking my lips very deliberately. "Sweetest thing I've ever tasted." Her eyes are somewhere between watering and changing. There is a color tinting them. And then it occurs to me, "Are we running down the moon?" I ask half sitting up and looking at her, suddenly content in a manner I've never been with any other sexual partner before. Bg gulps down some air.

"Took you long enough." She smirks back at me. She laughs at my naivety. My sexually inexperienced girlfriend knows enough to know that holding out closer to the fullness of the moon will increase all our sexual pleasure and make our shape shift, faster and smoother as a result. This also makes me wonder if she planned this so close to the height of the moon, that we wouldn't be able to fuck in time before shape shifting. Damn she is hot. Did she somehow figure out that is what would work for me? For her and me so we could spend tonight together and shape shift together for the first time?

"Smart and sexy." I look at her in wonder. And right then and there I'm gone. Completely fucking gone on her. Heart and soul, belongs to her.

"It's over Conall." Three words that's all it takes.

The look on her face tells me all I need to know. This is a truth. A finality. Years of being together and all it takes to end our connection is three words is that it? Really is that all I'm worth? All that we are worth together? It seems inadequate for us. I'm her first, her first boyfriend, first relationship. She's the most incredible female I've ever come close to knowing. Others pale.

I know I shouldn't have fucked around on her. But I couldn't stop. I thought I could just still keep her despite that. The werewolf in me, it wanted more than one werewolf partner. But Bg's not built like that. And I knew that and yet, I couldn't stop myself.

"You need to stop this hanging on to something that's not there anymore. You'll only hurt yourself." She tells me.

"Yeah." How can there be someone else? Bg doesn't cheat. Bg is honest and pure and fucking decent, everything I'm not. How can there be anyone when I've done my damn best to control her all this time, to ensure that there wasn't opportunity for her to be around other males. It's been two weeks since she said we had reached our natural ending and I still can't get it through my fucking head. Don't want to. Refuse to. How can I lose something so damn good in my life?

"I'm not even supposed to be here, meeting with you like this. I just want to make it crystal clear," Bg says sounding stronger than I've ever known her to be. When did that happen? How did it happen? How come I never noticed the change in her? "You need to stop aggravating the situation. Believe me Conall, you can not handle an alpha werewolf." She says to me her eyes looking sad and big. Is she actually worried for me? Would it hurt her if I was to get hurt? Is that something I can use to get her back?

"Babe I can handle myself." I reply indignity.

"Normally, yes. But being around alpha wolves is whole other level. I'm not trying to bruise your ego Conall. I'm trying to save you. Stop starting fights with the Manhattan Maen werewolves."

"Or what?" I throw back at her annoyed.

"I will report you to the Breukelen pack leader and tell him not to take into consideration our past standing. Do you get me now?" Bg says sliding off the bar stool quickly. I glimpse her upper thigh as her skirt moves out of the way. And I remember, walking my fingers up the back of her thigh, sliding my hand over the curve of her bottom, squeezing them and massaging her back.

I reach out for her and grab her arm. "Don't go. Just, don't go back to him. Tell me its me that you really want to be with and I'll change."

She looks down at my hand on her arm and back up at me. "This is what I'm talking about. You can't have it all when it comes to me. Go to therapy, fuck every female wolf you can, do some gym classes, whatever, just drop this, whatever it is, you have with me. Because after this, there's no more being nice about it." Bg says pulling her arm out of my grasp. "Get it through your head Conall, no more warnings."

She turns away from me and walks back out the bar door and is gone. And despite having been together for years, it doesn't seem like nearly enough to have been with her for that time. And that's

the problem with wanting everything and being a werewolf. We're raised to sharpen all our senses and abilities. We have memories that can be like steel traps, even when they're selective. And the most natural inclination of our animal self is to target our prey, our goal, until we get it.

That's the problem with wanting everything and being a werewolf, I can never let what I truly want, just go.

The playlist for this zine:

My Obsession - Icehouse

I want you soo hard (Bad Boys News) - Eagles of Death Metal

Johnny got a boom boom - Imelda May

Brown Eyed Girl – Everclear

Marvin Gaye – Charlie Puth

Inside out - Imelda May

Cherry Cola - Eagles of Death Metal

Blurred Lines - Robyn Thicke

Flames Go Higher - Eagles of Death Metal

She Looks So Perfect - 5 Seconds of Summer

You Don't Own Me – Grace Feat G-Eazy

We Are Done - Madden Brothers

Conall & Bg related stories can be found in these novels:

Wild Life

The Pack

Beasts of Burden

Nature of the Beast

Growing up Werewolf

Of Wolf and Male

Blog posts on Conall can be found on A Werewolf Blog in Brooklyn's bog  
<http://altijdbreukelen.wordpress.com>

Bruekelen Girl Novel at Smashwords.com

Wolves at The Door

Wolves Love

Wolves

Red White and Werewolf

Werewolf Storm

Wild Life

Lunar Night Stand

The Pack

Revenge

Reasons

Of Wolf and Male

Beasts of Burden

Nature of the Beast

Alpha

Lycan La Vida Loca

Perception

Growing up Werewolf

Other Breukelen girl (werewolf) novels

Lunar Nights

Bleeding Hearts

The Shadow trilogy:

Shadow Aspect - Book 1

Shadow Games - Book 2

Shadow Boxing - Book 3

The blog zines

Lycan Life

Wanton Werewolf

Red White and Werewolf

A podcast series and novel

The free prequel podcast can be found on [www.itunes.com](http://www.itunes.com) and [www.sticherradio.com](http://www.sticherradio.com) and [www.talkshoe.com](http://www.talkshoe.com)

The day before her twenty ninth birthday Bg Sommers is kidnapped before the eyes of her pack mate lover Paris D'arenberg.

Awaking far from her home in Brooklyn New York, Bg finds herself in unfamiliar surroundings two other kidnapped werewolves, Phelan and Thane Cavello, alpha werewolf males. Together with the werewolves, must work together to escape being hunted, by a powerfully terrifying, relentless enemy. Even if it means, disobeying werewolf pack laws and territory lines.

Together Phelan, Thane and Bg try to work through their differences. But Bg finds the risks of being around the Cavello's is far greater than first thought. A connection between the three werewolves, threatens to do more damage to Bg and her life, than she could have ever imagined.

Uncovering the meaning of the three werewolves connection will mean confronting her past, to reclaim her future especially if she is to have one with Paris.

Wolves At The Door

The werewolf across the hall from Hooper Parish's place is hot. So damn hot that Hooper can't help but pay attention to him so badly that all he wants to do is submit to the Alpha werewolf, Thane Cavello.

But Hooper has issues. One; he hates werewolves, two; he hates werewolf packs, three; he hates lycans and four; he hates himself because he is a lycan. Made by a werewolf after an attack, seventeen years ago. Can he learn to love himself enough to be loved in return? Do you let the wolf that you are define you or the one you could be?

Falling for Thane was always going to be a challenge and a complicating one at that for Hooper to work out.

Add families from both sides of each male to the mix, and secrets are going to get exposed, and love will challenge loyalty because of it. Who do these wolves trust, when it can't be their own kind and their hearts know no better? Leaving Hooper with another issue to add to his list; like what does he want out of his lycan life, a pack mate, love, or family?

## Wolves

Tatum Lee is a lycan. She knows it. She can't help but not know it, because it seems everyone is always reminding her of it.

Being a lycan isn't exactly a title you wear with pride, far from it. In New York City, home to the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack, it's the last thing she wants to announce upon her arrival there. Tatum just wants to be left alone. But it seems that isn't going to happen.

Especially when she captures the attention of Wiatt D'arenberg, enforcer for the Manhattan Maen pack. It's Wiatt's job to ensure there are no lycan in the Manhattan Maen's territory, including Tatum. But once she's on his radar, he can't seem to get her off it.

Having an untrained, lycan in his territory, on a lunar week means it's up to Wiatt to ensure she's not a danger to his pack or the public, and that means taming her. If he can tame his feelings towards the wolf he's not supposed to want, first.

## Wolves Love

Werewolves are real. Tatum Lee knows that only too well. Ever since she was attacked by one and infected with lycanthropy. But werewolves do not like lycans. Humans who have been turned into wolves, not born a werewolf. Tatum has had more than her share of experiencing their dislike of her kind.

There are many werewolves in New York City, pack werewolves. Luckily she has Wiatt D'arenberg, a more than friendly Manhattan Maen werewolf to help her out. As Tatum adjusts to life in Manhattan with Wiatt, she slowly glimpses more of the werewolf pack culture.

She finds herself put in a position of expectation with their law and ways without little thought for herself. But if it means living and loving Wiatt, then she is willing to do that. Except, there are other wolves who do not believe lycans and werewolves should mix and will see to it that Wiatt and Tatum are torn apart. Literally if necessary.

Tatum finds herself in a hard position that might just tear her and Wiatt apart first, before anyone else can get to them. How can they stay together with so many factors are trying to drive them apart?

Werewolf love is hard. But werewolves love even harder.

Katelyn Phoenix leads a low life. She's never had a life full of privilege, prominence or affluence. But she's always been able to see the truth in other people, it's always been her gift.

Because Katelyn's not your average human female. She's a truth-sayer and being one of those is rare and highly, valuable if you want to commit personal espionage on others.

Katelyn's never had a problem with what she does, it's not for her to question the ethics of it. Because nobody ever questions her, when she gets them what they want to extort over others. If they're willing to pay the right price for her services.

Tarin Armadel is more than willing to pay the price for hiring Katelyn Phoenix. Because in the supernatural world of Melbourne, Australia, Tarin's not what he seems at first glance either. He comes from the shadows of a cold Melbourne night, to make a proposition to Katelyn that's too good to refuse. Especially when it involves the mysterious, Tarin in it.

Katelyn finds herself entering the supernatural world she's only ever been on the fringes of before, and falling deeper and deeper for Tarin in the process. But she's unable to read Tarin, which is something of blessing and a burden. How is she supposed to know what she's getting into with him? He's everything she's never had before in her life and there's probably a very good reason for that. If only she could get to the bottom of the truth to find out before it's too late.

## Shadow Games - Book 2

Katelyn Phoenix leads a low life. She's never had a life full of privilege, prominence or affluence. But she's always been able to see the truth in other people, it's always been her gift. Because Katelyn's not your average human female. She's a truth-sayer and being one of those is rare and highly, valuable if you want to commit personal espionage on others.

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## Shadow Boxing - Book 3

Who knew falling in love with a demon could be so hard on the heart? Katelyn Phoenix sure didn't when she met shadow demon, Tarin Armadel.

Katelyn has always lead a low life. She's never had a life full of privilege, prominence or affluence. But she's always been able to see the truth in other people, it's always been her gift.

Because Katelyn's not your average human female. She's a truth-sayer and being one of those is rare and highly, valuable if you want to commit personal espionage on others. Especially when you want to target paranormal beings.

After a failed murder attempt on her life, vampires and bounty hunters chasing her, a unicorn assassin targeting her, Katelyn could do with a lucky break. Pity the truth-sayer god, Asha whom she is the vessel for, has decided the same thing and left Katleyn to fend for herself and her heart, with Tarin.

Without her truth-sayer abilities how does Katelyn know if she can trust her demon lover? Especially when it looks like he'd willingly pair up with his enemies, to enslave Katelyn for his own purposes.

But before Katelyn can work out her feelings on the matter, there is the issue of finding out who's after them and why.

Katelyn and Tarin must face more than their enemies together. They must face up to what they mean to one another, in order to save what they have, together.

## Werewolf Storm

I guess you could say I was having the day from hell.

Well, it didn't exactly start out that way, and I may have caused a little of the trouble myself, when I managed to ditch the protective detail of werewolf bodyguards who were assigned to me. But beyond that, the rest of my day, was well and truly outside of my control. Which was a bit like my life as a Breukelen pack werewolf.

Meeting shape shifting doctor, Megan Marisini from the Neiwe Teme Pack in New Jersey, New York, kind of blew my mind well and truly open. Nothing like discovery you're not who you thought you were for your whole life, to change your day. That and say a super storm. I didn't know about the warnings and couldn't evacuate in time to before the storm hit and tilted my world on an axis I never saw coming.

## Alpha

Bodil Sommers has never been one for attention, but as the lunar week approaches and the moon rises high in the night sky, she's going to get a lot of it, from various werewolf males. Doesn't help if you're the leading pack alpha's daughter and every werewolf in the tri-state area wants a piece of you. And not necessarily in a good way.

Two of the males pursuing her are from her own pack and proving more than a enough to keep up with. Nick Olsen an alpha and Boden Jennings a beta werewolf who are always fighting one another.

They're supposed to be the better option, than giving herself over to another pack's alpha male or having to win her right to date, through dominance fighting.

But Bodil finds her paws full when neither male will back down and she can't figure out what she wants, let alone who she wants, as well as having to stop an impending turf war with another werewolf pack, all before full moon. Who new dating was so complicated?

New York, leave it to the wolves.

## Beasts of Burden

A Side Show Story related to the full length novel *The Nature of the Beast*

Bg Sommers is in Seattle to catch up with her good friend, and fellow beta werewolf, Sonny Charleston. As usual, a night out on the town wouldn't be a night out if trouble didn't follow them and bring Bg more attention than she can handle. When the dangerous looking alpha werewolf, Paris D'arenberg sets his sights on her.

Bg's heart knows it's in trouble, even before the end of the night. As thoughts of her relationship with her pack mate Conall Wakely back home fade, she realizes her heart is willing to be taken and not by just anyone.

Returning home to Brooklyn after her mind opening weekend away, Bg comes face to face with all aspects and werewolves, of her love life. In order for her to find true happiness, she has to make some personal decisions about it and risk herself in the process.

Is she a fearless werewolf to truly try and unburden the beast that is her werewolf heart? Conflicted she must conquer what her heart truly desires and understand that it is okay to seek love and to love fully.

## Wild Life

Addison Harrington is used to leading a pretty wild life. After all, you don't get to be a werewolf and be normal, as such. As an alpha werewolf and second in command of the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack, he's very much used to living the werewolf way of life. He's up to his neck in werewolves, daily, nightly and at all times.

So when he finds himself face to face with Cassidy Owens, a non-werewolf female at a pack party, he becomes a little intrigued in the human species. Even if he is somewhat unsure of what to do, other than have some fun. But can he have fun with a human woman? His version of fun? After all, Addison's never been one for human companions, or relations as such.

As the lunar week approaches, Addison finds himself drawn to Cassidy. But his werewolf lifestyle could spell trouble, for the both of them. Before Addison can figure out how to break it off with Cassidy, she is dragged, kicking and screaming into the werewolf world at large. Addison finds he must save Cassidy as much as he must save himself by confronting his own feelings for a human. Feelings he thought he'd never have.

## Bleeding Hearts

Not all Werewolf packs are equal, and not all werewolves are equal either. Doll and Jeremy are 'strays', werewolves without a pack. They witnessed the decimation of their pack by a pack of Alpha werewolves. After escaping their imprisonment, they find themselves far away on the other side of the country, the shores of the Pacific, amongst the Seattle Alki Pack.

Can these two young strays overcome their fears of alpha wolves to forge a new life with new pack-mates?

And when an old enemy reappears to claim them, will the trust in their new pack be stronger than their need to flee? Will the Seattle Alki help them fight for their very lives? Or leave them broken hearted, bloodied and torn apart, for the wolves?

## Lunar Night Stand

A Side Show Story related to the full length novel The Pack.

Gabby Colton is cool, calm and very collected, most of the time, she has to be, she's an alpha werewolf from the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack. Which means living by expectations and pack rules and standards. But having Conall Wakely turn up unexpectedly on her doorstep during a lunar week, throws the alpha female. But then Gabby sees an opportunity worth taking.

There is history between Conall and Gabby and it isn't at all good. So what good could come from these two meeting up without anyone to pull them apart? Then again, Conall Wakely's never been a model good guy. So why not indulge in his bad boy behavior? Besides, what's the worst an alpha female werewolf could possibly do to him, other than break his balls?

This is what happens when young Breukelen beta werewolf, Conall Wakely decides to pay a house visit to Manhattan Maen's fiercest alpha female, Gabby Colton.

## The Pack

On an irregular lunar week in Manhattan New York, odd things are happening. The Werewolves of New York City are acting up. And it seems everyone is affected, even Manhattan Maen pack leader, Paris D'arenberg.

But does Paris see the chaos around him or is he used to it? His pack mate Bg tries to warn him that something is coming. But what would be brave enough to come for an alpha werewolf? Especially a pack leader like Paris. Or is Paris not the real target of these strange events? As the lunar week unfolds, Bg and the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack will have to face something unexpected and unprecedented happening to them. Which will require making the hardest decision of Bg's life. How can her love for Paris survive, if he doesn't?

## Revenge

What happens to a werewolf on a lunar eclipse? Well, one werewolf in particular. The follow on from Reasons. Gabby and Bg sort out a few differences between them.

## Reasons

Everything happens for a reason, right? And everybody's got their reasons for doing what they do, right? So explain to me, Breukelen Girl, why an Alpha female werewolf hates my guts enough to try and kill me.

This is the story of what happens when two female werewolves, one Alpha - and one Beta - from differing packs, do not get along and animosity grows into hatred and hatred becomes, an action that is unavoidable. For either werewolf.

## Of Wolf and Male

My love life is complicated. Because I'm a Werewolf. I broke up with my boyfriend, he's from the same pack as me. He doesn't appreciate me going out with an Alpha male from another New York Pack. Males, wolves, I swear they're all the same. They just want to claim something as they're own. Namely me.

Two male werewolves, one beta, one alpha and one female. An ex boyfriend, a new boyfriend, two different packs. Somehow all the trouble that involves the female wolf at the center of their interest, comes down to who slept with her first. Who she has given her virginity to.

It'd shock both male wolves if they found out it was neither one of them.

## Lycan La Vida Loca

My love life is complicated. Because I'm a werewolf. I think it's always been complicated. In part due to my first serious romance. Because he's my alpha pack mate's friend. My pack mate doesn't know this. To make matters trickier, my first true love is a lycan. Werewolves look down on lycans. So how would my pack mate look at me, if he knew I'd given my virginity to a lycan?

Werewolves do not like to think of lycans as equals to them. So to fall in love with a lycan would be considered bad for a werewolf like Breukelen Girl. But to fall in love and then make love to a lycan, would be considered the worst thing a werewolf could do.

Especially for a werewolf like Breukelen Girl, from the leading pack family in Brooklyn, New York.

## Perception

Werewolves are attacking humans in Brooklyn New York. Leaving two survivors devastated and near death's door to face forever becoming lycans, Bg knows she can help the affected males.

With an over protective father and pack leader, a concerned family smothering her with love and restriction, Bg finds herself wanting to help the Lycan - Booker, fit into a werewolf run world.

As an attraction flares between Bg and Booker Parish, and as much as Bg knows that in her werewolf culture lycans are not welcomed, she can't resist pursuing something everyone tells her is wrong, when it feels right.

## Growing up Werewolf

Growing up in the Breukelen Werewolf pack leading family is difficult enough when you're siblings are more badass, and hardcore and older than you.

Bg prepares herself for her first shape shift, her werewolf right of passage to finally become what she has always longed to be, a pack werewolf.

The thing with a first time is it's always the time you remember the most. The one thing you carry with you always in the back of your mind. Bg Sommers thought she knew what to expect, with her first shape shift, she'd heard all the stories, including the horror stories.

She just didn't think she'd become one, when she became a werewolf.

You can find out more about Breukelen Girl- A Werewolf Blog in Brooklyn Blog:  
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