

As I left the club, I glanced back over my shoulder. The blonde bartender was frowning at Rune and the hot chick I wouldn't have been allowed to drool on. With a shake of my head, I walked out of the club and let the troll-valet hail me a cab. On the way to Wicked Pleasures, I considered calling Vivienne to thank her, but decided against it. She was a sly one, all cool smiles and intelligent eyes. She wasn't exactly my type because I could tell, there was a lot more to her beneath the surface. I usually preferred my play with people who were not looking for anything remotely deep. Vivi smelled like a keeper to me, and I wasn't about to get involved with any werewolf who was mate material. That would be detrimental to my fun and my no-mate philosophy of life.

At Wicked Pleasures, the trance music was blasting. The smells in the place were enough to turn away the more fastidious of the Otherworld. However, as keen as my sense of smell was, there was no way I was gonna let the stench of the bodies in the club chase me away from an almost guaranteed fuck. Vivi had said her pixie pal was a wild girl. Strong willed, highly sexual women were a big turn on for me.

I stood still at the edge of the dance floor and let my eyes flicker over the groups of people at tables and booths. Then my eyes were caught by a golden girl standing at the end of the bar. My nose twitched. I inhaled, my sharp senses sifting through all the smells until I picked up the one I wanted... pixie. Pure, unadulterated pixie power. The golden girl. Hiding a triumphant smile at my ability to find who I was looking for like a heat seeking missile, I headed toward the bar.

When I bumped her elbow, she turned on me with ferocious eyes. "Watch what the fuck you're doing," she spat. Then her eyes narrowed a little. "You're not a dragon. Usually it's those asshole dragons who are bumping into me as if I can't tell they're doing it on purpose."

I grinned at her. She was one sharp cookie. I liked that. "I'm not that stupid. I bumped your elbow on purpose and I know that you know I did."

"You're Vivi's new pal," she said, touching the back of my hand where it lay on the edge of the bar. "Weylyn."

I almost shivered at the stroke of her fingertip along my knuckles. Something about her was hotter than anyone... well, almost anyone... I'd been with lately. "That would indeed be me," I murmured, leaning in a little closer. "Which makes you Vivi's old pal... Sol."

She gave me a brilliant, three sheets to the wind, smile. "You're not gonna make me take you for a walk are you?" she asked, one eyebrow cocked up at me.

I shook my head. "No, I'm not that kind of dog," I grinned at her, amusement sparking through me. "I'm more of a horn dog. But don't stick your leg out. In a crowded place like this, smelling how turned on you already are, I might have to hump you."

Her eyes gleamed at me, the arousal snapping to life in them. “I like humping. I might have to let you,” she replied, downing her drink.

Excitement shot straight to my groin, something Sol didn’t miss. Her eyes narrowed a little as she took in my swelling cock, and her mouth turned up in a crooked smile. “Oh, I don’t think that should go to waste,” she murmured, and grabbed the hand she’d been stroking.

She pulled me through the club to the back where there were rooms, some curtained off and others with doors. The sounds and smells of sex were everywhere, which made perfect sense since every room was occupied.

“Fuck,” Sol complained in a low voice. “Every time it fucking snows, these rooms are all filled. People walk into the club and start looking to get warm. What better way than to fuck someone?”

I smirked. She was right, but I knew a way around the problem. I tugged on her hand and pulled her into the men’s room. Her eyes laughed up at me. “Oh, Weylyn. Vivi was so right about you,” she chuckled, reaching for my fly.

I backed away from her hands and into a stall. Sol followed me and shut the door. Then her hands reached for my fly again. This time, I didn’t stop her. The fingers of one hand stroked up the placket on my jeans while the fingers of her other hand slid the zipper down. Her hot little fingers stroked across the tightening skin of my cock. I hissed in a breath and her eyes met mine. I pushed my hips toward her as she palmed my erection.

“So how to do you wanna do this?” she asked breathlessly.

Leaning down to nuzzle her neck, I whispered, “I’m gonna hump you, of course. Like any good dog would.”

I pushed her away from me, turning her so she faced the toilet. Then I stroked my hands over the outside of her thighs, pushing her miniskirt up. She leaned forward, bracing her hands on the wall, and pressing her hips back toward mine. I looked down at the creamy heart shaped ass in my palms. The thin purple ribbon of her thong held my attention only long enough for me to snap it and drop her underwear to the floor. I stroked her soft skin and she moaned.

“Are you gonna look at my ass or tap it?” she mocked, her voice breathless.

I leaned in over her, wriggling my jeans down farther so that my cock sprang free. I rubbed it over her ass, leaving damp trails on her skin. “Do you think I’d leave something this hot for those fools out there?” I growled, angling my body into hers.

My jeans were around my ankles now and my thighs brushed over hers as I continued to tease her with my cock. I could smell her arousal. It was sweet and musky, with a hint of

vanilla. Before my jeans had slid down I'd jerked a condom from my pocket. I held the packet in my teeth now and ripped it open. In a matter of moments, my cock was ready for her. My hands pushed up her shirt and I found her unbound breasts. A little cry escaped Sol's mouth as my fingers twisted her nipples.

With one hand, I pulled her head back by the hair and my mouth latched onto the sensitive skin of her neck. I licked her and heard the little sounds of passion that were escaping her. She was sunk deep into lust and so was I. I pressed forward, my body covering hers. In moments, I was sliding into her hot, wet sheath. She shuddered beneath my hands, pushing back toward me. Her muscles clenched down on me, and I bit my lip, sweat breaking out on my forehead, as the sensations roaring through my body turned me into a sheet of flame.

God damn! She was hot and tight and silky. The feel of her around my cock made me want to howl. I pumped into her a few times and she arched into me, taking my rhythm and making it her own. In moments, our hips were slapping together. My thick cock filled her tightly, and the friction was exquisite as I stroked into her. She leaned into the wall behind the toilet with her arms, her head hanging down as she panted, the sound raw in my sensitive ears. Her noises turned up the heat on my lust until I was pounding into her. Fortunately, she loved it.

My hands stroked her from her tits to her hips. I nipped the side of her neck and the point of her shoulder, as my fingers tweaked and twisted her nipples. I knew I was being a little rough with her, but she seemed to revel in it. Every time I pinched her turgid little points, she thrust her hips back at me, taking me deeper.

I leaned over her, my chest almost flush up against her back. Her breaths were ragged and punctuated with moans. I let my right hand slip around her thigh, and instantly my fingers were covered in her dewy wetness. I teased her labia and flicked her clit with the tip of my forefinger. She squeaked. A feral snarl escaped me as I realized why. She was about to come. I flicked her clit again and felt her body stiffening. I rubbed her wetness over the swollen nub, as my tongue licked up the side of her neck. She shivered in my arms.

My cocked pistoned into her, and I felt my balls tighten. Fuck! She was so damned hot! I rubbed her clit again and she went rigid. A loud groan escaped her and her head fell back on my shoulder as her body jerked, her orgasm taking over. She tilted her head so her eyes could meet mine, and she pulled my hand from between her legs, pushing my fingers toward my mouth. I sucked in a breath, her scent filling my nostrils. I lapped at the juices on my fingers, but then she pulled my hand away and sucked on my fingers herself, licking her honey from my flesh.

The hot glitter in her eyes set me off. That, and her licking her own pussy juice from my fingers. My balls tightened to the point of pain, and then my cock exploded. A fierce growl escaped me, and Sol sucked on my fingers, sending lust and ecstasy roaring through me as my cum blasted the tip of the condom.

Then there was silence. I could feel her sucking in great breaths of air, but she was quiet, her body coming back to normal. I braced one arm against the side of the stall and shuddered. Sol had been everything and more that Vivi had hinted at. The pixie delivered big time, and I hoped like hell she wasn't going to regret what she'd done while she was drunk, because I wanted another shot at her when she was sober.

I pulled away from her and began to dispose of the condom. I flushed it and wiped myself. Sol watched me with sharp eyes. When tucked myself back into my jeans, Sol leaned against the side of the stall, her skirt still around her waist, her shirt untucked and her breasts swinging free of the low neckline.

She smiled then, the grin carefree and filled with excitement. "Damn, that was good. Imagine what we could do with a bed," she said, her eyes glittering with a wicked light.

"Yours or mine?" I asked her promptly, heat flaring within me.

She snorted and began to straighten her clothes. "I don't have fifty packmates within hearing range."

Women always thought I lived with the pack. I wondered why they never thought of me as a lone wolf. Not that I was. I had a pack. I just didn't care to live with them all the time. "Well, I can always get a room at the G&T, but the walls are thin. We could end up with a third there," I told her, thinking of my last encounter at the G&T. I shivered. God, that demon could fuck!

"Definitely my place," Sol said firmly, her clothes now back in order. She pushed open the stall door and checked her appearance in the mirror over the sink. "I wanna see how long it takes to wear you out before I decide if we need a third to keep me entertained."

I held back my snort of derision. I could keep her entertained without a third ever entering the picture, but the thought of my demon lover AND Sol... that was hotter than anything I'd been into recently. I followed Sol out of the stall and ran a hand through my hair. "I'm easy. Just use me up. I'm not complaining," I said with a shrug.

My eyes met hers in the mirror. Her luscious lips quirked in a smile as she eyed my reflection in the mirror. "Well, then, zip your fly and follow me."

Her voice was almost a purr and I could see the excitement in her eyes. Then I realized she wasn't joking entirely. My fly was still down. Damn! The pixie was so hot I was forgetting things! She walked over to the door and looked back at me. Figuring it was better to just do what the lady said, I zipped my jeans and followed her. If she really did manage to wear me out, it would surprise me, but this was one time I wouldn't mind a woman proving me wrong.