



# POSSESSION

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MADELYNNE ELLIS AND  
ANNE TOURNEY

TRANSWORLD  
BOOKS

## **Contents**

Cover

About the Book

Also by Mathilde Madden, Madelynne Ellis & Anne Tourney

Title Page

The Silver Chains: Mathilde Madden

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Broken Angel: Madelynne Ellis

Contents

1. The Crossroads

2. Branded

3. Venom's Descent

4. Death Ward

5. Blood Rush

6. Caged

7. Force Change  
8. Subway Shuffle  
Epilogue

Falling Dancer: Anne Tourney

Chapter 1  
Chapter 2  
Chapter 3  
Chapter 4  
Chapter 5

Copyright

## About the Book

Lust has long been attributed to the beast or the 'other' inside us. From the dark side of Black Lace these three short novels of possession unmask the forbidden.

**The Silver Chains:** Alfie Friday is a werewolf. For 7 years he has controlled his curse carefully by locking himself in a cage every full moon. But now he's changing when it isn't full moon. His girlfriend Misty travels to South America to try and find a way of controlling Alfie's changes, but discovers the key to the problem lies in Oxford. The place it all began for Alfie and the place he has vowed never to return to.

**Falling Dancer:** Kelda has two jobs: full-time bartender, part-time exorcist. She meets vengeful spirits and misguided demons wherever she goes. She wishes the spirit world would leave her alone so she could have a relationship that lasted longer than twenty-four hours, but when she's contacted by a sexy musician who wants her to solve the mystery of his girlfriend's disappearance; she can't help getting involved.

**Broken Angel:** After stealing a copy of an ancient manuscript, Blaze Makaresh finds himself being hunted down by a gang of Youkai - demons who infiltrate human society in order to satisfy their hunger for sex and flesh. When Talon, an elitist society of demon-hunters, come to his aid, he's soon enmeshed with the beautiful Asha, and the dawning of an age-old prophecy.

**By the same author:**

Mathilde Madden  
PEEP SHOW  
MAD ABOUT THE BOY  
EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

Madelynne Ellis  
A GENTLEMAN'S WAGER  
DARK DESIGNS  
PASSION OF ISIS

Anne Tourney  
HEAD-ON HEART  
LYING IN MID-AIR  
KISS BETWEEN MY LINES  
TAMING JEREMY

# Possession

Mathilde Madden  
Madelynne Ellis  
Anne Tourney

BLACK  
LACE

# The Silver Chains

*Mathilde Madden*

# 1

MISTY WAS STRUTTING along the queue of patrons outside Wonderland. She was toying with them and camping it up using this black and white cane she had found the day before in a junk shop. She liked the cane. It didn't really go with the rest of her outfit. Except that it was all monochrome too.

She was wearing this Gothic Lolita look. She thought she looked damn fine. Alfie had said he liked it, but also that the weird Victoriana stuff slightly disturbed him. He had gone as far to say that it was almost as disturbing as that time she had gone to a fancy dress party as *The Ring* complete with her hair gelled into wet-looking rat tails and a TV casing to crawl out of.

Misty smiled to herself as she thought how odd it was that a man as big and powerful as Alfie would admit to being 'disturbed' by a tiny Asian girl in a silly costume. And that memory was especially delicious because when that conversation took place her beautiful big man had himself been dressed as a sexually ambiguous pirate with lashings of eye liner and a frilly shirt open to the navel.

Misty always felt sort of gooey inside when she thought about Alfie. He was meant to be meeting her inside the club. She hoped he liked it. She knew he thought some of her friends were kind of wild. But this had been his idea. Really. He had tried almost everything else.

Reaching the front of the queue Misty was about to nod to the bouncers and swan inside like she did most nights she came to Wonderland, but instead she found herself eavesdropping on an argument. A man in a pair of jeans and

a blue shirt – an outfit that was decidedly non-dress-code – was trying to talk his way inside.

Misty sniggered as the man made some rather valid arguments about some of the style failings of the rubber, leather and PVC-clad patrons that the bouncers were letting in while denying him entry. The man had a point. He was very, very beautiful, even in his dress-code-flouting outfit.

He was also Alfie. Her Alfie. He should have been inside the club by now.

Rolling her over-made-up eyes, Misty swanned over on four-inch heels.

‘Hey Biff, hey Billy,’ she said to the doormen. She didn’t know their actual names. That didn’t matter. Everyone knew her.

The larger of the doormen, the one with a bright orange crew cut, said, ‘Hi Misty. Be with you in a sec.’ And he turned back to Alfie, clearly about to say something a little more threatening to get rid of him.

‘Just a minute, Biff,’ Misty said.

The doorman turned around. Maybe he actually *was* called Biff. ‘Yeah?’

Behind Biff, Alfie was grinning at Misty.

‘He’s with me.’

## 2

CAROLINE RAY WAS too old for nightclubs. In truth, she had been too old for nightclubs at the age of twenty-one. She lacked the gene that gave a person the ability to tolerate the pound-pound-pound of dance music. She liked to be able to linger over a drink. To sit down. To talk.

But she had been single for three months and Wonderland seemed like a good place to find the type of man she was looking for. A strong man who liked an even stronger woman.

But Wonderland was so hot and loud and intimidating. Everyone was dressed in the most outlandish leather, rubber and PVC outfits. And the way they sneered at her made it clear that she - in her simple black leather trousers and black T-shirt which was just enough to get her in the door - was the one they considered outlandish.

Caroline felt strangely alone in the throng. She hadn't been out on the pull for ages. Hadn't needed to come to a place like this. She was hoping to see a familiar face, but everything was different from how she remembered it. It all felt hopelessly cliqued and unwelcoming.

Why had she thought this would be a better bet than the internet?

She was just about to head for the basement, when her eye was caught by a woman sitting in a corner of a booth, playing cards on her own. She looked incredible. This place was full of very wildly dressed people, but this woman was astonishing. Caroline was here looking for a man. A kinky dirty-minded man. She hadn't expected to have her head

turned by a woman. But she couldn't stop looking at this one.

She was Asian - maybe Japanese, although Caroline couldn't be sure - and wore her glossy jet black hair piled up on her head in a heap of tumbling curls and ringlets. Her make-up was a mask of white, her lips blood-red, her eyes outlined in black. She wore a dress - Caroline could only see the top of it, the table hid the rest - that looked vaguely Victorian. A frilly bib part, with puffy mutton-chop sleeves ending in long buttoned cuffs. Caroline found herself staring at the girl. For too long. Because she raised her head and grinned.

Caroline smiled back and the woman beckoned her with a jerk of her head. Caroline wasn't sure. Embarrassed to be caught looking. This was her first time at a place like Wonderland. She wasn't quite certain what the woman's invitation might be about. She half shook her head, only a vague tiny movement.

The woman in the booth made a sort of chastising face, raising her eyebrows and cocking her head. Then she picked up a couple of playing cards and waved them. Caroline found herself nodding. Relieved. The woman was offering a game of cards not a full-on heavy duty S&M sex session.

'Mercy,' said the woman holding out a hand for Caroline to shake as she slipped into the booth.

Caroline took her hand. '*Er, merci? Je ne comprend pas Francaise?*' She stuttered. Unsure even about how to say that she didn't speak French in French.

The woman laughed. 'No. I'm not French. I wasn't speaking French. I was saying Mercy was my name. Although it isn't really, it's Misty. Sorry. That happens all the time. I do it on purpose, really.'

'OK, so, Misty?'

Misty nodded. 'Misty Sun.'

'Oh. Right. Misty? What like Mistress Misty, kind of thing?' Caroline said as she sat down opposite Misty in the booth.

Misty made a face. 'Nah. Not really. Well maybe. It's not my real name. And a lot of the kinky guys love it. But, actually, my real name is Mindy. I just think Misty is better.'

'Better?'

'Than Mindy. But I do like Mercy. Hmm . . .'

'Well, yeah, for sure. I'm Caroline, by the way.'

It was about then in the conversation that Caroline realised that this booth, tucked away in the corner of the huge cavernous vastness of Wonderland, seemed weirdly sheltered from the ear-bleedingly loud thump of the music playing in the rest of the club. It was like an oasis of calm - Misty's little oasis.

'So, what you doing here, Caroline? It's your first time, right?'

'No, no. I've been here before. Just not for a while. I split with my boyfriend and, well, I thought this might be a good place to meet someone new. I don't know what I was thinking. I should've just used the net.'

Misty nodded. 'Ha. So, what are you looking for? Apart from a game of rummy with a Japanese Gothic Lolita. A big burly master? A big burly slave boy? Are you the binder or the bindee?'

'The binder. Um.' Caroline looked at the table, slightly shy of her desires.

Misty tapped her round-tipped black and white fingernails on the tabletop. 'There's nothing to be embarrassed about. And you know, a friend of mine is here tonight and he's really keen to find a woman who's down with hurting him while having sex. That's why I brought him. It's kind of a new thing for him.'

'Yeah. Well that might be interesting. Right now I'm just after someone who could keep it casual. I don't really want a full-blown live-in slave or anything. Just some kinky fun. See where I am, you know.'

'Sure. That's cool. Actually, he doesn't do relationships or anything, right now. He can't really. Um, personal stuff. But I

think you and him might get on. He'll be in the basement.  
Experimenting.'

Caroline smiled. 'I was heading down there anyway.'

### 3

OUT OF THE little bubble of calm that was Misty's booth, Caroline found herself back in the sensory overload of the thumping music and flashing lights that defined Wonderland. Misty was holding her hand dragging her through crowds that were getting thicker and thicker. Over the dance floor. Through gyrating hips and flailing limbs. It was like hiking through a dense forest of PVC and corsets and men with leather waistcoats and goatee beards.

Then Misty tugged her through a familiar door that was all wood and iron like a dungeon from the days of yore, and into a cooler, quieter, far kinkier place. Stone steps led down towards noise of whips, yelps and all kinds of moans. Caroline felt the hair on the back of her neck stand up. In the medley of sounds she picked out the crack of a whip and a deep masculine moan of twisted pleasure that followed it. Her blood started to beat harder between her legs.

At the bottom of the stairs Misty led her through Wonderland's basement.

Oh, it was wonderful. Men were crawling on the floor dressed in leather collars and not a lot else. She saw one particularly exquisite specimen crouching in a tiny cage, all dark eyes and desperately bulging underwear. Caroline's breathing was getting ragged as she weaved her way through St Andrew's crosses and stocks. She had to step over a cute blonde girl who was tied up on the floor, hogtied so tightly that her head almost arced right round to touch her toes.

But Caroline registered her for little more than the seconds it took not to tread on her, because it was then that

she saw him.

His big muscled arms were braced against one of the basement's stone walls. He wasn't bound. He was just standing in position. His big bare back making an excellent target for a spry short-haired woman wielding a single tail whip. The woman was something of an expert, cutting the thin tail of leather through the air, making shapes and sounds, making it seem like the whip was alive. And over and over it was landing on the man's back, eliciting a combination of vivid marks and muffled grunts that had turned the inside of Caroline's mouth to dust.

She hadn't even seen his face.

While Caroline was frozen to the spot Misty let go of her hand and moved through the crowd towards the man. Somehow she got the attention of the woman with the whip, who handed it over to Misty with a sly smile.

Misty raised the whip and cut it through the air, her strange Victorian pinafore dress billowing. Caroline noticed for the first time that Misty was in character right down to her toes, even wearing little black button-through boots and black tights. But she didn't notice that for long. When Misty sent the whip flying through the air it seemed to land harder and far more viciously than before. A fact born out by the way the man's arms seemed to buckle a little at the elbow and he collapsed into the wall slightly.

'Goddamnit, Misty,' he said, in a voice that was low enough to carry even with his face up against the wall.

Misty stilled the whip as he turned around. 'You're meant to say, "Red".'

He looked angrily at her, then cracked a lopsided smile. Misty ran into his arms, jumping up and linking her ankles around his big back.

Caroline's main thought, the one accompanying a weird stab of jealousy was, god, he's a really big guy.

A moment later Misty dragged Mr Big over to where Caroline was standing. 'Here you go.' she grinned. 'Alfie

Friday, at your service.’ And she winked dramatically, turning to Alfie. ‘How about you take her home and show her a good time?’

‘Misty, I don’t need you to . . .’

‘I thought you said . . .’

‘Shush. She *can* hear you.’ Alfie and Misty turned around and Alfie grinned sheepishly. ‘Look, sorry. It’s just . . .’

Caroline held up her palms. ‘No, no, it’s OK. I mean, you’re not obliged to.’

Caroline’s voice sort of dried up as Alfie fixed her with his eyes. She noticed they were a very unusual colour. A sort of deep gold. ‘Maybe we should have a quick drink though, the three of us,’ Alfie said.

‘OK,’ said Caroline.

‘Cool,’ said Misty and, as Caroline looked over at her, she noticed that her eyes were the exact same colour. How odd. Caroline would have assumed they were related, brother and sister even, if they weren’t so clearly from different sides of the world.

‘It’s Alfred, really,’ Alfie said, setting the drinks down on the table in Misty’s secluded booth, ‘but everyone calls me Alfie.’

‘OK Alfie,’ Caroline raised her glass. She took a quick drink and then smiled at Misty, who smiled right back; clearly the conversation was down to her. She looked back at Alfie. ‘So, er, this is your thing, then? You’re really into kinky stuff?’

‘Well,’ Alfie leant back in his seat, ‘let’s just say I’m experimenting with a few things right now. Different things. Different kinds of sex.’

‘Oh right, OK.’

Misty looked around. ‘Where’s Leon?’

Alfie said, ‘I don’t know. He was marking me downstairs.’

‘I thought you said you didn’t need to be marked if you were here. I thought you said pain kept you stable.’

‘That’s just a theory,’ Alfie said. ‘I asked Leon to be there in case I was wrong.’

‘God, I thought you were sure. You should be more careful. You’re flipping to non-sex triggers more and more. If you flipped somewhere like this it could be bad.’

‘I am being careful,’ Alfie said. ‘There’s enough warning to get the sedative and get hidden.’

‘Not if you don’t know where Leon is.’

‘I’m with you now.’

‘Yes but I haven’t got any . . .’ Misty just shook her head, exasperated.

Just as Caroline was wondering whether it would be rude to ask what they were talking about, she noticed another man coming up behind them. He was tall, but not as tall as Alfie. A little older. He had long dirty-blond hair and was dressed in tight fitting denims – jeans and a waistcoat – and nothing else. He looked like a refuge from an 1980s metal band. Or a roadie.

‘Shit, sorry,’ he said in a broad Birmingham accent as he approached the table. ‘I was watching you, sire, honestly. I just got talking to this girl, and – oh fuck, hello, sweetheart.’ He turned a bright, white smile on Caroline.

‘Hi,’ Caroline said, holding out a hand. She could have sworn she heard Alfie growl as Leon took it and shook.

Leon gave her a blatant once-over, letting his eyes drift salaciously over her legs. ‘Nice trousers. Not every chick can carry off leather.’

Alfie growled again. More distinctly. There was no mistaking it.

‘Anyway,’ said Leon, ‘are you taking over now?’

He was looking at Misty, who shrugged and nodded.

‘Great. ‘Cause I really want to finish that conversation I was having with that chick down . . .’

‘Fine,’ Alfie snapped. ‘Go.’

And Leon reached into his pocket, pulled out a syringe, and threw it onto the table.

It bounced once and then rolled. Caroline's mouth dropped open and she felt herself cowering away from it.

Misty reached out and whisked it away.

'Look, er,' said Caroline, 'if this is some kind of, I don't know . . . um, maybe this isn't my thing.'

'It's not like that,' said Alfie. 'It's not what you think. I'm diabetic, that's all. I can get unwell really fast sometimes. I need someone to keep an eye on me. In fact . . .' He leant across the table and fished the syringe out of Misty's hand, then shifted, holding it out to Caroline. 'You should take it, if I'm going home with you.'

'If you're going home with . . .?'

Alfie stared deeply into her eyes. 'You don't want to?'

Caroline swallowed. Alfie had the strangest expression on his face. Looking at him she felt a little confused. Mesmerised, even. 'I don't know. I don't even know what you like. What you want.'

Alfie held her eyes. 'I don't want to come,' Alfie said. 'Don't let me come. It isn't good for me.'

'Oh,' said Caroline. 'You like that, do you? Denial kink?'

'I wouldn't say I *like* it, exactly.' Alfie grinned then. 'But I can go home with you and give you a great fucking night. And, I won't even get an orgasm myself at the end of it. Does that appeal at all?'

Caroline felt her pussy thump at this petulant declaration. But she shook her head. She'd never met a kinky man quite like this before. 'I don't know.'

Alfie shrugged. 'Want to find out?'

## 4

IN THE LARGE kitchen of Caroline's flat in Tooting, Alfie bent down a little and Caroline - perched on the table - kissed him.

She could feel Alfie letting her kiss him. Just letting his head go back and opening his mouth under hers. He bent his knees a little more and she bore down on him all the harder then, feeling a desperate need to possess him totally.

Alfie said something, but it was lost in the meld of their mouths. Caroline pulled away. 'What?'

'Hurt me,' he said, low, like a confession. 'Pull my hair, bite me, anything. I need it.'

Caroline didn't need telling twice. She tangled a fist in his dark hair and twisted. Alfie moaned. Caroline pressed her thigh between his legs and felt his cock there. It was hard. She twisted his hair more. He moaned again. His cock got even harder. Alfie was rolling his head back on his shoulders. 'OK,' he said, 'but I need more.'

Caroline twisted harder again. 'What?' she whispered, almost unable to hear herself over the thumping of her heart and the roar of blood in her ears.

'Yeah. I need you to hit me or something, though. You saw what I was having done to me at the club. You know I can take a lot more than this. Need a lot more than this.'

'Hit you where?'

'Hit my face, slap my face. Hard as you can.'

Caroline stopped and took her hand out of his hair. 'Are you sure? You said you were new to this. I don't want to hurt you.'

Alfie grinned. 'Yeah, you do.'

‘But I don’t know your limits or anything. I mean, I know your safe word is red but . . .’

Alfie sort of smiled. ‘No limits. No need. Look, really, trust me, unless you have silver bullets you are not going to be doing me any lasting damage anytime soon. Now, hit me. Hit the damn wolf in me.’

*The wolf in . . .?* But Caroline pulled her arm back and slapped Alfie’s face hard. His head jerked. His mouth fell open a little. He was so easily, instantly aroused by it. He was so sexy. And Caroline didn’t even think. She slapped him again.

Then she kissed him some more. Harder this time. Wilder. She bit his lips hard and then his tongue. Her hands were in his hair again, but this time even she was feeling it wasn’t enough. She could feel his need coming off him in waves. He was burning with it. Fuck, but he was hot. Hot in every way.

Caroline pulled back from the kiss and looked at Alfie. His lips were swollen from kissing and biting. There wasn’t a single mark on his face where she had slapped him though. She wished there was. ‘I want to see you kneeling. See you on your knees.’ It turned her on so much she could barely choke the words out.

Alfie fixed Caroline’s eyes with his and lowered his body slowly. First onto one knee, then both. Then he watched her, waiting for the next order.

Caroline ran her teeth over her bottom lip. ‘Fuck, you look so hot like that,’ she said softly. ‘I wish you were tied up, but I don’t want to stop and get any stuff.’

‘You don’t need to tie me up. How about I link my little fingers behind my back?’

‘Yeah. Oh, yeah. Do it.’

Alfie put his hands behind his back. His chest expanded a little. The muscles at the tops of his arms went taut.

Caroline sighed. He looked like a hero. A brave man offering himself to her, offering himself up to be sacrificed

to whatever her twisted desires demanded of him. She felt she could look at him – look into his golden eyes forever.

But forever, it turned out, didn't last so very long.

Caroline bent at the waist, leaning right down from her perch on the table and kissed Alfie on the lips again. It was delicious having his face so much lower down than hers. Her hands found his big smooth chest. She closed her fingers over his nipples, twisting and pulling. Each time he gasped into her mouth and she felt very sure his cock was getting harder and harder.

'Fuck,' said Alfie when Caroline took her mouth away from his. 'I really want to come.'

'You can't though, can you?'

'No.' Alfie sighed. 'You've still got the insulin, though, right?'

Caroline frowned. 'Er, yes.'

Alfie smiled. 'I just want you to use me, then. Let me find a pleasure in pleasuring you.'

Caroline found the idea that Alfie would be denied any kind of sexual release unnervingly sexy. She squirmed on the table.

Alfie said. 'If I could come though, I'd like to come on your shoes. Can I kiss them?'

Caroline looked down at her shoes. They were black shiny Mary Janes. Cute, but nothing special. 'You like them?' she said, breathy suddenly, with the need for his mouth to be plastered back over hers. 'I was going to change into something more in keeping. I have some boots upstairs.'

'No. They're great. You want to see me licking them?' He swallowed. 'I will. If you tell me to. I'm in the right place to obey any orders you might give me.'

Caroline looked down at him. He looked so amazing, there, on his knees. His arms were still linked behind his back and he was looking up at her with those big golden eyes. There was something animal-like about him. All that power, like a coiled spring, offered to her. So beautifully controlled. A

noble beast, submitting himself to her, but still wild, untamed.

'I want to see your tongue working on my shoes,' she said, her voice husky and cracking. Suddenly she was feeling close to orgasm. It seemed strange as - in some ways - they had only just begun.

Alfie kept his hands behind his back as he moved his head forwards and began to run his tongue over the toe of one of her pumps. Her feet were off the floor. Almost at the perfect height. He only had to duck down a little. Caroline squirmed. The way his long pink tongue glided over the leather of her shoe just made her think about that same talented tongue working between her legs.

She let him lick them some more. Then she said, 'I like the way you use your tongue, Alfie. How about you use it to make me come?'

Without taking his mouth off her shoes Alfie turned his head a little and smiled at her. Then, with his hands still in position behind his back, he let his tongue glide all the way up one of her leather-clad legs, stroking softly through the hide.

By the time he reached the top Caroline had unfastened her buttons and was shucking the trousers down her legs. Her underwear followed and, as she slid forwards, Alfie pushed his nose and mouth into position. Caroline's legs turned to liquid as soon as she felt his soft damp-velvet tongue caressing her clit.

He stroked her over and over with his tongue and then pushed back, down, deeper, and thrust the length of it inside her. Caroline's hands gripped the table edge. She looked down at those powerful shoulders. Those big arms. His neat waist and arse still snugly covered in tight jeans. She thought about the hard column of his frustrated cock. The sweet urgent needy taste of his mouth. That strange smell of cut grass and coppery blood that he seems to

exude. In some ways he barely seemed human at all. Some fantastical creature.

He drew his tongue back over her clit once more and it nearly tipped her into orgasm. One more time and she was there. Screaming. Her hands leaving the table and finding his scalp again. Twisting in his hair. Hurting him and holding his mouth on her. Almost levitating with the power of it.

When she opened her eyes he was still on the floor in a kneeling crouch, hunched over her shoes and pooled jeans.

He looked up at her. 'Thank you. God, I wish I could come too. You could make me beg for it.'

Caroline laughed lightly. She pushed her foot forwards and grazed it up the distinct bulge in his jeans. 'You want to come, huh?' she teased. Tracing the bulge of his erection once or twice more.

'Yeah. God.'

With a couple of kicks, Caroline slipped off her trousers and underwear that were tangled around her ankles. 'You want to beg for it?' she said as she did it.

'Mmm-hmm.'

'Well go on then.'

And he was on his knees, with his hands behind his back, begging to come. 'Oh god. Please. I need to. I'm so turned on. Please, tell me I can.'

Caroline looked at him. Kept looking at him. She couldn't take her eyes away. 'I'd like to see you touch yourself. Take yourself to the edge.'

Alfie nodded.

'Mmm. Take off the rest of your clothes first.'

Lifting himself a little way from the floor Alfie shed his open shirt and his jeans. Naked he looked even more like a beautiful animal. He got down on his haunches. Poised to pounce. Big powerful thighs spread wide. Hard cock. Jutting. Shining and wet.

'Touch it,' Caroline said.

Alfie snaked a hand between his legs and made a fist around his cock. He pumped it twice, quickly. Gasping as he did. Wanting and needy.

‘Do it slowly,’ Caroline said. ‘I want to watch.’

Alfie moaned a little. Clearly not wanting to slow down, but he did it. He stroked himself more gently, still crouching at her feet, until his head was tipped right back and he was incoherent with desire.

And then his eyes snapped open. ‘Fuck!’ he said. ‘Where’s the sedative?’

‘The what?’

‘The sedative? Uh, the syringe. The insulin?’

‘You need . . . what?’

Alfie’s face was hard as stone. ‘Inject me. Right now.’

Caroline reached for the syringe, but she wasn’t wearing her trousers.

She slid off the table and dropped onto the floor next to Alfie. He’d let go of his cock and was frozen. Crouched on the floor looking terrified.

Caroline scrambled in the pocket of her crumpled trousers. Nothing. She turned them around and tried the other pocket, exhaling with relief as her fingers touched the cool glass.

She straddled Alfie’s body. As he lifted his face to look at her she saw it looked weird, swollen. She didn’t pause to think. She shoved the hypo into his neck.

He bucked under her a couple of times and then stilled. Unconscious. Oh fuck. Too much.

Caroline turned, looking for Alfie’s jeans. Didn’t diabetics carry glucose sweets in case they had too much insulin?

But there was nothing in Alfie’s pockets. And when she turned back, there was no Alfie. Just a gigantic unconscious wolf.

Caroline didn’t really remember going to bed, but she woke up with a muzzy head and fuzzy teeth.

She pulled on a T-shirt and sweatpants and stumbled into the hall. She stared at the kitchen door. Not sure what she would find behind it. She'd closed it the night before and jammed a chair under the handle, after staring in disbelief at Alfie's sedated form which had transformed into the body of a huge sleeping wolf.

She knocked on the door. 'Uh, Alfie?'

'It's OK,' said Alfie's voice from behind the door. 'I'm OK.'

Caroline opened the kitchen door to find Alfie sitting at her kitchen table, he smiled, sheepish. 'I can, uh, I can explain. Sort of.'

Caroline turned to make some tea. 'You don't have to.' The sight of Alfie sitting there was making her feel light headed. He looked like he might be naked, but he probably had his underpants on under the table. *He did have a pair of underpants with him, didn't he?*

'It wasn't a fit. I mean, if you've convinced yourself I just had some kind of fit, I didn't. I . . .'

'You're a werewolf.' Caroline said, turning away from the boiling kettle.

'Yes.'

'You're a werewolf who has got too old and whose body is becoming unstable. You change when you come, don't you? So you thought you'd be OK with me. A kinky woman who gets off on you not having an orgasm. Except it didn't work, did it? Because even without a climax the excitement was still enough to make you change.'

'Uh . . .? So you're - what? - some kind of werewolf expert.'

Caroline couldn't help looking at the red marks across his back from the whipping he got at the club. 'No. Not really. My sister Cate is a witch.'

'Oh? I didn't know witches had . . .'

'Sisters?'

'Well, yeah. Families.'