

## Dark Wolf Enterprises

As the plane began to slow, his wolf grew more anxious. He didn't dare look at Trudy for fear that she'd see the murderous intent in his eyes. His wolf was just a hair's breath away.

As the plane came to a complete stop he expected the cockpit to open. But no one stirred from beyond the door.

Wise, for if the pilots came out he would rip them to shreds.

"Don't move," he growled.

Getting up, he didn't bother to reach for his coat. He sniffed at the closed door leading to the cockpit. The two pilots were in fear for their lives. He could smell their cowardly stench from where he stood. He tried the door again. Locked. Just as before. Only a fool would open the door for him now.

Kristof pulled his cell phone out of his pants pocket and tried to make a call. Nothing. No service.

He took a quick glance behind him. Trudy remained strapped in her seat with her hands gripping the belt across her hips. Her wild eyes were on him, waiting for direction.

"Is your cell phone working?"

She pulled her phone out of her pocket and tried it. "No," she said shaking her head. "No bars."

He nodded once. He expected as much. He opened the door leading to the outside and stood to the side, shielding his body from view. Cool air rushed through the entrance. He sniffed the air. Three distinct smells caught his attention.

*Males.*

*Wolves.*

*Shifters.*

He didn't recognize their pack smell which meant he held no allegiance to any of them.

*Good.*

He kept his eyes focused on the shifters that were lurking in the darkness. "When I leave, you come and shut this hatch."

"But...but you said for me not to get up."

"That was before. Now I need you to shut the hatch and lock it. In the closet where our bags are there's a box on the top shelf. Get the flare gun and aim it at the cockpit door. Shoot whoever comes out. When you get inside the cockpit you'll see a red button on the controls, that'll activate a distress signal. Engage it and wait here for the authorities."

When she didn't answer he turned to glare at her. "Do you understand?"

Her eyes opened wide as they locked on his. "Y-Yes."

He threw his cellphone and wallet on one of the seats. He didn't waste time trying to explain what was about to happen. She wouldn't believe him anyway. He stepped into the entrance and peered out into the night. The shifters snapped at the air in his direction.

*Gotta give the wolves what they want.*

He leapt from the door to the ground below. On a growl one of the wolves came forward. His wolf growled in response. He shifted just as they rushed forward. His clothes were torn from his body as his wolf sprang to life.

Trudy watched in horror.

Did he transform into some kind of werewolf right before her very eyes?

One minute Kristof was at the airplane door and the next he'd jumped to the ground below. The ten-foot jump hadn't fazed him at all. Instead of falling over, he'd sprung to his feet as though he'd stepped off the sidewalk curb and into the street.

Within seconds he'd transformed into a dark brown wolf. She wasn't watching a normal wolf, well, even taking into consideration the fact that just moments before he used to be a man. This wolf was larger and thicker than any wolf she'd ever seen on TV or at the zoo.

What was left of his clothes clung in shreds around his neck and a remnant of his pants hung from one of his hind legs.

She caught her breath as a wolf jumped to attack him. The others circled the fighting duo. Each wolf snarled and ripped at skin. When another wolf joined in, she screamed. Kristof's eyes met hers. He growled loudly, seemingly just for her.

The other wolf took advantage of Kristof's momentarily preoccupation and jumped into the fight, making it three against one. Kristof fought them off, but he kept his focus on her. He called out to her again, making his displeasure known in a fierce growl.

*The hatch*, she remembered.

It took all she could to tear her gaze away from the fighting down below and run to the hatch.

She slammed it shut and laid her back against it. Her entire body shook as she tried to come to grips with what she was witnessing.

Kristof is some kind of freak and he's being attacked by wolves. She was god knows where with god knows who.

She could be killed out here and no one would know how to find her body.

Her gaze shifted to the cockpit door. *They* could kill her.

*Flare gun.*

She scrambled to the back of the plane and flung open the closet door. On the top shelf was the metal box Kristof had told her about. Grabbing it, she pulled the box down. The handle slipped in her sweaty palms and hit the floor with a crash. The contents spilled at her feet.

She spotted the flare gun immediately. Grabbing it, she ran back to her seat by the window and aimed the gun at the cockpit door.

While she waited for the pilots to come out, she continued to watch the fighting below. One of the wolves was down, leaving Kristof to fight the other two. She peered at the cockpit door. Still shut. Then back to Kristof. One of the others wolves was now limping badly.

Kristof snarled and grabbed the uninjured wolf by the neck and shook him. The wolf went limp and appeared to be more like a rag doll than anything else. Kristof stopped and opened his mouth. The wolf he held there fell to the ground in a lump. The only wolf left stood his ground. Both he and Kristof growled and circled each other until, finally, the injured wolf seemed to realize this was a losing fight and scampered off into the darkness.

Standing alone, Kristof let out a long howl at the night.

Trudy pressed her face to the glass and looked left to right, trying to see if she spotted any more of the other wolves.

Kristof ran off, to where she couldn't see.

*He's leaving me.*

The thought ripped through her mind. Then an instant later, another thought eased the first.

*He'd never leave me. I belong to him.*

She'd no time to pick apart the last thought because, on the next blink, Kristof—the wolf—was standing outside of her window—watching her.

She knew it was him and not some other wolf, she *felt* he was hers. Their eyes locked. A part of her wanted to shrink away under his stare, but the other...wanted to claim him.

The cockpit door creaked open and the pilot peered at her. Yelping she raised her gun and aimed. Screaming, he shut the door before she could fire off a shot.

"Come out here and I'll kill you! Do you see what happened to your buddies?" Her hands shook as she aimed the gun.

She was going to die. There was a man-wolf killer outside and a pilot-kidnapper in here.

Another glance outside and Kristof stood, as a man, watching her. A naked man. A wonderfully naked man.

She shook her head.

*Wolf-beast.*

"Trudy. Open the hatch. I'm coming back up," He yelled out to her."

Was she supposed to let him back in? He hadn't said that.

She chewed on her lower lip, waiting for an answer she couldn't think of. If she opened the door would he attack her? Was he a rabid beast who couldn't control himself?

She shook her head. "No. You said not to open the hatch."

"I meant don't open the hatch for them."

"Since I know your secret are you going to kill me now?"

"Don't be silly. It's cold out here. Open the hatch."

Should she let him back in?

"Are the pilots still alive?" he asked.

Her gaze shot back to the cockpit. "Yes. But not for long," she yelled, loud enough for the pilots to hear.

"I'm naked and it's about thirty degrees out here. Can you please let me in?"

"Wh-what about your super-human heating abilities? Aren't you supposed to be so hot that'd you'd melt snow?"

He cocked his head to the side. "This is not a young adult story. I'm freezing my ass off."

"If he kills me I'm going to be so pissed," she mumbled to herself.

With the gun trained on the cockpit, she slowly walked to the hatch. There she unlocked it and opened the door for him.

Kristof jumped and grasped the edge of the plane. With a grunt he hauled himself up and through the opening. Streaks of blood were on his body. He looked...deadly. She startled and fell back.

She aimed the gun at him. "Don't hurt me."

"Trudy, darling."

She stared at him.

"Y-yes."

"If you're going to shoot me, I'd rather you aim for my head and get it over with quickly."

Her gaze followed the path of her aim. It was on his wonderful hanging cock. *Aw shit.*

"My other head," he said softly.

Stunned, Trudy's jaw dropped open and she stared at him—all of him. He was big, thick and swinging gloriously in front of her.

He leaned over and placed a finger on her jaw, lifting it closed. “We don’t have much time. You’ve trusted me so far, don’t let it wane now.”

She hung her head. “I’m going crazy. That’s the only excuse. I’m still sleeping and the high altitude is making me experience crazy dreams.”

He walked by her. “Keep your eyes and the gun on the door.”

If it’s just a dream what would be the harm in her watching him?

She turned to catch his pale ass sauntering away from her. His broad shoulders tapered to a well-defined back, down to a small waist and a butt that was round and looked firm. His long legs were muscular and lean.

*Perfect.*

“Eyes on the door,” he snapped.

“Why? I’m dreaming.”

He rummaged through the closet and tossed out a few items onto the seat.

“This isn’t a dream, Trudy. While I smell humans in the cockpit, they’re just as dangerous as the ones outside. They could have a number of weapons in there with them and we’d never know.” He went to his bag and pulled out a fresh pair of clothes.

*This isn’t a dream?*

Despite her thoughts to the contrary, she turned back to face the cockpit and listened as he rustled behind her.

“If this isn’t a dream, I really should be freaking out right now.”

“Why?”

She snorted. “You turned into a wolf, killed two other wolves and turned back into a human. That doesn’t happen every day.”

“You’re right.” He walked to stand at her back and removed the gun from her hand. “I don’t kill every day.”

She hitched a breath. “What are you, some kind of mutant?”

“I’m a shifter. Now be a good girl and put on my coat. I have a bag for us. We have to leave here before reinforcements come.”

She got up and pulled his coat on, finding the arms were too long. Although she was tall, his hemline still brushed against the floor. “Shifter?” she asked. “Can you shift into other animals besides a wolf and how exactly do you shift?”

“No, just a wolf and I can’t explain it. My physical being alters and I change shape.”

“So there’s a wolf living inside of you? Doesn’t he have to wait until the full moon comes out? How do you communicate with it? Is it like having a split personality?”

“Tru, please, we don’t have time for twenty questions.” He adjusted his coat on her.

“You just turned into an animal right before my very eyes and you don’t think I’d have questions?”

He took a deep breath. “He doesn’t live inside of me—we’re the same entity, but with two distinct parts. I can shift whenever I want. I talk while he communicates with pictures. He gives me snippets of information that he wants me to know. Since I don’t know what it’s like to have a split personality, I’m going to have to say no.”

His answers only led to more questions for her.

“How many others are like you? Where did you come from? Does the government know what you can do? Are you a man that can shift into a wolf or are you a wolf that can shift into a man? Were you born a puppy or a human baby? Where are your parents? Are they shifters too?”

If they aren't, do they know about you? How old are you? How long does your kind live?" She fired off questions, one after the other.

"There are millions of various shifters. I was born in Hungary and moved to the US when I was younger. No, the government doesn't know—and I'd like to keep it that way. I'm both man and wolf. I was born a human baby. My parents are vacationing in Brazil right now. Yes, they're shifters too. I'm one hundred and thirty five years old. Shifters typically live between four hundred to five hundred years old." He spoke in hurried tones while he buttoned her oversized buttons.

She stared at him in utter shock.

"You'll stay by my side at all times," he said. "I don't know where we are or where we have to go. I'll need for you to trust me with this." She stared at him blankly, as he turned up her collar and framed it around her face. "Do you understand?"

She nodded, even though she didn't.

He'd told her that because there was only one coat—his—and he would have to turn back into a wolf to keep warm. Okay, she could work past him shifting again, but what she couldn't wrap her head around was how Kristof the wolf would know not to shred her into itty-bitty pieces and eat her. "He knows," was all he'd told her when she asked.

He loaded a duffle bag onto her back. It was stuffed with first-aid supplies, small blankets and an extra pair of clothes for him, for when he shifted back to human.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

*No.* "Yes."

He nodded once and stood back. "I'm going to shift now. Remember, I won't hurt you."

"Right."

She anticipated his change, keeping her eyes on trained on his face.

*Take a quick peek before he turns again.*

*No. Don't stare at his junk.*

Her eyes dropped just as he began his change.