

## The Softest Side of the Wolfe

~by the Rachael!

Inspired in part by teh Wingness, from whom I have respectfully borrowed a character for my purposes. It's only fair since he borrowed mine.

He felt the familiar magic wrap around him. Not insistent, like he was used to, which was curious. It was more like a tentative thread, reaching him purely out of coincidence rather than need or requirement. Fox narrowed his eyes and stood slowly. With concise steps, he moved toward the room of his mistress. What was this pull? Never since Wolfe had claimed him had he been conflicted about what she might want, but he felt a marked uncertainty from behind the door. Cool metal touched his fingertips, and Wusten looked around the lair. Apparently none of the others felt it. Fox hesitated with the knob in his palm. The cherry stained wood was a barrier in front of him that seemed to refuse to give way. While he paused, the tug in the back of his mind gradually receded until just the memory of the sensation remained. Wusten breathed a long sigh of relief, maybe it had been nothing, and she hadn't called him at all. Still... perhaps it was better to check than face her wrath. None of the others truly understood who it was they were ensnared by.

Putting up his steely demeanor, Fox turned the knob and pushed the barrier aside to step through. It clicked audibly, a harsh drumbeat, behind him. He looked at her, and the slow realization of why none of the others had been touched by the pull came to light. *No one else could have seen this and made it away alive*, he said to himself. Mouth hung slightly open, eyes unblinking, he didn't dare make a sound to bring attention to the fact that he had come. She'd heard the door, there was no way she hadn't, and she chose not to turn to face him. Instead, the vicious siren was kneeling on her bed, bent forward and away from him in a pose that almost resembled pain, however impossible that was. From this angle it was obvious, the scar on her back. He'd never seen it before. Even when she brutalized him, Rachael had kept all of her own clothes on. The scar ran, thick and jagged, from just below the back of her neck on the left side to below the same shoulder blade. An old wound from the look of it, but freshly split open. Their recent deployments must have aggravated it. His beautiful, seductive, horrible, sadistic mistress let out a pitiful sound and reached, wincing, for her crimson smeared shirt that was splayed on the cover in front of her. She tossed the garment over her left shoulder to cover the wound, a pain drenched groan emanating from her as cotton slapped against skinless flesh.

"Get out, worthless runt, I didn't call you here," she whispered. Golden eyes pressed tightly together in pain. Her claws wound through the fabric at her fingertips, shredding it, threatening him wordlessly.

Fox opened his mouth, but no voice came. He gaped at her without bothering to veil his confliction. Her deadly golden gaze coiled to meet him. Faced with the full brunt of the Wolf's stare, Wusten felt his insides threatening to crumple. Lips released a gasp that was no more than a squeak, his back touched sleek cherry wood, and he collapsed to the floor. "Please," air barely vibrated with the sound, "I'm sorry, Mistress Wolfe." Frantic fingertips searched for the cool metal knob that would release him from this suffocating, invisible prison.

Sudden relent of the pressure was almost as startling as the initial onslaught had been. Millimeters from touching the silver metal orb to freedom, Wusten no longer felt the grip of inescapable death around him. He didn't dare to feel relief. That bright yellow stare was nothing but frigid. Cold sweat began to cling to his skin, and the Werewolf wrinkled her nose. His discomfort assaulted her senses, and a flicker of something terrifyingly familiar crossed those ice laden sun orbs. Fox knew that face. She was a razor's edge from taking out her entire day on him. It took every fiber of wit and whatever scraps of bravery and sanity the werewolf hadn't destroyed in her favorite plaything to keep him from shielding himself reflexively. To do so meant a certain repeat performance of the rape and degradation of his mind and body that she seemed to feed her own twisted life with. Cold started at the base of his neck, like a lover with an ice cube, and trailed down the bumps of his spine one at a time. Wusten bit back a shudder, and prayed silently to whoever might listen.

The huntress blinked. Her prey took in an audible breath. The air in the room gave no relief. *Wait until she speaks*, he thought, *or you're done. Do whatever she says and maybe she'll forgive you for this one intrusion. Don't beg, don't whimper, don't make any sudden fucking moves.* Her lips parted, fangs glinting like the moon in the indoor light. "You want to live?" Her gravel, sultry voice shattered the still moment. Her pet's nod was so microscopic that even she nearly missed it. "Get the salve from my drawer."

Wusten moved like a bolt from the hammer of Thor himself. That drawer would never be the same after he nearly ripped it from its tracks to get it open. The container of salve was there in plain view in her nightstand. The ornate golden container was carved with bits of fantastic, Roman artwork that he just didn't have time to look at. He snatched it up and kneeled at her feet, and only from here did it hit him that she was utterly topless. Her flawless pale skin burned its image forever into his memory. Eyes flicked from her to the floor and stayed there, while a flush started in his cheeks. Arms wracked with tremors, he held the canister up to her. The blanket under her legs shifted, there were several sounds of cloth against skin and then against fabric, and the bloody shirt rumbled to the ground in front of his eyes. "Rub it in the wound." Her voice was tight.

"Anything, Mistress," Wusten breathed. The golden case twisted open easily. A scent that made him choke invaded his nostrils, poison and hellfire. The salve looked like pitch folded into a cream, and was filled with metallic glints. Instead of puzzling over the presence of the silver, Fox stood, and was eye to eye with her seeping gash. He dipped his fingers into the noxious mixture, and obeyed her command with as much tenderness as was required. If he wanted his liver to stay where it was, a certain gentleness was probably necessary. The unstoppable, undying Wolfe sucked in a breath that trembled and crackled like a dead leaf on the wind. A pillow was snatched roughly in her hands, and Rachael pressed the muffling agent to her face, and wailed. Wusten actually felt a pang of sympathy through his terror. "I'm sorry," but her magic grabbed him, and forced him to continue. The mixture hissed as it touched bared muscle tissue. Gradually, though, the focus of his efforts began to close before his eyes, and the horrible sounds that the mistress he was forced to care for, to kill for, and to satisfy, those wretched noises he would never forget, withered away into silence. The poison case twisted closed as easily as it had opened.

"Drop it and get out." Gold clattered on top of crimson as Wusten started to make his escape. At the door that still barricaded him in with the succubus, he was forced to stop again. If he moved

to open the door he would bump into her. The werewolf moved like a ghost, and made her presence known by a hot breath on the back of his neck. A thought shot through Fox's mind, at least she wasn't cold and dead like a vampire would have been. Vice-grip hands seized his shoulders and spun him round to face her. Eyes unable to close, muscles unable to twitch, he looked in terror and immediately gave in to anything she had in store with every cell of his body. He was pressed against her heat. A sudden need from her shot through him, wrecking his mind as it went. An ooze of heated air from her man-eating maw trickled over his bare neck. The toy felt as though he were going to break completely and just melt into tears. What had he done to offend?

"P-p-p-p-please..." Tripping over every syllable. He had done everything she had asked! Felt bad for her! Now what, he was going to go through her emotion destroying desires just for seeing a moment of something different from the Wolf? Water obscured his vision of the endless deserts of her gaze. Wolfe drank in his suffering, appreciating it for the masterpiece that it was, for a few torturously long seconds. Then, gingerly, her lips touched his own, then his cheek, and neck. Wusten was incapable of suppressing a moan. The werewolf's grasp slipped down his body to his hips and melded him against her at the waist. It was impossible to know if it was him or her magic that suddenly made Fox want his mistress. Head tilted down, trying to force red hair to hide his pinked face.

"Please, what?" her husky voice hissed against his ear, tongue flicking out to tease.

"Uh," Rachael was rewarded with another moan from her quarry, "p-please... uh... whatever you want..." He shifted in her grasp, and started to pant uncontrollably against her.

"That's right. Good boy." The seductress slid her body against his, and tear-wetted eyes rolled back in their sockets. "You like to please your mistress, don't you?"

"Yes," he mouthed quickly, agreeing without her mystical force stealing the word against his will. Wolfe cooed, a happy noise that Fox wagered he would never hear again. She pressed him into another kiss, that forever bloodstained tongue slipping past his lips. Wusten's eyes fluttered closed, and he found himself willingly leaning in to Wolfe's affections. He reached up to touch her  
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And fell flat back against the floor outside her door. The barricade slammed before him, and her harsh laughter began to echo through his mind. 'Tell a soul about what you saw,' the mental voice stabbed through his synapses, 'and I won't let you die, little foxie, I'll keep you alive for myself forever.' The man gulped and scrambled back to his own quarters. The others looked up at him and chuckled, unaware of exactly what had transpired, figuring only that he had only been used again for Wolfe's sadistic, and voreaphilic, pleasures.

Fox slammed his own door and leaned against it, vowing to never be curious again.