

For They Were Wolves

By: Eva McCurty-Bowman

Trinity Bell looked at the glittering silver dagger in her hands and felt troubled.

She walked over to the open window and reflected on her secluded surroundings. She had always loved Wonder Field with its magical soil and calming rivers. It was a place that encouraged her passion for caring for animals and tending her garden.

The flock of sheep and chickens she cared for were brought in from the fields, safely tucked away in the barn, shielded from the angrily brewing storm fast approaching from the horizon.

“They will be safe and dry there,” she whispered to herself as she locked the window.

As Trinity was locking the window, she noticed a shadow in the distance. Curious if she might know them. She stepped outside.

It was the figure of Demona Fire. Demona, was a fierce lover with dark gray eyes and a beautiful heart. She was known to behave with a wolf-like presence for she was wild and free spirited in nature.

Trinity gulped, her heart skipped like a stone crossing a pond. Startled as she glanced at her reflection, a kind, quiet, farm girl with a timid demeanor stared back at her. Her friends saw her as intense and magical, much like a deity. Once, she had even brought a sickly lamb back from the brink of death. She could not see this in herself. She was like her sheep, naïve and innocent.

Trinity was not prepared for what Demona had in store tonight.

The thunder growled like a wolf hunting a lamb, making Trinity nervous.

As Trinity stepped outside and Demona came closer, she could see the seductive glint in her eye.

“Is there something you need Demona?”

Demona gazed with the affection of a starved feral creature. She said, captivately, "a storm is coming, and I wanted to make certain you were safe."

Trinity blushed, "of course I would be safe. As are my animals."

"Well then, would you care for some company while this storm dances through?"

Trinity looked back, still nervously fingering the dagger. "Demona, I would love some company," she was shocked at her own reply.

They looked at each other with ravenous feelings, like two animals in heat, eyeing each other like a lion would a gazelle.

Trinity stepped aside inviting Demona into her home. She studied her as she glided through the threshold. It was like the wind changed directions at full force. Throwing Trinity's heart into her throat. She started to become even more nervous than before. She set the dagger on a table next to the door.

Why do I feel like this? She thought to herself.

Demona sauntered her way to the kitchen table and took a seat. Her eyes were like the storm outside, wild and dangerous.

"Would you like some tea?" Trinity inquired shyly.

"I would love some," Demona smiled wolfishly.

Trinity closed the door behind her, walking towards her cupboards and took out two teacups.

With stealth, Demona was behind Trinity gently stroking her arm. "Would you like some help?" she whispered seductively into Trinity's ear.

Trinity fumbled the cups, one almost crashing to the floor.

Demona caught the cup, setting it on the counter. She looked into Trinity's eyes, whispering, "I won't bite."

Trinity swallowed, her breath staggered. What is happening right now she thought?

Demona leaned into Trinity, cornering her with no escape.

"I want you," Demona said in a hushed tone.

Trinity started to feel aroused and afraid all at once. Like she was bewitched by Demona's presence. These feelings she was having were all too real. Trinity wasn't this type of person. She felt like a sheep being stocked by a wolf.

Demona leaned in closer, kissing Trinity first softly then with more heat.

Trinity kissed her back, as if the whole world was set ablaze by the passion of just that kiss. Not even she saw this coming.

Thunder clapped, lightning cracking right behind it. Like Mother Nature was encouraging this passion to continue. To and fro the two women fought each other not wanting to break free from each other's lips. Rain slapping at the window like applause.

This moment seemed to have gone on for eternity, Demona had pulled away breathless.

Trinity gasping, wide-eyed. Not knowing how to even fathom what just took place.

"Demona, what exactly just happened?"

"I want you, Trinity, you are out here alone. Just your animals and yourself," Demona spoke softly, "you are everything I desire."

"I never knew you felt like this. I never knew I felt like this!"

Demona replied "Well, you are like your sheep, wool pulled over your eyes. Blinded by nothing more than your innocence."

"And you, a wolf stalking its prey?" Trinity asked

"You are not some prey to me," Demona implied, stroking Trinity's cheek.

"Then what pray-tell am I?"

Demona stared at Trinity. Her eyes seemed to have changed from the fierce flames to welcoming embers. There was a loving passion in her eyes that only Trinity could see.

"You are mine my dear," Demona said softly then gently kissed Trinity on her forehead.

Trinity felt a warmth succumb her body, she didn't understand this overwhelming feeling she had. It was as if she was a new being. Like a wolf in sheep's clothing unknowing of her true nature. Demona opened her eyes to it, for she was a natural born wolf. Knowing exactly what she wanted or rather whom she wanted. She wanted Trinity.

Trinity hadn't the slightest clue of knowing she wanted the same thing. This feeling was terrifying and exhilarating all at once. This passion wasn't just lust, it was love.

They were wolves.