

Changeling Press

*coyote
non grata*

Lena Austin

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

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The Creator laughs at human plans...

Dr. Jeff Gleason rejected his Comanche heritage and became a volcanologist studying the giant magma chamber beneath a national park. Until his modern job and his Medicine heritage cross paths.

Rody, wounded and rejected from his coyote shifter pack, seeks refuge and medical help from the human in the ranger shack, then joins his new friend on a sexual romp that will lead to a new mating of coyote and man that hasn't happened since the white man came to the park.

...because the Creator has plans of his own.

Chapter One

You are hereby banished for the remainder of your life!

The memory of his Pack Leader's howl still threatened to destroy his fragile composure.

Rody licked his wounds and swallowed a howl of anger. He could say with pride that all of his injuries were in his front, not his ass. He was no coward. He'd fought until the Pack Leader had decided Rody had "been punished enough," and banished Rody. Funny how the Pack Leader had been breathing heavily and bleeding just as badly as Rody.

"My wounds may hurt like hell, Kitar, but I'll bet you're hurting just as much." Rody crawled wearily under a bush and contemplated the moon rising over the mountains.

The Buffalo Valley Coyote Pack Leader had been so wrong. Rody hadn't been sniffing around the alpha bitch. He didn't even like the stinking, saggy skank. The Pack Leader's mate was so lazy she kept herself constantly pregnant so her mate would have to feed her.

Rody had been walking behind where she sprawled, his mind intent on a drink from the pond a few feet away. A couple of her pups from the last litter had been tussling and blundered into Rody, sending him ass over muzzle right on top of Alpha Bitch Lillet.

Lillet, naturally, had taken exception to being disturbed. Kitar had taken exception to Rody disturbing Lillet and had accused Rody of trying to cover his disgusting mate. Before Rody knew what was happening, he'd been banished from the

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Pack. The fact that everyone knew he was one of the rare males who did not ever cover a female but preferred other males never entered Kitar's mind.

The ground beneath the bush was cool and felt marvelous on his torn shoulder. Rody sighed with relief. He'd had a hard time making it outside the Pack territory, but he'd known at least one of the Pack shadowed his every move to make sure he did. Once he'd crossed the stream boundary, he'd heard one mournful bark of goodbye and good luck.

Most of the Pack grumbled about Kitar's devotion to Lillet despite her uselessness as a partner in patrolling, fighting, or hunting food. Squinting out litter after litter did not benefit the Pack and only increased their hunger. Kitar wouldn't even let the Pack shift and go into town as humans for a bite to eat. He'd shredded all their clothes and buried their money somewhere. Kitar didn't believe in "mixing with monkeys."

Rody himself hadn't been to town since adolescence, when Kitar had come to power. He'd practiced shifting to keep healthy, but other than learning to speak the human language and a few rudimentary skills, Rody was naked and without money. A wounded coyote had little chance alone, but maybe as a human, he'd have a chance this winter.

All he had to do was figure how he'd join the humans before summer ended.

Rody put his aching face in the soft dirt and wondered what he'd do next. He couldn't stay under the bush all night. Not only was it beside a buffalo trail leading to the stream which left him in serious danger of being trampled, but also he could hear the growl of thunder coming closer. Normally,

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he could care less about a summer storm, but it was one more discomfort he didn't need.

After a short nap to regain strength, Rody plodded on in hopes of better shelter. Maybe one of the ranger places. There was one not far from where he'd lain. They sometimes aided a wounded creature, but only certain kinds. Rody hoped he was one of those kinds.

Feeling better now that he had a goal, Rody trotted onward. He limped only a little from his wounds. His shoulder and nose were the worst of the damage. A good sleep and maybe a meal from the ranger would be all he needed. Asking for help in becoming human from the ranger was out of the question, of course. Humans did not need to know the national park was full of shifters who preferred the simpler ways of fur and fang.

The simple cabin beckoned Rody with a beacon of scent. Bacon! Oh, Rody hadn't tasted delicious bacon in years. If he'd had second thoughts about remaining in the woods, they evaporated as they were replaced with the heavenly smell. A beacon of bacon. Rody couldn't manage much more than a half-hearted run, but anything that got him closer to paradise was worth it.

The door was closed, but the window was wide open. Rody hopped up on the bench under the window and, with a bit of scrambling, made it inside. So what if he tumbled to the floor and saw stars when his shoulder hit the cabin floor? So what if it bled a little? He was going for the bacon in the dark, one-room cabin.

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He had to concentrate to shift to human form. It had been months since he'd dared try. Kitar beat the crap out of anyone he caught "trying to be a monkey" despite the common knowledge that shifting was important for good health.

The last Pack Leader had insisted everyone shift at least once a moon. Still, Rody remembered the trick of it and flowed upwards until he was a short, light-haired man a few years younger than the prime of life, about thirty in human years. He even remembered to wash his hands at the sink before gobbling down the bacon left to cool on the plate.

He tried not to groan in delight and refused to let one drop of the deliciousness escape. Rody even considered eating the paper napkin he wiped his chin with while he stood over the plate on the counter, stuffing in every last bit. For the first time in his memory, he didn't have to share, and his stomach was full.

Rody licked his lips and his fingers in sheer pleasure. He wished he could stay with the ranger, but knew coyotes probably weren't the right kind of animal to be fed and kept. He'd be lucky—

A step on the porch boards. The ranger was coming.

Rody looked around frantically. Not like this! He wasn't ready. Damn! He flowed back into coyote form and dove under the neatly made bed.

The ranger stayed outside a moment. A hinge creaked and cloth rustled. There was a jingle of metal. Keys. That's right. Humans used keys to get in and out of things. The metal part of the door rattled, and then the door swung open.

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Rody blinked for a moment, and his jaw dropped.

The human was naked. Gloriously, beautifully naked.

He kicked the door shut, shivered, and quickly moved to shut the window, cutting off Rody's only easy avenue of escape. Something beeped from the bundle of cloth in his left hand, and after a minute of fumbling, the human pulled out a small metal thing. It beeped again. The human cursed. "Geez! What now?"

Rody slunk further back, one paw at a time, until he was in the darkest corner under the bed. This was not good. Not good at all. He'd depended on that window remaining open as an escape route. Besides, the bacon had made him desperately thirsty. He needed to get out.

The ranger flipped open the metal thing and punched lit bits inside. Then he put it to his ear. Oh, yeah. A phone. It was a phone. Rody remembered that device and relaxed marginally.

"Yeah, this is Gleason. What can I do you out of, Kowalski?" He paused, listening to the voice of the other human, juggling the phone with one hand while he put on lake blue pants with the other. "Yes, I'll be fine. Cabin's great. I'll pop in once a month for supplies. Yeah, I should have the first geological probes planted on the western ridge tomorrow. Bye."

Strangely, the human stiffened as soon as he flipped the phone closed and dropped it on the table with the remainder of his clothes. What had the ranger—Gleason—been doing outside and naked?

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Worse, Gleason's gaze fell on the drops of blood left by Rody's shoulder. He got up slowly, following the trail to the cooking area and the empty plate where the bacon had been. His shoulders lifted and fell in a sigh. He turned, his eyes scanning the room, but apparently he could not see Rody under the bed.

Gleason's nostrils flared, but Rody was confident the human couldn't smell anything. Monkeys couldn't follow a scent if the trail was made of bacon grease. However, Gleason's lips twitched as if he were amused.

Damn. Rody slunk down and hunched into as small a space as he could. Maybe monkeys could follow scent. He froze, ready to scramble or attack, or something. He didn't know what.

The moment passed. A crack of thunder startled them both. Rody suppressed a yelp.

Gleason got up and strode casually to a big white box that hummed in the corner. He opened the door, and a wave of cold air slunk across the floor. Refrigerator, that's what the box was called. Gleason dug around, with glass and metal clinking. Then he removed a tray covered in a transparent substance. Whatever was on the tray smelled better than bacon. Better than buffalo.

Rody's mouth watered. He'd just eaten a bunch of bacon, better than he got any day. But whatever that was on the tray, he wanted it. He couldn't help himself from inching just a little bit out from the corner, his nose twitching.

Gleason had his back to the bed, his eyes fixed on the glass of the window above the cooking area sink. He whistled,

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completely oblivious to Rody's nose poking out from behind a bit of blanket that dangled off the edge.

He dropped a bit of that delectable substance on the floor. It looked like a small slab of meat. Then he ignored it, as if he just didn't care about wasting food.

Rody flattened his ears. How dare he? Gleason deserved to lose that luscious bit of meat if he didn't have the sense to guard it. But how to get it?

Still whistling, Gleason went to the sink and filled a bucket full of clean, clear water. The scent of moisture filled the room, making Rody's thirst all the greater. The ranger set the bucket on the floor and leaned a mop up against the wall nearby. Then he walked outside, carrying a bit of bread with some more of that delicious smelling meat in between. He closed the door behind him, unfortunately.

Rody understood a mop and bucket. That's what his mother had done when she ventured into town. She'd used a mop and bucket to clean monkey—uh, human—dwellings. The human would clean the floor with the water. What a waste! Well, he wouldn't miss any of that water if Rody took a drink first.

The human moved into plain sight of the window, eating his bread and meat with his back to Rody. His hair was long and black, held with a red string. It trailed down his backbone like a tail. His skin was the same brown as the earth, soft and warm. He seemed very interested in a round shiny thing hanging on one of the posts of the porch. Rody could see the human's amused brown eyes in the shiny round thing on the post.

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Despite Gleason's having a lovely back to look at, Rody's thirst was more important. He slunk over to the bucket and drank his fill, keeping a wary eye on the human framed in the window.

The human kept eating the meat and bread, staring in the round thing. Fine, let *him* eat the bread. Rody scrambled for the abandoned meat on the floor and triumphantly hauled the slab back under the bed. The meat was gone very quickly, but a lovely marrow-filled bone remained to chew on all night. Rody was in pure paradise.

Gleason finished his bread and meat, and returned inside, shivering. What had he been thinking, standing out there to eat? Wasn't that what clothes were for? Ah, finally he showed some sense. He brushed his hands free of crumbs on the water blue pants. Jeans. Then he put on a long-sleeved shirt in another shade of blue, like the sky.

Rody sighed enviously but didn't stop gnawing with sheer delight on the succulent treasure he'd absconded with. Kitar had destroyed Rody's jeans and shirt in his rampage against monkey clothes. They'd been supremely comfortable things to wear, if one had to wear anything at all.

Then Gleason walked over to a red cabinet and pulled out a red box with a handle on top. He set the box on the floor and sat down next to it facing the bed. "Well? Are you going to come out and let me treat your injuries now?"

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Chapter Two

Jeff Gleason sat on the floor, hoping he'd guessed correctly that the coyote presently cowering under his bed was a shifter. The subtle signs were there in the intelligent actions and measuring gaze. Just in case, he didn't smile, lest the showing of teeth scare the critter. He kept his hands carefully in view, and his voice low and calm, just as his grandfather had taught him.

Two eyes blinked in the shadows, the muzzle still wrapped around the end of a T-bone. Man, the guy must have been starving. He'd heard one of the packs out here hadn't been doing well, but this was a healthy male. He should have been hunting with his pack, not wounded and alone.

Jeff tried again. The blink encouraged him just enough. "My name's Jeff Gleason. I'm happy to share my steak with you. All I want to do is treat your injuries."

Blink. To Jeff's relief, the coyote dropped the bone and slunk cautiously to the edge to peer around the blanket. Every muscle on his body quivered like a taut bowstring, ready to spring back into hiding or, if necessary, at Jeff.

Jeff called on his Comanche medicine, just as his grandfather had taught him. He would be part coyote. He would be brother to the wild one. He would not compel or harm, only be a friend. He tried the old language. "Come, brother." He gently patted the rug on which he sat.

The coyote's face and upper body appeared from the blanket's folds. His wounds were not terrible and would heal,

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but they had to hurt, especially the torn flap of skin that ran from his left eye almost to the tip of his black nose. Worse still was the shoulder injury. Jeff was certain it would require an antibiotic. Already it appeared swollen.

Jeff winced in sympathy.

The coyote froze in place, ready to leap away. He glanced at the red box, and perhaps there was hope in his dark eyes.

"Forgive me, brother, for scaring you." Jeff spoke in a soft, coaxing tone and risked a slow, careful movement to open the box and bring out the tube of antibiotic cream. "Your shoulder must pain you. Let me help."

The ears pricked forward, and interest gleamed in the dark eyes. The coyote's black gaze locked on the white tube.

"Do you understand my Comanche tongue, little brother?" Jeff whispered the question softly.

Almost as if compelled, though Jeff had refused to put his will behind the question, the coyote's head reluctantly nodded yes.

"Then you know I will not harm you or cage you."

The coyote's gaze flickered to the closed door, as if to challenge that statement.

Jeff nodded. "You're right, little brother. I did close the door. I was afraid you would not allow me to treat your injuries. I will open the door now, so you may escape if you feel endangered."

The coyote sat on his haunches, staring into Jeff's eyes. Then he nodded again.

Jeff moved very slowly and deliberately, rising from his spot on the rug and opening the door to the chilly night air.

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The rain fell softly on the porch roof, a shower that promised to become much worse later.

A rumble of thunder emphasized the point. The weather would not be kind tonight, but he made the offer of freedom and propped open the door so the wind wouldn't slam it shut.

The coyote relaxed visibly, and waited until Jeff sat back down on the rug. Then he studied Jeff with wary eyes for a moment before inching cautiously closer. He sat with his injured shoulder just within reach.

Jeff chuckled softly. "Don't trust me yet, eh, Little Brother? I can't blame you for that. First, your shoulder." He examined the torn wound with gentle fingers. Bad, but not in need of stitches. Jeff considered that a lucky break. He was positive the little guy wasn't up for that much trust. "You cleaned it well. Good job."

The coyote only flinched once during the procedure, a warning of pain, not fear. Once the antibiotic and topical anesthetic had done their work, his mouth opened in a canine smile. He even sighed with relief and moved closer so Jeff could work on his face without stretching. The only thing the face wound needed was a slathering of medication. It would probably heal without a scar.

Jeff marveled at his new friend's willingness to take a chance. The coyote was young, but a full adult. Maybe that was the reason. Jeff pushed away the first aid kit until it fit under a small table that served as his nightstand in the one-room cabin. "It's getting late and the wind is cold. You're welcome to stay the night with me, but only if you permit me to shut the door. I haven't got any fur, and I chill easily."

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For an answer, the coyote wound himself into the rug in front of the heater and buried his nose in his tail. His black eyes remained fixed on Jeff, however.

"Okay, then." Jeff got up and shut the door. The temperature in the room climbed several notches.

Jeff stretched until every one of his vertebrae popped. It had been a long day, just climbing to one of the ridges on the southern side of the park not far from here to plant one seismic probe, and he had nineteen more to install for the less adventurous eggheads back at the university. "At least you're a quiet roommate. I appreciate that, believe me."

Jeff yawned and stripped out of his jeans, figuring if his cabin mate had an issue with togetherness, he never would have elected to stay. "Guess we'll talk in the morning, if you like. Maybe you'll tell me your name. You'd even be welcome to join me while I hike around setting up the seismic probes." Jeff crawled into bed and pulled the covers over himself. He sighed, feeling snug and somehow comforted by the presence of the silent visitor. "Nice to have you around, anyway. Good night."

He hit the switch, and the room darkened. The last thing he saw were two gleaming coyote eyes watching him. Was he crazy for letting a marauding species known for its occasional attacks on man in his home? Maybe so, but if his hunch was right, someone had to trust first to start a friendship.

He'd just begun to doze off when the wind rattled the windows and an icy blast snuck under the door. Jeff made a mental note to replace the thick weather-stripping used to keep breezes out on nights like this. He kept his eyes at a

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bare slit and debated rolling up a towel against the door bottom to keep the air exchanges to a minimum, at least for the night.

The coyote whimpered and jerked when the chill air crept over to the rug. No doubt, the icy temperature wasn't helping that face wound feel any better. Amazingly enough, the coyote looked at the stack of wood, glanced back at Jeff, and began to shift.

Jeff kept very still, and concentrated on keeping his breathing even and relaxed. None but the medicine people had seen a coyote shift in two hundred years. Grandpa would be elated.

After thirty years, the Comanche had finally placed one of their own in the right position to verify the Shifting Brethren still lived, even if it was only one coyote. Jeff felt vindicated in his rebellion of not becoming a medicine man of The People, but instead going to college and learning a skill that met the needs of a modern man as well as his Comanche soul.

The shifter completed his transformation and stood erect as a slender tanned blond man in his late-twenties. That dark gold hair had not known scissors in years, and fell in a straight line past the young man's superb buttocks. Naturally, the coyote was buck-ass naked. The Spirits saw fit to give fur and feathers to other creatures, so they had no reason to wear clothes. He was also hung like a stud horse.

Jeff swallowed his lust and decided the Spirits were playing tricks on him, giving him a lusciously built young shifter to care for, knowing that few of the wild brothers would be gay. There were rare cases of such things, but the likelihood of the

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shifter being gay was more remote than a star falling from the sky at his feet. All he could do was be grateful the blanket covered his reaction.

The coyote man glanced warily in Jeff's direction and crept silently toward the stack of logs. Did he know how to feed a fire? Apparently so, because he chose one of the splits Jeff had made a few days before and laid it precisely and quietly in the bed of coals.

He shivered and rubbed his arms, especially the one where the torn place remained. Apparently, the legend that shifting healed their wounds wasn't true. With his body silhouetted by the fire as he sought to warm himself, he looked like a young god sent to torment a mortal, that was for damn sure.

Jeff bit his lip, and decided the mortal didn't like the trick one damn bit. He contemplated turning over, rolling himself in the blanket, and booting the coyote out in the night to fend for himself. Let him go tempt a breeder.

The coyote man lifted his head and sniffed the air. He whirled around and faced Jeff, his expression one of surprise, but not outrage. He cocked his head to one side. He opened his mouth, but his voice rasped with long disuse. "Brother Jeff is full of desire for Rody?"

Shame flooded Jeff's face for having been caught. He should have known the shifter would have enhanced senses. Best to answer honestly. "Yes. Your name is Rody?"

Rody nodded and shivered again. His grin was as feral as in his canine form. "Share blanket?"

Jeff sat up and started to pull one of his blankets off the bed so he could give it to Rody. He wished like hell he could

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just offer the shifter a bit of the full-sized bed. It would be a tight fit, but Jeff would be too tempted to—

A hand closed over his forearm. Rody looked puzzled. "No, Brother Jeff. Share blanket this way." He climbed in bed with Jeff and pulled all the covers over them both. "Cold. Yes?"

He laid his head casually on one of the two pillows that graced the bed. His voice was still raw, and he slurred his words like he'd never learned to speak well, but the message was clear. Rody wanted to share body warmth and blanket.

Jeff lay back on the pillow and tried not to flinch when his arm contacted Rody's icy body. Over and over in his head he chanted *don't touch, don't touch...*

Again, Rody's enhanced senses worked in his favor. "Sorry, Brother Jeff. Very cold without fur." He coyote-grinned and rolled over to face Jeff. That was the only way to describe how his jaw dropped to show lower jaw teeth and tongue. His dark eyes filled Jeff's view. "I has desire too. Jeff is prettier than the moon."

Jeff blinked and his mouth fell open. Unfortunately, all command of speech, both English and Comanche, wiped from his brain. The most he managed was an unintelligent gargle before Rody's lips came down on his. Good thing the old body knew just how to react to being kissed by a desirable man and smoothly went into autopilot.

Rody wasn't lying, if the thick, hard length currently heating Jeff's thigh was that rather impressive cock. Yeah, it could be said they both "had desire." He damn sure could kiss!

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However, Jeff bottomed for no man, especially not a—he couldn't believe he was saying this—a coyote. Wasn't there some sort of pack structure in their social system? Being on the bottom of this tryst would not be good for a first impression, if so.

Dammit, his specialty was volcanology, not biology and zoology. He'd have to go with his instincts, and right now, every nerve and muscle was screaming to pound this coyote like a two-buck dockside whore in Frisco. Yeah, he could go for that.

Rody kept the lip-lock going far longer than Jeff would have, but the loneliness inside of Jeff just wouldn't be satiated. How long had it been since he'd indulged? College? Yeah. Other than very anonymous visits to the bathhouses in Denver. Those didn't count, not in Jeff's book.

Jeff's hands stroked Rody's side from hip to pectoral and back, in long, sensual sweeps. He had a bit of body hair, but wasn't hirsute. Jeff was grateful for that, not being a fan of bears. If he wanted dental floss in his teeth, there was plenty in the bathroom.

Rody kept his hands to himself, since he'd been good enough to apologize for his chilly body earlier. He'd warm up under the blanket with Jeff quickly enough. In fact, the shifter broke the kiss sharply. His dark eyes glistened and reminded Jeff of the sacred Black Drink. "Don't you want to wrestle for Alpha? I am injured and you will win."

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Chapter Three

Rody laughed to himself when the human expertly flipped them both without causing more than a moment's pain to Rody's injured shoulder. Finally, he had a playmate again. Ever since his friend Harel died, Rody had been without someone to ease the pressure of the instinct to mate. Now here was a luscious human, formed even better than Harel.

The human's mobile mouth curled up at the ends into the primate version of a happy tail. Poor things with no tails. Well, they made do with their faces and hands. The human Jeff held down Rody's arms, still careful not to cause him pain. "There. You're trapped. I win, right?"

Rody pant-laughed. They would test their strengths equally when Rody was healed. For now, he turned his head, baring his throat. "Yes, you win tonight. I below. You above. Fair?"

Jeff Gleason nodded, his properly dark eyes glinting with humor. His fingers stroked Rody's hair. "Fair. Are you sure you prefer males? That's kind of rare, isn't it?"

The ranger's hands felt so good on his hair, Rody half-shut his eyes. Long strokes were very comforting. So much so, Rody sighed happily and released the rest of his nerves. The human would not harm, for that was the way of the Brethren. "Since my friend died, I am only one in pack. Now that I am gone, there are none. Hands feel good, Jeff Gleason."

"Just say Jeff. It's faster." His hand stroked both Rody's hair and his face. He seemed to appreciate every inch of

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Rody's skin and hair, even the torn parts. "You can tell me later why you're outcast, if you wish to."

"Yes. When we go fix rumblies." Rody stuck out his jaw for more caresses.

Jeff's hand stopped for a heartbeat, then obliged with more rubs. "Rumblies? You can hear where the ground rumbles, Rody?"

"Poor human. You cannot?" Rody pitied the human so much he reached up to stroke Jeff's hair, mirroring the comforting caresses. "I show you where. Bad rumblies sometimes." He closed his hand over a hank of the human's black hair and tugged. "Later. Fuck now."

Jeff chuckled in that odd way humans could. So charming a sound deserved learning. It was better than brook music. "Topping from the bottom? Naughty Beta." Swiftly, he put his lips to Rody's throat and licked.

Rody moaned and squirmed. The ranger was right. Rody wasn't a good coyote pack member. He wasn't an Alpha, but he was a naughty Beta. Still, the licks instead of the bites he deserved were highly erotic. He turned his head to give the human more access. "Like how you punish naughty Beta Rody. More, please?" He wished he knew more human words. He sounded so stupid.

For an answer, he got another chuckle, and the human's mobile lips moved down, licking and making tiny bites that only increased the sensation of firm, spicy male skin on more male skin. Monkey lips were so wonderful, especially when they wrapped around one of Rody's nipples and teased it to more hardness.

"Yes, they are." Jeff's teeth scraped a bit of Rody's flesh, causing a shiver similar to the rumbles he'd show the human tomorrow.

"Did I say aloud? Sorry." Rody squirmed beneath the moving mouth. "Calling human a monkey is bad. Don't bite."

"No, I won't bite. Nibble, maybe. I won't hurt you, Rody." Jeff lifted his head and opened a small drawer next to the bed. From there, he drew out a small tube, a sweet-smelling bottle, and a shiny fat square that looked like a pillow. "Hang on, Little Brother. I just want to get these handy. No sense spoiling the moment later." He laid both the tube and the shiny pillow on the top of the little table, within easy reach. The bottle, he showed to Rody. "This is flavoring. I want to put a little on your cock. Okay?"

Rody sniffed in the direction of the bottle and wrinkled his nose. "Smells funny." He couldn't identify the scent.

Jeff chuckled again. "Cinnamon." He squeezed a tiny drop onto the end of his finger. "Want a taste?"

How kind of the human to go out of his way to reassure Rody nothing was sneaky. However dubious Rody was of that scent, he felt obliged to try the stuff. He licked delicately at the offered finger. Flavor exploded on his tongue, both hot and sweet simultaneously. He hung his tongue out of his mouth, unsure if he liked it or not. Finally, to give his opinion, he had to wipe his tongue on the roof of his mouth and smack his lips as if he had a mouthful of peanut butter. He remembered peanut butter. "Tastes funny. Okay, but funny. Peanut butter better."

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Jeff's mobile lips twitched, and the corners of his mouth turned up. His eyes watered, and he seemed to have trouble breathing. He made choking sounds until it dawned on Rody the human was trying not to laugh. After a few moments, Jeff managed words. "Okay, Rody. Peanut butter is better. But do you mind if I use this on you?"

Rody half-moaned with need. His cock twitched of its own accord, as if it wanted to bark and howl at the moon. Rody certainly wanted a better way to express himself. This cautious human was driving him into a frenzy of hunger. "You like it, you taste it. Okay with me."

"Okay, then. Be still, and I'll show you why I like this stuff." Jeff dove under the blankets, burying himself in the warm cave of fabric. His long hair tickled Rody's thigh. "Here it comes."

At first, the stuff was cool on Rody's heated cock. Rody couldn't help the shiver that ran down his spine, but quickly the sensation went away. Then the warmth crept over his aching, needy cock. Anywhere Jeff breathed, warmth followed. Then, heat. Screaming, wonderful heat. Rody sucked in gasping breaths of air.

Jeff's mouth encased Rody's length in another kind of heat—warm and moist, with just the right amount of pressure. His lips tightened right at the base, and he drew his head up slowly, increasing the suction until Rody thought he'd die from sheer pleasure. Why had the fur folk abandoned the Brethren when this was the reward? The second his concentration lapsed, his hips twitched, instinctively wanting to fuck that warm, wonderful place.

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

Jeff's fingers gently held his hips, not permitting him to buck and strain. There was no pain, only firmness. His head moved up and down, with his tongue doing incredible things for which Rody had no description. Every time Rody tensed, the firmness increased until Rody relaxed again.

Rody sternly reminded himself Jeff was the Alpha tonight. He'd won fairly, since Rody was injured. Rody had promised to submit. Rody would win next time, he was sure of that. Humans didn't know how to fight. They had to use things to fight for them because they were so slow and weak. At least, that was what Kitar and Lillet had told them. Now he wasn't so sure about anything except how wonderful Jeff's mouth felt.

As if Jeff could hear his thoughts, the human ranger changed his tactics to a deliciously faster pace. He freed Rody's hips and allowed him to buck and fuck that wet, warm mouth.

The heat from the cinnamon liquid approached scorching, like one of the hot springs in the park no one could drink from because it seared the tongue and tasted foul. Yet this time the sensation stayed just below painful and only increased the pleasure. Rody's whole body joined in the frenzy, and his balls tightened with the impending burst of a geyser.

Jeff swallowed all of Rody's cock in one swift movement and thrust down on the shifter's hips until he pressed Rody into the soft mattress. The human made a growl of greed deep in his throat, so like Rody's packmates that Rody couldn't help but respond with a growl of his own.

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

That growl quickly turned into a howl of pure joy and release. Rody sang to the moon and let loose, feeling as if he were indeed one of the hottest, tallest geysers in the great park. All his awareness focused on the pulse of his jetting cock. He was in heaven, if there was such a thing.

For his part, Jeff swallowed every drop, licking like a bear who'd found a whole hive of honey, and nothing would stop him from enjoying every last bit. His long hair had fallen out of the band and lay like night fog across Rody's hip and thigh. He sighed contentedly and rested his head on Rody's right thigh.

Rody's whole body tingled and shivered with the after effects of release. His cock was hyperaware of the night chill, but the rain outside had abated to nothing more than a late summer shower, drumming like summer insects on the metal roof. For the first time in years, Rody felt his mind relax, like he'd stopped trying to chew buffalo sinew, which only frustrated him. He felt as content as a young one, asleep and protected with his pack mates.

Pack mate. He was making the human into a pack mate. Wouldn't Kitar be as angry as a nest of bees if he knew? Well, Kitar's opinion did not matter now. Rody wasn't a member of his pack.

Jeff, totally unaware of the direction Rody's thoughts ran in, lazily reached for the shiny package and the small tube. He tore open the package and withdrew an odd round shape. A sharp scent unknown to Rody wafted from the round thing. "Condom. I know it's less fun, but I'd rather protect you."

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

Rody watched in amazement while Jeff rolled out the semi-transparent stuff until it covered the human's impressive cock. Not only was Rody impressed with how Jeff took on Pack traits by protecting Rody—from what, was unclear—but how such a thin thing as protection had to be another weird human tool. "How is that protecting?"

Jeff grinned. "This prevents any of my body fluids from going inside you, just in case I'm diseased and don't know it."

Rody sniffed. The human smelled clean, even slightly sweet. Delicious meat smell, but not to bite. "Jeff not sick. Besides, you swallowed me, uh my, floods."

"Fluids." Jeff, his cock now covered with the condom thing and then overlaid with the wet contents of the tube, rolled carefully off the bed and then returned to kneel near Rody's feet. "Yes, I did swallow your fluids. I'll risk myself, but I won't risk you." He shrugged and the corners of his mouth lifted again. "You're so pure and innocent."

He wouldn't have said that if he knew how many times Kitar loved to lead the pack outside the park to nearby farms. There they found young livestock and birds easy prey. Rody had always lingered, too afraid to join, even if he went hungry. The most he'd done was knock over a garbage can for food humans didn't want. It didn't seem right to hunt fenced animals that didn't have a fair chance to escape. Rody felt bad afterwards, and Kitar seemed to know better than to go but once in a great while.

Jeff patted Rody's ankles to get his attention. "Hey, I didn't mean to make you frown. You're not too insulted, are you?"

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

For an answer, Rody put his ankles in the air and grabbed them. His ass presented itself to Jeff in a way that could not be mistaken. "Not insulted. Bad memories. I not innocent, Jeff. Promise. See? I know what to do."

The human pondered for a moment, then shook his head. He studied Rody's body with appreciation, even caressing Rody's left thigh from knee to butt cheek. "There are many different kinds of innocent, my friend. I like yours." He bent forward until his cock pressed gently against Rody's willing ass.

Rody seized on the word *friend*. In his world, friend meant pack mate. He wanted Jeff as a pack mate. Someone to run with and be with, who could be counted upon in times of hunger. "I would fight a badger for you, Jeff. But for now, we fuck. Yes?" His ass relaxed and let Jeff in.

At first it wasn't clear whether Jeff had heard Rody. He released a long breath that was half moan of pleasure. "Yes, Rody. We fuck." He drew back an inch, and then moved forward until Rody's body stopped him.

The burning ache of a good cock in his ass was so wonderful Rody joined Jeff in the moan. So long. It had been so long since he'd felt so full and never more appreciated than this moment. "Yes. More, Jeff. More."

With one tiny nudge, Jeff slid all the way home inside Rody. The human trembled for a moment with his dark eyes closed. He threw back his head. "God, you feel good." With aching slowness, he drew back and pushed in again. One of his hands moved to use Rody's left leg as a balancing point.

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

"No. Jeff feels good." Rody reached up with his left hand and tweaked the human's sensitive and hard brown nipple. "Fuck now, Jeff. Move. You want to move."

"Yes!" Jeff jerked when Rody pinched his nipple, and then began to fuck Rody just the way the coyote wanted him to.

Hard.

Fast.

Rody's head hit the bed's headboard, softened only by one of the thin pillows. He didn't care. Who would hear? A few night insects, giving chorus now that the rain was little more than a drizzle or mist? No one who mattered. The only one who mattered was the one pounding and panting above Rody, giving him the fucking of his life. It was enough to make a coyote sing to the moon with joy.

The grunts and pants from the human seemed to indicate he too enjoyed the ride. A thin sheen of sweat glistened in the moonlight, bathing Jeff's body in silver and shadow. He was an absolutely magnificent Alpha.

Rody vowed to lose all wrestling matches with Jeff. He would follow the human anywhere he went and live among the monkeys to be with his Alpha. They would be a pack of two, at least for now.

But what was this? His body signaled another release. Jeff's thrusts touched that secret place inside that made a male howl and sing. Rody's breath came harsher and faster. He was going to...

Jeff threw back his head and whooped. There were legends of the humans who could make the call so like the coyote singing to the moon and each other. If ever there was proof

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

Jeff was a coyote born in human shape, there it was. He sealed his dominance over Rody by spilling his floods—fluids—inside Rody.

Rody joined him in song to the moon, howling and yipping like a good Beta, following his Alpha's lead in all things, even orgasms. The pleasure seemed to last for longer than either had breath to sing.

Finally, Jeff collapsed away from Rody, falling to the side until he lay on his back beside his equally spent coyote Beta. For a time, nothing interrupted the harsh panting of their bodies fighting for air, not even the night insects and birds. The whole world was silent.

Jeff lifted a languid hand and removed the condom. He tossed it in a basket beside the bed. Then his eyes flew open wide and his whole body stiffened. He sat up, his eyes alert. His hand reached under the pillow and drew out a knife. In a voice that was as casual and cheerful as his body was tense, he chuckled. "Thank you. That was lovely." One of his hands slipped over Rody's mouth so the coyote couldn't speak.

Rody's breath caught. Had he placed his trust in a rabid human? What had he been thinking?

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Chapter Four

Jeff prayed his young friend would have the sense to recognize danger. Coyotes usually had a fine sense of self-preservation. Jeff listened again to the silence. When the night creatures stopped their chorus, something evil stirred. That was what his grandfather had taught him.

Despite wide eyes, Rody remained quiet. After a moment, he too got that listening look in his eyes and even cocked his head. His upper lip lifted in a semblance of a canine half-growl, his attention focused outside the walls of the little cabin.

Jeff removed his hand from Rody's mouth and checked his threat accesses. The door was likely to remain secured. It was made to be stout enough to hold back a pissed-off grizzly. No, it was the window, with its pane of glass as secure as wet newspaper. There were no lights outside to help him see, but something dark moved in the moonlight off the shaving mirror he'd used earlier to spy on Rody. With slow, carefully quiet movements, Jeff got his feet out from the tangle of sheets and on the icy floor.

A dark, furry shape hit the window, and it shattered into a million bits of shrapnel. Great. Something for his bare feet to find.

Jeff slid his feet into his boots and whirled to face the dark coyote on the floor. It could only be another shifter, and it growled like a rabid dog.

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

Rody certainly recognized the intruder. He remained in human form, but managed a credible snarl. He leapt to his feet, half-crouched on the sheets like he'd shift and attack simultaneously. Little fucker was quick. He probably could. "Kitar! What do you want? Go away!"

The dark coyote flowed upward, his fur and snout receding until a dirty, unkempt man stood in the midst of the shattered window glass. He pushed his hair out of his eyes and eyed Rody contemptuously. "No. I will not go away. I am here to finish what I started. I will kill you for the abomination that you are. And this pitiful human, too."

His gravelly voice grated on Jeff's nerves, like when he heard tapes of madmen like Charles Manson. Insanity dripped from the words as well as the tone. Jeff kept the knife hidden behind him, hoping this Kitar wouldn't notice the gleam of metal in the moonlight. Rody was a fine distraction, but what was that old axiom? Something about never arguing with drunks or madmen?

"Why, Kitar? You not my Pack Leader now! Why do you care what I do? I likes Jeff. He's my new Alpha." Naked and vulnerable, Rody still stood up to what was clearly his former Pack Leader.

Kitar paused and lifted one lip. "I kill fags. Learned to hate monkey fags. Monkey fag *hurt* Kitar!" His fists clenched. "I killed Harel. Now I kill you and monkey fag!" He leapt across Rody while shifting, landing on Rody's wounded shoulder, using it as a launch pad to spring at Jeff.

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

Rody cried out in pain, and Kitar's weight drove him flat on the mattress, effectively eliminating Rody as a potential backup for Jeff.

His mistake. Not only did Kitar's shift slow him down, weight now favored Jeff. Kitar was clearly lighter than Jeff by a good eighty pounds. Jeff didn't even have to do more than try to impale the insane coyote on his knife, though he took a nasty bite to his forearm. Jeff prayed lycanthropy wasn't a virus, as the movies portrayed. Bastard's teeth hurt and his breath smelled as disgusting as a sewer.

Kitar gave a loud yip and the force of his leap sent him crashing into the wall. He slid down the wall and rolled over to stare at the knife protruding out of his black fur. His thought echoed in both Rody and Jeff's head. "Humans always cheat. Always."

Rody groaned and crawled to look over the edge of the bed at the fallen Pack Leader. "Poor things have no fur or fangs. What you want them to do? Bare their throats or fight with what they can? Stupid coyote."

Kitar shut his eyes and was still.

Jeff put on his jeans before walking over to find the broom. "Stay on the bed, Rody. Let me sweep up this glass, or you'll cut your feet."

The blond young man sat on the bed, his face bleak, with his back to the body. He sighed once. "Yes, Alpha Jeff. I very angry right now. Kitar killed Harel."

Jeff found the broom and started the long and tedious process of getting glass off the floor. With no vacuum, he and Rody would have to wear shoes. Jeff glanced at the young

shifter, presently hanging his head in mourning for the senseless death of a former lover. He'd worry about shoes for Rody's smaller feet later. He ventured a question and hoped it wasn't too nosy about pack dynamics. "I take it Pack Leaders aren't allowed to kill pack members?"

Another voice—a female's—answered from the direction of the window. "No. They are not. This is a very bad thing."

"Bad, bad, bad thing." Rody nodded his head. "Let rest of Buffalo Valley Pack see dead Kitar?"

Startled, Jeff's breath caught. With glass all over the floor, a bunch of naked shifters inside the tiny cabin could be problematical. "Let me clean up this glass first, Rody. I don't want anyone getting hurt."

"We can see fine from here, Rody." The female, gray-haired and thin but clearly in charge, appeared at the window. Her dark eyes bore into Rody. "You killed Kitar. You are now Pack Leader. Come."

Another voice, this time a male's, spoke up. "What about Lillet?"

The old female snorted with contempt. "Without Kitar to get her pregnant, she will be free to hunt with the rest of us who have lost our mates."

Rody, whose mouth had been opening and closing without making a sound, finally found the words. "I not kill Kitar, Rena. Human Jeff killed Kitar."

Rena, the old female, studied Jeff with her black gaze. "Human can't be Pack Leader. We choose another."

"Only Brethren can be human Pack Leaders!" a young male shouted from the back.

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

Jeff froze in mid-sweep. No non-medicine person had been *that* friendly with the shifter packs since the coming of the white men. His brain refused to compute the implications. He was just a regular old Comanche. He couldn't.

Yet his grandfather's voice came to him in memory, telling him the Creator often gave interesting jobs to those He thought worthy, without regard to what humans thought.

Rody lifted his chin with pride. "Jeff is Brethren. I am his mate."

Old Rena nodded, accepting both statements as fact. "Then Jeff is Pack Leader. We will hunt now. The fate of the pack now lies in the hands of a human." Rena smiled at Jeff. "Welcome to our world, Jeff. Your education—and ours—begins in the morning."

Before Jeff could even think coherently, the coyotes howled on the ridge and then were silent once more. His pack went hunting, and his mate picked his way carefully across the mostly swept floor to kiss him.

"Is okay, Jeff. We teach you to be coyote. You teach us to be human. Good exchange, yes? We all find rumblies and save all..." Rody choked and looked down.

"There are more shifters than this pack?" Jeff decided the Creator could indeed hit a human with a really big job all at once. He didn't even wait for Rody's nod. He groaned and put his face in his hands. "Let me guess. The entire park, right?" For a moment, there was silence. Then, inexplicably, Jeff felt a shiver of power, as if the air trembled. He looked at his shy young lover.

Coyote Non Grata
by Lena Austin

Rody smiled like a human, but his eyes glowed. "Yes. And you have forgotten your legends, Brother of the Wild Things. The trickster comes in Coyote form to speak to the Brethren and tell them of the Creator's will. Save the wild things, Jeff Gleason. We are watching."

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Lena Austin

Someone cursed Lena Austin with "may you have a life so full you'll have many tales to tell your grandchildren." Lena's a "fallen" society wench with a checkered past. She's been a licensed minister, hairdresser, Realtor, radio DJ, exotic dancer, telephone service tech, live-steel medievalist swordswoman, BDSM Mistress, and investment property manager. Not necessarily in that order. She never finished that degree in marine archaeology, but did learn to scuba—she's got a lifetime of "Research material!"

Hey, why waste these stories on kids who won't listen anyway? Writing them down is a nice way to spend her retirement. What? You expected an ex-BDSM Mistress to take up crocheting or something? See all her books at www.LenaAustin.com. You can reach her by e-mail at voiceomt2002@yahoo.com.