

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

BAD DAWGS

LENA AUSTIN

Dawg Town: Bad Dawg

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One OTR trucker. One leather-clad biker. One very special town...

Finding himself stranded in the middle of Nowhere, Kansas, Loren comes face to face with his favorite fantasy. Hard to say which turns him on more, the '69 Shovelhead, or Bad Dawg -- the bronze god of a biker in the seat.

But can there be any future for men whose livelihoods pull them in opposite directions? And what's with all the Prairie Dawgs all over the place?

Chapter One

Loren stepped out of the truck stop bathroom and looked into the dusky shadows of the parking lot for the rigs park in the back. Shit. No shiny blue truck with the yellow logo of his company anywhere. He walked to the side of the building where the truckwash and diesel fueling station were, far away from the tourists' RVs.

Nothing.

One big yellow and orange truck was refueling, but it was still kind of early for the truckers who'd done their maximum eleven hours of driving to pull in for a rest. The only reason Loren and his trainer had stopped was because they'd run out of fuel. Roy, his trainer, tended to have a heavy hand on the gears.

Apparently Roy hadn't realized Loren wasn't still asleep in the berth, and had driven off. Loren sighed. He and Roy hadn't gotten along well, but they'd gritted their teeth through most of the required hours before Loren got his own truck from the company. Loren tried to give the grizzled, rude bastard the benefit of the doubt that the drive off hadn't been deliberate. Then again, could be Roy had finally figured out Loren was gay after he'd turned down another lot lizard the night before. Roy had certainly taken advantage of the whore's dubious charms in her RV. Right now, Loren hoped the sonovabitch's dick fell off from whatever diseases she'd carried.

Sighing, Loren pulled out his card with the 800 number to the company's trainee liaison and headed into the coffee shop. He knew he was in for a bad night at minimum. Roy wouldn't notice Loren was gone until he'd finished his eleven hours of drive time, and then he'd have to turn around and come back for his lost trainee.

A huge tricked out Harley sat covered in road dust in one of the parking places out front. If it wasn't a 1969 Shovelhead lovingly restored to all its glory and placed beneath chromed fat bob tanks and a custom frame, Loren would eat the damn thing's

tires -- without sauce. Loren put his hands behind his back to fight the urge to caress the wide, comfortable seat and permitted himself to drool for a few minutes. He had some serious fantasies about big, bad, leather-clad bikers, and all unfulfilled. Shitpissfuck. Now he had a boner, and he wasn't sure if it was for the bike or the owner. Loren cursed himself and went inside, hoping another lot lizard wouldn't pounce on him as a potential client.

He waited until he had his coffee in hand before trying to find an isolated booth to make his call. After all, sometimes the company liaison left you on hold for half an hour, and never mind that a poor trainee had to listen to the minutes tick off his cell phone for that long.

The biker himself, clearly a rider who knew what he was doing, held the corner booth. His jacket had "Prairie Dawgs" stitched where the breast pocket would be. Weird name for a biker gang, but what Loren knew about bikers would fit in a teacup. The denim was filthy and worn in places that indicated he'd ridden long enough to have laid his bike down a time or two. Long chestnut hair in a braid fell over one shoulder. He was hunched over his coffee, so Loren couldn't see his face.

Loren breathed a huff of frustration at the lack of privacy and slumped into the next booth over, facing the biker. By God, if he had to linger over the phone, Loren intended to have a few fantasies to pass the time. He punched the speed dial. Pretty damn bad when you had your trainee liaison on speed dial. He didn't want a reputation as a wuss, but Roy had driven him nuts with personal questions and lesbian porn on the DVD in the back.

Then the biker looked up. His eyes were huge and brown, rimmed with lashes that would make any drag queen proud, and... holy shit... those peepers were kewpie doll sweet. No biker was supposed to be sweet!

Loren wasn't sure if the ringing in his ears was his phone or Cupid's arrow winging straight for -- not his heart, but his dick. If he'd thought he had a boner before, he could have nailed railroad spikes with his dick now.

"Hello? Hello?" The impatient voice in his ear reminded him of time and place.

Loren snapped his gaze downward and stirred his coffee so he could concentrate. He'd beat off for days just on the memory of those eyes, but later. "Yeah, this is Loren Spangler. I'm at a truck stop just west of KC on I-70. Seems my trainer just drove off without me." He held his breath, waiting for the deserved admonishments about always informing your partner when you left the vehicle, yada-yada-yada. All he could see now was the biker's mint green do-rag. What was it about redheads and their weird-ass colors?

There was a moment's pause. Then the liaison's voice managed to growl and shout simultaneously. "Fuck! Again? Listen, stay put. I know the stop you're at. We can have your new trainer there tomorrow night."

"Am I supposed to stay here in this coffee shop for the next 24 hours?" Loren winced and lowered his voice when the biker in the booth lifted his head to stare.

The big brown eyes of the biker in the next booth narrowed for a moment. Of course, Leather-Clad-and-Gorgeous could hear every word. How humiliating. The guy encouragingly saluted Loren, lifting his mug of brew.

The stop was an hour outside Kansas City and a few hours to the Colorado line with no hotels in sight. Between KC and Denver were miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles. Highway hypnosis had been so bad, even Roy had demanded Loren read some hetero werewolf porn to him to keep him awake. Loren was now positive he'd never sleep again between the nausea and the imagery. Werewolves? Yeah, right. Like shifters existed.

"You see any hotels around there?" The liaison's question came out on the end of a sigh. "Look, the company will probably give you some sort of concession for this, but we can't make hotels appear out of thin air. You're kind of stuck. I'll get someone there tomorrow night. Falstaff's making his usual run to Denver."

By the time Loren closed his cell, his battery was bitching about a low charge. Cheap-ass shit. Unfortunately, his jeans were tight enough that he couldn't get the little flip phone back in his pocket without standing and revealing the kielbasa in his crotch

for the redhead in the booth next door. Aw, fuckitall. The guy probably wouldn't even notice.

He noticed. The redhead did more than merely notice. He stared, as if measuring the inches and girth. Those chocolate eyes fired up, and a slow smile crept over his dusty face. "My muffler's not that big."

Okay, so Loren blushed. Then he did something he never thought he'd ever do. He took his time putting his cell away, deliberately giving the biker a show. Then words flew out of his mouth before he could stop them. "I wouldn't know about that, big guy. That's a dream ride you have out there, but I'd love to compare sizes someday." Shit. He waited to get his jaw broken.

"You got a deal." The biker stood, took his coffee, and moved to sit in Loren's booth. "My name's Bad Dawg. You need a place to sleep for the next 24, is that what I heard?"

Loren explained, keeping it short and simple. "I'm at the end of my training to be an over-the-road trucker, but my trainer and I didn't get along all that well. Now he's left me, and I'd guess from what my liaison said, he's done it before. They'll have a replacement trainer out here tomorrow night."

Bad Dawg nodded. "Offer's open to sleep on my couch. My place is about a half hour down the road. I can promise to have you back here tomorrow." He held up a calloused hand. "No strings. I don't work that way. You don't do nothing you don't want to, got it?"

"Got it." Having nothing to pick up, Loren helplessly got to his feet and followed Bad Dawg out to the luscious high-dollar vibrator he rode.

Chapter Two

Loren survived the ice-cold ride with nothing more than his light jacket to protect him from the night chill by plastering himself to Bad Dawg's back while they rode through the Kansas equivalent of Mayberry, USA. Not that Dawg seemed to object in the slightest.

The few folks who weren't at home watching whatever reality show was on that night waved at Bad Dawg as they thundered by at a heart-pounding -- Not! -- 35 miles per hour through the center of town. There weren't even the garish lights of a fast food joint. Had he stepped back in time to the McCarthy era? Even the sheriff waved from his patrol car as they passed.

None of this seemed to bother Bad Dawg in the slightest. He drove through sedately, unlike his hell-bent speed between the truck stop and town. Once past the last building, Bad Dawg returned to a speed just under supersonic. He honked his horn as he passed the local biker bar, loaded with hogs and riders, and got a few waves from the parking lot.

Loren just hung on tight and prayed he wouldn't be a human Popsicle in the wrong way before they got to Bad Dawg's "place." Loren had visions of a ramshackle trailer in a gully somewhere, and was pleasantly surprised when Bad Dawg turned into the drive leading to a cheerful little farmhouse in the middle of some already-harvested fields.

Bad Dawg drove around the side of the farmhouse and down a short lane to a large, classic red barn. They rode directly inside and parked in what was clearly a renovated animal stall. A sign in orange with black lettering declared the area was Hog Heaven. BD shut down the engine and waited until Loren stiffly removed himself from the back. Only then did the biker put down the kickstand on the rug denoting the

honored place where the Harley sat. He patted the tanks like an old friend and turned to Loren with a smile.

Loren's back connected with the solid wall of the stall before he could blink, and he tried to maintain his balance while a horny biker ripped his clothes off his body. Not that Loren objected in the slightest -- on fact, he was in -- he apologized to himself for the pun -- Hog Heaven.

Bad Dawg grinned and kissed Loren lightly. "Thank you for flying Hog Heaven Airlines. My name is Bad Dawg, and I'll be your host tonight. The movie is One Hot Trucker and stars a young, early-thirties brunette with a driver's tanned left arm, big green eyes, and a body to kill for."

Entering into the spirit of the joke, Loren followed up. "Playing opposite Loren as the ingénue is a fiery redhead of a man known only as Bad Dawg. We can get some idea of his game only by the fact that he's clad in black leather and denim." Loren kissed BD back playfully, while doing his best to get his co-star out of the aforementioned black leather jacket and denim vest. "I do hope they get kinky with that bike."

"How do you feel about bungee cords and fur?" BD fingered a bundle of bungee cords hanging from a hook on the wall.

"Long as it's fake fur, we're cool. I don't like butchering animals for their skins. May as well admit I'm vegan, too." Loren drew breath and waited for the usual sneers he got from "manly" men.

"Okay, that's it." BD reached over to a workbench, opened a small parts drawer, and drew out a little rubber O-ring. "I'm vegan, too. Will you marry me?"

Loren took the O-ring and put it on his finger, trying to keep from laughing. He batted his eyes like a flirtatious femme fatale. "I like to try on the shoes before I buy them, big boy."

"That's one meat you can sample to your heart's content." He held up a hand. "After we shower. We both stink like three days of hard riding." He jerked his head toward the farmhouse. "I think you'll like my shower." He grabbed Loren's hand and

dragged him out the door. Fortunately, it was a short walk to the farmhouse, since neither resisted a few games of grab-ass in the darkness.

Oh, holy hell! Loren did indeed like the shower. It was as big as a walk-in closet with glass brick walls and a total of six jets, and the tiles beneath his feet had in-floor radiant heating. Loren moaned and stripped off his jeans and underwear, his T-shirt still back in the barn in shreds. "I think I may actually be warm again!"

BD stepped in and adjusted the spray nozzles. His body was tanned all over, but even darker where his arms and face would take the sun as he rode. He looked like some sort of Greek god cast in bronze from head to toe.

Loren's tongue ached to play a silent game of connect the dots from freckle to freckle, beginning and ending with the only meat he ever wanted to put between his lips. The spicy scent of BD's soap and shampoo teased his nose.

Loren mentally slapped himself. He was an OTR trucker, and falling in love was not smart. In less than a day, Loren would be back on the open road. He'd get a pet if he got lonely. Still, there was no harm in playing with the living embodiment of his fantasy for the next few hours. He stepped into the shower's hot spray. "I just have one question, BD."

The biker shook his wet hair out of his face and lifted one eyebrow. "That'll be your limit for the night." One corner of his mouth twitched to let Loren know he was kidding. Maybe.

Loren took that hint for what it implied -- shut up and start the fucking. Yeah, he got the message, loud and clear. BD didn't talk much, but what he said was important. "I'm not poaching on anyone's territory, am I?"

BD slowly shook his head from side to side. "Nope. Kinda had a thing for my best friend Bryce for a while, but he's pretty much straight. Got himself a girl these days."

Sam Elliott. That's whose slow, lingering voice BD's resembled. Loren nodded, half to himself and half to acknowledge what BD had revealed. God, the man was tying

Loren up in knots with his slow, deliberate attitude. Clearly, he was a man of few words and a whole lot of action.

Like right then, BD pushed on Loren's shoulders to tell the trucker to kneel and start sucking. His slightly curved cock stood straight up, following the thin dark line of hair running from his navel to pubic hair. It twitched, beckoning Loren to taste.

That plan worked for Loren, so he complied. Kneeling beneath the hot spray on the equally warm tiles was no hardship, especially since it brought him eye-to-proverbial-eye with a long, hard shaft nestled in a thatch of dark red curls. There was even an adorable freckle right next to a pulsing vein, just begging for a nibble. Loren shivered with anticipation, his mouth watering. So what if he was the bottom to a redheaded fantasy like BD? He liked the dichotomy of his favorite fantasy -- OTR trucker and bottom to a leather-clad biker. He dove in and took his time, nuzzling the chestnut curls first. He'd store up every sensation in his memory for later recall on the cold, lonely nights in his truck's berth.

BD made a low sound of pleasure deep in his throat, something between a moan and a growl. His strong hand stroked Loren's wet hair, a quiet caress that turned into a gentle push as if to say, "Get on with it." Definitely a man of few words.

Loren grinned to himself. He was beginning to understand the tall, silent biker with the sexy voice. Loren lifted his right hand to return the caress by stroking BD's tight cheek while he slurped all he could fit of that deliciously curved cock down his throat.

That firm ass cheek briefly tightened under his palm. Apparently, BD wasn't used to anyone getting near his back door. Then his cock jumped in Loren's mouth, a signal BD was learning to like what Loren did.

Encouraged, Loren kept on with the deep throat action, but also continued to stroke and tease the freckled ass cheek that slowly relaxed beneath his hand. The irony that he was the one doing the "I'm not going to hurt you" caresses and reassurances wasn't lost on Loren. He also knew BD was just using this blowjob as a warm-up

session, so it was okay for Loren to take his time. To that end, Loren went back to nibbling and tasting his way up BD's shaft. This was all about the play.

BD responded with another deep, masculine purr. His hand tugged on Loren's hair. "Play with yourself."

Loren was more than happy to oblige. His cock had been aching and hard since he'd laid eyes on this stunning man. Hell, even before in his dreams he'd wanted someone like BD. Strong, quiet, leather, and even a vegan, just like himself. The red hair and small town boy gone clearly rebel were bonuses. Loren was beginning to be very grateful to that bastardized trainer who dropped him in the middle of nowhere. Loren fisted his pud in a tight grip with his left hand and squeezed BD's ass with his right.

BD pulled out of Loren's mouth and shook water out of his eyes. He knelt beside the trucker on the generous floor of the shower. "I dreamt of watching some gorgeous sonovabitch yank off in here. Mind if I help?"

Already deep in his own sensations and the fulfillment of his own daydreams, Loren nodded. "You can do more than help, if you want. I've had similar wishes."

"Was hoping you'd ask." BD patted Loren's left knee. "Spread 'em."

The younger man scooted back until his spine hit the shower wall, then sat on his butt and put his knees in the air. The soles of his feet slipped on the tiles until Loren got a firm grip. Now he half lay, half sat on the floor of the rain locker from heaven, prepared to get all he could take from a man many would say was the devil in disguise.

The demon in question lay flat on his belly despite a hard-on rigid enough to feel like a rock, put his face on Loren's right thigh, and bit him lightly. "Go on."

There was something beyond erotic about being ordered around by a biker who took his time before shagging the shit out of him. Loren's ass burned already for it. He started yanking his cut length with more gusto than usual.

BD did more than watch. Occasionally, he murmured an encouragement, or blew a hot breath of air at Loren's balls. Who needed fantasies when reality was so much better than any dream lover? In his exertions, Loren's ass occasionally lifted with need,

and he slid further down the wall until he almost reclined on the tiles. Eventually, Loren had to turn his head or get drowned by the spray.

BD took that opportunity to dive in and suck one of Loren's balls into his mouth. He hummed to himself and got the other one in as well. Loren knew he had a big sack, so he was pretty impressed with BD's cheek storage. Loren was even more impressed when BD's tongue managed to sweep the entire length from his ass to the bottom of his balls.

That did it for Loren. He lifted his ass clean off the floor with the strength of a release that would have made a geyser proud. His balls shot up and contracted all at once for the screaming orgasm of a lifetime.

However, BD was even quicker somehow. He swallowed Loren's length just enough to catch every last drop no matter how he bucked and thrust.

Holy hell, Loren wondered if he'd ever stop coming. It was said Old Faithful's eruptions could last as long as five minutes, and he wondered if he'd survive that long, or would his heart explode first? Shit, his orgasm was so good, every field mouse and prairie dog outside probably lit a cigarette in empathy.

The water turned icy, and Loren yelped.

BD lifted his head from Loren's body. He grinned. "Guess we're out of hot water. Let's go to bed."

Chapter Three

BD took Loren to his bedroom, which was plain as a monk's cell in contrast to the luxury of the bathroom. While all the things in the room were clearly antiques or damn good reproductions, all of it was as functional as a Frank Lloyd Wright design. Nothing wasted. Loren admired that kind of efficiency.

They fell into bed side-by-side, both groaning at the luxury of a soft mattress after days without. Loren wouldn't have cared if they rolled around on a bed of hay, but clean sheets and a mattress made the sensual pleasure all the greater.

BD smiled slowly and sensually. "Last chance to say no, trucker."

For an answer, Loren bent his head to taste one of BD's nipples, eager for the taste of firm, masculine flesh.

BD wasn't without some body hair, but he wasn't a bear by any means. What he was, in fact, was putty in Loren's hands -- or, rather, mouth. The redhead threw back his head and gulped air like a starving snapper in a net. "Geez, Loren. I oughta rename you Hoover, you got that much suction. You could suck the chrome off my mufflers."

Loren released the nipple and moved a bit more until he could throw one leg over BD's. "Yeah? Good. You keep telling me what I'm doing right, or what you'd rather have done." He gave BD's copper-dusted sternum a long, slow sweep of the tongue.

"I can do that." BD's eyes shut with pleasure. "Hold my cock in your hand and play with it, Loren. Give me a few tugs while you work your way down to earn the fucking you're going to get."

Encouraged and loving being told what to do, Loren worked his way further over BD's thigh and grasped the hard, hot length surrounded by a dark red nest of curls. If BD wanted a hand job to start with, then he'd get the best Loren could provide.

The thick, veined monster in his hand almost had a life of its own. It felt hot and so firm, it could have been one of the heated dildos size queens paid fortunes to own. *Mine, all mine!* Where the hell had that thought come from? Loren knew they were just ships passing in the night, or some such lyrical nonsense. He gave himself a mental shake to remain firmly on the practical side of the road.

BD's hand cupped Loren's ass and lifted the flesh Loren hoped he found tight enough to please. Weeks on the road with no chance for more than a salad at the stops or fast food joints had left Loren a little thin, and he knew it. BD apparently found it to his liking well enough, since the pressure became a caress. "You need feeding up. Better not let my aunt see you, or she'll stuff you like a Thanksgiving turkey until you're sick."

If that wasn't an opening wide enough to drive a rig through, Loren would eat the motorcycle with no ketchup. He wiggled out of BD's hand. "I'll start with something I know is tasty. That'll whet my appetite for more, and you know we truckers are known for our abilities to feast." Loren worked his way down BD's body in between phrases, leaving the occasional bite.

The flesh beneath his teeth flinched and tightened, until BD wearied of the teasing and grabbed a handful of Loren's hair. "Get on with it. I want to fuck you until both of us pass out."

That Sam Elliott voice and drawl was more than enough to give Loren a hard-on to match the gear shifts on a semi, but that impatient order made Loren grin wickedly. "Is that a challenge, BD?"

BD grinned, showing a slight overbite. Any more, and he might have been called a bit bucktoothed. Languidly, he put his left arm under his head and gazed at the ceiling. "Yeah."

Slightly miffed and amused simultaneously, Loren swallowed a laugh. "Don't talk my ear off, now. Geez, you never shut the hell up."

The low rumble had to be a laugh. BD reached up and pushed Loren's face toward the waiting hard-on Loren had been teasing with his hand. "Wasting time'll get you fired."

Because the biker was right, Loren went to work. He was desperately glad they both were clean. Soap and water were the best aphrodisiac, especially to a trucker like him who might go for a week between showers since the truck stops charged as much as ten bucks for a filthy shower stall. Trainees could barely afford meals and warm clothing. Loren cut that depressing line of thinking. He was warm, comfortable, and safe in the bed of a dream come true. It had damn well better be enough. He normally enjoyed taking his time, but now Loren felt a sense of urgency, like he had to have it all before he woke up alone in the truck.

BD's cock tasted salt-sweet, like nothing he'd ever had before. The man's voice was enough to cause orgasms, especially when he growled low in his throat and muttered, "Feels so damn good." Words of praise from a man of few words were twice as rewarding.

Loren applied tongue and pressure, working his way up and down the shaft before lingering on the uncut mushroom head. He loved all natural men, though he himself was cut. Could the biker be any more perfect? If wishes were horses, he'd be able to magically make himself small enough to fit in Loren's pocket or something. Oh, well.

BD reached into the drawer of the antique-looking nightstand and pulled out a basket with a lid. He thumbed the lid back in the drawer, and closed it with a bang. "You're making me forget my manners. Safe sex, right here." He dropped the basket with a dusty pile of condoms, a half-empty tube of lube, and one small anal plug in a zip-top bag beside his hip, within easy reach.

Loren let go of the delicious cock. "Thanks. I appreciate the offer."

"Good." Then both his hands slid up to part Loren's ass cheeks. "My turn."

One minute, the breeze from an open window teased Loren's asshole. The next, his ass was in the air, his knees were in his face, and all his weight was on his shoulders.

BD's strong arms held Loren's thighs in place while he walked on his knees to where his cock dangled in front of Loren once more. His face buried itself between Loren's balls and his ass, and he gave that sensitive place in between a long lick.

A moan ripped away from Loren's throat. He couldn't have held it back with chocks. He'd never been rimmed. Most men went straight for a cocksucking and fucking, with nothing in between. A man that not only was willing to give a rim job but -- oh, hell, bite and suck on that place where Loren's ass met his thigh like he had all the time in the world -- was worth his weight in gold. If he fucked as good as his mouth skills, he was worth the weight of his bike and him on it. Another moan escaped Loren. "Oh, God! Mmm. Yes!"

Encouraged, BD inched a little closer. His cock was so stiff, it was flat against his belly, but Loren's hands were free enough to pull it down into his mouth. That earned Loren more tongue action, even the first tentative penetration.

At first, Loren thought it was his tongue, but then it dawned on him the intruder was one of BD's fingers. Loren relaxed and let him in, nearly lost in the sensual pleasure of this new way of doing a sixty-nine.

BD was a master of finger-fucking and simultaneous oral cock action. His tongue swept, his lips teased, and his teeth nipped along the surface. All the while, his finger pushed in and wiggled, forcing Loren open and ready for the huge monster in Loren's mouth.

Meanwhile, Loren couldn't do much more to him than lick, because he had to breathe. Didn't seem fair to Loren, but BD was in charge, not him. To let the biker know what he wanted, Loren felt around until he found the condom basket. He let go of BD's cock, tore open the package, and managed to get the condom rolled down over BD's dick. If BD couldn't figure what Loren wanted out of that, he'd ruin his image by being stupid. Then again, maybe Loren built too good an image of the redhead. Was Loren expecting too much?

Apparently not. BD backed off, removed his finger, and pulled Loren to the edge of the bed. He shivered once. "Floor's cold." Then he reached for the lube and greased them both up.

Loren gasped. "So's the lube."

"It'll warm."

True. Hell, Loren was positive he'd burst into flame if he didn't come soon. Loren grasped his knees and pulled them to his chest to give BD all the access he needed. Best invitation he could give.

BD took the hint well and slid in, right past the first sphincter he'd already softened. He half-shut his eyes before giving Loren one of those slow, half-smiles that were characteristic of the man. "Tight."

That was the kind of compliment Loren liked to hear. Damn if that slow burn of being filled completely didn't feel good. He gave BD a squeeze with his ass muscles. "More."

He nodded once and pushed in further, until the second sphincter let him pass. He was almost too polite for Loren's tastes, but he courteously took his time and waited for the trucker to adjust to his girth.

Loren peered up between his legs and stared into those incongruously soft brown eyes of his. "Fuck me, BD."

One corner of his mouth turned up again. "That's all I was waiting for." Then he began to fuck Loren. The first thrust almost sent the younger man across the width of the full-sized bed, which wasn't much to begin with. Real antiques were like that. Sturdy, but small, like they were designed for munchkins.

A stray thought crossed Loren's mind that he'd have to ask BD why he didn't have a bed more suitable to his tall, lanky frame. Maybe he'd have a chance to ask before BD took him back to the Flying G truck stop. A small burn of regret settled near Loren's heart. He knew there was no tomorrow for them. Didn't matter right then. All that was important was what they could accomplish in the time left. Loren grabbed the edge of the mattress with his right hand, put his right heel on BD's shoulder, and stored up every pounding thrust in his memory for later when he had his own truck and could whack off in privacy.

BD appeared to be doing much the same. At least, his eyes were closed and he had a look of concentration on his face. When he opened them, his eyes were hazed

over with sexual pleasure. He groaned softly. "Wish I could keep you. You're making me come like a... teenager or something."

Since Loren's own balls begged for release, he reached up to give himself a hand job. They'd come together, if he could.

BD's hand batted Loren's away. Where the biker got the coordination, Loren would never know, but BD managed to tug on the trucker's cock in perfect time to the rhythm of the fucking. "Come for me, Loren. I'll do the same."

The deep, drawling order pushed Loren over the edge. He yelped and came all over his own chest in gouts of white cream and pleasure. He couldn't have stopped even if he'd wanted to, and he damn sure didn't.

His lover, however temporary he was, grunted and shoved in until Loren thought he'd be able to taste BD's cum in the back of his throat. The veins on BD's neck tensed while the biker came, holding Loren up against him as if he'd never let go.

Despite his handhold, Loren slid backwards an inch or so, courtesy of the sheets. Loren could feel every pulse of BD's load leaving BD to stay in his body. Maybe Loren whispered it. "Stay with me."

A shiver ran through him, from nose to toes. His brown eyes opened, and BD grinned, showing Loren a rare glimpse of his pearly whites. "I might." He pulled out and dropped the used condom in a wicker trashcan beside the bedside table. "We'll talk in the morning. Pick your side."

Content and tired, Loren scooted up to abscond with one pillow. Then he opened his arms in invitation.

BD fell in next to him, and they spooned up while he pulled the covers over both of them. "I got something to tell you, but only after both of us have a mug of coffee in our hands."

Loren couldn't resist a joke, despite sleep stealing up on him and slurring his words. "Why? You in love with me or something?"

"Yeah, but that's not the problem. G'night."

Loren would have loved to ask him what the issue was, but Ol' Sandman hit him with a sledgehammer, and he was out cold.

Chapter Four

Loren awakened and thought he was in some sort of sappy post-World War II movie. Gingham curtains in the window moved on a gentle breeze, birds twittered somewhere outside, and he was in a bed with an honest-to-God quilt at the foot.

The bed beside him was empty and the sheets cold. Wherever BD had gone, he'd been out of bed awhile. The scent of coffee brewing gave a clue as to where he might be.

Scrubbing his forehead, Loren stumbled his way toward the bathroom, desperate to get rid of a weird nightmare he'd had in the wee hours of the morning. After a healthy morning leak, he splashed water on his face and had a stern talk with his reflection. "It was just a dream, stupid. You did not really wake up and see BD change into a cute, furry prairie dog and jump out the window, slide down the gutters and make his -- its -- whatever -- way to a bunch of others out back." He hit his face with more water. It had seemed so real.

"Wasn't a dream." BD stood in the doorway of the bathroom, holding a cup of coffee in each hand. He held one out to Loren with a sad, half smile.

Loren took the coffee automatically and slugged back the black brew. The water from his face dripped down his chest in icy rivulets. "Ah... ah... ah..." He shook himself to stop stammering and said the first protest that popped in his head. "You're too gorgeous to be that cute!"

"Thanks." BD sipped from his own mug. His voice still was as deep and drawling as Sam Elliott's best. "I know you probably think you're drugged or something."

"The thought did cross my mind."

"You're as sober as a preacher, pal. It's me that's weird. You've heard of werewolves." He waited for Loren's nod. "There's other shifters, too." He put his empty mug on the nearby bureau.

"Shifters?" Loren swallowed more coffee and begged it to fire up his synapses, because his brain skipped and halted like a bad DVD. The word made better sense than using were-whatever-the-creature. "Like cats, rats, elephants, and uh... prairie dogs?"

"Yep." Before his eyes, BD melted away, his clothes falling to the floor in a heap. Out of the pile of denim and blue chambray came a black nose, intelligent brown eyes, and eventually the whole prairie dog.

Loren sat abruptly on the bathroom floor, spilled his coffee, and was too busy worrying about not doing something idiotic like fainting. The coffee mug clattered to the tiles, a faint echo in his head. He knew he was going to lose the battle with unconsciousness and wake up in a mental hospital wearing a jacket with wraparound arms.

A sharp pain in his left hand brought Loren back to reality with a yelp. The prairie dog had bitten him in the web of flesh between his thumb and forefinger, and his hand bled profusely. "Yeow! That hurt, Goddammit! Can't a guy lose his mind in peace?" He grayed out again, but the throbbing in his hand kept him in reality. Too bad. A nice stint of unconsciousness might result in reality returning.

BD appeared, kneeling buck ass naked of course, right where the critter had been a moment before. "Sorry. Couldn't have you cracking your head on my tiles. Might leave a mark." He reached behind Loren to the sink and grabbed a fresh, dry washcloth from a basket. "Here."

Loren accepted the cloth and managed a makeshift compression bandage. "Why?"

"Told you why I bit you." He reached out and patted Loren's cheek. "Focus."

"Focus? You just told me I fell in love with a prairie dog werewolf... Uh... and I'm not supposed to babble like a moron?" Loren used a towel hanging on a nearby rack to soak up the coffee he'd spilled. "Besides, the why wasn't a why-did-you-bite-me

why, but a why-are-you-telling-me why. You could have driven me back to the truck stop, watched me drive off, and no one would be the wiser.”

“Because I think I love you, too. You’re already babbling. Moron.” BD stood and held his hand out to help Loren stand. “Want some coffee before we ride? You gotta promise not to spill it this time.”

“Only if you don’t tell me things like all those prairie dogs out back were the local townspeople or something.” Loren dug around to find his clothes and accepted a Harley Davidson T-shirt BD tossed at him.

“Then I’d better shut the hell up.” BD dressed more quickly than Loren and grinned in the doorway when the implication of his words caused Loren to sputter and choke.

“You-you-you mean the whole fucking town is prairie dogs?” Loren paused from his search for his other steel-toe under the bed.

“And one fucking gator. Don’t worry. She’s taken.”

* * *

Hours later, Loren climbed into the cab of his new trainer’s truck. “Trailer’s secure, and I did the safety check.”

“Thank you, bud. I hear your stuff is waiting for you at the Tulsa terminal, and it just so happens that’s where we’re headed.” His trainer, who’d introduced himself as Ted, climbed in the passenger side. “What the hell did you do to your hand?”

Loren grinned and started the big semi up. “I got bit by a prairie dog at a friend’s place.” He restrained himself from patting the breast pocket of BD’s shirt, where a phone number and address rested.

“Yeah? You know, they say prairie dogs are all the rage as cage pets in Japan or sumpin’. Me, I like having ol’ Rufus for company.” Ted gestured back to the bunk, where an orange tabby cat lounged. “Cage pets and them that use litter boxes are best for traveling friends.” He ruffled Rufus’ fur and was rewarded with a purr loud enough to be heard over the engines. “You got one of them prairie dogs for a pet or sumpin’?”

Loren choked back a laugh of pure joy and turned the semi onto the highway.
“Yep, something like it.”

In the rearview mirrors, he watched the truck stop fade in the dusty haze. “I’ll be back for him.”

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 <http://www.LenaAustin.com>. You can reach her by e-mail at voiceomt2002@yahoo.com.