



FB FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS

BINDING THE WOLF

KAY DERWYDD

Binding the Wolf

by

Kay Derwydd



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Binding the Wolf: Leashed 1 and Leashed 2

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by Kay Derwydd

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Leashed 1: Zach's Story

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by Kay Derwydd

The dogs were barking wildly before Zach got the keys out of his pocket. Looking back at Nate, he grinned.

"You think they missed us?"

Nate chuckled and made a good bit of racket with the grocery bags in his hands, sending the dogs on the other side of the door into fits. Zach rolled his eyes and shook his head, laughing as he unlocked the door and pushed it open. Four furry, wiggling bodies assaulted them before they made it over the threshold. Zach crowded the dogs back into the house and Nate followed behind, closing the door.

Thor, the oldest and largest of the pack of four Alaskan Huskies, sat down in the doorway to the kitchen, looking smug. Zach stopped and looked over at his lover, who was herding the others into the living room with promises of treats.

"Hey, Nate. Call Thor, will you? He's being stubborn again."

Nate whistled, the sound shrill and loud. Thor snorted and brushed past Zach, heading into the living room to curl up on the couch with Nate. Zach grinned; without a doubt, the dog knew who his owner was. As Nate scratched one thick-furred neck after another, Zach started putting away the groceries. A few minutes later, a rustle of plastic bags came from behind him and then two strong, thick-muscled arms were sliding around his waist. Nate dropped a kiss to the side of his neck and nuzzled below Zach's left ear.

"Should we give them the bones now," Zach asked him, "or wait?"

"Now."

Zach shivered as Nate nipped his neck. The man's teeth were a bit sharper than most people's, but Zach didn't care, not when Nate could drive him to the edge every time with a few well-placed nibbles. One of Nate's hands drifted lower, cupping Zach through his jeans, fingers wrapping around the hardness beneath the denim. Nate's voice was deep and rich, reminding Zach of a fine wine, aged perfectly.

"I'll be waiting in the bedroom." The warmth of Nate's body disappeared and Zach shivered in its absence.

"Yeah. Dog bones."

Finally composing himself enough to think somewhat clearly, Zach pulled out four huge, basted beef bones wrapped in plastic. He stripped the thick plastic off of them and carried all four into the living room. The dogs were lounging, but all four heads popped up when Zach set the bones down in a line in front of the television.

"Now, boys," he said, eyeing each Husky in turn. "Nate and I are going to be busy for a while. Eat your bones and behave." He turned the television on to the Animal Planet and took one last glance at the dogs still sitting in place. "Dinner time!"

Within seconds, four powerful bodies lunged for the bones, each one disappearing into a gray and white muzzle as the dogs got resettled and started gnawing and licking, tails slapping the couch and floor. Zach headed for the bedroom, knowing something more delicious waited for him there. Six years and he still felt the breathless rush of pure desire, the thrill of being under Nate's command for a time; and although there were times when he thought to turn the tables, tonight was not one

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of those nights. Tonight, he wanted Nate to take over, to drive them both into raving need and eventual release.

Nate was already in the bed, sitting back against the headboard, legs stretched out and hand stroking idly over hard flesh. Eyes black as midnight watched Zach while he undressed.

"Come here."

The words were said with authority, Nate's dark gaze brooking no argument. Zach obeyed, kneeling beside Nate. Long fingers combed through his hair, tugging the ponytail out. Copper strands fell over Zach's face as the bulk of it draped down his back. Nate never stopped pleasuring himself, and his free hand moved from Zach's hair to his face, fingertips caressing Zach's bottom lip. Zach's lips parted on a soft catch of breath and Nate's fingers slipped inside, moving over his tongue.

"Touch me." Short, simple, and to the point. Nate might have been a man of few words, but the words he chose never failed to make his wishes succinctly clear.

Sliding down the beautiful body, Zach settled between Nate's legs. He started on Nate's right leg, mouth moving up his lover's thigh, feeling the muscles slide and flex beneath the heated skin. He loved the way the hair grew coarser the higher he moved, until it gave way to thick black curls around the base of Nate's cock. Nosing the dense patch of fur, Zach breathed in the rich scent of Irish Spring soap mixed with Nate's own scent. It was heady and addictive, strong enough to feel as well as smell.

Nate remained silent, but Zach could feel those dark eyes on him, watching his every move like a wolf might watch its prey. The knowledge alone made Zach whimper, lips fusing around the side of Nate's shaft, sucking up a dark red mark. Nate rewarded him with a shallow growl.

Kissing a slow path up the side, Zach looked up, finding himself the subject of Nate's intense stare. It sent a thrill straight through him. When he opened his mouth over the tip, Nate's hands landed softly on his head, fingers threading through his hair. Zach opened his mouth, eyes never leaving Nate's as the tip slid over his tongue.

Zach lapped the clear droplets up like life-giving water, soft sounds surrounding the flesh in his mouth. Nate's hips moved, pushing up and in. Zach all but devoured him, his throat relaxing as Nate slid deeper. Nate taught him this, taught him how to relax everything and take a man all the way. Nate had even done it to him a few times in the past.

A growl drifted down to him, Nate's fingers tightening, pushing. When his nose touched black hair, Zach closed his eyes, losing himself in the taste and scent. Nate flexed in his mouth, silken steel grazing his tongue. Then Nate began to move--slowly at first, but then quickening, every push growing in strength.

Zach couldn't help it. He whimpered around Nate's cock, lost in the sensations. Nate was taking him, renewing his claim. Zach reached out and held on to Nate's hips, encouraging Nate to give him more. He needed this--needed Nate.

Keeping a firm grip on his head, Nate thrust up, driving deep into Zach's throat. Then Zach swallowed.

Nate roared, hips snapping up as he held Zach's head like a vise. Heat poured over Zach's tongue, and he drank it down like a man dying of thirst.

Sharp, sweet, and bitter. If fire had a taste, Zach knew this was it. He moaned around Nate's flesh, pulling back to suck on the tip, desperate for more. As Nate

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relaxed into the mattress, Zach licked him clean, taking his own form of pleasure in making sure he didn't miss a single drop. Then he pulled off and looked up at Nate, eyes wide and pleading.

Without a word, Nate pulled him up and into a kiss, tongue demanding as it plunged into Zach's mouth. Zach could feel Nate growing hard again; the man's stamina was beyond words. Zach straddled Nate's lap and dove into the kiss, moaning and rocking as Nate's hands slid over him, down to knead his ass roughly. His heart threatening to burst right out of his chest, Zach whimpered and pleaded wordlessly, desperation taking over as he began to shake in Nate's arms.

Flipping him down onto his back, Nate thrust inside him in one swift motion. Zach screamed into Nate's mouth, tears forming in the corners of his eyes as the burn spread through him like a wildfire. Fingers clutching Nate's biceps, Zach could only give in to the hard, driving rhythm Nate quickly set. Every thrust pulled another harsh sound out of Zach, each one dying in the hungry, brutal kiss.

Nate's hand pushed between them and it only took a single touch to set Zach off. Back arching, his eyes flew open, mouth still prisoner to Nate's kiss. He bucked and writhed, the tears flowing freely as Nate pulled every last tremor out of him before coming again, filling Zach's body with liquid fire.

Zach slumped onto the bed, panting as Nate released his mouth. He closed his eyes and shuddered, smoothing away the marks he'd left on Nate's arms before sliding his arms around Nate's neck. "Love you," he whispered.

"Ditto," came the muffled response as Nate licked the hollow of his throat.

Work was rough. Having been at *Italia*, one of New York's top Italian restaurants, for nearly eleven years, Zach had seen many of the five-star restaurant's ups and downs as its head chef. Today, however, took the cake, quite literally.

The fully-catered reception for a wedding with a two-hundred guest count? Not so bad. His best pastry chef walking out after a very heated argument with the head waiter? Not so good. Never mind the guy was quite easily the most arrogant human being Zach ever had the "pleasure" of meeting; the bottom line was: the man possessed the brilliance and expertise to back up the cocky attitude.

In the end, things worked out, though. Zach delegated every task out and went looking for his wayward pastry chef. After a good bit of sweet-talking, he managed to get Arnold back in the kitchen. Overall, the reception was a success, even if things were a bit rushed and harried.

One thing alerted Zach to something being not quite right: the absence of barking. In fact, the dogs weren't even there...and neither was Nate.

Setting his jacket on the back of the sofa and tossing his keys onto the coffee table, Zach started calling out for Nate and the boys. No one answered.

Weird.

"Nate?" He headed back to the bedroom, but Nate wasn't there either.

"Nathaniel!"

Zach went back into the kitchen and stopped. On the dining room table sat a box about the size of a large shoebox with his name scrawled on top in Nate's less-than-beautiful handwriting. It wasn't often Nate left him "gifts."

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When he opened it, Zach nearly dropped the whole thing. Okay. Now this *was* bizarre.

He reached in and gingerly picked up the folded paper, trying to ignore the tuft of black fur and the dog collar altogether. Opening the paper, he started reading, his heart falling into his stomach within seconds.

Dear Zach,

I didn't want to do things this way; I never wanted to hide from you at all. But there is something about me you don't know, and I fear losing you if you find out any other way. Then again, I fear losing you already.

I love you, Zach. I know I don't say it often enough, but I do. I don't think I could bear seeing you hurt, so I've gone away. If, after you read this, you still want me--still want us--then you can find me at the Days Inn down the road. If you don't want me after knowing my secret, then my dear Zack, I will let you go, let you be free. Please, Zach, don't try to come to me. It will only hurt us both more.

The question is: would you still want me if I weren't quite human? And can you spend the rest of your life with someone who isn't quite human? If you can, know I need you, Zach--more than life itself. If you want me after knowing my secret, there is a collar in the box. Take it, put it on, and come to me.

I love you, Zach. Somehow, I can't say it enough now.

Love,

Nathaniel

Zach sat there, stunned and utterly numb. He looked back over the letter, his mind trying to process what he'd read, but no matter how he looked at it, he couldn't quite believe it. He set the letter on the floor beside him and looked up. He could see the box on the table, almost beckoning him. Did he dare? Could he honestly trust in Nate enough to do something so drastic?

Could he live with himself if he didn't?

Sighing, he stood up and sat down in one of the chairs. He pulled the box over and picked up the fur. He could smell Nate's scent curling around him without even trying. Nate tasted rich and musky, almost...*deep*.

Zach touched the fur tentatively to his lips and inhaled deeply. Memories washed through him, making up his mind before he'd even realized it.

He needed to find Nate.

The second he picked up the collar, Zach could feel the steady pulse of energy thrumming through the leather, giving him a moment's pause. He twisted it back and forth, searching for... Well, he wasn't sure *what* he was searching for. Then he unbuckled it and, with a deep breath and a prayer, slid it around his neck, buckling it once more behind him.

When the pain began, Zach watched with wide, unbelieving eyes as his flesh darkened, taking on the familiar tanned color of Nate's. His skin burned and itched, and he could *feel* the hair all over his body growing, becoming thicker and darker. Gritting his teeth, Zach clutched the edge of the table. Fire spread through him and it felt as if a gauntleted hand had seized each organ and twisted viciously, reshaping everything inside. Terror and panic set in, and Zach clutched and clawed at the collar, but before he could get it off, everything stopped.

He blinked and bolted for the kitchen. What little there was in his stomach ended

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up in the sink. Panting, he turned on the water and watched the last of his salad from lunch wash down the garbage disposal.

No meat. For the six years they'd been together, he couldn't recall a single moment when Nate even touched a vegetable. Now he knew why. He smirked, remembering how Nate always complained about the taste of vegetable matter, as he put it.

Zach grabbed the towel hanging on the oven door handle and ran cold water over it before wiping down his face and neck. He felt different, yet he simply couldn't put his finger on what exactly it was. Tossing the towel onto the counter, he picked up his keys, hands still shaking, and headed out.

The Days Inn was only about a five-minute drive from the house, and once he pulled into the parking space, Zach stared out of the windshield at the lobby. Nate wrote the room number at the bottom of the letter, and Zach looked down at it, reading the last paragraph again. From the words alone, he could feel Nate's fear practically pouring off the paper. Tucking the folded letter into his jeans pocket, he got out of the car. This was it. Hell, he hadn't even taken the collar off.

Room 312.

Zach took a deep breath and knocked. When he didn't hear barking, he figured Nate took the boys to a kennel. He knew Nate hated putting them there, and every time they did in the past, it took Nate well over a day and a half to get out of his slump.

When the door opened, Zach found his feet simply wouldn't move.

"You came." Nate sounded...surprised? Shocked? Relieved? Or maybe all of the above. Stepping to the side, he waved Zach into the small but nice hotel room.

Zach turned, biting at his lip. Then the words simply tumbled out before he could stop them.

"I can't live without you, Nate. I don't care what or who you are; all that matters is you're mine. We belong together, always--"

The words were cut off by Nate's mouth, the kiss desperate and hungry, Nate's teeth biting and bruising, his tongue pushing deep to taste. A small sound escaped Zach, but he simply gave in, swallowing Nate's need and fear, wanting more than anything to touch and taste and feel his lover against him, all over him.

Nate herded him through the room, backing Zach up until Zach's legs touched the bed. Then they were on it, Nate's hands roaming over him, pushing his shirt up before ducking his head, sucking a nipple into his mouth. Zach arched, shoving his chest up, fingers tangling in Nate's hair tightly.

"Mine," Nate growled, the vibration of the sound sliding over Zach's skin like a caress.

"Yes, all yours, Nate. Always." Gasping when Nate's tongue flicked his nipple, Zach writhed, caught between the bed and an unyielding body. How he wanted this, wanted everything Nate would give him. "Please," he pleaded in a breathless whisper.

Nate's head lifted and those eyes locked onto Zach's, sending a thrill through him. Without looking away, Nate undid Zach's jeans and pulled them down. Only when Zach's underwear followed, exposing him, did Nate look down. Licking his kiss-swollen lips, Nate looked like a starving man, like he could--and would--devour Zach whole. A single finger slid over Zach's aching length, following the faint line of a

vein from the base to the tip. Nate scooped some of the clear liquid up and licked it from his finger; hunger sharp in his eyes when he looked back up at Zach.

"No more secrets," Nate said.

"No more secrets, Nate. I know the truth." Zach tapped the collar around his neck. "The truth about both of us now, right?"

Nate nodded, then lowered his head, exhaling on Zach's cock, breath searing the sensitive flesh like a flame. Zach reached down and tangled his fingers in Nate's hair, holding on. Nate needed no encouragement and went down on him.

It was a rare treat when Nate did it, and in six years, Zach could count three times Nate gave him a blowjob. This? This was unbelievable, and before long, Nate had him panting and moaning, hips pushing up while Nate sucked him down, his lover's sweet tongue teasing the head before slipping down the shaft.

"Nate..." Zach's eyes rolled back and he started to shake, hands trembling as he fought to keep from thrusting up into velvet heat. "Gonna come...soon, Nate..."

"Then do it," Nate growled around his cock, promptly swallowing him to the root.

Zach arched and shouted, body jerking as he came, pouring himself down Nate's throat as it worked around him. When he spent his seed, Zach collapsed onto the bed, still shaking, still breathless.

Nate slid up his body then and took him in a kiss, giving him half of what he'd given Nate. He moaned softly around Nate's tongue, sucking it clean. Zach wiggled out of his jeans, Nate helping him to finally push them off. Free of the jeans, Zach spread his legs, giving Nate plenty of room to do whatever he wished. Nate's hand cupped his balls, rolling them gently. Zach groaned softly into the kiss and lifted his hips when one of Nate's fingers pressed and rubbed the soft skin behind his sac.

"Yeah," Nate murmured, pressing his finger in enough to burn.

Zach's hips rolled, pushing down. His body wanted more; his soul needed everything. "Slick. In me. Please, Nate." Each word said on a breath, Zach vibrated with need.

"Slick I can do."

Pulling his finger out, Nate reached over to the bedside table and pulled open the drawer. When Zach raised an eyebrow, Nate shrugged and grinned.

"Hey, a man can hope, yeah?"

Zach didn't have a chance to answer. A moment later, Nate slid two fingers inside him, opening him up. Groaning, Zach rocked his hips downward, driving Nate's fingers deeper.

"Oh... God, Nate. I need you."

"Got me," Nate whispered, pulling his fingers out. With a slight shift of his hips, he slid inside Zach, the movement tender and unhurried.

Zach arched upward, fingers digging tight into Nate's arms. "Yes."

Nate filled him, over and over, their bodies moving more in tandem than they ever did before. Zach felt something stronger between them now, something not even time could diminish. Clinging tightly to Nate, he let go, the sensations rushing through him, leaving him breathless and shaking. Nate's breath caressed his cheek, his neck, and then Nate growled, the sound feral and low, pouring himself deep inside Zach.

The collar no longer felt like the weight it had before. Now, it felt *right*.

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They'd left the hotel room and took a detour to the park, needing the quiet. Nate leaned back against a tree near the small stream and Zach leaned against him, Nate's arms around him.

"When you change, how do you do it?"

"It's hard to explain, really. It's a combination of thought and instinct."

"Instinct?"

Nate nodded, kissing Zach's hair softly. "Kind of like when a dog feels threatened, he bristles? Well, it's the same for us, but we change and the wolf inside takes over. And we can change by willing it--a single thought will do it."

"Does it hurt?" Zach asked.

"No. Feels a little weird at first, but it doesn't hurt. Worst thing to get used to is the tail. Takes a little bit to get used to having one."

"So is this how you were turned? The collar thing, I mean."

"Pretty much."

Nate's arms tightened around Zach's middle. Zach nestled back, loving the warmth between them and the way Nate felt against him, surrounding, protective. Zach reached up and fingered the collar, reluctant to take it off.

"There's more to it," Zach said. He wasn't accusing Nate of lying or keeping secrets, but he knew when Nate wasn't telling him quite everything. "You know you can talk to me, Nate."

"I know," Nate whispered against his hair. "It's just...something I've never told anyone, never quite accepted myself."

Zach turned around in Nate's arms and studied Nate's face for minute. "What is it?"

Sighing, Nate looked at a point somewhere over Zach's shoulder. "I haven't always been the top, Zach."

"Okay...so you like being on the receiving end." Zach shrugged. "It's not a big deal."

When Nate met his eyes, Zach knew he'd only hit the tip of the iceberg.

"Well...and when I say 'bottom,' I mean 'sub.'"

Oh. Zach blinked. "So...Dom/sub type stuff?"

Biting at his bottom lip, Nate looked vulnerable, in a way. It was a look Zach never expected to see on his lover, especially now.

"More like...really heavy-duty Master/slave type stuff," Nate said quietly. "I wore a collar as a symbol of my status as my Master's slave."

Zach's fingers found the collar again, but before he unbuckled it, Nate stopped him. "Nate..." He shook his head. "I'm not up for the submitting thing. I mean...I won't ever turn down the chance to feel you inside me, but I'm not sure I can be a slave."

"I don't want you as my *slave*, Zach." Nate turned the collar and unbuckled it, slipping it off of Zach's neck. He put it in Zach's hand and looked up at him. "I want you as my Master."

Zach opened his mouth to say something...anything...but he felt as if he'd simply forgotten how to speak.

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"Please say something," Nate sighed. "Anything?"

Looking down at the collar in his hand, Zach wondered if he had it in him to at least try. He was never one for submitting completely, but to be in full control? Of Nate? He grinned. Okay, maybe he *could* be persuaded. First things first...

"Close your eyes."

"What?"

Zach looked up at Nate, an eyebrow raised. "Close. Your. Eyes."

Those words seemed to flip a switch somewhere in Nate's brain because it looked as if a wall came down. Obediently, Nate's eyes closed, and his breathing changed, anticipation and need and fear thrumming through him so strongly that Zach could *feel* it.

Scooting closer, Zach lifted the collar and slid it around Nate's neck, buckling it securely. "Who am I?"

"Master."

One word. One word with the power to send chills like mad through Zach's body; one word took his breath away.

Tilting Nate's head up, Zach pressed close, his lips barely touching Nate's, and whispered, "My beautiful slave."

A soft sound like a whimper answered him and then Zach took Nate in a kiss, Nate yielding like he'd never done before. As he pulled back from the kiss, Zach stood up and held out his hand to Nate. The park, even at dusk, was not the place to start playing like they wanted to play. Besides, they still needed to get the boys from the kennel.

"Come on. Let's go get the boys and then go home."

Nate fell into step beside him, giving Zach a subdued but happy smile. "You've never done this," he said tentatively. "Do you know what all you want to do yet?"

Zach shrugged. "Not yet, but I figured we could play it by ear until I've gotten the hang of it. Speaking of the boys... How's Thor going to handle this?"

"You mean your change?"

"Yeah. I mean, you're their alpha and I would figure he's only one step below you."

"True," Nate said with a nod, "but they know I've accepted you, so they obey you. And once they realize you're changed? Well, it will cement things in their minds. No worries, love."

Zach nodded. Yeah, he could handle this.

"I thought you said he'd be cool with it."

Zach kept a watchful eye on Thor as the Husky circled him, sniffing and making noises sounding suspiciously like challenging snorts and snarls. Zach looked up at Nate for reassurance; he was no match for a mixed-breed, one hundred pound package of fur and muscle. Thor was bigger than the others, but he was also part Akita, which more than made up for his large size. Plus he had a temper on him, and it was his temper which made Zach feel slightly edgy.

"Just relax," Nate said. "He's checking the 'new you' out."

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"Yeah. Okay." Zach did his best to relax, and surprisingly, Thor finally gave him a snort of approval--or what Zach hoped was approval--and walked away.

"See?" Nate came up and slid his arms around Zach's waist, resting his chin on Zach's shoulder as they watched the boys get comfy on the living room furniture. "He's perfectly fine with you. All of them are."

Covering Nate's hands with one of his own, Zach nodded. "Sounds good. You hungry?" He felt Nate nod and then he patted Nate's hand. "You want to cook? Or order in?"

"Let's cook," Nate murmured, lips brushing Zach's ear. "Cooking with you is fun."

Zach snorted and shivered. "Yeah, only because you like to crowd me against the counter when you're supposed to be helping." Kind of like Nate crowded him now.

"I do not crowd you." Nate chuckled. "I like to get close."

"Uh huh...and when I'm trying to cook? That's crowding, smartass." Zach got a nip to the throat, drawing out a shiver. "Okay, maybe crowding isn't so bad..."

"Although..." Nate turned and backed up against the counter, tugging Zach between his legs. "...I kinda thought maybe you could bend me over the counter and have your way with me."

Oh. Zach pulled back and looked him in the eyes. Then he grinned. "Hold that thought."

Nate's mouth opened on a protest, but Zach spun around and hurried down the hall, not giving Nate a chance to say another word. He rummaged through their toy drawer and came out with the medium-sized butt plug. Grabbing the lube and a towel, he went back into the kitchen. From the widening of Nate's eyes, Zach figured Nate knew exactly what he planned.

"Turn around and drop 'em."

Fingers immediately fumbling with the button and zipper of his jeans, Nate did exactly what he was told. Zach grinned as a tight butt came into view, ready to be filled. He walked up behind Nate and drew back his hand, landing a quick, sharp slap to Nate's left buttock. Nate jumped, the catch of his breath sweet as anything. Zach set the towel and plug on the counter and popped the cap on the bottle of lube, squirting a good amount on his fingers. Bending Nate at the waist with one hand, he probed his lover's hole with the other, sliding two fingers deep inside.

"Zach...oh, God..." Nate's head fell to the counter, breath already ragged. Tight and hot, like a glove made of slick fire, Zach groaned and worked his fingers in and out of Nate's body.

"Can't wait to slide into this," Zach said, voice deep and rough. Nate nodded quickly, body rocking back on the fingers buried inside him. "But...dinner first, love."

Zach pulled his fingers out and slicked up the plug. Positioning it right, he pushed it in, his breath leaving him as he watched Nate's body stretch around it, then close around the base. Nate panted, trembled. Once the plug seated inside Nate, Zach gave his lover's ass a sharp slap, taking great care to catch the base of the plug in the process. Nate gasped and jerked, moaning loudly.

"Oh, no," Zach laughed. He reached for the towel and wiped his hand off. "Time to fix dinner, baby. Pull your pants back up."

"You can't be serious..." Nate raised his head and looked at Zach over his shoulder. "You expect me to concentrate on cooking with this thing in?"

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Zach leaned over Nate's back, thrusting his denim-covered crotch hard against the plug, making Nate gasp again. "I expect you to do what you're told."

"Yes, Master," Nate replied breathlessly, obediently.

"Good boy." Zach gave Nate's butt one more smack and then tossed the towel down the hall. Nate dressed again, looking quite...*distracted*. Zach pulled out the stuff to make meat kabobs. He briefly mourned the loss of his beloved vegetables, but then he remembered the incident in the kitchen sink when he'd lost the last of his lunch salad. No vegetables.

He cut the steak into squares and nodded toward the refrigerator. "We have the cajun-seasoned shrimp I bought yesterday morning. Get it and we'll start putting these babies on the skewers. You buy more charcoal for the grill?"

"Yup." Nate bumped their hips, grinning over at him, eyes betraying the otherwise calm demeanor as a touch of desperation sparked in their depths.

"Cool. You go out and get the grill started. I'll finish the skewers and marinate them while the grill gets going."

"You're just trying to get me out of the kitchen."

Zach bit back the chuckle and winked at Nate. "I can see the porch clearly from here. Don't try anything."

Nate looked positively edible, bottom lip sticking out in a full pout. Zach watched him walk through the living room, Nate patting his thigh for the dogs. Thor and the rest of their small pack followed Nate out. Thor found a patch of sun on the deck and plopped down, content to let the other, younger dogs have a field day in the backyard. Nate left the screen door closed and the glass door open, and Zach heard him whistle as he tossed a Frisbee out to the dogs.

After sliding the last cajun shrimp on the fourth skewer, Zach set all four in a wide, shallow casserole dish and poured half a bottle of marinate over them. He covered them with the glass lid and left them in the refrigerator, grabbing two beers before heading outside.

"Thirsty, babe?" He laughed as slid the ice-cold bottle over the small of Nate's back, the chill seeping through the cotton of Nate's shirt. Nate turned and swatted at him before taking the offered beer.

"Should be ready in a few," Nate said, head nodding toward the grill as he took a drink.

Zach nodded, reaching up to finger the collar around Nate's neck. He was pleasantly surprised when his lover's face and neck turned pink, then red. Nate could be full of surprises.

"So how's this whole..." He gestured at the collar. "...sub thing stand up in werewolf society? Or is there even such a thing as a werewolf society?"

For a moment, Nate's face lost its color, but then he shook it off. "Yeah, there's definitely a society..."

"And...?"

Nate dropped down onto one of the reclining lounge chairs with a sigh, wincing as he did so. "Those of us who are like this," he said, looking up at Zach, "are few and far between, and we keep it very quiet. It's frowned upon."

"Oh. So, frowned upon...as in dangerous to let anyone know?"

Nate nodded.

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"Shit. That figures." Zach crouched down in front of Nate, setting his beer on the porch beside him. "Look, it's okay. We don't have to do this."

"Yes, I do." Nate slid his fingers through his hair, messing it up thoroughly. "It's part of who I am, Zach. I can't *not* be submissive. I can suppress it, but it's not easy, and to be quite honest, it hurts--mentally, emotionally, spiritually."

"Okay, baby," Zach coaxed softly, taking Nate's hands in his. "I'd do anything for you." Nate nodded. "And this? This is something I've thought about, fantasized about, even. So long as we 'switch roles' outside of the house, you think we'll be okay?"

"We can try."

"Good, then nothing changes. Outside of our home, you're the alpha, like you've always been. In our home..." He grinned and slipped a finger under the collar, tugging Nate down for a kiss. "In our home...I'm the boss." Then he kissed Nate soundly, Nate open and willing, moaning into his mouth before Zach pulled away. "Dinnertime."

Leashed 2: Nate's Story

Leashed 2: Nate's Story

by Kay Derwydd

Dinner was anything but relaxing. Every time he moved, lightning rocketed up Nate's spine as the plug shifted inside him. He knew Zach had a cruel streak, but good Lord, he hadn't quite expected the plug bit. Although, in retrospect, he figured he probably should have--he'd used it on Zach enough times in the past.

They finished dinner on the back porch, Zach lounging on one of the reclining lawn chairs as Nate stood, hip against the railing while he ate and watched the dogs playing in the backyard. He could only sit for a few minutes at a time before he became uncomfortable and would have to shift. When he did, the plug would shift inside him and drive him up the wall.

Setting his plate on the deck table, he bit at his bottom lip, eyeing Zach hopefully. "So, I can take this thing out now, right?"

Zach snorted and finished his beer, setting the empty bottle and his plate beside Nate's. Then he stood and turned Nate around to face the backyard. Without so much as a word, he undid Nate's jeans and slid a hand down the back of them.

"Zach...what are you doing?" Nate's fingers curled tightly to the railing, and he prayed no one could see them. For the first time, he appreciated Zach's appeal for a privacy fence instead of the chain link fence surrounding their backyard. As Zach gripped the base of the plug and gave the toy a firm jiggle, Nate made a quick mental note to check on prices for privacy fences.

"I could make you come," Zach whispered in his ear, tongue flicking the edge. "Right here, like this..."

Nate's breath caught in his throat when Zach pulled and pushed on the plug, sliding the toy in and out as much as his jeans would allow. The sensations rocked him, singing along every one of Nate's nerves and leaving him shaking and breathless. When he started rocking back, meeting every move of the plug, Zach stopped. Nate damn near whimpered, head landing on the railing with a thud.

"You're...trying...to kill me," he panted, body still working the plug. He rotated his hips, then pressed back against Zach, needing some sort of friction before he lost his mind.

"I want the wolf, Nate."

Startled, Nate rose up and turned around, meeting Zach's eyes. "What?"

"I...want...the wolf," Zach repeated, crowding Nate back against the railing. "I want to know what it's like."

"What it's like?" Nate licked at his lips absently, eyes never leaving Zach's. "You want...me to change?"

"I want both of us to change, at least halfway. Can we?"

Nate nodded slowly. "Yeah..." Pushing Zach backward toward the door, he added, "in the house."

Zach grinned and turned, leading the way back inside. Nate followed behind, and as

Leashed 2: Nate's Story

soon as the curtains were drawn over the sliding glass door, he shifted.

Fur spread out over his body; his nails lengthened; his hair grew longer. By the time Zach turned around, Nate's mouth and nose formed a short muzzle. Pushing down his jeans, his tail flicked around him. He stepped out of his jeans and waited, a low, steady growl rolling in his throat.

"Holy fuck..." Zach whispered, fingers sliding along Nate's face, down to trace a long canine with his thumb. "Can you talk like this?"

"I can," Nate said, his voice much deeper, gravelly.

He'd been so afraid of Zach's reaction to seeing him like this, but judging by Zach's stare, Nate knew the only thing he needed to worry about was getting the plug out so Zach could fuck him through the floor.

"Are you going to change?"

Nodding, Zach stepped back and changed as well. He stared into his lover's eyes, and Nate started backward to the bedroom. Zach moved with him, staying only a foot or so away, yellow eyes narrowed, teeth bared. When he passed over the threshold into the bedroom, Nate reached behind him and pulled out the plug. Tossing it to the side, he looked back at Zach for a split second before the werewolf tackled him, shoving him back against the wall.

Fangs buried in Nate's shoulder, Zach thrust hard against him, pinning him hard. Nate howled, claws dragging down Zach's spine, shredding his t-shirt to ribbons. Somehow, Zach managed to get a hand between them, and Nate felt the jeans hit the floor.

Acting on pure instinct, he crawled up Zach's body, legs locking tight around Zach's waist. The bite on his shoulder strengthened, and he screamed, Zach's cock impaling him in one brutal thrust. Nate bucked against Zach, clinging and clawing, heading slamming back against the wall as Zach tried to fuck him right through it.

He felt Zach shift again and he followed suit, managing only a quick breath before Zach captured his mouth, tongue pushing deep. Nate could smell the blood, could feel it slick against his fingers as he slid them over Zach's back and shoulders. Zach plunged into him, again and again, the kiss growing hungry and desperate.

Tearing away from Nate's mouth abruptly, Zach ground his hips up, pushing deeper. "Come on," he growled.

Another thrust and Nate shouted, nails digging into the Zach's skin flesh again as he came, bucking and shaking between Zach and the wall. A harsh growl followed, and Zach slammed back inside him, heat filling Nate's body as Zach's tongue filled his mouth again.

For several minutes, Nate struggled to catch his breath. He clung tightly to Zach, barely aware of any movement when Zach turned and eased them both down onto the bed. When Zach pulled out of him, Nate groaned, curling into Zach's body, eyes closing.

"Love you," he whispered sleepily against Zach's chest.

A hand petted his hair, his shoulders, Zach's voice drifting through him. "Ditto."

Excerpt from
Crossing the Veils

by

Kay Derwydd

A Gay Erotica Bites

Crossing the Veil

By reading this excerpt, you are stating that you are at least 18 years of age. If you are younger than 18 years old, you must exit this site at once.

"Another?"

Elijah shook his head and tossed back the last of his whiskey. "No, thanks. I'm driving tonight."

The bartender shrugged. "Okay. Take it easy."

Nodding, Elijah stood, grateful he'd only had one. He walked out of the bar and into the chill night air of Cardiff. The streets were still buzzing with people, mortal and vampire alike. Since the world had accepted the existence of vampires, such sights had become commonplace.

With a sigh, Elijah shrunk further into his coat and shoved his hands into the pockets. It seemed the vampires came out more on Samhain than any other time of the year. Elijah couldn't blame them; it was really the only time they didn't catch a lot of flack from mortals.

"Excuse me."

The deep-accented words came from the shadows off to his left. Elijah stopped and peered into the darkness. "Yes?"

A man stepped into the dim light of the street lamp and Elijah nearly forgot to breathe. Raven hair that looked like midnight silk, deep blue eyes that could pierce a man's soul, Northern accent that sent shivers down his spine; the man, who towered over his own 5'10, held Elijah's rapt attention like no one else.

"Might you have a light?" the man asked, lifting a long cigarette to sinfully full lips. Long fingers scissored around the cigarette, drawing Elijah's attention from the question to one of his own.

"Um, yeah," he said, shaking his head to rid it of thoughts of those fingers buried deep inside him. He flipped out his lighter and held it up, lighting the end of the man's cigarette.

"Diolch."

Elijah tried his best to hide the resultant shudder. "Croeso." He slipped the lighter back into his jeans pocket and started to turn away.

"You do not like my kind?"

The words stopped him short. Turning, Elijah bit the corner of his bottom lip, gaze traveling over the long but well-built form. "Vampires don't bother me."

"Do we...intimidate you?" The man stepped closer; Elijah swallowed hard.

"A little," Elijah said, voice low, almost a whisper. His heart thundered and his pulse sounded like a thousand drums in his own ears. It seemed he wasn't the only one who could hear it.

"Do I frighten you?"

Elijah opened his mouth to say 'yes' or maybe 'no'--he wasn't sure. Whatever it was, it sure as Hell wasn't supposed to be: "Please."

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Biography

Kay is an odd bird. Her tastes in nearly everything are highly eclectic and change regularly depending on her mood. When it comes to writing, however, they tend to remain static. She specializes in writing gay (m/m) erotica, but has also written several m/f pieces. Most of her stories fall into one or more of the following categories: Vampires, Horror, High Fantasy, Sword & Sorcery. She also has written several Slice-of-Life pieces, and a few BDSM/Fetish pieces.

She lives in Delaware with her partner and their two toddlers. They live roughly ten minutes from the Atlantic Ocean and the beach boardwalk, both of which inspire many stories, especially during the summer when the guys are scantily clad in tight shorts and T-shirts are very rare sights.

Kay also writes erotic gay fiction under the name Mychael Black.

You can visit her at her website or journal.

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