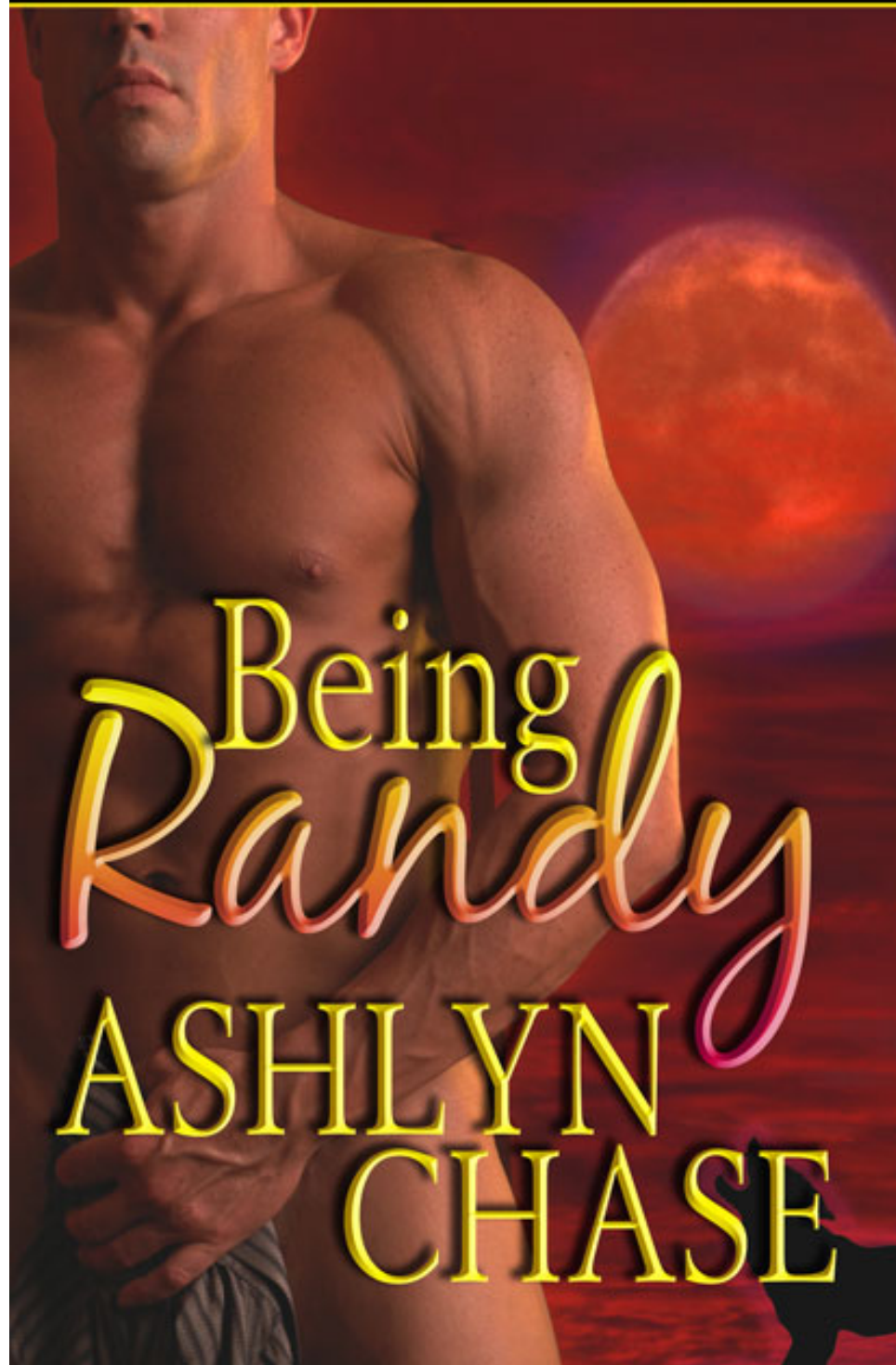


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Being Randy

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BEING RANDY

Ashlyn Chase

Dedication

To Rosemarie Knox and her wonderful book store, Annie's Book Stop in Salem, New Hampshire, for opening up the world of romance to numerous readers, myself included and for tirelessly supporting my career and that of so many fellow romance authors.

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Thank you to my wonderful editor, Helen Woodall, for advising and encouraging me.

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Chapter One

"There I was, minding my own business, just howling at the moon as usual, when I heard zap, crackle, pop! Something lit up the hills and my body sizzled as if it were on fire. Next thing I knew, I was all arms and legs, falling ass over teakettle down my hill, until I landed at the bottom, face down, covered in red dirt."

The blonde nurse I was talking to leaned toward me. The concern reflected in her eyes and wrinkling pretty brow offered me a moment of hope.

"That must have been terrifying for you."

"Hell, yes. But that wasn't the worst of it. For some reason I couldn't shift back into my coyote form."

The nurse leaned back and her eyes grew larger. "Your... Oh, my."

I knew she didn't believe me. I could see the shock in her eyes, just like all the others I'd talked to in this psychiatric ward for the past eight months. But what the hell was I supposed to do? Make something up?

"Um... S-so what did you do next?"

"I got hungry. Damn hungry. I couldn't sneak up on prey anymore, being all big and noisy and human. Everything saw me coming a mile away. So I had to walk out of the hills, buck naked, looking for food."

She fidgeted in her wooden, straight-back chair. Then I heard them. The assholes behind the glass at the nurses' station were snickering and giggling. This conversation was obviously meant as an initiation for another brand-new staff member. And I wonder why this hospital can't keep good help.

She chewed her lower lip before responding. "Um... And did you find food?"

I shrugged. Might as well treat her to the whole story. "Once I reached civilization, which turned out to be the little town of Apache Junction, I did. I found a nice chicken coop I could just reach into like my own personal buffet."

"Oh, so you found some chickens. How did you cook them?"

"Cook them? Why? They were already warm. Hey, I was just glad to have hands so I could pull their feathers out first. Those things always used to tickle my nose before I could get to the raw meat."

The nurse turned a pale shade of gray-green, excused herself and hurried to the staff bathroom.

Every counselor, aide and nurse in the place seemed to find themselves assigned to me at some point. There was always someone to talk to, but nobody wanted to listen. After the perfunctory how-do-you-dos, they all started out by asking me, "So why are you here?" And I always told them the truth. After eight months you think they'd stop expecting a different answer.

Oh no. The nurse was out of the toilet and still looked ill. She was asking to go home. My superior senses of hearing, smell and night vision hadn't deserted me, even though stuck in human form. Instead of granting her request, I heard another nurse say, "Let me switch patients with you. I think I can handle him."

Great. Just great. Usually they gave up and let me watch TV or go to the gym and work out. I had learned lots of things by watching TV. One of those things is that women like men who have hard bodies. And apparently they love them even more if they're taking something called Viagra. I asked my doctor to prescribe it, but he smiled and said, "Believe me, you don't need it." Then later in the nurses' station they were all talking about me humping legs and laughing. That's when they started calling me Randy.

I hadn't done that in months. Well, okay—weeks. But jeez, what did they expect? A healthy young coyote has needs. Instead of letting me get my groove on with some sweet female, they'd toss me in the rubber room—alone! How stupid are these people?

Uh-oh. Here she comes. This nurse didn't look anything like the last one. She seemed confident. I had never seen her before, but she didn't have the "deer in the headlights" look of a fresh-out-of-nursing-school graduate, expecting to talk to her first genuine crazy person.

Her long, straight, dark hair fell almost to her waist. She had high cheekbones, dark tanned skin and almond eyes reminiscent of the Indians—pardon me, I mean, Native Americans. It's hard to remember all these politically correct terms after watching so many black-and-white movies about cowboys and Indians. At least I never called them *Injuns*. Well, not after that one time when I was corrected. I hate being corrected, or worse, told I'm behaving inappropriately. Who are they to know what's appropriate for a coyote?

She sat next to me on the couch and removed her glasses. Most nurses pulled over a chair and put their glasses on. Without the fear a lot of other nurses displayed, she seemed soft and comfortable, like an easy chair and very beautiful. Not being able to read her nametag, I'd just have to wait until she introduced herself.

"Hello. I'm Sky. I've heard a lot about you." She extended her hand and I shook it. So soft and warm, yet her grasp was firm and secure. "I asked to be transferred to this unit because I think I can help you."

Help me? If only she'd let me help myself to what was between her long, brown legs. But I knew better. That would be a sure way to earn a trip to the rubber room. "Sky, huh? Is that some short form of a Native American name like, 'She who looks at the sky and sneezes' or something?"

One corner of her lips rose slightly. "Ah, no. I happen to be of Apache descent, but the name is just Sky."

"Oh. So, your parents were hippies?"

She dropped her head as if something had just landed in her lap. I think she was smiling, but her beautiful hair hid her face like a black curtain. At last, she cleared her throat and looked at me, deadpan.

"Let's talk about you for a few minutes."

Now she was acting more like a psych nurse. Too bad. "Whatever floats your boat, sweetheart. Do you want me to repeat the whole story about what I am and how I got here?"

She shrugged. "Only if you want to. I've read your chart and it's been documented numerous times, so you don't really need to go through it all again, Mr. Coyote."

Mr. Coyote? Was that sarcasm? Or did it mean she believed me?

"You can call me Randy."

"Do you like being called Randy?"

"It beats being called Hey you, John Doe or Wiley." I scratched my head and wondered why she was trying to treat me with such respect when no one else did—at least not for long.

"All right, Randy. I understand you're a coyote."

Just sitting this close to her I had to cross my legs, being Randy in another way, but I didn't want to blow a good thing. *Hey—wait a minute...* "You said, 'I understand you're a coyote.' Not 'I understand you *think* you're a coyote' like everyone else does."

"Yes, that's right. I did." She didn't bat an eyelash. She didn't move away. She didn't stammer or stutter, or anything. She just sat there, still looking perfectly calm and comfortable, holding my gaze.

"Hot damn! Does that mean you believe me?"

"I might. I know shapeshifters exist and my people, unlike a lot of Indian tribes, don't have detrimental superstitions about coyotes, causing us to fear them. We rather enjoy their antics. Coyote medicine represents mischief and is a symbol for human foibles."

"Foibles? Doesn't that mean faults, bad habits, shortcomings? I asked someone to look up that word in the dictionary for me once, when I heard a doctor use it to refer to

something I couldn't help. I thought she was being sympathetic. Not so much. Right after that, I wound up in the rubber room again."

"Well, yes, but it also means quirks. Eccentricities. Coyotes are thought of as amusing tricksters. They make us laugh simply by being themselves."

"I make you laugh?"

"In the short time we've been speaking, I've had to suppress a giggle two or three times."

"No kidding? I usually make nurses throw up."

Her body vibrated and her dark skin turned a little rosier. Finally she burst out laughing. Her glee made me smile from ear to ear. I didn't know what was so funny, but it was wonderful to hear her irrepressible joy.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a long, white lab coat coming our way. *Damn. Doctor time.* Why did he have to come over now and ruin it? We were having such a good time and apparently, all I had to do was be my charming self.

Doctor Schwenke approached wearing an uncharacteristic smile. "Well, I'm glad to see you two are getting along so well."

I sat up straight and said, "Yes. I like this nurse. Can I keep her?"

My doctor just smiled and said, "It's time for our session."

* * * * *

"You know, Doc, I really don't need your antipsychotic medication. I'm not psychotic. I'm just a coyote."

He scribbled on a piece of lined paper attached to the clipboard balanced on his knee. "Mmm-hmm..."

That meant, keep talking. I'd learned his subtle language of nuances over these past few months. I wanted to pace, but he always asked me to sit down when I got antsy, then he'd ask why I was antsy.

He'd probably just try to talk me into medication again and I hate to keep repeating myself. I don't need medication just because I have lots of energy and like to pace. I'm not used to sitting for long periods of time, because I'm a *frickin' coyote*.

Be cool, Randy. You don't want to give him any excuse to order zonk pills for you. I adjusted my posture in his uncomfortable, itchy woolen chair and tried to relax. "So as I was saying, I don't need medication. I haven't threatened or harmed anyone. You and I both know you can't have the goon squad hold me down and stick a needle in my ass if I'm doing nothing wrong."

He looked up from his clipboard. "Is that what you think will happen?"

"Of course. I've seen it happen to plenty of patients here."

"You understand it's only used like that in emergencies. That's not what I'm talking about. I just want to give you a little blue pill—"

"Which I don't need. I'm fine."

"You seem agitated."

Damn, how did he guess? Maybe it's because I was drumming my fingers. "I'm not agitated. I just have some extra energy to blow off. Can I go to the gym?"

"After our session." He scribbled on his paper again.

Damn, I missed being a coyote. I could jump up, run around, chase my own tail if I wanted to and nobody gave a damn. I could live without the farmers trying to put buckshot in my ass, but at least they didn't do it because I was "agitated".

He set his clipboard on the desk beside us, leaned forward and clasped his hands. "If I were to discharge you today, without medication, what's the first thing you would do?"

Uh-oh. This is a trick question. I thought I'd had this question before. What was it I said then? Oh, I remember. I said I'd go back to my hilltop and try to get struck by lightning. Yeah, that didn't go over too well. I wound up on suicide watch. *I'll try something different this time.*

"Doc? If I'm doomed to be stuck in this human body, I guess I'd have to get a job and make the best of it."

He nodded. I must have come up with the right answer this time. *Whew.*

"And what kind of job would you get?"

Crap. I hadn't thought that far ahead. "I don't know. Something where I could be my own boss and make six figures a year. So what would you recommend?"

"Well, that's just it. I can't recommend any job. You can't read or write. You have no identification, no social security number and you still think you're a coyote."

"So? I can be useful—somewhere." As I said it, I thought of Sky. She'd probably help me figure out what I could do and she wouldn't ask me any of those stupid trick questions, either.

* * * * *

She looked up from her seat at the nurses' desk. "How was your session?"

"I think it went well. I need to talk with you about getting a job."

A couple of the lazier aides spun in place to face me and tittered.

"Was that funny? Is that what you call my antics, Sky?"

"No." She shot them a look of contempt and they both straightened up, pasting serious expressions on their faces. "That was a perfectly normal question."

Sky stood and walked around the nurses' desk. "I have a few minutes to talk right now if you like."

"Yes. I'd like that very much." This was exciting. I had never been treated like a human being, as ironic as that was.

I followed her eagerly, but when it looked as if she was about to walk right past the common area, I had to ask. "Where are we going?"

She turned and said very matter-of-factly, "To your room."

My room? I was going to be alone with a beautiful woman in a room with nothing but a bed and drawers built into the wall? She wasn't dragging a chair with her. Where would she sit? Should I offer to go and get her one? Nah, I'm no fool. Well, maybe in some ways I am, but not in *that* way.

She walked in and glanced around the room. *Oh. Too bad.* I guess she noticed my lack of proper seating. Now I guess it was time to be a gentleman.

"Would you like me to get you a chair?"

"Well..." She glanced at the bed and then smiled at me.

Was she thinking what I was thinking? *Damn the torpedoes. Full speed ahead!* I wasn't sure what that meant, but it seemed to fit the occasion. My cock felt like a torpedo in my shorts.

"I guess this is almost the same as sitting next to each other on the couch. Let's leave the door open, though."

Door open, door closed, bed, couch... I pictured us in every position and circumstance, but in my fantasy she was out of that cute white uniform and wriggling underneath me.

She sat on the edge and patted the spot next to her. Good, she wanted me to sit. If I didn't sit down soon, I was going to fall down. All the blood was rushing from one head to the other.

"So what job were you thinking about doing here?"

Confused, I sat slowly and stared at her. She didn't seem to be off her rocker. "What makes you think I'd want a job here?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Oh, you were thinking of something on the outside? Is your doctor discharging you soon?"

"I don't know, but it sounded like he might, *if* I could get a job."

"Hmm. This is the first I've heard of it. I'll have to double-check with Dr. Schwenke. But how do you feel about that? Are you ready to leave?"

"I've been ready to leave this crazy cage since I got here. Do you have any idea how many people have come and gone since I've been here?"

"No. How many?"

"I don't know. Can't count. But it's been lots and lots."

Her eyes turned to sympathetic pools of dark chocolate. "I imagine it would be hard for a wild creature to be locked up all these months."

"It sure has. And I've tried everything I can think of to get out. I rushed the door as it was closing one day and wound up in the rubber room. I begged a counselor to smuggle me out and had to sleep in the rubber room on escape watch. I even tried to claw my way through the wood around the windows and they not only put me in the rubber room, but they tied me down. I'd have gnawed through the straps if I could have reached them with my teeth."

"I'm sorry. It sounds as if you've had to spend a lot of time in confinement. By the way, we call it the quiet room."

"It's quiet all right. There's no sound at all. No scurrying of prey through the brush. No other coyotes calling to their mates. Even my own howls sound very wrong in there."

Her expression saddened. "I'm so sorry you've had to go through all that. Are you certain you can't shift back?"

"Not in here. I've tried, believe me. It's been months since the lightning strike and I'm sure my body has repaired itself. I'm even stronger than I used to be with all the working out and regular meals. I need the hills. The moon. I need to feel like a coyote again. So many people in here tell me I'm not who I think I am and that to shift into animal form is a crazy, ridiculous, unreasonable idea."

I hung my head and must have looked pathetic. "I've almost come to believe them."

She laid her hand on my arm in a comforting gesture, but I flinched. Usually anyone's hands on my arms led to being carried to the rubber—I mean, the quiet room.

"You poor thing," she whispered.

I looked into her eyes, searching for a glimmer of hope. "Is there any way out of here for me? Ever?"

Her eyes shimmered. I couldn't believe she looked as if she might cry – over *me*. She understood. I was a wild creature contained in some kind of catch twenty-two that made no sense to me. What is that emotion called? Not sympathy. Something more. I think that's what they call empathy. I'll have to ask someone to look up that word in the dictionary later.

"Let me try to find an answer to that question. In the meantime, behave like a model patient, so there's no reason to keep you here."

"Other than insisting I'm a coyote, you mean."

She nodded and smiled.

I wanted to kiss her. I honestly did, but knew it wouldn't be thought of as model patient behavior. I just held out my hand for her to shake and said, "Thank you, Sky."

To my amazement, she twined our fingers and squeezed my hand, as if we were lovers walking on the beach. From sheer instinct, I leaned over and lapped her face until she giggled and pushed me away. Thank goodness no one walked by at that moment, or I might have lost the only friend I had.

Chapter Two

I wish I could say the next day was just as wonderful, but it was Sky's day off. Another nurse was sent to the unit to cover for her. I recognized her when she waddled out from the protection of the nurses' station to talk. She introduced herself as a float. The first time I heard her job title, I expected to be thrown into a pool with nothing but this enormous woman to hang on to until I learned to dog paddle. Fortunately for me, being part of the dog family, it probably wouldn't take too long.

"So how did you get to the hospital?"

This one wanted to pick up where she left off. Still, a little recap might be fun, so I could get back to watching TV.

"Well, as you probably remember, I'm a coyote. I was struck by lightning and —"

"Yes, I'm aware of all that. Turned into a man, couldn't hunt, starving, ate chickens. Yada, yada, yada. I know that part."

I reared back, eyes wide. How rude! *Deep breath, Randy. Model patient. Remember? Do it for Sky.*

"I see. So what exactly *did* you want to know?"

"I want to know how you got from the chicken coop somewhere out in the back of beyond, to this hospital in Phoenix."

Must be another trick question. *How should I answer? What would a model patient do? Tell the truth, probably.* "I walked."

"Do you expect me to believe you walked all those miles from a tiny town in the middle of nowhere up to our doorstep, stark naked?"

"Oh. I must have misunderstood. I thought you wanted to know the method of transportation I used."

She glared at me. This wasn't going well. I could almost hear the rubber room calling my name.

"Okay, I'll tell you the whole story as much as I can remember. As soon as I was run off from the chicken coop by some madman who, thankfully, was a bad shot, I walked down a dusty dirt road, hoping it would lead somewhere. I thought that maybe if I found other humans, they could teach me how to hunt for food and show me a place where I could live until I could shift into coyote form again and gallop back to my precious hill. A couple of cars drove by but instead of stopping to help, they just sped up."

"Is it any wonder?" She rolled her eyes.

"No sooner had I reached the outskirts of some ghost town when two cop cars and an ambulance roared up to me. When they screeched to a halt, the cars had kicked up so much dust I could barely see. Next thing I knew, they were all around me. A couple of them had their hands on the butts of their guns, like they were ready to draw."

"Why do you think they did that?"

"I guess because I was buck naked. It didn't seem like a big deal to me back then but I've learned now that it's inappropriate to walk around outdoors without clothing."

She nodded. My intuition told me that meant Go on.

"So they asked me 'Where do you think you're going?' but I didn't understand. First of all, I didn't know where I was going. I couldn't read signs. Directions like north and south didn't mean anything to me. I just knew I was on a road that was man-made and maybe it would lead me to more people. Hopefully someone willing to help. I tried to come up with the right words, but my English wasn't very good, so I said something like, 'I want men.' That's when one of them shot me with a poison dart or something. The last thing I remember is staggering off the road and into the brush. Then I woke up here."

"Well, that's quite a story. I suppose it could have happened."

"Is that all you wanted to know?"

"Yes."

"Oh good." I raised my hands to heaven above and cried out, "The mountainous goddess is appeased."

Her eyes popped open and her pale skin turned bright red. She clenched her fists and shook, then opened her big yap and cried, "Staff!"

"Uh-oh. Rubber room, here I come."

* * * * *

"He started howling again. The other patients couldn't stand it so we had to escort him into the quiet room. If it makes any difference, he was howling your name."

Sky and the mental health worker stood in the open doorway, discussing me as if I weren't there. She turned a brighter shade of rosy brown and avoided my gaze. I had to bail her out.

"No, I wasn't. I was missing the sky. I looked out the window, saw the full moon and all the stars, but knew they'd be brighter and more beautiful from my hilltop. I want – no, I *need* – to get out of here."

"I can talk to you about that in a minute, Randy," my dark-haired angel said.

"I tried the model patient thing, Sky, but I'm just no good at it. I say what I think and then I wind up in here. Time after time."

The mental health worker yawned and scraped his fingers through his scalp hair. "He walked in without four big guys having to drag him this time, though." He shrugged.

"Well, I guess that's an improvement. I'll take over from here and you have a safe trip home."

She must have been taking report from the night nurse. I knew how it worked. It must be daytime since Sky works the day shift. That meant I must have slept in here all last night. With no outside windows in the quiet room and all the quiet one could stand, it was impossible to tell night from day.

She walked in and closed the door behind her. "How are you feeling now?"

"I feel better after having had a good night's sleep. Thanks for asking."

"A good night's sleep? You mean a nap?"

"Why? What time is it?"

"Almost midnight. I'm doing a double shift to pick up a little overtime."

"Oh. Is that something you do a lot?"

She smiled and shook her head. "I was anxious to see you, so when they asked me if I'd be willing to come in and cover a sick call, I said yes. I have great news."

I almost didn't hear the part about having great news, since I was still reeling at the idea that she had to see me—as if she couldn't wait. Just like I wanted to see her so badly, I howled her name. Did this mean...?

She sat beside me on the floor and rested her hand on my knee. Oh, so warm. So welcome. "Don't you want to hear the great news?"

"Yes, of course." If it had anything to do with letting me hump her leg, I was all for it.

"I found a way to get you out of here, but only temporarily."

"Seriously?" Even if I could only get out temporarily, if I could shift back into my coyote form, I could take off for the hills and make my escape permanent. If I played my cards right, maybe I could find out where Sky lived so I could visit her once in a while.

She smiled and said, "If we can get someone to take responsibility for you, they'll let that person take you out for a half-day. If that goes well, you'll get a full-day pass, but you still have to remain with your guardian. If that goes well too, you'll be granted an overnight pass, again, with your guardian. At that point it will be up to your doctor and your guardian to decide if you're ready to leave the hospital permanently."

"I can hardly believe it." My cock hardened as I thought about spending the night away from here with my guardian angel. I just knew she'd volunteer for the job. I sat up straight and leaned toward her.

"Are you going to lick me again?"

"I was thinking about it."

"Well, don't."

I slumped back against the wall, dejected. "After months of horrible imprisonment, I finally find someone who cares enough to help get me out of here and I can't even give her a kiss on the cheek?"

She chuckled. "That's what you call a kiss on the cheek, huh?"

"Sure. But I can give you the other kind too." I puckered up and leaned in further to see what she'd do. She turned her cheek to me but didn't back away. Taking that as a "go ahead" signal, I planted my lips firmly on her cheek and she still didn't move away. Her cheek was so soft. Even without fur. To my shock, she turned toward me and slid her lips over mine. *Great googly moogly!* And I thought her cheek was soft. Her lips were even softer and plumper. My leg started to vibrate and it was all I could do not to flip her over and mount her right that minute. *Stay in control, Randy. Don't scare her.*

Was I dreaming or did she just lick my lips? *Only one way to find out without breaking a fantastic kiss.* I licked her lips too. At that moment, she slipped her tongue into my mouth, so I did the same with her. Oh, baby! This tongue on tongue action was better than lapping someone, any day. Instead of wetting the outside skin, which would then get cold, the licking happens inside and the skin stays dry and warm. Who knew? I'd never had the treat of a human kiss before.

Our mouths pressed harder against each other and her breaths came faster and sounded deeper. I felt my body temperature rise as she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me closer. Her nicely peaked teats squashed against my chest and I could see her nursing our pups with them. Hell, I could see her nursing *me* with them. Humans are funny that way. A few times in the hills, I saw a couple pulled off the road

in their car. The woman got naked and nursed the adult male. Then they fucked facing the wrong way—actually looking at each other. Weird as hell, but I might like to try it with Sky.

I let one of my hands move up her side and cup the bottom of one breast. It lay heavy and supple in my hand. Now she was undulating into me and pushing her teat further into my grasp. *Oh, Mamma.* New sensations flooded my body. I clutched her tighter and moved my other hand to cup and squeeze her rump. Dear God, I was so happy I wanted to howl. I wanted to mate. I wanted to howl and mate and mate and howl.

When she abruptly broke our kiss and pulled away from my arms, the emptiness left me bereft. “What did I do wrong? Why are you stopping this?”

She looked down and the black curtain of hair hid her face.

“I-I shouldn’t have done that. I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? Why? Tell me what I did wrong and I’ll learn to do it right. Please!”

“It wasn’t you. I’m the one who knows better and I should never have done that.”

I lifted her chin and turned her to face me. “What you did was natural. You and I have been calling to each other with our eyes, our scents, our words... Why should you be sorry for doing what comes naturally when you’re attracted to someone and you want to mate?”

“Mate? Wait a minute. I never said —”

“No, you didn’t. But do you think you really have to? I can smell your arousal, Sky. I see your eyes dilate and sparkle when you look at me. And do you know something? I *was* howling for you, not for the moon or the stars. To me, *you are* the moon and stars.”

I don’t know what I said that hit her, but her eyes shimmered and then she launched herself at me. She knocked me over and covered my lips with hers, jamming her tongue into my mouth. From there, she rolled on top of me and in this position, I was able to grab both of her pliable globes and squish her ass with my eager fingers,

which traveled all over her. She broke the kiss, but not like the last time. She barely pulled away and whispered frantically into my mouth. "I want you so bad. I don't know what's come over me. I've never wanted anyone like this before."

"I want you too. In fact, I think I'll go crazy if I can't at least hump your leg."

Her eyes widened, then I saw that hint of a smile and heard the chuckle she tried to repress. She covered her mouth with her hand, but her eyes still sparkled. At last, she whispered, "We have to be quiet and quick. The aide will be dropping by to check on you soon."

"What if I want to do more than hump your leg?"

She glanced at the closed door. "I told him to give me twenty minutes alone with you. I think we can do it."

My God! Twenty minutes with my cock buried inside Sky's hot, wet core. Wait a minute. It would be more like fifteen. Considering I hadn't had sex in a while, maybe ten.

She was already on top of me, grinding against my rod and it felt so good. Realizing what we were about to do, I couldn't get my pants off fast enough. She tore off the little panties she had on under her white dress, pushed me onto my back again and then *she* mounted *me*.

It was heaven. She sank down on my hard cock and let out a sigh. Then she whispered, "Fuck me, Randy."

Somehow I just knew that she wanted me to thrust my cock into her core, so I pushed up into her. She threw her head back and let out a quiet sound of rapture. Then she moved up and down over me—slowly at first. I reached under her skirt and fondled her malleable, naked ass, stroking and squeezing her at will. Her eyes darkened and bored into mine as she pumped.

She rolled around on my cock in this grinding motion every few thrusts. My body responded powerfully and I increased the pace. She matched my speed and was soon bouncing up and down on top of me with her head lolling back. I wanted to shout out,

"I'm fucking, I'm fucking! I'm king of the hospital!" But I knew that would bring trouble down around our ears. Even though I didn't care, I wouldn't want anything bad to happen to her. She was my salvation, my sex goddess.

She let little whimpers escape, though I could tell she was trying to be quiet. Her eyes closed, so I tried closing mine too. All sorts of sexy pictures floated by my brain.

This was better than fucking other coyotes. I just knew that when we were out of here, she'd get completely naked with me and let me suckle her teats. Just the thought of it brought me to the precipice and I could tell my seed was going to spill into her soon. Hell, the way I was feeling right now, it would probably shoot into her with force. She grabbed one of my hands and placed it just above the spot where our bodies met. *Fur!* I felt fur and ran my hand over it. Maybe she was part coyote too!

Then she grabbed my finger and moved it along her hot, wet slit. A hard nub rose like a tiny hill and she moved my finger around and over it as she gasped and tried to stifle her moans. I could tell this felt especially good so I wanted to give her all the attention she needed right there.

I concentrated right on that spot and enjoyed watching her reaction. Her legs quivered, then she bucked and shuddered over me and her face scrunched like she was in some kind of pain.

"Are you all right?" I whispered.

As soon as she nodded, I jerked and exploded with a powerful release. Moments later she collapsed on top of me. Panting hard, I wrapped my arms around her, suddenly very grateful for the rubber room.

Chapter Three

Dr. Schwenke stood behind the nurses' station, scribbling in my chart. "So, are you ready for your first half-day pass?"

"Yessiree. One model patient ready to go out and behave myself in the real world."

"Good because your guardian is here." He walked around the desk and I followed him to the door. I could hardly believe it. I was getting out! Soon Sky and I would be flying down the road in whatever kind of car she drove and I'd be hanging my head out the window with the wind in my face... It looked like so much fun when my canine cousins did it.

The good doctor opened the door and a gentleman wearing a suit was standing on the other side.

"Randy, this is your guardian, Mr. Watts. He's an attorney for..."

What? A dude? Where's Sky? Where's my guardian angel?

My doctor was still talking, but he might as well have been saying, "Blah, blah, blah..." I wasn't listening to anything but the crushing blow just delivered to my hopes and dreams.

Finally he shut up and the dude, Mr. Watts, spoke. He rattled off a list of rules and expectations, but all I heard was more "Blah, blah, blah..."

Finally the dude stopped talking and stuck out his hand. Defeated, I shook it. I trudged behind him down a long corridor until I smelled fresh air. *Ahhh...* I had almost forgotten how wonderful real air was. At least I'd be out in the open for a little while, I told myself.

Mr. Watts pushed the outer door open and I walked into the sunshine. A sense of sudden freedom overwhelmed me. I shook all over and would have bolted for the hills,

had I known where the hell they were. I scanned my surroundings as far as I could see in every direction. Glass, concrete, cars, signs... I didn't know this place. "Where are we?"

"Phoenix. I assumed you knew that."

"Oh. Well, sure. I just don't recognize this part of town. I never lived in the city before."

"Why don't I give you a brief tour as part of our outing today? Then we can get some lunch at a restaurant and go back after that."

Why not? What else did I have to do? I shrugged. "Okay."

"I'm parked across the street."

When we reached the corner, I glanced over to the other side and my nerves started to vibrate. Cars were zooming back and forth in front of us. "How do we get across?"

He stared at me like I was a six-foot armadillo. "We wait for the lights to change. You've never crossed a street before?"

"Not one like this." Apparently my guardian wasn't filled in on my background. I was just about to explain when a dark blue van with tinted windows pulled up and stopped right next to us. The back door slid open. A big, dark, long-haired dude grabbed me and dragged me inside. Then the door slid shut and we took off.

I was about to protest when I noticed a female, black-haired beauty sitting in the front seat across from the driver. "Sky!"

"I told you I could help you."

"I'm so glad to see you, I could wag my tail." The big guys with her laughed out loud. She just grinned.

"Is this is your posse?"

"These are my brothers." She pointed to the driver and said, "This is Forest," then to one sitting beside me, "and River."

"I knew your parents were hippies!"

All three of them burst out laughing. Sky looked at her brothers and said, "See? What did I tell you?"

River, the one next to me, said, "He has coyote medicine, all right."

I tried to remember what she had told me about that. Something about mischief and bad behavior. Oh, this must be about blurting out whatever I think. How about that? I think I may have actually learned something about myself in that hospital. Fortunately these guys didn't seem to think I belonged in the rubber room.

* * * * *

"Do you know where we are?" Sky cast an expectant glance at me.

I didn't think she was asking me a trick question, but I didn't know how to answer. I looked out the tinted windows, but since I couldn't read signs, I had no idea. All I saw were mountains in the distance, some hills closer and brush by the side of the road. "Should I?"

"Well, I think we must be getting close to your hill. You said you walked out of the hills and into Apache Junction, right?"

"I guess so. The farmer who chased me off swore at me and told me never to set foot in Apache Junction again."

Forest, the driver nodded. "Sounds like we're heading in the right direction, then."

So that's where they were taking me? Home? I had sort of hoped they'd be taking me to Sky's home, but I hadn't asked. All I knew was that I was in a van with her and as long as she was around, I didn't need to worry.

"I think we're on the right road," she said. "We'll be coming up on a ghost town soon and I think you said something about passing a ghost town."

"Yeah, I did." I didn't mean to sound so sad, but my emotions just leaked out as they always did.

Sky's furrowed brow was hard to read. I think she might have been puzzled or aggravated. "Don't you want to return to your coyote form and your home?"

"What if I can't change back? Are you just going to leave me out there to starve again?"

"Of course not."

River, who I thought was sleeping, sat up straight. "What are you planning to do with him? Take him back to Phoenix with you?"

Sky shrugged. "I don't know. I figured since he's been itching to return to his coyote shape so badly, it would just happen."

Uh-oh. Now I was in trouble. She was right that I *had* wanted to shift back, but ever since having sex with her, I lost the desire to be a coyote. All I wanted was to be inside her again, feeling her quiver and watching her face scrunch as she came. But I guess she didn't want that. I hung my head and looked at my folded hands. For once they were still.

"Ah, Sky?"

"Yes?"

"Do you really want me to leave? Forever?"

She glanced from one brother to the other and then back to me. It seemed as if she was hesitating, maybe stalling.

"That's okay. You don't have to answer."

"I—um. I didn't tell my brothers about us, yet. I was going to talk to you privately before I said anything to them."

Both of them turned to her at the same time and said, "What?" Then River repeated the question. "What didn't you tell us?"

She dropped her head and answered in a soft, shy-sounding voice. "Randy and I made love."

Forest stomped on the brake and the van screeched to a halt, kicking up dust so thick it obliterated the view. "In the hospital?"

"Yes."

River leaned forward and raised his voice. "You could have lost your job."

"I know. It just sort of happened. That's why I had to get him out of there."

The brothers glared at me, like it was all my fault. I shrugged. "What?"

Forest rolled his eyes, turned back toward the steering wheel and started to drive again. I had been wondering if they'd wait while we had one final fuck to say goodbye, but I guess not.

All of us fell silent until we passed Apache Junction, the ghost town and rode into the hills. Finally Forest spoke.

"Let me know when you see something you recognize."

I nodded. They were going to drop me off and leave me here and all because I fucked their sister? It's not like she had been an unwilling participant. But what could I say? I'd watched enough TV to know you didn't say anything about a guy's sister—especially something like, "So what? We screwed and she loved it."

Sky gazed at me sadly. There was no mistaking the tears welling up in her big, dark eyes. I couldn't stand the idea of anything making her cry.

"What is it, sweetheart?" I asked as quietly as I could.

She looked at her lap and shook her head. Again, the black curtain fell forward, obscuring her face.

Forest glanced over at her a couple of times, then slowed to a stop. *Oh no*. Now I'd be in trouble for making her cry. I assumed it was my fault. Things like this were always my fault.

He turned around, looked at me and said, "Maybe this is as good a place as any."

River nodded and reached across to open my door. Sky jumped out of the front seat and ran around the van. No sooner had I stepped out, than she launched herself at me. I caught her, of course. I'd never let her bounce off and land on her rump in the middle of a dirt road. She wrapped her arms around my neck, her legs around my waist and held me tight.

"I don't want you to go, you know," she whispered.

What kind of silly game was this? I pulled back so I could see her face. She seemed one hundred percent sincere as tears rolled down her cheeks, making lighter streaks through the dust of the road that had settled there.

"Then why are you kicking me out of your life? I don't understand."

"Because this is the life *you* want and I love you enough to let you go to it."

You could have knocked me over with a chicken feather at that moment. I've heard that women sometimes say one thing and do another, confusing the hell out of men in general, but this coyote was completely stumped. "You love me?"

"Of course. Absolutely. I don't make love to every coyote I come across you know."

"How many coyotes...?" She tried to smile and I realized she was attempting to make a joke.

Forest blew the horn and rolled down his window. "Come on. We don't have all day."

Sky let go of me and dropped to her feet. "You can shift now. Please—just know that I'll never forget you."

"If that's what you really want..."

She paused, then nodded.

"Okay." I walked to the side of the road and squatted there. Concentrating on my other form, I closed my eyes and tried to shift. When I opened them and looked down at my body, I was still a man. Hmm...

Sky stood there waiting. I guess I'd have to try harder.

I balled my fists, scrunched my eyes shut and held my breath as I concentrated. Opening my eyes, I looked down and saw that apparently I had failed again. Sky cocked her head and watched me curiously. I held one finger in the air.

"Third time's a charm, right?"

I bounced a couple of times to get my squat just right. Then bent my elbows and squeezed my eyes tight. I balled my fists, held my breath and concentrated with all my might.

As if listening from a great distance, I heard Forest say, "It looks like he's trying to take a giant dump!" That's when I fell forward onto my paws.

I opened my eyes and saw my reddish brown fur with white markings. Testing my legs, I scampered around in a circle, trying to see my tail. If it was there, it was covered in baggy clothing, so I jumped and spun until I was free from the useless clothes. Finally free, I could see the back half. Yup. I was all there.

My three new friends had laughed out loud as I was running around and around in circles, so I kept doing it. I loved to see Sky laugh. She wiped at her eyes and laughed some more. I'd never seen anyone laugh and cry at the same time, but that's what she was doing.

Whoa... My head was spinning. I slowed down and staggered as the world spun instead. Finally, I fell off my paws and slammed into the dirt. Ouch. My head hit something hard and sharp. I don't know if I lost consciousness for a moment, but again, as if in the distance, I heard Sky gasp. When I opened my eyes, I saw long arms and legs, covered by sparse hair instead of fur.

Forest yanked his head back into the van and said, "Jeez, cover your dick, man!"

I glanced down and of course I was naked. I had just struggled my way out of all my clothes. My hands flew to cover my privates as best I could. Still, it was good to see my frontal human tail had made the transition. If I was going to stay this way, I had every intention of using it—a lot.

* * * * *

As soon as we entered Sky's apartment, the lecture started. I didn't even have a chance to poke around first. A coyote likes to familiarize itself with new surroundings to be sure there are no snakes, scorpions...the usual.

"You can't just live with our sister and mooch off her."

I stared at Forest's stern face and wondered what he was talking about. Fortunately, River clarified it for me before I had a chance to ask.

"You've got to get a job and help her pay the rent. Otherwise, we'll drag your ass back out to the desert and leave you there next time."

There was that "job" word again. Sky had said she'd help me find a job at the hospital, but I had no intention of going back there. I never wanted to see Phoenix again. Other than meeting Sky, it was filled with bad memories.

"Fine. I'll get a job here in Scottsdale."

"You bet your ass you will. You've got one month."

Forest didn't have to be so threatening. Who did he think he was taking to? Some shiftless shifter? "Of course I want to help Sky. After all she's done for me?"

"Leave him alone, guys. Getting a job might be a challenge since he can't read or write."

"Or count," I added, helpfully.

"But I'll teach him. Eventually, he'll find a way to make a living."

"One month," Forest repeated. Then he yanked open the door to the outside. Sky's two older brothers walked through it, letting it slam behind them.

I let out a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness they're gone."

"Don't be too hard on them. They only want what's best for me."

I closed in quickly and pulled her into a tight embrace. "I'm what's best for you, baby."

She giggled and kissed me. Our tongues meshed, swirling, seeking to mate as our bodies had to, soon.

"I know that, but I think they may have been upset when you offered the idea of going home with me making it possible to have sex all day."

"Is that one of those things you don't say in front of a girl's family? Even if they already know you're doing it?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Sheesh. So many unwritten rules. Not that it would help me particularly if they were written down."

"You'll learn. You've already learned a lot and quickly too."

"I want to learn all about making love. They'd just get to the good part on TV and then switch to a later scene – often involving smoking a cigarette. I don't get it."

"Let me give you the tour of the bedroom first, then."

Oh, yeah. She knew exactly what I wanted. How dare the big lugs think I'd mooch off her. I had every intention of paying my way with lots of fabulous sex. As much as she could handle. I knew that was one job I could perform admirably without reading or writing...or counting, since I wouldn't charge her a penny for it.

She took my hand and led me down a short hallway to a door at the end. Opening it revealed a small space, mostly filled with a bed. The colors on all the walls were the same. White. It reminded me of the hospital, so maybe I'd paint them a nice color for her as part of paying her back.

The rest of the room had plenty of color, though. Vibrant woven blankets covered the bed and a large colorful striped rug covered the floor. On the walls hung paintings suggestive of Native American scenes. Nothing was exactly in focus, though. It looked as if the artist had hand tremors. Oh well, maybe I could do better and give her nice, clear pictures to hang up some time.

Right now I had only one thing on my mind. I pulled off the dusty shirt I had been wearing with the buttons open. It seemed foolish to close them just in case I found myself shifting spontaneously again. So far I'd only managed that one short shift out on the dirt road, but with so little control, I had no idea what might happen.

Sky grinned and pulled her t-shirt over her head. Oh and she was wearing a pretty lace bra. Nice. She must have been thinking of having a goodbye fuck too. Only now we could fuck without saying goodbye. "This is great, Sky. I wanted to fuck you again so badly and now we have time, privacy and a bed!"

Giggling, she unzipped her jeans. "I wanted to fuck you a lot too."

"Great! Let's fuck a lot, then!"

Chapter Four

She shimmied out of her long pants and wore only the tiniest panty I've ever seen. It didn't even cover her one spot of fur.

Eager as hell, I kicked off my sneakers and practically tore off the rest of my clothes. My erection had grown and hardened like a rock formation between seeing her in her bra and now, as she removed the last barriers to her exquisite nakedness. I had to touch her.

Walking up to her, I reached out and plucked her nipples. She smiled and raised her hand to cup my balls.

"Oh, that feels good," I said. "But first, would you mind if I do something I was fantasizing about?"

She raised her eyebrows. "You were fantasizing? About me?"

"Yeah. Can I suckle your teats?"

She laughed and sat on the bed. "I'd like that."

"Oh good, because they were right there in front of me, practically begging me to try them."

She patted the bed next to her so I sat. She leaned back on her hands and thrust out her chest. "I like them to be rubbed as well as sucked."

That sounded great to me. I stroked first one, then the other. Then I used both hands and felt them both at once. They were such pliable globes with a hard pebble in the middle of each. Sky was making a soft sound like the one I made the first time I tasted ice cream. She let her arms slide out from under her until she was lying flat on the bed, arching her back.

She begged to be squeezed and sucked. I didn't want to hurt her though and since it was my first time, I'd go slow and let her tell me when to stop. I leaned over and cupped one of her lovely breasts in my hand. The weight of it was surprising. As I squeezed it a little bit, I fastened my mouth over the nipple like a new pup would – and I sucked.

She writhed and moaned so I let go immediately. "Did I hurt you?"

"Oh, no. It feels wonderful. More."

"Okay..." I never saw a mother coyote react like that, but maybe it was some kind of anatomical difference. I feasted on her breast as she undulated and moaned beneath me, although I was getting no milk. Did she know the well was dry? Should I tell her?

Hell no. I wanted to get laid and I didn't want her to get upset and change her mind. I saw that on TV a lot. Things would be going along well with a couple kissing on a couch, then one of them would say something stupid, usually the man and that was it. Game over.

I just tried sucking harder.

"Oh! That's enough for that side. Can you do the other one now?"

"The other one? You mean, I get the other one too? Don't you have to save that for someone else?"

She bolted upright, jammed her hands on her hips and glared at me. "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"Uh-oh. I just did that game over thing, didn't I?"

She cocked her head and looked thoroughly confused. "What are you talking about?"

"You know. It happens on TV all the time. Things are progressing along just fine and then the man says something so stupid that the girl gets upset and that's it. Game over."

Her hair dropped like a curtain again, but before it obscured her pretty mouth I saw the hint of a smile.

She let out some kind of sound I'd never heard her make before. Sort of a soft, strangled scream. Then she looked up and I could see her expression, but it showed so many mixed emotions, it was impossible to read.

"I can see this is going to be a bit of an adjustment," she said. "For both of us. I'll be patient, as long as you'll try to live in a way that won't make me regret my decision."

"What way is that? I'll try whatever way you want."

"Well, for one thing, I don't want anyone else suckling me or touching me the way you do and I don't want you doing that to anyone else, either."

"Okay. Sure. No problem."

She stared at me for a few seconds, then almost tackled me and planted closed-mouth dry kisses all over my face. I guess she wasn't too hard to figure out as women go. Just say yes to everything she wants and all would be well. But there was something I wanted and I hoped she knew the way to my heart was saying yes to that.

"Can I fuck you now?"

"Oh, we'll get to that. First, I want to teach you a couple of very pleasant things we can do that will make the experience even better."

Better than sex? What could that possibly be?

"I'll be right back."

I grabbed her arm before she got away. "No! Don't leave. And don't ever say that. You know that whenever someone says 'I'll be right back', something awful happens to them and they never come back."

"I'm only going to the refrigerator."

"Are you sure?" I hated the idea of letting her go and then kicking myself later.

"I'm going to get something delicious to spread all over your cock. Then I'm going to lick it off."

“Oh! Why didn’t you say so?” Not only did I let go of her arm, but I gave her a little smack on the ass as she walked away.

She jumped but turned around partway, wearing the naughtiest expression. I almost drooled. My mouth was watering so much I couldn’t wait much longer, so I followed her to the kitchen—another all-white, utilitarian room. There weren’t even any pictures, rugs or blankets, just an ugly clock and I couldn’t tell time.

She reached into the refrigerator door and came out with a long red and white cylinder.

“I know how much you like ice cream. This is kind of like that, but it sprays on.”

“Really? Wow. What will humans think of next?”

She sprayed it on my dick and it swelled up into cool, fluffy whiteness. Then she kneeled in front of me and proceeded to lick it off just like it was an ice-cream cone. “Ohhh... Yeah. You were right, Sky. I like that.”

She grinned up at me with the white stuff smeared all over her face. I couldn’t help laughing. She didn’t seem to mind, though. She smiled and went back to swirling her tongue all around my cock while looking into my eyes. “Oh...yeah, baby.” I could *so* let out a howl about now.

Then, just as I thought she was finished, she slid her whole mouth over my sex organ and sucked. I couldn’t believe the sensations that rippled through me. Dear Lord! What a teacher. Sky slid her mouth way down the shaft and pulled back slowly, again and again. This woman was blowing my mind, not just my cock. What she was doing ranked right up there with eating right before you starve. Just as I thought I might come, she stopped.

“Now it’s your turn to do me.”

Confused, I had to comment. “But you don’t have the man part.”

She giggled, lay down on the floor and spread her legs. Then she smooshed the white fluff all over her fur!

“Oh, I get it! I’m supposed to lick your fur. I can do that!” I got down on all fours and lapped at her tiny hill, savoring every sweet lick. “This stuff is delicious! Can I have more?”

She laughed and pointed the can right at the little nub at the top of her crevice. “Lick right here. I’ll like that as much as you liked my sucking your cock.”

Oh, good. Easy to follow directions, guaranteed to please. She only put a small amount on that spot, but I had the feeling that this was more about the licking than about actual food. The stuff wasn’t filling at all.

So I went to work lapping up the white stuff and concentrated on the button she pointed to. It must be as good for her as when I was suckling her breast because she was making the same moaning sound and writhing. At least now I knew that was a good sign and she didn’t have to ask for more. I wanted to get every drop of sweetness, so I switched from licking to sucking. Suddenly she was vibrating and screaming, but when I went to pull my head up to see if she was all right, she held it down with both hands. What was I to do? Keep sucking, I guess. So I sucked as she bucked and screamed, as if she were riding a rodeo bull. Eventually she quieted down and let go of my head. Her legs still fluttered when I licked her and she asked me to stop, sounding a little breathless.

“Are you okay? Did I do what you wanted?”

“Oh, yes,” she said, panting. Then she grinned and said my favorite words. “You can fuck me now.”

“Yay! Where? Right here?”

“Yes, unless it’s hard on your knees.”

“No. Will it be hard on yours?”

“Oh, you want to...” Then she chuckled and said, “Well, of course you’d like to do it doggy style.”

“Or not... I can do anything you’d like to do.”

She rolled over and got up on her hands and knees. "I like it this way too."

She parted her knees and didn't need to offer me her cunt twice, I mounted and speared her with my long, aching cock and then I rode her like she was a wild horse galloping into the wind. I even gave her a slap on the ass a couple of times. She seemed to like it. She giggled as she jiggled. At least she didn't stop and yell at me.

How could Sky think I'd want to do this with anyone else? I'd definitely have to straighten her out, right after... "Oh, yeah!" I felt like I was soaring and bursting out of my skin at the same time.

My legs tightened and shuddered. I gasped and howled in a desperate quivering voice that had never come from my throat before. I think I sounded like Tarzan.

* * * * *

Sky had to go to work over the next few days and I knew I'd miss her, especially if I just sat around waiting for her to come home. That's when I decided to paint her apartment as an extra special surprise. I'd seen enough home makeover TV shows to do a little painting. How hard could it be?

Sky had left some money on the table just in case I needed any, so I figured out a color scheme I knew she'd like and ventured out to a paint store. Do you know how many people I had to ask and how long a walk it was to a damn paint store? That took up most of the day, but at least it kept me occupied. By the time I got home I was too tired to paint, so I hid all the supplies under the bed and decided I'd do it the next day. I could hardly wait! I knew she'd be thrilled with the colors I bought. I used her brilliantly colored rug and blankets for "inspiration" as they say, since I planned to start in the bedroom.

The man at the paint store had been sort of surprised by my color choices and he wanted to know how big the room was. I didn't see how that was any of his damn business, but I looked around the store and said it was about half that size. I sure didn't

want him to know there was enough room for three in Sky's bedroom! He said he'd give me a little extra in case I wanted to practice first and suggested I start in a closet.

When Sky left the next morning and at last it was time to paint, I was as excited as a new homeowner. I guess the paint store guy knew a thing or two and I decided his idea of doing the closet first for practice was a good one. I carefully unloaded all of Sky's clothes onto the bed.

I remembered that the people on TV put tape along the top and bottom of the walls and I wanted to do this right, so I began by looking in the drawers for some tape. All she had was Scotch Tape, so that would have to do. I used up the whole roll by the time I taped off the closet and half of the bedroom! Oh well. Maybe I could reuse it.

Now the moment had come to open the paint cans. I took the screwdriver I'd found, just like they did on TV and pried open the can of bright orange. Wow, what an impact that color will make! Then I opened the bright blue, the green, the yellow and the red. Gorgeous! But which one should I use in the closet?

I stood back and studied the space, until a brilliant idea hit me. I'd paint it in stripes and zigzags, just like the rug and blanket! Oh, she'd love that.

I worked hard all day. It was a little more difficult than I had anticipated, but I carried on until I ran out of paint. Who knew that paint was so drippy? I think it might have been defective. The top part of the can went on light and drizzly and the bottom went on dark and thick. I had only finished the closet, the bedroom, the hall and half of the living room by the time Sky was due home.

When I heard the key in the lock, I was so excited I practically jumped up and down. I couldn't wait to see the look on her face when she saw my big surprise.

The door opened and she walked in wearing her usual smile. Then she stopped dead in her tracks and just like the people on TV, her eyes popped, her mouth dropped open and she gasped. Before long she had tears in her eyes!

"I knew you'd like it!" I said proudly.

"Oh my God." She wandered farther into the apartment and repeated her words, sounding like she couldn't believe it. "Oh. My. God!" Then she came to the bedroom and repeated it like a chant. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!" And that's when she burst into tears.

"Oh, honey. Don't cry. I wanted to surprise you and I can tell you really like it, but there's no need for tears. I'll finish the living room tomorrow and then you can show me your appreciation, if you know what I mean?" I waggled my eyebrows at her and then she had one of those weird female reactions that made no sense. She hit me!

* * * * *

By the time we went to bed, I was desperately worried. She hadn't spoken to me all evening and I remember hearing that couples should never go to bed mad. Since figuring out she didn't like my surprise, I had tried apologizing several times. When I offered to fix it, she just held up her hand and said, "Don't." Now she was facing away, hugging her side of the bed instead of me!

"Sky, sweetheart?" *No response.* "Darling?" *Still nothing.* "Most beautiful woman in the world that I love with all my heart and would lay down my life for?" That got a sigh.

At last she rolled toward me and said, "What?"

"I-I think I know why they say never to go to bed angry. I've never felt so terrible before in my life and I don't think I'll be able to sleep unless you forgive me."

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. While I had her attention, I had to keep trying to get through to her.

"All evening I've been trying to tell you how sorry I am and you haven't even spoken to me. I can't stand this silence. It's worse than the quiet room."

At last she looked into my eyes and I hoped she could see how sad I was. It was the first real contact she'd made since slugging me.

"I know I'll just lie here, miserable, all night and besides, I think we're missing some great make-up sex. But even if you don't want that, I'm wretched without you here in my arms." I looked down at the empty space beside me. "I never thought you wouldn't love me anymore just because I tried to make you happy."

"Oh..." She didn't finish whatever she was going to say, but she scooted over to me and gently stroked my cheek.

With desperate hands, I pulled her into my arms and clutched her tight. A lump formed in my throat and my body started to quiver. I thought I might cry. This was all new to me. I'd never cried before. Never. I'd seen people cry at the hospital, but they were depressed. Yikes, if I knew this is what they felt like, I'd have been nicer to them.

"Randy?"

She was going to speak to me! I pulled back just enough to see her face. "Yes?"

"I'm sorry too. I shouldn't have been so upset with you. It can be fixed. It'll be expensive, but I'll hire a professional to put it back the way it was."

"I'll get a job and make enough money to pay you back. Will you forgive me then?"

"I'll forgive you now if you'll promise not to do anything to the apartment in the future without asking me. I don't want to lose my security deposit."

"What's a security deposit? Forget it. Never mind. I promise! Cross my heart."

She put her hand on my chest right over my pounding heart and smiled. Giving her time to pull away in case she wanted to, I inched toward her lips with mine. She tipped her head up to greet my mouth and opened to me. She stole my breath away and gave it back all at the same time.

My enthusiasm returned and I crushed her to my chest. The familiar fire ignited between us and grew into an inferno, quickly. With such an emotionally distant day, it was as if we couldn't get close enough, fast enough. I'd never experienced rough sex and I didn't know whether or not she had, but it seemed we were about to.

She opened her mouth wider and my tongue dove in, caressing her teeth, tongue and the roof of her warm mouth. She met every erotic motion I made with her own. She inadvertently nipped my lip and I tasted a metallic hint of blood. Some part of the animal in me awakened. I bit her lower lip on purpose and she yelped.

Our frantic kiss and writhing bodies brought me to the edge, driving me completely mindless and wild as our passion burned on. She pulled at my hair, as if she couldn't get enough of my skin in her grasp. Then she slid to my neck where she bit and suckled her way down to my collarbone. When she reached my nipple, she let go of my hair and wounded the small pebble with her teeth.

I yanked her up, spread her thighs wide and pulled her on top, straddling me. I was almost afraid of what would happen to my penis if she took it into her mouth at that point. I tried to sit up and suckle her breast in order to hold back a bit, but pacing ourselves wasn't in the equation.

With a tough shove, she laid me out flat on my back and climbed over my erection. To be honest, I wanted that roughness, so with a violent heave I impaled her to the hilt on my rock-hard cock. She let out a shriek and gasped but didn't wait more than a moment before she rode me and rode me hard. Our almost brutal mating made me pound into her pussy in a savage way. Deep breaths hissed through my clenched teeth. Thank God her passage was slick or I'd have lost layers of skin.

As I tried to hold off my orgasm, I forced my hand under her pelvic bone and played with her clit. In no time, her channel clenched my cock in hard spasms. She screamed, bucked and screamed some more. I let loose a howl as my cum shot into her as if it would never stop. We rode the aftershocks until she collapsed on top of me, panting and sweat-soaked.

For several minutes afterward, I lay beneath her, motionless, in an exquisite daze. When I could finally make words come out of my mouth again, I said, "God, I love fucking."

* * * * *

Making love to Sky was always thrilling and rich with experimentation. It didn't matter if we went about it with slow tenderness or wild abandon, I loved every minute of our couplings. We never did it quite as rough as that night of make-up sex, but we hadn't fought again either.

I always looked forward to our nights, especially since my days were pretty much the same. I was always "pounding the pavement" as they say, looking for a job that didn't require filling out the application on the spot. I needed Sky to help me with that in the evenings.

Ultimately I got a job as a dishwasher. Oh joy! At least I was overjoyed until I had to do the actual friggin' work. Talk about wretched! I think the part I hated most, other than burning my fingers on scorching hot plates as they came out of an industrial-sized dishwasher practically sterile, was having to scrape all of that wasted food into the compacter.

I had said something about it to the guy who trained me on my first day. He didn't seem bothered at all when he'd tossed bones with loads of meat still clinging to them into the compacter. Salad and vegetables I didn't care much about. They looked like they'd been through war on a plate by the time they made it back to the kitchen anyway. Untouched rolls could have been put in another basket and sent out to the next table, but nooooo. Every piece of perfectly edible food got tossed and ground up together. Then I had to rinse off the juice, butter and sauces. More good stuff down the drain.

When I had been starving in the desert hills, walking for hours without a scrap to eat, I would have given anything but my man-tail to eat these leftovers and lick the plates dry. That's when my brilliant idea struck like a bolt of...I'd rather not say lightning, but for lack of a better cliché, I guess that's the phrase I'm looking for.

So I brought a couple of stray dogs to work with me the next day.

My shift started at seven a.m. and the boss didn't usually arrive until eight-thirty or nine. The breakfast cook told me he wouldn't like what I was doing, but I said, "Ha. You're just jealous because you didn't think of it first. As soon as he sees how efficient and humane this new system is, he'll probably give me a medal."

He just shrugged and walked away. What could he say? When I'm right, I'm right.

Everything was going great until nine a.m. when the boss arrived with the health inspector. I guess he was making a surprise visit. Either that or the envious cook called and got him out of bed. The guy sure acted like he hadn't had enough sleep. Talk about grouchy!

His mood wasn't as bad as the boss's though. I didn't know skin could turn such a bright red or that neck veins could bulge out like that. I didn't have time to introduce my canine friends properly or explain my brilliant new system. He hollered at me in some foreign language until the cook told me it meant, "Get the hell out of his restaurant."

I didn't get another job for a week. At last I was hired to work in a hospital cafeteria serving up whatever they were offering that day. People seemed to appreciate my recommendations and were generally pretty friendly. I liked this job loads more than the dishwashing job.

Sometime during my second afternoon, a big woman came through the line. When I say big, I mean gigantic. Wider than Sky's refrigerator and it looked as if her tray held more food than the whole salad bar. Of course, there wasn't anything as healthy as a salad on her plate. When she asked for a double order of French fries, I gave her only a few.

The woman became incensed as I explained the whole theory of working off as many calories as the body takes in each day. I got that from a medical segment on the news. To say she was belligerent about it would be putting it mildly. I still refused to give her more, explaining that it was for her own good.

My supervisor hurried over and apologized, heaping a ton of fries on a separate Styrofoam plate. The woman marched off with her nose in the air. As soon as she was out of earshot the supervisor said we needed to talk and pulled me into the kitchen – by my ear!

She was pretty upset with me. She said the woman was the wife of the hospital administrator and usually bought lunch for both of them. I'd be lucky if I wasn't fired.

I wasn't lucky. About an hour later a well-dressed gentleman had a talk with my supervisor. Next thing I knew I was being asked for my apron. I tried to give her back the hairnet but she told me to keep it. Maybe it was some kind of consolation gift, but I didn't think it looked very good on me and doubted I'd wear it again, so I threw it in the trash on the way out.

Chapter Five

That evening I was so depressed I sat on the couch and ate a whole pint of chocolate ice cream with coconut on top. I mean, if being fat was better than being honest, I'd just quit worrying about eating healthy. Sky tried to console me, but it would have been easier to console a person whose pet turtle was run over by an ice-cream truck.

"I'm a rock around your neck, aren't I?"

"How can you say that?" She slipped her arms around my neck and gave me a peck on my forehead, nose and lips. "I want you here, Randy."

"I lost another job! Two of them in a short space of time. I can't help feeling like a big loser and don't know if I'll ever be able to pay you back for the painter. You still haven't replaced the carpet because it's too expensive. I'd get a job as a carpetlayer, but that requires math."

"You're doing well counting."

"Yeah, thanks to the Count on *Sesame Street*."

"And you know your alphabet."

"Uh-huh, but not in order unless I sing that little song you taught me."

She ran her fingers through my hair. It felt good, but it would take a whole lot more stroking in a variety of places to distract me from my disappointment.

"Please don't be so hard on yourself. These things take time, but you're doing well. It's only been two weeks."

"Sky, I don't know what to do. Your brothers will be rearranging my face by the time I can read, write and do math."

She stood and said, "You leave them to me." Then she extended her hand, like she wanted me to walk with her.

I heaved a big sigh, then rose from the couch and grasped her hand. Her pouty mouth turned up at one corner and I spied a wicked gleam in her eyes.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Someplace where you can forget about all the jobs in the world, except one."

"Is it something you want me to do for you?"

"Uh-huh."

As she pulled me toward the bedroom, I tried to guess what the job might be. "Is it something I might be good at?"

"Oh, yes."

By now she was leading me toward the bed. I assumed she didn't want a pedicure, but I thought I'd play along.

"Is it something I'll enjoy doing?"

"Unless I'm completely mistaken about you, it is."

"And you're sure I'm the guy for the job?"

"Absolutely."

She stopped at the bed and unbuttoned her blouse.

Ah ha! I was right. "I'm your man and can do it however you want, babe. Sunny side up or scrambled. Makes no difference to me." As she finished undressing, I undressed myself.

She laid her beautiful bare body face down on the bed. "I think I'd like it over easy. I want you to give me a massage, then I'll give you one." She winked.

"A what?" I thought she just wanted to fuck. Now I had to learn a whole new skill.

"A body rub. It'll be easier if you get some scented oil from under the sink in the bathroom."

"All right." When I didn't find any oil in the bathroom, I looked in the kitchen, finally found it and returned. "I've never done this before, so tell me if I'm doing it correctly, okay?"

"Don't worry. It's really easy. You put a little oil in your hand, rub your hands together to heat them up, then rub your hands all over my body."

"Hey, that sounds like fun. Can I start with your ass?"

She chuckled. "Sure. Don't forget my back though."

"I'll do them both." I poured some oil into my hand, rubbed my palms together and couldn't wait to get started. "This smells funny. What scent is it?"

"This is a good chance to practice reading. Sound out what it says on the label."

I slid my hands down either side of her backbone and kneaded her soft bottom. She cooed her approval, so I did it again. And again as I stared at the words on the bottle. Soon, I needed more oil, so I poured a little more into my hands and spread it farther out across her back. I was able to glide effortlessly over her flawless tan skin and wind up right where I wanted to be, with my hands all over her ass.

"I don't know, Sky. It's kind of a long word. Let me try it out loud."

"Sure. Go ahead. Just sound out each syllable, then put them all together."

"I'll try it. Veg, ta, b-l-ee?"

"Huh?" She remained prone, but turned her head and reached for the bottle. I handed it to her and watched, mystified, as she chuckled and shook her head.

"This is vegetable oil. No wonder it smells funny."

"It's made out of vegetables?"

"Yes, mostly corn."

I liked corn, so I bent down and licked her ass. "Huh? It doesn't taste like corn at all."

She shrugged. "You know what? It feels good and that's what matters. I'll show you where I keep the little scented oils later."

I knew what else would feel good—if I put my finger in her vagina while I rubbed her. So, while one hand was busy sliding over her precious globes, the other got busy

finding her womanly entrance. I knew I had made a good choice as soon as she moaned and spread her legs.

"Do you want me to finger-fuck you?"

"Oh, yes," she said breathlessly. "Then maybe you can eat me."

I knew it. She didn't want a massage. She wanted sex. She *always* wanted sex. And I was just the coyote to give it to her.

I added another finger to the first and started pumping them in and out of her cunt. By this time, my cock had hardened and was begging to replace my fingers. But no. This was for Sky.

"Do you want to have an orgasm?"

"Yes, I'd love that."

"I aim to please." Finding her clit was difficult with my fingers inside her and my thumb on the wrong side, so I flipped her over. I didn't miss a beat with my finger-screw and poured some oil straight out of the bottle over her breasts. Now I was able to rub the front of her and find her clit with my thumb.

She arched and moaned as I continued to pleasure her. I squeezed her nipples and rubbed her all over while teasing her clit. She shuddered and moaned louder all the time. I pulled my fingers out so I could concentrate on rubbing her clit fast, the way I knew she liked it. Her legs vibrated like crazy. Soon she was screaming and arching off the mattress while fisting the sheets.

"Hey, I really am good at this job."

I didn't let up until she pulled my hand away. When she caught her breath, she whispered, "You sure are. I can't take any more. Besides, I think it's your turn."

"My turn? I thought this was what I was supposed to do for work now. What do they call this job again? Gigolo?"

Sky's eyes sprang from half open to wide open. "Gigolo? Where'd you hear that term?"

"I watched a movie about a guy who made his living that way. Seemed like a pretty sweet gig. I'm surprised that you'd suggest it for me, though."

She sat bolt upright and gawked at me. "Is that what you thought I meant?"

"Um. Depends." Inside, my stomach was squirming like a worm on a hook. "If I say yes will you get mad at me?"

She stared at the ceiling, like she was thinking it over. "You know what? I won't. I can see how I may have given you the wrong impression, so it was my fault. How could I get mad at you for misunderstanding me?"

"Okay, then yes. That's what I thought you meant."

She stared at me and her eyes blazed. "How could you?" She raised her voice and repeated herself. "How *could* you?"

"Hey, you said you wouldn't get mad. Besides, I never said I'd do it for anyone but you." I gave her my best "I'm just a dumb, innocent coyote" look.

She deliberated for a few moments, then looked at the sheets, shook her head and smiled. "I couldn't afford you."

Was that a compliment? It sounded like a compliment. What could I say in response while avoiding the usual foot stuck in my mouth?

"I'll give you a discount."

"Randy!" She fell backward and bounced against the mattress. Then she threw her arm across her face, covering her eyes.

Oh no. I hoped she wasn't about to cry. I hated seeing her cry—especially when it was something I said or did, but I didn't know what.

"Sky? Are you all right?"

I noticed her stomach quiver. Then I heard a small snort. Next thing I knew she was giggling. I watched as the giggles turned into gales of laughter. A couple of tears escaped the outer corner of her eyes, but she was still laughing.

I wanted to join in the joke, but I still didn't know what it was. I crawled up next to her and wiped the tears from her eyes. "What are you laughing at?"

"You," she choked out, then continued to laugh.

"Me?" By this time I was laughing too, just because she was laughing. "Why?"

"You're so..." She couldn't finish her sentence. She rolled onto her side, wrapped her arms around her midsection and laughed even harder.

I was thoroughly confused, still wondering what I had said or done that was so damn entertaining. Before I had a chance to ask again, she rolled into my arms and hugged me.

"I love you."

Wow. She'd said it happy at last. I'd heard her whisper it sad and I'd heard her spit it out angry, but this was the first time she'd said it with a smile on her face and a sparkle in her eyes.

You know what? I didn't care what she was laughing about. She loved me! Whatever I did, it made her happy and that's all I really wanted. So I held her tight and waited for her to stop giggling. Eventually, she pulled her face back and looked at me. She was grinning.

"I love you too, Sky."

I leaned in for a kiss and she meshed our lips tightly together. Softening her embrace, she caressed my back and sucked my tongue into her mouth. I slid my tongue over and around hers, while my hands roamed over her velvety skin. Hooray, it was finally time to fuck!

She moved her body and slithered against mine. Rubbing her slick breasts in a circular motion over my chest made me harder than a rolling pin. My hands were still oily, so I stroked my cock with them thinking I'd get a little gliding action down there too.

"Let me do that," she said.

"Sure thing." She grabbed my rod and, "Ahhh..." The stroking had never felt so good. "Is this what the movie characters mean when they talk about motion lotion?"

She giggled. "No, this is vegetable oil, but basically, it works the same way."

The smell of her sex plus something reminiscent of fried food called to me unmercifully. When I knew my cock couldn't take any more caressing, I pulled it out of her hand and eased her onto her back.

"I'm hungry," I said in one of those low, husky voices that sound sexy. She grinned and nodded. Then she parted her legs. Hmm...I ought to use that voice more often.

"Table for one?" she asked.

"Oh yeah." I brought my tongue to her pussy for a nice, long meal. In her aroused state, she moaned louder than usual and her legs quivered on either side of me. I wanted to whisper something nice before I tongued her clit. I knew she wouldn't be able to hear me over the screams. But what could I say quickly that would express everything she meant to me? I didn't want to interrupt the flow with poetry.

"Your clit is my buried treasure." Then I swooped in to set off the fireworks. Feasting on her ultra-sensitive nub must have felt damn good. She arched, bucked, shuddered, screamed, thrashed and eventually, slid off the bed like gravy over potatoes.

I climbed down off the bed, hoping she hadn't passed out. Nope. Her eyes were closed, but she wore a big grin on her face. I don't think humans can grin when they're unconscious.

"Hey, Sky? Are you okay?"

She chuckled. "Oh, yeah. More than okay. You turned me inside out that time."

I looked her over, wondering what the heck she meant. I saw no bones or meat on the outside. "Inside out? Where?"

She opened her eyes and must have seen the concern in mine. "No, silly. It's an expression."

"Ah." Here I was being "silly" again. Not sure I liked the designation, but it seemed I was stuck with it.

"Listen, it really is your turn, but I don't think I can move right now. Can you straddle my face and let me suck your cock?"

"Let you?" I scooted up to align my erection with her mouth so fast I wouldn't be surprised if I had rug burns.

She had the use of one hand, anyway and she used it to guide my shaft into her mouth. But nothing happened. Now what?

She mumbled around my member something that sounded like "Oohatamoo".

"Excuse me?"

"Oo-ha-ta-moo."

When I shook my head and shrugged, she turned her head to the side and took my cock out of her mouth.

"I said, you have to move. In other words, fuck my mouth."

"Oh! Why didn't you say so?"

"I did. Three times."

"Don't you know you're not supposed to talk with your mouth full?" And people think *I'm* the one with no manners.

Once she reinserted my hard-on into her mouth, I moved in and out while she applied glorious suction. *Oh, man. Human sex just gets better and better.*

As I pumped faster and she sucked harder, I felt what promised to be the best orgasm of my life building inside my groin. I heard my breaths turn into panting and was afraid I might shift without meaning to.

Concentration was out of the question unless all I had to concentrate on was my body's reaction to generous and sexy Sky's BJ skills. That's what she called sucking my cock. A BJ. I don't know who this particular technique was named after, but I'd like to thank him.

I began to shiver with excitement and anticipation. *Oh, breathtaking climax, here you come!* I felt like a steam engine climbing to the top of the highest mountain. The altitude made me a little lightheaded, but I kept chugging into her mouth. When I reached the top it felt as if I kept moving off a cliff and into the air.

I was soaring. I shook and jerked and shot semen into her mouth with gusto, fucking her mouth until the very last drop had been swallowed and I had quivered with the last aftershock.

I would have collapsed on top of my lover had I not locked my elbows. My cock dropped out of her mouth and she grinned at me. Inching down until my face was almost level with hers, I tipped over and rolled onto my side. I gathered her into my arms, smoothed her hair away from her face and kissed her with as much tenderness as I could manage.

She wiggled closer to me and caressed my cheek. "I love you, Randy."

"I guess you must."

She snuggled into my embrace and sighed. After a few moments of quiet reflection, I thanked my lucky stars for lightning and psychiatric wards and nurses who believe in shapeshifting coyotes. How could anyone say there isn't a Higher Power when I had a Goddess right here in my arms?

I felt her hand stroke my back gently as she whispered, "Let's just lie here in each other's arms for a while and bask in the afterglow."

I kissed her hair and asked, "Can we just stay this way forever?"

Chapter Six

Sky thought I might be missing my home, so she took me to the botanical gardens one day. We had been together for about three weeks and I hadn't even thought about my hill, but she was always so considerate that way.

Hand in hand, we strolled the packed dirt paths, pausing so Sky could read the names of the plants to me. Such long, crazy names! I'd made up my own name for them back home and even though this little trip was making me nostalgic, it wasn't for the stick'ems or the ouchies. I only missed the simplicity and familiarity of life back then.

"Look, here's a pretty one." She pointed to a small spineless ball with a white flower on top. "It's a *Lophophora diffusa*."

I shook my head. Silly girl. Sometimes I know more than I give myself credit for. "That's a 'see'um things' plant. In the hospital, they'd say it makes you hallucinate. That means seeing things that aren't there."

Her eyes widened and she leaned closer to the sign to read the small print. "Common name, Peyote or Mescalito."

"Yeah, I used to like to mess with people on vision quests. I'd trot up to them as a coyote, then shift right in front of them. That's how I began to learn the language. I didn't know that some of my first English words were swearing."

I hadn't even finished the story and Sky was already laughing.

"I'd sit down with them and listen to everything they had to say, then I'd fire off a few of the words I'd learned, shift back and scamper off."

She snorted, then put her hand over her mouth. "I can picture it. No wonder coyotes wound up with such a bad reputation."

"One time, there were these two guys who looked like the ones in *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. Have you seen that movie?"

"Yes. I think the hospital has it on tape."

"Yeah, that's where I saw it—on movie night, but anyway, these two guys weren't on a vision quest at all. They were just on a drug quest. I managed to convince them that they *were* on a vision quest and that I was God."

"Did God swear?"

"Like a truck driver, but they liked that about me."

Sky chuckled, wrapped her arm around my back and kissed my cheek. "I like everything about you."

"And I like everything about you too. I especially like how much you enjoy fucking." Then we continued our walk.

There was a building on the premises and I hoped that by the time we got there, she'd be in the mood to get busy. I seemed to be in the mood almost constantly whenever she was around.

I pointed to it. "Do you know if there's a restroom in there?"

"Probably. Do you need to use it right away, or would you rather go after we finish looking at the plants?"

"How about as soon as *you're* ready?" I flashed my horny smile and raised my eyebrows.

"Oh... I get it." She grinned and glanced around the park. A few people followed at a snail's pace, far behind us. The rest were almost to the end. She grabbed my hand and started to jog. "How about now?"

Fucking Sky had to be my all-time favorite activity. I should just leave my dick in there whenever we were awake.

In the past three weeks, we had probably screwed a hundred times. I still wasn't sure how much that was, but I knew we fucked a lot. In bed, on the rug, in a chair, on

top of the dining table, kitchen counter... We would have covered the whole apartment with our love juices except for the sheets and towels we sometimes remembered to grab and drape over the surfaces we couldn't wash easily. I liked the shower, even though we had to use the gel stuff she started keeping in there. Weird that water would make more friction instead of less.

Anyway, I hoped it was the water and wasn't because we were standing up. We'd probably have to stand in the restroom.

I squeezed her hand as we ran. "Have I ever told you that I love fucking human-style?"

"About a hundred times."

I just grinned and told her once more. Anyone who saw us would probably just assume one of us really had to go because of our frantic pace. When we reached the door, I yanked it open and held it for her. It was a one-seater, but with enough room for the two of us to do what we had in mind. She was undressing before I had the lock fastened. I didn't know if she'd want to be completely nude in public but was pleased to turn around and see her stripping down to nothing but toenail polish.

I could barely get my own clothes off fast enough. "Do you want the whole enchilada or—" I gaped at her completely bare body. I mean completely! "What the hell happened? Where's your fur?"

"I just got a Brazilian wax."

"Is that like a disease?"

She chuckled. "No. I'm perfectly fine. It's a process where they spread hot wax over your hair, place a cloth on it and rip it all out by the roots."

"Holy crap. And they thought *I* was crazy!" I knelt in front of her and examined the unnatural bald spot. It was a bit red, so I thought licking might make it feel better. I ran my tongue over the mound and I was right. She murmured, "Mmm...that feels good."

I played with her clit as I tongue-kissed her pussy lips. She collapsed against the wall and moaned. I thought I'd let my finger change places with my tongue for a while since I knew she loved to be finger-fucked and my tongue didn't reach as far inside. Being a nurse, she told me all about female body parts. Apparently the clit is much larger than most men realize, but it's hiding inside. She showed me how to stimulate the inner walls until she came and squeezed my fingers with her vaginal muscles. That was always fun, so I fluttered my tongue over her outside clit while stroking her inside clit with my fingers.

She squirmed and panted and pressed her hands over her mouth as she came. I kept up my vibrations and ministrations, waiting for her to come once, twice and at last, a third time. She kind of crumpled at that point and begged me to stop.

I was so hot and hard I was about to burst. I pushed her up against the wall, lifted her legs and thrust my cock into her. She groaned as she took me in, but it was a sound of relief. I knew all her noises now. She wanted me to fuck her and I'd probably fuck her hard.

I hammered her with my rod for several minutes. At last, she whimpered and grabbed me around the neck. She shook, letting out a tiny squeal into my shoulder and her cunt muscles contracted, grabbing and releasing me.

As she was coming for the fourth time, I jerked and shook with a powerful release of my own. We sighed, thoroughly sexually satiated and content. I was about to kiss her when, suddenly, we heard a knock at the door.

"Is somebody in there?"

Both of us gasped and scrambled for our clothes. "Just a minute," Sky called out and giggled. I don't know if the person got the message or not, but there was no one in sight when we dashed outside and back down the trail to the parking lot.

* * * * *

"What am I going to do, Sky? The month is up and I've been watching *Sesame Street* every morning. I'm doing well with the counting, but I still can't read or write well enough to wait tables. I can't add or subtract enough to pump gas and make change and the only jobs that didn't require any of that, fired me!"

"Well, you know why, right?"

I hung my head. I did know, but I didn't know how to stop it. All I did was speak my mind. "I thought honesty was a good thing and I guess sometimes it is. So how should I know when to say what I'm thinking and when not to?"

Sky shook her head. "It's common sense and I don't know how to teach that. All I can say is that if you think it might hurt someone's feelings, you probably shouldn't say it."

"But what if they need to hear it? Like at that dishwashing job. What was so hurtful about recommending they get a dog to lick the plates first? Those poor starving strays would have done a fantastic job. And in that cafeteria line, why wouldn't some fatty appreciate my giving them only a few French fries and telling them they didn't need a whole order?" I threw my hands in the air. "To me, those things seem like common sense. How can anyone tell the difference?"

Sky knew I was right. She stared at me and shrugged.

"There's got to be something I can do. Some kind of service to humanity that people would appreciate. Hell, I'll bet there's something I can do that no one else can."

I paced. I hadn't done that for a while, but I couldn't help it. "I must have some sort of talent..."

"Well, we know it isn't painting."

"Look, I said I was sorry about the professionals having to come and fix the walls and carpet."

"I know, I know." She looked as exasperated as I felt.

I couldn't lose her. I absolutely couldn't let her brothers separate us. There had to be something. An idea hit me almost as hard as that lightning bolt.

"I've got it! I'll start my own business. No one can fire me if I'm the boss, right?"

"We've been over this. You have to have something people want. Something they can't get anywhere else."

"But that's just it! I have that something. I have honesty and courage. I can say absolutely anything to anyone as long as it's true. Right?"

She nodded. "You do have that."

"Well, that's what I'll do. I'll let people hire me to go tell off those sons of bitches they'd like to say something to, but can't. I don't work for the sons of bitches. I work for myself and they can't do anything about it. Especially if all I'm doing is telling the truth. There's no law against that, is there?"

I saw a light in her widening eyes. "Oh my. I think you might have something. People could hire you not only to chew someone out, but also to tell their loved ones something without causing a family feud. Or to knock some sense into a boyfriend or girlfriend before the person has to break up with them. And by knocking sense into someone —"

"I know. Never ever hit or even touch a stranger. I got that one down."

Sky leapt to her feet and began pacing where I had left off. I paced when I was upset and trying to run off energy, but she paced when she was thinking and trying to gather energy. Weird, but it seemed to work out, at least for the new carpet.

"You'll have to figure out exactly what you're going to do and how. You can gather the information first, find out what the person wants to have said, where the SOB's will be and when, but before you say or do anything, you can run your speech by me. I can make sure you don't get decked."

"Me? Decked? I doubt that." I bent my elbow and flexed my impressive biceps. "Plus, I can run pretty fast. If all else fails, I can shift into coyote form and disappear into the night."

"That is if you can get out of your clothes fast enough." She giggled, undoubtedly remembering my clown show in the desert.

A knock sounded at the door. "Hey, I know. I can practice on your brothers!"

"No, not yet..."

Before she had a chance to stop me, I yanked open the door and met the two of them head-on.

"Forest, River, I'm glad to see you. But before you come in, I have something important to tell you."

They both looked surprised but stayed where they were and waited.

"I'd do anything I could for your sister and she loves me. She's twenty-seven years old and is pretty damn smart. Would you agree with all of that so far?"

They looked at each other, then at me and somewhat reluctantly mumbled their agreement.

"Okay, then. She doesn't need you to tell her what's best for her. She knows. If you respect her, you'll let her tell you what that is, not the other way around."

With that, I walked past the two of them, hands in my pockets, whistling a happy tune. "Enjoy your visit with Sky," I called behind me. "I have business to attend to." There were flyers to make, business cards to buy, newspaper ads to take out. Getting a whole new career off the ground might take me all afternoon!

* * * * *

I was so excited about how well everything was going I couldn't wait to tell Sky. I charged up the steps to our place. I was too loaded down with bags and packages to get my key out of my pocket, so instead, I pushed the doorbell with my elbow.

She appeared and stepped outside, partially closing the door behind her. "What's all this?"

"This," I said proudly, "is everything I need for my new business. Look!" I set all my treasures down on the concrete and opened one bag at a time.

"Here's a brand-new suit, so I can meet with clients looking like the professional that I am." I pulled the plastic covering up and over the hanger to reveal the tailored blue pinstriped suit. "And look, shoes too." I handed her the suit and opened the box with my shiny new black shoes. "Pretty cool, huh?"

Her eyes opened almost as wide as her mouth. "But... How..."

"Wait, there's more." Opening the bag from the business and printing store, I said, "Flyers, stationary, a receipt pad – and I even have business cards on order..."

"Randy, wait! How did you pay for all of this?"

"I didn't. That's the beauty of it. You know how we said I should practice doing it a couple of times and see how it went? Well, I traded this stuff for my terrific new service. The store employees were more than happy to give me what I needed in exchange for a few choice words said to their bosses. You'd be surprised how abused some poor employees are – even those who can read, write and use a cash register!

"And then on the way home, I passed out my leaflets to people walking by and guess what? I got another job. A girl was just walking out of that burger restaurant and said that her boyfriend was a jerk and that he worked in there. She gave me cash to go in there and give him a piece of her mind. Look!" I pulled out a fistful of dollar bills from my pocket and showed them to her.

Sky sat down slowly, pawing at the concrete floor, as if to be sure it was really beneath her. "Let me see one of those flyers."

I handed a neon orange leaflet to her, pleased as punch with what the printing employees helped me put together.

"'Professional Heckler?' That's what you chose to call your business?"

“Yeah, isn’t it perfect? Kind of rolls right off the tongue.”

“I don’t know if this is such a good idea, Randy. I was so worried when you were gone so long—”

“Well, how do you think I feel when you’re at work all day and I’m left at home watching *Sesame Street*?”

A noise caught my attention and I looked over toward the street. A car had roared to a stop in front of us. “You messed with wrong guy, you asshole!” By the time I knew bullets were being fired and I dove on top of Sky to shield her, it was too late. The car sped off and blood seeped out from under us. I didn’t feel any pain. That meant it wasn’t me who got shot!

* * * * *

Sitting next to her hospital bed, I held her hand and waited for her to open her eyes. I had never seen her look pale and up until the doctor told me she was going to make it, I experienced the most frightening moments of my life. Even farmers trying to put buckshot in my ass weren’t as frightening as what had almost happened.

Thank goodness I had learned enough about numbers to call nine-one-one. The doctor said she had lost a lot of blood, but the bullet went through her thigh without hitting the bone or an artery and she was lucky. That didn’t sound very lucky to me. At least they had stopped the bleeding and sewn her up. Now I was just waiting for the sleep medicine they gave her to wear off.

As I sat there with nothing to do but wait and think for hours, I realized how out of my league I was. It was clear that I had no skills that people needed. No talent. There was nothing I could do to help with the rent. Nothing to offer Sky. The only thing I thought I could do almost got her killed.

Her brothers were right. I was a mooch. I’m not sure what that meant, but I knew it wasn’t good. They didn’t believe I could get a job and they were right. I’d probably be doing her a favor if I went back to my life as a coyote. She’d be better off.

It would be hard to give up what we had, especially for me. I never knew there were so many ways to have sex and it was always phenomenal with her! As Sky had said, coyote sex seemed like an ice cream store with only vanilla. She had taken me to one of those places with twenty-eight flavors and almost as many toppings.

I knew she'd have a hard time understanding it at first, but I'm sure eventually she'd realize it was for the best. And whenever I howled at the moon, I'd be calling for her. If someday another coyote responded, I didn't think I could even go through with my duty to the species. A lump blocked my throat and a hot, wet tear rolled down my cheek. It was the first time I'd experienced what crying felt like. I hated it.

I stood up, prepared to do the right thing, no matter how difficult it would be. I was just about to walk out when I ran into her brothers coming in.

"Where do you think you're going?" Forest asked.

"I thought I'd try to hitch a ride back to the desert. You were both right. I'm no good for your sister." I hung my head and waited for them to move out of the way. When they stayed put and didn't speak for a while, I looked up wondering what was wrong.

"You're running out on her?" River asked, as if he couldn't believe it.

"Not running out on her. I'd never do that. I'm doing her the favor of removing the burden I've become."

They looked at each other incredulously and then at me. Forest pushed me backward until I sat down hard on the chair I had just vacated.

"Look, we may not like the fact that you don't have a job," River said, "but you're wrong about one thing."

Now thoroughly confused, I asked, "What's that?"

Forest spoke up. "You're good for our sister. Remember how we came over to toss you out on your tail?"

"How could I forget?"

"Well, she told us how you helped her with the chores, how willing you were to be taught what you needed to know and how fast you were coming along with things that took us years to learn as kids."

I shrugged. "Anything I could do to help her was my pleasure to do." It didn't seem that impressive to me, but I'm glad it meant something to them.

River set a big hand on my shoulder. "Plus, she loves you. She didn't even have to tell us that. We've never seen her glow with happiness from deep inside like that. Do you know what leaving her would do? It would crush her."

He pushed hard on my shoulder as if he needed to demonstrate the point. He didn't. My heart had crushed itself dry as I thought about how much I'd miss her.

At that moment, I heard a croaking voice behind me, trying to say my name. I turned around to look at Sky and she was looking back at me. Reaching toward me, she called me again and I clearly heard my name. "Randy."

I was so ecstatic, I wanted to leap into her arms, but that damn rail was in the way. Without a second thought, I felt my powerful back legs hunch and launch my furry front legs into the air. My coyote body scrambled into her arms. She giggled as I licked her face and enclosed me in her grasp. Stroking my fur, she looked over at her brothers.

"Thank you," she said. "I heard you talking to him. I don't know what I'd do if I had to face life without him anymore."

Forest spoke first. "You'd do what you always did. You'd take care of everyone except yourself."

"It's about time you found your own joy," River added.

She didn't know what she'd do without me? I thought it was the other way around.

I shifted back into my human body, though I'd jumped out of my pants and they were lying on the floor. Wrapping her up in a tender hug, I told her what I'd wanted to say since we began living together. "I love you, Sky. I'd never leave you if I could be sure I was good for you."

“Believe me, you’re good, all right.” Then she lowered her voice, shyly. “Am I good for you too?”

“Hell yeah. Like you even have to ask.”

About the Author

Kidnapped by gypsies as an infant, Ashlyn Chase was left on the doorstep of the Massachusetts home in which she grew up—at least that's what her older siblings told her. It seems that storytelling runs in the family.

Ashlyn worked as a psychiatric nurse for several years, holds a degree in behavioral sciences and has been trained as a fine artist, registered nurse, hypnotherapist, and interior designer. Writing is one career she wasn't formally educated in, yet by sheer determination she's become a multi-published, award-winning author.

Most writers, whether they're aware of it or not, have a "theme", some sort of thread that runs through all of their books, uniting the whole mishmash into an identifiable signature. Ashlyn's identified her theme as involving characters who reinvent themselves. It's no wonder, since she has reinvented herself numerous times. Finally content with her life, she lives in beautiful New Hampshire with her true-life hero husband and a spoiled brat cat.

Ashlyn welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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