

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

HOT DAWGS

MARTEEKA KARLAND

Dawg Town: Hot Dawg

Marteeka Karland

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Marteeka Karland

Selene is tired of the same old same old. In an effort to get away from the ole hamster wheel, she takes off on a pink Harley into the night...

Straight to Dawg Town.

Cal thinks “pink” and “Harley” shouldn’t even be in the same sentence, but he sure isn’t averse to the hot woman riding it. Their chemistry is right, and she’s even a shifter -- like him. But there’s a reason she’s looking to change her scenery, and it has very little to do with her hamster wheel.

Chapter One

Selene ran and ran. And ran and ran and ran. She seemed to be getting nowhere, but her surroundings insisted she was. Funny thing was, no matter how fast or how slow she ran, the scenery passed by at the same speed. What the fuck was going on?

She had awakened to this same scenery and began running out of fear. Now she'd been at it for what seemed like hours, and she was fucking tired!

She stopped, trying to catch her breath. The scenery rolled on.

This was insane.

"See? I told you she'd love it, John."

"It's a hamster, Susan. It'd run on that wheel no matter what was going on around it."

"Stop calling her 'it.' I've told you about that. She has feelings too, you know. Besides, I think she's in heat. This will take her mind off... you know." Susan whispered the last two sentences as if Selene couldn't hear.

"Give me a break."

John and Susan left the room, still arguing about whether or not Selene had awareness of herself. It probably had something to do with how much the screen surrounding her hamster cage cost, to say nothing of the program. Had Selene bothered to get off that damned wheel and look behind her, she'd have realized what was going on. She really loved the wheel, but when in her hamster form, she sometimes got a little carried away.

Though she'd had a marvelous cardio workout, and the run had indeed taken her mind off her need for sex, enough was enough. It was time to leave Susan and John, nice as they were, for someplace where people didn't buy thousand-dollar setups for hamsters to use to exercise. That was just insane.

There was a place she'd heard about, with a bar she'd always wanted to visit. She just hoped the hot pink Harley didn't stand out too much. She grinned. Then again, if everything she'd heard about the Prairie Dawg Bar were true, she hoped she *did* stand out. The town might be just what she needed. Sex with shifters, even if they weren't of her race, with no strings attached and no need to worry if they knew what she was. That way, if she accidentally shifted after her orgasm, as was typical for her, the poor guy wouldn't freak out. That had only happened once, and, thankfully, the guy had been drunk enough he'd thought it was a hallucination. Still, he'd never gone out with her again, and he looked at her funny every time he saw her. After that, she'd abstained, hoping she'd find another of her kind, but she hadn't.

Then she'd heard about Barkus, Kansas. The town was full of prairie dog shifters. She was a hamster shifter, but she'd heard they welcomed anyone. Well, it was time to find out.

It took very little maneuvering to undo her cage, and she was out. Out the doggie door and off the porch into the grass, Selene made her way across the yard to the neighbors. Thank goodness for people who still line-dried their clothes.

In the dusky dark of sunset, Selene shifted under a tree near the clothesline. If anyone saw her, they'd get an eyeful. When she shifted from her hamster form to her human form, she was butt naked. Grabbing the only item of adult clothing -- a flower print cotton dress -- she hastily donned it. It wasn't great for bike riding, but it was better than nothing at all.

Selene moved quickly through the yard and back to the street. In such a small town, she'd be easily noticed as a stranger if she were seen, but luckily, the streets practically rolled up after dark. No one was out and about, and most every house had no lights on. If she hurried, she might make it out to the interstate and be heading west before she was noticed.

A few minutes later, she reached the shed where she'd stowed her motorcycle a few months before. Unlocking the door, she let it swing open and gazed on the one thing she owned. She'd won the bike in Las Vegas a few months back and could barely

ride it, but it was pretty. And pink. Blazoned proudly on the gas tank were the words "Hot Dawg." What was not to love?

She started up the bike and tried to take off. She popped the clutch a bit too soon, and the thing jumped and died. She tried again. Same result. Selene gritted her teeth. She'd managed to get her learner's license, but that required only a written exam. Actually getting her real license would require a bit more finesse and actual skill.

Giving it one more try, she finally got it going and started down the road, wobbly though she was. Once she was moving, it was easy. She was leaving this little town. On her way out, she didn't look back.

She was too afraid she'd wreck.

* * *

Cal cringed when the pink bike pulled into the parking lot of the Prairie Dawgs Bar. Though the woman riding it was a wet dream come true, all curves and long, tawny hair, there was no world he was vaguely familiar with where a pink Harley was even almost OK. "Pink" and "Harley" just shouldn't be in the same sentence, let alone actually created.

She slid to a stop, then popped the clutch, and the bike lurched forward. Right into a line of about twenty other bikes. Which tumbled down like a row of dominoes. Cal shook his head. Amateur.

Immediately, four really big guys poked their heads out of the bar.

"I did that." The woman raised her hand and pointed to herself. "That was me. Sorry. I'm sure it's just a scratch."

"Just a scratch? Is she kidding?" one burly guy grouched.

"Don't worry. I'll cover the damage." Cal hurried forward and clapped the big guy on the back. "Now, pick up your bikes, go back inside, and let me buy you a drink."

"She with you, Cal?"

Cal shrugged. "More or less."

When they'd all moved back into the bar, Cal approached the girl. "Are you trying to piss off every biker in town?"

"Well, no, since you asked." She carried herself straight and tall, like she had no intention of backing down from anyone.

"You didn't exactly get off to a good start, then." Cal chuckled and extended his hand. "Cal Mason. I own a bike shop down the street."

"Selene White. Sorry about the mess." She took his hand, and his fingers closed around her warm, soft skin. For a moment, he lost track of everything but the weight of her hand in his. It was magical. Cal had heard of things like that happening but it had never happened to him before.

He took the moment to appreciate her features. Milky white skin with a light dusting of freckles accented her delicate facial features. She looked like one of his sister's china dolls. Lovely, but too fragile to touch.

Clearing his throat, Cal let go of her hand. His fingers itched to touch her again. To see if she was as fragile as she looked. Wicked thoughts traipsed through his mind, and Cal was sure some of the things he imagined himself doing to this woman were illegal in most states.

It was weird. He loved women, but there was something different about this one. "I'd invite you to the bar for a drink, but considering your little mishap, maybe that's not the best idea."

Her laughter was musical. "No, I suppose not, but you did promise those guys a round." She smiled, and Cal knew he was in real trouble. Like the kind of trouble where his friends would laugh at him for years afterward, never letting him live down the day his world came to a screeching halt and some woman took over. Ah, but he had a feeling it would be worth it. "You have a point. Just stick close to me, and I'll protect you." He gave her "the wink" that had led many a woman to his bed.

She gave him a you've-got-to-be-kidding look and took a step backwards. "I see. And who's going to protect me from you?"

"Me? I'll have you know, I'm the safest person in Barkus. I'm a respectable gentleman."

She giggled, but stepped closer to him, accepting the arm he offered her. "Why do I have a feeling you're not nearly as innocent as you look?"

"No idea." Cal opened the door and ushered her inside. "I'm innocent as a newborn babe."

"Really?" Selene slid easily onto a barstool, leaning against the bar with one arm. "Should I ask your buddies here exactly how innocent you are?"

"Sure." Cal grinned at her. "But you should know they're all liars."

Selene laughed again, letting her head fall back this time. "Oh, I think I'm gonna like you, Cal."

He signaled for the barkeep, a rotund guy with buck teeth. "Bucky, I'll have whatever's on tap."

"Ma'am?" Bucky looked to Selene to place her order.

"Captain and Coke, please." She crossed her legs, and Cal had to stop himself from tilting his head in order to try and get a glimpse up her dress. He shook himself. What the hell was the matter with him? He didn't act like this. He was always respectful of women, but this one... Damn! He wanted her. Badly. Unless he was greatly mistaken, she wanted him, too.

Selene took a sip of her drink. "Look, Cal. I'm here to start a new life. I want to live among people who are at least somewhat like me, so I have to ask. Are you one of the shifters I've heard live in this town?"

Cal stiffened. How did she know about that? "I'm not sure what you mean." She looked a little uncomfortable. What had she expected? He couldn't just admit to something before he knew who and what she was. She smelled like something more than human, but he couldn't be sure.

"Maybe this wasn't such a good idea." She pulled out a few bills and laid them on the bar.

"I'll get that," Cal said immediately. He might not exactly be a gentleman, but he didn't believe in making women pay for their own drinks when he'd invited them there.

"No. I want to pay my own way. You can get it next time." She muttered under her breath, "If you ever ask me for a next time. You've probably decided I'm crazy."

Cal's heart raced. Who was this woman, and how did she know about the prairie dog shifters living in this town? Though they welcomed a few humans into their community, it wasn't something they generally let get out. He had to find out how she knew. If there was a security problem, it was best he learn about it now and pass it on for the good of the community.

"Come with me, Selene." He took her upper arm and herded her out of the bar and down a dark street to his shop. She resisted slightly, but he moved fast. Quickly, he unlocked and opened the door and pulled her inside.

"I'm not sure this is such a good idea." The waver in her voice was unmistakably fear. She was definitely not liking a stranger manhandling her like this, but he had to find out how she knew about their secret community. "I'll just go get my bike and leave."

"Wait a minute." Cal locked the door and pulled the shade. When he turned to face her, she looked positively terrified. He was so hard he was miserable. Still, he couldn't stand to see the fear in her eyes. He took a deep breath and tried to give her a reassuring smile. "What did you mean about 'shifters'?"

They just stared at each other for a while, then she smiled. All traces of fear left her lovely features. "I'm a shifter, too, though not a prairie dog. I just wanted to live someplace where people didn't care so much."

Cal tried to clear his head by taking a few deep breaths, but her delicious scent filled him and only made his situation worse. "If you're worried about not fitting in, why not just stay in your human form and live anywhere you want?"

"Good question." She narrowed her eyes at him. "But it's a strange comment to make if you don't know what I mean about shifters."

He shook his head. "That's because I can't think straight enough to keep up the act."

"Does it have anything to do with that big bulge in your pants?" Selene was staring below his waist with huge eyes, licking her lips. When she raised her head she said, "I could help you with that, you know."

Cal barked a laugh. "Oh, I have no doubt of that." He stepped closer so he could touch her face. He couldn't help himself. It was like his hand moved on its own until he cupped her cheek. His thumb brushed her bottom lip, and she opened for him, sucking in a tiny breath. Her amber eyes were wide and luminous as they stared at each other, and Cal saw absolutely no trace of fear in them. "You are... so beautiful."

Oh fuck! He was *so* in trouble.

Chapter Two

Selene melted when he touched her. Puddled when he called her beautiful. Had she been truly uncivilized, she'd have thrown herself at this man. Cal was *so* gorgeous! Raven hair to his shoulders. Tall. Dark. Handsome. Ohmigod! When he touched her, she couldn't help but touch him.

She put her hands on his chest to steady herself and found the finest muscled chest she'd ever touched. Her hands just had to wander lower to his abs, which were equally muscled. Before she knew it, she was clawing at his shirt, trying to get him naked as quickly as possible.

Cal shrugged out of his shirt and gripped the neck of her dress and yanked it apart. With ease, the light cotton material fell apart. It pooled at her feet when he let it go so he could pull her close.

They stood there, breast to chest, staring at each other for a moment. Cal looked like he'd been hit over the head with a cast iron skillet. Selene couldn't blame him. She felt exactly the same way.

"Sweet Jesus," Selene whispered.

"Yeah," Cal responded, an instant before he covered her mouth with his.

Selene closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and followed where Cal led her. He was a stranger, and a mere couple of minutes before, she had been very worried about his intentions. But for some reason, she didn't really care anymore. If he'd wanted to harm her, he could have done so. If he was only after sex, well, that was fine, too. It was what she wanted. Needed.

Cal called to something primitive inside her. The animal that represented half of her being. She might have only been a hamster, but she had needs as strong as any wolf. Needs she'd denied for far too long.

Selene hooked a leg around Cal's hip and ground her clit into the huge bulge in the front of his jeans. One of his hands fisted in her hair, while the other cupped her ass and kneaded the cheek, urging her closer. Urging her to take what she needed.

Backing them up a couple of steps, Cal gripped her waist and lifted her onto a countertop. She didn't need any instruction in wrapping her legs around his waist and grinding herself into his crotch. His cock throbbed through his jeans, and he rocked his hips back and forth, mimicking the act of fucking her. His tongue danced inside her mouth, exploring its entirety. Selene was only too happy to let him -- in fact, she did some exploring of her own.

He tasted like mint and some wild, spicy, male flavor that was as addictive as chocolate. She had to have more of him. She doubted she'd ever get enough. Grabbing a fistful of hair, she held on for dear life as Cal took her on a sensual ride the likes of which she'd only ever dreamed about.

Trailing his hands down her back, he settled them on her ass and pulled her closer into his throbbing groin. They moved as one. Selene rode him, never separating her groin from his. Her only regret was they were separated by his jeans.

"That's it, my little beauty. Take what you need." His throaty whisper was like a sharp command. She could no more have disobeyed than she could have quit breathing. Selene reached for her orgasm with all her might and found it in a whirlwind of sensation.

She threw back her head and screamed, whereupon Cal latched onto her upturned chest. He caught one nipple in his mouth and nipped it with his teeth. Selene clutched his head and locked her legs as tightly around him as she could.

Then she felt it.

The Change!

Just as the strongest ebbs were flowing over her, she shifted. She imagined the look on her face might have matched the look on Cal's.

Maybe.

"Well, now. I guess I've figured out how you found out about us." Cal had taken a couple of steps back, but he quickly regained his composure and stepped close to her again. He held out his hand, and Selene cringed. Nevertheless, she went to him and placed her tiny paw in his hand. She hung her head and turned away from him, fully expecting him to shun her. Instead he dropped his pants, hopped up on the counter...

And shifted.

They stood there, on the counter, looking at each other for a long moment. Cal was a prairie dog! This was almost perfect. Perhaps he wouldn't run screaming into the night. Thank goodness, because she'd been so totally caught up in the sensations he was creating, she'd totally forgotten about her little "problem." When her body settled down, she shifted back to her naked, human form, followed closely by Cal.

"That was a bit... unusual. Do you always do that, or am I just lucky?" He smiled at her and grabbed her arm when she would have turned and run out the door, naked or not. "Oh, no. You're not going anywhere yet."

"Cal, I'm sorry. I don't think I can do this."

"Yes, you can," he persisted. "It happens to lots of shifters. How long have you spontaneously changed during orgasm?"

"Since the first one I had." Selene was miserable. "I finally just quit and have been in my hamster form for over a year now."

Cal blinked. "What? You quit having sex because of this?"

"Well, it's not exactly a turn-on for the guy, and I stress about it so much, sex hasn't been fun for a very long time."

"Which is your whole problem. Once you're comfortable with sex and orgasms, you'll stop shifting uncontrollably."

"How can you be sure? You're a prairie dog. I'm a hamster. We're not exactly the same."

"Trust me. I've seen it before. Quit worrying about it, and it'll stop happening." He dipped his head to her and kissed her until she didn't care if she shifted so long as he kept doing what he was doing when she got control of herself again. "The best way

to stop worrying about it, is to get a partner who doesn't care that you shift. You know. Like me."

Selene laughed. "OK. I'll buy that. I suppose it won't hurt to try."

"The only thing is, it might take lots of practice. Are you willing to keep at it?"

"I don't know," she answered between kisses. "I guess that depends on how much you make me want to try it again."

"Now, that's a challenge I'm willing to take on." He kissed her deeply for a few seconds, then scooped her up into his arms. "But not here. I think we need a proper bed for this. I refuse to make you any more uncomfortable than you absolutely have to be."

Cal headed to the back of the shop, then up a set of stairs that ascended to a loft-type apartment above his shop. It was sparsely decorated, but the huge, king-sized bed looked oh, so inviting.

"Have many guests up here?" Selene knew it was rude, but she couldn't help asking. For some reason, thinking of this time with Cal as another notch in his bedpost made her uncomfortable. Normally, she wouldn't have minded. Just having sex and orgasms without having to worry about her pesky little problem would have made the experience worth it. It bothered her for some reason now.

"Actually, no. I prefer to go to her place, or a motel." He laid her gently in the middle of his bed and followed her down, covering her with his big body and settling himself between her legs. Selene ran her hands over his back and shoulders, loving the play of muscle underneath his skin. "I'll admit, it's been a while since I've done that, though. Looking at you now, I'm not so sure I haven't been waiting for you. I think I've known you'd come to me."

"Are you some kind of clairvoyant as well as a shifter?" Selene smiled at him and cupped his face in her palm. He was so beautiful to look at. Ruggedly handsome, strong, and sexy as sin.

"Call it dog sense," he replied with a grin. "I have no idea, only this feels more right than anything I've experienced in a long time. I want you, Selene. And I don't just mean right now. I mean for a very long time."

"I think I can live with that. *Ahh!*"

Cal slid his cock easily into her pussy. He was big. Filling. Not huge or uncomfortable, but he felt like... Home.

Selene clung to him. Dug her nails into his back and shoulders and hung on for dear life. Cal bent one knee, and she rested her leg over it as he thrust into her in a slow, steady rhythm. His mouth found hers again, and he kissed her sweetly, slowly. This was more than the simple fuck she'd thought she'd wanted when she decided to come to Barkus. This was lovemaking, and she knew it would change her forever.

Chapter Three

She was deliciously tight, in Cal's opinion. They fit together perfectly. He hadn't been kidding when he said he'd never had a woman here. He hadn't, and had never intended to until he met the woman he wanted to mate with. Was she the one? He had no idea. All he knew was he'd never felt this alive in his life. Every nerve ending screamed for her. Everything about her was perfect to him, from the crown of her tawny head to the pink polish on her pert little toenails.

Selene was womanly perfection personified. Well, everything except for the pink Harley. He'd have to do something about that. Then again, it was so her. Maybe he'd just teach her how to ride it and laugh at the incredulous faces of the macho dawgs at the bar.

Making love with her consumed him. Pleasure enfolded him, and there was no part of her he didn't want to brand as his. He should have at least tried to hold off entering her until he'd tasted all she had to offer, but he *needed* her. He hadn't used protection, so he couldn't come yet, but there was a perverse need driving him to give her another orgasm. If she shifted, so much the better. It was another reason to keep her close for as long as possible.

"Does it feel good, baby?" His voice came out hoarse and raspy, but he didn't care. He wanted her to know how much she affected him.

"Sweet God, yes!" She panted her answer. "Yes, Cal! Yes!"

Quick as he could, he flipped them over so she was sprawled on top of him. Their movements didn't slow, and she picked up where his movements were restricted.

"That's it, sweetheart. Take what you need. I give it freely."

"Oh, God, oh, yes! Yes! YES!" She screamed and gave one final thrust before pulling herself off his cock. Her pussy still spasmed and clenched, but she was

obviously afraid of shifting. It was precisely the reason he'd flipped them. He had no intention of inadvertently hurting her because of his carelessness.

They both waited. Nothing happened. Selene lay atop him, breathing hard. Sweat coated her skin in a fine sheen. Eyes wide with wonder, she locked gazes with him.

"I didn't shift."

"I can see that." Cal grinned at her. This time, he reached for the nightstand, opened the drawer, and pulled a foil package out. "Want to try that again?"

She sat up eagerly, snatched the package from him and ripped it open. "Absolutely!" She swung her leg over his body, turned around and rolled the latex over his still-hard cock. Cal squeezed his muscles so that his cock twitched in her hands. "Are we a little anxious?"

He barked a laugh. "Absolutely."

She giggled and would have climbed onto him again, but he pulled her down on the bed beside him. They lay on their sides facing each other. Cal pulled her leg over his hip and entered her with one swift stroke. She hissed at him and gripped his ass, pulling him deeper.

"Ah, yes. That's good, Cal."

"Mmm," he agreed. Cal didn't trust himself to say anything else at the moment in case he squeaked or sounded anything other than manly and in control. Of course that was soon negated by his moan when Selene squeezed his cock with her inner muscles. "Oh, fuck!"

"Definitely." She smiled before kissing him once again. Cal's world spun. She was worse than any drug he'd ever experimented with in his younger days. She made him lose all control, and she was even more addictive. He'd known her little more than an hour, and already he knew he'd never be able to let her go.

"My God, Cal," she breathed.

"I know. You feel so good, baby. So damned good."

Cal plunged into her over and over again, sometimes slow, sometimes quickening his pace. Always trying to gauge her responses with what he needed to give her. It was important he make her remember this. He wanted her to crave him as much as he craved her.

Slowly he built the sexual tension, wanting to build her pleasure to a peak and catch her when she fell. He wanted her to trust her pleasure to him. If he could do that, maybe he could convince her it was a really good idea for them to get to know each other better.

After a while, Selene bucked against him, trying to get closer, pull him deeper. She gripped his thigh and hung on with a death grip. Cal was certain she'd broken his skin, but he couldn't bring himself to give a shit.

"Come for me, Selene," he whispered. "Come for me now."

"Oh, God! Oh, yes! Cal! I'm coming!"

Cal had to grab her ass to keep her on his cock. Her lower body seemed to have a life of its own, but Cal couldn't have cared less. She felt good. That was all that mattered.

He tried to hold off, he really did, but the delicious sensations coursing through his dick as she milked him with her sweet cunt did him in. With a war cry the likes of which Geronimo would have been proud of, Cal let loose his seed. He came so hard, he feared he'd blown the end off the condom, but he couldn't bring himself to be sorry for it. If he had, maybe she'd be tempted to stick around in case their lovemaking produced a litter.

Whoa! Reality check! Kids were *so* not in this world. *His* world. Were they?

He knew he needed to pull out, just to make sure, even though he knew it was his imagination running wild. This was totally insane. And he couldn't be happier about it.

"Sweet Jesus, that was wonderful." Selene snuggled into his body, and Cal held her tightly.

"You can say that again," he murmured.

She stayed like that for a few minutes before pulling back a little to look at him. She cupped his face in her tiny hand.

"I suppose I should go." Her voice was soft, and Cal could see in her eyes she didn't really mean it.

"Now, why would you say that? I'm comfortable. You're comfortable." He shrugged slightly. "Stay."

"But I just met you. I honestly don't sleep with a guy on the first date, and we didn't even really have a first date."

"So we'll sleep together first, *then* go on a date. I have absolutely no problem with that." He grinned before kissing the tip of her nose. "I don't want you to go, Selene. Not yet. Not until we've had a chance to decide we can't stand each other."

She laughed. "And if we decide we're actually quite fond of each other?"

"Then I see no reason for either of us to leave. What do you say?"

"Sounds like a good plan." Selene wrapped her arms around him tightly. "I'm actually relieved you suggested it."

Cal waited for her to release him. He was in no hurry to leave her arms, anyway. "And exactly why are you glad? Are you in love with me already?"

"No, though I admit I'm a bit more attached than I probably should be at this stage." She kissed his mouth hard before adding, "I'm glad, because you'd look really funny being driven out of town tied to the back of a pink Harley named 'Hot Dawg'."

Marteeka Karland

Marteeka Karland is an ordinary woman with an overactive imagination. Thank God for a computer, or tape recorder, or pen and paper... whatever she can create a story with! Her husband sometimes thinks she's nuts and asks her every time she gets frustrated with her latest deadline, "Is it really worth all this?" And every time, she answers, "HELL YES!"

Apart from writing, Marteeka's alter ego has worked in the Emergency Room for more years than she'll admit. She has a loving husband, who still chuckles when he tells a buddy exactly what that Goddess of Water T-shirt is all about, and a son who is blissfully ignorant to anything other than he's not allowed to "push buttons" on Mommy's computer.

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