

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

PRAIRIE ROSE

CARLANIME BLIGH

# **Dawg Town: Prairie Rose**

## **Carlanime Bligh**

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**ISBN: 978-1-60521-250-0**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF,**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1046**

**Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

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## **Dawg Town: Prairie Rose**

### **Carlanime Bligh**

Todd Hunter had gone undercover to investigate just how a shipment of drugs had gone missing in the middle of Nowheresville, Kansas. But the blonde biker chick was an irresistible temptation.

Rose Blacktail had heard there was a new librarian in town, but she hadn't planned to pick him up that night. Back at her house, she realized two things: the moon was full and she was in heat.

Getting laid is a challenge when you're about to go all cute, plump, and furry...

## Chapter One

Rose Blacktail and her sister Thistle didn't bring many guests home. She wasn't too sure why she'd made an exception tonight, except that the new guy in town had wandered into the Prairie Dawg looking completely lost. He was, she knew from town gossip, the new librarian.

Somehow, she'd never pictured librarians having unkempt black hair and intense green eyes, but this guy was definitely an improvement over the stereotype. And quite clearly he was crazy, or just completely lacking in survival skills, because a biker bar is not the kind of place you show up uninvited, not even in a town as small as Barkus, Kansas. And she should know -- she was a member of the Dawgs, born and bred, and had been on the back of a bike from the time she was a toddler. Hell, her whole family were bikers, and she knew all the reasons it was best to steer clear of strangers. In her book, a bad reputation and a tough attitude went a long way to ensure personal safety.

So when this guy had tossed back a few drinks, looking vulnerable, she'd understood just why her fellow Dawgs were eyeing each other and chuckling ominously. The boy was gonna get rolled, and he'd have only himself to blame when he woke up bruised by the side of the road somewhere and, if he was capable of learning, a little bit wiser. The Dawgs were as sweet as they come, but there was such a thing as pushing your luck, and Todd Hunter was in danger of finding that out the hard way.

But something about his unkempt hair and his inappropriate cheerfulness won her over. Every time she'd brought him a drink, he'd had a smile and some little joking remark -- not in an "obviously hitting on her way," but more like how someone new to town might try to figure out the people he'd landed with.

She'd caught him staring at Bucky's giveaway teeth with a puzzled frown, as if he knew something was odd but couldn't work out what, and that had made her laugh. And each time she'd brought a beer or a soda to his table, she'd been just that little bit more aware of how well his jeans fit and how taut those abs were. His shirt draped against his body, hugging it, and she couldn't blame it. Lucky shirt. When she caught herself thinking about slipping her hands underneath it, she decided to rescue him, and herself, by inviting him home for one last drink.

Before she knew what'd happened, she'd introduced herself, pointed out he was too damned drunk to drive back to town, and offered to let him crash at her place. It was a lie, and she knew it. He'd been pacing himself carefully, and he wasn't drunk at all -- even Sheriff Mike Winslow and Taylor MacKeller would have been hard-pressed to find an excuse to run him in, however they might feel about a newcomer. Still, Todd had jumped at the chance. No big surprise there; she knew he'd been checking her out. Rose smiled to herself, feeling a surge of satisfaction. Some days she just felt good in her skin.

He was hardly in the door before she'd backed him against the wall and moved in close, pressing against him. While he was still gasping for breath, she stood on tiptoe to rub noses with him. "Uh, sorry," she said when she realized what she was doing. Oops.

Okay, that had been unexpected. And strangely hot. Rose was gorgeous, and yes, he'd been almost certain he'd seen a gleam of interest in her eyes. He'd definitely been hoping that her invitation wasn't just prompted by pity for the new guy, but in his head he'd pegged her as a quiet, small-town woman, friendly but maybe a little less sophisticated than the women he knew back in Topeka. Sure, it was a stereotype, but way out here in the country, he'd expected a little shyness or awkwardness, even though Rose had been working at the bar and wearing the Dawgs' insignia. There was nothing shy or awkward about the way she'd pushed him against the wall, though.

The nose rub had been beyond weird, but not weird enough to erase the sensation of the entire length of her body pressed against his. She'd felt hot -- literally hot -- as if she ran a degree or two higher than normal body temperature. Every inch of him tingled at the contact. She'd practically flung him against the wall, and he'd been expecting a kiss -- but no.

As soon as he'd seen Rose, he'd promised himself a night off from investigating. He definitely deserved it. The last few days had been so hellish he'd found himself nostalgically remembering all-night stakeouts. Cold coffee and stale donuts sounded good compared to the strain of manning the Barkus library. Who'd have thought a tiny, book-filled room could exhaust a grown man in peak physical condition?

It wasn't the books themselves. If he'd been allowed to lock the doors and stay in there alone with the books, this assignment would have been great. But no, he had to blend into the community, make people believe his cover story, and gather some quick information about what had been going on here. To that end, he'd been making like a librarian for forty-eight hours now, and he'd had enough contact with small, lively children to last several lifetimes.

Were all children as maddeningly energetic as the Barkus ones? He'd never paid much attention to kids before, but the ones hanging out at the library were like a cute but devastating invasion. The way they crawled around everywhere and poked their heads up suddenly from behind shelves, ducking down and vanishing again before you had time to react -- it was more like being trapped with rabid squirrels than with anything human. The head librarian, Charlotte, had acted as if there could be nothing more normal than a bunch of hyperactive, bucktoothed children who chattered at each other in a secret language, but he'd been more than a little freaked out.

Todd shuddered. Never again would he complain about the usual suspects his job turned up. And his sister, he'd decided, deserved a freaking medal for staying at home with her three small kids. The end of his first day here, he'd phoned home and arranged a delivery of flowers straight to her house, out of sheer admiration for her stamina.

As for himself, what he deserved was a night to just be himself. No investigating, no interactions with strange locals, just some downtime with the world's sweetest-looking blonde -- even if she did rub noses with people. He firmly shoved that thought to one side, determined that none of Barkus' strangeness was going to spoil his Friday night.

And now he was in a stranger's house, and semi-erect. Super. He groaned out loud, wondering just when he'd metamorphosed into a randy teenager with too little self-control. This looked like a good time to change the subject. He looked around desperately for a talking point.

Rose's bungalow had a bar in the small living room, which he'd kind of expected from a biker chick. It also had a couple of posters of a blonde girl and a young man standing outside a blue phone booth. "You're a *Doctor Who* fan?" Okay, that he hadn't expected.

She looked slightly embarrassed. "My sister bought me a poster as a joke because there was a character named Rose. But then I got into it. Romantic, but not sappy -- lots of action." She stopped talking abruptly, looking faintly puzzled, as if she wasn't sure why she'd told him all that.

"You sure your sister isn't going to mind me crashing here?"

Rose was looking around the place. He followed her gaze through the open doorway to the kitchen, and for the first time he noticed the mess out there. A bag of some kind of grain or cereal had been gnawed open, and there were little animal tracks leading to the screen door, which was ajar. "Do you, uh, have a pet?"

Rose ignored that and answered his first question instead. "I'm pretty sure she's gone for the night, actually. Look, why don't you pour yourself a drink, and we'll make up a bed for you when I get back, okay? I just need a minute to check on something."

Todd nodded, looking in the bar's mini-fridge for something non-alcoholic. When the screen door banged shut, he remembered he'd wanted to ask where he'd sleep, and he dashed outside.



There was no sign of Rose. Which wouldn't have been too strange if there'd been any place she could have been, but there wasn't. There were no buildings in sight, no trees, nothing but endless flat grass waving in the warm night air. He walked partway across the dusty lawn, completely confused. She'd vanished into thin air. It wasn't like he could be missing her -- the full moon was lighting the whole place up. He could even pick out the traces of rust on her barbecue and see the bits of charred wood in her chiminea. He circled these, not that there was any way she could be hiding behind them unless she'd shrunk to a fraction of her own size. There was nothing, not so much as a footprint.

Then he went sprawling, wrenching his ankle so hard it was a wonder he didn't break it. Son of a bitch! He'd stepped in some kind of hole. Now that he looked more closely, her backyard was riddled with them. "Why does the country hate me?" He groaned and limped back inside.

## Chapter Two

When she came back, Todd was lying on her couch, his boots neatly arranged on the floor beside him, one foot propped up, and his glasses off.

He looked almost vulnerable and indescribably delicious. At least now she knew why. "Are you going into heat or something?" her sister had snapped minutes ago inside her burrow, and Rose had winced at the realization that that probably explained why she'd dragged the new guy home. Oops, again. Just her luck that she'd be going into heat at the same time the moon was full. Face it, when you were a shifter, "that time of the month" had a whole other meaning. Chocolate was the least of her worries.

The best thing to do now would be to offer him a ride back to town -- the human town, that is, not the network of tunnels that started just outside her house. Usually she tried to avoid driving during the full moon, just in case of an uncontrolled switch to rodent form, but it wasn't really responsible to leave him here.

Except then he opened his eyes and said glumly, "I've twisted my ankle."

She snorted in amusement. "Can you walk at all?"

"I limped in here from the backyard." He offered this up like an accomplishment. "But no, not really. Do you have any ice?"

So, soon she was perched on the arm of the couch, holding a bag of ice wrapped in a towel to his ankle, and damn it, from this angle he was all legs and narrow hips and sculpted chest in a white shirt. She growled low in her throat, appreciatively. His eyes flew open in alarm.

Before she could stop herself, Rose was crawling up the couch to straddle him. She parked herself over his hips and wriggled suggestively. "Perhaps I can take your mind off the pain."

He looked startled, but he wasn't exactly objecting, and right now that was all the encouragement Rose needed. She walked her hands up the couch on either side of him until they were face-to-face. She was on her hands and knees now, and though their bodies weren't touching, she could feel the heat of him scorching her through her clothes. Her nipples tightened, and she lowered her lips to his.

Todd groaned and wrapped his strong arms around her tightly, pulling her off balance so that she crashed on top of him. He didn't seem to mind. Goodness knows, she didn't. Now her legs were draped on either side of his, there was no mistaking the hard bulge that pressed against her in just the right spot.

She wriggled against him, enjoying herself. When she finally broke off the kiss, she sat up again, this time reaching with both hands to unbutton his white shirt. His eyes widened. She pulled herself together just long enough to ask, "You okay with this?" He nodded. Possibly he was too shocked to talk. Rose grinned to herself. Probably librarians didn't meet many shifters in heat. Or women in heat, for that matter.

Boy, for a librarian he was really built. His chest was so perfectly sculpted she practically licked her lips at the sight of it. He was making her mouth water in anticipation. She bent her head to caress his nipples with her tongue, and he moaned again and clutched her long, blonde hair. She kissed and nibbled her way lower, pausing at the top of his jeans. After one last probing lick, she lifted her head to check one last time. "Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"I don't think okay is a big enough word for how okay I am with this." He smiled at her, looking dazed, and reached down to unbuckle his belt.

Rose gently pushed his hands away. Hell, she'd always preferred to unwrap her own presents. When she'd undone his jeans and belt, leaving him to manage the undignified task of getting out of them, she stood and pulled her pale pink cotton sweater off, tossing it casually on the floor. She turned to see him watching her, his eyes riveted approvingly to her slender curves and the barely-there fabric that graced them. She smiled again, basking in his admiration.

He shed his jeans and, after she'd nodded encouragement, his boxers as well, and she eyed him approvingly. A taut waist and slim, narrow hips -- gorgeous. His shoulders were so broad she felt an unexpected urge to melt into the shelter of his arms, just to rest her face against the sheer strength his body promised. Without ceremony she stepped out of her own boots, and then her jeans.

Within seconds they were back in each other's arms, kissing each other passionately but with an unexpected tenderness. She wondered, briefly, what need drove him to seek the comfort of her body. Her own need was obvious to her -- even her DNA was vibrating with excitement right now -- but surely a man this handsome wasn't lonely? Did non-shifter humans go into heat too? Because the intensity of the desire in his eyes was making her skin flush and her heart pound.

She knew she looked good, but something about the way he looked at her took that to a whole new level. It was as if his appreciation took her own biological needs and orientated them all in his direction, tugging all her attention and sensation directly to him.

She dismissed the questions and lost herself in the sweet sensations of his mouth and hands. Then she pushed him, wordlessly urging him to lie back for her, and shucked the last scraps of silk covering her skin.

"You are absolutely beautiful." His voice was low with lust, and his eyes were warm and affectionate. For the first time it crossed Rose's mind that she'd like to see him again, afterwards, just to get to know him.

Rose knelt beside the couch and grinned with satisfaction at the sight of his cock twitching with anticipation. The single pearl of liquid excitement hanging on the tip just begged for her attention, and she leaned forward, slowly and deliberately.

She looked up into his eyes and saw that they had gone dark with desire. Gently, she licked his cock, her tongue caressing the head and making the whole length of him jump again. "Rose." The word was barely more than a moan, and she smiled again, feeding on his excitement. It made her want him more, watching him going mad with desire for her. She wordlessly sucked his cock into her mouth, running her tongue

along the shaft. Her mouth watered as she slurped at him, but then she pulled away. As much as it thrilled her to make him writhe, right now she needed to feel that writhing where it counted.

She straddled him again, only this time the wetness of her mounting excitement caressed the length of his erection, and he moaned in response. She slid back and forth, and then his hands were on her hips, pulling her forward and back. She could feel him throbbing between her legs as she grew slicker and wetter by the second.

He reached up with both hands, laying his palms flat against her taut nipples and caressing them gently. She shivered, her breasts hard and engorged beneath the heat of his skin. She could hear her own pulse pounding in her head as the demands of her body drove her onward. This was how it felt to be in heat -- she wanted him, urgently, now.

When she could stand it no longer, she rose up on her knees, intending to reach down and guide him inside her, but he got there first, holding his erection so that she could slide slowly onto it, impaling herself with a gasp. She lowered herself gently, letting her body adjust to the fullness of him.

Todd had licked one of his thumbs, and now he rubbed small circles around her clit, careful not to touch her too directly. She moaned and rocked her hips, lifting herself just a little and sinking back to feel the full, delicious width of him. He grabbed her hips again, more firmly now, lifting and lowering her as she began to ride him more insistently. His hips thrust upward to meet her, and the rhythm of their movements grew more frantic and erratic as they rode.

Her breath was coming jaggedly now, and he was panting as well, both of them racing toward release. She was the first to get there, crying out sharply as she crested and the waves of her orgasm shook her whole body. Within moments he'd begun to pulse as well, tangling his hands in her hair as she collapsed against his chest. His hips thrust upward, lifting her as he flooded her with his passion.

She drew a long, shuddering breath. That had felt good, but it wasn't enough. Already her blood was raging at her, demanding more, and underneath that she could

feel the pull of her animal form urging her to flip. What she needed now was more, and harder. She wanted to feel the weight of him on top of her.

“I need you again.” Her words came out in a soft growl, and she smiled against his chest when she felt him twitch in response. Good sign. But this was shaking her control. “I’ll be right back, okay?”

## Chapter Three

His head was spinning. He'd known from the first second he'd seen her enter the bar that he'd wanted her, but damn, that had been unbelievable. Okay, focus, Todd, he told himself, but it was pointless. He'd long since stopped caring about the El Foresteros motorcycle gang's drug shipment and the mystery of who'd stolen it halfway across Kansas.

Sure, he'd been sent out here from Topeka because the higher-ups were worried that some major rival gang had sprung up in the middle of nowhere. But the only gang he'd seen were the Prairie Dawgs, and while they acted tough enough, it just didn't ring true. There was just something weird about these bikers. He couldn't quite put a finger on it, but his instincts told him their secrets had nothing to do with drug smuggling. Even when he'd met up with the local sheriff, Mike Winslow, he'd had that strange sense that something was going on, but the something wasn't drug-related. The man had seemed way more amused than alarmed, frankly.

And face it, right now, even if he'd found proof the Dawgs were the Kansas answer to the mafia, he'd have had a hard time thinking about anything but Rose.

But why had she been in the bathroom all this time? He knocked on the door, wondering if something was wrong. "You okay in there?"

When she answered, her voice sounded higher-pitched. He frowned, confused. "I'm fine. It's just, uh, nearly that time of the month, okay? I need a few minutes."

He groped for an inoffensive way to let her know that he didn't actually mind. "That's no reason to stay locked in the bathroom all night," he said finally. He hid his face in one palm and shook his head. That had sounded both lame and probably creepy; he'd be lucky if she didn't climb out the window now.

But she just sounded amused, to his relief. "That's sweet of you. But really, I need some time here. Call it a body-image problem, okay?" He supposed that made sense. He'd heard his female friends complain that they felt plump and unattractive sometimes. He could try reassuring Rose that her shape was perfect, but that might be pushing it. He decided to just back off and wait on the couch.

Rose concentrated on feeling human, and she opened her eyes to find she was, to her relief, looking at herself in the mirror again. Definitely an improvement from over a minute ago when she'd fit easily under the sink, even stretched to her full prairie dog height. She checked to make sure everything was where it was supposed to be and that her tail had vanished. Okay, good, she should be able to make it through the night, at least.

Todd was still in her house and still eminently jumpable. "How about we head up to my bedroom?" Luckily the direct approach didn't seem to scare him off. He was on his feet practically before the words were out of her mouth. The urge to have him inside her again took her mind off her other urges -- to dig a hole and gnaw on the furniture.

His kisses were tender -- almost too tender. She wasn't in the mood for anything gentle. She pushed back, hard, and he responded with enthusiasm. Then she pulled away, settling herself back against the pillows, hoping he'd get the message and climb on top of her. He hesitated, and she decided blunt honesty was necessary. "I want you on top of me, Todd. Please. I want to feel the full heat and weight of your body on mine." Another single dewdrop at the tip of his erection betrayed his excitement; if he'd been nearer, she'd have licked it away. Wordlessly he came to her, and their bodies met perfectly. He pushed his way inside her with one long, smooth thrust, and she gasped in satisfaction and urged him on.

Their bodies pounded against each other, and it felt incredible. Rose gave as good as she got, lifting her hips to match each thrust, her hands gripping his hips as he moved. She felt her body inch its way toward climax, and she laid her hands against his



shoulders, wordlessly slowing his movements. She wanted to prolong this, wanted time to enjoy the slow, sweet glide of his hardness inside her and the giddy, melting feeling as she became more and more aroused.

She arched her back, rubbing herself against him, and she felt herself begin to throb as she hovered at the brink of orgasm. Todd growled in response, recognizing how close she was to losing control, and he took full advantage. As she wrapped her legs behind his back, he began to move faster, breaking the subtle control she'd held over him and setting his own harsh rhythm.

He rose and fell above her, and she threw her head back, almost sobbing with pleasure. His teeth grazed her throat, proof that it wasn't just shifters who have an animal side, and she felt herself falling helplessly into ecstasy as his mouth gripped the delicate skin just above her shoulder. His cock jerked inside her as he began to spill, and she tightened convulsively around him, lost in the overwhelming sensation of her own orgasm.

## Chapter Four

Todd woke partway through the night. The light from the full moon was streaming in the window; that was probably why he couldn't sleep. He tried not to move, hoping he wouldn't wake Rose, but she turned to face him, snuggling closer. And before he knew it, she was kissing him again and biting playfully at his chest.

He gasped when she sucked one of his nipples into her mouth. His cock hardened instantly, and she smiled up at him expectantly, obviously ready for more. Damn, the woman looked like an angel but rode like an animal, and clearly she wanted him again. He had no objections; hell, he hadn't been this horny since he was a teenager. Something about her brought out all his wildest urges.

When she knelt on all fours and shot him a lustful look over one shoulder, it was all he could do not to cream right that second, no touching required. He drew a deep, shuddering breath, tried to regain control by doing some mental arithmetic, and knelt behind her. He groaned out loud as his cock found the unbearably sweet wetness of her, and he shoved himself smoothly inside. She was tight but buttery-smooth and willing, and even in this position he didn't have full control of the situation. She wriggled her hips in a way that nearly made him burst and rocked back hard to meet his thrusts.

He held one of her hips, pulling her forcefully onto him as he drove his cock deep inside her, and with the other hand he reached around to finger the slick, hard nub of her clit. Now it was her turn to gasp, and he grinned with satisfaction as his stroking fingers brought her to the brink and then past the point of self-control. She bucked against him more wildly than ever, choking out his name as she orgasmed, and he let himself go then, almost screaming with the force of his release.

Afterward, she lay in his arms, looking as spent as he felt. He kissed the top of her head, tenderly. Where the hell had this woman come from, and how had he been lucky enough to cross paths with her? More to the point, was there some way to hang on to her?

He thought again of the job he'd been sent here to do, and he felt his stomach tighten with anxiety. She'd been at that bar, and she wore the Dawgs' insignia. What if she was part of the mess he'd been sent to investigate? He didn't think he could stand it.

"Have you ever heard about a major drug shipment the El Foresteros tried to send through here?" He wasn't sure why he'd even asked that, except the thought that Rose might be involved tore him up inside. She was barely awake, anyway.

She giggled sleepily. "The drugs all ended up down the outhouse at the back of the club. You think we want any of that crap in our community?" She was asleep before he had time to question her further.

Todd sat up in bed. That certainly put a new light on things. Everything he'd heard back in the city had suggested no rival gangs managed to run drugs through Barkus because the Prairie Dawgs seized them for their own profit. But he'd doubted that from the moment he got here. And if Rose was telling the truth, the Dawgs were performing a sort of rough community service. It would be easy enough to check. He'd get up at first light, lower a sample bottle down the outhouse, and take it back to the city for the lab guys to sort out. He grinned at the thought. The lab guys were going to hate him, but hey, they were always too quick to complain about the shit they had to analyze. Might as well make it literal for once.

Not long afterward, he fell asleep, one arm curled protectively around Rose's waist, though in his estimation this was one woman fully capable of protecting herself and probably anyone else who came along. He liked her, though. Maybe once this was sorted out, he could come back and confess what he'd been doing here? Then again, perhaps the thing to do was tip her off before he left. That way, if she decided she never wanted to see him again, she could tell him up front just what she thought of undercover cops as soon as he showed up on her doorstep. Yeah, that was fair.

He pushed her long, golden hair aside so he could kiss the back of her neck. For his own sake, he hoped she understood why he'd had to lie.

In the morning when he woke, she was gone. Her side of the bed was still warm, though, and to Todd's amusement there was a little furry animal sleeping curled up on her pillow. He wasn't even sure what it was, but it was a cute, plump little rodent of some kind. People kept weird pets in the country, he guessed. He got dressed, pulled one of his business cards from an inside jacket pocket, and scribbled a short note. Just an explanation and a heartfelt request that she not hang up on him when he called. He hoped it would be enough.

\* \* \*

Rose heard the front door close, but she didn't really wake up until an hour later. When she got downstairs and found the card taped to the kettle, her eyes widened. Todd Hunter, Topeka Narcotics Unit? The note on the back was even more unbelievable.

Well, he'd had pretty damned good abs for someone claiming to work a desk job. She smiled to herself and decided to forgive him. After all, it wasn't like he'd been the only one keeping secrets last night.

## **Carlanime Bligh**

Author's Bio: Carlanime Bligh is a thirty-something Canadian female with a passion for books. She's convinced reality can be improved upon, or at least supplemented, with a little imagination, and to that end she spends as much free time as she can spare creating fictional worlds. She can be found online at <http://carlanime.wordpress.com> and <http://carlanimebligh.blogspot.com>.