

A STERLING NEW YEAR

By J.L. Langley

“Three, two, one....Happy New Year!”

Yawning, Rhys ignored the tv, collected his beer off the coffee table and took a swig. Maybe he should have taken Jake and Remi up on their invitation to go hang out at Hell’s Kitchen. He’d thought about it, but decided that it wasn’t worth the effort. Working over seventy hours this past week had taken it’s toll and he wasn’t up to dealing with a crowd of people tonight. Maybe he should have invited Sterling over to watch movies and eat pizza. Ah well, what was done was done. Sterling was likely out with his friends anyway. Rhys held up his bottle and tipped his head at the TV. “Happy New Year.”

Finishing his beer, he turned off the tv and went to the kitchen. That big California King sized bed was calling his name. Maybe he’d even start a fire in the big adobe fireplace in his bedroom. He tossed the bottle, turned off the kitchen light, checked the front door and headed to his room.

A car door slammed. It sounded close.

He paused in the hallway, turning back toward the front door. Who the fuck was that? He sniffed. Booze, a female, a wolf—no not just any wolf it was Gadget’s boy, Logan—and...Sterling. What the heck? Rhys hurried back down the hall and opened the front door.

A pretty redheaded girl blushed and gave him an awkward smile. “Hi. Um, we brought Sterling...”

She kept talking but Rhys' attention was caught by Sterling. He stood with Logan, slightly behind the girl, their arms looped over each others shoulders. It was hard to tell who was holding who up. They both wobbled and reeked of liquor. Behind them, a white SUV idled at the curb with three other teens, two boys and a girl inside.

Suddenly Logan seemed to notice Rhys was there. He grinned and did a little finger wave. "Hey, Rhys. Um, Sterling sort of, well it's probably best if he doesn't go home like this. Can he stay here?"

Sterling's head popped up, his eyes wide and slightly slow on focusing. He caught Rhys' gaze and grinned. Staggering away from Logan, he stepped right up to Rhys. Wrapping his hands around Rhys' waist, Sterling buried his face in Rhys' shoulder without a word.

Out of instinct, Rhys wrapped an arm around him.

Logan wobbled and the girl reached out and steadied him. She shrugged and looked up at Rhys. "Sorry about this. Logan said you were a friend and...I couldn't let Sterling drive, so I brought him here." She held out a set of keys, with a football key ring, that Rhys recognized as Sterling's.

Rhys took them, his chest tightening just a bit. He glanced at the driveway. Sterling's Jeep was parked next to Rhys' car.

"I figured Remi and Jake would strangle him if I took him home like this, so I brought him to you." Logan put his arm around the redhead's waist and kissed the top of her head. "Come on Krista, lets go back to the party."

Krista waved to Rhys. "Sorry. Bye Sterling."

Sterling grunted, let go of Rhys and staggered into the house.

As Logan turned, Rhys caught the back of his shirt. "You aren't going anywhere."

"Wha—" Logan turned, freeing himself from Rhys' grip, his mouth hanging open. "But—"

"Not another word. Get your ass in the house." Rhys stepped aside.

Logan's shoulders slumped but he didn't argue. He kissed Krista goodbye and stomped into the house.

Rhys raised a brow at the teenage girl and took another sniff. Now that the two drunks were away from her, he didn't smell any alcohol on her. "Are they—" he tipped his head toward the SUV, "drunk too?"

She shook her head and swallowed hard. "Brett isn't, he's driving. Shelly and Danny have had one or two."

Rhys nodded, satisfied. "Okay, don't let the other two behind—" Something crashed and Sterling yelped. "the wheel."

Logan's laughter rang out behind Rhys and Krista leaned to the side to peer around him.

"Fuck you." Sterling shouted.

Logan laughed harder.

Rhys' attention never wavered from Krista.

She nodded. "Okay." She waved, turned and ran off toward the SUV.

"Bye babe!" Logan shouted.

This irresponsibility wasn't like Sterling. It wasn't like Logan either for that matter. The two were friends and together more often than not and generally kept each other out of trouble. Rhys shut the door, his jaw clenching.

Sterling lay on the floor in front of the hallway on his back with his arms flung wide. His button up black shirt was unbuttoned halfway down his chest and half untucked from his jeans. He looked...delicious.

Logan lay beside Sterling, still cackling. He too looked ruffled, with his undershirt hanging out, below his sweater, or maybe that was the style nowadays.

"Logan. Guest room. Sleep it off." Rhys stepped forward to get Sterling up when his tangy scent finally reached Rhys over the alcohol. Rhys' eyes shifted, his cock hardened. Fuck. He did not need his damned body overreacting now. "Sterling are you—"

Logan stood up immediately. "I'm not tired."

Rhys raised a brow and narrowed his eyes. Don't even think about it, pup. Why couldn't Logan be afraid of him like Matt was?

"Goodnight Rhys. Night Sterling." Logan flushed slightly and hightailed it down to the hall to the guest bedroom.

Rhys' blinked his eyes back to normal and reached down toward Sterling. "Sterling, are you okay?"

"Yup, I was taking Logan to the guest room and he made me run into the wall." He didn't sound drunk. Sterling shook his head, then opened his eyes. "Thanks, I knew you'd make Logan stay." Catching his hand Sterling sucked in a breath and

gasped, leaving his mouth open. His eyes shifted, his fangs dropped and arousal filled the air. He wobbled to his feet, depending on Rhys' hand an awful lot to leverage himself up. When he got to his feet, he wrapped his arms around Rhys' neck.

Studying Sterling's face, Rhys' caught his waist. Sterling was not drunk, he had had some alcohol from the smell of his breath, but he was sober. "What's going on?"

"Oh god. You smell so..." He sniffed and closed his eyes. "Mmm..." He surged forward, pressing his face into Rhys' neck, nuzzling. Mashing his erection up against Rhys' hip he rocked back and forth.

Rhys bit back a moan, unwound Sterling's hands from his shoulders and turned him toward the master suite. "Cut it out." He nudged Sterling down the hall. Letting Sterling sleep with him, was probably a really bad idea. "Bedroom, now."

Grinning, Sterling swaggered toward Rhys' room. "Okay."

Oh great. Rhys didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but he followed Sterling. Rhys shut the door. "Now what is going on?"

Sterling sat on the edge of the bed unbuttoning his shirt. "That party was minutes away from being busted. I bet it's swarming with cops right now."

"And?"

"And Logan didn't want to go. I knew he'd go if I was too drunk to stand up, sooo..." Shrugging, he peeled the black silk shirt off his shoulders revealing his tanned sinewy chest. "I played drunk and I told him you'd kill him if something happened to me, so he got Krista to bring us here."

That's my boy. Leaning against the door, Rhys grinned and tried to ignore the way the muscles in Sterling's arms and chest flexed as he stood and unbuttoned his jeans.

Sterling noticed him looking and flexed a little more and added a wiggle to get his jeans off. Brat. "Dang it." He seemed to notice he'd forgotten his boots and flopped back onto the bed with his pants around his thighs and his erection straining the black cotton of his boxer briefs.

Rhys looked away. He was already hard as a damned rock and he knew Sterling well enough to know the kid was going to try his damndest to get Rhys to fuck him. And that was not happening, so he grabbed the phone and dialed Jake's cellphone. While the phone rang, he lit the fireplace to the right of his bed.

The ringing ceased only to be replaced with loud music and Jake's garbled, "lo?"

"Jake?"

"You sure you don't want to come down here? The whole gang is here, the night is still young." Jake shouted over the loud sounds of the bar.

Leaning on the mantle, Rhys stared into the glowing fire. "No, listen, is Gadget with you?"

"Yeah."

"Well tell him that Logan is here with me. I've got Sterling too. They're spending the night." Rustling came from the bed, followed by a thump, probably one of Sterling's boots.

"Little shits are drunk, aren't they?" Jake growled into the phone. "If Sterling is driving—"

“He didn’t. Logan’s girlfriend drove them here in Sterling’s Jeep. She was sober. Actually so is Sterling, it’s a long story though. I’ll tell you about it tomorrow.”

“All right. I’ll tell Gadget. See you tomorrow.”

“Yeah.”

“Happy New Year, buddy. Later.” Jake hung up.

There was another thud and more rustling. The bed springs bounced.

Hanging up the phone, Rhys turned and tossed it on the upholstered chair next to his bed.

Sterling lay on Rhys’ side of the bed, propped up on his elbow, watching Rhys with a big fanged grin. His short dark hair was tousled and his big brown eyes were wolf eyes. It gave an otherworldly beauty to his already handsome looks. He was lovely.

The Southwestern patterned comforter and sheets were around his hips, leaving his impressive torso bare. The fire cast a warm glow over his already golden skin. Goddamn, he’d grown into a gorgeous man. He may not be as bulky as Rhys but he was certainly more defined. Rhys’ cock twitched in appreciation of the mouthwatering dark trail of hair below Sterling’s navel.

Fuck me. Rhys closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Tonight was going to be a test in willpower. “Scoot over. You’re on my side of the bed.”

Sterling sighed, scooted over and flopped onto his back. “You want me, don’t deny it.”

“I never deny it, but it’s still not happening. ” Rhys sat on the edge of the bed facing away from Sterling and pulled his socks off.

“Your scent is driving me crazy. I can’t get my eyes to change back.” There was some rustling, then a warm hand snaked up Rhys’ shirt caressing his back.

Yeah, he knew the feeling. Only experience kept Rhys’ eyes and teeth normal. He wasn’t so sure they’d stay that way though. Sterling was getting harder and harder to resist. The only time they’d slept this close was in wolf form. On the nights of the full moon they nearly always ended up curled together after hunting. Which was always so nice and peaceful, until they woke naked in human form. Shit. Rhys shook his head to clear it. “Go to sleep.” Standing, he stripped off his sweat pants and t-shirt leaving his boxers on and crawled under the covers.

Sterling slid closer, flinging his leg over Rhys’. He nuzzled his face into Rhys’ neck and his hand roamed to Rhys’ beard. “Still think this is cool. Wish I could grow one.”

Rhys hissed out a breath as Sterling’s thigh inched onto his hard cock and his tongue darted out licking up Rhys’ neck. Shit, the hard ridge against his side was not covered by underwear. “Sterling.”

Releasing Rhys’ jaw, Sterling bucked, sliding his hard prick against Rhys’ side. His hand wormed its way under his leg and gripped Rhys’ cock through his boxers.

Fuck. Rhys’ took a deep breath and wished he hadn’t. The scent of Sterling’s arousal made his fangs explode through his gums. Fuck, fuck, fuck. He shoved Sterling away. “Get on your side of the bed and go to sleep.”

Sterling growled at him. After a few minutes he rolled onto his back. "Fine."

Why did he sound so smug? Rhys didn't care. Sterling had stopped, that's all that mattered.

For several minutes they lay there in silence and Rhys began to hope Sterling would fall asleep. Sterling slept like the dead. Once he was asleep, Rhys would be able to sleep and not worry about being molested. He could get through this. His teeth were even now shrinking.

The bed moved. The smell of lust increased.

Rhys rolled onto his side, facing the fire. He loved this house, it was going to suck having to leave it when they moved the pack.

The bed moved again and Sterling moaned.

He knew better than to look, he did, but he couldn't help himself. Rhys rolled over knowing exactly what he'd find and already regretting the need to see anyway.

The covers were pulled back and Sterling's hand firmly gripped his prick, stroking.

Oh fuck! Rhys sat up, his eyes glued to Sterling's hand. He should make Sterling stop, he should, but damned if he was going to. Pushing himself up to lean against the headboard, he grabbed Sterling and pulled.

Sterling let go of his cock and straddled Rhys' thighs. Immediately he reached for Rhys' prick and pressed his lips to Rhys'.

Damn, he was just so warm and sexy and... Rhys caught Sterling's hand, removing it from his dick but he didn't even try to fight the kiss, he just opened up and let Sterling in.

Grabbing Rhys' jaw with both hands, Sterling moaned into his mouth and scooted up until his cock rested against Rhys' bare stomach. And damn wasn't that nice. It would take nothing for Rhys to just take that pretty prick into his own hands, but he wouldn't he'd promised himself he'd keep his hands off Sterling until Sterling was in college. Hell, he'd already relaxed his rules enough to kiss Sterling properly. He wasn't doing more, no matter how badly Sterling pushed.

He made these sweet little grunting noises thrusting against Rhys' stomach. His tongue was all over the place, against Rhys' tongue, on his teeth, tracing his lips. Finally, Sterling pulled back, his eyes heavy-lidded and pleading. "Please. Touch me, please."

Rhys groaned and shook his head. "No. Touch yourself, baby, Let me watch."

"But—"

He stuck his finger to Sterling's lips. "Turn around and lean on me."

For a moment Sterling looked like he would argue, but rose up on his knees, waiting for Rhys to get situated so Sterling could sit between them. When Rhys pushed the covers further down, Sterling grabbed him again.

"I want this."

His cock jerked into Sterling's touch. Rhys closed his eyes and prayed for patience. His whole body trembled wanting nothing

more than to press his gorgeous vivacious mate into the mattress and make love to him.

“I’m not a kid, damn it. Don’t tell me you are still stuck on this, ‘wait until Sterling is in college,’ shit.” Sterling squeezed Rhys’ cock and leaned forward and licked his lips. “Please.”

Shaking his head, Rhys pulled Sterling until he was in between his outspread legs with his naked back against Rhys’ bare chest. Please don’t argue with me. He just didn’t know how he’d stick to his guns if Sterling forced the issue, because god knew Rhys’ body was convinced that Sterling knew best at this point. As it was, his balls were going to ache like a son of a bitch. Maybe he could wait until Sterling was asleep and take care of it.

Rocking back and forth, Sterling pressed his back into Rhys’ erection making him moan. Fuck. He was definitely going to have to go to the bathroom and jerk off once Sterling was asleep. Hissing out a breath at the amazing feel of Sterling’s back against him, he wrapped his arm around Sterling’s chest. “Touch yourself.”

Without hesitation, Sterling nodded and grabbed his prick. “I wish you’d let me touch you.”

“Not now. Just do this, please, let me watch.” He kissed Sterling’s shoulder.

“Mmm...” Sterling’s slim long fingered hand squeezed the long dark prick. A drop of precum beaded to the surface. He dropped his head back on Rhys’ shoulder and started stroking, slow and easy at first. By the time he’d set up a steady rhythm he was nuzzling Rhys’ neck and licking his throat.

Rhys didn’t take his eyes off that quick hand and the slick shiny head peeking out. It was tempting to close his eyes and lose himself in the sensations Sterling’s mouth was producing, but he

didn't. He didn't want to miss this. Sterling was so fucking beautiful with his long lean body and dark smooth skin. Rhys dragged his fingers across the muscled abdomen down the trail of black hair below his navel. He had the perfect view from where he was. His own stomach tensed, his cock jerking against Sterling's back.

Sterling's hand moved faster, the smell of his arousal increased. Fangs dug into Rhys' neck, pinching but not drawing blood. Sterling's stomach muscles tensed first then his thigh muscles jumped. "Rhys... Gonna..."

"Yeah." Rhys turned his head stealing a quick kiss. He swiped his tongue across Sterling's lips and one fang.

Sterling's back arched and a ragged groan tore from his lips. He turned his head back, watching his hand just as he came. Thick strings of white covered his hand, his stomach and even the back of Rhys' hand where it rested on Sterling's taut abdomen. Sterling's breath panted out in between moans.

Fucking beautiful. Rhys prick throbbed, his balls drawing tight.

Finally, Sterling's hand slowed and his body relaxed. He melted into Rhys, turning his face to kiss Rhys' chin. His arms wrapped around Rhys' arms, mashing them hard against Sterling's chest, making them even cozier.

He should get up and get a rag and clean Sterling up...hell he should grab his own prick and give it a few tugs, that's all it would take, but he didn't want to move. There was just nothing that seemed urgent enough to make him relinquish the debauched angel in his arms. Damn, Sterling was something.

Rhys sat there with the warm musky smell of Sterling's cum flooding his senses until Sterling's breath evened out and his arms fell to his sides. Then Rhys sat there a little longer, his cock still

harder than hell. He'd get up in a minute, clean Sterling and cover him up. Then he could go take care of himself, God knew Sterling was out until morning. He always did sleep like the dead. Hugging his mate harder, Rhys grinned and kissed his temple. God help me, I'm never going to make it until he's in college.

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Back to Short Stories