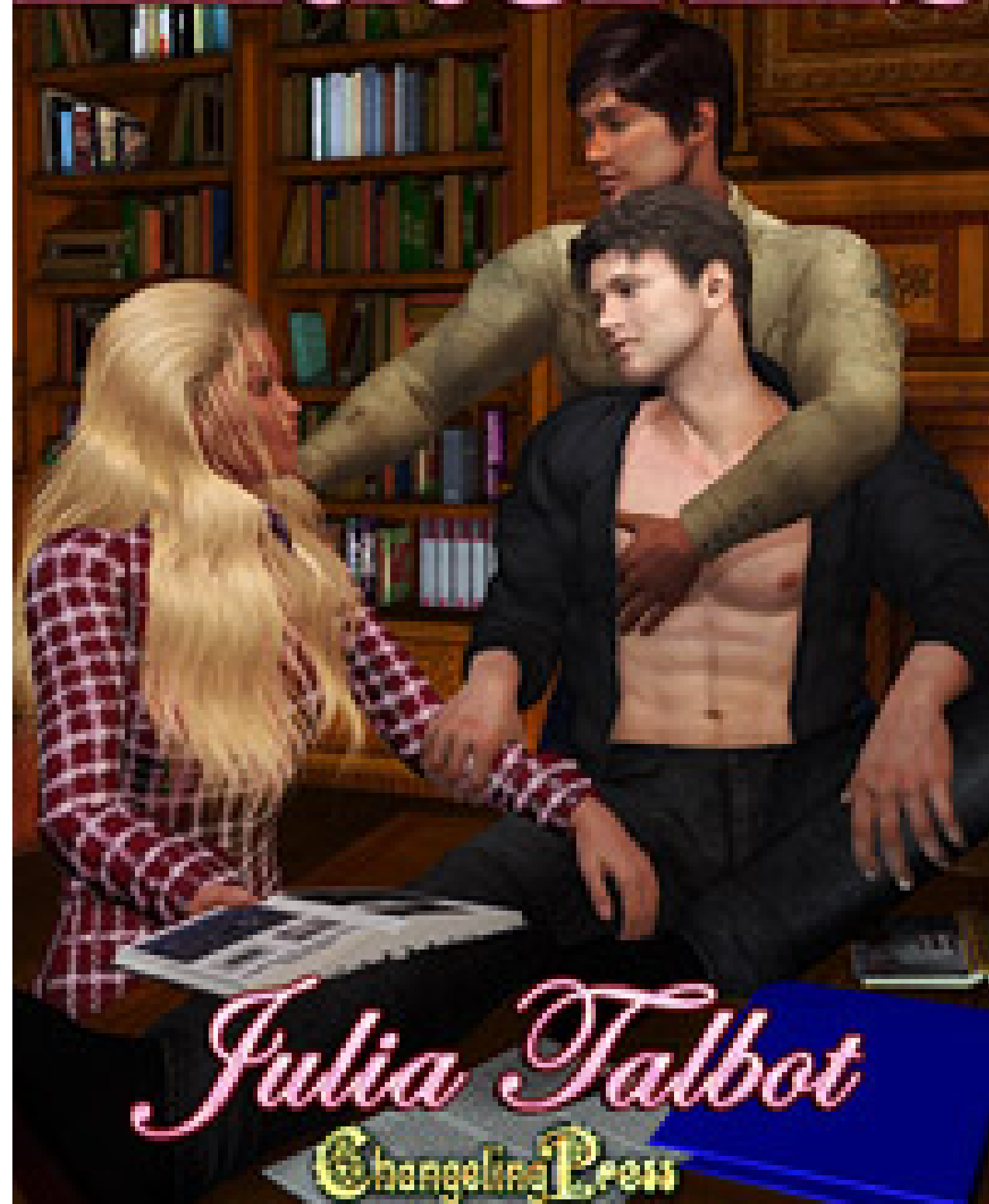


Mystic U **Midterms**



Mystic U: Midterms
Julia Talbot

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Mystic U: Midterms

Julia Talbot

City and country wolves don't always mix...

Danny has decided to stay at Mystic U in the wilds of Wyoming because his new lovers, Heather and Lee, are just too hard to resist. A lot of people want Danny gone, though, and some of them aren't afraid to show it in dangerous ways. Lee and Heather are resolute about keeping Danny with them, and alpha male Lee is determined to keep them all safe. Can Danny pass his classes and manage to stay alive?

Chapter One

City wolves had no damned business being out in the wild. No goddamned business at all. Especially when they were coming to Wolf Creek, Wyoming, and stealing the local natural resources.

Heather was a local resource. It had been bad enough when she'd just been wasting time with that Lee boy. Now, though, they were both fucking around with that slick Danny kid. The one who was sitting out there on the quad, drinking some fancy-assed, half syrup, no whip coffee.

He'd seen the boy order it. The urge rose in him to go and kick the kid's ass right here and now, but he stopped. He'd have to wait. The full moon was coming, and then the hunt would be on. Then it would look like someone just got out of hand, got too excited.

They'd take him down, and maybe take that alpha wannabe Lee as well. Then things would be back to normal. Well, as normal as anything could be with the damned college right there in town.

It would do.

* * *

Danny hummed, hauling his overloaded laundry basket out of the dorm, completely bypassing the basement laundry room. Who needed it when Lee let him come do laundry at the house. House. Wow. House.

Lee had a house. So much for the whole bachelor male thing. Danny thought maybe the pack was pushing that kind of thing because they wanted Lee and Heather to settle down and stop playing with him. Oh, it was almost spring break, and Lee had been right; the pack had come around to him a little. They didn't love him, but a lot of them were nice to him now, and he could have dinner with some of them without feeling like he was being judged and found lacking.

Okay, so a lot of them grumbled at him, but damn. He, Heather and Lee were getting along really well.

Simon, his roommate, thought he'd lost his mind. Still, Simon liked Heather a lot, even if he gave Lee a wide berth. Speaking of Lee, the man himself pulled up in that big old pickup, just in time to help him put the laundry basket in the back of the king cab. "Hey, man." Lee grinned at him, his hand coming to rest on Danny's leg when he settled into the passenger side.

"Hey. Thanks for picking me up. Hard to haul this shit on the bike."

"Uh-huh. Not to mention that you'd never scratch up the bike by strapping shit to it."

"That, too." Yeah, his bike was his baby. So sue him.

"You ready for the full moon?"

Danny wasn't sure if he was, so he pondered that a moment. He was going to run with the pack this time, not with the wolves at the school. He'd had another three moons since that first one, and he figured he was pretty good at taking care of himself. Maybe. He hoped. "Yeah. Yeah, I think I am."

"You could sound more enthusiastic."

"Yeah, yeah. I'm just not a hick yet, okay?"

Lee laughed, the sound warm and fond, and Danny was amazed at how fast he'd gotten comfortable with what was, admittedly, the strangest relationship he'd ever had. He genuinely liked Lee, even if he would never have become friends, or lovers, with the guy if it wasn't for Heather. Pushy little girl. He did adore her.

They pulled up at the little frame house that sat on the edge of town, fields of snow-tinged green out there. Spring was really getting on them. It was kind of glorious, what with the mountains still covered in white and all. Maybe he was turning into something of a country boy after all. Or at least a nature lover coexisting with a city boy.

Lee led the way, and the door was unlocked, just like always. No one locked their door in Wolf Creek. Well, until they got inside. Then Lee locked the door and pulled the laundry basket out of Danny's arms, tossing it to the floor.

"Hold on, babe. If I don't start the laundry now it will never get done tonight." Danny put a hand on Lee's chest, holding the big guy off.

“You can wait five minutes. That’s all it will take for our first orgasm.” Lee brushed his hand aside, pulling Danny up against his chest and kissing him hard.

Oh. Maybe Lee was right. His cock went hard in a heartbeat, just pushing against the fly of his jeans. Damn. Lee could kiss. Toothy, hard enough to press Danny’s lips against his teeth, the kiss made him moan and start to hump, his hips grinding against Lee’s.

An answering hardness met his, Lee hot and ready, even through their clothes. The clothes started to come off seconds after that, Lee’s big hands easing off his shirt, then opening his jeans. “You’re damned good at that, babe.”

“Uh-huh.” Lee grinned at him, eyes twinkling. “You know what you’re best at?”

“Sucking?” Shit, he didn’t need Lee to tell him that. It seemed impossible that he’d given his first blowjob last semester. He’d learned to love it since then, to love the taste and feel of Lee between his lips, on his tongue.

“Bingo. Wanna?” Stroking Danny’s lower lip, Lee raised one brow, waiting.

“Hell, yes.” Danny sank to his knees, knowing it wouldn’t take long for both of them to come this way. He opened Lee’s jeans and pulled that amazing, thick cock out, licking his lips.

Moaning a little, Lee pulled him forward, pressing the head against his lips. Danny opened up and took him in, sucking at the loose skin just underneath, then pressing his tongue to the slit.

Fuck, yes. The first taste made Danny’s hips rock, his cock pushing up toward the hand he moved down to meet it. It all came together in the most amazing circle of pleasure, his mouth, Lee’s cock. His hand, his cock. Perfect.

Licking his way down, Danny worked more of Lee’s cock in. He’d been afraid of choking once, but now he knew better. Lee would never give him more than he could take. Lee grunted, moving now, thrusting into his mouth. Danny stilled, taking it, letting Lee do what he needed to do. Only Danny’s hand moved up and down, stroking his cock until he was dizzy with excitement.

“Dan. Oh, fuck, baby.” Lee called him baby. It had started right after Christmas, and Danny knew he ought to protest, but it was kinda hot. Way better than dude or buddy.

He let Lee feel the tiniest bit of tooth, just a touch at the base, and Lee shouted for him, bucking up. He would swear he could feel Lee’s balls draw up against his chin.

Danny scraped his thumbnail over the head of his cock, his hips rocking. There. Oh, right there. His belly pulled in, his heart pounded, and Danny came all over his hand, trying not to bite down on Lee.

The threat of the bite did it for Lee, too, his come filling Danny’s mouth. Fuck, he’d thought that was gross once. Now he fucking loved it. All he could do was pant, leaning his head against Lee’s thigh.

“Man, it’s a good thing you came to do laundry. You came all over both our jeans.” Lee laughed, the sound breathless as anything.

“And I am so not cleaning the floor, either.” Danny and Lee both jumped, whirling to see Heather standing just inside the front door, keys dangling from her fingers. “Start without me, boys?”

“Mmmhmm. But if you let us get the laundry going, we can give you an instant replay.”

Danny grinned, loving the banter between these two who knew each other so well. Heather wiggled her hips, her amazing tits bouncing, and Danny’s grin widened. Man, he’d better get the clothes in the washer. It was going to be a busy night.

Chapter Two

She reeked of sex.

Little slut. How dare she? How dare she think she could flaunt her crimes against the pack that way and get away with it? The next full moon would show her. They would take her little baby wolf and cut him from the pack, run him to the ground and kill him. Then they would teach Heather and Lee what it meant to be part of a pack and to do their duty.

It would be a lesson no one would ever forget.

* * *

“Hi, Heather! Are you bringing Danny to the ice cream social? I know Lee has to work.”

Heather pushed her ponytail off her neck, the hot spring sun making sweat plaster some of the heavy strands down. She tried to summon a smile for Denise, who she’d grown up with, but the bitch just seemed to know more about Heather’s social life than she did. It was maddening. “Nah. I figured I would just take him somewhere and fuck.”

“Heather! It’s no wonder the pack is talking. I swear, we’d all accept this more readily if you weren’t so awful about it.”

“Awful?” She squinted, trying to decide what that meant. “You mean blatant, or mind your own business?”

“Both.” Her voice going low, Denise moved close. “It’s not like it doesn’t happen. Heck, it’s not like the pack won’t take him in. But you have to learn to play the game a little.”

Heather bared her teeth. “I am. Lee and I are waiting to have sex. We’re not having babies until the pack sanctions it. I would say that’s about all the game I got, Denise.”

“Well, it’s not just about you. That’s what you don’t get.”

“No, I get that just fine. I also get that the pack sent me to college so I could sow my wild oats and get ready to take my place in the pack, blah-blah. If that’s the case, you have to let me do it.”

She turned on the heel of her cowboy boot and marched away, grumpy that she was going to miss out on the ice cream. She really had planned on taking Danny to the ice cream social, but now she would just have to do something else with the guy while they waited for Lee.

“Hey, babe.” Danny met her at the student center, confining himself to a kiss on her cheek when she really wanted him to plant one on her mouth.

“Hey, honey.” Patting his ass relieved the need deep inside her to shock people. “Change of plans.”

“Yeah? Not in the mood for ice cream?” He followed her easily, his hand coming up to hold her elbow.

“Actually, I really want some. How about we go to the store and grab a carton of mint chip?” They could go to the house, or go out to the ranch, or something. Anything where prying eyes would leave them alone.

“Sure. We gonna call Lee?”

“Nope. Maybe we’ll let him find us by scent.” Lee had an amazing nose. He could do it. Oh, that might be fun. Lee would be so damned mad by the time he tracked them down that he’d be ready to tear them up. Both of them. Literally or figuratively. Hell, yes. “You know, we could go to the campus store and then wander, end up at the grove. Can you imagine what Lee will be like when he finds us?”

Danny shivered, glancing over at her, his pretty green eyes dark with sudden need. “Oh, God, babe. That sounds like an amazing plan. We’ll buy some condoms too, yeah?”

“Heck, yeah.”

“Come on.” Now Danny was dragging her, heading for the campus store. They went by way of the little auditorium where the ice cream social held forth, because that was where Lee was supposed to meet them and where he would pick up their scent.

They were probably both throwing off enough pheromones for Lee to track them in five seconds, but it only seemed fair to give him a good trail to follow. Heather stopped Danny in the back shadow of the campus store to give him a kiss, her lips meeting his hard enough to make him grunt.

She wanted to laugh right out loud for sheer joy. Being with Danny improved her mood about a hundred percent. Thinking of Lee and Danny and her together did even more, and getting away from prying eyes like Denise’s was the cherry on top. “Ooh. Cherries. We should get some of them too.”

Danny panted, staring at her, his lips swollen. “Huh?”

“We should get cherries at the store. Whipped cream. We can have sundaes.”

“Lee’s a little fuzzy for that,” Danny said, grinning like the big bad wolf he was becoming.

“Ha, ha. We could shave him.”

“Ew.” Danny shook his head, reaching for her again. “You’re already all smooth.”

Heather ducked. “True. Come on, Dan. Ice cream.”

“You’re such a tease.” There was no heat in the accusation, and he dutifully followed, coming along with her to the store and carrying all the shit she picked out. He earned his boy points these days, having learned from Lee that a man had to cowboy up and carry heavy shit. That was why she kept men around, after all. Carry stuff, kill spiders and have hot sex.

They headed to the grove, and Heather was relieved to find it empty, no one else taking advantage of the warm spring day. She planned to take advantage. A lot.

“We should have gotten a cooler.” The ice cream did look a little melty when Danny pulled it out.

Heather just grinned. “Lee can lick the carton like a good dog.”

“You’re so mean.” It wasn’t like Danny wasn’t grinning back, though, playing right along.

“Shut up and give me a bowl.” The little paper bowls wouldn’t hold up for long, but they would do what she and Danny needed them to. Ice cream, cherries, Reddi-Whip. Yum.

Danny was way more fastidious, layering his components carefully, one atop the other in thin layers. By the time he was done, he almost had an ice cream cake-like thing. It was fascinating.

“You’re such a girl,” Heather said, snorting a little.

“Fuck you, babe.”

“That’s the plan!” She dug in, the ice cream so cold it was a bit of a shock. The whipped cream was fluffy and light, the cherries tangy, and all in all, it was way better than sitting at the auditorium and eating those cheap mini-cartons of vanilla and chocolate.

“I thought you two were going to be at the ice cream social.” The growl came from the trees to her right, making Danny jump. Heather had heard Lee coming.

“It was a drag. We left you a trail.”

“You did.” Lee appeared, wearing Wranglers so tight she could read his pulse right through them. “I have to admit, it was a fascinating one too. Especially back by the store. Hey, you.” Bending to kiss her, Lee grabbed her ponytail, holding her there while he tasted her mouth. “Mmm. Mint chip.”

“We saved you some.” Though looking at the sun through the gap in the grove told her that nearly a half hour had passed. “It might be soup.”

“Damn, baby. You know how I feel about cold soup.” Lee grinned before crouching next to Danny and kissing him too.

God, that was pretty. It made her ache down between her legs, made her want to howl a little. Lee took Danny’s mouth deep and hard, low growls sounding. She squirmed, waiting her turn to touch, letting Lee say his hellos.

A very dazed-looking Danny sat back and blinked when the kiss was over, and Lee settled between them in a classic cowboy sprawl, taking his Stetson off and setting it brim-up a few feet away. Cowboys and their hats. Always brim-up, so you didn’t ruin the shape. Lee had installed a hat hanger right inside

the front door, so he didn't have to worry about it at home.

"As revved up as you were, by the smell, I figured you'd be all over each other."

"Heather was in a rotten mood." Danny dished up a bowl of cream and cherries for Lee. "She needed an ice cream fix first."

Lee's gray eyes went dark, his gaze searching. Knowing. "Who gave you trouble?"

"No one. Denise was just being a shit."

"Denise? No shit?" One of Lee's brows went up. "Do I need to talk to Logan?"

Logan was the pack alpha, and he and Lee had gotten close over the last year. Oh, not that kind of close, though the one time Logan had torn Lee up had been obvious from the bite marks and shit. That had just been a rite of passage, though. "No. I mean, not right now." Heather bit her lip. "It's been better with you, right, Dan?"

Danny nodded, his green eyes just as intense as Lee's. "Yeah. I mean, people have been a lot more accepting since you guys took me under your wing. A few have been growly, but that's always in town."

Grumbling low in his throat, Lee nodded. "Well, you tell me if anyone else bothers either of you. It's my job to keep you safe."

That had her bristling a little. "I'm perfectly capable..."

"So is Dan. That doesn't change the fact that I'm your mate, and therefore bound to protect both of you." Lee got in her face, teeth bared a little. "Got it?"

A super-tense moment passed while she and Lee stared one another down, but it was broken by Danny batting his eyelashes and cooing, "That is so hot, big boy."

They all cracked up, and Lee ate his ice cream, which Heather loved to watch. Danny was almost catlike sometimes, so clean and careful. Lee? He was a big, slobbery wolf who ate like it was his last meal every time. She loved to watch, and she loved to watch Danny watch, wide-eyed, his cheeks hot. Sensory overload was Lee's specialty.

Once the ice cream was gone, Heather swept all of the leavings into a bag and tied a knot in the handles before going to push Danny down and straddle his hips. "Now we can get all busy, huh?"

Danny laughed, his hands coming to rest on her ass. He looked so relaxed, so happy. It was a great look. "We can, but I think you have the positions wrong."

"I do?" Huh. What could be wrong with -- "Oof."

Moving fast, Danny rolled her onto her back, pulling her legs up and out so she was spread open. Then he knelt between her legs and offered Lee his ass. That worked. That worked really well.

Danny started to bend to kiss her, but Lee barked out, "Stop." They both froze, Heather staring up at Lee, Danny craning to look over his shoulder. "Clothes off first," Lee demanded. "That way we don't have to stop later."

“Oh, good idea.” Danny stripped like his clothes were on fire, then went to work on Heather’s jeans while she wiggled out of her shirt and bra.

Both of the boys paused to stare at her tits, which made Heather giggle and shake them a little so they bounced. They were such guys. She reached up, lifting them and squeezing them together, and Danny and Lee both moaned. “You’re the only one with clothes on, Lee.”

Lee shook himself before his starched shirt, Wranglers and boots went flying in all directions. Obviously, Danny took that as a sign, and bent to lick at her nipples, first one, then the other. Lee muscled up behind Danny; she felt his heat on her bent legs, spreading her even more. Danny moaned, his head lifting so he could stare into her eyes. Oh, yeah. Look at that. “You like that, don’t you, Danny? Like it when Lee rubs his cock right there, right up against your ass.”

“God, you have a filthy mouth. I love it.” Danny kissed her belly, his lips hot and wet, before moving down toward the vee of her spread legs. “And yeah, I love Lee’s cock too.”

“Good.” Lee grunted. “Did you happen to get lube at the store?”

“Nope. We forgot the condoms as well.” Heather tried to act repentant, but that just meant Danny would get fucked and Lee would have to use his mouth to get Danny ready. Oh, the horror.

Chuckling, the sound rough as a cob, Lee disappeared behind Danny, and soon enough, hard moans were echoing against her thighs as Lee licked Danny’s ass.

Heather wiggled, reminding Danny that she was open and ready, and that she needed him damned bad. That hot mouth found her clit, Danny taking the hint and getting down to work. Her hips started to rise and fall, her belly drawing in with pleasure. Heather heard Lee rumbling, growling, and the wet sounds of mouths on skin. Danny was crying out against her every few seconds, Lee working him over hard and good.

Three fingers slid inside her cunt, Danny giving her no warning at all, and Heather howled, her fingers scrabbling at the earth on either side of her, searching for something solid. It got better when Lee rose up behind Danny, his big hands on Danny’s lean hips as that heavy cock pushed into Danny’s ass. That gave her something to focus on, something to watch.

Pleasure crashed over her in waves, her nipples so hard that she just had to pinch them, trying to get a little relief. Her clit throbbed under Danny’s tongue, and her wet pussy clamped down around his fingers.

They rocked together, Lee’s strong thrusts pushing Danny against her cunt, that long tongue working her until she thought she’d go crazy. She thrashed a little, trying to get more, to get closer to both of them. Danny gave her what she wanted, his fingers thrusting in and out, his breath hot on her when she grunted.

“Oh, fuck.” The desperation in Lee’s voice told her he was roaring toward the finish line, and Danny shook with Lee’s thrusts, every one making that lean body shudder. The vibrations added just the extra touch Heather needed, and she cried out, ripples of pleasure pushing out from her cunt and up her spine, her orgasm finally going off like fireworks in her brain.

“Christ.” Danny lifted his head to look at her, and his eyes went wide and cloudy, his ass pushing back so hard his back arched in an impossible bow. His come fell on her leg, his shout ringing out through the trees.

Finally, Lee grunted, slamming into Danny so hard that all three of them slid across the ground before collapsing together in a tangle of arms and legs.

“I needed that.” Heather stroked Danny’s thick hair; his head had landed on her upper belly, just below her breasts.

“Looks like.” Lee growled a bit. “I’ll talk to Denise.”

“No, you won’t,” she snapped. “This is a girl thing. You leave it alone.”

“Baby...”

“No.”

“Give up.” His voice muffled by her skin, Danny chuckled. “She’s got it set in her mind. You can’t win.”

“You’re no help,” Lee grumbled, pinching Danny’s hip. “But if something else happens, you have to tell me. Deal?”

“Deal.” That worked for her. It satisfied Lee’s big, alpha need to protect them, but let her make her own way. That was really all a girl could ask.

Chapter Three

Rage filled him, and it was almost too much to wait for the roommate to leave. Almost. Once the skinny geek was gone, though, Danny’s room was fair game.

He tore it up with all of the violence he wanted to spend against Heather and Lee and especially the little outsider. He wanted to hurt them all. The full moon was still too damned far away, and he had to let a little of his rage out or he would explode.

Books, bed, clothes; he shredded it all. They would learn. Oh they would learn, damn them. All of them. He would make sure of it.

* * *

“Hey, Simon, guess what I did instead of going to the ice cream social...” Danny trailed off when he opened the door to his dorm room, the smell of piss and male anger strong enough that it hit him long before he saw the mess.

“Oh, God. Simon? Simon!”

There was no answer, but Danny scrambled through the piles of torn clothing and shredded mattresses to check anyway. No bodies in the closets. Thank God. Popping his cell phone open, Danny stared at his room, which was just trashed. He dialed Simon, hoping to hell that his roomie was okay.

“Hello?”

“Simon? Hey, man, are you okay?”

“Huh? Yeah. I mean, I’m at the cafeteria, so death might be imminent, but I’m fine.”

“Uh-huh. Did you happen to do some redecorating before you left?”

“No? What’s the matter, man? You sound all tinny.”

“Our room has been tossed.” He’d seen this a thousand times on the news in the city, but he certainly never expected to see it at Mystic U.

“Okay, say that again?”

“Our room. It’s been tossed. Your laptop is missing.”

“I have it with me. Shit, man. I’ll be there in five. Call campus security.”

“Good idea.” It wasn’t security he called when he hung up with Simon. It was Lee. “Lee?”

“Hey, baby! Change your mind about coming to the house?”

Danny laughed, the sound edged with hysteria. “Looks like I might have to. Someone trashed my room. Simon is okay.”

“Trashed your room?”

“Yeah. And pissed all over it too.”

“Fuck! Get out of there and go somewhere public. I’ll meet you at that little courtyard next to your dorm. Now!”

“He’s not here anymore, babe. I have to wait for Simon.”

“Goddamn it, you stubborn puppy. Wait for him outside.”

“Don’t you yell at me.” His feet moved though, carrying him out and down the stairs, then out to the courtyard. Shivering, he stood there among all the kids playing Frisbee and studying and looking so normal. “I’m outside.”

“I’m three minutes away. Hang in there, baby.”

“I am.” No, he wasn’t gonna fall apart or anything. It was just freaky, thinking of his riding leathers up there, lying in a puddle of piss.

“Good on you, baby. Running with the wolves has been good for you, huh?”

“Yeah.” Yeah, it had. Lee was right. Six months ago, he would be pitching a royal screaming fit right about now. At this point, he was just working up a healthy dose of pissed off.

“Dan?” Simon came trotting up, his ever-present messenger bag slung low across his body. “You okay, man?”

“I think so. Simon is here, Lee. I’ll see you in a few.”

“I’ll be right there.”

Danny hung up, staring at Simon. “I didn’t call security.”

“Okay.” Simon put a hand on his arm. “You sure you’re okay?”

“I am. I was mainly worried about you.” Once he’d known Simon was okay, it was all about the “whoa, stinky.”

“Well, I’m good. Let me call the cops, huh?” Simon called campus security and was finishing up just about the time Lee showed.

“Hey.” Lee touched his arm before nodding at Simon. “I’m gonna go up and look before security comes. Fewer people to muddy up the smells that way.”

“I’ll come --”

“No, you won’t.” Lee jerked his head at Simon. “You keep Danny down here, okay. He’ll distract me.”

“Got it.” Simon grabbed Danny’s arm, holding him when he would have followed. “Dan, Lee knows everyone. Like literally. If there’s a scent marker, he’ll recognize it.”

“Oh. Okay.” That made as much sense as anything, and was a way better explanation than, “Lee is alpha,” which was how it usually came out in the conversation.

They waited, and it seemed endless. Security showed up and Lee came down before they went up, his lips set in a grim line, a sealed bag in his hand.

Two hours later, Danny and Simon were allowed to go and see if there was anything they could salvage. Heather was there by then, and she took one look, cursed viciously, and took Danny and Simon both by the arm.

“Wal-Mart, boys. Now. Come on. They’ll seal the door until we can get some help with the cleaning.”

That was the best offer he’d had since Heather and Lee had asked him to come home with them earlier. In a way, he wished he had. Then again, that would have left Simon to deal with the mess, and Danny was kind of glad he hadn’t.

An hour later, he had jeans, underwear and shirts to last a few days, and Simon was outfitted, as well.

“You can come back to the house with us, Simon,” Heather said, patting Simon’s arm.

“Nah. I called Kylie. She’ll let me stay over.”

Kylie was Simon’s newest girl and she seemed really nice. Danny had only met her once, being a little busy with his love life to be social at the dorm, but he figured Simon would be safe there.

They took Simon to Kylie’s, checked on Danny’s bike, which was safe, thank God, and then went back to Lee and Heather’s, where Danny collapsed on the couch.

“Okay, so tell me what you took from my place, Lee.”

“Huh? Oh, just a piece of clothing that was... soiled.” Lee grimaced. “I couldn’t identify the scent signature, but I don’t think it’s a college kid. I thought I’d take it to Logan.”

“That’s a good idea.” Heather wasn’t great at the tea and sympathy routine; she was too much action girl for that, but she’d been a trouser all evening.

“Yeah. Thanks for everything, guys. I just... Who would want to do this?”

“I can think of a bunch of folks, offhand.” When he stared, Lee shrugged. “We’re not exactly following the rules. Some people here are pretty old-fashioned.”

“You think this is because of our relationship?” It had never even occurred to him. God. In the city, no one knew anyone’s business. You tried to ignore your neighbors’ sexual gymnastics.

“Well, I can’t think of any other reason. Have you or Simon pissed anyone off?”

“Simon is the least pissy-offy person I know.” Danny chewed his thumbnail. “Shit. I -- God.”

“Well, then, I’ll take the bag to Logan, you stay here with Heather and get calmed down a little.”

“I think it’s a bad idea for any of us to go anywhere alone until after the full moon.” Hugging her arms over her chest, Heather looked back and forth between him and Lee. “Aggressions rise during this time of the month.”

“She has a point.” Not that he was worried about staying at the house with Heather. She was a stud, he’d learned a lot about taking care of himself since last semester, and the house was defensible. No, he was worried about Lee.

“I need to know you two are safe.” Lee frowned, his dark blond brows drawing together.

“Too bad.” Heather’s chin stuck out at a stubborn angle. “We’re going.”

They all had a bit of a stare down, and Lee finally blew out a sharp breath. “Let me call Logan, see if he’s even at a place where we can intrude.”

Lee turned away, pulling out his cell, and Heather came to give Danny a hug. “Are you okay, hon?”

Danny pondered that a moment. “I’m coping. That’s good, right?”

“That is.” Reaching up, she stroked his cheek, her fingers a little rough with calluses like the farm girl she was, but the touch gentle. “I’m sorry.”

“Hey, this might not even be about me.” Simon might have pissed off some mage, right?

“Lee told me about your riding leathers. I think this is about us.”

With a sigh, Danny nodded, knowing she was probably right. “So what do we do?”

“Well, this is where we’re lucky, honey. Lee is good at this pack shit, and with the way your room was treated, it has to be a wolf. We leave it up to him and Logan. This is why I keep him around.”

That was a laugh and a half. Danny pulled her close, nose against hers. “Bullshit. You keep him around because you love him.”

She chuckled, rubbing noses with him. “That, too. Don’t worry, Dan. He’ll handle it.”

Danny nodded, hoping she was right. He could live with that.

Chapter Four

Lee wanted to tear something to pieces.

Who was he kidding? He wanted to tear apart whoever had messed up Danny’s stuff. Shit, he could understand why some of the pack might not be pleased with the relationship he, Danny and Heather had created, but it wasn’t the wolf way to sneak around and hide if you had a beef.

Any wolf knew he had to issue a challenge face to face, so this guy was a fucking coward. Bastard.

He stomped the mud and slush off his boots before stepping up onto Logan’s porch. The head wolf lived on the very edge of nowhere, in a great old frame ranch house. It was always welcoming, even if the man himself was not.

Sometimes Logan got a little grumpy. Lee figured he had a right, the way he had to take care of everyone all the damned time. Man had yet to find a mate to work the frustrations out with, too. That had to suck big, hairy donkey balls.

Lee didn’t even have to knock. Logan met him at the door, his nose already working. His forehead wrinkled up. “Smells like... Smells familiar. Come in, man.” They went inside, Logan taking the bag from him. “You want a beer?”

“Hell, yes. I feel bad, leaving Heather and Dan like this, but I need to calm down.”

“Of course you do. They’re yours and someone threatened them.”

Lee nodded, sighing a little. Logan got it, didn't think he was overreacting and all. Didn't ask him if maybe it was about Dan's roommate.

"I want a piece of him. Who is he?"

Logan opened the bag. "He's definitely one of ours, but I don't know which one, not for sure, anyway. There are some older males who only come in once in a blue moon. I know the scent, though."

"Damn." That fucking sucked. One of their own fucking pack. Lee had grown up in Wolf Creek. He thought he knew everyone. If he didn't, his parents did. Jesus.

"Yeah."

"So, what do we do?"

"Well, you and your pair will have to sit tight. I'll get a crew together that I trust and start looking for this guy."

"Not good enough." That wasn't gonna work. Lee wanted to hunt this guy himself.

"What?" Logan had these amazing eyes. Light brown, with green flecks. They flashed when Logan growled, moving toward Lee, a hand coming up super-fast to grasp him by the neck.

"Damn it, Logan. These are my mates."

Logan shook him a little, squeezing until Lee coughed. "You're pissing people off, Lee. I'm not saying they're right, I just think you need to step back and think." Lee tried to speak, but Logan cut him off with another squeeze. "You're going to go home and protect them while I figure this out."

He stared into Logan's eyes, finally sighing and nodding.

Logan let him go, then pulled him close for a bruising hug. "You know you're special to me, Lee. I will get this guy."

"I know. I just..."

"You and Heather are really into this Danny, huh?"

"Yeah." Lee shrugged. "I don't know why, because he should be just another one of Heather's one-offs. He's got something, though."

"You mean he likes to fuck."

"That, too." Chuckling, he clapped Logan on the back. "It's more, though. He fits."

"Uh-huh. What happens when you and Heather start having babies?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it." They'd all thought about it. He and Heather had talked about it. "I still have to talk to Heather's folks about how I want her because I adore her, not because we're betrothed from childhood or some shit."

Talking to Logan about it had been sort of anticlimactic. Logan just stared at him, then shook his head and said, “Duh.” Logan snorted. “She’s so human sometimes.”

“The girls always are.” They shared a look of complete commiseration. “What about you? Anything on the lady front?”

“Not yet.” Logan let him go and stepped back. “Sooner or later the girl will come along who doesn’t care about my status, huh?”

“I guarantee it. Heather sure doesn’t give a shit about mine.”

“Yeah? That must be a good thing.”

“It is.” It had never occurred to Lee that Logan might be lonely, but he guessed they all had their secrets. Every once in awhile he remembered to be grateful for Heather, who just laid it all out on the line, no bullshit. Games, yes. Bullshit, no.

“What about Danny?”

Lee laughed out loud, feeling better, more even. “He doesn’t know enough about pack politics to know I have status. He thinks I’m just a hot redneck. His mom and dad are, like, pack separatists.”

“You think they were turned, not born?”

Was that possible? “Can turned wolves have a wolf baby?”

“Absolutely.” Logan sounded pretty sure, and the alpha was the keeper of all the lore and shit.

“Well, maybe, then. They’re all citified.”

“That’s unnatural.” Logan went to the kitchen and pulled two beers out of the fridge. “Sit with me and have that beer?”

The scent of Logan suddenly completely overwhelmed the bits of leather in the bag Lee had brought with him. “Is that all we’re having?” Lee asked, moving in close again to grab one bottle.

“I won’t press, but I won’t say no to helping you blow off some steam.”

Lee might have felt guilty about that as well, but he’d been raised in the pack. Logan was the alpha. When the alpha wanted you, it was kind of impossible to say no. The mating drive took over in a hurry. He set his beer on the counter, grabbing Logan’s and putting it aside too. “I like to blow. You know that, huh?”

Logan’s expression turned feral, and he reached out to grab Lee’s belt buckle, making Lee’s pulse race. “I do.”

“Then we’ll get to catching this guy, huh?”

“You know it, Lee. I protect my own.”

That was the God’s honest truth, and Lee was glad of it. He only hoped that if he ever led his own pack,

he would do half as good a job.

Chapter Five

Heather cooked.

She wasn't a great lover of fine dining or anything, but she could make bacon and eggs, and rage left her wanting to eat. She beat the hell out of half a dozen eggs, watching the yolks and whites come together to make a gooey mess.

"You okay, babe?" Danny slid up behind her, his arms going around her waist.

It cracked her shit up that he called her and Lee both "babe," just like Lee called them both "baby." Boys. So predictable. "I'm all right." Luckily, she hadn't turned the heat on under the pan she'd laid the bacon out in, or she might have started to burn something. Danny was getting grabby hands. "What about you?"

"I'm mad. I would have been scared a while ago, but right now, I'm mad. I wanted to be able to look forward to our first moon together, not worry about the Boogeyman."

"Yeah." Yeah, that was it exactly. She wanted to tear something apart with her teeth, damn it. Danny deserved to run with the pack.

"Where the hell is Lee, anyway?"

Heather snorted. "Fucking Logan."

"What?" Danny recoiled just enough for her to turn and face him.

"Don't get all indignant. Logan is the alpha. That's the way it works. Besides, your ass will thank Logan later for letting Lee get all that aggression out. He's a bear when he's pissy."

"Shouldn't that be a wolf?"

"Ha." She whapped his chest, right above his nipple. "I'm sorry, Dan."

"For what?" His eyebrows went up, his mouth quirking a little.

"For getting all your stuff messed up. I mean, if I hadn't hooked up with you..."

"I blame Lee." She started, and Danny laughed, his eyes twinkling. "Think about it. You've flirted with a lot of guys. Maybe more. Lee was the one who decided to keep me."

“True.” Huh. She’d never thought of it that way. Call her shallow, but it helped with the guilt. “Sweet. Wanna neck?”

“God, yes.”

Half hour later they were still on the couch, kissing slowly, taking comfort from the touch, when Lee came in. It hadn’t gotten wild and hot. It was just being close.

“Hey, you two. Everyone okay?” Lee moved her butt so Heather was more on Danny’s lap, Lee sitting behind her, his body crowding them both. Oh, he smelled good. Hot, musky, all bruised up.

“We’re good.” Danny peered around her head at Lee. “You?”

“Fine. Better, anyway. Sorry, I had to have a beer with Logan and all.”

“A beer.” Turning slightly, Heather whapped him just like she had with Danny earlier. “We’re not stupid.”

“I needed to unwind before I came back here.” Lee drew in a deep breath. “Logan is looking into it. I’m supposed to keep an eye on you two.”

“Nice.” No wonder Lee had needed to work off tension. He hated to have control taken out of his hands. “What about the moon?”

“Well, if Logan doesn’t catch the guy before then, he’s got a plan.” She could tell by the way Lee’s shoulders went up that he didn’t like the plan. Not one bit.

“He’ll find the guy, right? I mean, how big can a pack be here in Wyoming?” Danny asked.

“Not as big now that we’re off the endangered list, but bigger than you think.”

“Oh.” Suddenly Danny seemed a heck of a lot more unsure.

Heather bent back around to kiss the left side of his mouth. “It’ll be fine, honey. You’ll see.”

“I hope so.” Danny gave them a smile that was almost convincing. “Can we all go take a shower now?”

Lee hooted. “You saying I stink?”

Heather answered that one. “You reek. Come on, baby. Dan. We’ll go scrub up.”

She knew what Danny was feeling. Like he was dirty because his stuff was. Lee would probably never get it; he had all the emotional maturity of a carrot. She understood.

Hopefully, Logan would just find the guy fast and that would be that. An example would be made, the pack would close ranks. That was the best case scenario. Heather really didn’t want to think about the worst.

Chapter Six

Danny woke up feeling warm, safe and horny as a goat.

It had been a long time since he'd come awake with morning wood this hard and happy, and he pushed against whatever was pressing down on his cock, making a humming noise deep in his throat. Fuck, yeah. That was the ticket, for sure.

"Mmm." A male voice answered with an even happier noise, and Danny had a moment of complete panic, worrying that he'd crawled into bed with his roommate, Simon.

Then he realized three things. The ass he was all snuggled up to was round and soft, not hard and male. The male voice came from the other side of the body he was pressed up against. Finally, the bed was about three times the size of his dorm cot.

Heather and Lee. Amazing, that he couldn't remember having woken up this way before, as he'd been at the house a lot to have hot monkey sex. Hot wolf sex. Whatever.

Blinking, he opened his eyes and looked at Heather. She was still sleeping, but a smile spread across her face. Danny glanced over her shoulder at Lee, who was definitely not asleep. Those bright gray eyes were watching him right back.

"Hey, baby."

"Hey, Lee. Thanks for letting me stay the night, man."

Lee's eyes widened. "Letting? Dude, you belong here."

That put a ball of warmth right down in his belly. It helped his cock not one bit. In fact, the words made his cock ache a little. "Thanks."

"Mmm. Listen to you two, being all sensitive and shit." Heather laughed, her eyes stubbornly staying closed, her dark blonde lashes resting on her cheeks.

Lee smacked her ass, the sound ringing out loud in the room. "You're a regular comedian."

"So, are we skipping work and class today?" Heather asked, stretching long, her breasts bobbing against Danny's chest.

"Mmmhmm. I called around last night after you two crashed out." Lee nuzzled at Heather's neck, and it was so pretty that Danny moaned. "Left messages. No one is expecting us."

"Excellent." Heather finally opened her eyes, grinning at him before slipping up to give him a kiss. Yum.

Danny kissed Heather back, deciding right then that he wasn't going to worry about it today. Lee was confident that Logan could handle it, so he would be too. He would spend a lazy day with Lee and

Heather, in bed and out, and he'd check in with Simon to make sure he was good, but that would be all he did about the mess.

Feeling better already, he took another kiss, then another, letting Heather be the best medicine ever. She laughed, the sound happy and hot, while she rubbed up and down on him, her body covering his.

Lee pressed up behind Heather, growling a little, his eyes glowing at him over Heather's shoulders. "I could just eat you two up."

"Promise?" Feeling daring, he reached between Heather and Lee, feeling up Lee's cock, teasing with the very tips of his fingers.

"Fuck yes." That cock jerked in his hand; Lee bucking against both of them, which pushed Heather's soft body down against him.

"Mmm. Oh, my boys." Sharp teeth stung Danny's neck, Heather biting him, not too hard. Just right.

"You know it." Danny rubbed Lee's cock against Heather's ass, and Heather's eyes lit up.

"Get condoms, Lee. I have an idea."

Lee groaned, but moved fast, rolling over to rummage in the bedside table. Then he was back, handing Heather both condoms. She'd knelt up over Danny, and now she opened a condom and rolled it down over Danny's raging morning wood, smoothing it into place. That actually helped back him off a little, giving him some control.

"You too, Lee." Heather turned to smile at Lee over her shoulder, which made her breasts do amazing things, pulling up to the perfect, perky centerfold shot.

He heard Lee snap the condom into place. "What now, baby?"

"Now Danny goes here..." Heather rose up, taking Danny's cock in one hand to hold him still before sliding down over the head of Danny's cock. Tight. So, so tight.

"I like it." Lee's voice came out guttural, and the look he shot Danny over Heather's back almost burned Danny to a crisp it was so hot.

"You'll like this even more. Get your fingers wet and get your cock all slick." Heather was moving already, rising and falling like she just couldn't stay still, and Danny moaned, reaching for her breasts.

"Okay." Lee sucked his fingers, which might have been the most perverse thing Danny had ever seen somehow, then reached down, his hand moving out of sight.

"Now, you go here." Heather reached back, and it took a moment, but both Danny and Lee realized what she meant about the same time, and both of them just howled when Lee slid home inside Heather's ass.

"Christ! Heather. Baby. I can -- Dan, I can feel you."

Danny could feel Lee too, right there inside Heather, and he squirmed, trying to get more.

Moaning, Heather bounced on them, pushing down, then back. Her tits filled Danny's hands, her cunt grasping him, squeezing, and no one could stay still. Bucking, Danny pushed up, feeling the pressure when Lee slammed down, Heather caught between them, suspended in a net of pleasure.

The scent of their rutting rose around them, hot and musky and enough to make Danny's mouth water. He panted, listening to Lee growl love words, listening to Heather cry out over and over.

The pressure built in his balls, the very idea of what he and Lee were doing to Heather enough to make him want to come, even when the reality was better than he could ever imagine. If he died tomorrow, today he was a happy man.

"Boys. Danny. Lee. Someone touch me." Heather flailed, trying to get to someone's hand, and Danny unclamped one hand from her breasts, but Lee beat him to it. Those thick, strong fingers pressed down to Heather's clit, rubbing hard, pushing Heather even higher.

When Heather came around him, it was like an earthquake or something. She shook, her voice high and thin when she called their names, her head falling back against Lee's chest.

Lee moaned, the sound agonized, and Danny could feel every pulse of Lee's cock, every tiny movement.

Seconds later, Danny went off like a rocket, his cock aching as he shot, his balls emptying hard. He probably filled the damned condom to overflowing, as hard as he was pushing, as strong as each pulse moved through him.

They collapsed together, all of them panting, all of them laughing a little. "That was a damned fine idea, baby," Lee said, kissing Heather's nape, one hand stroking down Danny's side.

"I try. Morning." Heather kissed Danny on the mouth before turning her head to Lee let have the next kiss.

It was a surprisingly good morning, and in a weird way Danny had to be grateful to whoever had ruined his room. Waking up with Lee and Heather could become addictive.

Chapter Seven

It hadn't worked. His warning had fallen short, obviously, because the little city wolf hadn't gone away. No, instead Lee had gone to the alpha who'd been sticking his long, sensitive nose into everyone's business.

He'd had to quit watching, because the alpha had put a sentry at Lee and Heather's house, a big male that Lee was related to.

Frustration boiled up inside him, but he didn't let it overwhelm him. Instead, he used it to focus his rage. The first night of the moon came tomorrow.

Tomorrow Lee and Heather and their little city wolf would pay.

* * *

"You ready to run with the big wolves, Dan?" Lee clapped Danny on the back, rubbing a little to release the obvious tension he felt in Danny's muscles.

"I think so."

"Don't sound so sure." The sun was making its way toward setting, and the moon was coming. Lee's skin and bones told him, feeling wrong in their human form.

"I just wish your Logan had found the guy who trashed my room, is all. Maybe I should go run with the campus pack."

"No way." Baring his teeth, Lee growled a little. "They can't protect you like I can." He would protect what was his, both Danny and Heather. He'd fucking tear anyone up who came near them.

"My hero." Danny smiled, his dark eyes a little haunted. Hunted.

"You'd better fucking believe it, baby."

"You two ready to roll?" Heather came out of the bathroom wearing a loose pair of sweats and a T-shirt, and she was still the hottest thing Lee had ever seen. God, he loved her. He would talk to her folks in the morning, now that he'd talked to Logan. Let them know it was a love match as much as a pack thing.

"Ready." Danny gave them both a smile, and this one reached his eyes.

"Let's go, then."

The pack tried to get as far away from town and the college as they could when the moon came, no one wanting to harm the non-wolf folks who lived among them. They met at a pre-arranged location, usually determined by Logan, and picked for terrain and game availability. They headed out in Lee's truck, and almost an hour later they got to the big clearing where everyone was parked, the moon riding Lee hard. His hands shook on the steering wheel when he hit the brakes for the last time.

"Remember, baby. Stay close." He said it to both of them, knowing he needed to be able to protect them from whoever or whatever the threat might be.

Heather nodded and Danny grunted, and Lee figured that was as good as it would get. Lee nodded at his cousin Gabe when he got out of the truck, knowing the big guy was there to protect his lovers, just like he was.

Everyone milled around, probably two hundred werewolves were there, ready to start the hunt. There would be some fighting, some fucking, and a lot of running. That was the way of it.

Danny crossed his arms over his chest and hunched his shoulders. Lee glanced at Heather, and as one

unit they moved close, bracketing Danny in safety and warmth.

“It will be okay, baby. I promise.”

“I know. It’s just weird.”

Yeah, Lee imagined it was. The campus pack was way, way smaller than this. The scents alone had to be overwhelming. Logan came by, not saying a word, but nodding at them, those sharp eyes scanning the pack, his long nose vibrating.

Lee was sniffing too, trying to catch the scent of the guy who had trashed Danny’s room. With no luck, damn it.

“Here it comes.” Heather bounced and grinned. His girl loved the full moon, loved letting the wolf take over.

The moon broke free of the clouds in the sky overhead -- *andboom* . Lee’s body began to change, his face elongating, his arms and legs pulling in, then out as he sprouted a tail and ears. He’d learned long ago not to fight it; it was way less painful if you just let the wolf out of the cage instead of making him break the bars.

His senses sharpened as all four paws hit the ground, and he smelled his mates, then his alpha. There was another scent there, something he was supposed to be searching for, and Lee fought the urge to let the moon carry him off on his monthly scramble for prey. He stopped, his head tilting, his nose picking up every scent in a half-mile radius. There was Gabe, right there, six feet to his left. The sweet and spicy scent of Heather was close, too close for his good sense, almost. Then there was Danny. Less earthy, smelling almost like rain and cinders...

There. There it was. The trail of the asshole who’d tried to hurt what was his. Lee took off, following it, trusting Danny and Heather to be at his heels, to be close enough for Gabe to protect their back trail.

He ran, the tracks clear now. The wolf he followed wasn’t in the best shape, had a few too many pounds on him. He ran with a limp on one side, the right front foot, which rang a little bell in the human part of Lee’s head, but that wasn’t the part he was really thinking with.

When the trail led him into a copse of trees, Lee skidded to a stop, not wanting to fly right into a trap. The scent trailed off there, which was weird as hell. Danny padded up beside him, tongue lolling, nose twitching. A soft bark from Heather told Lee that she thought the whole thing was messed up too.

Where the hell had the guy gone, and why was the scent trail just nonexistent now? Gabe nosed his hindquarters, growling a little, wanting to run. Wanting some kind of action. Lee agreed. Damn it, where was the asshole?

The crack of a rifle shot made them all scatter. A sharp yelp from Gabe indicating a hit of some kind. Lee whirled, biting Danny so hard that Danny yipped and ran, his inexperience showing. It was just what Lee wanted, needing Danny to get away. Heather gave him an agonized look, then took off after Danny, just like she was supposed to, leaving him and Gabe to face the threat.

Lee moved into the shadow of a tree, his senses so attuned that he could hear every crackle of movement, from the rabbit that ran past at twenty feet to the wheeze of Gabe’s breath.

There was no sign of the shooter, though, and no sign of the werewolf who had led them there. Nothing.

Lee waited, even though patience wasn't his strong suit, hiding out to see if anyone came after Gabe, which would be logical since he was the wounded prey.

No one came.

Lee went to see to Gabe, who lay in the small clearing, on his side, blood spattered around him. When Lee got close though, Gabe sprang up, shaking like he'd been doused with water. They stared at each other, Gabe's head tilting, for long moments before Lee scented the air one last time and turned tail, heading out after Danny and Heather, needing to make sure they were safe.

Whoever this guy was, he was not only a coward, threatening Lee and his mates. He was endangering the whole pack by enlisting some very human help. If Lee had thought it was a matter for Logan before, now he knew he had to make Logan aware of this new development as fast as he could.

Every single one of them was in danger when regular humans entered the picture.

Epilogue

Sun. Sand. Heather in a bikini.

Danny had never imagined he'd be so glad to see spring break come. The second full moon had passed since that first attack, and things had gone from bad to worse.

Two werewolves had died since whoever it was after them had shot at Lee, Heather and him, and they were no closer to finding the culprit. Shit, in a place like Mystic U and Wolf Creek, it should have been easy as pie, but it just wasn't.

Logan was about to foam at the mouth.

Simon had been the one to suggest that they all go to the beach for spring break, and Lee had agreed wholeheartedly. Danny hadn't really realized how much stress they had all been living with until they got to Padre, settling into their rented condo with the private pool.

Now Lee and Heather were looking happy and tanned and... horny, if the way Heather was kissing Lee was any indication. Danny watched for a moment, fucking blown away by how pretty they were together.

Then he got up and went to join them. He was never really one for self-denial.

The moment Danny's hands landed on Lee's skin, he got a moan, and two sets of hungry eyes stared up at him. "Hey, baby. Gonna join us?"

“Mmm. Only if we go in where there’s a bed.” Chaise lounges left waffle weave prints on his ass.

“Sounds like a plan,” Heather said, grabbing his arm to lever herself up. She kissed the side of his mouth, humming a little. “You look a lot happier, honey.”

“I feel it.” He loved Wyoming and Mystic U, but he hated feeling like a hunted animal. “This is good.”

“It is.” Lee rose too, putting one hand on his ass, the other on Heather’s. “Hopefully it’ll all be over by the time we get home.”

“Yeah. Hopefully it will.” If it wasn’t, Danny was worried that Lee would do something stupid to draw the guy out. They needed to avoid that at all costs.

For now, though, he was going to forget all about Wolf Creek and the moon and people with rifles. Heather in a bikini and Lee in nothing but some coconut oil were just impossible to resist.

Julia Talbot

Julia Talbot has been assimilated by Texas, where there is hot and cold running rodeo, cowboys and smoked brisket. A full time author, Julia has been published by Torquere Press, Suspect Thoughts, Pretty Things Press and Changeling Press. She can most often be found in coffee shops and restaurants, scribbling in her notebook and entertaining other diners with her mutterings.

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