

Changeling Press

Mystic U

WOLF 101

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101

Julia Talbot

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Werewolf Danny thinks that going to a special college for magical creatures is the stupidest thing he's ever heard of, especially since it's in the middle of nowhere, Wyoming. Then he meets local pack member and fellow student Heather, which changes his tune. The only problem is that Heather already has a guy, a werewolf named Lee, who really doesn't approve of college boys, and is not sure he wants to share. Can Danny get an "A" in Wolf 101, or will he flunk out of Heather and Lee's lives?

Chapter One

Danny figured going to college was a damned waste of time.

Going to college out in the middle of frickin' nowhere was even worse. Wyoming, for Christ's sake. Skiing, his mother had said. Reconnecting to nature. Like a werewolf needed to connect with nature to be real, or something.

His mother had never set foot in the woods in her life. Or the mountains, save to go to Switzerland to catch a gondola up to get hot buttered rum.

Still, the scenery wasn't so bad, was it? Oh, the craggy mountains were okay. Majestic, even. The trees and shit were pretty. The little blonde in the front row with the rack to die for? That was even better. She was the perfect thing to distract him from the lack of Thai food and the proliferation of flannel and cowboy boots.

Her name was Heather, which made him smile every time he thought of it. Like her parents were stuck in the eighties or something. Who named their kid Heather these days? There were a lot of throwbacks at Mystic U, though. A lot.

The official name of the college was the Wyoming Institute for Metaphysics. Danny thought it was kind of an innocuous name for a university full of werewolves, fairies and witches and shit. In a way, he guessed it was good to know that everyone around you was like you. A freak. That way you didn't have to worry about who to tell.

In a way, it was bad. Take Heather, for instance. She was part of the local wolfpack there in Wyoming, and that meant she had a lot of big, burly protectors who looked like cowboys and loggers. It was nearly impossible to get close to her.

That wasn't going to keep him from trying again.

When the professor dismissed them, Danny glanced down at his blank notebook page and grimaced. He was going to have to beg the notes off his roommate, who had old man Seagram in his nine o'clock class. Good thing Simon was an egghead.

Heather disappeared out the door just about the time he got packed up, and Danny stumbled over his own feet to get out there and find her. He had a plan. It involved the hot roast beef sandwich at the little diner right off the campus grounds. There was a chill in the air, and he'd bet that and a hot chocolate would net him a date if he could get between Heather's many relations to talk to her.

Her blonde ponytail bobbed along, and he followed it through the sea of bodies, the scents enough to make his nose twitch. This one smelled like saltwater, that one like kitty musk. It was distracting, but Danny was pretty determined.

Heather turned on him at the end of the hall, clutching her books to her chest and smiling. "Hi."

Danny came to a screeching halt, all but slamming into her. "Uh. Hi."

"You're following me. Danny, right? You're new."

Up close, her eyes were the prettiest bright blue, and her skin really was that clear. She had to be the cream of the crop in her pack. No wonder she had all sorts of alpha males all over her. He wanted to be all over her in the same way. Just look at her boobs. "Danny, right. I was wondering..." Dude, he was suave. He was a city boy. He'd mastered the pickup line at least five years ago, at the ripe old age of fifteen. So why was his voice all squeaky?

"Uh-huh?"

"Lunch? I hear the place across from campus has good roast beast." There. That was more like him. Cool. Casual. Not drooling.

"They do. They have good pie, too." She tilted her head, her smile widening. "Do you have a car?"

"Nope." Her face fell, and Danny bit back a grin. "I have a motorcycle."

"No shit?" When she bounced her tits went up and down. Jesus, they were a sweet pair. "Then I suggest a diner a little farther from all of my nosy neighbors. There's one in Graybull, about thirty minutes from here. They have even better pie."

Wow. She was... aggressive. Sure of herself. Danny liked it. "Then let's go. I'm in visitor parking."

"Oooh. You live dangerously." She took his arm instead of waiting for him to take hers, leading him down the stairs and out to the quad, then down the walkway to the visitor lot in front of the admin building. Heather squeezed his hand when they got there. "Tell me the Harley is yours."

"The Harley is mine." It was vintage, a 1980s white and chrome masterpiece. Danny fucking loved it. It had a pillion seat, so she'd be comfortable.

"That is so hot." Heather hopped on, bouncing some more.

Danny tore his eyes away from her front and gave her his back. She slid her arms around his waist, and man, the whole school thing was getting better by the minute.

"So where are all your nosy neighbors? Usually you have a big old escort by now."

"Lee has jury duty. Can you believe it? The rest of the bachelor males never do anything without his say-so." He could feel her shrug against his back. "He must have forgotten to call in the reinforcements."

"Do werewolves get jury duty?" Man, that had to suck. What if you got sequestered?

"They do in Wolf Creek, Wyoming." She squeezed his waist. "Let's go, huh?"

"Hang on."

Danny opened the Harley up, following Heather's directions to the highway. Then he let it rip, putting on a burst of speed that made her squeal.

* * *

The diner had really good patty melts, which Danny tried on the urging of the waitress, and even better pie. The best part of the cherry pie had to be watching Heather lick it off the spoon. She wasn't even pretending not to flirt with him. She was a living-dangerously girl, for sure. "Do you always come on this strong?"

She blinked, her face going a little blank. "Well, no. I mean, I like the way you smell, so I was going for it."

"Oh." Well, cool. Danny brightened. "Then that's okay."

"You are so weird." Crossing her arms over her chest, Heather stared at him.

"I'm a city boy." That generally seemed to explain everything to the people around here.

"Right. Which is also weird. What kind of wolf grows up in the city?"

"Me." He couldn't help that his mom wanted to do some science experiment about integrating were-folk into society at large. It was fucked up, but it was his family.

"Well, Mr. City, if you're going to make fun of me, we're not going to do this."

"Are we going to do something?" That sent his pulse racing. "When? Where?"

"Not here." Heather winked, her foot coming across under the table to poke his shin. "Today is good, though."

"Okay. Do you... I mean, I live in a dorm."

"I know." She bit her thumbnail, her head tilted to one side. "It's a nice day. I know where to go."

Damn. She was going from zero to sixty in just moments, and suddenly Danny's cock was so hard he could hardly sit still. Driving was gonna be a bitch.

"I'm ready." He stared her down, making sure she understood.

"Then let's go."

* * *

God, this was fun.

Heather hadn't felt so free in a long, long time. The engine on that Harley was amazing, and it thrummed under her butt, making her giggle. Danny felt good in front of her, warm where the wind around them was cold, and he smelled like the beginnings of good sex.

Wouldn't Lee hate to admit she knew what sex smelled like? Really, sometimes it sucked to be betrothed to the up and coming pack alpha from like, birth.

They were headed off down a back road between Greybull and Wolf Creek, where there was an old line shack the cowboys used to use. It was deserted now, but all the local kids knew it as a make-out spot. It was the perfect place to get their groove on the first time. A little naughty, a little chance of getting caught... Yeah. Perfect.

The bike slid to a halt at the end of the lane, throwing up a little gravel. "We walk from here," Heather murmured, hoping he wasn't one of those guys who had to keep an eye on his bike at all times.

"Cool." Danny slid off the bike and helped her off, holding her hand long after she needed it for balance. "Over there, huh?"

Nodding, Heather broke free and took off at a run. Sometimes she really was such a wolf. If he wanted her, he would have to be able to catch her, proving he was worthy.

She could hear him behind her, his biker boots pounding against the hard-packed dirt, his jeans thwapping against the tall grass. Her heart slammed against her rib cage, but it was excitement, not fear that had her thumping.

He caught her, just outside the little cabin, his hand slipping though her ponytail and landing on her shoulder. She twirled neatly, shoving at his chest, which clearly took him by surprise, because he landed on his ass on the ground, yelping. Heather burst out laughing, unable to keep it in.

"Shit, girl. You trying to kill me?" There really wasn't any heat in it, at least not the angry kind. No, he was all hot and bothered in a different way. The way his cock tented up his jeans told her way more than anything she heard in his words.

"Nope. Just keeping you on your toes." The door yielded easily, and while the place was a little musty and strewn with empty beer cans, it would do just fine.

Danny came in behind her, brushing dry grass off his butt. "What is this place?"

Oh, yeah. He so wasn't from around there. "Old line shack. Like in the cowboy movies?"

"Huh. C'mere." He got a little grabby, but she didn't mind a bit. When his hands landed on her hips, pulling her close, it felt just right.

She half expected him to bury his face in her boobs, the way he'd been staring at them for days, but he was gentleman enough to kiss her first, his mouth hot and good and oddly spicy when he pushed his tongue into her mouth. Kind of exotic. Wanting more, Heather pushed him again, watching him stumble back and thump to the floor.

Man, he really wasn't used to a girl doing the doing. She pulled her shirt off and undid her bra.

"Cowboy movies, right?" He grinned up at her, looking a little feral. He tugged his shirt off, then went to work on his jeans. "Gonna ride me?"

"Mmm. I like the way you think. If you have a rubber, then I'm ready to giddy-up."

His grin widened, and he pulled a little foil packet out of his pocket. Woo-hoo. She was ready. Foreplay was overrated, at least when you'd been flirting as long as they had today. Her pussy was wet, her thighs were a little shaky, and Heather just about killed herself getting out of her boots and jeans.

"Oh, babe. Let me admire a second." Danny held up a hand to stall her when she moved to straddle him.

Hey, she could go with that. Heather preened a little, running her hands over her belly and up to lift her breasts, showing off for him some.

His cock jumped visibly, his skin flushing dark all the way down his chest. "God, I knew you'd be amazing. You're stunning with your clothes on, let alone like this."

She slid to her knees, legs slipping down on either side of his thighs. So cute. "Thank you. Less talk, more action."

"Christ." Staring into her eyes, Danny nodded, ripping the condom open. "Come on, babe. Ride."

"You know it." She took the condom from him, smoothing it down over his cock, which was nice and thick, not too long, and curved a little to the right. It was very respectable, as cocks went. Hard as a rock too, and ready for her. His balls pulled up when she touched him, and she knew he was close. Really close.

"Oh. Thank God." When she made a questioning noise he grinned. "The condom helped back it off a little. I'm ready."

"Fast off the mark, huh?" That was cool; she was ready too. She rose up, pulling his cock against her pussy lips, rubbing it around a bit before letting it sink into her. He spread her, made her feel like she was really pushing it to fit all that inside her.

Too damned hot.

Her hands on Danny's chest, Heather started to move, sliding up and down, squeezing his cock with her pussy every time she dropped. The friction started to get good, his skin heating up everywhere she touched. She figured he was just gonna lie there, though, which was too bad. He was a looker.

Like her thinking it snapped him out of some sort of funk, Danny finally started to move, his fingers clamping down on her hips so he could pull her down, grinding up against her.

Oh, yeah. Better. Much better. Especially when he unclenched one hand from her hips and pressed it between her legs, sliding his finger across her clit. That had her crying out, her head falling back on her neck, her ponytail brushing her ass. "More!"

"Like that, huh?" He did it again, then again before almost pinching, but not quite.

"Yes!" God, that felt... Wetness rushed out of her, her belly drawing in and her thighs quivering. One more almost-rough touch and she was coming, her body shaking with each little rush of sensation.

"Oh..." He moaned for her, his cock pushing deep inside, and she could feel every pulse of his release. Damn, she could smell him, hot and male, and she was grateful for the condom. His line was strong.

Even if he was the least alpha werewolf boy she'd ever met.

Chapter Two

"That's the guy."

Lee followed the line of Jason's pointing finger, his eyebrows going up when he saw the kid his girl was fooling around with. "That's him? He's wearing pussy shoes." That little guy wore designer jeans and these weird-assed running shoes. He'd last maybe five seconds in a Wyoming blizzard.

Jason snorted. "Well, yeah. What are you gonna do? Heather likes to mess with you, man."

"Yeah. Thanks, Jase."

Jason left him, and Lee watched a while longer, pondering how it sucked sometimes to be engaged but have no real claim to his lady until she was ready to settle down. It was a pack thing. Heck, if she even once showed a tiny bit of jealousy when Lee fooled around on her, it might be better.

The kid was hot enough, he guessed, pussy shoes aside. He had pretty green eyes and a shock of dark hair that was artfully arranged over a broad forehead. He was built lean and long, not broad and heavily muscled like Lee. That was okay.

The worst part was that he smelled like Heather. Lee's girl thought he didn't know she had wild monkey sex when he wasn't around, but damn. He wasn't stupid, and Lee had one of the best noses in the whole Wolf Creek pack.

When the kid was done stuffing doughnuts and orange juice cups on a tray, he headed out of the little café, and Lee followed. He watched the little, tight-packed ass, admiring it, probably the same way Heather had. He could see the draw. Not just physically, but mentally. The guy was totally new. Completely different. Something exotic. That wasn't gonna keep Lee from fucking with him.

The kid headed out to a bench, one of those perfectly placed things by a tree. Some dryad's doing, no doubt. It shaded Danny all romantic-like, which made Lee roll his eyes. Make that a horny dryad.

Lee put his hands in his back pockets, doing his best "aw shucks" cowboy, and headed over. "You're looking happy, man. You get laid?"

Danny's head snapped up, those goldy-green eyes focusing on him. "Do I know you?"

"Well, you fucked my girl. I guess that makes us brothers under the foreskin."

The shocked look was worth it all. Made Lee want to howl with laughter, but he managed to stay menacing with the frown and all. He thought Danny might just fall over from the shock.

"I -- What? Look, I don't know..."

"Heather. Blonde? Tits to die for? You did her while I had jury duty." Lee put a growl into his voice, letting Danny think the ass-kicking was about to commence.

"Oh, shit. I know you. Lee." Holding up both hands, Danny slid off the bench, sidling like a crab to get around it. "I didn't... She said you don't... Crap."

Danny bolted, leaving doughnuts and juice behind. Lee grabbed them before he took off in pursuit, feeling like that cartoon skunk, trotting along behind a desperately running pussycat. His legs were that much longer. He herded Danny a little, cutting off one avenue of escape by veering sharply to the right, pushing the kid toward a little copse of trees that some misguided forestry student had planted back in the eighties. That would give them the cover they needed.

Really, did the city kid really think a little ground cover was going to make him harder to find? Chuckling, Lee followed, slowing when he reached the gap between the first few trunks. "Hey, you forgot your doughnuts."

The rustle of a large animal moving through the underbrush told him Danny was trying to circle around the little grove toward the Ag building. There was a clearing that he could use to his advantage, and he would drive Danny there. It was kind of like

herding sheep or cattle, which Lee had a hell of a lot of experience with. Sheep were kinda scared of the wolf in him, just like Danny.

A sharp crack allowed him to pinpoint Danny's location, and Lee put on a silent burst of speed, skirting a heavy deadfall and moving right for the clearing. Danny would stop there for a breather. It was the natural place to do it, and the kid thought he'd outrun Lee. The weight of his footsteps said that loud and clear.

Lee had just hit the clearing when Danny burst into it, breathing hard and a little wild-eyed. "Hey," Lee said, grinning and holding out the bag of doughnuts.

"Shit!" Danny tried to back off, but Lee lunged and caught him with the hand not holding the bag.

"Calm down. I'm not going to kick your ass. Much."

"Bullshit! You're not going to kick my ass at all." Danny jerked away and slapped at his hand, all defiance.

It was easy to see why Heather had been so intrigued. The kid was a baffling mix of beta and tough guy. Maybe it was the city upbringing. Maybe it was the lack of pack structure. Lee was always willing to give someone a lesson about that.

Quick as a wink, Lee reached out, his fingers closing around Danny's neck. The gurgling sound of panic gave him some nice wood. Some real nice wood. Yanking Danny to him, Lee pushed his cock against that flat belly, feeling warmth and fear.

"Stop." The word was tiny, tinny, and it made him bare his teeth.

"No. I figure if Heather gets to sample you, so do I."

"What?" Those green eyes went wide, Danny managing to draw a deep breath despite the pressure on his windpipe. "That's... What the hell?"

That always made the new guys a little freaked, his willingness to play. "What? Don't bachelor males do that where you come from? Prevents unwanted babies. A lot easier than a condom."

"Than a... You're insane. And we don't have packs of bachelor males where I come from." Danny murmured something else that Lee missed.

"What?" He shook Danny a little, like a domesticated dog with a stuffed toy.

"I said, if there were I wasn't invited to play!"

"Well, that's your problem, huh?" Laughing, he spun Danny around, pressing up against that tight little ass.

"What do you want from me?"

"I want a taste of what Heather had." God, this was fun.

"Uh. I'm a dude."

A dude who might be holding Lee off like a timid virgin, but who was starting to smell interested. Very. "I know that, dummy."

"Danny."

"Right, well. Now we're introduced, so we can get to the fucking."

Danny jerked against him, trying to push away. Not that it worked. Lee had a good hold with one arm across Danny's chest, and he reached down with the other to push against Danny's cock.

"So... So what are you? The pack alpha?" That lean body shook, Danny obviously trying hard to stay still.

"No." Lee leaned down to put his mouth just next to Danny's ear. "No, our alpha would blow your mind."

A hard shiver wracked Danny's body. "Well, then you have no right to --"

"Sure I do. You did my girl. Tit for tat."

"She's your girl because her parents said so? That's bullshit too."

Danny's cock was telling Lee all sorts of stories, and they had nothing to do with fear or bullshit or any of that stuff. No, they had to do with yes and please and do me do me do me. So much for the whole I'm a dude, you're a dude, which is a no thing.

"Oh, she's mine, Danny. Make no mistake. She knows it as well as I do. I'm letting her have her college years to play, but we both have pack obligations."

He didn't let Danny draw too much breath to answer, because he pushed his hand down the front of Danny's designer jeans, grabbing the hot, bare cock.

"Christ! That... Damn."

"Mmm. Nice." It was too. Thick. Hot. Already damp at the tip. He had to see. Working his fingers back up, he wiggled around until he found Danny's button, popping it open so he could work the zipper down.

"Oh. Fuck." That was it. That was the little sound that Lee needed to hear to know that Danny was lost.

Lee pushed Danny's jeans down around the thighs and held on with one hand while he used the other to open his own jeans. That way he could rub and hump while he stroked. Oh, who was he kidding? He was replacing Heather's scent with his. Good thing it felt really good.

They moved, Danny giving up the idea of fighting him, rocking into his hand. Lee knew from experience that sometimes a man's hand felt better than a woman's. There was no hesitation, no struggling to get the rhythm. Just jacking.

"Damn it. I don't... Oh, shit. That's good."

"It is. Come on, man. Show me you know how to be part of a pack." Lee dragged his thumb down the underside of Danny's cock, his hand slapping against Danny's tight balls at the bottom of the movement.

"Uhn!" Danny came for him, wet and hot and all over his hand. The tight ass pressing back against Lee's cock squeezed, and Lee rocked against the hot cheeks, letting his own orgasm paint the skin there with come.

Every other scent disappeared, replaced with his musk. "Much better." His lips grazed Danny's ear. "Wanna share your doughnuts?"

Danny laughed, the sound a little hysterical. "No. You can buy me brunch. At the diner."

Lee nodded. That seemed only fair. "I can do that. Zip up."

They'd have some food, bond over roast beast. They'd talk about Heather's boobs. He would find out when Danny was going back to the city. It would be great.

Chapter Three

Danny tried to concentrate on his basic statistics, but the numbers all swam a little, his thoughts drawn to the moon outside.

Two more days and it would be full. Apparently Mystic U had a ton of options for its were-creatures when it came to the whole full moon thing, from patrolled and fenced hunting grounds to custom cages. Danny had always spent the full moon caged at home, and had thought that was what he'd signed up for at college...

Now he wanted to run with a pack, thanks to that damned Lee.

His book jumped off his desk, landing on the floor with a thud. Danny jumped too, before glaring over at his roommate, who had a real talent for telekinesis. "What the hell, Simon?"

"You're not concentrating. In fact, you're like the black hole of sucking instead of concentrating."

"Fuck off."

"Seriously. What's up with you?" Simon came over and sat on their little couch, which leaned a little drunkenly next to Danny's desk. "You've been off."

"Great. You're comparing me to meat?"

"No." Simon poked at the pile of papers on his desk. "Dude. You haven't turned in your shifting preference papers yet?"

"No." Sighing, he leaned back, rolling his head on his neck. "I just can't figure out what to do next, you know?"

"No. This is simple. Caged or free-range chicken."

"I'm not a werechicken."

"Oh, for fuck's sake. This requires beer." Simon crawled across the couch to the mini-fridge and pulled out two beers. The egghead had blossomed in the last two weeks, thanks to the foamy goodness of hops and wheat.

"Thanks."

They sat silently while they worked through the beer. Then Danny drew in a deep breath. "You're not from around here, right?"

"Right. I'm from Nebraska."

Danny tried hard not to snort. "That's kind of middle of nowhere, so maybe you can help."

"I've also been here three years."

"Dude!" He stared. "Then why are you in Seagram's 101 class?"

Simon shrugged. "Changed majors. So. Spill what's bothering you."

"A girl. Named Heather."

"Ah." Simon nodded, his expression instantly sympathetic. "Then you have the Lee issue."

Danny stared harder. "There has to be more than one Heather here."

"Sure. Lots. Only one that hot, that local, and that likely to put that look on someone's face." Simon smacked his shoulder. "She's a hot one, though."

"Yeah. You have no idea." Well, he hoped Simon had no idea. The idea of sloppy seconds after Simon was kinda... Ew.

"Well, I've heard. Her fiancé is scary, though. I hear things about him about as often."

"You do? He doesn't go here." Lee was too old to be a college student at twenty-six. Right? He'd said he had a job when they'd had brunch. Hell, Lee'd had jury duty. No college student would actually go to that. They'd duck it.

"Shit, he's here all the time. He works for the college. Almost everyone does. He's in the Ag department. Cowboy up."

"He does have the cowboy look, huh?" The tight Wranglers were a good look. So were the boots. They tilted Lee just enough that his ass looked amazing.

"Uh-huh. So did he try to kick your ass?"

"Bloodthirsty." Danny thought Simon liked the idea a bit too much. "No. I mean, he came after me, yeah."

"Dan. You didn't."

He didn't bother to ask what Simon meant. The incredulous look let him know that Simon knew exactly what Lee's reputation was with Heather's other guys. "I did." He would again, too, given half a chance.

"Shit. That's weird. Doing the girl and her guy."

"Tell me about it." Heather might be the one to kick his ass.

"What are you going to do, man?"

"I don't know." He really didn't. He'd have to play it by ear.

Simon clinked their beer bottles together. "Well, what are you going to do about the moon?"

Danny grabbed the papers off his desk, grinning a little. He marked option B. "I think I'm gonna run with the wolves."

Laughing, Simon nodded. "That's a start."

* * *

"I can't believe you." Heather whapped Lee on the chest, pushing him back with every word. "I can't believe you went after him. You had no right, you know?" Lee was looking damned smug, and she wanted to hit him even harder. She wanted to wipe that smile off his face.

"What? He's a hot little beta."

"You're sick and sad." And hot. Did she mention hot? Damn him. He looked good, smile and all.

"Come on, baby. You didn't think I was going to let that one pass, did you? Besides, he'll be gone by winter break. He'll never make it through the snow season."

"No?" She didn't think Lee was giving Danny enough credit. He was a city boy, but there was some grit under the greenhorn. "You wanna bet on that?"

His eyebrows went up, but his grin widened into something hot and happy and feral. "Sure. What do I get if I win?"

Heather stuck her hands in her back pockets, knowing it made her boobs stick out. "What do you want?"

"How about you have sex with me for a change?" He said it casually, but there was a dangerous undertone there.

"Oh, come on. We both know I'm not ready to have babies yet."

"I'll use a condom."

"Bullshit," she snapped. "We all know that's why you do the boys while you're biding your time. You hate them."

"The boys or the condoms?" When she balled up a fist to sock him, Lee held up his hands. "I will use one. I promise."

"I could suck you instead." Moving closer to him, Heather reached out and ran her fingers down his chest, all the way over his belly to the waistband of his jeans.

"You could do that now, just to give me incentive to take your bet." He grabbed her hand, pushing it down against the swelling that pressed against his zipper.

"That might be cheating. You haven't asked what I wanted if I win." God, he was big. She'd known he would be; she'd seen it under his clothes enough. It was amazing to think she'd never done it with him. Heck, she'd never teased him like this before now, preferring to think he thought she was pure as driven snow. *Sh-yeah*. Right.

"What do you want if you win?"

"I want you to go to the alpha and tell him you'll only marry me if I agree to it, not my parents."

He actually took a step back, all the teasing and touching coming to a screeching halt. "What? You -- Baby, I thought we were playing. I thought we had an agreement."

"We do." She couldn't explain it, but it had to be because he wanted her, and she wanted to do it. If he went to the alpha like she asked, it meant he wanted her enough to face up to the pack. She would say yes.

Lee searched her face, staring into her eyes for long moments. Then he nodded. "Okay. You have a bet."

"Shake on it?" Heather held out her hand, feeling weirdly formal.

"You can do better than that." Lee grabbed her hand and yanked her up against his chest, bending so his mouth could crush hers. Oh, hell, yes. That was definitely better.

* * *

Danny couldn't believe how nervous he was.

He'd been doing the full moon change thing since he was old enough to remember. Well, probably before, but there was no way he could draw on those experiences. Thing was, he'd never been out in the open, never not been in a cage.

Now, he was in a fucking field in Wyoming, waiting for the moon to rise to the point of change. There were probably fifty other were-creatures out there. Danny smelled them, heard the tall grass rustle. The only one he could see was his mentor, Alan.

Alan seemed nice enough. He'd picked Danny up at the dorm, explained all sorts of shit on the way past all the Ag extension buildings, and had Danny sign a waiver and a sign-in sheet at a little plastic table manned by some kind of warlock professor.

"Now, you'll have to follow my lead," Alan told him. "You'll have the urge to run amok in the first few moments, and I'll have to nip your belly and throat to keep you in line." Danny raised a brow and backed off a step. Alan just shrugged. "You've been cage raised. You have no idea how primal it is to be able to run. When I take you down, your natural pack instinct will kick in. It's not personal."

"Okay." Right. He could do this. At least, he thought he could until Alan started stripping down. Jesus, he'd seen more naked people in the last few weeks than he'd seen in his whole life.

"Lose the clothes," Alan said, jerking his chin up toward the moon. "We're almost a go."

"I don't know, man."

"Hey." The single word came out as a bark. "You don't have time to pussyfoot now. Get them off."

"Okay, okay." His fingers fumbled, but he managed to get shirt and jeans off and piled next to Alan's on a large, flat rock.

"Good. Now, mark this spot so you can find it again."

"Mark it." Danny pondered that a moment before his mouth dropped open. "As in pee?"

"Yeah. You have two minutes to make water. Can you feel it?"

"Why? What..."

"So you can find it again. Come on!"

Danny shook his head. "Turn your back."

"Sure." Alan gave him a, well, wolfish smile, and whirled about.

Danny tried to work up a good urination, but all he could produce was a weak drizzle. Apparently it was good enough, because Alan all but vibrated, sniffing loud enough to hear.

"That okay?" Danny went to zip his pants up, but they weren't there.

"Yep. You ready?"

"No."

Alan laughed, almost howling at the end. "Too bad. It's time."

It was time. His heart began to pound, his blood racing through his veins. His bones creaked, his body started to change. He'd always dreaded this part, always endured it. Somehow, this time, it felt freeing. Painful, but necessary.

When the change left him, Danny threw back his head and howled at the moon for the first time in his life. Run. It was time to run. Run, run, run.

He turned, his tail up, his feet already moving. Before he took even two steps, another wolf bowled him over, rolling him in the grass, pushing him to his back. He snarled, trying to snap at the Other, but he couldn't reach the shaggy ruff, the heavy shoulder.

A low growl sounded, and teeth closed on his throat, causing him to freeze where he lay. The Other had dominated him, and quickly. He put his paws up and let it happen, relaxing with a whine. The Other jumped up, shaking from nose to tip of tail, panting at him, tongue lolling. Somehow Danny understood, knew it was time to run now, as long as he followed the Other.

They ran, streaking across the field, the Other barking when they caught the scent of a deer. Prey. Yes, hunt.

The wolf who was Danny howled his joy to the night, knowing he would never allow himself to be caged again.

Chapter Four

"So, what are you doing for Thanksgiving?"

"Huh?" Danny rolled his head to glance over at Heather who lay next to him on a blanket, making shapes out of clouds. It amazed him, how you could go someplace this open and never see another soul. Wyoming was sparse with the people.

"Thanks-giving," she intoned, poking him with each syllable.

It was a good thing he thought she was cute. Fucking hilarious too. "I don't know. Heck, I just got past my first full moon." It had gone okay. The local pack wasn't involved, sadly. They had their own place to play. Still, it had been... exhilarating. He and three other werewolves had brought down a deer. His mother would be horrified.

"Well, you should stay here. Your family doesn't do much, right?"

"No." It amazed him how much she knew about him just from four dates. Well, two dates, two booty calls. Danny felt like he didn't know her at all. "What do your people do?"

"People." Heather cackled. "I have people?"

"You know what I mean." His cheeks heated. Sometimes his city-casual language bit him in the butt out here.

"I do. Chill." She touched his wrist, fingers sliding against the thin skin right over his pulse point. Which made said pulse jump.

"So?"

"So, we're really traditional. Pot luck, with lots of turkey and ham and potatoes. Someone always brings roast beef. We have lots of pie. Lee says you should come."

"Lee does?" His pulse jumped again, his heart beating so hard he could hear it. Singly, Heather and Lee were devastating. Together, they were like a juggernaut. "What do you think?"

"I think it would be fun. If you're gonna be here."

Danny squinted at a cloud that looked like a hippo. "I don't see why not. I'll call my mom today."

"Cool!" She rolled over and planted a big old kiss on him, which made him moan and grab her. A tiny part of his brain had to take time to focus on how she'd been pushing him to hang around campus for every break, but the rest of his mind ignored it. Those other parts were all involved in how her sweatshirt-covered breasts smooshed against his chest. Soft, warm, intensely feminine: God, they felt good. So did her butt, which fitted in his hands perfectly when he reached down to help her straddle him.

They broke to breathe, and Danny opened his mouth to ask why she was so excited about a stranger coming to Thanksgiving, but she kissed him again, driving the thought into the ground. Her mouth felt like heaven. Oh, God. Her mouth. Now he was thinking about all the things that mouth could do.

"You're all red." Heather stroked her thumb over his cheekbone. "What are you thinking?"

"I was thinking about you sucking me." Something about Heather invited blunt honesty. A man didn't have to dance around the subject with her.

"Yeah?" Her head tilted, her blue eyes brighter than the sky up above. "What do I get in return?"

She was all about the quid pro quo. He'd figured that out on booty call one. "Whatever you want, honey." He would give it. Her mouth would be worth it.

"Even if I want to call Lee and get him down here?"

"You -- damn, girl. You just cut right to the chase." His cock was pounding against his zipper, though, wasn't it? He was doomed. "Call him."

"Yes!" She bounced, making his eyes cross. Her little phone appeared in her hand, and she rocked against him a little while she dialed.

"Lee? Hey, man o' mine. I'm out here on Wylie Ranch with Danny. Uh-huh." She chuckled, squeezing her thighs together, putting pressure on Danny's groin. "I'm gonna blow him. If you can get here in time, he says you can do him. Bye." Heather flipped the

phone closed and tucked it away, throwing her head back and laughing. "He might just kill himself getting here."

"You might kill me before he gets here." His cock was going to explode if she kept slamming her hips up and down.

"No killing. Just sucking."

"I can get behind sucking." Heather slid down his legs, opening his jeans as she went, pulling them down to his ankles. She undid his shoes and pulled them and his jeans all the way off.

Now he could feel the dry grass under the blanket, poking him in the butt. It wasn't awful, he was just too sensitive already, everything pressing in to overwhelm him. The air felt cold on his hard cock, the promise of early fall heavy-duty up at this altitude. "I would rather you got on it."

"Ha-ha." She grinned at him, spreading his legs and arranging him to her satisfaction.

Sometimes he wondered what she would look like decked out like a dominatrix. She was good at pushing guys around. He gave up caring when she bent to his cock, her breath hot for a moment on the head before her lips closed around him, sucking him in at the tip. Her mouth did feel like heaven. Warm, wet, and pulling hard at him, just how he liked it. She used her tongue, dragging it up the underside of his cock, pushing his flesh against the roof of her mouth.

Jesus, the friction felt like fire, like an explosion of pleasure at the base of his spine. He held on and didn't come right away like he wanted to, because it would be fucking embarrassing, and Lee would give him no end of shit. He just knew it. Not to mention the fact that it would end the whole thing right now, and he needed her mouth. Needed it.

Humming, Heather worked him good, one small hand coming up under his balls. She closed her fingers around them, tugging them down, and Danny moaned with relief. That helped, backing him off from the edge a tiny bit more. The shapes in the clouds overhead moved from zoo animals to erotic art in a heartbeat.

Danny sucked in a deep breath and let his hips buck and roll, taking everything Heather gave him and then some. He reached down to stroke her hair, which she'd let down out of the ever-present ponytail, pushing his fingers through the heavy stuff.

"God. Yeah. Heather." That was about all he could manage. Not exactly the stuff of romance novels, but it worked for him.

Worked for her, too, he guessed, because her laughter pushed a burst of warm air against the head of his cock, making him arch like a bow. His muscles trembled, and his cock swelled, and Heather tugged his balls again. Thank God.

The torture went on and on, so fucking delicious that he wanted to scream. Finally Danny did scream, just for the pure pleasure of it, for the release of the pressure -- which was when Heather bit him, just the tiniest bit. Right under the flared head. Danny shouted again, his whole body going stiff, his heels drumming on the ground. He came so hard that the sky blurred in his vision, becoming a weird, watercolor thing like the Impressionist art he'd seen once in New York.

He lay there for who knew how long, panting, stroking Heather's hair. She just rested her head on his thigh and hummed some weird little tune, petting his balls every so often. She was waiting. He could tell.

The sound of a pickup truck tearing into the field finally stirred her, and Heather sat up, her hand on Danny's belly. "'Bout time you got here, Lee."

"Yeah, yeah. I had a little trouble getting away." Listen to that growl. Danny craned his neck so he could see Lee, who looked dangerous. Alpha. Hot.

"We're waiting." Heather bounced up and went to kiss Lee, which left Danny out of breath, even lying on the ground doing nothing.

"I thought you guys had never..."

"We haven't." Lee put an arm around Heather's waist and pulled her over. "We're working on it, though. You look debauched, man."

"You look good enough to eat." Shit. Did he say that? He was so easy.

"We can do that too. In fact, I think it's a great way to start." Lee started stripping, right out there in the middle of nowhere, and Danny rolled up on one elbow to stare.

The man was built like a brick shithouse. All muscle, heavy through the chest and shoulders, lean through the washboard abs and narrow hips. The legs were works of art, as were the sinewy arms. He liked Lee's hands; he remembered that from their last encounter. The rest looked like it would be even better.

He wasn't too sure he wanted to contemplate Lee's cock, but there it was, standing out hard and proud, flushed dark red. The scent was wild, pure wolf, making his mouth water, which he would never admit to anyone. Ever.

Lee knelt beside him, reaching out to pull Danny's shirt off. "Someone was lazy and just went for your jeans, huh?"

"Lazy!" Heather whapped Lee on the arm. "I was very busy."

"Well, get busy again. I want to see you naked, baby."

Danny gaped. "You've never seen her naked?"

"Sure. At the full moon and all."

"Wow."

"Shut up and suck." Now it was Lee's turn to straddle him, only that tight ass landed on his chest, Lee's cock pushing at his lips.

Danny almost balked. He wanted, but he was scared that Lee would choke him. He didn't have Heather's skill here. At the last moment, though, he opened up and took Lee in, sucking good and hard so that Lee's cock slid right into his mouth. Salty. Bitter. The taste wasn't unpleasant, though. It was just different.

Lee's balls nudged his chin, and Danny closed his eyes, concentrating on the feel and flavor. Heather started touching him, adding another layer of need, his cock rising again to the occasion.

The way Lee started moaning, he had a feeling that Heather was at work on Lee's skin too. It was amazing, the slide and push of flesh in his mouth, the feel of Lee's

thighs against his arms and sides, the way Heather lifted his cock and gave it a few good jerks. Danny got a little lost in it, his ears ringing, his breath heaving in his chest.

When Lee came it was almost a surprise, filling his mouth with come, the sounds of Lee's orgasm falling around him. Danny blinked, letting Lee's cock slip from between his lips, trying to make his brain work.

"You were supposed to fuck him, Lee." Heather sounded a little petulant.

"I did, in a way." Lee laughed, a rough, hoarse sound. "You just need to not be the only one who hasn't come. Get over here, baby."

Heather came to Lee, who pushed her to straddle Danny again. He was starting to feel like a prize pony. "Rubber?" Lee asked him, nodding to his jeans, which lay a few feet away.

"Yeah. In the pocket."

Heather laughed, bending to kiss him. "Such a Boy Scout."

"Nah. That's a hick thing. I bet your man there was one."

Lee snorted. "4-H."

"Yeah. You should see him with sheep. They're terrified of him." Heather grabbed the condom from Lee and ripped it open, sliding it down over Danny's cock. "You ready to go again, Dan?"

"I was ready five minutes ago. Lee is inspiring, yeah?"

Heather gave Lee a look that should have scorched the earth between them. They were so married already. "Yeah. He's good. Here I come."

Lee helped, lifting Heather up and lowering her down on Danny's cock. Oh, God. As good as her mouth had been, her pussy was so much better. Tight, hot, she squeezed around him, her muscles fluttering when Lee moved behind her and grabbed her breasts.

Their combined weight pressed Danny down against the blanket, keeping him still. All he could do was let them take him, Heather bouncing on his cock, Lee putting on a show with his hands on her skin.

They were going to kill him. Not in the literal way, he hoped, though they both looked awfully hungry. The thought had him chuckling.

Heather's nails dug into his chest. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing. Just making sure you weren't going to change on me and eat me up."

"Now, there's a thought." One of Lee's hands slid down over Heather's belly, down to where she and Danny joined. He touched the base of Danny's cock, then moved up to do something that made Heather scream. "No more thinking, though."

"Got it." He did too. He so got it. Danny moved, trying to push up with his hips as best he could. Heather rode him fast and hard, Lee's fingers obviously working magic. She was so wet that the condom gave them no trouble. The only feeling was her squeezing down on him.

Lee finally reached down again, pushing at his cock, moving him just so, and Danny lost it. "Fuck!" He bucked up, reaching for whatever part of Heather he could find.

Heather grabbed his hands, holding tight as she came, her cunt clamping down on him like there was no tomorrow. Lee rumbled, the sound low and happy, and Danny collapsed, panting like he'd run a four-minute mile. Damn.

"Something to be said for the great outdoors, huh?" Lee chuckled, reaching around Heather to pat his hip.

"You know it, big guy." He'd run with the wolves and had sex in the middle of a field. It was like he was going native or something. They wouldn't recognize him back home at all.

Chapter Five

The knock at Danny's door came as a complete surprise.

Simon had left Tuesday night, and it was Wednesday, which meant Heather and Lee had plans, and he wasn't invited until tomorrow for Thanksgiving dinner. Danny was celebrating his freedom in a time-honored tradition loved by all college students. Sleeping in.

The knock came again, more insistent than the first time. "Coming!" Damn. He hadn't heard a frickin' fire alarm, and his Resident Assistant had been very clear that he wasn't going to be there for Thanksgiving. So what the fuck? At the last second he remembered that he was naked, a fairly new sleeping arrangement for him. He pulled on a robe and unlocked the door.

"Mom! Dad? What are you doing here?" Shit. His parents were usually very hands off, and honestly, what twenty-two-year-old needed them touching base all the time? Yeah, he'd resisted college for a good long while.

"Hi, honey." His mom stepped into the room, her nose wrinkling ever so delicately. "How... pedestrian."

"You're the one who insisted I live in the dorm, Mom, and not out on the economy." He kissed her cheek before shaking his dad's hand. "So, uh, what are you doing here?"

"Are you wearing flannel?"

"Yes?" It was way too big for him. Lee had given it to him a week ago when he'd complained about how fucking cold it was getting in BF Nowhere Wyoming. It still smelled like the big wolf.

"Well. It's a good thing we came, isn't it, honey?" His mom looked over at his dad, shaking her head and pursing her lips. Weird.

"It is. We got a note from your advisor, Danny. He was expressing how pleased he was that you were choosing the free-run option for the full moon. That's not how we raised you."

Danny paused for maybe two seconds to weigh up how it felt to pace in a cage all night versus how amazing it had been to run and hunt, even if it was a false sense of absolute freedom. It was all safely monitored. "Maybe not," he finally replied. "It felt good, though. Like it was what I was made for."

"Well, that settles it. You're coming with us."

His jaw dropped even further, if it was possible. "What?"

"Son, we can't leave you here." His father smiled, that humor the lunatic smile he'd seen ever since he hit sexual maturity.

"No, of course not. There's a lovely school for metaphysics in London. You'll love it there."

Wasn't there a movie about that? Shit. London. No way. "Don't you guys need to be in St. Moritz or something? Skiing? I have plans for the break. I told you."

"Yes. With the local pack." His mother's brow creased only the tiniest bit. Could a werewolf get Botox?

"Yeah, so?"

"So, we raised you to be independent. No pack required."

"Uh-huh. Why is that, anyway?" Danny leaned back against his closet door, arms crossed over his chest.

"Werewolves need to adapt, honey. We've been all through this."

"Right, and then you send me to college with a bunch of them in the middle of nowhere." He pursed his lips and stared them down, a trick he'd learned from Lee. If he could stand up to the next pack alpha of Wolf Creek, his parents were a piece of cake.

"We thought it would be good for you. That you would see other cultures."

"We didn't think you would go native."

Wow. That was unexpected. "So, uh, are you going to drag me out? Did you bring security?" He was on scholarship, so he didn't have to worry about them taking away the gravy train.

"Don't be ridiculous. We're reasonable people. All adults. You'll come with us."

"I am an adult." He had been since he'd stopped having a babysitter at twelve. He was pretty self-sufficient, really. "You have fun in Switzerland."

"Daniel."

"No, Mom." He went to the door, holding it open for them. "Great to see you. Bye." He could see the calculation in his father's eyes, and Danny bristled, growling, making himself as big as he could. Also a trick he'd learned from Lee. Maybe from Heather. She could swell up like a giant frog. His father realized right then, probably for the first time, that he couldn't take Danny. Danny saw it in his eyes. It was kind of cool.

"What do you think you'll do with yourself, out here, among the common wolves?" his mother asked, trying one last ploy.

"I don't know, Mom. Run under the moon? Probably have lots of sex. Don't worry, I won't embarrass you."

"No," his father said, hand under his mother's elbow as they walked out the door. "You won't."

Chapter Six

Thanksgiving had been...

Well, Lee didn't think he could call it a success. He and Heather had fought with their folks, the much-anticipated roast beef had been left to Aunt Lois, who had cooked it to death, and some of the pack hadn't taken well to Danny.

Not all of them, mind. Some of them, though, some of the parent-age unit... Well, they didn't quite understand what place Danny could possibly have in the pack. They'd been pretty vocal about it.

Danny had taken it well, bowing out of the conversation with the "I'm only a guest" thing. Lee had been proud, but he and Heather both had a snarl over it with more than one person.

The semester was almost over, though, and neither of them had heard from Danny at all. Lee wanted to win his bet with Heather, sure, but he had a terrible time imagining Danny leaving just as they were getting to know him.

So they were taking Danny out to supper in Graybull to make up for the lost time. It wasn't much, just a steak at Lisa's steakhouse, but that would make up for the bad roast beef and the lack of a beer at the holiday dinner.

Heather met him in the parking lot. "Do you see his bike, babe?"

"No." Damn. Danny hadn't been ugly or anything, but he'd been busy with school and not returning all their calls. Lee had a sinking feeling that they'd fucked up for good. Oh, well, he still had his girl. He grabbed her and kissed her hello, hard enough to make her blink when he let her go.

"Hi." She grinned, her cheeks pink with the cold.

"Hi, baby. You look very snow bunny."

"That's because it snowed."

"Oh, right."

The roar of a big Harley stopped their teasing, and he could smell Heather's excitement. Danny had made it after all. "Hey, you guys." Danny gave them a smile that belied any bad feelings. "How goes?"

"Been missing you." Heather bounced over and hooked her arm through Danny's. "Right, Lee?"

"Yeah." It was true. Though the lack of Danny had given him and Heather something to commiserate about, which had drawn them closer together. "You ready for some steak?"

"You know it." Danny grinned and hugged Heather before reaching out to shake his hand.

"Cool." Lee held on a lot longer than he should in public, but Danny's skin felt warm and good, if a little smoother than a Wyoming man's would be.

They headed in, getting settled and ordering. They managed to talk the hostess into giving them the one big round booth so they could squish Heather between them. It gave them the chance to feel her up a little, and damned if his hand didn't meet Danny's on Heather's thigh.

"So, what are you doing for the Christmas break?" Heather grabbed a breadstick and crunched it, making them both wince.

Danny shrugged. "Not sure. My folks aren't talking to me, and I don't think your people want me around."

Lee opened his mouth to protest, but Heather pinched his leg. "We could all do something together."

Danny blinked, staring at Heather, then him. "Really?"

That wasn't a bad idea. He had time off since he worked for the college, and they could go over to Montana, or maybe down to Colorado. Hit a camp down there for the full moon. Run together. "I like it," Lee said, grinning.

Danny chuckled. "Wow. That's... Thanks. I don't know, though."

"Why not?" Heather poked them both. "Come on, it will be fun!"

Lee put an arm around Heather, but it was Danny he touched, running his fingers up and down the man's back. "Don't hold our families against us."

"Well, what if they have a point?" Danny shrugged. "Where do I fit in your world?"

"How are we supposed to figure it out if you don't spend time with us?"

Now, that was a good point. Lee waited to see what Danny would say, but the beer and the salad came, distracting them enough to let it go. By the time the steaks came they were talking about the snow and the fact that Danny's roommate went out and made a naked snow angel every morning.

"Christmas break." Heather finally steered the subject back, and he found himself listening intently.

Danny sighed. "I don't know. I feel like I'm trying to figure out where I go. I'm not sure I should even stay here."

"What?" Lee surprised himself by speaking up. "No, you need to at least finish the year." Heather squeezed his thigh, patting warmly after. Yeah, she thought so too.

"I don't..."

"No. You need to stay." Lee bared his teeth. "The pack will learn to love you. You just need to full moon with us." That would make everyone understand how much Danny needed to learn about being a wolf. It would be the best part of Danny's college education. "Think of it as Wolf 101."

"You can't give up just because it's hard, Danny." Heather leaned against Danny, her breast pressing against his arm. That would have helped Lee decide.

"I know that." Danny grinned. "I've just let people make decisions for me for a long time."

Lee let his hand rest on the back of Danny's neck, fingers moving in tiny circles. "Did you like running under the moon these last few months?"

"Yes."

"Do you like hanging out with us?"

"Yes. Absolutely." Danny nodded, leaning back against his hand.

"Then stick around and think about what to do next instead of rushing off."

Heather shared a glance with Lee, then they both turned pleading eyes on Danny. Together, Lee knew they could be very persuasive.

"Wolf 101, huh?" Bless his heart, Danny was coming around.

"You know it." Lee knew it would lose him his bet with Heather, but it worked for him, and he'd been working toward getting laid anyway. This was important.

"Okay." Danny nodded, cutting a piece of steak decisively. "I'll stay. Until spring, at least."

"Woo!" Heather kissed Danny's cheek, bouncing.

Lee let go of Danny's neck so he could cut his own steak. "Cool. Now, eat up everyone, so we can go fuck."

Danny and Heather both laughed, and Lee figured things were going pretty well. The next lesson might just surprise them all.

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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