



A SILVER TWINK STORY

*Unconventional
Love*

AERYN TRAXX

Unconventional Love

AERYN TRAXX

ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000."

Cover Artist: Reese Dante

Editor: Marilyn Morris

Unconventional Love © 2010 Aeryn Traxx

ISBN # 978-1-920468-02-6

All rights reserved.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission. All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

PUBLISHER

SILVER PUBLISHING

<http://www.silverpublishing.info>

Unconventional Love by Aeryn Traxx

The rain came down slow and steady, quenching the thirst of the parched brown grass. Drew Spencer drove through the streets on his way home from work, marveling at how the few hours of rain were literally turning the grass from brown to green before his eyes. Given half a chance, all of nature could recover from adversity.

Drew pulled up in the driveway. He was surprised to find Toby Ambrose, his former lover of over two years, standing on his porch. Three months ago they had agreed to part as friends, and, if truth be told, Drew wasn't exactly crying in his beer over the break up. He couldn't help but smile at Toby's excited expression as the man shifted his weight back and forth from one foot to the other. He had likened the smaller man to a Pomeranian his sister once owned. Both Toby and the dog were never still unless they were sleeping. And even then their legs would be moving half the time. Drew stifled a laugh. It had been weeks since Toby had been by for any of his stuff.

Throwing the late-model Ford into park and pulling the keys from the ignition, Drew smiled again. It was Saturday of the long Labor Day weekend; nowhere he had to be 'til Tuesday. Spending time with a former lover was no big deal, especially when said former lover could be so excitable.

Drew jumped out of his truck and waved as he dashed for the safety of the dry porch. “Hey, Toby! I wasn’t expecting to see you this weekend.”

Drew looked over the shorter man’s shoulder at the open door. He caught a whiff of something very familiar, a scent that made his cock twitch. Toby’s bright smile pulled him back to the present and he wondered what was up.

Toby took Drew by the hand and led him into the house. “I have something to show you,” Toby said, cryptically.

Drew couldn’t find it in his heart to douse Toby’s enthusiasm. It was one of the man’s most endearing traits. At times it had been the smaller man’s zest for living that had kept them both going. Drew with his tortured past, had been looking for love when Toby had come into his life. Toby yearned for a partner who wanted to be taken care of after his three-year love match with David had ended with heated words and accusations. Drew would always have a soft spot for Toby. So there really wasn’t anything the man could ask that Drew wouldn’t at least think about.

Today, however, the infectious smile on Toby’s face really did make Drew glad to be alive.

“What? Toby, you should be surprising David, not me.” Drew offered.

Toby pulled gently on Drew's hand, drawing him across the living room toward the basement door.

"Nope. I have something for you." Toby laughed as he took the first two steps down.

"Are you going to tell me what it is?" Drew asked. He hesitated for a second. That scent from earlier was heavier here at the top of the stairs. The scent seemed familiar, , but he kept drawing a blank. Led once again by Toby's fast-talking and gesturing, he focused back on the task at hand.

"It's in the play room." Toby said. Drew stopped on the first step with Toby's arm stretched between them.

When Drew had bought the house seven years ago, he'd built a soundproof playroom for role-playing in the basement. There were lots of toys, and a padded table and the requisite set of handcuffs hanging from a reinforced ceiling beam with ankle cuffs beneath. All in all, it was a nice set up, clean and easy to use. On occasion, a few friends had come over and the room had gotten plenty of use over the years.

Toby had been the type of lover who appreciated the stimulation of dominance, and at times, Drew had been willing to be the bound slave to Toby's desires. But since they'd ended their sexual relationship, the room hadn't seen

any action. Either because friends were still uncertain how to handle the amicable breakup or because they wanted to give Drew time alone before asking to use the room again.

“The playroom?” Drew asked. Toby nodded and pulled gently for Drew to follow him downstairs.

Toby started talking faster, his words falling one on top of the other, a telltale sign that he was nervous about something. Drew smiled as he tried to think of anything that might be in the playroom to make Toby nervous. His thoughts ran together, and he tried to keep from falling down the stairs when one sentence made it through his fugue.

“And I was so surprised it took me a good five minutes to realize he was the perfect gift.”

“He? Toby, what did you do?”

Toby stopped at the bottom of the stairs and looked up at Drew.

“Well, I’ve been trying to think of a way to thank you for being so understanding. And well, ...until today I just wasn’t coming up with anything, but then he just appeared out of nowhere. And I thought *damn, how perfect is this.*”

“You have someone in the playroom for me?” Toby nodded and pulled on Drew again.

Drew shook his head and grimaced. Probably another ripped college kid who had no idea what he was getting himself into. More than likely he'd have to cut the handsome thing down and send him on his way. Saying you were into this type of scene was one thing but when it came down to the actual play Toby couldn't see past his desire to realize the other person wasn't getting any kind of pleasure from it.

"You were so understanding about David," Toby continued. "Why you put up with me for so long, I'll never understand."

"We needed each other, Toby." Drew said, looking into Toby's handsome eyes to make sure there was no misunderstanding on this one very important issue between them. "No harm done. You were always very clear about your feelings for David." Tears swam around the edges of Toby's eyes and he wiped at them with his shirtsleeve.

"Look at me. Damn. Promise me we'll always be friends, Drew. It really would break my heart to have David back but lose you as a friend."

"If that's what you want, Toby. I'm not the easiest guy to get along with, so you might be better off just concentrating on David," Drew commented with a sigh. Toby looked deep into Drew's eyes and shook his head.

“Ross was wrong, Drew. You weren’t hard to handle. He was just too damn selfish to see that you needed a little TLC at times, that’s all.”

Uncomfortable with Toby’s heartfelt observation, Drew shook his head and looked everywhere but at Toby’s face.

“Well, you’re back with the man you’ve always wanted. Maybe if I get lucky I’ll find someone who loves me as much as you love David.”

Toby smiled mischievously and pulled Drew down the rest of the stairs, across the finished basement to the red door.

In small black letters were the words: THE
PLAYROOM

“Oh, I think this might help a little. Enjoy my going-away present.” Toby hugged Drew around the waist and kissed him on the cheek. “Call me on Tuesday and let me know how the weekend went.” Toby released Drew and hurried from the basement, up the stairs and out of the house.

Drew took a deep breath. There was that scent again. It annoyed him that he recognized it but yet he didn’t. His mind screamed *stop and think*, but the surprise behind the door was more than he could resist. He’d have

to put on a surprised face for whoever this guy was, to try to explain that Toby could be a bit overzealous. Maybe once he'd set the poor man on his way he could concentrate on the tantalizing aroma. He opened the door, stepped over the threshold and pulled the door closed behind him. If yelling did ensue he would certainly prefer the cops not be called.

With only three steps into the room Drew clearly saw the man spread-eagled between the two sets of cuffs. And what a man he was. The muscles pulling against their restraints showed every line and shadow. He was perfectly proportioned. His legs and thighs just as well defined as his torso. And the man's equipment was everything he could have hoped for. The cock ring about the base got Toby off, but at the moment it was certainly adding a certain something to the display.

Drew stopped in front of the man and took a good long look from head to toe. There was something very familiar about him. It wasn't that there were any tell-tale signs; like scars or birthmarks, but Drew had the nagging suspicion he had touched him before.

The man in the cuffs must have felt Drew come closer because he pulled against the restraints. No sound came from beneath the black hood over his head, and Drew

assumed he'd probably been fitted with a ball gag, another of Toby's favorites.

Drew walked slowly around the man, taking in his muscled shoulders and broad back. It would be a nice ride with that beneath him. And just as Drew was beginning to get aroused at the thought of having such a good looking man in his bed he saw the tramp stamp on his back. The world tipped and Drew's legs grew weak. He could not tear his gaze away from the swirls and whorls of the tattoo that embraced ANDREW in the center of the design.

Drew fell back against the padded table, unable to take his eyes off the tattoo. The scent became clear, now.

It was only when the man flinched that Drew came back to his senses. He moved slowly around to the front and after several deep breaths, he ripped the black hood off the bound figure. Two angry brown eyes stared back at him.

Stretched between handcuffs in the ceiling and the floor Ross Marshall glared at his former lover. Drew was truly shocked to see Ross restrained this way. He had always been the dominant personality during their years together, and this sort of submission just wasn't like him. For Toby to have gotten him down here and into the gear was damn near a feat of magic.

Drew could only remember Ross being in this position twice before. Both times Ross had been so drunk he didn't know what he'd been saying, only doing it to prove a point to their friends.

Looking into those warm, brown eyes, Drew could tell Ross was going to have a lot to say once the ball gag came out.

Suddenly the situation was too funny for words. Drew giggled like a schoolgirl, as he once again looked Ross over from head to toe. The anger flowed off the taller man, words not necessary. Ross's expressive eyes spoke volumes, and Drew soon got himself under control and took the gag off, throwing it into a corner of the room.

"That sorry son of a bitch is going to pay for this," Ross bellowed as he flexed the sides of his mouth.

As if he hadn't heard a word, Drew stepped away from the angry man, arms crossed over his chest, green eyes level with brown ones.

"So what brings you to my playroom, Ross?"

"The little shit lied to me! He got me down here and locked in these cuffs." Ross pulled against the restraints as he spoke.

"Hmmm. sounds familiar to me but I just can't place it..." Drew said.

“Yes. It’s what I did to you,” Ross said.

“That’s it exactly! Lie to me. String me up. Bang me for hours then tie me to your bed. I remember now,” Drew said with a sneer.

“It was the beginning of a very long and unforgettable weekend.” Ross said.

“Unforgettable...yes. I fell in love with you that weekend. I thought we were meant to be together forever. Little did I know that forever was only until you found out what I was. Then you took off.”

“I didn’t take off.”

“You left and didn’t return. I would say that definitely qualifies as taking off, Ross.”

“Weeks later. It wasn’t like I found out one night and left the next day.”

“You’re right. I’m sorry. You waited until the next full moon then you took off when I needed you the most,” Drew accused.

“And now your little shit lied to me to get me down here.”

“Oh? Do tell.”

“Don’t play stupid, Drew.”

“I know you aren’t going to believe me, Ross, but I knew nothing about this. Toby said it was a surprise. Big

damn surprise.” Drew grinned as he gave Ross the once over, again. “You have to tell me how Toby got you down here. This is too scrumptious for words.”

“Scrumptious? Very gay, Drew.”

“At the moment I can’t help myself. Seeing you trussed up like this tickles me to no end.”

“Well, before we pursue this conversation any further, you have to get rid of some of this.” Ross nodded toward his bound cock. Drew moved toward Ross but stopped just inches away.

“How long have you been down here?”

“About an hour. Maybe more, maybe less. Now will you please get this piece of plastic out of my ass.”

Drew’s eyes widened. Ross had always been happy to use a butt plug on someone else but not once in all their years together had he allowed Drew to use one on him.

Drew walked around to stand behind Ross. Sure enough, the biggest damn butt plug from the toy box peeked out between his ass cheeks. Another fit of giggles nearly sent Drew to his knees. He heard Ross grit his teeth. The laughing stopped. Drew reappeared in front of him, the plug still in place, a toothy grin plastered on his handsome face.

The two men eyed each other.

“Andrew Sean Spencer if you don’t get that thing out of me, I swear the minute I get out of these cuffs, you’ll regret it,” Ross threatened.

Drew, undaunted by the threat, reached down and fumbled with the cock ring. “A little at a time. Wouldn’t want any permanent damage.”

Drew made a great play out of being unsure how to unclasp the small device, touching the inside of Ross’s thigh with the back of his hand. Ross tried to hold still. “You’re enjoying this aren’t you? You did put that little shit up to this,” Ross challenged. Drew tossed the cock ring into the corner with the ball gag, then moved around behind Ross and tapped the plastic device with the end of his finger. It was a simple tap that reverberated through Ross’s body.

Drew could see the muscles individually respond to the sensation. Ross’s intake of breath and head thrown back gave credence to the effect it was having on him.

Drew leaned forward to speak clearly into the taller man’s ear. “Once again for the record, Ross, I didn’t know anything about this. Toby felt bad about abandoning me- his words not mine- and said he arranged this surprise.”

Ross went silent for several minutes, digesting the facts.

“So he really did go back to David?” Ross finally asked.

“Yeah, true love, if you ask me. Toby spent more time crying over David while we were together than anything else.” Drew laughed and shook his head as he realized the truth of the statement.

“I hadn’t heard. I don’t know what to say,” Ross said quietly.

“You haven’t explained how a man six inches shorter than you and 100 pounds lighter got you down here, naked and in cuffs.” Drew didn’t move from behind Ross; the ability to ask questions and not see Ross’s eyes made this conversation a bit easier.

When Ross didn’t answer, Drew once again tapped the butt plug. “I should think hanging down here for an hour that that would be pretty sensitive by now.” Ross didn’t answer and Drew reached his arms around to take Ross’s leather bound cock in his hands. “Hmm. I see what the problem is.” Drew undid the leather binding that was wrapped so tightly around his cock it was preventing it from any kind of arousal. Ross let out his breath the instant the leather fell away to the floor.

“So, tell me. How did you get fooled into coming down here?” When Ross still didn’t say anything Drew

came around to the front to find him looking up at the ceiling.

“Toby said you were here and wanted to talk,” Ross said, his voice just above a whisper.

“And you believed him?” Drew belted out, his voice gobbled up by the soundproofed ceiling.

Ross snapped his head back down and leveled his angry brown eyes at Drew. “He sounded convincing!”

Drew shook his head and sighed. “What exactly would we have to talk about, Ross? You walked away when I needed you the most. No regrets, no looking back. Fuck me very much.” Drew shrugged.

“Drew I’m sor--” Ross tried to look into his eyes, but Drew turned away.

“No. You’re here and... and... it’s my turn to control the conversation. For four years, I was the happiest person on earth. I had someone to love. Someone I thought loved me back, even knowing what I am. I had spent so many years alone when I found you. I trusted you not just with my heart, but with my life as well.”

“Drew I’m sorry. I

Drew would not be interrupted. “You made me feel wanted, Ross. Can you imagine how devastated I was when

you left?” Drew looked deep into his former lover’s eyes, but kept his distance.

“Would it help to say I’ve regretted what I did to you nearly every day?” Ross expression turned soft.

“Lip service, Ross. You don’t say you’re sorry unless you have something to gain by saying it.”

“I’ve changed.” Ross shook his head and looked directly at Drew.

“I don’t see how.”

“I realized too late I was in love with you.” Ross spoke clearly and from the heart.

Drew began to pace agitatedly in front of the bound man.

“It’s not love, Ross. It’s lust. Call it what it is.” Drew shouted.

“Drew, calm down. You do realize I’m defenseless here.”

Ross’ words stopped Drew in front of him. Drew raked his fingers down the front of the naked man, stopping just before he would hit Ross’s semi-erect cock.

“Yeah, just the way I want you at the moment.” Drew began to undress, his button-down shirt the first thing to go.

“Drew I came here to say I’m sorry. If you don’t want to accept my apology that’s fine

Drew’s shirt was thrown into the corner with all the other discarded items.

“Oh I’ll take your apology, Ross and a whole lot more, I think.” Drew stripped off his pants, boots and socks, standing naked in front of Ross. A light sheen of sweat covered his entire body and the pupils of his eyes had grown so wide it made Drew’s eyes seem almost black.

“Drew. Please. Don’t leave me like this.” Ross struggled against his bonds. “I don’t want to be hurt. I know I deserve to be punished. You have every right to...”

With a growl, Drew’s features began to change. His hands changed to claws with long, sharp tips. He drew one gently down Ross’s smooth chest; much like his fingers had done moments before. Sharp canines dropped down from his upper jaw to lie against Drew’s bottom lip. A smile played at the edges of his mouth as he looked down to find Ross’s member hard as a rock and pressed against his belly. A talon drawn along its length had Ross gritting his teeth, head thrown back and holding his breath.

Drew growled again and wrapped the rough pads of his claws around Ross’s engorged length, bringing a whimper from the captive man. A rough tug at his chin and

Ross's eyes opened to see Drew fully transformed into a werewolf, his eyes red with lust, his cock hard.

He shouted at the face that had haunted his dreams night after night for nearly three years.

"Go ahead, Drew. Punish me for leaving you, for ripping your heart out. I deserve it. You've waited for three years to take your revenge. You have me where you want me. Fuck me 'til I beg you to stop then fuck me some more. I promised not to leave you then I walked out on you!"

With a howl, Drew released Ross's cock and swiped his claw across the muscled chest, drawing four thin trails of blood. He moved around the bound figure and with a sharp talon, the butt plug was unceremoniously pulled from Ross's ass, bringing tears to his eyes. The sound of the plastic device bouncing along the floor was lost amongst Ross's whimpers and Drew's growls.

Ross couldn't help himself. He moaned as Drew's huge cock brushed against his ass. His moans incited Drew whose growls became more feral. His hands roamed the body of the victim spread between the restraints. Yet some vestige of humanity held him back from ravaging Ross.

He dropped to his knees and licked Ross from his balls to his tight opening, the scent of arousal made both

cocks drip onto the cement floor. The scent became headier with each second of his ministrations on Ross's body.

Ross came with a shout, his own cum hitting him in the chest. Drew stood and reached around Ross's hips, bathing his claws in the milky substance, then rubbing it on his own leaking member. Before Ross could come around from the mind-blowing orgasm he felt his ass cheeks being separated by sharp claws and Drew's monster cock pushing at his entrance.

"Dear God, Drew!" And before Ross could say anything more, Drew pressed his hips and roared as he buried his cock to the balls inside Ross' tight sheath. The forced entry burned and Ross couldn't stop the screams that were wrenched from his throat, reverberating again and again around the soundproofed room. Tears streamed down his face as Drew's arm came around his stomach and splayed over his abdomen.

Time slowed to a crawl, as Drew did nothing but hold himself inside his victim. Ross heard Drew's hoarse breathing in his ear and closed his eyes. The pain was intense, the situation nearly hopeless and yet Drew was not raping him mercilessly. For all that had happened between them he had every right to.

To Ross's surprise he felt Drew's furred muzzle rub against his neck, followed by the muscles in his canal relaxing around the invading cock.

When Drew's long werewolf tongue licked him along his spine Ross's cock came back to life. Drew rocked his cock in and out of Ross, who couldn't help but moan uncontrollably at the onslaught of the pleasure pain. Toby had done him a favor by putting that ass ripper in him this morning or he would be dripping his life's blood down between his legs about now

Drew increased the pace and Ross was lost in wave after wave of pleasure as the oversized cock stroked the prostate. Ross's throat went dry from his moans. Drew's claws dug into his hips and still he couldn't help but whimper and moan at the pleasure. Drew growled in his ear and began to ram Ross.

Ross's mind began to shut down at the onslaught of sensations, quite certain their shared orgasm was going to push him literally over the edge into nothingness. He felt his balls tighten and his cock twitch; precum already pooled at the tip.

"Take me, Drew." The words no more than a whisper but they brought a howl from Drew the likes of which Ross had never heard before. His eyes half- closed,

Ross was not prepared for the earth shattering orgasm or the bite on his shoulder. As the last of Drew's seed was shot into Ross's bowels, the tall man found the blessedness of oblivion.

Ross woke to find himself in a large bed. His head was swimming and his body was sore from his head to his toes. The drapes had been pulled closed and the lights on the side tables were on so there was no way to tell what time it was. He moved to get out of the bed to check things out and found his wrist handcuffed to the metal bed frame. Ross dropped back down on the bed and closed his eyes. Of course he was in Drew's bed. In his werewolf form he could have carried two Rosses, one on each shoulder up to his bed.

And as if summoned, Drew appeared at the doorway with a tray.

"You're awake. I thought I heard you." Drew smiled and hurried into the room.

"Drew?" Ross watched his former lover flit nervously around the room.

"Can we save the question and answer session until I get you taken care of?" Drew said apologetically.

"Taken care of?" Ross asked, completely confused by what Drew was trying to say.

“Yeah.” Drew came to sit on the bed beside Ross and pulled back the covers. The four claw marks were an angry red across Ross’s chest. Drew pulled gauze pads and peroxide off of the tray and began to dab at the cuts.

“You marked me didn’t you?” Drew couldn’t meet the larger man’s eyes but continued to dab at the cuts until the foaming solution ran clear. He turned his attention to Ross’s ankles where they had been rubbed raw and in places bleeding. He held the gauze pad in one hand and the bottle in the other but did not seem to be able to move.

“Drew, look at me.” Ross waited for Drew to turn and look at him but all he did was drop his hands in his lap.

“Andrew. Look at the man you love.”

Drew turned slowly and Ross saw tears in his companion’s eyes. It nearly tore Ross’s heart in two. He reached his free arm out for Drew, who dropped the gauze and bottle on the tray, then fell against Ross’s broad chest.

“I am so sorry. I never meant to hurt you.” Ross stroked Drew’s long hair and rubbed his chin along the top of his head.

“Shhh. I know you didn’t. I hurt you and this was the only way your beast could exact his pound of flesh. I’m yours now, aren’t I?”

Drew nodded his head against Ross chest.

“You can leave but he’ll always be able to find you. He’s claimed you as his mate.” Drew’s voice was muffled as he spoke into Ross naked chest.

“And a little reminder that I can’t ignore.” Ross observed. Drew looked up from Ross comfortable chest.

“I can try and lick the wounds like I did your shoulder but I think they are too deep not to scar.” Ross shook his head and pulled Drew back down against his chest.

“No. I’ll live with them as a reminder of how stupid I was to walk away from you in the first place. Seeing it every morning in the mirror should be enough of a reminder that I’m where I’m supposed to be.”

Ross heard Drew’s whispered apology and laid his head on top of his lover’s.

“I’m sorry, Ross.”

“Nothing to be sorry for. This is all my fault and I’m a big enough man to admit it. I told you in the playroom I was sorry and I meant it. That’s how the little shit got me down there in the first place.” Drew pushed himself off of Ross’s chest and rolled away from him.

“No.” Ross smiled and nodded his head.

“Yes. I didn’t know Toby had gone back to David but I wanted to talk, to apologize to you for what I had

done. It had been eating at me for ages. I wasn't expecting to get strung up by the little piss ant but there we are. I wanted to come back so many times and stopped myself. This time I couldn't stop myself. I was lost without you, Drew. I didn't know that I could need to take care of someone the way I have been chomping at the bit to take care of you."

"But ... I don't understand." Drew knew he had always loved Ross and to hear his own thoughts coming out of Ross' mouth was confusing, at best.

"I'm not sure I do, either, but if you'll be patient with me, I think you'll be pleased," Ross said with a smile.

Drew smiled sheepishly at Ross, his eyes hooded under long feathery lashes. "You always pleased me, Ross."

"Oh, I can see there is going to be some serious sucking up going on." Ross rolled his eyes and shook his head, the smile on his face reassuring to Drew's beast.

Drew came back into Ross's open arms, his fingers playing around the brown halo of a nipple.

"This is sounding better and better by the minute."

"I'm a work in progress, but I swear that I want to be with you, and if you'll just be patient, I'll be worth the effort."

“Tell me you love me, Ross, and I’m all yours.”

“I love you with all my heart, Drew.”

A tear rolled down Drew’s cheek and he moved to get off the bed without looking up at Ross. “I’ll get the keys to the cuffs and let you loose.”

Ross grabbed him by the arm and pulled him back hard against his chest.

“No, leave me like it is. I kinda liked being the bottom.”

Drew looked over his shoulder, a smile from ear to ear. “Because my wilder half was pummeling you senseless?”

“No. Because the man I love was making love to me, claiming me as his mate and showing me the only way he knew how, that he would never let me go.”

“And making you cum so hard you passed out.”

“There was that.”

“I’m not too sure I can do that but I can bring the beast to bear, if that’s what it takes.”

“I’d rather not if you don’t mind.” Drew laughed and pulled Ross’ hand from his chest down to the bulge in his jeans.

Ross lay back against the pillows, pulling Drew down with him.

“Is this love then, Ross? I never knew love before I became a werewolf. You are the only man in seventy years who made me feel this way.” Drew looked up into the bigger man’s eyes.

Ross stroked his mate’s hair and smiled contentedly.

“Without a doubt, this is love. An unconventional love, to be certain, but this is most definitely love.”

The End

Other books by this authors

From Silver Publishing

THE GHOST STORY