



Dogged Pursuit

by Berengaria Brown

Dedication: For Jac and LA. Welcome to the world.

Chapter One

Dwyer was almost certain the recall of half a million SUVs over a potential seatbelt malfunction would be the death of him.

Here it was, just a week before Halloween, and his wolf needed to get out. He needed to run, to howl, to fuck. Especially to fuck. And instead of taking the week off and heading out into the woods like he did every year, he was stuck in the city chauffeuring fat, middle-aged men back and forth from the car dealership to their city workplaces.

He didn't need this job. He didn't need the salary they paid him, which wasn't large anyway. But he did need the routine and sense of being "normal" and "ordinary" it gave him. He went to work each morning, came home each evening, paid his rent on time, and his neighbors and colleagues accepted him as one of them. But holding his wolf inside was getting harder and harder, and if this seatbelt fiasco wasn't sorted out soon, he would end up turning and biting and howling. And undoubtedly in jail. Or even shot, his pelt and head hanging on some redneck SUV owner's wall.

"Hey, Dwyer. Got your next ride for ya!"

Dwyer pulled his mind back to his job and sauntered over to the service desk.

"Nelson Austin. The redhead." The dispatcher tilted his head in the direction of a man with collar-length red hair, wearing a standard, dark gray business suit and holding a bulging briefcase.

"Just the one?"

"Yeah. Needs to go way over to the east end of town. No one else needs a ride out that way." The dispatcher handed over a sheet of paperwork.

Dwyer read the address. "Man, that's gonna take me a good hour, seventy minutes, to get there."

"Yeah, take your lunch break, too. I'll expect you back by one thirty."

"Kay."

Dwyer crossed the room. As he got closer to the man, he sniffed something exciting, arousing. Something that made his cock harden and lengthen and push against his zipper. "Mr. Austin? Let's go." Opening his mouth to talk let the scent come into him even more strongly. It was so delicious. So entrancing. So -- right.

Dwyer shook his head, Nah. Couldn't be. Just because he was gay didn't change the fact that male wolves mated for life with females. Not other males. His nose must be fucked up with his need to change and run. God, tonight he would have to drive out to the national park and run and run, even if it meant he would need to call in sick tomorrow because he'd be too exhausted to work.

As soon as they were seated in the car, his passenger downloaded e-mails and started answering them. Dwyer opened his window wide. The scent of the man was driving him insane. His cock was so engorged he was going to have a bad case of zipper-burn. Dwyer kept watching the redhead out of the corner of his eye.

This Nelson Austin was no paunchy, middle-aged man. He was probably only an inch shorter than Dwyer's own six foot two, and looked to be in his early thirties. His red hair was likely natural since his eyebrows were the same shade of red, his skin was fair, and his eyes a light hazel. Under the boring business suit, he had broad shoulders and seemed to have good musculature, too. In fact, he looked as good as he smelled.

About forty minutes into the trip, Austin put his laptop back in his briefcase with a sigh of relief. "No problems at work, thank God. Doesn't look like they've missed me this morning."

"So, what do you do, Mr. Austin?"

"Statistician. People send us information, we crunch the numbers and send back reports. Real boring unless you like playing with numbers, which I do."

"What sort of numbers? Why would people want them crunched?" Dwyer hoped that by encouraging his passenger to talk and concentrating on the conversation and the traffic, his cock would get the hint and soften. A quick fuck was not on the cards right now. His job was to drive the redhead into town, not fuck the man blind. Unfortunately.

Dwyer tried to keep his mind on Nelson's explanation of why corporations asked the company to do the math on the best places to establish new stores or which towns needed more franchises, but even with his window wide open and traffic smells wafting in, the scent in the vehicle was overwhelmingly screaming at him, "You're mine. We're compatible. Fuck me now!"

As they stopped at a set of traffic lights, Dwyer glanced at the other man's lap. His suit pants were by no means tight, but there did seem to be a decided bulge there. And surely the man had widened his legs and slid down on his butt to give himself more room? God, if only he was driving an RV right now with a bed in back. He could throw the redhead on it and fuck the enticing man's brains out, and see if his nose was telling the truth about their scents and rightness for each other!

Dwyer forced himself to pay attention to the conversation and keep his passenger chatting, but damn. This close to Halloween, it was hard enough to control his wolf without being teased and tormented by meeting a potential mate as well.

Nah. Not possible. Male wolves did not mate with males. *Get your head out of your ass, Dwyer, and drive.*

Nelson was struggling to concentrate on what he was saying. *Am I even making sense anymore?* All he could think about was Mr. Tall, Dark, and Handsome sitting beside him and the huge cock the driver was displaying.

It had been six months since he and Sam had split up. Four months with only his hand before he'd caved and bought a dildo, something he'd sworn he'd never do. A dildo he kept in a locked drawer so none of his friends would ever see it. But how he longed for a hot, hard cock powering up inside him and a hot, hard body to hold close to him.

Well, this Dwyer -- Mr. Dwyer? Dwyer something? -- surely had a huge cock and a hard body. He was ripped. That black T-shirt couldn't hide his muscled chest. His arms were strong, shoulders broad, and thighs -- *oh, yum!* His thighs stretched his black jeans to the limit. Judging by the size of the hard on, he was either hung like a horse or had a serious case of blue balls. *And I want him!*

Whoa! Where did that come from? *Five minutes' conversation and I want him in my bed? Well yes, I do.* Thick, dark, curly hair, eyes as black as sin, skin tanned a deep bronze. A totally delicious package. Just like the totally delicious package between his legs. *Get your mind out of his pants! Oh, but how I'd love to have my hand in his pants. To feel that huge dick. I bet it's harder than a rock. I bet his come tastes real nice, too.*

Nelson suddenly realized there was silence in the car. He looked at Dwyer, wondering if he'd missed a question or something, but Dwyer was looking straight ahead, concentrating on the traffic. With a start, Nelson noticed they were only ten minutes from his office. *What's the etiquette here? Can I ask him for his business card? His cell number? I probably can't just say, "Wanna fuck tonight?"*

"We're almost at your office. What's the building look like?" asked Dwyer.

"Gray concrete, like so many others. But there's a very small courtyard out front with some seats and trees and a semi-circular drive, so you should be able to let me out right there."

"Sounds like a plan. How are you getting back to pick up your SUV tonight?"

"Yeah, that's a bit of a problem. None of the guys I work with live out that way, and none of my friends who live near me work up in this part of the city. Figured I'd have to get a taxi."

"I can pick you up if you want. But the timing will be tight. You'll need to leave work right at five so we can get you back to do the paperwork before the place closes."

"You'd do that for me? That'd be great. I can leave by five. I'll just tell them I'll make up the time at home. They all know about this seatbelt recall. Couple of the guys have been making jokes about it all week. Here, I'll give you my cell number."

Dwyer handed Nelson his card as well, then pulled up outside Nelson's office.

A minute later, Nelson was collecting his briefcase and laptop and heading into the building, his heart beating fast at the knowledge he'd be seeing Dwyer again in just a few short hours.

Maybe, just maybe, I'll get fucked tonight by the hottest man in town. Woo hoo!

Chapter Two

Dwyer spent his lunch break driving around the area near the car dealership checking out restaurants and motels. He considered asking Nelson back to his apartment but was worried that if the evening went as he hoped, and he got to fuck the man with the enticing scent, he might not be able to prevent himself from howling. He really didn't want to have to explain that to his neighbors, or to have to rush out to buy a dog!

Damn the timing. But hell, was he really attracted to the redhead or was it just Halloween? And how the hell was he supposed to find out without at least asking the man to bed?

With a bit of luck, the man would be hungry and would agree to eat together, and then Dwyer could take it from there. His instincts told him Nelson Austin was interested in him, but this close to Halloween, could he trust his instincts or not?

Dwyer phoned as he left the dealership. "Hi, Mr. Austin. I'm just leaving now. I should be there in sixty, sixty-five minutes."

"Great. I'll be waiting out front at five sharp. If it looks like you'll arrive earlier than that, can you give me a call so I don't keep you waiting?"

"Sure thing. See you then." Dwyer snapped his phone shut and wiggled his ass on the seat, trying to ease the pressure on his cock. Damn, but his cock had been half

hard all day and could pound nails right now just from hearing Nelson's voice. The redhead's scent was still in Dwyer's mind. A scent of clean, fresh air blowing through trees and of rich, loamy soil.

You're nuts! he told himself. *No one smells like that! It's just the timing of Halloween.*

Still, his cock practically burst his zipper when he saw Nelson standing waiting in the tiny courtyard. The man had his jacket slung over his shoulder and his briefcase at his feet and looked good enough to eat.

Nelson opened the door to the back seat and laid his coat and bag on the seat, then slid in front with Dwyer. He unbuttoned his collar and took off his necktie, and the eroticism of the act nearly made Dwyer come.

Dwyer concentrated on edging the car back into the stream of traffic. Once he was settled into a lane, he asked, "So, how's your day been? Was it a problem arriving late and leaving early?"

"Not really. Everyone knows about the seatbelt mess-up, and fortunately I don't have any urgent deadlines this week. So it's all good."

"How about you?"

Dwyer patted the steering wheel. "Good old Princess here knows the best routes through the city for every time of day and every possible traffic situation. She's a steady, reliable old girl, and we get along fine together."

"How did you come to be a driver? Do you do limos and proms and stuff as well? Or taxis?"

Well, fuck! He could hardly say he was a two-hundred-year-old werewolf born in what today was called the Czech Republic to a poor family, none of whom ever went to school. And he didn't want to lie to this man, which was how he usually dealt with tricky questions. He settled for a half-truth. "I drove taxis for a while, but the best money is made on weekends and nights, and that was ruining my social life, so I decided to work for an agency. I'll be on this seatbelt run for a few more weeks, then I'll see what comes up next."

The men talked idly about cars for a while, but Dwyer couldn't resist shooting hot looks at the redhead out of the corner of his eye. It was obvious the man was interested in more than just a free ride to collect his vehicle. Nelson's pants had a nice bulge at the crotch, and the redhead's pale skin had a rosy flush. Dwyer was willing to bet his instincts were right, and Nelson wanted him as much as he wanted Nelson.

Yes! He mentally pumped a fist in the air. "Are you hungry, Nelson? Do you want grab a meal together after you pick up your SUV?"

Nelson's light hazel eyes met his jet black ones in the rearview mirror. "Yes. I would like that."

"What kind of food do you prefer? There's a good choice in the area: Tex/Mex, Thai, seafood, steakhouse, burgers, pizza?"

"Steak sounds good. How about you? What's your preference?"

"Yeah, I'm good with steak. I enjoy it rare and juicy."
Fuck! Too much information there.

Nelson's face split in a wide grin. He rested a hand lightly on Dwyer's thigh and stroked gently up, and up, almost to the crotch. "Seems like we're two of a kind."

Dwyer shouldered open the motel room door and slid the keycard into the holder to make the lights turn on. It wasn't much as motels went, but it was nearby, clean, comfortable, reasonably priced, and best of all, anonymous.

He moved into the bedroom and looked around. The drapes were closed, the bed was a king, and the place looked fine to him. He turned to Nelson, who was laying his briefcase on a small table.

Gently Dwyer pulled the redhead into his arms. "Fuck, I've been wanting to do this since I first saw you."

"Fucking sounds good. I want you to fuck me. I want it so much."

The kiss started out gently, a touching, tasting, testing of each other. Dwyer gripped Nelson's ass and pulled him hard against Dwyer's cock. The two men pressed their hips together. Two hot, hard ridges grinding together but separated by far too many layers of clothing.

The kiss deepened as Dwyer ran his tongue along the seam of Nelson's lips. When Nelson opened up, Dwyer pushed his tongue deep inside, running it along the insides of Nelson's cheeks, behind the redhead's teeth, then sucking the other man's tongue into his own mouth.

Like a fire, passion flashed through Dwyer. He had to have this man, had to have him right now. He sucked desperately on Nelson's tongue, then thrust his own tongue hard and deep in the other man's mouth. His hips ground frantically against his partner's cock, and his hands moved to the front of Nelson's pants, unbuckling the other man's belt and lowering the zipper.

Nelson's cock was hot and hard, the head a deep red, and a drop of pre-come was visible in the slit.

Dwyer gripped the cock in his left hand as his right reached around to grab hold of Nelson's ass again. Then he dipped his head and sucked a nipple into his mouth. "Delicious," he murmured.

Nelson widened his stance and slid his hands up under Dwyer's T-shirt while Dwyer's fingers found Nelson's hole. Dwyer ran a gentle finger around the edge and could feel a shudder go through Nelson. Nelson's legs opened even wider, his cock pressing into Dwyer.

The wolf slid a finger deep inside the hot back channel. Nelson's muscles clutched and grabbed at it, the heat and tension almost making Dwyer explode on the spot.

"Gotta have you now. Can't wait any longer," he mumbled, pushing Nelson's pants down.

The men untangled themselves a bit as Nelson kicked off his shoes so he could pull off his pants.

Dwyer took the tube of lube and box of condoms he'd purchased on his lunch break out of his pocket and put them on the nightstand, then unzipped his jeans, toed off his shoes, and dragged his T-shirt over his head.

Nelson was looking at Dwyer's cock, his mouth open and his breath coming hard.

Dwyer stepped up close to Nelson again, and the other man reached out to grab and stroke his cock. "I want this in me now," Nelson whispered, panting with need.

Dwyer grabbed Nelson's shirt and ripped it off. Buttons flew everywhere and there was the ominous sound of fabric tearing, but he didn't care.

Bedding was thrown to the floor, and then the two men were on the sheets. Nelson's legs were resting on his own shoulders, and Dwyer's fingers were deep in the redhead's hole, stretching and lubing.

Nelson had one hand on his own penis and the other on Dwyer's. "Yes, yes, faster, more," he panted, his chest heaving and sweat already forming on his forehead.

"Fuck, yeah. This time will be very fast. But when we get our breath back, we'll do slow."

"Stop fucking around and get in me," demanded Nelson.

Dwyer dropped the lube, grabbed a condom, and rolled the latex down his cock, then thrust the head into

Nelson. It popped through the ring of muscle and Dwyer pushed in farther, then farther still. He pulled out a little bit and pushed in.

"Oh, yes! So good. More."

Dwyer repeated his actions, this time seating himself inside Nelson so his balls slapped the other man's ass.

"Fuck, you're hot and tight. Feels so good."

"Be even better if you moved." Nelson lowered his legs to wrap them around Dwyer's hips.

With a grin, Dwyer resumed his pulling out and thrusting in, but as he had warned, the heat and need were so high that with just a very few strokes, he knew he couldn't hold on for long. And the scent. Nelson's scent was so strong. It was driving Dwyer crazy. He wanted to bite. He needed to howl, to grab, to take, to dominate.

He held onto his control with all his strength. Dwyer pulled out and pushed in. Out and in, with a little twist of the hips to ping Nelson's prostate.

Nelson's hands were on Dwyer's shoulders, the nails digging into the wolf's muscles. Nelson's heels were tight on Dwyer's back, digging in there, too. The two men were so closely joined that not a fraction of an inch separated their bodies from shoulders to hips.

Dwyer could feel the wet head of Nelson's dick pressing into his belly. *Man, that's sexy.* Desperately, he pulled away a little and swiveled his hips, wanting to bring

Nelson to orgasm because he knew a couple more strokes and his control would break.

"Yes!" shouted Nelson, his nails dragging a deep furrow in Dwyer's shoulder.

With relief, Dwyer let go and pounded into Nelson. Once, twice, then he came, huge gouts of come spurting from his cock into the latex. He buried his face in Nelson's neck, drawing Nelson's scent deep into his lungs and holding back the urge to bite as he shook and shook again with release.

The tub wasn't really meant for two people, but with them sitting at opposite ends, and each of them resting his legs on the other man, it was doable. By draining out the cooling water and refilling the tub with hot, they were able to stay there for half an hour and get to know each other better.

Dwyer felt the insane urge to tell Nelson what he really was, but kept a firm grip on himself and encouraged the other man to talk instead. The good news was that Nelson was looking for a permanent relationship with another man and had broken up with his most recent partner six months ago. It remained to be seen how the redhead felt about werewolves, though.

"I've sometimes thought about moving out of the city to the country, having a few acres of land, maybe with a lake so I can fish, having some animals, maybe a big dog. What about you, Nelson?"

"I'd love to have a dog. Possibly a horse, too, if there was enough pasture and a barn. Not so sure about fishing, but it would be great to be able to go swimming in summer whenever I felt like it."

"What about your career though? How would that work?"

"I've been thinking more and more lately about the possibilities of telecommuting. Sitting in traffic for an hour or more every day pisses me off."

"Are there jobs like yours around, where you could work from home?"

"I've done a bit of Googling job-wise, and I figure there are jobs out there I could easily do online. That'd mean a farm would need broadband of some kind. I'd have to check all that. But it's just a dream, of course. I have some savings, but not enough for a farm, even a small farm."

"I don't know. If you went somewhere not the best quality farmland, several hours' drive from a town, it could be viable. If you could support yourself without relying on farm crops and suchlike, you could probably get a small place quite cheaply. But yeah, it's just an idea for the future, maybe."

Dwyer carefully held his excitement behind a hard wall of insouciance. God, Nelson didn't mind dogs, didn't mind moving elsewhere. That was two of the major hurdles leaped in a single bound!

But right now Dwyer had other things on his mind. He dragged his foot over Nelson's cock, then ran his toes gently up and down the shaft. Nelson gasped and the cock stood straight up out of the water.

Dwyer kept up his gentle stroking and used his other foot to run his toes along Nelson's thigh and hip. His own cock was as hard as a spike again already.

"Time to move this party back to the bedroom?" he suggested.

At Nelson's nod, they stood and grabbed towels. Not bothering with drying themselves, they wrapped the towels around their hips and walked back into the bedroom.

They lay side by side on the bed, touching, stroking, teasing, caressing. Dwyer was playing with Nelson's nipples. They were hard, flat little discs, a deep pink against his pale skin, but already the nubs were aroused and standing up.

Dwyer sucked one into his mouth, then bit on it gently. He licked his way across Nelson's muscular chest and played with the other nipple. His next stop was the pulse at the base of Nelson's throat. Dwyer licked and tasted there, drawing Nelson's scent deep into his lungs and wishing he could bite.

Next, he licked his way down Nelson's chest to his partner's belly button. Here Dwyer stopped to play, nibbling the edges and licking inside the tiny indentation before licking farther down to the cock that was waving and weeping with need.

"Yum," he murmured, sucking the head inside his mouth. He laved gently around the cap, running his tongue under the seam where the head and stalk joined. He sucked Nelson as deep into his mouth as he could, relaxing the back of his throat and letting the head bounce against him there. Gradually, he released the cock, letting it slide out of his mouth.

Only then did he become aware of Nelson's hands in his hair and Nelson's hips thrusting up, wanting more.

Ideally he would have liked to take Nelson from behind, doggie style. But this close to Halloween, Dwyer wasn't confident he could restrain himself from biting in that position, so he decided on their sides would be better.

Nelson rolled over and reached for the lube on the nightstand, handing it to Dwyer and rolling onto his front. He thrust his ass up into Dwyer's face and wagged it.

Dwyer swatted the ass playfully, and Nelson sighed. Thoughtfully, Dwyer slapped him again and again, carefully moving his hand around on Nelson's fair skin. Nelson was rubbing his own cock on the bed now, obviously incredibly aroused. Dwyer gave several more hard swats on Nelson's ass and upper thighs before squeezing the lube into his anus to stretch him.

"Hurry, hurry, I need you right now. I should still be pretty good from the first time."

Dwyer hastily scissored his slippery fingers inside Nelson, rolled on a condom and lubed that, then pushed

the head of his cock into Nelson's ass. The man was correct; he popped through the ring of muscle easily and slid into the hot, welcoming channel.

Dwyer reached under Nelson's body to grab his cock. It was leaking copiously, demonstrating that the redhead wouldn't last long.

Dwyer pulled almost all the way out, then powered in, thrusting hard and using his leg muscles to jackhammer in and out at high speed. He stroked up and down Nelson's penis with one hand, taking most of his own body weight on his other forearm so that Nelson could lift enough to push back into his strokes. Only then did he realize he'd forgotten all about fucking on their sides.

Dwyer's balls drew up tight against his body, and the base of his spine began to tingle. He dragged his fingernails down the side of Nelson's shaft, and with a shout Nelson came, come pouring over Dwyer's hand. Dwyer pulled almost all the way out of his partner, then thrust in hard, all the way to his root. It was enough; his cock exploded into the hot channel, and he shook with release, still holding onto Nelson.

Panting, he rolled them onto their sides, still with his cock embedded in Nelson and still stroking the redhead's shaft.

Nelson raised a hand to Dwyer's head and pulled their mouths together for a gentle, yet passionate, kiss. "You do realize that now we need another bath, and if it's like the last one, it'll just lead to more bedroom activities."

"Sounds like a plan! But we'll probably take a little longer to recover this time." Dwyer pulled out from Nelson, hopped off the bed to dispose of the condom, picked up the bedding, and pulled it up over them both.

"We'll shower later," he murmured. Spooning together under the comforter, they both dozed.

Chapter Three

They made love one more time -- on their sides as Dwyer had previously planned to do-- before returning to their own homes for the last few hours before dawn. They agreed to meet on Friday night at the mall for dinner and maybe a movie, and whatever followed.

Dwyer desperately wanted this next meeting. He was more and more certain Nelson was his mate; the pull of the redhead's scent was undeniable, and the sex had been off the charts. He couldn't ever remember coming so hard before. But the urge to bite and claim was very strong, and Friday was Halloween. Every Halloween he had run beneath the moon. He wasn't at all sure he was strong enough to resist the urge to turn. And it was much too soon to tell Nelson about his wolf side. Besides, how did one do that? "Oh, by the way, I'm a werewolf and you're my mate?" *Nah, that's not going to work.*

He really hoped they could go back to Nelson's place for the evening. Money wasn't an issue. He could certainly afford a motel room -- one of the advantages of a very long life meant accumulating wealth was easier than it was for ordinary humans -- but he wanted to see the man in his home, to see him with that extra perception you got from visiting someone's private space.

Dwyer was itchy and tense all Friday. The pull to turn was extreme, and he knew Nelson's scent would make it worse. But he couldn't not spend time with Nelson. The man was very important to him. Maybe, just maybe, if everything went well this weekend and all the signals came up green, he could consider telling Nelson the truth, asking him to be his mate.

Well, yeah, assuming his instincts were correct and the whole "it has to be a male and a female" thing was wrong. *Fuck! What a mess!* This was one of those times when he missed being part of a pack, having never been in a pack. The accumulated wisdom of the group would be really helpful to him right now.

The evening started off perfectly. They ate a leisurely meal, and by the time that was over, most of the little kids out trick or treating had been taken home by their families. Neither of them was particularly interested in a movie, so they decided to walk along the riverbank instead. It was quiet there in the dark. The moonlight was reflecting on the river just enough for them to see where they stepped, and the water's lazy drift was very peaceful and soothing.

But Nelson's scent was in Dwyer's nostrils, and the moonlight was making him want to turn. He wanted Nelson so badly. He couldn't possibly wait a moment longer.

Dwyer turned to Nelson and saw that the desire was mutual. They moved back from the water's edge into the trees. Dwyer pushed Nelson up against a solid oak and unzipped his pants. As the fabric dropped to the ground, Nelson turned, crossed his forearms against the oak, and rested his head on them, thrusting his ass out. "Do me, Dwyer. I want you inside me now."

Dwyer pulled a tiny tube of lube and a condom from the pocket of his cargo pants, thanking every deity in the pantheon that he'd thought to bring them with him. He dropped his own pants and rolled the rubber on, then

squeezed the lube onto his fingers and pressed one inside Nelson.

As always, the clenching heat almost made him come on the spot. He drew a deep breath and began to stretch Nelson, twirling one finger around and around, rubbing the soft tissues of the walls, then adding a second finger and scissoring them. His cock was so hard it was painful, his balls were already drawn up hard and tight. And Nelson's scent, the river and trees, were almost overwhelming him. *Fuck! I shouldn't have come out here*, he thought, then thrust his aching penis home inside Nelson.

"Fuck, you feel so good."

Nelson pushed back into him and wagged his ass in reply. "More. Move."

Dwyer was eager to move. The clenching heat of Nelson's ass, combined with the scents of their bodies, were almost driving him insane. Nelson felt so damn good, smelled so fucking good, that controlling himself was making his very bones ache. Grabbing Nelson's hips, he thrust in deeply and then slowly withdrew. He pushed in again and pulled out, but knew he could not last.

Fortunately, Nelson seemed to be in as much of a hurry as Dwyer, rotating his hips and thrusting his butt back hard onto Dwyer's cock, impaling himself as Dwyer struggled to go slowly.

With that action, Dwyer's rigid control snapped. He powered into his mate, his nails digging into the man's

hips. Nelson dropped one hand from the tree down to his own cock, pulling on it in time with the beat of their hips.

Dwyer felt the howl rising inside him, burning to get out. He buried his face in Nelson's shoulder as his seed exploded out of him into the condom. His mouth opened involuntarily, and his teeth gripped his mate's shoulder. As the last of his come burst from his cock, he bit down on Nelson's shoulder. His teeth gripped the man as they shook in passion together.

As his brain cleared, he realized what he'd done. "Fuck, Nelson, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bite you."

Nelson leaned back into him. "I kind of liked it. Sort of animalistic. Appropriate for us getting it on under the trees by the river, don't you think?"

"But your skin is so pale, you'll probably bruise."

"It doesn't matter. I have actually bruised myself before, you know." Nelson turned around in Dwyer's arms and kissed him gently. "I don't mind, really. In fact, it was hot."

The men cleaned themselves up and straightened their clothes, then started to head back toward the mall. Suddenly, they heard shouts and screaming. Looking at each other, they began to run toward the noise.

Three young men dressed as vampires had surrounded an elderly couple. One vampire had the woman in a headlock and was threatening to break her neck unless the man handed over his wallet and credit cards. The old

man was trembling and kept saying he didn't have any credit cards.

"Don't treat me like I'm stupid, Gramps. Everyone has credit cards. Now give Petey here your wallet right now, or the old lady's dead for real."

The old man held out his wallet with a shaking hand. "Please don't hurt her. We live on Social Security. The bills are paid with cash. We don't need a credit card. Take my wallet. There's not much, but it's all we have. Let her go, please."

Dwyer noticed the old lady's purse on the ground, open, with the contents spilled on the grass. A handkerchief. A lipstick. A single key on a ring. An open coin purse with a few coins lying beside it.

The old lady seemed to be coping better than the man. She was standing quite still, not even shaking, and her eyes were following the vampires. The old man, though, looked like he could have a heart attack at any moment.

One of the young men pulled a large knife from his sleeve. He held it up and the moonlight glinted off the long blade. "You're dead," he gloated to the old man and slashed out at him.

The metallic smell of fresh blood slammed into Dwyer. The wolf raged through him. What right did these idiots have to terrorize the old couple? They were obviously not wealthy, just ordinary folks minding their own business. Did these punks think dressing up as vampires gave them the right to act as predators? *Well, I'll show them a real predator!*

Dwyer stretched out his arms into the moonlight, lifted his head, and howled. The wolf cry reverberated around the small park. Before the last echo faded, Dwyer had stripped out of his clothes and shoes, shaken all over like a dog shaking water off his coat, and turned into a large, black wolf.

The wolf padded out from the trees, turned to face the wanna-be vampires, and howled again. The one with the knife looked at the huge animal and fled. The wolf stalked toward the vampire who held the woman, the one who had done the talking and seemed to be the leader. He opened his mouth wide, giving the young man a good look at all his sharp teeth, then bunched his hind legs and leaped.

The fake vampire's courage gave out. He let the old lady go and turned on his heel to run. But the wolf was faster. He grabbed the young man by the neck and shook him. There was the harsh, acrid smell of urine as the vampire wet himself. The wolf shook him again and let him go. The vampire took off like a rocket across the park.

The wolf turned around and saw the vampire who had been with the old man disappearing fast toward the river. For a moment, he considered giving chase, then decided against it. He wanted to teach them a lesson, not actually harm them.

Then shaky old arms wrapped themselves around the wolf's neck. "Shaggy, it's you, isn't it? Oh, Shaggy, it's so good to see you again."

Soft tears dropped onto the wolf's head and wrinkled old hands gently stroked his coat. "Shaggy, Shaggy, it's so wonderful to see you again. You rescued us just like you rescued little Sally from the lake all those years ago. You nearly broke Sally's heart when you died. Yet now you've come back again just in time to save us both from those gangsters. Oh, I can't wait to tell Sally you're back."

The two elderly people were still hugging and kissing and crying over Dwyer when his superior hearing recognized a quiet footstep.

A throat was cleared, then a soft cough announced the arrival of another person.

"My name is Nelson Austin. I'm afraid I was too, um, far away to help you, but I'm glad my, um, dog got here in time."

"Please, Mr. Austin, will you and Shaggy come home and let us offer you something to drink? My wife has been quite shaken by the events of this evening, and a nice cup of tea will do us all good. And we would both love to spend a few more moments with Shaggy." The old man was visibly pulling his dignity around him like a cloak, demonstrating the strong and capable man he had evidently been so many years ago.

"Of course. I would be delighted," Nelson replied, then bent down to help the couple collect their meager possessions from the grass, where the vampires had dropped them.

The elderly couple lived only two blocks away in a simple clapboard cottage. The furniture inside was good quality, but well worn. The coffee was hot and strong. And the Ainsleys remained completely convinced that Dwyer was the reincarnation of Shaggy.

"For tonight is Samhain, you know," Mr. Ainsley explained earnestly, "when the spirits all walk."

Mrs. Ainsley continued the story. "Shaggy saw our need and came back to help. Shaggy was always there to help us. Why, he rescued our little Sally when she fell in the lake. My back was only turned on her for a minute -- I was hanging out the laundry at the time -- but Shaggy grabbed her by her diaper and brought her back to me totally unhurt."

Nelson just smiled and nodded at their serious faces. Mrs. Ainsley went to a chest of drawers and pulled out a cell phone and handed it to him. "This has a camera on it. I don't quite understand how it works, although Sally did tell me. Would you mind taking a picture of Shaggy with us so we can send it to her? She cried herself to sleep the night he died. She will be so happy to know he has come back to us today."

Nelson took the photo, then composed a brief text message for them to send with it, but inside he was very nervous. First, his lover turned into a goddamn wolf. Then these nice old people started to sound like they want to keep his wolf.

His wolf?

Not to mention the fact that the damn wolf had bitten him. Did that mean Nelson was going to turn into a freaking wolf, too? And there was that time in the tub when Dwyer had asked him if he wanted a dog. Frigging hell. He and Dwyer really needed to have an honest conversation about all this, and he was stuck here nodding and smiling and drinking tea. Tea! A bottle of whiskey would be more helpful right now!

After an hour or so, the wolf whined and padded to the door. He stood there whining, and the Ainsleys immediately jumped up.

"Shaggy has to go back."

"I guess he has other people he needs to visit tonight, too. We can't monopolize him."

Nelson moved to the door, too, and solemnly shook hands with the elderly couple.

"We can't thank you enough for letting Shaggy rescue us."

Nelson was at a loss for what to say. "Thank you for understanding," he managed. Then he and the wolf walked back to the park to collect Dwyer's clothing.

As soon as they were out of earshot, he leaned down to the wolf. "Dwyer, you'd better have a damn good explanation for what's going on here, because I can tell you I'm freaking out. Halloween, Samhain, whatever. What's happened tonight is pretty fucking impossible!"

Chapter Four

Fortunately, Dwyer's clothes were on the ground where he'd left them. A couple of times in the past, he'd had to go home as a wolf because his clothing had been stolen. At least this time Nelson would have been able to drive him. But still...

As soon as he'd changed back to human form and scrambled into his clothes, he turned to Nelson. "We need to talk. I'm sorry, I just couldn't--"

"We do need to talk. We really need to talk. But not here. How about we get our cars and you follow me to my place?"

Dwyer struggled to regain control of himself. Nelson was right. Of course they needed to talk, but not out here. What they had to say should not be overheard, and the conversation might take a long time. Being inside Nelson's house was much more sensible. He nodded. "Yeah, you're right. But I *am* sorry." He reached for Nelson's hand and squeezed it.

Just holding hands with Nelson made Dwyer's cock hard. Dwyer could hardly believe how hot this man made him feel. Everything about Nelson was a turn-on - his looks, his actions, and his scent. Particularly his scent. He really did smell of clean, fresh air blowing through trees and of rich, loamy soil. Even though they were by the river, Nelson's scent was quite different from that of the river. And enticing, very enticing.

Dwyer forced himself to concentrate on getting back to his car, following Nelson home, and thinking about how

he would explain himself and his belief -- no, his certainty -- that they were mates.

But that's not the way things happened. Nelson unlocked the front door, and as soon as Dwyer walked inside, Nelson's scent overwhelmed him. The entire apartment smelled of Nelson. Roughly, Dwyer grabbed the other man for a kiss. It didn't even start gently this time. The two men knocked noses, clashed teeth, licked and bit and sucked, pressing their bodies together with a fierce passion. Tongues thrust and tangled, thighs pushed between legs, cocks rubbed.

In mere seconds, they were ripping each other's clothes off, then Dwyer dropped to the floor and pulled Nelson onto his lap. Nelson scrabbled through their clothes to find the tiny tube of lube in Dwyer's pants pocket while Dwyer riffled through his wallet for a condom.

With minimal preparation, Nelson sank onto Dwyer's cock, sinking down, down, down onto Dwyer's lap. Briefly, they held the position, then they wrapped their arms around each other and Dwyer began raising and lowering Nelson on his cock. Nelson used his thigh muscles to lift and lower as well, cranking the heat and the pace up with every thrust.

Once again, their mouths crashed together, teeth and tongues melding in a fiercely passionate kiss. Then Dwyer pushed Nelson's chest away from him and contorted his spine to lick and bite Nelson's nipple.

"Shit!" screamed Nelson.

Dwyer licked it again and again.

Nelson crashed into orgasm, come firing from the head of his cock over both their torsos as his entire body shook and trembled.

Dwyer bent and licked the come from Nelson's belly. The erotic taste of his mate's semen pushed Dwyer over the edge and he came, too, his cock spasming hard, deep inside Nelson.

"Damn, that was hot," whispered Nelson, leaning in to kiss Dwyer.

"Taste yourself, you're the one who's hot."

This time the kiss was gentle and exploratory as the men shared Nelson's taste and the last few spasms rocked through them both. Nelson wound his arms around Dwyer's neck, running his fingers through the black curls, then massaging Dwyer's head and shoulders.

Dwyer pulled their bodies closer together, rubbing their chests against each other, letting his nipples scrape through Nelson's chest hair -- very fine hair as red as that on the man's head.

Nelson responded by wrapping his legs more firmly around Dwyer's back, digging his heels into the wolf.

Dwyer's cock, which had scarcely started to soften, was instantly firm and growing inside Nelson again.

"Well, well. Fast recovery time there, my friend," said Nelson, dropping teasing kisses across Dwyer's face,

lingering over his eyebrows and cheekbones, then turning to suck an earlobe into his mouth.

Dwyer responded by licking and sucking at Nelson's neck, especially at the hollow of his throat and the sensitive place where neck and shoulder were joined.

Between their bodies, Dwyer could feel Nelson's cock hardening, the shaft standing up once more. "Now who's got the fast recovery time?" he joked.

"It's you. I've never been hard again so fast before in my life. But with you, my dick is always hard."

"Well, let's not waste it," Dwyer said, thrusting up into Nelson and starting a deep, slow, and steady rhythm.

Dwyer wrapped one arm as far around Nelson as he could and took the redhead's shaft in his other hand. With each push up into Nelson, he stroked the cock; with each slide out, he teased the man's balls or ran a fingernail under the ridge.

Nelson held onto Dwyer's hair, his ears, his shoulders as he rode the cock harder and harder, faster and faster. The redhead's hands were never still, patting, smoothing, stroking Dwyer, then grabbing and holding tight.

Dwyer could feel his orgasm building. His cock was scraping the walls of Nelson's channel. *Fuck, he's hot. I've never been so turned on in my life before. He is my mate, I'm sure he is!*

By grabbing Nelson's hips and twisting him slightly, he pinged the hard little ball of Nelson's prostate on every

third or fourth stroke. The cock in his hand was leaking pre-come already and felt as hot as fire. His balls were drawing up tight, and he knew his release would be soon.

But the wolf was rising again, too. Despite the orgasms he'd already had tonight, it was Halloween, and although he'd experienced a couple of howls and a single jump in wolf form, merely being a docile pet doggy for an hour had not been anywhere near enough to satisfy his wolf.

As he came, he released a howl. He tried to prevent it from being too loud, but it was still a definite howl.

Nelson was coming and shaking in his arms, too. "You can bite me if it will help."

Love and passion raced through Dwyer at the words. As he sank his teeth into the pale skin of his mate's shoulder, his cock spurted again and again deep inside Nelson's ass. He'd never come so hard or so much in his life.

Half an hour later, they were showered and dressed, sitting at Nelson's dining room table and drinking coffee.

"So, where do we start? Maybe if you ask me questions?"

"I think you had probably better tell me your life story from the beginning. But first, I have one urgent question. Am I going to become a werewolf?"

"Only if you want to be. Despite what you see in the movies, one little bite -- or even two -- won't make you a werewolf. We don't go around killing people, either. But you are my mate, and if we do mate properly, you will become a werewolf like me. If you turn, it will be as if you were born a werewolf. Your life expectancy will increase, and your body will age much more slowly."

"Okay, I can deal with that," Nelson said slowly and thoughtfully. "That's not nearly as bad as I feared. Now, tell me your story."

Dwyer reached across the table to grasp Nelson's hand. "Thank you for taking this so calmly. I would have deserved it if you'd run away screaming like those young men."

"The thought did occur," answered Nelson dryly, "but I wasn't afraid of you. I knew you wouldn't hurt me. And we used that last condom twice, too, but I'm guessing that doesn't matter either, and is kind of minor after the rest of what has happened tonight."

"Thank you," repeated Dwyer. Then he shrugged his shoulders, gathered his thoughts and said, "My name is Dwyer Janousek, and I was born in 1802 in a cottage deep in the mountains of the land you probably know as the Czech Republic. Both my parents were born werewolves into were families. We grow like humans until puberty, then our growth slows down, so in human terms I am probably thirty-six or seven."

Dwyer paused for a moment and Nelson nodded encouragingly.

"When I was five, my mother died giving birth to twin girls. Twin weres almost never survive, and since we lived alone, there was no one to give her the care she needed. It was before the days of antibiotics, too, of course. But even today, twins are unlikely to live."

Dwyer's eyes rested on Nelson's face and he saw sympathy reflected in the other man's gaze.

"My father loved me and taught me everything I needed to know to survive in the woods. But gradually civilization came nearer and nearer to us, so we made the decision to move into a large city, hoping to find work there and a place to live where the fact that we don't age like humans wouldn't be noticed."

"Of course. I hadn't really thought of that as being a problem, but it's obviously going to be a major issue." Nelson nodded.

"We were fortunate that at one stage there was a government push to educate illiterate peasants, so we went to a sort of adult school where we learned reading and writing and math. That meant we could find slightly better jobs. But we still had to move every five years to avoid people noticing our differences. And we needed to be near forests or national parks to change and run at the full moon. Life was not easy. My father never really adjusted to city life, and he died in 1930, twenty years after we left the mountains."

"I'm so sorry." Nelson reached out to gently touch Dwyer's hand. "Then you had no one at all."

Dwyer nodded, took a deep breath, and continued his story. "After he died, I decided to travel to see the world and maybe find a pack to join. I have never been in a pack, never known what pack life is like. My parents came from the same pack, but it was very small and struggling to survive, so they moved way out into the mountains when they first mated. I quickly discovered I hated really large cities and there were so many wars and civil disturbances happening around the world, I just kept moving on, never stopping very long. I don't know whether it was my wolf instincts protecting me, or just pure luck that I managed to avoid them all. But in doing so I never found a pack.

"I arrived here as part of the Mariel boatlift from Cuba in the middle of 1980 and have all the paperwork, but if anyone checks on me, it's going to be obvious that my birth date on the papers is inaccurate. I made myself as young as I possibly could -- twenty -- but I don't look anything like fifty now, and the photos will show I haven't changed much."

"So, how are you going to deal with that? And what about the farm, was that a genuine question?"

"Yes, the farm in the middle of nowhere seems like a good option to me. I hope to use technology to make myself into my own son, or even my grandson. If I could find a pack of weres, I would likely find they have already dealt with issues like this, and I'm hoping technology will help with that, too, to locate them."

"What happens now? And will you want to go join a pack if you find one?" asked Nelson.

"That's up to you. As soon as I smelled your scent, I wanted you. I thought you were my mate. It was hard for me to believe, since I only knew of mates being a male and a female, but I'm certain you're my mate. I've never come so hard as I have with you, and your scent intoxicates me. *You* intoxicate me, I can't get enough of you. I want to mate with you.

"About the pack, I'd like to check it out first. It would be good to share and build relationships with other weres, but if they had an authoritarian alpha, I don't think I could live with them. I'm too used to running my own life. But to meet and mingle with them, sort of like a vacation, for a few weeks a year -- that would be ideal. And then maybe, one day, live in community with them, I could see that working. However, as I said, a lot of this would depend on you. Any decision we made about that sort of thing would need to be a joint one between us."

"The pack thing sounds as though you have thought it out quite carefully. I could go along with that. But what does mating involve? What would I have to do? I want you, too. Your wolf doesn't frighten me, it excites me."

"Thank God! We mate as humans, then again as wolves. Unprotected sex, howling and biting under the trees at night. Halloween would be ideal, but any full moon will do."

"And then what happens?"

"We run, and you learn how it is to be a wolf. The glorious freedom of running fast in the moonlight. Then we come back home and figure out how we'll build our future together, just like any other couple does."

"Okay, let's do it."

"What?"

"It's not quite eleven p.m. We have time to do the mating thing tonight, on Halloween."

Dwyer jumped up and hauled Nelson into his arms. "I want you so much. But are you sure? Once you're a wolf, you can't change your mind."

"Yes, I'm sure. Since you first drove me to work, I've wanted you. I don't know, somehow we just mesh. We seem so right together. The sex is awesome, but the connection is much deeper than that. It's almost like you're my soul mate or something."

"Mate," breathed Dwyer, dragging Nelson's scent deep into his lungs before kissing him. "We're only maybe ten minutes from the national park, so let's go there now."

Hand in hand, they walked deep into the national park. Finally, at a clearing, they stopped and, without speaking, stripped off their clothes and lay on the grass.

"I've never had sex without a condom before," said Nelson.

"Werewolves can't catch human diseases, but for quite a few years now I've always use a rubber for the peace of mind of my partner."

They lay side by side kissing for the longest time before Dwyer spat on his fingers and began teasing Nelson's hole. "I don't want to hurt you."

"We've had so much sex today that I'll be open and stretched already. You'll slide right in."

"Fuck, man, I want to. You make me so hot and hungry." Dwyer lightly swatted Nelson's ass, and the redhead moved onto all fours and pushed his ass out toward Dwyer, wagging it to indicate he was ready and wanted Dwyer to hurry up and start fucking.

"God, that's hot." Dwyer grabbed hold of Nelson's hips, then pushed the head of his cock into Nelson's anus. As Nelson had predicted, it popped through the ring of muscle very easily and slid into the grasping, clenching heat of Nelson.

Both men gasped in reaction. "Feels so good."

"But it would be even better if you started to move. We're on a time limit here if you want it done before midnight, you know," joked Nelson.

Dwyer laughed, then began pushing in and out. This was the position his wolf had been demanding. This was how he'd wanted Nelson from the very beginning.

Each man supported himself with one hand and the other was on Nelson's dick, stroking up and down in time to the thrusts of Dwyer's cock. Their two hands worked in perfect unison, and Nelson simultaneously pushed back into Dwyer's thrusts so every inch of his cock was sheathed inside that incredibly erotic heat.

Soon, sweat glistened on Nelson's body, the slick film adding to the carnal feel as they drove and plunged together.

Dwyer's spine was tingling, his balls were drawn up hard and tight, and the howl of his wolf was building inside him. "Come now!" he ordered, giving a powerful, deep thrust into Nelson. He leaned across the other man's back, ramming as far inside as he could, then bit down on the tendon where Nelson's neck and shoulder joined. He bit deep and tasted his mate's blood. That was enough to send him over the edge to orgasm. As his seed pumped into Nelson's welcoming ass, he felt come spatter over their joined hands. He lifted his head and howled. It was the reverberating, spine-chilling, full-throated howl of an adult wolf, and it echoed around and around the clearing.

A moment later, a second howl joined in. A lighter, higher tone, but still that of an adult male. Together, the men howled and shook as the final spasms of their mating rolled through them.

When they finally stopped shaking, Dwyer stood up. He extended his arms and turned his face up to the moon. With the moonlight glowing on his face, he shook all over, and turned into his wolf. Nelson watched closely, then copied him. Moments later, a red wolf stood beside the black one. The red was just a fraction the smaller of the two. Then they took off running into the trees. They ran to the top of a nearby hill and howled again, then chased each other in and out of the trees, playing like pups.

When they tired of that, they took off again, running for miles through the park. Finally, they sank down onto the grass beside a small river, tongues hanging out and panting. The red recovered first and ran into the water, splashing in the shallows before the black joined him.

After playing and splashing in the tiny river for a while, they came out and shook themselves, water spraying in all directions. Then the black yipped at the red. The red stood still, looking over his shoulder at the black. The black yipped again then mounted the red, his teeth firmly grasping the red's neck. After a few brief minutes, both wolves shook and two fierce howls again rolled through the park -- a deep tone and a lighter counterpoint. The black dropped down onto all four paws, walked around the red and nuzzled him. Finally, muzzles together, they walked back to where they'd left their clothing.

They were back at Nelson's house snuggled in bed together by two a.m., but both were far too wired to sleep.

"What happens now?" asked Nelson, suddenly nervous about how quickly his entire life had changed.

Dwyer wrapped his arms more tightly around his mate. "Absolutely nothing that you don't want to happen. I'm still tied to this seatbelt recall driving job for a few more weeks. Then I think I'll do something part time for a while so I can start looking seriously at properties. What commitments do you have?"

"I have to give a month's notice for both the apartment and the job. But I've already done some looking at jobs where I could telecommute. I can start checking them out seriously and sending in applications."

"Will there be a problem if you decide to leave and move to another state?"

"No. My parents are retired and live in Florida, and my sister is married with two kids and lives in California, so it doesn't matter much where I go. We aren't exactly a close family anyway."

Nelson relaxed into his lover's -- his mate's -- arms. It was almost impossible to comprehend that when he'd woken up that morning, he had no idea Dwyer was a werewolf -- and now he was one himself as well.

"You know, I always wanted a dog," he said, and sank into sleep.

Dwyer leaned forward to gently kiss his closed eyelids. "And I always wanted a mate. I never thought I'd have one. I thought the best I could ever hope for was a pack that would accept me. Now if we find a pack, it will be good, but if we don't, it doesn't matter, because we have each other."

He lifted up his head and gazed out the window at the fading moon. "Thank you."

Dogged Pursuit

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