



The book cover features two shirtless men. The man on the left has long, wavy brown hair and a serious expression, with a small, bloody bite mark on his neck. The man on the right has dark hair and a slight smile, looking down. A large, full moon is visible in the upper left corner. The title 'SECOND CHANCE' is in large, white, serif capital letters, and 'Bite' is in a large, red, cursive script font.

SECOND CHANCE *Bite*

WOLF HAREM SERIES, BOOK 1

JOYEE FLYNN

SECOND CHANCE *Bite*

WOLF HAREM, BOOK 1

BY JOYEE FLYNN

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Dedication:

To Corrie: Thank you for coming up with such a great title for this book! Having fans like you has me smiling every morning when I wake up. Knowing you all love the worlds & characters I create makes being a writer so fulfilling. But you will always have a special place in my heart Corrie... you were the first to join my Yahoo Group & email that my work touched you. I can't even convey in words how your support and encouragement have helped me! This book is for you girl, with all my love.

CHAPTER 1

My story begins on a hot summer day, driving home from a business meeting for a job I hated. The meeting had been in upstate New York and I was making my way back to Manhattan. Knowing the expressway would be clogged like no other, I opted for the back roads hoping it would help my travel time. It ended up being the best, or worst, decision of my life... depending on how you look at it.

As I came around the bend of the deserted two lane highway, something moved out onto the road. And I emphasize the '*something*'. I swerved to the right, instead of the left where there was no traffic and I could have stopped safely on the asphalt. But the way I went had me skidding off the shoulder and into a ditch. Luckily, the car didn't flip and I had my seatbelt on so I only had minimal injuries. Actually, the only injuries I sustained were from the airbag.

I pushed the airbag down as I unbuckled the seatbelt before getting out of the car. Closing the door behind me, I leaned against my now undrivable car as I attempted to get my bearings. That's when the something got me. I know, my story should have been set at night with a full moon, but this is reality and it wasn't.

The something moved so fast, one minute it wasn't

there and the next it was, pulling me against it's — at least — seven foot body as it bit me. The hairy thing that caused me to drive off the road actually fucking bit me. I screamed in pain and desperately tried to fight it off, but fighting made as much of a difference as trying to move the Sears Tower. When I started to feel dizzy and my limbs got heavy, I gave up my fight.

The strangest part of it all was that I felt myself get hard. This furry monster right out of the movies was biting me and drinking my blood and I was getting aroused?

"I'm going to make you one of us now," the thing growled when he lifted his head from my neck. It was then I saw he had a muzzle, pointy ears, and a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth.

"What are you?" I asked, knowing already what he was but not able to believe it. He smiled at me in a feral way that shook me down to my core and instead of answering he cupped my groin and squeezed.

"Oh, you want it alright," he chuckled, licking his lips. His words came out more like a growl than anything human. I was mesmerized by how long his tongue was, almost like a dog. But he wasn't a dog, I knew that. He had to be a werewolf, but that's not possible, right?

Before I could say anything else he moved us

behind the car and away from the road. I thought right then he was going to kill me, instead he pushed me down on the ground. I raised myself up on my hands and knees, about to try and get away when I felt him move behind me.

"Just stay right there and I promise you'll love this," he said as he started to rip my suit off of me. I jerked with the movements, confusion and fear causing me to freeze up. When his huge, hairy hands — complete with claws — grabbed the cheeks of my ass I started to shake uncontrollably. "Very, nice," he growled before leaning over and licking my hole.

"Oh, fuck me," I moaned at the sensation. His tongue wasn't human, it was much rougher, sending shocks all throughout my body.

"I'm going to," he said in between licks. I was so out of my mind at the feeling of his tongue I barely registered what he said. When he pushed that rough tongue into my ass I screamed. The pain and pleasure mixed together from him moving his tongue into me was almost too much to handle. Add the pain in my neck from the bite he gave me, and I couldn't hold myself up anymore.

My upper body collapsed under the pressure, though I'm sure it looked more like I was offering my ass up to him. He took it that way as I felt a finger push in

along with his incredibly long tongue. I'd had my ass played with before, even fucked, but I was more a top than a bottom when it came to sex. So, not only was it the circumstances and his rough tongue driving me into overload, but also the fact that no one had touched my ass like this in over a year.

"I can't take anymore," I cried out when I felt him shove in a second finger while still licking me. And these weren't human-sized fingers, oh no. These were the monstrous, hairy, clawed kind of fingers. "Please, it's too much."

He ignored me and started moving faster. It wasn't really like he was taking me against my will, I was just having a sensation overload. I whimpered when he pulled out of me, bemoaning the loss of the feelings he awoke in me. Then he pulled the left side of my ass away as the tip of his cock brushed my hole. Holy shit! If he was over seven feet tall, how big was his dick?

Seconds later I found out just how large he was when he started pushing it into me. Again I was overwhelmed with the dual pleasure-and-pain sensations. "Your ass is so fucking tight, I love it," he snarled after he pushed in past the first ring. "This is going to be hard and fast, love."

I was just about to scream at him; 'yeah, calling me love?' Instead he was good to his word and pulled out of me, only to slam back in harder than I've ever had a dick pushed into me. He grabbed my hips, claws digging into my skin as he started to pound into me.

"Fuck yeah, take my big cock into that tight ass," he yelled as he moved even faster. He continued to shout his ramblings as he thrust deep and hard into my ass. "Bet no one's ever fucked you like this, big boy!"

If I could have gotten enough air into my lungs to talk under his rapid pounding I would have agreed with him. It wasn't humanly possible to be fucked the way he was taking me. He answered my thoughts as if he could read my mind.

"Once you've had a werewolf, a normal human will never do for you," he growled as he squeezed my hips tighter. Just when I thought I would pass out from the pain of the bite he gave me, I felt him stiffen up behind me. "Here comes what you need, baby."

Again I was completely confused as to what he meant as he shot his load into me. The force of it would have knocked me off my knees if he hadn't been holding onto my hips. It was if his cock was exploding in my ass with the goal of his seed ending up in my mouth. I was

scared, until some part of his dick latched onto my prostate. Then I was just in heaven.

I screamed out my pleasure as I came without even touching my cock. It was an orgasm like no other. Even though he was attached to me somehow, he still moved his hips back and forth, drawing out my climax until it overwhelmed me and everything went dark.

I woke up a few hours later, alone. Looking around I saw I was lying naked in my now dried cum, the bite on my shoulder completely healed. *What the fuck?* I thought, desperately trying to find any evidence of the bite the werewolf gave me. Did I hallucinate the whole thing?

Standing up, I opened the backseat door and grabbed my gym bag. I hadn't been able to fit the gym into my day but right now I was grateful for the clothes since my suit was in shreds all around me. All the other evidence was there to prove what happened, except the bite. My ass was sore, like I had been fucked within an inch of my life, and my car was still not drivable.

After getting dressed I reached for my cell and called for a tow truck. The wait was going to be an hour so I sat down in the passengers' seat. The minute I sat down I

knew it was a mistake. I stood right back up, knowing I was going to be feeling the fuck I got for a while. It was then I saw the note on the seat.

Completely confused, I reached for the envelope and pulled out the paper inside. You could have knocked me over with a feather as I read what was on it.

My dearest Spencer,

You will never see me again, but know that I will be watching you for the next month in case you need my help. Yes, you really were just bitten and fucked by a werewolf. No, you aren't losing your mind, but you are one of us now. We heal incredibly quickly, hence the bite mark being almost gone or completely gone by the time you wake up.

What I have just given you can be looked at as a gift or a curse. I hope you look at it as a gift, because I meant it as one. You will now be faster, stronger, see better, smell more, to name a few things. I've watched you for weeks, going through the motions of life. A job you hate and a lonely, solitary existence. That's not life, it's a living hell. The gift I give you now will give you a life worth living. Not only are you a werewolf and shape shifter, but immortal. Short of decapitation or being engulfed by flames, you cannot die.

The first few months you will only change the days surrounding the full moon. After which time you will be able to control it and be able to shift whenever you want. Yes, you will always have to shift on the night of the full moon, but at least with time you will be able to change when you want. Don't try and fight it until you have more strength and control over it, you will only hurt yourself. And you won't become a killing monster like in the movies, you will be fully aware of who you are and what you do when in wolf form.

Live your life, embrace your new self, and most importantly, be happy Spencer. That is all I wanted for you when I bit you.

Forever Yours,

Diego

PS- If you ever decide to change someone as I did you, there are two things you need to know. One, you have to do it in werewolf form. Two, the bite is not enough, just biting someone can kill them. You have to fuck them and come inside them as I did you. Something about our semen kills the venom in a werewolf's bite and allows the person to adapt to becoming one of us.

I must have read the note twenty times because the

next thing I knew the tow truck was there. Quickly hiding the letter back in the envelope I went to greet the tow guy and gave him the address of the car repair place my insurance used.

Getting into the passenger seat of the truck, I rubbed my hands over my face, knowing my life had changed drastically. The question now was, what do I do about it?

CHAPTER 2

It was a few years before I had even the inkling to turn someone into what I was. By then I'd gained control over my shifting. I did as Diego had said; quit the job I hated, bought a house upstate, and lived off the money I had stockpiled.

Ten years in a successful career with barely any expenses, never even using any of my money to take a vacation, and I had a sizeable nest egg. Given it was what I did for a living I also invested wisely, making my first million by the time I was twenty five. Now, at thirty three, I was just shy of five million. I'd never have to work again if I didn't want to.

But I was still lonely.

When I saw the gorgeous man who took my breath away, I couldn't get him out of my mind. I'd just finished up with a meeting with my bank, rolling some CD's over and signing the necessary paperwork. He was limping down a street in the red light district when he caught my eye. I was stopped at a light on my way back to the expressway.

He crossed the street in front of me, capturing my gaze and causing me not to notice the light had turned

green. The horns honking snapped me out of it and I turned right, following where he walked down the street. Pulling over I watched him limp along, my heart breaking at the fact he had obviously been beaten badly. He saw I'd pulled over and rolled down my window, and came towards my car.

"Hey, baby, you looking to party?" he asked, leaning on my open window. This gorgeous man was a hooker?

"How much?" I asked, trying to cover my shock.

"You're hot," he said, eyeing me up, "so let's say two hundred for the hour."

"How much for the whole night? I prefer my own bed for someone as tasty as you," I replied, letting the full amount of my lust show.

He looked surprised at my comment and turned the nicest shade of red on his cheeks and neck. The hot man smelled about as good as he looked, too. "A thousand?"

"Done. Get in the car," I said, unlocking the door. He looked around for a moment and then searched my face.

"You have the money, right? And you're not a cop?"

"I have to stop at the ATM, but I can give you the couple of hundred in my wallet now," I answered. "And no, I'm far from being a cop."

He hesitated a few more moments before nodding and opening the door. I saw him grimace in pain as he slid into the seat.

"Are you too hurt for sex? Because I'm not paying a thousand dollars for a night of fun if you can't play," I said before starting the car.

"I can take anything you dish out, big boy," he purred after closing the door and putting on the seatbelt. He leaned over and rubbed my groin with his hand. "Very nice."

"What's your name?"

"Dick, Big Dick," he chuckled as he squeezed my cock through my pants. "What's yours?"

"Spencer Fallon," I answered, covering my hand with his. "And I want your real name."

"Ryder Jenkins," he replied. "Why do you want my real name? No one ever cares what my real name is." His confusion was kind of cute and depressing all at the same time.

"Because I want you, the real you, not just any man," I answered as I leaned over and kissed him. He yelped in surprise and I took advantage of his open mouth to slide my tongue inside. When he started to move closer to me, I wrapped my arm around him and started to devour

his mouth. He tasted of toothpaste and something completely Ryder. I loved it.

"I don't normally kiss on the job," he whispered against my lips when we broke from the kiss. "But for some reason, with you, it's okay."

"Good, because I can't fuck someone I haven't kissed," I replied, turning to face forward and putting the car into gear. When I pulled out into traffic, I took his hand in mine. "I'll add cab fare back from my house onto your thousand."

"Okay," he said quietly. Watching him out of the corner of my eye, I saw him reach up with his other hand and touch his lips. It was then I realized Ryder might have gotten a lot of sex, but I bet it was a long time since he'd gotten any TLC. I wanted nothing more than to give him every ounce of loving I had in me. I also noticed the track marks on his arms. Great, he was a hooker and a drug user. Still, he was breathtaking.

Ryder's dark blond hair just brushed his shoulders and showed what looked to be natural highlights. His light green eyes stood out in contrast to his high cheekbones and Roman nose. He couldn't have been more than five-eleven, and was obviously malnourished, although his body still was lean and fit, even if on the skinny side. He wore very

tight low-cut jeans and an iridescent polo shirt I could see his nipples through. Very nice.

"I could blow you while you drive?" he asked as we got onto the expressway. It was then I noticed him shifting in his seat. "How far away is your house?"

"Upstate," I answered, glancing at him. "Is that a problem?"

"For a thousand bucks plus cab money? Hell no, just worried you're some kind of hooker murderer or something," he chuckled nervously.

"I promise I won't do anything you won't like," I replied, squeezing his hand. "To be honest, I wasn't looking to pick up a hooker. But I saw you and you are just so incredibly hot, I couldn't help but pull over and talk to you."

"Really?" he asked, his face and eyes brightening into a big smile. It made me wonder how many people had put this man down for him not to see his own good looks.

"Yes, really, Ryder," I said turning back to him. "And I'm not sure I could take that wonderful mouth wrapped around my cock and not wreck the car."

"Well you could pull over and get an appetizer, or we can just wait until we get to your house," he purred, taking one of my fingers into his mouth and sucking on it.

Luckily I was already in the right lane, because I swerved onto the shoulder and hit the brakes. I turned to see his smiling face as he started to reach for my zipper, but I had other ideas.

"I want more of your sweet mouth," I said as I undid his belt and pulled him onto my lap. Once he was straddling me, I did just that. Kissing Ryder was one of the most exquisite things I'd ever done in my life. When the smaller man moaned and started sucking on my tongue I felt my control start to wither. Growling, I grabbed his ass and ground his jeans-covered cock against my own. We both groaned loudly as he started to move his hips on his own. Ryder broke the kiss with a gasp as he humped his hips against mine.

"You feel so good," he moaned, resting his forehead against mine. "I could come just from this."

"Do it, come for me, baby," I hissed as he picked up the pace. I slid my hands into the back of his jeans and realized he was going commando. "Fuck, that's so hot, no underwear."

"I don't like to feel constricted," he answered as he leaned forward to kiss my neck. He ran his tongue up along my neck until he reached my ear. Nipping gently on my earlobe, he started sucking on it. Then his hands moved

under my shirt towards my nipples. I drew in a sharp breath when he pinched them.

"Fuck, baby, I like that," I moaned. I responded in kind by running my fingers down the crack of his ass and pushing one against his hole.

"Yes! Yes! So good!" he yelled, then stiffened up before crying out loudly as he came. I watched his face, completely enraptured with the beauty and passion I saw there. That was all it took to push me over the edge as well. I pulled him down to me and bit lightly on his shoulder as I roared out my own orgasm. "Yeah, bite me, Spencer."

While he had no idea how close he really was to the truth, for now, little love bites would do for me. I decided, right then and there, that I would turn him and take care of him. When he collapsed against me, molding to me like a wet noodle, I chuckled. This stranger in my arms had given me one of the hardest orgasms I'd ever had, just from us rubbing on each other.

"After that, I might want to keep you for more than one night," I said in between giving his neck light kisses. "I've not even gotten you naked yet and I think I'm already addicted."

"I've never had anyone addicted to me before," he giggled as he leaned back and looked into my eyes. "I feel

bad for charging you when I want to do this for free, but I have to..."

"It's okay, you don't have to explain it to me," I said gently, cupping his cheek. "Now, we both need a shower, and I don't know about you but I just worked up an appetite."

"I could eat," he replied shrugging, turning red again. God that was sexy. He slid off my lap and back into his seat before buckling back up.

"What are you in the mood for?" I asked as I adjusted myself and put my own belt back on. "If you could have any food, what would you want?"

"You'd laugh," Ryder mumbled, turning to look out the passenger window.

"Try me," I said as I put the car in gear and pulled back on the expressway.

"Scrambled eggs, bacon, and pancakes," he answered after a few moments hesitation.

I started laughing loudly, until I saw him stiffen up. "That's not why I was laughing, Ryder. I don't see anything wrong with what you want to eat, it's just that we're more alike than you know."

"What do you mean?"

"Hang on and I'll show you," I answered as I took

my phone out of the consol. "Is that all you want to eat, or is there anything else?"

"No, that's what I want," he replied, looking completely confused. I gave him a big smile before unlocking my phone and going to the phone book. Pulling up the number for IHOP, I connected the call.

"Hi, this is Spencer Fallon," I said when they picked up.

"Hey, Spencer, the usual?" the girl, Mary, chuckled on the other end. I put the phone on speaker and put it back in the consol between Ryder and me.

"Yes please, Mary," I answered, smiling at Ryder. "But I need to add something to the usual."

"Really? I've never known you to get more than your normal order," she laughed. "Okay, I'm ready, what else?"

"I'd like an order of pancakes with a side of bacon, and an order of scrambled eggs with a side of bacon," I said gesturing towards Ryder if that was correct. He smiled and nodded. I really loved his smile, it lit up his whole face.

"The eggs come with toast, hash browns, or more pancakes," she replied.

"Hash browns, please," Ryder answered.

"Is that all, Spencer?" she asked.

"Yup, we'll be by in about twenty minutes. Thanks, Mary," I replied as we wrapped up the call and said our goodbyes.

"You have condoms and lube at your house, right?" Ryder asked.

"I do," I answered, smiling and taking his hand again. "Can't keep your mind out of my pants?"

"Well, no," he chuckled, "but it would suck to get there and have to leave again. Plus, the third leg I felt in your pants has me wondering what it will feel like in my ass."

"Oh, you're killing me," I said pushing my foot down on the gas to speed up a little. "I have to warn you, I like it a little rough."

"Like fuck me hard kind of rough? Or leave me bloody and bruised kind of rough?"

"I would never hurt you, Ryder," I answered as I brought his hand to my lips and placed a kiss on our entwined fingers.

He was quite a few minutes before finally answering, "I shouldn't believe you, but I do. If I've learned anything in life, it's that people aren't what they seem."

"Oh, well, I'm a werewolf," I said before I could stop myself. I'd never let down my guard enough to let that

slip out in the years since I'd been bitten.

"Yeah, and I'm a vampire," Ryder said, giggling. I laughed right along with him, grateful for more time before we really had 'the discussion'. Just then I saw the turn off for my house and exited the expressway. A few blocks later, I pulled into the IHOP and got out to pick up our order. Once I paid for our meal and chatted with Mary a bit, I headed back to the car.

I was grateful Ryder, and my car, were still there when I got to them. Again I had let my guard down. I barely knew him, how stupid was I to leave my keys in the car with a stranger? Shaking off the idea that Ryder would steal from me, I put the bags of food in the backseat.

"How much food comes with your regular order?" Ryder asked raising an eyebrow.

"Hey, I'm a growing boy," I chuckled as I rubbed my hands over my tight abs. Loving the look on his face as his eyes watched my little show, I turned and stuck out my butt as well. I heard him laugh when I gave my ass a slap. I smiled at him as I got into the car.

Once we were back on the road I heard Ryder's stomach growl loudly. Again I saw him start to blush and decided to pretend I didn't hear anything. Instead I decided to try and get to know Ryder a little better. "So, you grow

up in New York?"

"No," he answered, turning towards the window again.

"Where did you grow up?"

"Why do you want to know?" he asked, looking at me suspiciously.

I turned to meet his eyes and shrugged, "Just making conversation. I've never been in this position before, thought I'd get to know you a little."

"This position? You mean you've never picked up a hooker before?"

"Right," I answered carefully, not sure where he was going with his questions. "Look, I'm not judging you, I just want to get to know you."

"Basically you want to know how I became a hooker?" he asked. I decided just to nod this time in response. "I grew up in a little town in Georgia. At sixteen I had the dumb idea to come out to my parents, who threw me out of the house and disowned me. I had an older friend I'd messed around with before leaving for college in New York. I asked him for a ride and he drove me here. Since I wasn't able to stay in the dorms with him, I tried to get a job. But I didn't have any ID, since I hadn't gotten my driver's license yet, and no one would hire me."

He took a couple of deep breaths and started blinking rapidly, "I met a guy on the streets who offered me a place to stay. The deal was he would be my pimp and I could crash with him until I got enough money for a place of my own."

"And the needle marks on your arms?"

"I was nervous about having sex with strangers and he said he'd give me something to help me relax," Ryder admitted as he started fidgeting with his hands. "I didn't know until later that it was meth, and by then I was already addicted. I still crash with him, and he's my pimp and dealer."

"I'm sorry, Ryder," I said honestly as we pulled onto my street.

"It is what it is," he chuckled, but I could tell he wasn't really amused. He whistled as I turned into my driveway. "You live here? I should have held out for more money."

"I guess that's one way to look at it," I answered rolling my eyes. "How old are you?"

"Twenty two," Ryder replied quietly as the car stopped. We got out in silence, I mean, what do you say after someone tells you something like that? I grabbed the bags from the back seat as he shifted from foot to foot

nervously. I really had just wanted to know more about him, not upset Ryder and make him feel uncomfortable. But at least now I knew he was trapped in a shitty life and deserved better than he'd been given.

Unlocking the door I said, "Come on in," and held it open for him. He eyed me warily before walking into the house in front of me. Closing the door behind me, I moved to set the bags on the kitchen table. When I saw him looking around with a sad, lost look on his face, I knew I had to wipe that expression off his face. I turned and pulled him into my arms. "We can reheat dinner. Right now I want you naked in the shower."

"Okay," he whispered, smiling again. "Only if you let me wash and take care of you."

"I could get used to this," I growled, feeling my wolf wanting to come out. Instead I threw the smaller man over my shoulder and raced to the stairs. We were up the stairs and in my bedroom a minute later. I took us into the master bathroom before setting him on his feet. Before he could say or do anything, my lips found his and my hands started working on taking off his jeans.

"You really want me, don't you? I mean you're just not looking for a quick fuck, it's me you want?" he asked when we broke the kiss, searching my face again. It broke

my heart to see the idea was a new one to Ryder.

"More than I think I've ever wanted anyone in my life," I whispered before delving back into his sweet mouth. He gasped when I pulled his hard dick out of his jeans and slid my tongue in his mouth, demanding his submission. Ryder's hips thrust forward, pushing his cock in and out of my hand. "I want this in my mouth."

"No one's ever given me head before," he gasped as he looked up at me. "Are you sure?"

"Oh yeah," I replied, smiling. I let go of him for the moment to turn on the shower. One of the renovations I made to this house was extending the bathroom into one of the smaller bedrooms. I had a spa-like whirlpool tub and a glass enclosed shower that could fit several people into it. I loved my bathroom. The shower included dual showerheads and another water stream at the top of it which gave the effect of being under a waterfall. Did I say I loved my bathroom?

"This is gorgeous," he said, looking around the room as he started stripping. It was then I saw how badly Ryder had been beaten; he looked like one big black-and-blue bruise.

"Who did this to you, baby?" I asked, moving towards him. When I saw tears in his eyes again, I decided

to let it go. "Doesn't matter, you're safe here. I'm going to take good care of you."

"Why?" he whispered in obvious disbelief as he moved closer to me. "Why would you do that?"

"Because you're worth it to me to take care of," I answered honestly as I started taking off my own clothes. After I had my pants unzipped and shirt off, he put his hand on my shoulder and leaned up to kiss me.

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me, Ryder," I replied shaking my head. "I have too many dirty ideas of what I want to do to you for you to thank me."

"I'm all yours, Spencer," he replied with a smirk as he stood back and started stroking his rock hard cock. I quickly shed my pants and grabbed him. Latching onto his neck I started sucking and leaving my mark on him. He moaned loudly as he started rubbing his dick against my leg. I pulled him into the shower with me, lifting him up so we were eye level. He was several inches shorter than me, and wrapped his legs around my waist when I lifted him.

"Do you trust me?" I asked as I grabbed the cheeks of his ass. His chest was moving rapidly as he panted, but he was still able to nod. I smiled widely as I lifted him up even higher. I moved him until his groin was level with my

mouth, and then guided his legs over my shoulders. It was like having a sexual feast right before my eyes. It was only then I noticed he was completely hairless. "Do you wax or shave?"

"I have a friend who waxes me," he moaned as I started licking his balls.

"It's the sexiest thing I've ever fucking seen," I growled before taking both his nuts in my mouth. Ryder leaned back so his shoulders rested on the wall, which opened him up to me even better. I moved off his sac and took his length into my mouth. For someone who was five-ten, I was pleasantly shocked to see his cock was at least nine inches.

"Oh god, is this what it feels like when I give a blow job? No wonder people pay for it," he moaned as I went to town on his cock. I knew, given Ryder's profession, that I would normally have been apprehensive of sucking him off without a condom, but I was a werewolf and couldn't get human STD's. I rolled my tongue around the head of his gorgeous dick before swallowing it all the way down my throat. "Spencer I'm coming!"

He kept yelling even after he warned me before stiffening up for a moment. Then his cock swelled and he shot his warm cum deep in my throat. I moaned at the taste

of him, and with my heightened sense of taste I really got the full effect of him. When his dick started to soften I let it slip out of my mouth and pulled his legs off my shoulders.

"Wow," Ryder panted as I lowered him to the floor. "You're really strong."

"Thanks, glad you liked it," I answered, leaning down to kiss him and share the taste of his seed on my tongue. I found it hard for me to have played with him sexually when I could still smell other men on him — actually, it was driving me up the wall — so I quickly grabbed the soap and started lathering him up. I could tell Ryder was spent for the moment by the way he just let me move him into any position I wanted.

Holding him against my chest, I washed his back and shoulders before turning him and letting him lean against the wall. I squatted down, running the soap and my hands down his lower back to his ass. He moaned and spread his legs for me. Gently, I started washing between his ass cheeks and his pretty, pink puckered hole. I felt my wolf growling, wanting to be let out. I kept moving, washing his legs and then his feet.

"That feels wonderful," he groaned as I turned him around and started working my way up. When I finished with his neck and face I put the soap on the shelf and

grabbed the shampoo, pouring some into my hand before putting it back. Ryder tilted his head back when I moved him off the wall of the shower and started to work the shampoo into his hair. He almost seemed to be dazed. Once he was all washed up and rinsed I quickly cleaned myself up.

"How about we eat naked so I can get my fill of your sexy body?" I asked when I shut off the water and stepped out. He followed me out and I grabbed a towel and started to dry him. "Later I'm going to rub some salve on these bruises so they'll heal faster."

"Okay," Ryder whispered and I could see he was fighting off his emotions. It broke my heart to realize that something as simple as washing him and taking care of his bruises meant this much to him. After he was dry I threw the towel in the hamper and grabbed one for myself as we headed back into my room. "You really are fucking hot."

"Thanks," I said, winking at him over my shoulder. I was almost out of my room when I had a thought and grabbed a few condoms out of my dresser drawer. Ryder eating across from me, naked, downstairs in the kitchen might awaken my other appetites. After all, I might have engaged in the occasional one night stand here and there since I became a werewolf, but nothing more. Having kept

my sexual needs at bay while learning to control my shifting, they were now coming to the surface like a horny teenager.

CHAPTER 3

I watched Ryder's tight little ass as he went over to the table and started emptying the bags of food. Already hard after our fun in the shower, my cock started to almost hurt from the strain. "How much food did you order, Spencer?"

"I told you I'm a growing boy," I chuckled, this time gesturing to my cock.

"Do you want to take care of that huge cock now, or after we eat?" Ryder asked as he came forward and brushed his hand over my dick.

"Let's eat fast," I moaned, knowing we'd both be tired after the sex I had planned for us. He smiled at me as he moved the bag across the table and separated the containers. I grabbed plates, silverware, and condiments before joining him at the table. It felt right for him to be here, eating take-out with me. When everything was reheated, our plates loaded, and the leftover set out buffet-style, I turned to him. "Any chance you'd be willing to sit on my lap and eat?"

"That's a little kinky," he said with an impish grin as he moved away from the chair he was about to sit in.

"I like to torture myself," I chuckled as he moved to

straddle my lap, facing the table. While he started to eat, I moved his hips so my cock nestled between the cheeks of his ass. "I'm letting my cock get an appetizer while we eat."

"Gives a whole new meaning to the phrase 'cock tease'," Ryder giggled as he wiggled his hips. When he leaned forward to eat some more I had a perfect view of his little puckered hole. I groaned loudly and ate one of my stuffed French toasts in three bites. Then he did the unthinkable, he moaned, enjoying his food. It sent the vibrations through his body, which also made them go through my cock and sac.

My control snapped when he looked over his shoulder and smiled at me, a piece of bacon hanging from the corner of his mouth. I leaned forward and licked the bacon off his lips. His eyes grew wide, and then he wiggled his ass again. In a flash I had the plates moved out of the way and Ryder on my kitchen table on his back.

"Shit you move fast," he gasped before I claimed his lips. His mouth tasted like Ryder, bacon, and eggs. It was an interesting combination, but it still tasted like heaven. I felt him move under me and put his feet up on the table. "Fuck me, Spencer. Take what you paid for."

That had me freezing in my tracks, "Is that the only reason you're here? Because I'm paying you?"

"That might have been what got me here," he replied cupping my cheek with his hand, "but that's not what has me begging for your cock to pound my ass."

"Good answer," I growled before kissing him again. This time it wasn't sweet and gentle, or exploring. I was demanding his submission with my kiss, wanting everything he had to give me. Moving my hand between us, I let my fingers start rubbing against his hole. "Is this position okay with your bruises? We can do it another way?"

"This is perfect, just don't put your full weight on me," he replied, blushing. "It's mainly my ribs and sides that hurt."

"But I can grab your hips?"

"Please do," Ryder chuckled as he wiggled his ass under me. I reached for one of the condoms when it hit me what I forgot.

"Fuck," I grumbled as I leaned my forehead down to his. "I left the lube upstairs."

"I can't wait that long to have you, Spencer. Improvise," he moaned as he thrust his hips up and caused his hard cock to rub my abs. I looked around, and laughed when I realized what I needed was right there on his plate. Moving my hand away from his ass, I ran my fingers over

his pancakes so they were coated with syrup and butter. Ryder saw what I was doing and laughed, "Whatever works, just fuck me already."

"As you wish, baby," I whispered against his lips as I moved my hand back down to his ass. I slipped one finger in easily, reminding me his hole had been used and abused over the years. He groaned loudly when I slid in a second finger. "Oh, my baby likes that, don't you, Ryder?"

"Yes, more, please," he begged, making my cock hard enough to pound nails. The beautiful man wriggling in pleasure under me was begging for my dick. It almost made me blow my load right there. I took one of his pretty brown nipples into my mouth and sucked on it as I pushed a third finger into his ass. "I'm ready. Please, Spencer, take me."

I growled, loving the way he begged for me. Removing my fingers, I quickly tore open one of the packets and took out a condom. I knew I didn't need it, and while I would have loved to fuck Ryder bareback, that would have to be a conversation for later. Rolling the rubber over my dick, I rubbed my sticky syrup and butter covered hand over my cock.

"You ready, Ryder?"

"Yes! Fuck me, Spencer," he panted as he pulled his legs up towards his chest. I lined up my dick and started to

push my way into his slick little hole. His ass seemed to pull my cock right into him. I started working my dick in and out of him gently until I bottomed out inside of him. Ryder wrapped his legs around my hips as I moved my hands to his. "Oh god, I've never felt so full."

"You feel like heaven, Ryder," I said before pulling out, then slamming back into him. "Tell me if I get too rough, okay?"

"I promise, but I like it rough, too," he hissed as I thrust my hips forward again. I took him at his word and started pounding into his sweet little ass. He had to be telling the truth about no one stretching him as I did because he still felt incredibly tight to me. "Fuck, yeah, that's it, Spencer. Harder, please, I want it harder."

I growled my pleasure at his words and started fucking him so hard the table moved with us. Watching Ryder arch his back with his eyes closed and his mouth partly open was all it took to push me over the edge. I reached between us and started stroking his cock to the same timing I used to fuck his ass. "Come for me, baby, I'm almost there."

He opened his eyes and looked at me in confusion before passion replaced it. His cock twitched in my hand before it erupted, causing the muscles of his ass to clamp

down on my dick. I roared out my release as Ryder's cock shot his seed all over my abs and chest. I was still coming as his orgasm subsided. When I finally came down, my entire body was shaking. I wrapped my arms under Ryder and pulled him up and onto my lap when I sat down.

"That was..." Ryder panted as he leaned against me, seemingly unable to catch his breath.

"Yeah, it was. Are you still hungry?" I asked as I tried to calm back down and rubbed his back.

"Can we eat after a nap?" he chuckled in between laying kisses on my neck. "I'm kind of spent after that."

I smiled like any man who'd just pleased his partner to the point of exhaustion. Standing up, my arms still wrapped around Ryder and my semi-hard cock still in his ass, I moved towards the door. As I walked out of the kitchen and towards the stairs, we both moaned at the feeling of his tight ass surrounding my cock. I felt myself get hard in him again after the first step up the stairs.

"I don't want to ruin this, Spencer," Ryder groaned as he sucked on the side of my neck. "But you already came in that condom, I don't want it to tear while inside me."

I wanted to roll my eyes because I knew I was clean and he couldn't give me anything but I also respected Ryder

for saying something and protecting himself. I grunted as I moved him up higher so my dick slipped out of him. Once we were up in my room, I pulled back the covers of my bed, laid Ryder down, and went to take care of business in the bathroom.

After I disposed of the used condom, I grabbed some salve for Ryder's bruises and went back into the bedroom. I smiled when I saw that Ryder was sprawled out, face down on the bed. "Is there still room for me?"

"Oh, sorry, Spencer," he said rolling over, cheeks red. "It's just been so long since I've been allowed to sleep in such a comfortable bed."

"Well then, let's make it even better," I replied, biting the inside of my cheek. I wanted to tell Ryder he deserved better, show my sympathy, but I knew me doing so would embarrass him and that was the last thing I wanted to do. Instead, I sat down on the bed and scooted towards him. Now that he was laying face up I had better access to his bruises. I got a good amount of salve on my fingers before moving towards him and rubbing some onto his stomach.

When he hissed in pain and flinched away from me I moved my hands more gently. I took my time, rubbing in concentric circles. Seeing Ryder in heaven right then,

moaning as I touched him, I took a deep breath and decided to just go for it.

"What if could offer you a different life, Ryder?" I asked quietly, still massaging the salve into him.

"I don't understand," he replied, opening an eye and looking at me. "What kind of life?"

"One where you didn't have to sell yourself," I answered before moving up towards the head of the bed. I put a couple of pillows under his head and shoulders so he could see me better as I kept working on his bruises. "A life that didn't involve getting beaten up, drugs, and a pimp."

"Yeah, right," Ryder snickered. "So what, you're my prince charming? You want me to be your house boy or something?"

"Something like that," I replied, getting nervous. "Do you trust me, Ryder?"

"You know I do, but why?"

"I think we can both agree that if I wanted to hurt you, I could have already done so, right?"

He visibly tensed then, and his eyes got wide. "Yes, you could hurt me."

"No, I'm not saying I'm going to hurt you," I whispered before giving his forehead a quick kiss. "I'm just trying to show you, if I wanted to hurt you, I could have

already. I mean, I think I've shown I don't want to hurt you, right?"

"Considering you're sitting here taking care of my bruises," he replied, still looking confused. "No, I don't think you're going to hurt me."

"Okay, now we've got that settled, will you promise just to hear me out?"

He swallowed so loud I heard it, before nodding.

"Please don't freak out, baby, I promise it's going to be okay," I said before kissing his sweet lips again.

"You're scaring me, Spencer."

"And that's the last thing I wanted to do," I sighed. I moved to the side of the bed and stood. Looking right in Ryder's eyes, I let myself shift.

"What the fuck?" Ryder gasped as he scrambled towards the head of the bed and sat on his feet.

"Don't be scared," I said, though anything I said in wolf form came out more like a growl. "It's still me."

"Holy fucking shit, you're a goddamn werewolf," he yelled before covering his mouth with his hand. Ryder crawled towards me on his knees, cautiously reaching out with his other hand to touch me. He never got the chance. The shock of it all seemed to overwhelm him and Ryder's eyes rolled up towards the ceiling before they closed and he

passed out. I rubbed my clawed hands over my face in frustration as he flopped back on the bed like a wet noodle.

Sighing, I shifted back to human and went to get a few cold washcloths from the bathroom. He was still out like a light when I got back into the room and crawled into bed with him. Pulling him on my lap, I ran the washcloth over his forehead and cheeks.

"Did I really just see that?" Ryder asked as his eyes fluttered open. "How is this possible?"

"A few years ago I was driving home for a meeting," I explained, going on to tell him the whole story.

"And you want to make me one?" he asked in a whisper.

"Think about it, Ryder," I said brushing his hair back from his face. "No more having to sell yourself, no more meth, no more dealing with a pimp. You could have a real life; I've got more than enough money for both of us. You could get your GED, maybe go to college if you wanted to."

"I'm scared," Ryder answered, looking up at me with tears in his eyes.

"Of me?" I asked, turning from him as I blinked back my own tears.

"No!" he yelled as he scrambled to kneel. Moving

so he was straddling my lap, he took my face in his hands and kissed me. "Not of you, Spencer, never of you. I'm scared about what would happen if I said yes. I mean, I don't think you would ever kill someone, but werewolves do in the movies... what if I turn into some killing beast?"

"That wouldn't happen," I answered smiling. "I know exactly what I do when I'm in the form of a wolf. You saw me; I talked to you and knew who you were. It's not like the movies, I swear it to you."

"So you can shift whenever you want?"

"At first I changed only on the nights surrounding the full moon," I replied as I ran my hands soothingly down his back. When he shivered in my arms I felt my cock start to swell again. Wait! No sex right now. I needed to focus. "But after the first four or five months I started to learn how to control it. I could shift when I wanted to, even though I still had to shift on the night of the full moon."

"If I say yes, what else happens to me?"

"Well, you become stronger, faster. Ryder, it's amazing," I told him in between kisses. "I can smell and see things you can't possibly imagine."

"That does sound cool," he replied nodding. "So what, you bite me and I change?"

"I shift into a wolf, and bite you," I answered. "My

bite has venom in it though. So, after I bite you, I'd have to fuck you in werewolf form. The note Diego left me said something about our semen having the anti-venom in it that makes the bite non-lethal and helps your body adjust to the change."

"You were huge when you shifted," he gasped, but I felt his cock swell and twitch against my stomach. That told me he wasn't totally against the idea. "What's the downside?"

"Well, I'll be honest with you," I sighed, hugging him to me. "I don't know how this would work with meth in your system. I really think we'd have to get it all out of your system before we did this."

"Wait... you'd be willing to help me detox?"

"Of course," I answered, completely shocked. "I'd help you do that even if you choose not to become what I am."

"For God's sake, why?" he asked, surprise written all over his face. "I'm just some fucked-up whore. Why give a shit about me?"

"Don't say that. Never say that again," I replied, shaking him by the shoulders. "You were abandoned by the people who were supposed to love you no matter what. You survived in a heartless city when you were just a kid.

If anyone deserves a chance at a real life, it's you, Ryder. You're funny and sweet, not to mention the sexiest fucker I've ever seen."

"So, this is because you want me," he said, pushing me away. "It's always all about someone using me."

"Ryder, no!" I stated firmly as I held onto him tightly. "I would still do this if you never wanted to touch me ever again. While Diego handled it poorly, he did give me a great gift. He gave me the chance at a new life, the chance to be something more. I want to do the same for you. And you deserve it more than I ever did. I went to the best schools, made a lot of money, had a great job, yeah, poor miserable rich guy. But I was unhappy and Diego gave me the strength to break away from that life and be happy."

"You're serious," Ryder replied searching my face with squinted eyes. "If I said I really never wanted to be naked with you again, you'd be okay with that?"

"Well, I didn't say I'd be okay with it," I answered, shrugging. "But I'd respect your choice and still want to change you."

"What if I say no?" He asked, looking away from me as if worried of my reaction.

"That's your choice, Ryder," I replied gently as I

turned his face back towards mine. "All I ask is that you never, ever tell anyone what I am. I think you can understand what could happen if people found out what I am. I'm taking a big risk telling you."

"After the kindness you've shown me, I'd never turn on you," Ryder answered as he leaned up and licked my lips. I groaned as I delved into his tasty lips. When his tongue slid across mine in my mouth I rolled us over until I was stretched out on top of him.

"Did you mean what you said about not wanting me to touch you? Just say the word, Ryder, and I'll stop."

"I want you to touch me whenever you want, Spence," he hissed and wrapped his legs around me. "But right now my head is spinning with all of this. Can we just lie here and take that nap?"

"Of course we can, baby," I replied as I slid to the side of him. Reaching for Ryder, I pulled him back against my chest as we lay on our sides. I tugged the sheet up over us and then wrapped my arms around his chest. We lay there in silence for a few minutes before I heard his breathing even out and knew he was sleeping. Instead of sleeping, I ran my hands up and down his chest before moving to his lean hip and thigh. I was torturing myself, but enjoying it at the same time.

I reached behind me for the salve and put some more on my fingers. Then I turned to Ryder and rubbed some on his bruised shoulder and back. Once I was done, I moved back behind him and let myself drift to sleep.

Soft lips around my nipple woke me sometime later. I moaned and held Ryder's head to me. He reached down between us and wrapped his hand around my already aroused dick. Stopping for a moment, he looked up at me and whispered, "Are you safe, Spence?"

"I'm immortal, I can't get anything from humans or give them anything," I replied. "You don't have to do this, Ryder."

"It's what you hired me for," he said, smirking.

"No," I said, moving away from him. Swinging my legs over the bed, I put my face in my hands. "I don't want this if you feel like you have to."

"Look, I'm not used to this, wanting to have sex with someone," he replied quietly as he moved to sit next to me. "I know we've shared something great, and you've made it clear you care for me. Plus, you've offered to give me a new life. But it's a lot to take in all at once, okay? Right now, I just wanted to do what you brought me here

for. Yeah, I'll enjoy it as much as you will, but beyond that I need more time to think."

"Okay," I whispered, not sure how I felt about what he was saying. I heard him when he said he would enjoy it too, but that wasn't the same as having sex with me because he wanted to. "Maybe I should take you back and give you time to think."

I felt him stiffen beside me, then, without a word, he stood up and went into the bathroom. I hadn't meant to upset or hurt Ryder, but he was the first person I ever showed my true nature to. It was as scary for me to do as it probably was for him to see.

"I'm ready," he said quietly as he came back out of the bathroom. "I can just take a cab if you prefer, you don't have to drive me all the way back to the city."

"That might be best," I replied reaching for the phone. It was the only way I could stop myself from begging him to stay. The cab dispatcher said they would have a driver at my door in ten minutes; since it was 3am I figured they weren't too busy. I stood, went over to my dresser, and pulled out some pajama pants. After putting them on, I grabbed some of the cash I kept for reserves in my top drawer.

Pulling out fifteen hundred I turned and handed it to

Ryder. He looked at it like a snake for a few minutes before returning everything but three hundred, "I think that will cover the cab."

"Take it all, it's what I promised you," I replied trying to give it back to him.

"Spencer, stop," he said as he took my face in his hands. It was then I saw the tears in his eyes. "Please, be patient with me. No one's cared about me in over six years, okay? You're offering me everything that sounds wonderful, but I'm scared. I just need some time to think. You are more important to me than just some job, but we just met."

"This isn't easy for me either," I replied, leaning my forehead down to his. "You're the only person I've ever told about what I am."

"Your secret is safe with me, Spence. But if you had been given a choice, wouldn't you have thought about it for a day or so?"

I thought about it for a few moments before answering reluctantly, "Yeah, I would have. Promise you'll call me when you're ready to talk, okay?"

"Of course," he replied, taking my hand and leading me out of the bedroom. "I don't have a phone, so it will come from a payphone."

"Here, take this," I said as I handed him my cell phone from off the hall table after we walked downstairs. "It's got my home number programmed into it. Just call when you're ready or if you need anything."

"Thank you, Spence," Ryder whispered as he stood on his toes and kissed me. I was so worried it might be our last kiss that I wanted to make it count. I wanted to make sure it was a kiss he would never forget. Pushing him gently against the door, I lifted him up and kissed him like I've never kissed anyone before. Ryder groaned and wrapped his legs around my hips, his arms around my neck as he returned my passion.

"I'll wait for your call, Ryder," I said when we broke the kiss. He unwrapped his legs from around me and slid down my body. I smiled when I felt his hard-on press against me as he moved; it was nice to know I wasn't the only one affected by the kiss.

"I won't make you wait long, I promise," he replied, giving me quick peck on the lips. Just then a car honked from the driveway and I figured the cab driver must be getting impatient. Ryder smiled at me as I opened the door. Walking out the door and towards the cab, he reached over and opened the door. He turned back and waved to me before getting in. I waved back, trying to act more

confident than I felt that he would call and ask me to change him.

I stood there and watched until the cab was out of the driveway and down the block. After I closed the door and locked up I went to handle the mess I was sure we'd left in the kitchen. Sure enough, there was food and leftovers everywhere. Chuckling, I saw the table was a good eight feet away from where it normally was. At the time I hadn't realized our sex had been quite that vigorous.

I wrapped up what food was salvageable and chucked the rest of it. Then I wiped down the table, moved it back, and did the dishes. Once everything was done I realized I was tired so I left the kitchen, climbed the stairs, and crawled into bed. Knowing I probably wouldn't get much sleep, I settled in for a few hours of staring at the ceiling.

CHAPTER 4

I woke up to the phone ringing. As I reached for it I felt surprised that I'd even fallen asleep. "Hello?"

"Spencer? Are you there?" Ryder asked on the other line. I shot up in bed. Now I was wide awake.

"Baby, are you okay?"

"No, I'm not," he sniffled. "Jeremy, my pimp, is here and he's pissed."

"Why?"

"Um, well because..." Ryder said, but trailed off.

"Because you didn't bring him any money tonight, right?"

"Yeah," he whispered into the phone. "He punched me in the face and I ran in the bathroom when someone else stopped by. I'm locked in here now but I don't have any way to get out. He won't let me leave until it's night again and I can earn him some money."

I looked at the clock and saw it was after nine in the morning, "Do you want me to come and get you?"

"Would you do that?" Ryder asked, shock apparent in his voice. "I didn't know what else to do, and you said to call if I needed anything. I guess I didn't think this through enough to know what to ask for. It's the first time there's

been anyone to call who cares about me."

"I do care, Ryder," I replied as I got out of bed and started pulling on some jeans. "Tell me where you are. I'll deal with that fucker and we'll get your shit out of there. Whether you end up saying yes or not, I can't let you stay there anymore."

"Spencer, you don't have to do this."

"I know I don't, Ryder, that's part of why I want to," I said, pulling the phone away from my ear enough to pull on a shirt. "I wouldn't be able to live with myself, knowing you were there being hurt. I can't just sit by and let you stay there when you could get so much more from life. You just need the help to get out of there."

"Okay, please come get me," he replied, and I sighed in relief. I jotted down the address he gave me, knowing it was in a shit part of town.

"Can you call the police before I get there?"

"No way... he'd kill me," Ryder gasped. "There are drugs and all kinds of shit here. I'd get in trouble too when I had to explain to the police who I am and how I know Jeremy."

"Okay, I'll be there as soon as I can," I answered, realizing he was right. "Just stay in the bathroom until you hear my voice."

"I should be fine until you get here, the people who showed up are normal customers of Jeremy's. Normally they can't pay for the drugs, so he takes it out in trade."

"Ryder, I have to hang up, I'm on the landline, but I'll get straight into the car," I said.

"Thanks, Spencer. Bye," he replied, hanging up. I returned the phone to the cradle and raced downstairs. Quickly shoving my feet into some sneakers, I grabbed my wallet and keys on the way out the door. Hopping into my car I started it up and peeled out of the driveway. Once down the block I remembered my seatbelt and put it on.

Thankfully, I didn't get pulled over because I made the drive in about forty minutes when it normally took me an hour. Once I got there I pulled up and saw a few hard-ass guys eyeing my car. I walked right up to them after I locked it.

"Here's a hundred dollars if you keep an eye on my car," I said handing it over. "I'll give you another three hundred when I get back and it's still here, just as I left it."

They guy eyed me for a moment, "Why shouldn't I just jack you now and take both?"

"Because you're not stupid," I growled, knowing my eyes had changed to yellow like my wolf's. His mouth dropped open and he nodded frantically as he took the

money. I smiled at him before rushing to the building. Racing up the stairs two at a time I was in front of 3C in no time. I knocked on the door and was shocked when a naked man nearly my size opened it almost immediately.

"I'm here for Ryder," I said, trying to stay calm.

"He's not here," the man answered, eyeing me suspiciously. "And Ryder is mine. I'm all he needs."

I slammed my hand against the door when he tried to close it in my face. "He called me to come get him and gave me this address."

"The fuck he did," he snapped at me. "I'm out here with the phone and he's hiding in the bathroom like a little girl."

"Because you hit him, you piece of shit."

"You come to my house and call me names?" he asked as he brought his arm back to hit me. I grabbed his fist mid-air, quicker than any human could have. The shock on his face said it all as I squeezed his fist, I smiled coldly when I heard bones breaking and he screamed.

"You will never touch Ryder ever again," I growled as I let his hand go and he fell to his knees. "He's coming with me and you will forget he even existed."

"That bitch owes me money," Jeremy yelled as he held his hand to his chest.

"No I don't," Ryder said as he came out of the bathroom. When I saw his bloodied face and broken nose I snapped. I picked Jeremy up off the floor with one hand wrapped around his neck.

"I should kill you for what you've done to him," I snarled in his face. He was about my height, but I had no problem lifting him off his feet.

"Please, he's not worth it," Ryder said as he came towards me. "I just want to get my stuff and go."

The frightened look on Ryder's face is what got through to me, even full of rage as I was. I threw Jeremy a few feet away like he was a doll.

"Get your stuff, baby," I said to him as I tried to calm down from my anger. Ryder nodded, then turned and headed into the other room. When he was gone I turned back to the piece of shit on the floor. "How much do you think he owes you?"

"Three hundred," Jeremy said, his whole body shaking. "For the tricks he did last night and the hit of meth this morning."

"Fine," I said in disgust as I pulled out my wallet. I was grateful then that I took the extra money from my dresser before I left the house. Throwing five hundred at Jeremy I squatted down and got right in his face. "You will

forget you ever met him. I don't want to hear of you trying to find him or coming after him, or I won't be so nice next time we meet. You feel me?"

"Yeah, I got you," he answered grabbing the money with his good hand. I thought about his hand then and took another three hundred out of my wallet and gave it to him. "This should cover getting that hand fixed."

Ryder came out of the other room with two bags and Jeremy made the mistake of opening his mouth again. "He's just going to fuck you until he gets tired of you. Then you'll be right back here, begging me for a place to stay. Choose wisely, Ryder. I gave you a home and a job when you got here. I protected you from the streets and starving to death. This asshole will throw you out as soon as he's used you until you've got nothing left."

Without a thought in my head, I turned and punched Jeremy in the face. "You should have just kept your mouth shut and taken the money."

"Maybe this is a bad idea," Ryder said quietly and put his bags down. I turned and looked at him then, and saw the emotions playing across his face: fear, uncertainty, distrust.

"Ryder, you don't ever have to come to my bed," I replied walking over to him. "I promised you that before."

You can have your own room while you get your life on track. Don't listen to what this asshole says, he just doesn't want to lose the money you make him."

"What if you get tired of me?" He asked, ignoring the blood trailing down his face.

"Even if that does happen, which I know it won't," I answered as I took off my shirt and held it gently to his face, "you can't tell me this place is better? We can apply for your social security card, get you a license if that's what you want. Even if you do have to start over and don't want to stay with me, it has got to be better than selling yourself."

"You promise you'll help me get those? Jeremy said the same thing when I first met him but he never did."

"I swear to you, otherwise you can tell everyone my secret," I whispered in his ear. "You're not powerless in this, Ryder. You know something about me that could be very damaging if it got out."

"I wouldn't do that to you, even if you used me and threw me away," he replied, leaning back and looking into my eyes.

"Which is exactly why I know you deserve a fresh start," I said, placing my hand over his heart. "You have a big heart, Ryder. Let me do this for you, I want to take care

of you."

"Okay," Ryder answered as he took my shirt in his hand and held it to his nose. "I need help, I can't hold this and carry the bags too."

"I've got the bags, baby," I said, reaching down and grabbing them both with one hand. "Is this all your stuff?"

"No, Jeremy has my grandmother's diamond necklace," he replied shaking his head. "She willed it to me, it was one of the only things I brought with me when I got kicked out of my parents house."

"Where is it?" I asked turning to Jeremy.

"I don't have it," he answered, looking scared for the first time. "I sold it when his meth habit started costing me more than he was bringing in."

"Bullshit," Ryder yelled going towards him. "I know how much you sell that shit for! I normally gave you four hundred a night, I only use about fifty dollars worth a day. I can't believe you sold that necklace! That was all I had of her!"

My heart started to break when I saw tears rolling down Ryder's cheek. I knew I would do anything to get that necklace if it meant so much to him. "Who did you sell it to?"

"A pawn shop down the street, on the corner of

Fifth," he answered.

"You better pray they still have it," I growled as I took Ryder's hand. "Because if they sold it I'll be back, and you don't want me to come back here, Jeremy."

"That's where I took it, I swear," Jeremy replied as he cowered away from me.

"Come on, Ryder, let's go get it," I said, pulling him gently towards the door. When we were in the hallway with the door closed he wrapped his arms around me.

"He shouldn't get the money from selling it," he sniffled into my chest. "I don't have the money to buy it back."

"I do, baby," I said kissing the top of his head. "And if it puts a smile on your face it'll be money well spent."

"You really are just my knight in shining armor, aren't you?" he asked, looking up at me.

"I want to be, if you'll let me," I replied as we moved towards the stairs. We walked down a few, but I turned when I heard Ryder gasp. I saw the look of pain on his face. Looking down, I saw that his jeans were torn and his leg was bleeding as well. I set the bags down and picked Ryder up in my arms before grabbing them again. He snuggled close to me as I walked us down the three flights, still holding my shirt to his face.

"Shit, man," the hard-ass said when we walked out of the building. "Where are your keys, man?"

"Front right pocket," I answered, smiling at the guy. So much for him being a hard-ass.

"You don't beat on the ones who can't fight back," he said as if he'd read my mind. He took my keys out of my pocket and hit the alarm before opening the passengers' door for me. "You take care of the guy who did this?"

"He won't be writing home anytime soon," I smirked. Once I had Ryder in the car and buckled up, I turned back to my new friend. "Let me ask you something. You got any pull with a pawn shop on the corner of Fifth?"

"I know the guy, why?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"The asshole that did this also stole the only thing Ryder got from his family and pawned it."

"Mother fucker!" The guy yelled before gesturing over to one of his friends to join us. "Go with this dude over to Alex's place. Tell him I said this guy is cool and to give him the kid's property for what he paid for it."

"Thanks, man," I said reaching out to shake his hand. "What's your name?"

"Mike," he answered, taking my hand. "You go with my boy and get the kid's property. I'll watch over your

boy and make sure he and the car are safe."

"I'm Spencer Fallon," I replied handing him my card. "You need something, ever, you call me. If I can, I'll help you out."

"Good deal," he said, taking my card. I gave the guy a nod before turning back to Ryder.

"You stay here, baby," I told him before giving him a kiss on the forehead. "I'll be right back and then we'll get you to a hospital."

"Thank you, Spence," he said smiling, but then winced at the pain. A broken nose and split lip aren't conducive for smiling.

"Not a problem, Ryder," I answered, then closed the door and followed Mike's buddy to the pawn shop.

The owner of the shop was incredibly helpful once my escort told him the situation and dropped Mike's name. I paid the guy with my credit card and got the necklace back without a problem. We headed back to my car and I almost laughed when I saw Mike standing in front of Ryder's door watching the building Jeremy lived in like a hawk.

"Thanks again, Mike," I said, holding up the bag from the pawn shop.

"Not a problem, I've seen that asshole rough up

your boy before," he replied nodding towards Ryder. "I didn't like it, but messing with Jeremy would be bad for business."

"I understand," I said as I climbed into my car. I handed the bag to Ryder. "Is that the right necklace?"

"Yes," he whispered after opening the bag. "You don't know how much this means to me, Spencer."

"I have a feeling I do," I replied as I pulled the car into traffic and headed towards the hospital. "I hope this shows you I'm serious about helping you without any strings attached."

"I'm sorry I doubted you."

"Don't be," I said, shaking my head. "After everything you've been through, I wouldn't trust anyone either."

"Thank you for understanding," he replied as we pulled into the emergency room parking lot. "We don't have to go to the hospital, I'll be okay."

"No way. That fucker messed with your gorgeous face. I won't risk you not healing right or getting some infection."

"I don't deserve you."

"Yes, you do," I said, touching the side of his face that didn't have the split lip. Quickly getting out of my seat,

I jogged around the front of the car, got Ryder out, and locked up.

"You don't have to carry me," he snickered as I headed towards the emergency room.

"Maybe I like having you in my arms."

"Really?" he asked incredulously.

"Really," I answered, smiling down at him. "It feels right to have you this close to me."

"I think so too," he replied as he laid his head on my shoulder. The sliding doors slid open as we walked over the threshold and I went straight over to the registration desk.

"Can I help you?" The nurse asked without looking up.

"Yeah, my friend's been hurt," I said.

"Name?"

"Can we do this after someone sees him? He's bleeding pretty badly," I replied getting her to look up. She gasped as she took in Ryder's appearance, holding my shirt to his face. I'm sure it wasn't every day a shirtless guy carried an injured man into the emergency room.

"Yes, follow me," she said as she stood and walked around towards us. The nurse led us in back, behind a curtain, to a hospital bed. "I'll send the doctor right over and bring some forms back to you."

"Thank you," I replied, giving her my most winning smile. Placing Ryder gently on the bed I pulled up one of the chairs next to him and sat down.

"I haven't been to a hospital since I was a kid," he said as he looked around. "God knows I've needed to after some of the beatings I've gotten."

"What did you do?" I asked. What I really wanted to ask about, now things had calmed down, was the hit of meth Ryder took that morning.

"I went to the free clinic," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. The nurse came back and handed me a clipboard with forms on it. Instead of talking about the issues really at hand we both passed the time with a question and answer session. I did all the writing for Ryder since he wasn't really in a position to do it for himself.

When we were done I went to find the nurse and gave her the forms. She thanked me and I went back to Ryder's bed where I pulled back the curtain and realized I was interrupting the doctor. "Oh, sorry doc. I just went to give in his paperwork."

"That's fine, I just need you to step outside while I'm doing the exam," the doctor replied looking me over.

"No, Spencer can stay," Ryder said looking over the doc's shoulder.

"It's okay, Ryder, he doesn't want me here so he can question you and find out if I did this to you." I answered, knowing that was the goal of kicking me out.

"What?" Ryder asked his eyes wide, before turning back to the doctor, "Spencer didn't do this. I called him and he came and got me out of there. Why would he bring me in here if he was the one who did it?"

"When it comes to domestic violence it's normally the spouse or partner who brings the injured person in," the doctor said, looking at Ryder.

"We're not partners," Ryder replied blushing. "Not that I wouldn't want to be with Spencer, it's just... well, I mean... we're not there."

I saw how uncomfortable Ryder was and decided to talk to doctor on my own. "Doc, can I have a word with you over here?"

"Sure," he answered, raising an eyebrow. "I'll be right back, Ryder."

Ryder simply nodded as the doctor followed me outside the curtained area. We walked about ten feet or so away before I turned back to the doctor. "I know I'm the one you think did this, but I didn't. And the reason Ryder's getting all flustered is that he doesn't want you telling the police who did it."

"And you're going to?" The doctor asked, crossing his arms over his chest and not looking like he believed me one bit.

"I'll tell you the god's honest truth if you promise not to involve the police," I answered. Before he could protest I held up a hand, "I know you have to if you're worried about Ryder's safety and I assure you, after I've explained you'll understand."

"Fine," the doctor grumbled, "but I reserve the right not to believe you."

"Fair enough," I replied as I ran my fingers through my hair. "I saw Ryder limping across the street yesterday and thought he was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I pulled over and before I could call out to him, he came over to my car and asked if I wanted to party."

"He's a hooker?" The doctor asked in surprise.

"Yes, his pimp is who did this to him," I answered, nodding. "I'm not proud that I picked up a hooker, but I saw something special in Ryder. I offered to pay him for the night. On the way to my house he explained to me that his parents kicked him out when he was sixteen for being gay. Ryder caught a ride to New York with a friend where he met his pimp and started working the streets. Even worse, his pimp was giving him meth without telling him what it

was."

"I'd like to say that isn't common, but it is," the doc said running his hands over his face. "Okay, so what happened today?"

"Last night I offered Ryder a place to stay, a chance to get cleaned up and get off the streets," I explained.

"Needless to say he's a little leery of trusting anyone after what he's been through. He said he needed some time to think. I gave him my cell phone and told him to call my home when he decided, or if he needed anything. He called me this morning and said his pimp hit him for not taking any money from me."

"So you went and got him?"

"Yeah, and paid off the pimp to forget he ever saw or knew Ryder," I answered, looking the doctor right in the eye so he knew I was telling the truth. "He was hiding in the bathroom waiting for me. We packed up his stuff and got him the hell out of there. I didn't notice the wound on his leg until we were leaving."

"That would be a stab wound from a switch blade," the doctor explained. "He's actually lucky with where it is. A little more to the left and it would have severed his femoral artery and caused him to bleed out."

"He kind of left that detail out when he called me,

otherwise I would have called the police myself. Ryder told me the pimp punched him, nothing about being stabbed. I told him to call the police, but he was scared because there were drugs in the apartment and he didn't want to get arrested for being a prostitute."

"Okay, so that explains today, but what next?"

"After you fix him up, I'm going to take him back to my house and take care of him," I answered shrugging. "He won't be going back to that place, ever. Ryder's agreed to get clean but I have to admit I don't know the first thing about getting someone off meth."

"If you're really committed to helping him, I can guide you through it," the doctor said, eyeing me over.

"Why are you willing to help him?"

"Because I can," I answered honestly. "He's a good man who got dealt a bad hand. We all need help in life and no one's been there to help him. I just want to give him a chance, get him on his feet. He couldn't get a real job when his family threw him out because he didn't have a license or birth certificate, no ID at all."

"Okay, I won't call the police," the doctor said after a few moments. "I'll get him stitched up and reset his nose. Also, I'll get you a prescription to help him with the meth withdrawal. I'm not going to lie to you; it's not going to be

easy. The medicine I'll give you will help with the cravings, and hopefully help with his mental state. But it takes forty-eight hours to get meth out of your system and it's not a good forty-eight hours. He'll be vomiting uncontrollably, having hot sweats, and headaches, just to name just a few of the side-effects."

"I'll get him through it," I answered, letting my determination show on my face. "Tell me what to do, and we'll do it."

"Good, I'll get you the prescription and some information before you leave," the doctor said, nodding. "It will have warning signs in there. Don't mess around with those. If he starts showing any of those signs take him to the nearest hospital immediately and tell them what's happening."

"I promise," I replied, extending my hand. When the doctor took it and shook I felt better about this whole situation. "I just want what's best for Ryder."

"Glad to hear it," the doctor said before turning and heading back to Ryder. I stood there for a little longer, trying to collect myself before returning to Ryder's side. I really did hope Ryder and I both had what it would take to get him clean. It wasn't something I was looking forward to but the alternative wasn't acceptable.

CHAPTER 4

A few hours later I was pulling into my driveway as Ryder napped in the back seat. The doctor had been good to his word, fixing Ryder up and getting me the prescription and reading material about detoxing from meth. I got out of the car and grabbed Ryder's bags out of the boot, bringing them inside before going back for Ryder.

It took a few minutes to get him out of the back seat without waking him up but I managed it. As quietly as I could I got him upstairs. I started to take him to my bed when I remembered telling him he could have his own room. So, as much as I didn't want to, I carried him into the guest room and got him situated into bed. All I took off was his shoes, not feeling I had the right to see him naked without his permission.

When he was all tucked in I went back downstairs and grabbed his bags. Now that I wasn't distracted, I caught a whiff of what was in the bags. Instead of bringing them up to the guest room, well, now Ryder's room, I headed for the laundry room. I sorted the clothes and got a load running before heading upstairs with what was left. After putting his few belongings on the dresser I closed the door behind me as I left.

The doctor gave Ryder the first dose of the withdrawal meds before we left the hospital and I'd stopped on the way home to get the necessary stuff the doctor said I would need. It wasn't anything extravagant, just sports drinks since he would lose a lot of electrolytes from vomiting. Also, things that were easy for his stomach to handle; crackers, soup, eggs to scramble, and throat lozenges since his throat would also get sore.

I rushed around to get everything out of the car and in place, since there wasn't really a set timeline before the fun started. Then I booted up my laptop. I'd also asked the doctor for some names of nearby rehab facilities in case I ended up being way out of my league. Ryder might be a functioning meth addict, but he was still a meth addict. I spent a few hours researching different places before calling the one I liked best.

The admittance director and I talked on the phone for a while and I explained the situation to her; she assured me there would be room for Ryder should we need to admit him. Feeling better about having a backup plan I hung up the phone and went to reheat some leftovers. Once done, I loaded up a tray of food and brought it upstairs to Ryder. When I got to his room and saw him still sleeping my heart wrenched in my chest for the pain written on his face, even

in sleep.

"Ryder, wake up," I said as I set the tray down on the night stand. Crawling onto the bed, I shook his shoulder gently.

"No, leave me alone," he yelled and swung out at me.

"Ryder, wake up, it's Spencer," I replied, grabbing his arms.

His eyes fluttered open and he looked confused for a moment before he smiled. "Hi."

"Hey," I chuckled as I let him go. "I brought up some food. The doctor said you need to try and eat before you start going into withdrawal."

"Why am I not in your room?" He asked looking around the guest room.

"I told you that you could have your own room," I answered, shrugging. "I didn't want to be presumptuous and put you in my bed."

"Am I still welcome in your bed? I mean after everything you saw and know about me, I wouldn't blame you if you didn't want me."

"Oh, I want you," I purred, leaning over and kissing the side of his neck. "I just didn't want you to feel pressured."

"Pressure away," he giggled as his hand moved to rub my now-hardening cock. "Please, presume I want you in my ass, too."

"Fuck, Ryder," I moaned as he squeezed my dick. "I'm trying to behave myself, here."

"Don't behave, Spencer. From what the doctor said we won't be able to play for a few days once this starts. Get it while you can."

"Hey," I said, moving his hand away. "You don't have to do this, Ryder. Promise me you'll only touch me if you want to, same with me touching you."

"I promise, Spencer," he replied solemnly. A moment passed between us before he got that impish look on his face again. He leaned forward and took one of my nipples into his mouth. Since we were home I hadn't bothered to put on another shirt. Right then I was glad I hadn't. "Can I ask for something?"

"Sure," I hissed as he kept planting kisses on my chest.

"Will you shift for me again? I want to see it again, maybe get used to it before I decide," he asked.

"I think that's pretty fair," I answered, then moved back off the bed. I took off my shoes, pants, and boxer briefs before letting the change swarm over me. It's hard to

put into words what it feels like when I shift. It's not so much focusing on trying to change, more just not holding the door closed anymore. Seconds later I stood before him, completely covered in fur, over seven feet tall, with claws on my hands and feet, pointy ears, and a muzzle.

"Wow," he whispered as he crawled across the bed towards me. "Is it bad to say that it's creepy and really cool at the same time?"

"No," I chuckled, though it didn't sound like a laugh in my present form; it was more like a snort. "I think I'd say the same in your shoes."

"Does it make me into bestiality that I'm still getting hard at the sight of you naked?" he asked, his eyebrows scrunched together.

"Naw, I don't think so," I snickered. "I'm still the same Spencer. Have you ever wanted a dog to fuck you?"

"Eww, no way!" he exclaimed as he flinched back from me at the idea.

"Then I think you're safe," I answered, reaching out to him.

Ryder searched my face for a few moments before placing his hand in mine. "Your fur is so soft. I guess I didn't realize that."

I didn't know what to say to that, so I just nodded

and let him explore. He ran his hands up my arm, moving closer so he could touch my body. Then he moved his hands to my chest, running them up over my shoulders and neck before stopping to hold my face.

"Your eyes are different, but I can still tell that they're your eyes," he said, almost as if to himself. He shocked me by leaning forward and kissing the tip of my muzzle.

"Maybe that's not a good idea, Ryder," I stated moving back a little. "My teeth are really fucking sharp when I'm in this form."

"Sorry," he replied, and started to pull away.

"Wait," I said, and wrapped my arms around his waist. "There's nothing to be sorry for. Ryder, I love the fact you want to kiss me even though I look like this. But I couldn't live with myself if you got hurt because of me. I just wanted to warn you."

"I'm a big boy, Spencer," Ryder said, raising an eyebrow. "I can handle myself."

"Okay, you're right," I answered, feeling embarrassed. "I didn't mean it like that, but you have to admit, it's not like you've come by a werewolf before."

"Fair enough," he laughed as he wrapped his arms around my neck and hugged me. I couldn't believe how

quickly he accepted my other nature. He let go of me and started to move away. But then he sat on the edge of the bed and I held my breath as his face moved right in front of my cock. "Jesus, Spencer, and I thought you were big before."

"I grow proportionately when I shift," I said, not sure if there was a right thing to say. He looked up at me as he reached out and wrapped his fingers around my dick. "Oh wow, I've never done that in wolf form. It's even more sensitive."

"Your huge cock is like the only thing not covered in fur," he replied as he leaned forward and licked the tip. I growled, loving the sensations. "God, it's hot when you growl at me like that."

"Glad you like it, baby," I said, watching him play with me. Ryder needed both hands to fully circle my girth. I just about melted when he started pumping both hands and took the head into his mouth. "Oh fuck, Ryder that feels good."

"I want this pounding my ass," he replied as he squeezed my dick. I growled loudly then, as I reached down and pulled him up under his arms and moved us both onto the bed. "This really gives new meaning to fucking like animals."

"You have no idea," I purred as I grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled. It shredded in half and I immediately moved to lick one of his nipples. "Tell me if I'm being too rough or anything hurts."

"Feels fantastic," he moaned as he arched his back. "We just have to figure out a way for you to fuck me without opening my stitches."

"I have an idea, but it's kind of kinky."

"Kinky's my middle name," he giggled, and squirmed as I licked down his stomach.

"Good, then stand by the bed and bend over," I said getting off of him and standing up myself. He did just as I asked, bracing his hands on the bed. I admit, I was a little impatient to get him naked. Instead of taking the time to unbutton and take off his jeans, I grabbed the back of them and tore down until the rip extended past his cock.

"That's one way to get chaps," Ryder snickered, but he was right, that's what they looked like. The jeans were still on his hips and legs, even the front was intact. I had just ripped out the ass and groin of them.

"Sorry," I muttered as I kneeled behind him and pulled the cheeks of his ass apart. I licked from his hanging sac up and to his pink, puckered hole. He shivered under my touch and I smiled as I kept licking his hole. He hadn't

showered since we were last together and I could taste what was left of our lovemaking. It drove me crazy to know he still smelled of me. Licking like a madman his hole opened up enough for me to push my tongue in.

In wolf form my tongue was extremely long and I used that to my advantage. Moving it farther inside of him, I rubbed my tongue over his sweet spot.

"Oh, Fuck, Spence, I'm going to blow," he moaned as he pushed his ass back against my face. My response was to move faster over his prostate. He cried out over and over again each time I did it before stiffening up. The muscles in his ass clamped down on my tongue as he screamed and shot his cum all over the side of the bed. I kept fucking him with my rough tongue through wave after wave of his climax.

When his knees seemed like they were going to give out I held him up as I stood up. Then I moved one hand under his waist, holding him like he weighed nothing, and lined up my cock with the other hand. I wasn't surprised to find we didn't need any additional lube after the licking I gave him. After I passed through the first ring of his hole I moved my dick in and out of him carefully.

Ryder was still bent over at the waist, his hands braced on the bed. But I was in almost a crouched position

so I could get my cock in his tight ass with the extra height. Deciding this didn't work for me I picked him up so his feet were dangling around my shins. He yelped as I supported his body easily and pulled him farther onto my dick.

"I like this kinky," he smirked at me over his shoulder.

"I figured it was the only way not to bend your leg and rip those stitches," I ground out. It was killing me to go slowly, but I wouldn't risk hurting Ryder.

He let go of the bed, reached back and pulled the cheeks of his ass further apart for me. "Stop going so slow and fuck me, Spencer. I like the burn."

"This might be more than a slight burn," I answered, looking down to see that I'd only gotten about a fourth of my dick into him.

"I like the pain," he replied as he tried to impale himself on my cock. I had too firm a grip on him, so he couldn't. "Fuck me hard, pound into me."

Hearing him talk like that shattered what little control I had left. I thrust my hips forward and slammed my cock all the way inside of him. I growled so loudly the windows shook. Fuck! Ryder felt like heaven before, but now, with my cock being so much bigger he was even tighter to me. "I might just always fuck you in this form."

"Harder!" he screamed as I pushed in and out of him. I started pistoning my hips, slamming into him with more force than I would have thought a human could take. I wasn't worried about hurting him anymore; I could tell from the sounds Ryder was making that he loved it as much as I did. Wanting to keep that incredibly tight feeling, when his ass started to open up for me I pulled his upper body against my chest to change the angle.

Ryder cried out, then wrapped his arms back around my neck. I had one arm wrapped around his hips and the other around his chest as I fucked him like I'd never thought possible. When he turned his head and bit the side of my neck I felt my balls draw up. The man in my arms was so hot, and he knew how to play me like a violin. I lifted my head and howled as my cock exploded inside his ass. I kept pounding into his little ass, drawing out my orgasm.

"So fucking good," I growled as my climax started to subside. My hips kept moving, letting him milk my cock of every last drop of cum. "That was unbelievable."

"I'm going to feel that for a week," Ryder panted, and I started to feel guilty. I shifted back while he was still in my arms. My now smaller, and soft, dick slid from his ass. I turned, and moved us so I sat on the bed with Ryder

in my lap.

"I'm sorry I was so rough, baby," I said as I kissed his neck. "You are just so amazing I couldn't control myself. I won't let it happen again."

He turned in my lap, obviously angry, but not for the reasons I thought. "Don't you dare say that," Ryder yelled as he smacked my chest. "That was the most wonderful sex of my entire life. Bite your tongue. You will fuck me like that again when I'm all better!"

"Are you saying you liked it?" I asked, trying to hide my smile.

"I loved it," he purred before licking my lips. "I can think of at least ten different ways I want you to fuck me like that."

"Ten!" I replied, my eyes going wide. I wasn't used to this more open and happy Ryder.

"At least," Ryder answered with a huge smile on his face. "And I've got plans for that rough tongue of yours."

"Oh really?"

"Really," he whispered against my lips as he moved closer to me. Then he gasped in pain. Looking down I could see the stitches in his leg looked like they were pulling. I quickly moved him off my lap and laid him down.

"Is that better?" I asked, completely concerned about him.

"Only if you join me," he answered, patting the bed next to him. Chuckling, I moved over the bed so I was lying on my side next to him. "Now I'm perfect."

"I've thought you were from the moment I saw you," I said, leaning forward to taste his lips. It was a sweet, gentle kiss. I opened my mouth and let his tongue explore every inch of me. I moaned when the kiss started to get heated again, but pulled away after a few moments.

"Okay, we need to get food in you."

"Then can we just fuck and suck each other all night?" he asked as ran his tongue over my neck.

"The mouth on you!" I gasped in mock surprise. We sat up then, so I grabbed the tray of food and set it in between us. "You better take it easy on me, Ryder. I'm approaching middle age quickly, I can't recoup like I used to."

"Oh bull," he giggled before stuffing his face with some pancakes. "You're a werewolf, you're stronger and faster than humans. And it's obvious you fuck better than them too. I bet you have a better rebound time than I do."

"Well, we'll have to test that theory out one day," I answered, rolling my eyes as I stabbed a piece of my

omelet with my fork. We sat there and ate like starved men in comfortable silence for the next several minutes.

"You're spoiling me," Ryder giggled when he was all done. "Feeding me my favorite foods, kick-ass sex and rim job... What's next?"

"I was thinking of lying in bed and watching a movie," I replied before leaning over and giving him a quick kiss. "And it's not spoiling you, but I'm glad you appreciate it."

"Are you kidding me? No one's cared if I ate since I was a kid!"

While I could tell he was trying to hide it, the reality of what he'd said had to hurt Ryder. I didn't want to bring up what was to come, but it needed to be said. "What you're going to go through over the next few days is going to be rough, Ryder. I wanted you to have some fun beforehand, something to hold onto when you want to give up."

"The fact that you're doing all this for me, and want to help, is more than enough to remind me of why I'm getting clean," he said quietly. "And I made my decision."

"About what?" I asked as I got off the bed with the tray and put it on the dresser. I wasn't usually one to leave things for later but the doctor warned us Ryder would start going through withdrawal soon after not getting his nightly

hit of meth.

"When I'm clean, I want you to turn me," Ryder answered. I spun around so quickly, I almost landed on my ass. "I saw how much you were still you, Spence. You knew who you were, and cared about my safety during sex. That's not some mindless, raving-mad monster. I'm not scared anymore about becoming like you."

"Good, because there's something else I didn't tell you," I said looking at my feet, not sure how Ryder was going to respond. "Once you're a werewolf, drugs won't do anything for you. Our metabolism is too fast for them. I figured that out one night when I tried to get drunk, and couldn't."

"Why not tell me this before?"

"Because I didn't want it to be the reason you decided to let me turn you," I replied honestly, shrugging my shoulders.

"I'm glad you didn't tell me," he said quietly as he slipped off the bed and walked towards me. Ryder wrapped his arms around my waist, "I'm not sure if I would have decided yes for the right reasons if you had."

"Thank you for not being mad," I answered, and kissed the top of his head. It was then I realized his forehead was burning up, "Ryder, are you feeling okay?"

"Yeah, I'm used to this part," he replied looking away. "It's when I start to want my next fix."

"So, what do we do?" I asked, starting to feel panicked. It was one thing to think of helping Ryder later, but now that it was here I realized how far out of my league I was.

He shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the bedroom, "Go watch a movie."

I watched him walk away from me and down the hall in amazement; Ryder was so calm about all this. Though I wasn't sure, it seemed like he was making less of how he felt than he really did. But, if that was what he wanted, who was I to demand differently? I followed him to my room, leery and somewhat scared of the hours to come.

CHAPTER 5

I must have dozed off during the movie, because I woke up sometime later to the sounds of someone being sick. Looking at the clock I realized it was hours after the movie should have ended. It was just past two in the morning, five hours from when Ryder said he normally got his night fix. I struggled out of bed and pulled back on my pajama pants before heading into the bathroom.

Ryder was sitting with his arms and legs wrapped around the toilet with his head resting on the seat. It took me a minute to figure out why he wasn't just kneeling before I remembered the stitches in his leg. I should have thought to get a bucket for him, since he couldn't move easily. I grabbed a washcloth and ran it under cold water, then I went and laid it on the back of his neck.

"Shit, Ryder," I gasped when I felt how hot his skin was, "we need to get you in the tub."

"No, I'm not done being sick," he whispered, looking as wiped as he sounded.

"I don't care, you're burning up," I answered, racing over to the tub and turning on the water. I made sure the water was cool, not cold. I didn't want to shock his system, just cool it down. I also grabbed the empty plastic garbage

can, just in case he needed it as he soaked. While the tub was filling, I went back to Ryder and ran the washcloth over his back.

"You don't have to be here for his," Ryder said, lifting his head to look at me. It must have been too much of an effort because he dropped it right back down on the seat.

"Don't have anywhere else to be right now," I replied, making a lame attempt at a joke. "We're in this together, baby. I won't leave you."

I got really worried when he didn't answer and pulled him away from the toilet. Then I lifted him into my arms. It was like carrying dead weight. I shifted him in my arms so I could pull off my pants with one hand, and then stepped into the tub. I shivered when I sat down, and Ryder moaned.

"Does that feel good?"

"Yes," he said quietly, but then he started to shake enough to splash water around us. I held onto him loosely, as it almost seemed like a convulsion. He started breathing rapidly in short, shallow breaths. Shit! I had read about some people hyperventilating during withdrawal.

"Baby, you have to calm down, you're going to be fine," I cooed, stroking his chest. "Just breathe for me, nice

and deep."

"Spencer, I'm scared," he gasped as he grabbed onto my hand.

"I know, Ryder," I answered as I kissed his forehead. "We can do this, just say with me. Just breathe in, nice and deep." I moved him so he leaned against my chest and then I did just as I said. I could have done a happy dance when his body calmed down and copied mine. "The doc said it will help if you can stay as calm as possible during all of this."

"I know, but when my heart started racing I got so freaked out. I've never felt like that before," Ryder replied as he moved to face me. "It felt like my heart was going to come out of my chest. It kept beating faster and faster."

"The doc warned us that might happen."

"Yeah, well, it's a lot fucking different when it really does," he snapped at me. His face changed then, going from anger to shock. "Wow. I'm so sorry, Spence."

"It's okay, I knew this wasn't going to be a walk in the park," I answered, smiling at him. "I can take some anger."

"Still, I'm sorry for that and whatever else comes out of my mouth," Ryder said, his teeth chattering. He rubbed his hands over his arms and I could see he was

shaking.

"Shit! Now you're freezing," I said after I reached out to touch him. I picked him up again and climbed out of the tub. I took us into the shower and turned the knobs until warm water came out. As much as I hadn't wanted to sit in the cool water, I would have done so all night if it helped Ryder.

"Don't let me warm up all the way," he told me.

"Because then I'll start to burn up again."

"You've done this before," I said turning off the water and stepping out of the shower. He didn't say anything at first and I didn't want to push. Instead I grabbed a couple of towels and dried us off. With Ryder still in my arms I walked into my room and laid him down in bed. I climbed in after him and just held him to my chest.

"Once," Ryder said quietly as he twirled his fingers around the hair on my chest. "Jeremy was punishing me because he found out I refused to go with someone. He locked me in the bathroom for two days without meth or food. I was so glad when it was over and I knew I wouldn't go back on the shit."

"What happened?" I asked after a few moments of him not talking.

"Jeremy and a friend held me down and shot me

up," he answered. "He didn't want to lose his hold over me. He thought I might find another pimp if I didn't need him for the drugs too."

I pulled him a little closer to me then, careful of his injuries. It was also then I realized he had to be in pain from the broken nose. Already having a headache and throwing up wasn't a good combo. But Ryder wasn't complaining, which I found amazing. "Why didn't you want to go with the person that night?"

"The guy looked nuts," Ryder told me. "Something about his eyes just set off all my warnings. It was a good thing too. Another whore I knew went with him, they found the hooker in a dumpster a few days later. Well, they found parts of him, the guy butchered him."

"I'm so sorry," I replied. "Were you guys close?"

"No, I actually hated the guy. But then I felt horrible for not liking him after he got murdered that way. I know it's kind of silly, I mean it's not like I wanted him dead. And especially getting butchered, no one deserves that. Later, after he died, people would ask me what I thought about him and I didn't want to say bad things about someone who'd died so horribly."

"I get it," I answered. "You weren't a fan, so it wasn't like you were going to miss him. But you still felt

bad he was killed in such a horrific way."

"Yeah, that's how I felt," he replied nodding against my chest. I knew what was coming when I felt him stiffen up and then scurry off me. Moving with him, I grabbed the garbage can by my bed and put it under his head as he leaned over the side and threw up. I realized then that the way he was doing it now would be the easiest position for him with his injuries. While he was still getting sick, I jumped up and grabbed some more cool washcloths.

"I'm done," he groaned as he rolled onto his back. I wiped his mouth up and threw the dirty washcloth onto the floor before putting another cool one on his forehead.

"Stay here, Ryder, I put the stuff we'll need in the guest room," I said as I got off the bed.

"Maybe I should go stay there until this is over," he replied.

I knew he couldn't see me with his eyes closed so I didn't hide the rolling of my eyes. "Ryder, you're not bothering me and I'm not going to leave you alone to do this. So stop trying to get rid of me and lie here while I get the stuff."

"Okay," Ryder said with a smirk.

I walked over to the guest room, got what we needed, and returned to my room a few moments later.

"Time for the next pill, baby," I told him as I put the meds and sports drink on the bed and helped him sit up.

"Do you need to throw up again? Because we need to keep it in your stomach for at least half an hour for it to work."

"I'm good for now, but I'm not sure if I'm done for a half hour," he answered.

I figured that was about as good as we were going to get and opened the prescription bottle. Taking out a pill, I handed it to him with the drink. After he swallowed it I put the drink on the nightstand and we both lay down.

"So tell me more about being a werewolf?" Ryder asked when he was laying on my chest again.

"Well, I've never gone out and hunted animal," I chuckled. "But I'm one hungry mother after I change. My metabolism is much faster, like I said before. You saw how much food I ordered for one meal."

"Between the two of us, we're not going to be able to eat out a lot," he replied.

"Well, then one of us better learn to cook. And when I say one of us, I mean you. I've tried to learn but I just suck at it. It's like teaching a fish to fly."

"I used to cook, when I lived with my family," Ryder said with a shrug. "I learned from my mom. I might be sort of rusty but it should be okay. My dad taught me

how to grill too."

"Good, because you'll crave meat the first few months like you've never wanted meat before."

He was quiet a moment before playing with my chest hair again. I found it quite endearing that he kept doing that. "I'm glad I'll have you to help me with the changes. I can't imagine what you must have gone through, figuring this out all by yourself."

"I won't lie and say it was easy," I answered, taking a deep breath. "There were quite a few times I cursed Diego's name with every combination of swear words I could think of. But it got easier, and it was worth it."

"I'm glad you chose me," he said yawning.

"Me too," I replied, rubbing his back as I watched his eyes droop closed. I was grateful when his breathing evened out and I knew he was asleep. The more he slept through this, the easier it would be for him. I closed my eyes as well, hoping to catch some sleep. It didn't take long until I started to drift off.

* * * *

"Where the fuck are all my clothes?" Ryder yelled from the guest room, waking me up. I looked at the clock to

see it was six in the morning. Well, at least we caught a few hours sleep.

"In the laundry room," I answered, getting out of bed and going after him.

"What are they doing there?"

"I started washing them, and then got sidetracked by your hot body," I yawned as I walked into the guest room.

"I want them back. I want to go home," he replied, looking pissed as he stood there with his hands on his hips.

"Wait... what?" I asked, trying to shake off my sleep. "You want to go where?"

"Back to Jeremy," Ryder yelled as he clenched his hands into fists. "I can't do this!"

"Yes you can," I answered as I went to him. "You're almost halfway done, Ryder. Don't give up on me now."

"This isn't about you, Spencer," he screamed as he pushed me away. I knew uncontrollable anger was one of the symptoms but it was just so shocking coming from sweet Ryder.

"You're right, it's not," I said, holding out my hands in front of me in surrender. "But we said we were in this together, Ryder."

"Yeah, well, you're not the one puking all the time and having their heart beat out of their chest," Ryder

sneered. "Why are we discussing this? Are you keeping me hostage here? I want my clothes and to get out of here!"

"How will you get back there?"

"I'll thumb it," he answered as he pushed past me out of the room. "Won't be the first time I've had to do it."

"Okay," I replied slowly as I followed him. "What about Jeremy? You think he's just going to take you back and not put you in the hospital again?"

"I'll figure something out," Ryder spat out. This was so not going well. And then it got even worse. "I'll sell the necklace."

"You really think your grandma would be happy you sold the necklace she gave you in her will for drugs?"

That stopped in his tracks on the stairs. Ryder dropped his head to his chest in defeat before he sat down on the stairs and put his face in his hands. He screamed in frustration, and I did the only thing I could think of. I sat down next to him and wrapped an arm around him.

"What can I do to help, Ryder?"

"I don't know," he whispered bleakly. "I just can't seem to get a handle on my emotions."

"How can I help? I'll do anything except let you go get more drugs."

"Blow me," he laughed wildly. "Suck my cock and

distract me."

"Okay," I replied moving down the stairs.

"I was just being a smartass, Spencer. You said you'd do anything and it was the first thing that popped into my mind to make me feel better."

"I meant I'd do anything," I told him as I knelt on the stairs in front of him.

"I don't feel very sexy right now," he mumbled as he shook his head.

"Maybe not, but you're right that it would be a good distraction," I replied as I reached out and took his soft dick in my hand. "And it might tire you out too, which will help you sleep."

"If you want to suck me, I won't say no. But I just said it to be a sarcastic shit," he answered, looking into my eyes.

"I'd suck your cock the entire time you went through this if it would help you," I replied as I kept stroking his now interested dick. Ryder moaned and spread his legs wider to accommodate my body. I moved forward and gently pushed him back so his shoulders leaned on the stair above him. When Ryder was almost fully hard, I licked the head of his dick. He hissed and closed his eyes, letting his head fall back on his shoulders.

Now that he was into it I took his cock into my mouth and started rolling my tongue around it. "Yeah, suck my cock, Spencer," he groaned and grabbed my head. I swallowed as much of it down as I could while reaching up and massaging his sac. "Fuck, that's nice."

Just as I started to move my head up and down he tightened his fingers into my hair. I knew most of this was his anger when he started getting kind of rough. Ryder pulled my head down hard, making me swallow him all the way down, almost choking me. Almost as fast, he pulled my head back up. Instead of fucking my face, since he couldn't move his hips like that with the stitches, he was moving my head how he wanted it.

Normally it wasn't my thing, but with what he was going through I might have cut off a toe if it helped. A rough blow job, well, I was more than willing to give him one. I relaxed my neck and let him move my head as he wanted it. It also seemed like a control thing for Ryder. He might not have been able to control his withdrawal symptoms or his emotions but right then he could control this blow job. I kept sucking and swallowing with the hard and fast rhythm he set.

A few minutes later he stiffened up before he shoved my head down all the way and his hips came up.

His balls smacked me in the chin as he shot his load down my throat. I swallowed it greedily, loving the taste of him. When he was done, his vise-like grip on my hair loosened up.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked as he tried to catch his breath.

"I might have lost some hair but don't worry about me," I chuckled as I let his cock slip from my mouth. "It was worth it to see that smile on your face."

"I'm not sure what came over me," Ryder said his eyes darting around, not seeming to want to look at me.

"Ryder, it was fine," I replied as I leaned over and licked the side of his neck. "I was glad to do it. Sometimes it's just about giving your partner what he needs."

"So you didn't enjoy it?" He asked, looking heartbroken.

"I very much enjoyed it," I chuckled as I stood up and helped him stand as well. "I've just never had hair-pulling like that before. It's good to switch things up here and there."

"Okay, but if I ever do something you don't like, you'll tell me, right?"

"I promise, if you swear you'll do the same," I said as I swept him up into my arms.

"I promise," he replied, yawning. Well, at least the plan worked, he seemed ready for a nap. I walked us up the stairs and into my room.

"This time, baby," I said quietly as I got us tucked into bed. "When you wake up, wake me too. Maybe if we talk when the emotions hit you it will be easier than waiting until you're ready to explode."

"I didn't want to interrupt your sleep," he replied, snuggling against me. "Besides, you're just so fucking hot when you sleep, even if you do snore."

"I don't snore," I snickered.

"Spencer, you totally snore," Ryder giggled. "I mean like, buzz-saw kind of snore."

"Seriously?" I asked, looking at him like he was nuts.

"Yeah, you really do snore like a bear," he answered.

"No one's ever told me that before," I chuckled. "But I'm glad you did. If I ever get too loud, wake me up and kick me out of bed."

"I'm not kicking you out of your own bed!"

"Ryder, right now you get a free pass on just about everything," I said, kissing the top of his head. "When you're all better, I rescind that offer. But for now, anything

to help you get through this."

"Thank you, Spence."

"Nothing to thank me for, baby," I replied. "I'm just glad you came into my life."

"I was thinking the same thing," he mumbled before drifting off to sleep.

I looked at the clock again and saw we'd made it through the first twenty-four hours. The question I had to ask was: would we make it through the next twenty-four or was the worst part past us?

CHAPTER 6

We did make it through, and the worst of it wasn't in the first twenty-four hours; the second day was ten times worse than the first. Ryder couldn't keep a damn thing down and his mood swings gave me whiplash. At one point and time I had to seriously think about restraining him or taking him to the rehab center. He kept throwing everything he could get his hands on at me, or trying to hit me when I got close to him. The only reason I didn't get hurt was that he was too weak to do any real damage.

At about the thirty hour mark his body went into a series of convulsions that scared the living shit out of me. And the next ten hours after that had to be the worst of my life. I could deal with Ryder when he was mad, or sick, or any of the other symptoms. But when he started begging me to help him, to get him some meth, I felt like a bastard. I knew I would never go and get him the drugs, but saying no to him when he was obviously in pain just hurt.

The third day I woke up with a gasp when something jumped on me. I opened my eyes to a naked Ryder straddling my lap, leaning forward on my chest so his face was almost in mine.

"It's been two days, it's out of me," he said,

wagging his eyebrows. "Bite me and fuck me like an animal."

"Well, that's a hell of a wake up offer," I chuckled as I quickly rolled us over so I was on top of him. Leaning down, I kissed him for all I was worth. He moaned as he squirmed under me and I used my tongue to explore his mouth. "Are you sure you're ready for this? The bite hurts."

"I know, we talked about that," he replied, taking my face in his hands before kissing me again. "I'm clean, Spencer. And you were my angel through it all. I want this, and want to do it for you."

I knew he meant I would enjoy the sex, but I was also glad he was ready. Letting the change overtake me, moments later I was huge and hairy. I licked the side of his neck and he cried out as he got hard against me. The feel of his hard dick pressing against my stomach turned me on enough to make me growl. Taking a deep breath, I leaned down and bit him on the right shoulder close to his neck.

"Fuck!" Ryder screamed as my sharp teeth sank into his flesh and I started drinking his blood. It tasted sweet, almost like strawberries with a hint of metallic flavor. I drank a few moments longer before lifting my head and letting out a roar. Ryder wasn't fresh meat to me, it wasn't like that. It was hot and sensual.

"Now I'm going to make you feel so good, baby," I said as I pushed the hair off his forehead. He went to nod and flinched at the pain of the wound on his neck. Instead I leaned back and flipped him over onto his hands and knees. Ryder responded in kind and brought his knees under his chest. That's when I saw he was already lubed and stretched out. "Oh, fuck. I missed you getting yourself ready for me?"

"I told you I was ready," he chuckled as he wiggled his ass. "Now stick that gorgeous, monstrous cock in my ass."

"Gladly," I growled as I lined up my cock and started to push it into his tight little hole. It was if his ass was made for me, swallowing my hard dick right into him. I grabbed onto his hips and started out with a slow but hard pace. "You are so perfect."

"Faster, Spencer," he gasped as he reached between his legs and started stroking his cock. The sight made me snarl loudly; watching him touch himself was just so hot. I grabbed his hips tightly, careful of my claws, and started pounding into his ass. "Yes, oh yes, harder."

"Good thing you like it rough," I replied, picking up the ferocity of my thrusts. It was only a few moments before I was ready to come. Normally I lasted longer, but I

think part of it was because my wolf liked seeing Ryder with my mark on him. I felt my balls draw up as my climax washed over me. I roared out my release, thrusting several more times as hard as I could. As the knot on the end of my cock attached to Ryder's sweet spot the bed creaked and collapsed under us.

"What is that?" Ryder gasped, then moaned loudly as I kept rotating my hips. "There's something latched onto me."

"I wanted it to be a surprise," I purred.

"That's one way to put it," he panted as his whole body started to shake. "Fuck, Spencer!" He screamed as his cock blew, shooting his cum all over the bed. I'd never seen someone come like that before, I mean, there was just so much spunk, and every muscle in his body seemed to twitch. Had I looked like this to Diego? I just remember the force with which he fucked me, then when he came inside me it was like a power washer in my ass.

I groaned. Ryder's ass massaged my still partly hard cock as I kept moving so the knot attached to his prostate worked it. He turned his head to say something to me but instead his eyes fluttered and he collapsed on the bed. I almost chuckled, he was out cold. The knot on my cock receded and I pulled my dick out of his ass.

Getting off the bed I went to the bathroom to clean up and get a couple of wet washcloths for Ryder. But when I got back to the room I realized I couldn't use them. He needed my semen in him so he got the full effect of the anti-venom. I had been so excited to change him I forgot about the very real chance he might not survive. Deciding to try and keep as much of it in there as possible, I opened one of the nightstand drawers and pulled out a butt plug.

Ryder was lying face down, legs straight, so at least his ass was pushed together and my cum wasn't leaking out of his hole. I pulled back his left ass cheek and gently pushed in the plug. It went in easily, considering what we had just done, but was definitely big enough to keep my semen in there. Once I felt confident I'd done everything I could I moved Ryder to the side of the bed and cleaned up the front of him.

I wanted this to be as good an experience as possible for him, and waking up with dried, sticky cum on him wasn't my idea of a nice way to wake up. After that was done I pulled off the bedding on the side he wasn't on, then I moved him to the other side and did the same before replacing it with fresh sheets. With my arms full of soiled bedding I made my way to the laundry room.

When Ryder was going through his detox I made

sure his clothes didn't get cleaned. It was silly, but I saw it as another way to keep him here. Now I rewashed the clothes already in the washer, since they'd been sitting in there for days. I grabbed my laptop and headed back to my bedroom. After pulling on some jogging shorts I sat down on the other side of the bed and turned my computer on.

First thing I did was order and pay for a new bed frame. I had a feeling my little man would want me to fuck him again in wolf form, so I went for a cast iron frame. Until it got here we'd just have to sleep on the bed with the box spring and mattress on the floor.

Then I emailed my attorney about looking into getting Ryder's birth certificate. A response came right away saying he would look into it immediately. I didn't need my attorney often but it was amazing the service you received when you had money. Rolling my eyes I reminded myself that I liked my attorney. He was a good guy, young, ambitious, and a total kiss ass.

Figuring Ryder would be out for another hour or so, I decided to head to Target. I put on a shirt and some shoes before jogging downstairs. Grabbing my wallet and keys I locked up the house and got in my car. The drive was only a few minutes and I found a spot easily, one of the benefits of not working being that I can run errands when others are

at the office.

I love my Super Target, I really do, even if it makes me a dork. And I know I had money, but that wasn't a good reason not to be frugal when it came to buying things. I grabbed one of the bright red carts and headed over to the health and beauty section. My goal was to make Ryder feel like my house was his home, not just a place he was just crashing at.

Thinking of everything a person needed during the day I grabbed him a tooth brush, deodorant, and a package of shaving razors. I had toothpaste and shaving cream, that kind of stuff we could share. Then I had an idea and pushed the cart over towards the electronics. Once there I had a very nice saleswoman help me pick out a laptop perfect for someone in school.

I wasn't planning on pushing Ryder, but I thought it would be great if he could get his GED and maybe look into getting an online degree if he wanted. She kept the laptop there and I promised to come and pay with her when I was done shopping. Then I headed towards clothing... and that's when my productive shopping trip hit a dead end. What size did Ryder wear?

"Can I help you?" a different saleswoman asked, coming up to me.

"I just realized I have no clue what size my partner wears," I answered sheepishly. "He just moved in with me."

"You don't know?" she asked with a smirk on her face and a raised eyebrow.

"We kind of jumped the gun with him moving in," I replied, trying to think of an excuse as quickly as possible.

"I met him not too long ago and he was in an abusive relationship. Really, I just meant to be his friend and get him away from the bastard, but then things just kind of progressed. He's so wonderful, but his family doesn't accept his sexual orientation and he didn't have anywhere to go, so I moved him into my house."

"That's so nice of you," she said and placed her hand on my arm. "My son's gay and I'll admit it was a shock but I can't ever imagine kicking him out because of something like that."

"He was sixteen when they threw him out," I replied, grateful for someone to talk to, even if it was a stranger. "He caught a ride to the city and lived on the streets. His ex-boyfriend got him addicted to meth, forcefully shooting him up. And then he pimped him out and used him. Every time he tried to leave, the guy beat him up so bad. What was he supposed to do? Go to the police and convince them he was being forced to prostitute

and take drugs?"

"Oh, your poor young man," she replied with tears in her eyes. Wiping them away, she gave me a brilliant smile and I saw how gorgeous she was when she did. I might be gay but I can appreciate the beauty of a woman, especially one who'd aged as well as she had. I mean, if she had a son old enough to come out of the closet, she had to be almost forty, at least. She looked more like someone my age. "So, I'm assuming he doesn't have much," she said gesturing to my cart.

"No, we got him out of there pretty quickly," I said, shaking my head. "He only had two bags and they held everything he owned; a few personal things and not many clothes."

"Then we need to pick out some things he'll need," she stated with a nod. "Okay, so are we talking small, medium, or large."

I had a feeling she wasn't talking about the size of Ryder's cock, though that's where my mind went. "He's about five-ten, but he's skinny and way underfed. I plan on fixing that."

"I'd say about a thirty-two waist and thirty-four length pants then, give him room to grow," she said with a wink. "People wear them baggy and on their hips."

"No, he's more very tight fit, low-rise," I chuckled, but then felt my face flush when she gave me a smirk. She showed me where the jeans were and we picked out a few pairs. Then she helped me with some boxer briefs and socks. We skipped shoes since I had no clue, we could get those online. I got him some medium running shorts, and large lounging pants for the length. They had a tie string in the waist so I figured he could tighten them as needed.

"I'd guess a large for shirts, that way they won't be too short," she said as we were finishing up.

"Thank you so much for the help," I replied, extending my hand.

She smiled and took my hand in hers, "You're very welcome. You take care of that young man of yours, I can tell you really like him."

"I do," I answered honestly as I smiled back and headed towards the shirts. I picked out a few tank tops for him, and some humorous t-shirts. Then I thought of the polo shirt Ryder was wearing when I met him. Granted they didn't carry anything like that in Target, but I found a few shirts I thought he might like.

On my way back to electronics I passed a display for Nintendo's Wii. I'd always wanted to play it, but it wasn't a game system I thought would be fun for just

myself. But now I had Ryder. I grabbed it, the extra controller, a few sports games, and some other games I recognized the titles of. The saleswoman's eyes went wide when I finally made my way to her.

"Someone's on a shopping spree," she chuckled as she started ringing everything up.

"You might say that," I answered sheepishly as I kept putting items on the counter. Then, after she scanned and bagged them, I began loading the cart back up. It took another five minutes to get everything done and paid for.

I left the store, loaded up the car, and headed for home with a smile on my face. I really hoped Ryder liked everything I got for him. Pulling into the drive way, I grabbed as many bags as I could from the trunk and walked up to the house. After I let myself in, I went straight upstairs to my bedroom. He was still out like a light, so I continued to unload the car.

Then I set up his stuff in the bedroom and left the rest in the bags, figuring it would be more fun for him to go through them. I didn't think it was worth it to wrap everything, but still, it wasn't all out on display. Once everything was done I pulled off my shirt and shoes.

"Are you awake, baby?" I asked, climbing into bed with him. I leaned over and kissed him on the forehead

before noticing the bite I gave him was almost healed.

"Wow," he whispered as he opened his eyes. "I mean, like, wow."

"I thought the same when I went through it," I chuckled and gave him a quick kiss.

He tilted his head after the kiss, looking at me funny. "You look different, but not. Almost like I was walking around without glasses and now I'm wearing them."

"It will take you a week to get used to the new sight and sense of smell."

"I smell women's perfume," Ryder growled, raising an eyebrow. "Want to explain to me why you smell like you've been with a woman."

"You don't ever have to worry about that, baby," I chuckled as I moved in and kissed his frowning mouth. "I went shopping while you were resting. A very nice saleswoman helped me pick out some things for *my young man*, as she kept calling you."

"Oh, sorry," he said quietly as his face flushed bright red. "I'm not sure what just happened there."

"God, it gets me hot when you blush like that," I purred as I started licking his ear. "You'll be more aggressive than you used to be, it's the wolf in you now."

"Okay, I'm cool with that," he moaned as he starting running his hands over my chest. Then suddenly he froze, "Did you say you went shopping for me?"

"I did," I answered, moving away from him so he could see my smile. It died when I saw the look of apprehension on his face. "Ryder, I just wanted to get you some things so you felt like this was home, not some place you're crashing at. Did I do something wrong?"

"No," he whispered, his eyes filling up with tears. "I'm just not used to anyone giving me anything and not wanting something in return. I'm sorry."

"All I want is for you to be happy," I said as I wiped away a tear that had escaped his eyes. "I didn't mean to make you sad."

"Not sad, Spencer," Ryder answered as he wrapped his arms around me. "They're happy tears, I can't remember ever being so wanted and cared for."

"Never doubt I want you, Ryder, and I don't just mean sexually."

"You'd better still want my hot little body," he snickered, before giving me a peck on my nose. "Can I see what you got?"

I laughed then, loving that he pushed away his insecurities and became this sexy, excited man. Almost like

a kid on Christmas morning. "I might have gone a little overboard, but I also wasn't sure of your size."

He just smiled as I pulled him off the bed and over to all the bags on the floor. Ryder's eyes went wide as he turned and looked at me, "*A little* overboard?"

"Well, I did get the Wii for both of us," I chuckled as we sat down cross-legged. "I've always thought it sounded cool, but it's more a two-person game system."

"I've always wanted to play one," he answered, diving into the bag and pulling it out. He started laughing then, to the point where he actually wrapped his arms around his stomach.

"What's so funny?"

"I just realized I've never even seen your living room," Ryder answered, trying to calm down. "I've only seen this room, the amazing bathroom, the guest room, and the kitchen."

"Well, we've been a little busy," I replied, shrugging my shoulders. "You can go anywhere you want."

"Thanks," he said, and leaned in to give me a quick kiss.

"Your cut on your leg's healed," I said, gesturing to it when I noticed the closed scar tissue.

"That's so cool!" Ryder exclaimed as he stretched

out his leg. "What do we do about the stitches?"

"I'll cut them out after we're done going through everything," I answered. "I was thinking of making some room in the closet and maybe getting a matching dresser for you."

"I'd really love that," he replied, blushing, but smiling at the same time. When he turned back to the bags, he tilted his head to the side before gasping. "You bought me a computer?"

"Well, if you want to get your GED, you'll need one to do assignments and study," I said. Then I reached out and took his face in my hands. "You don't have to, and I'm not trying to push you. You're smart, Ryder, and incredibly sharp. I just want you to have options, but it's not something you have to do right away, or ever if you don't want you."

"Are you kidding me?" he screeched before tackling me. "This is awesome! I loved the idea when you first brought it up. And you mentioned college? I used to love school when I was younger. I remember reading everything I could ever get my hands on, but I've not read anything lately except a few magazines Jeremy brought to the apartment."

"Okay, so we'll look into how to get your GED," I

chuckled as I rolled us back over so we were sitting again.

"I already emailed my attorney about getting a copy of your birth certificate, that way we can get you a social security card and a license."

"You were busy while I was passed out," Ryder said, looking at me in surprise. "Thank you, Spencer."

"You're welcome, baby," I replied, and then gladly accepted his kiss. "Now go try on some clothes so we can see what fits."

"Do I have to?" he asked with a pout, completely confusing me. Ryder stood up and gave me a brilliant smile before wiggling his ass in my direction. "I like being naked all the time."

He put a nice sway in his hips as he walked towards the bathroom with a few of the bags of clothes and I laughed so hard. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been this happy. Not only had he survived the change, he hadn't shown one single symptom of meth withdrawal since he woke up. Plus, after everything he'd been through he was excited to get to work and get an education. He really was an amazing man.

CHAPTER 7

The next few months went by in a whirlwind of new experiences for Ryder and I. He took to being a werewolf like a fish in water. I had to laugh at times, because the little shit was faster than me! It was nice to have someone to go running with when the full moon came around. It was even better not to be so lonely anymore.

It was an early fall full moon the night everything went down. Ryder and I were going for our run, on four legs like wolves do. Sure, we could do it on two legs, but it was more fun and faster on four. We weren't like the werewolves in some movies; our bodies weren't like a man who was taller with claws and a wolf head. We had hind legs we could either stand on or move on all fours. It was an equal distribution of half man, half wolf.

As we were running, several miles from home in upstate New York forest, we heard other people. Ryder got curious and went to go check it out, taking off before I could stop him.

"Ryder, no!" I called after him as I ran as fast as I could to catch him. He stopped a few hundred yards away and turned to look at me as he waited. Even in this form I could see he was confused as to why I was yelling. Just as I

got close I heard something that I was pretty sure wasn't lightening. Moving in a blur I dove and tackled him as I heard a whizzing sound coming towards us.

I felt a sharp pain in my right ear as I rolled us over and behind some trees. "Ryder, we have to stay away from humans."

"I'm sorry. I smelt fresh blood. I thought someone was hurt," he hissed. "Fuck, you've been shot!"

"I'm fine, it's just a graze," I answered before processing what he said. We'd also figured out that his sense of smell was much stronger than mine. I still had better vision and was stronger, but Ryder had things he was better at than me. It actually made me feel better to know he had something to feel he was the best at. Like racing me and kicking my ass every time, even though he was still a smaller wolf than I was. "Blood? What do you smell?"

"Human blood, a lot of it," he answered as we moved out from behind the trees but stayed low to the ground. "Someone has to be bleeding to death a few hundred yards away, I can smell more blood than someone could lose and survive."

"Okay, we check it out, but stay down and close to me. I've never seen hunters in these woods before; it's not legal to hunt here so who knows what they'd shoot at," I

replied, feeling that something bad was going down. He nodded and we made our way towards where the gunshot came from. When we got to where Ryder's sense of smell was guiding him my jaw hit the ground at what I saw.

There were five men standing around another man who was naked, beaten, and bloodied on the ground. One of the bigger guys, holding a shotgun, kicked the man on the ground, "You fucking faggot. I'll teach you to touch my son."

"I'm sorry," the man on the ground gurgled, telling me he had a collapsed lung. "He came onto me."

"Bullshit!" The big guy yelled before punching the beaten man again. "My son's no faggot, he said you raped him."

"No, I swear, I would never do that," the man hissed in pain. I was starting to get a very clear picture of what was going on here. The poor guy on the ground probably hooked up with some guy who wasn't out to his family. Rather than face his father head-on he cried rape, not thinking of the consequences for the man he accused.

"I'll take the three bigger ones," I whispered to Ryder. "Can you take out the other two?"

"Yeah, I got your back, Spence," he hissed, his whole body shaking with anticipation.

"No killing, and you can't bite them, it could kill them," I reminded him. "I'm going for the guy with the gun, once I've got it away, move for the others."

He stayed quiet, looking like he might protest my plan. But then he met my eyes and simply nodded. We crawled closer, staying as low as we could. When I was within striking distance I leapt on the big guy and grabbed the shotgun with my teeth.

"Fuck, I told you I saw a bear and shot one," one of the other guys yelled, diving for one of the guns propped up against the truck. Fuck! I hadn't seen those when I came up with the plan. I'd been so focused on saving the beaten man I didn't fully take in my surrounding. Not good.

Ryder must have realized this as well because he moved lightening quick and got to the truck first. He grabbed the three rifles and threw them a good hundred feet or so into some bushes. Then he went to work on the two men he was in charge of. I'd already knocked out the biggest guy, and one of the other guys was trying to pull his friend towards the truck, but the third guy made the mistake of thinking he could take me.

"You ain't no fucking bear," he said, lunging at me. I tucked my claws in and punched him in midair. His whole body spun around like a boomerang as my hit caused him

to change trajectories.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," one of the guys cried as he loaded his friend into the bed of the truck. "I've got the keys."

"Fuck that! Do you know how much money we could make if we catch these freaks?" The guy I hit asked as he got back to his feet. I rolled my eyes. Oh yeah, the four of them, wait, three of them were going to capture the two of us? I say three because I saw Ryder had knocked out another guy.

"Screw you. I'm leaving, and I have the keys," the first guy yelled as he got into the truck. I stood there, waiting to see if dumbass would try for me again. Ryder did the same to my left; watching one of his two targets drag the other guy towards the truck.

"What about the faggot?"

"We were going to kill him anyways," the first guy yelled as he started the truck. "Let the monsters eat him!"

Deciding to move this along, I snarled loudly, letting the big guy who came at me see every single one of my razor-sharp teeth and claws. He visibly paled and ran towards the truck. Everyone else was already in it, or unconscious in the bed of it. The last guy climbed up the tailgate and hopped into the bed just as the truck peeled out.

I made sure to take a look at the license plate for later and then made my way to the injured man once the truck was too far away to see me.

"Thank you," the injured man said, blood bubbling up from his mouth.

"You know I'm not going to hurt you, right?" I asked as I squatted down next to him. He tried to talk but then just nodded. Ryder came and knelt on the other side of the man.

"He's not going to make it," he whispered as he looked up at me. "There's too much blood and I can hear his heart slowing down. What do we do?"

I looked down at the man knocking on death's door and had an idea. "We won't be able to get you to a hospital in time. I'm not sure if it will work, but we heal very fast. If I can turn you and the change takes, it might save you."

"Do it," he panted.

"It might not work," I answered as I pushed his blood-soaked hair off his face. "You understand what we are?"

"Werewolves," he replied. "I didn't know you existed, but you can't be monsters if you just saved me." He paused for a moment, wheezing as much as his collapsed lung would let him. "You saved me, I trust you. Do it."

"I have to bite you and then fuck you," I explained.

His eyes went wide in shock, but then he tried to smile, "Kinky."

"I'll explain it all later," I said, pulling him up into my arms. "But Ryder's right, you're dying and we don't have much time left. The bite's going to hurt but I'll be as gentle as I can."

"Okay," he whispered as I moved him around like a rag doll. I licked the side of his neck and then bit down as gently as I could. The man gasped and struggled weakly for a moment before going limp again. When I lifted my head, I let out an ear shattering roar. This man tasted so different to what Ryder did, but not better or worse. He was like fresh sweet peppers right out of the garden.

"Do you want me to help hold him up?" Ryder asked, snapping me back to reality.

"I don't know," I answered looking down at my flaccid cock. "This really isn't conducive to getting me hard. I hadn't thought that far ahead. How am I going to fuck him? I mean, he's bleeding and beaten!"

"What if I get you ready and close, then when you're about to blow, you enter him?" Ryder replied after a few moments' thought.

"That's not a bad idea," I said, nodding. And it

wasn't. "Can you suck me while I lick his hole and stretch him out? Last thing I want to do is hurt him any further."

"Yeah, lay him on his stomach and get on all fours." Ryder helped me move the man; he wheezed in pain as we laid him down, but what else were we to do? I moved behind him on all fours as I spread the man's ass cheeks and started licking his tight hole. Ryder crawled under me and shifted back into human form. No way was he giving me a blow job with all those teeth.

I moaned loudly as he started licking my cock. Now that all I could really see was the tight hole in front of me while Ryder gave my cock attention, I got hard quickly. I focused on the sensations of the blow job and the taste of the hot ass I was licking. After several more licks his ass opened up enough for me to slide my tongue in. The man whimpered as I pushed my tongue in and grazed his sweet spot.

"That's hot, Spence," Ryder moaned. "Eat his tight little ass."

I knew he was talking dirty to me to help me stay in the mood, and it was working. Ryder took about half of my dick into his throat and I moved my tongue faster. I growled as he kept swallowing me down. He reached up and grabbed my sac while his other hand started rubbing

my hole. We'd done a little ass play while he sucked me off before and he knew just what I liked.

Several minutes passed, and with the constant attention Ryder was giving me in all my favorite spots it didn't take long before I was getting close. I pulled my tongue out of the man's ass. "I'm ready."

Ryder moved out from under me and helped me lift the man up enough for Ryder to crawl under him. I liked knowing Ryder's gorgeous cock would be rubbing against the man's tight abs. It also helped put the man into a position I could fuck him without hurting him. Pulling back the man's cheeks, I lined up my cock and started to push into him. It took several soft thrusts before I was finally able to bottom out.

Since I was already so close to my climax, his very tight ass pushed me over the edge and I cried out my release as soon as I was deep inside of him. He stiffened up and gasped as the knot extended from my cock and latched onto him.

"Fuck, you wouldn't believe the way he's coming all over me," Ryder moaned as he squirmed under the guy. I kept moving my hips to draw out both our orgasms as I felt my seed filing up the man's ass. Once I finally came down from my climax I realized the man seemed to have passed

out.

"Is he out?" I asked Ryder since I was still attached to the man's prostate.

"Oh yeah, he's out," Ryder snickered. "And I'm the only one who hasn't come."

"I'll take care of you at home, baby," I purred as the knot receded into my cock.

"You promise?" he asked, sticking out his bottom lip in a pout.

"It will be my pleasure," I answered wiggling my eyebrows at him. "But first we have to get this guy back to the house. I'm going to run back and get the SUV, it's too far to carry him injured."

"Alright, I'll stay here under him," Ryder snickered. "It's not very comfortable for me, but I have to be softer than the ground. I figure it might help him."

"Just try to keep as much of my seed in him as you can, I don't want to risk the change not taking."

"You got it," he winked up at me. I chuckled as I turned and started heading towards the house. We ended up being further away than I thought, almost thirty miles. Running that long at full speed had the muscles in my thighs burning by the time I finally reached the house. Racing through the back door, I grabbed a few blankets

from the hall closet before collecting my keys and wallet.

I headed out to the garage and opened the door as I climbed into my SUV. I hadn't been much of an outdoors type until after I became a werewolf. That's why I bought the SUV; it was nice to take it camping sometimes and just stay in wolf form the whole time. I threw the blankets on the other seat, turned it on, and pulled out of the garage and driveway. Throwing it in gear I floored it, desperate to get back to Ryder and the other man.

About halfway home I realized I could have been making a huge mistake in leaving them. What if those five assholes decided to go back? Or someone else heard the commotion and came to help? I frantically sped along trying to push all thoughts of disaster out of my mind.

It took only fifteen minutes to find the turnoff for the forest preserve main area, but I still had another seven miles or so off-road to where they were. I hit the curb and kept going, seeing the tire marks left by the guy's truck from earlier. Flipping off my headlights so I didn't draw any unwanted attention as I drove, it wasn't like I needed them anyways with my developed sight, I focused on following the tire tracks in the mud.

I was forever grateful when I finally spotted Ryder and the man in the same position as I left them. I threw the

SUV into park and hopped out. Running over to them, I could see the stranger was still passed out.

"How is he?" I asked quietly as I knelt down by them.

"Better," Ryder whispered, "his lung's healed and he's breathing normally. I'd say that's a good sign the change took and he's not going to die."

"Thank God. I was so worried about both of you," I sighed in relief. Leaning over, I lifted the man off Ryder and into my arms. I turned and headed back to the SUV and got the door open to the back seat. Ryder opened the other door and crawled into the backseat to help me move the man inside. "You got him?"

"Yeah, we're good," he answered giving me a big smile. "He's hot, Spencer."

I took a minute to look at the man, finally, now that things were calm. He was quite handsome. About six-two and one eighty-five, I guessed, he was nicely toned and lean with a quarterback's physique. I hadn't gotten a good look at his eyes but his longer auburn hair seemed to have a slight curl to it and he couldn't be more than thirty. His bruises were starting to fade, along with my bite, and if you ignored the dried blood covering most of him, he was breathtaking.

"Can we keep him?" Ryder giggled. I smiled at him, knowing he was trying to lighten the mood. I closed them in and climbed in the front seat. As I put the car in gear and turned it around I was careful how I drove. While the stranger might have been taking to the change, I wasn't about to risk injuring him any more. "Spencer, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, baby, what's up?"

"When that knot on your wolf cock latched onto him," Ryder started, before pausing and swallowing loudly. "Is that how I looked? Or I guess you couldn't see my face then either, but is that how I reacted?"

"I was actually asking the same questions in my mind when I turned you," I chuckled as we made it to the forest preserves main entrance. "The only difference is that he was quieter since he was injured."

"Oh, you're just mean," Ryder replied as he smacked me on the shoulder. "Aren't you supposed to say what makes me feel better?"

"Nope, I prefer to be honest with you."

"Fair enough," he answered. We were quiet for the rest of the drive, probably just lost in our own thoughts. I'd left the garage door open in my hurry to get to them in the forest, so I pulled right in. I put the SUV into park and then

helped Ryder get the man out of the car.

"You got him?" He asked me as I took the man in my arms.

"Yep," I replied, then thought of something, "I was thinking... the guest room?"

"Sounds good to me," Ryder said, closing the doors to the SUV as I walked into the house. "I'm wiped after all this drama, I just want to crawl into our bed."

It warmed my heart that he'd started calling it *our bed* and *our room*. Granted, it took Ryder a couple of months to get to that point but now that he was there it eased my mind. We tucked the man into bed in the guest room before heading to our room. Ryder took my hand in his as we walked, as a gesture of comfort and support.

"Night, baby," I said after we'd climbed into our own bed. Ryder snuggled against my chest and I kissed the top of his head. It didn't take long until he was sleeping, and I followed right behind him.

I wasn't sure how long we had been sleeping when movement in the room woke me up. Quietly, I moved Ryder off me and sprang out of bed. I was almost to him when I realized it was the man we brought home.

"I didn't mean to wake you," he said, holding his hands out in front of him. "I'm sorry. I woke up in a strange bed and figured I should let you know I was alive."

"No, it's fine, you just startled me," I replied as I rubbed my hands over my face as I tried to wake up. "How do you feel?"

"Fine, actually," he chuckled. "Thank you for saving my life."

"You were pretty out of it. Do you know what we are? What you now are?"

"I remember," he said quietly as he sat down on the chaise lounge in our room. "I'm just trying to wrap my mind around it all."

"I can understand that," I replied, sitting down next to him. "It was the only way to save you."

"I know that," he said, turning to me and putting his hand over mine. "I'm grateful, please don't doubt that. But this is all a bit of a shock."

"I felt the same way when it happened to me," I answered, nodding. "But I'm glad you made it. By the way, what's your name?"

"Lucas Moore," Lucas replied. "And you are?"

"I'm Spencer Fallon, and that's Ryder Jenkins."

"You're awake," Ryder said from the bed as he sat

up. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just in shock," Lucas chuckled. "This whole day has kind of been a tornado. I came up to New York on business, and then this hot guy comes onto me. We end up going to my hotel room and just as we're starting to hook up the door gets busted in by those men you saw attacking me."

"What business are you in?" I asked as I stood and gestured for Lucas to join us on the bed.

"I work for a horse ranch in Texas," he answered as he sat on the end of the bed and pulled one of the extra blankets around his shoulders. "I didn't rape the guy, I hope you believe me."

"We do," Ryder said reaching out to take his hands. "Spence wouldn't have changed you if we thought you were some kind of rapist."

"We hadn't even gotten our clothes off when they barged in," Lucas said, tears filling up his eyes. "They pulled us apart, and then the biggest guy was screaming at his son. The guy lied and said I drugged him and was trying to rape him. That's total bullshit! He came onto me and we weren't even drinking."

"Then what happened?" I asked.

"One of them hit me hard in the head and I blacked

out," he explained as he fidgeted with the blanket. "I woke up as we were getting to the forest. There were so many of them and they had guns. I knew they were going to kill me. I tried to explain what happened to them, begged them to listen to me. But the more I talked the more they beat me, saying the guy's son wasn't some fucking fag."

"Even if you had drugged the guy and tried to get with him," I said, raising my hand to silence Lucas when he started to protest. "I'm saying *even* if you had, they should have called the police. Not ganged up on you for some martial law bullshit."

"I'm so used to having to hide I'm gay in Texas that I was excited about the trip to New York. I thought, finally, I could be somewhere being gay isn't a big deal," Lucas explained as he shook his head. "Thank god you guys came along to save me."

"Hey, it's going to be okay, Lucas," I said. Without even thinking I pulled the man onto my lap and my arms. I could see he was fighting back the tears but after what he'd just been through, who wouldn't cry? Ryder came and knelt in front of us, rubbing Lucas' back. We shared a look and Ryder gave me a nod. I knew exactly what he meant; we couldn't send this man back to the life he led, he was miserable.

"Will you stay here with us?" Ryder asked gently. "I mean, I know we don't all know each other. But I've only been a werewolf for a few months, and believe me; you'll want Spencer's help to get used to all of it."

"I don't want to be a burden or interrupt the life you have," Lucas sniffled and wiped his eyes. "You guys are partners."

"Yes, we are," I answered carefully, meeting Ryder's eyes. "But what Ryder says is right, Lucas. You're going to need us."

"Luc, my friends call me Luc."

"Okay, Luc," I replied, nodding. "And I'm not going to lie. Ryder and I do both find you very attractive."

"I wasn't sure if your hard-on was for me or Ryder," he whispered. "I think you're both hot, too."

"You don't have to be with us to stay here," Ryder threw in as he kept rubbing Luc's back. "Spencer made me the same deal when he saved me."

"You were dying too?" Lucas asked, turning towards Ryder.

"In a way," Ryder snickered. "My parents threw me out when I was sixteen after I came out to them I caught a ride to New York with a friend, but had no money, no place to stay, or even an ID. I met this guy, Jeremy, who said I

could crash with him if he could pimp me out. I didn't really have many other options, but on top of that he started giving me meth. I was young and naïve so I didn't realize what was going on."

"Oh my god, you poor thing," Luc gasped and wrapped his arms around Ryder.

"Spencer found me on the streets, a few months ago" Ryder whispered, his gaze never leaving mine. "He saved me. He got me out of Jeremy's grasp, cleaned me up, and changed me. I've not touched drugs, or wanted to, since that day. Spence's helped me enroll in online GED classes, gave me a home, and loves me. So yeah, he saved my life."

"You helped save mine too," Luc said before kissing Ryder's cheek.

"I didn't think of it like that," Ryder answered with a huge grin on his face. "I guess I did."

"I couldn't have done it without you, baby," I agreed and leaned forward to kiss his sweet lips. Luc groaned, causing us to break apart and look at him.

"Sorry," he said as his face flushed. "You guys are just so hot, especially together."

"I don't have any objection to you joining in," I chuckled as Luc's eyes brightened. "As long as Ryder's cool with it."

"Oh, yeah," Ryder moaned as he moved to place his lips on Luc's. I'd been hard before, what with two hot men being naked and close to me. But watching them kiss just about set me on fire.

"Shower, now," I growled as I picked Luc up off my lap and into my arms. "You probably want the dried blood off you before we all play. Besides, I have waterproof lube in the shower."

"Oh, fuck yeah," Luc gasped as I carried him into the bathroom. Before I could even open the shower door he took my head in his hands and kissed me. I lowered him to the ground, letting him slide down my body as the kiss deepened.

"That is really hot," Ryder moaned from where he watched next to us. "And we all get to go bareback."

He went and turned on the shower, then came back and yanked on my arm. "Ryder's getting impatient," I chuckled.

"Hey, you guys got your rocks off earlier, I didn't," he grumbled as he dragged us into the shower. Luc blushed bright red as we moved to either side of him under the water and started to wash him. He was so fucking responsive to our touch that I knew Ryder and I could easily become addicted to Luc.

CHAPTER 8

Once Lucas was all clean Ryder looked more excited by the attention we had given him than Luc did. "Please, fuck me, Luc," he panted as he rubbed his hard cock all over the man. "Fuck me while Spencer fucks you."

"Yes," Luc moaned as he claimed Ryder's mouth. I moaned and lowered my head down to join in the kiss. We all gasped at the feeling of kissing two men at the same time. Hands started to move everywhere as we all felt the desperate need to touch as much naked flesh as we could. "Please, it's been so long for me. I can't take any more teasing."

"Okay," Ryder giggled as he turned around and braced his hands against the shower wall. "Then get me ready."

"Oh, that's a pretty sight, baby," I moaned as Ryder shook his ass at us. I handed Luc the lube as I moved him behind Ryder. "Do you want me in you, Luc?"

"More than I want air," he panted as he poured some lube on his fingers before handing me the bottle. Then he froze up, "Wait, Ryder, said something about bareback. Are you guys clean?"

"Werewolves don't get diseases," I answered as I

squirted lube on my own fingers. "We can't transmit to humans or each other."

"And I thought not having to wear contacts any more was a nice perk," Luc snickered as he started rubbing his fingers over Ryder's crack.

"Fuck, just like that," Ryder moaned and pushed his ass back.

"Ryder's very verbal," I chuckled as I moved my own hands to Luc's ass. I rubbed my middle finger around his clean little hole, opening it up for me. When he was ready, I pushed one finger in. Luc stiffened up and gasped. "Just relax, Luc. I won't hurt you."

"I know, but I've never had anyone in my ass before," he panted as his head fell back on his shoulders. "I've only been able to have sex with guys a few times. Random one night stands so no one found out about me. But I've always been on top, I've never been the bottom."

"Are you okay with this?" I asked, not wanting to push him.

"Yes, please, I want you inside me," Luc replied as he pushed back on my finger. "I've just never been with someone I trust to top me. It's not that I didn't want to."

"Okay, Luc," I said as I kissed the side of his neck and kept moving my finger in and out of his ass. "If you

don't like something I do, just tell me."

"I like, I like," Luc panted.

"Hey, forgot someone up here?" Ryder grumbled.

"Oh, sorry, Ryder," Luc answered, going back to what he was doing. "I'm just not used to multi-tasking."

"Yeah, well, get used to it," he replied.

I leaned forward and smacked Ryder's firm butt with my free hand, "Be nice, baby. I can remember quite a few times you forgot what you were doing when I was pleasing you."

"Good point," Ryder mumbled and I saw the back of his neck turn red. I leaned forward even more and wrapped my hand around Ryder's cock while I pushed in a second finger into Luc. "I do have the easy job right now."

"I like the middle myself," Luc snickered as he pushed his ass back again. I was busy trying to stroke Ryder's cock and stretch Luc out while sucking on his neck. He moaned loudly, showing his appreciation. "More, Spencer, I want another finger."

"Me too," Ryder moaned loudly. "Actually, fuck the finger; I want a cock in my ass."

I watched, mesmerized, as Luc pulled his fingers out of Ryder's ass. Then he lined up his cock and started pushing into Ryder. I realized then I hadn't been moving

fast enough. I pushed a third finger into Luc and started stretching him like mad. The last thing I wanted was to miss out on the fun.

"Oh shit, oh fuck, this feels wonderful," Luc groaned as he sank the rest of the way into Ryder. I moved my hand with him and kept up my attack on his ass. "I'm ready, Spencer. Please, fuck me."

I hissed when I realized they both liked to talk dirty. It was such a turn-on. I pulled my fingers from Luc's hole and replaced them with my dick. Working my cock in and out of Luc several times, I was finally able to push all the way in. As I had been moving inside Luc, it was a chain reaction with him and Ryder.

"Please tell me you like it hard and fast," Ryder panted.

"I'm not sure, but it sounds good," Luc answered as he looked over his shoulder at me and winked. I took that as the go-ahead and started to quicken the pace. Reaching around Luc, I grabbed Ryder's hips over Luc's hands. The noises that filled the shower were amazing. Naked, wet flesh slapping against each other as we all seemed to take turns moaning.

"Touch yourself, baby," I hissed as once again Luc's tight hole swallowed my cock. I wasn't sure how much

longer I could last given the pure bliss I was experiencing. Watching Luc's cock fuck Ryder, plus the feel of my own dick inside Luc was almost too much to bear.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," Luc started to chant as I started pounding into his ass. He leaned forward, starting to lick and kiss the right side of Ryder's neck, which gave me great access to the left side of Luc's neck. Not wanting to waste the opportunity I started to do the same to the man I was pounding into. I squeezed my hands tighter over Luc's on Ryder's hips. The three of us moved so perfectly together it was as if we'd done this dance hundreds of times.

"Harder, Spencer, I'm almost there," Ryder moaned as his fist madly stroked his cock. A few moments later I felt him stiffen up before he screamed and shot his load all over the shower.

"Oh god, it's like a vise on my cock," Luc cried out.

"Give it to me, Luc," Ryder panted as he was still coming. "I want to feel your cock blow in my ass."

That seemed to do Luc in because he yelled out as I felt his ass muscles clamp down on my dick. I made sure I was hitting Luc's sweet spot as I kept thrusting into him. The chain reaction hit me next as my sac drew up and I exploded inside Luc's hot little ass. I roared as stream after

stream of seed came out of my cock as I still fucked them as if my life depended on it.

When we were all done and completely spent, we all slid to the floor in one large pile. After a few moments, Ryder was the first to speak. "That was great and all, but I'm on the bottom of the pile here."

"Sorry," Luc and I said at the same time as we moved off of Ryder. He rolled over, lying spread-eagle on the floor of the shower. The biggest shit-eating grin was spread out on Ryder's face.

"That was fucking awesome!" He exclaimed as he rolled to his feet. "Can I be in the middle next time?"

"Is he always this insatiable?" Luc asked, laughing as he got to his feet.

I answered, "Yes," at the same time Ryder said, "No." We stared at each other for a moment, and then Ryder blushed as I raised an eyebrow.

"Okay, yeah, Spencer's right," he said quietly as he helped me to my feet. He wrapped his arms around my neck and pulled me down for a kiss. "But you love that I'm a total nympho."

"I never said otherwise, baby," I answered as I pulled Luc towards us, not wanting him to be left out. We all cleaned each other up just as the hot water seemed to

run out. I was forever grateful for the large water heater I'd bought just then. We quickly got out and dried off before heading to bed.

"I'll see you guys in the morning," Luc said as he headed for the door.

"You're not staying with us?" Ryder asked, looking like he'd been smacked across the face.

"I didn't know I was invited," Luc answered turning back around.

"After what we just shared you're more than invited, Luc," I said as Ryder nodded. I moved onto the bed and held out my hand to Luc. "But if you're not comfortable with sleeping with us, or not ready for it, we're not going to push you."

"I'd love nothing more than to snuggle up with you guys," he chuckled as he took my hand and crawled into bed. I ended up in the middle with Luc on my right and Ryder on my left. Both had their heads on one of my shoulders and an arm wrapped around my waist. I, in turn, put an arm around each of them.

"I could get used to being sandwiched like this," I snickered as they both started playing with my sparse chest hair. I know werewolves are supposed to be all hairy but the reality of that wasn't true. Since I'd been changed I

hadn't noticed one extra hair anywhere on my body.

"What do you do for work, Luc?" Ryder asked, looking at the man over my chest.

"I work on a horse ranch specializing in racing horses," he answered as he started to stiffen up. Realizing he was nervous, and probably about the future, I started rubbing his back in a supportive way. "I grew up on the farm my parents owned. We had horses and I just adored them. When I went to college, I knew I wanted to become a large animal vet. I ended up graduating in three years and got accepted to a great vet school."

"What happened?" I asked after Luc got quiet. Ryder reached over and took Luc's hand in his.

"My second year at vet school my parents were killed in a car accident," he answered after a few more moments. "I found out the bank was minutes away from taking the farm after their funeral. I was old enough and so everything went to me, including their debt. The bank gave me an extension so I could sell the farm and give them their money. I was already up to my eyeballs in debt myself from college and vet school."

It seemed odd to me at first that Luc was so forthcoming with everything. But then it hit me; he'd probably had this all bottled up for years, and who better to

trust then the men who saved your life and invited you into their home and bed.

"So you only have a year of vet school left?" I asked, kissing the top of his head. I saw that Luc and Ryder were both rubbing their thumbs over their clasped hands.

"Yeah, but they wouldn't let me back in until I paid off all my current student loans," Luc sighed. "Between my debt and inheriting my parents', it trashed my credit score. They figured they'd never get paid if they let me in and I got my degree."

"That's not fair," Ryder whined. "What a bunch of understanding assholes."

"Pretty much," Luc chuckled. "After the farm was sold I found work at the ranch. The owners were friends of my parents and knew how good I was with horses."

"So why come to New York?" I asked.

"There's a racing horse my boss wants to use as a stud for some of the mares," Luc explained. "The horse's lineage is amazing and he's a big winner at the races. I'd just closed the deal when Neil came up and started hitting on me. That's the name of the guy who almost got me killed with his lies."

"So your business here is done," Ryder said quietly. I could see his lower lip sticking out in a pout.

"Yeah, my plane back leaves in the morning," Luc answered, then started laughing. "Guess I'm not going to be on it though."

"You're staying?" Ryder asked as he sat up.

"I thought you said I could stay?" Luc answered, sitting up as well, with a confused look on his face. "Did I misunderstand what you said?"

"No, you didn't," I replied as I scooted back and leaned against the headboard. "I think Ryder's just concerned because you have a life back in Texas."

"I have obligations," Luc snorted, "not a life. I love working with the horses but I hate that bigoted ranch and town. There's no way for me to come out without serious repercussions. I couldn't afford to risk it, I needed that job to pay off my debts."

"Are you done paying them off?" Ryder asked, glancing at me before looking back to Luc.

"Yeah, a few months ago," Luc replied with a smile. "I'd already started working to save money to go back to school."

"There are vet schools in New York, right?" Ryder asked, again looking at me for a moment.

"I'm sure there are," Luca said as he brought his knees to his chest. I don't think he did it on purpose but the

way he sat, legs crossed with his knees up, gave us a perfect view of his groin. "I'd have to see what school would take me and my credits. But I don't see why I can't go to school up here."

"I'm sorry, what did you say?" Ryder replied as he shook his head. "I got distracted."

"You horn dog," I laughed as Luc looked at him in confusion. I reached over and stroked Luc's sac. He moaned and leaned into my hand. "Ryder was too busy staring at your cock to listen to what you were saying."

"Stare away," Luc said as he moved his legs so he was on display. "I've never felt so free. Being here with you guys, able to let go and just be me."

"We like just you," I said as I looked at Ryder, who winked at me. In a flash we moved and tackled Luc. He squirmed under us. We took complete advantage of his surprise and both stuck our tongues into his mouth. The kiss was hot. I started to not know whose tongue was where as our mouths all fused together. We finally broke apart, all of us panting. "Tomorrow you quit your job and we get your stuff moved up here."

"Really?" Ryder and Luc asked in unison, turning to me with wide eyes.

"Do you want to give him up?" I chuckled as I

looked at Ryder.

"No," Ryder answered shaking his head.

"Do you want to leave us?" I asked Luc.

He shook his head, smiling widely, "I like it here with you guys. And I'm going to need your help now that I'm one of you. It would be hell going back and have to keep hiding I'm gay and now a werewolf."

"Then it's decided, you're staying," I said, leaning down to kiss Luc before doing the same with Ryder. "The rest we'll figure out later."

I lay back in bed, chuckling at their shocked faces. Opening my arms for them, Luc and Ryder both crawled towards me and snuggled back at my sides.

After a little while, Luc finally spoke. "I've never lived anywhere but Texas."

"We'll get you a winter coat and you'll be fine,"
Ryder chuckled as he patted Luc's arm.

"That's right, you guys have snow here!" Luc exclaimed, sitting back up. "I've never seen snow. I mean other than pictures and movies, but I've never seen it for real."

"Oh my god!" Ryder gasped as he sat up as well. "It's great! We'll make snow angels and have snowball fights. Spencer has a fireplace. We can lie in front of it

naked, drinking hot chocolate and making love all day."

"Always about the sex, aren't you, baby," I chuckled. "I do love that about you."

"I know you do," he said, blushing. "But I was just thinking of winter activities."

"There's also sledding and snow mobiling," I replied before Ryder interrupted me.

"Oh! And building snowmen," Ryder stated, grinning widely.

"I feel like a kid," Luc chuckled as he lay back down. "I can't remember the last time I was this giddy and happy."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Twenty eight," he answered. "How about you guys?"

"I'm twenty two," Ryder said before turning and gesturing to me. "Spencer's old though, I mean, a real cradle robber."

"Oh fuck you," I laughed as I rolled over him. "I'm only thirty three! And we're both immortal now, age doesn't matter anymore."

"I'm sorry, what?" Luc choked out. It took him a few minutes of coughing before he seemed to calm back down.

"Shit, we left that part out," Ryder answered sheepishly. "Werewolves are immortal."

"Holy fuck," Luc whispered as his eyes just about popped out of his head. "Yeah, that's a big part to leave out."

"Are you mad we changed you now?" I asked, glancing at Ryder, completely nervous now.

"No, it's not that..." Luc said but then trailed off. We sat there and waited as he seemed to work things out in his head. "It's just, well, shit. That's a pretty big bomb to drop. Give me a bit to catch up."

"Yeah, sorry about that," I replied, looking down at my lap.

"Hey, I'm not mad," Luc stated as he snuggled back up to me. "Werewolves existing and me being one now is one thing, but immortal? I mean, damn, I can't die."

"Well, you can, but it's really hard," I chuckled. "Decapitation or fully engulfed in fire is about all that can do it."

"Okay, no one's allowed to bring matches to bed then," Luc snickered. "I'm cool with all of this, I swear I am. It's just going to take some time to wrap my head around it."

"That's fair," Ryder answered as he started playing

with my chest hair again.

Feeling everything was settled, at least for now, I let my eyes close. I hadn't been looking for Luc but I was already seeing he was a good addition to our little family. It was a good thing he seemed like he was going to fit in. The question never crossed my mind when we found him dying; turning him could have been a major upset to the nice life Ryder and I were leading. I felt myself start to drift off with a smile on my face. Everything was going to work out.

CHAPTER 9

Over the next few weeks Luc got acclimated to being a werewolf and living with us. Everything was comfortable; Luc fit in with us perfectly and didn't disrupt our household at all... Except for the closets and dressers.

"I thought the bottom drawers were mine?" I heard Luc growling as I climbed the stairs. The majority of Luc's stuff had been shipped up two weeks ago. The rest he left in the storage unit he'd been renting.

"We wear the same goddamn size shirt," Ryder yelled. "I combined the shirt drawers. Do you really care if I wear your shirts?"

"No, but I would think that's something you might want to ask me first."

I got to the room and just leaned in the doorway, watching the show. In a few minutes they would be tearing each other's clothes off. Ryder and Luc seemed to both have the same need for angry sex now and again. I swear they picked fights just so they could jump each other. It wasn't ever anything serious, and I found it amusing. Plus, I had the benefit of being able to jump right in after the clothes came off.

"Fine. Luc, do you mind if I combine the shirt

drawer?" Ryder asked as he crossed his arms over his chest. He went on before Luc even had a chance to answer.

"Good, I'm glad you don't."

"I didn't say that," Luc growled as he moved closer to Ryder. "Maybe I should just rearrange the closet on you?"

"Do that and I'll spank you both," I said loudly getting their attention. What I wasn't ready for was the dual looks of lust I got. Before I could respond, they looked at each other and took off for the closet. "Oh, no you don't!"

I ran over to the closet and grabbed each of them around the waist before dragging them over to the bed. Thankfully I was incredibly strong, being a werewolf and all. I dropped them both on the bed and they got on their hands and knees.

Ryder looked at me over his shoulder, "We've both been very bad."

"Oh yeah, we need to be punished," Luc seconded as he wiggled his ass. They both pulled down their shorts, letting them pool around their knees. I started laughing, almost to the point my legs gave out under me.

"It's not a punishment if you both want it," I chuckled as I finally started to calm down.

"It was your idea," Ryder answered, lowering his

shoulders and giving me a wonderful view of his ass and nice pink hole. I groaned as I felt my cock harden in my jeans. Moving forward I placed one hand on each of their firm cheeks and started massaging them. My reward was two loud moans as they pushed their butts back against my hands.

"Smack my ass, Spencer," Luc groaned as he lowered his face into the comforter. I felt my cock twitch at his words; it seemed I liked the idea as well. Deciding to try it out, I moved both hands quickly and spanked one of their cheeks. Pulling my hands back, I loved the look of my hand prints on their asses.

"Spank my sac," Ryder begged, and Luc moaned. I turned my hands facing up, and smacked their balls much lighter than I had their cheeks.

"Oh fuck, I didn't think I'd like that," Luc cried out. "Again, do it again."

I shrugged my shoulders, even if they couldn't see it and gave each of their nuts a series of smacks. Both of their sacs were now drawn up tight against their bodies and their cocks were hard and leaking. This time I spanked their asses, making sure I swatted their tight little holes. Ryder and Luc started squirming under my attention. I started to get really into it as I smacked them without mercy,

alternating between that and massaging my handprints on their asses.

"I can't take much more," Ryder moaned, "I'm going to blow."

I smiled as I decided to change things up. Moving soundlessly, I opened the nightstand drawer and pulled out a two person dildo and lube. Luc had seen it online and purchased it but we had yet to try it. I poured liberal amounts of lube on both ends of it before going back to my men.

"Turn so your asses face each other," I growled. They instantly did as I said, turning to look at me once they had. Then they looked at each other with big shit-eating grins on their faces. "You guys want to play rough? I can play rough."

"We've been bad," Ryder purred, "shove it in us."

Normally I wouldn't have wanted to for fear I would hurt them but we'd had a round of hot sex that morning so I knew both their asses were already stretched out nicely. I pulled the side of Ryder's ass away as I shoved the first few inches of the dildo into him. He screamed out as he pushed his ass back, trying to impale himself more. I smacked his ass hard. "Stay still."

"Okay," he panted, shaking as he tried not to move.

I lined up the other side of the dildo with Luc's hole and put my other hand on his hip. Pulling him back hard, I made it so Luc's hole pushed right on the toy.

"Fuck, that's good," he cried out.

"Stop moving," I said to both of them, smacking both their asses again now that my hands were free. They did as I said as I pulled up a chair and unzipped my jeans. I sat down and pulled out my hard cock before starting to stroke it at the sight before me. "That's a two foot dildo, that's a foot for each of your hot asses."

"Can we move now?" Ryder whimpered.

"Please, Spencer? I'm dying here," Luc panted.

They were both laying forward, faces resting on their arms, staring at me while their asses were in the air.

"Will you fuck each other hard and fast as you try to get as much of that toy in your asses as you can?" I asked, just to be a shit and push them further.

"Yes, god, yes," Ryder cried out. "I'll push it into Luc's ass so hard he'll be screaming."

"Then you may move." I groaned at the visual he gave me. The both immediately pushed themselves back, impaling their tight holes on the dildo at the same time. It was like a really hot, dirty version of synchronized swimming. They pulled back off the dildo at the same time

before pushing back towards each other. I growled, completely turned on, wishing I had my camera. "On just your knees now."

They both turned towards me for a moment before pushing up so they were on their knees. Ryder gasped as Luc screamed and shot his cum all over the bed, Ryder was frantic as he worked the toy in and out of both of them.

"Don't stop until Ryder comes too," I groaned as I felt myself getting close as well. I stood up and let my jeans fall to the floor. Stepping out of them, I kept frantically stroking my cock as I moved closer for a better view. Luc seemed unable to stop coming as his entire body shook. Ryder had his eyes closed and mouth partly opened as he gasped each time he pushed back. Getting a closer view, I saw how much the huge toy was stretching them out.

I reached down with my free hand and started moving the dildo from left to right, helping them fuck themselves harder. Ryder screamed as his cock exploded, shooting seed all over the other side of the bed. It was so hot to watch my men blow without ever touching themselves that I followed right after them, roaring out my orgasm. I shot stream after stream of my seed all over their still pink asses as my climax went on and on.

When it started to finally ebb I realized they were

both completely spent. I gently pushed Ryder down as I held the dildo in place. It slid out of his ass, and then I pulled it out of Luc. They both groaned loudly in complaint, as their asses were now empty. I was just about to go to the bathroom and get us all clean up when Ryder froze up.

"Wait," he whispered, sniffing the air. "We've got company," he said, suddenly serious as he turned to face me. "And they're not human."

"Like us?" I asked in shock. All my years as a werewolf and I'd not met another of our kind since Diego. "How many?"

"Two, and they're right out front," Ryder answered as he and Luc got off the bed. They were standing on shaky legs and I cursed the timing. Just then someone kicked in the front door. Turning to face the threat, I shifted, not giving a shit about tearing my shirt. Ryder had just learned how to shift when he wanted to, so he did as well. Luc hadn't even had his first full moon shift so there was no way he was helping us now.

I snarled loudly, making sure our guests could hear me as I moved out in front of Ryder and Luc. I saw Ryder push Luc behind him out of the corner of my eye. Two werewolves appeared at the top of the stairs, one smaller

and one bigger than I was. Well, shit, this could be bad.

"Get the fuck out of my house," I growled.

"We just want to talk," the smaller one said, holding up his hands out in front of them.

"Bullshit," Ryder yelled from behind me. "Then why shift and kick down the damn door?"

"Someone was a bit rash," the smaller one said.

"My name is Alex, this is Justin."

"I'm Spencer, that's Ryder," I answered, trying to be civil as I gestured towards Ryder. "And Luc is too new to shift when he wants."

"You should all be killed," Justin snarled. Alex elbowed him in the ribs and gave him a dirty look.

"Why? We've done nothing wrong," I growled as I crouched down ready to attack.

"You've done nothing wrong?" Justin roared.

"You've made two wolves without the council's permission!"

Well shit, that threw me for a loop. Ryder grabbed my arm and hissed at me, "You didn't say anything about a council!"

"I never heard of it," I answered him before turning back to our intruders. "What council? I didn't even know there were others besides the one that made me."

They both visibly tensed before turning towards each other. "Well that changes things," Alex said to Justin.

"They still broke our laws," Justin hissed.

Alex shook his head and shifted back to human form. "Shift, Justin," Alex ordered. Justin hesitated for a moment before doing as told. "Okay, obviously something got majorly fucked up here. We heard of two wolves living in the area and were told to investigate. Our pack didn't know of any wolves with permission from the council to live in our pack territory."

"Shift back, baby," I said to Ryder as I did the same. "Look, can we try and start this over. I'm really fucking confused here. I've lived here for years and never seen or smelled anyone like me."

"You guys live in packs?" Ryder asked as he moved next to me.

"Yes," Justin answered him and I didn't like the way he was looking at my man. "You all smell like sex and cum."

"You broke into my house and interrupted," I snarled, drawing his attention back at me. Justin snarled right back and looked ready to attack, but Alex stepped in front of him.

"Stop it, Justin," Alex ordered over his shoulder

before he turned back to me. "We were sent to investigate two wolves, when we smelled three Justin got a little excited."

"Call it what you want, you're replacing the door," Ryder spat out and I pushed him farther behind me.

"Luc, could you get us and our guests some clothes?" I asked not turning away from the men. "Look, if I broke some kind of rules or am on your turf, I'm sorry. Those rules were never explained to me."

"Who made you?" Alex asked. I liked him, he kept his head and was definitely in charge.

"Diego," I answered and went through my tale, including the letter. "I can show it to you, it doesn't say anything about a council, or even others."

"Well, fuck," Alex growled and then took a couple of deep breaths. "He's got to be a rogue. No one in the New York area pack has that name. You have to come with us and stand trial with our pack leader and maybe the council."

I felt Ryder tense up beside me as Luc froze by the dressers. They obviously felt exactly the same as I did about that one. "No fucking way," I said shaking my head. "I didn't do anything wrong. It's not my fault the rules weren't explained to me."

"Then that's what you tell the pack leader," Alex said calmly.

"No, we're not going somewhere else where there are God knows how many of you," I growled, getting ready to shift back.

"What is the normal punishment for the rules Spencer broke?" Luc asked, and I immediately got where he was going with this.

Justin, who I started to realize was just the muscle and *not* the brains answered, "Death to all of you."

I raised an eyebrow as Alex rolled his eyes, apparently knowing they were busted. "Yeah, we're not going anywhere with you guys," I stated firmly. "Call whoever you need to, they are welcome at my home."

"As long as they knock," Ryder growled behind me.

"We can make you go with us," Justin snarled at Ryder as his body started to vibrate. "We're centuries old, the three of you can't take us."

"No, we can't," I answered, looking at Alex so he knew I meant what I was about to say. "But since you don't have a flame-thrower or sword handy, I'm pretty sure Luc could get the police on the phone before you overpower Ryder and I."

To drive my point home, Luc picked up his cell

phone and waved it in the air. Justin looked like he was going to pounce but Alex elbowed him again. "Fine, I'll call the pack leader. May I use your phone?" he asked Luc.

"No, you can use the one on the nightstand," Luc answered with a smirk and pointed to it. "I'll hang onto this one, Justin doesn't seem to have his shit together."

"It's not my fault the whole fucking place smells like sex," he growled as Alex walked over to the phone.

"Alex isn't affected," Ryder pointed out.

"Alex is straight," Alex chuckled as he lifted the receiver. He punched in some numbers before turning back to us. "It's Alex, sir."

All of us just stared at him as he gave a series of replies, including explaining what happened. It was a few minutes before he focused back on us.

"He wants to talk to you," Alex stated as he handed me the phone.

"This is Spencer Fallon," I said.

"I'm Max, the local pack leader," Max said into the phone. "Alex says you refuse to come to my den to talk with me?"

"No, Max," I replied rolling my eyes at Alex. "I didn't say I wouldn't go talk to you, I said we weren't leaving to go stand trial for something I didn't know was

wrong. Especially after your wolves broke into my house and Justin says the offense is punishable by death."

"The situation is different than we believed, I don't think death is on the table," Max replied. "I'll guarantee your safety unless the council decides otherwise."

"Not good enough," I answered, shaking my head as I heard Max growl on the other end of the line. "Look, I don't mean any disrespect here. Believe me, my goal isn't to piss you off. But seriously, Max, if the positions were reversed would you willingly go into the lion's den?"

He was silent for a few moments before he started chuckling. "No, I don't think I would, Spencer."

"Then you understand my predicament," I answered, swallowing a sigh of relief. "We can't take the two wolves you sent; I've only been a werewolf for five years or so, Luc hasn't seen his first full moon and Ryder's only a few months. We aren't a threat to you, but we'd be in deep shit to surround ourselves with your pack."

"Fine. I'm out of town on business," Max replied. "I'll be back next week and would like to come to your home and discuss the situation with you. Is that something you would be willing to do?"

"I'm not thinking I have many options here," I snickered.

"Glad you realize that," Max stated, the threat there.

"Can we agree that you're more deadly than Alex and Justin?"

Max snorted. "Very much so."

"Would you be willing to come with only one other wolf?" I asked, praying I wasn't pushing my luck.

"That's fair," he replied. "And it will just be the three of you?"

"Yes, the only wolf I met before, and I use the word *met* loosely, was Diego. Until today, I had no idea there were others, or that there was some sort of organization to all of this," I answered honestly.

"Understood. I look forward to meeting you, Spencer," Max chuckled.

"You as well," I said, but he'd already hung up. I put the phone back in the cradle and turned towards our guests. "He's coming next week to talk with us."

"Then we will be going," Alex replied with a nod. We turned back to everyone else and it was only then I saw Ryder had stepped over in front of Luc, and Justin was looking at both of them like they were his fun for the night. His hard-on told me exactly what fun he wanted with my men.

Without even thinking, I rushed past Alex and

grabbed Justin's shoulder. "They're mine," I snarled as I pushed him towards Alex.

"I could have them and you couldn't do a fucking thing about it," Justin growled and moved out of my grasp.

"I would," Alex stated firmly as he grabbed the back of Justin's neck. "Again, I'm sorry for our intrusion and I sincerely hope everything works out for the best."

"Thank you, Alex," I replied, trying to calm down.

Alex walked out of the room, dragging Justin with him. I didn't really relax until they were out the front door and gone.

"What now?" Ryder asked as he wrapped his arms around me. Luc did the same from the other side.

"The pack leader seems like a decent guy, as long as he wasn't just lying through his teeth," I answered as I pulled them close to me. "I'm so sorry you guys."

"You didn't know about any of this," Ryder said fiercely as he let go and moved in front of me. He was so hot when he was pissed and had his hands on his hips like he did now. "You didn't do this. Diego did. Don't you dare apologize for any of this. We're all in this together"

"He's right," Luc agreed. "None of this is your fault, Spencer. And we'll get through this just fine."

"So we didn't know about the rules?" Ryder said

throwing his hands in the air. "We'll tell whoever the truth, they can give us the handbook and teach us the secret handshake, and then we go on with life. I think Justin just had a hard on for Luc."

"I thought it was for you," Luc snickered.

"From what I saw, it was for both of you," I chuckled.

"Too bad we're all yours and very loyal," Ryder purred as he led me to the bed.

"Oh yeah, we wouldn't trade down to someone like Justin," Luc said as he curled his nose up in disgust.

"Who wants hamburger when you have Prime A steak?" Ryder asked as he pushed me backwards so I flopped down on the bed.

"I certainly don't," Luc replied nodding. They both climbed on either side of me and leaned over, taking one of my nipples into their mouths.

"Oh fuck," I moaned, reaching out and grabbing their cocks. "Good thing I'm so likeable. Because there's no way I'd give either of you up without a fight."

"Well, you're stuck with us," Ryder chuckled as he leaned forward and locked lips with Luc. I groaned as I watched them make out, knowing what I said to be true: I would do anything to keep them safe and with me. A look

of worry must have crossed my face because they started attacking me, planting kisses all over my face. Next thing I knew we were starting our third round of sex for the day. Life was good.

The End

About the Author

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she went left for college. Though she has a great life, she loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. Her wide interest in reading is reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

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