

Wolfy Kate Hill

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“Don’t turn around.” The deep, husky voice spoke so close to Trent’s ear that he felt the warm, spearmint-scented breath against his cheek. A moment later, water poured from the shower faucet, drenching him and his unseen lover.

Long arms, lean and hard, wrapped around his waist and the voice continued, “Just do what I say when I say it. Understand me?”

Swallowing hard, Trent nodded and those arms tightened around him almost painfully.

“Say it.”

“I understand,” he replied in a voice far steadier than he felt. The sensation of a powerful, naked body behind him, warm and damp from the shower water, aroused him so much that his cock swelled and twitched. He felt his captor’s erection pressing against him from behind. Thick, hard, and ready for action.

Large, callused hands roamed over Trent’s bare chest, then paused, gripping the lean muscle. He felt sure his captor must feel the staccato rhythm of his heart. Fuck, he hadn’t been this excited since-

“Put your hands against the wall,” the voice ordered. If possible, it sounded even huskier, more animal-like.

Trent felt muscles ripple behind him. The hands stroking his torso stiffened and clenched into fists. Drawing a sharp breath, Trent placed his palms against the wet tile wall of the shower. His bottom thrust back slightly, pushing against his lover. The rock-

hard body that had seemed smooth a moment ago was now covered with a wiry pelt, the lean muscles thicker and more powerful.

A low growl sent a shiver of lust and fear down Trent's spine. He turned his head slightly, but a firm hand on the back of his neck forced him to keep facing the wall.

"Do what I say," the bestial voice repeated.

Trent's chest rose and fell with excited breathing. His heart felt as if it would explode from sheer anticipation. The hand on his neck moved down his back, then the tip of a pointed claw retraced the trail, not painfully but with enough pressure to make him draw another harsh breath. His senses already sharp and nerves pushed to the limit, any touch seemed magnified a hundred times.

His captor licked down the length of his spine while at the same time squeezing and stroking his bottom. Then his hands parted the taut spheres and a hot, wet tongue thrust between Trent's ass cheeks. It laved his sphincter and pushed past the ring of muscle.

Panting with pleasure, his pulse racing so fast he could scarcely hear anything else, Trent gripped the slippery tile wall. "This feels so fucking good," he murmured, his eyes closed and ass thrusting against his partner's face.

His lover replied with another low growl, the only sound he could manage while busy with Trent's ass.

Completely lost in sensation, Trent thought he might come then and there. His cock ached and entire body tingled with those wonderful, frustrating pre-orgasmic sensations.

The tongue left him and he yelped upon feeling two sharp little bites, one to each bottom cheek.

"You liked that, didn't you?" The animal voice again spoke close to his ear. "You love it when somebody fucks with your ass."

"You know I do," Trent replied breathlessly.

"And you like this, too, don't you?" asked the beast, wrapping one big, furred

hand around Trent's shaft and grasping his balls with the other. He kneaded and stroked, just rough enough to bring exquisite pleasure bordering on pain. This guy knew exactly how Trent like to be handled. "I want to fill your ass with my cock, you hot little fucker. You ready for it?"

"Hell yes!" Trent said.

"Don't move."

He walked away from Trent who waited, his entire body pulsing with lust. Seconds later a muscular leg slid between his, spreading them far apart while rough, clawed hands grasped his waist. The very tip of the beast's lube-slicked cock pushed against his ass. With almost painful slowness he worked in the thick, satin-skinned, well-veined shaft.

Trent panted hard, trembling with need and overcome by sensation. The beast-man began thrusting over and over, one hand tight on his waist as the other snaked around to grasp Trent's cock. He pumped and stroked, fast and hard. Trent knew he wasn't going to last long at this pace, and by the grunts and growls from his partner, neither was he.

With a howl wilder than any normal wolf, Trent's lover exploded in orgasm.

"Ah, fuck!" Trent gasped, coming longer and harder than he ever had in his life. Come shot over the tile and splattered his chest, some even reaching his face. Shaking from head to toe, he leaned heavily against the wall, his cheek pressed against the slick tile. He licked his lower lip, tasting a droplet of his own cream.

As his captor's cock slid from Trent's throbbing ass, he turned Trent to face him and pulled him into his arms. They sank to the floor and Trent rested his head against the powerful, hairy chest. He opened his eyes in time to watch Grant slowly change from beast form back to human.

Grant's large blue eyes opened to meet Trent's gaze. A slight smile touched his slim lips and he clapped a hand to the back of Trent's neck, drawing him closer for a rough yet loving kiss.

When the kiss broke, Trent said, "I've missed you."

“Sorry. It was pack business.”

“Just as long as you remember this is home.” Trent reached around and gave Grant’s hard ass a squeeze.

“The only home I want,” Grant said, once again covering his mouth with a kiss that left no doubt in Trent’s mind this lustful, mystical creature was his and his alone.

The End

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