

Encounter -- Wolfman: Home

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Home

I'd heard the truck return a short while ago, but Mace hadn't come to find me yet. He'd been gone for more than a day meeting with a coalition of local wolfman packs. To avoid turf wars, they'd met on neutral ground and were to stay until the meeting finished. When talks went bad between packs, blood flowed. Had something gone wrong? After a night away, normally he couldn't wait to get me naked.

I slammed through the door, gaze sweeping the room. "Where the fuck is Mace?" A cold knot formed in my gut. Doc, Slade and Hawk weren't anywhere either. Fuck, this looked bad. "What the fuck happened and why didn't someone come tell me?" Yeah, I sounded like a petulant teenager. So shoot me.

Hound, who'd been with Mace, sauntered down the hall still dripping from a shower. "Mace's showering. We ran across some rabids and things got messy."

Well, fuck, that could mean messy blood and guts or messy dirty. "Anyone hurt?"

Hound snickered. "Not on our end. Well, a few scrapes here and there but nothing bad."

Thank fucking God!

Hound continued. "There weren't that many of them but they tried to hide in the sewer."

"Fuckers. They in the shower?"

"Oh hell no! Didn't even want to bring their stinking hides inside. Hawk and the guys took them to the river first. Smelled like they'd been living down there for a long time." Disgust wrinkled Hound's face.

I laughed and headed down the hall. Maybe it was just as well Mace hadn't come to see me first. The "sewers" in Denver were more storm drains than real sewage, but foul smelling shit still made its way into them. Rabids, bat shit crazy or wild wolfmen, weren't known for being neat and clean. Their lairs smelled of dirty bodies and rotting food more often than not.

RK followed me down the hall to the bathroom and, with a wink, blocked the door behind me. Sometimes having a pet wolfman had its advantages.

Mace was alone, leaning against the wall with hot water running down his back. His silky black hair hung in a wet curtain around him. Water glistened over taut muscles. I shucked my clothes as fast as possible without ruining them. Wasn't like we could run down to the local big box and replace them.

Stepping into the shower, I wrapped my arms around Mace from the back, laying my chin on his shoulder. He leaned his head back and rubbed his cheek against mine in an almost feline move.

He pressed his hot, muscled back against me. My cock swelled, pressing against his ass. Fucking sweet, hard ass. God I wanted it. I caressed up and down his chest, stroking away the tension there. He sighed, turning his face to nuzzle my hair, nip my ear. A shiver of longing raced down to my now hard cock.

"Daniel." My name ghosted across my skin, full of desire and love. I gasped out a sigh. He pressed his ass back, wriggling until my cock lined up with the crack. I rocked my cock between his ass cheeks. Ah, fuck that felt good! He moaned softly, matching my rhythm.

I stroked down to cup his cock with one hand, the other lower, to toy with his balls. He whined softly, straddling his legs to give me access as he shut the water off. Others were going to want some soon. It'd be rude to use it all. Tempting, but as pack leaders, it was our job to take care of the pack first.

I stroked downward along his engorged rod. He sucked in a breath, and I rolled his balls in my hand. I stroked farther back with just one finger. He shifted wider again.

"Ungggn! Please," he whispered, holding so still, a faint quiver running through him. It shivered right down to my balls like an electric shock. So fucking hot!

Mace retrieved the lube stashed next to the shampoo. We weren't the only ones who liked to play in the shower. I nearly squirted the whole tube out when he leaned farther against the wall, spreading his feet and offering that fucking sweet ass!

"Mace," was all I could choke out of lungs suddenly frozen. My cock jumped and a pearl of cum rolled down the head to drip on the floor.

He smiled over his shoulder, yellow gold eyes smoldering with passion. *"Fuck me, Daniel."*

"Shit, oh God, yes!" I ran my hand up his back while the one full of lube greased my cock. I stroked down and spread his ass cheeks with the backs of my hands. I groaned. *"Fucking sweet ass, Mace."* His tight little hole waited for me. I rimmed it with one finger, slid the other hand between his legs to cup his balls, squeezing the base of his cock. He moaned softly, thrusting back, nearly impaling himself on my finger. I slid it in.

"Ahhh, yesss!" He moaned and whimpered, a desperate, needy sound from deep inside him. *"Now, hard, Daniel. I need this."*

I lined myself up. *"You're not going to, you know, wolf out on me this time?"* I still remembered that first night. I'd fucked him into the mattress only to have him go alpha dog on me. Although now, the thought of him getting that aggressive in bed didn't scare me like it had then.

His yellow gold gaze locked on me. *"Only if you don't hurry up and fuck me!"*

I pushed past the first tight ring of muscle. Holy shit! Hot, tight... so fucking hot and tight. He growled and thrust his ass back, wiggling slightly to take me deeper. I took the hint, grabbed his hips and smoothly pressed in until his ass cheeks nestled in the hollows of my hips, a perfect fit.

"Fuck, oh fuck, Mace!" I wouldn't last long in the heat of his channel. My balls ached for release.

Mace whined and rocked his body. Matching his rhythm, I started to pull and thrust. Faster, harder, deeper. Fuck, oh fuck! "*Agggnn, uhnngnn*, yeah, Mace!"

He tensed around me, bearing down on my cock so hard it almost hurt. A low howl rumbled up. He tensed and jerked, streams of jiz coating the shower.

I pounded him harder, altering my angle until I felt a shudder run through him. Ah, the hot spot. Growls and moans answered each of my thrusts. I focused on his pleasure, holding off my own as best I could.

All too soon I felt my balls tight up against me. A sizzle flared from them up my spine and out of my cock in a flood of jiz and ecstasy. "Mace! Fuck, God, cuming."

"Daniel!" Mace's shout turned to a howl of satisfaction as he came again. His clenching body driving my orgasm on, milking me of every last ounce of cum and strength.

We sagged together against the wall, legs trembling and chests heaving. Slowly we slid down into a heap on the floor. A little squirming and Mace turned to tug me into his lap. I rested my head on his shoulder and drew a shuddering breath.

"You are fucking amazing!" I nuzzled his neck.

He sighed and kissed the top of my head. "Love you, Daniel."

I smiled and hugged him harder. "Love you, mate."

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