

Encounter: Moonlighting (Memphis Heat)
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Moonlighting

Belle looked around the room, at the faces of the officers who'd fought beside her less than a month ago. The window was open just enough to let in the breeze and the smell of the riverside. She knew what was wrong with her man. With all of them. They'd fought as a pack. They'd won that fight, but barely. And the cost had been high. They'd yet to heal. There was only one way to bring them the release they needed. It was time.

Her pack had come close to giving their life to protect her. She owed them. Time to give something back. Wolves didn't belong inside. Not tonight. "Run with me."

As one, they shifted, following her out the door, like they'd been waiting for someone to suggest it all along. And perhaps they had. Not even Amanda raised a protest. Instead she raised her nose to howl softly before she leaned into Belle's side, as if to push her out the door.

The night air was crisp, the moon high and full. Belle turned her face up to let the silvery light bathe her skin like she might with the sun on a warm summer day. Heaven! This was what they all needed.

Belle ran, hard and fast, the breeze ruffling her fur. Heart pounding, lungs heaving, she pushed herself as hard as she could, needing the physical outlet only running gave her wolf self. Scents of the woods surrounded her, along with the faintest hint of hot asphalt after a hard rain. Memphis was such a pleasant mixture of rural and urban. No wonder she loved the city. Would give her life to protect it. And her pack.

She continued on until Jarod raced up beside her, steering her to a clearing in the woods near the river. Flowers, though fading, still made the air explode in fragrance when she rolled among them. Her wolf senses appreciated the sharp

contrast of sweet and bitter from the petals and the stems when her weight crushed them, releasing an even more powerful fragrance.

Without another thought, Belle shifted, her human form naked in the middle of the grassy, wildflower covered ground. Cool leaves and grass tickled her skin as she offered up her body to the night. Arms over head, face turned to the moon, she howled. Even in human form, it felt damned good.

Jarod's dark bulk appeared over her, a silhouette in the moonlight. "My, what big teeth you have," Belle giggled as the moonlight reflected off his grin.

"Teeth isn't what I was thinking about when I looked at you, sweetheart." His grin was, well, wolfish, his meaning clear for all to see as she arched her back, an erotic offering to the god standing before her.

"That isn't what you're supposed to say."

"Oh, fine. 'The better to eat you with, my dear'," he offered obligingly. Lowering his nose to her hair, he breathed in deeply. "You smell delicious. Like flowers and grass and wolf."

"And it isn't really teeth I was thinking about either with you all naked and stuff." Belle reached between them to find his long, thick cock, stroking with a practiced touch. The smooth skin was hot in her hand, his shaft pulsing with every heartbeat.

With a groan, Jarod pulled back, braced over her, his weight on his hands. He leaned in to nibble at her collar bone, gently nipping his way down to her cleavage, then lower, raising her knees wide and inhaling her need as he tasted her lower lips. She cried out softly as he thrust his tongue deep into her pussy, his breath hot over her clit.

* * *

Remmy watched Jarod lick his way down Belle's stomach to taste her cunt, his heart aching. It had been too long. Amanda had healed, at least on the outside, but sometimes he wondered if she'd ever heal on the inside.

“Don’t look so longingly at those two, love,” Callahan whispered in Amanda’s ear. “You’ve got two wolves just as eager to please you.”

“Ready and eager,” Remmy added, nipping her ear from the other side. “One thing you never have to worry about is us. We love you. Always.” He kissed her chin, licking the side of Callahan’s mouth where his lips touched Amanda’s. They broke for a moment to touch foreheads, then, as if sharing the same thought, they took her down to the soft grass, rolling her to her side, and blanketed her with their warm bodies.

Amanda moaned in pleasure as Remmy lifted her hair to kiss the back of her neck, tonguing the scar near her shoulder blade, letting her know in his own way that the white line in her chocolate skin made her only that much more delicious.

Remmy cupped one dark, full breast, pinching the dusky nipple before he offered it to Callahan, who sucked it in with a greedy, wet slurp. The other breast, he kneaded himself, delighting in the immediate response from her. Her breasts were always so sensitive, making her wet almost the instant he or Callahan touched her. Not tasting her wasn’t even an option as far as he was concerned.

Maneuvering between her legs, Remmy covered her smooth mound with his mouth, licking and sucking and flicking his tongue. To his absolute delight, Amanda squealed and writhed beneath his touch, bucking her hips even as she clutched Callahan to her chest.

Letting her go, reluctantly, Remmy moved behind her, stroking his cock until pre-cum slicked the tip. He traced the rim of Amanda’s delicate anus until she moaned again, pushing back against him. He slid his hand down to her pussy, stealing the slick wetness there to lube his cock before he fingered her open, eager to make her ready for him. But she beat him to the thrust, rocking back hard, burying his slicked cock deep in her waiting ass.

A moan that didn't belong to Amanda stole Remmy's attention and he looked over Callahan's shoulder to see Belle's tits bouncing in the moonlight as she rode Jarod's cock like a she-wolf possessed. Yeah. They'd all needed this night.

Then Amanda slid forward and Remmy closed his eyes, concentrating too hard on the feel of Callahan's cock thrusting against his, only a thin membrane away, to pay attention to anything but the feel of his partners. He could feel every beat of Amanda's heart as the blood surged through her pussy walls. Her muscles tightened around their cocks, enhancing every flutter of movement as she clenched around them, trying to hold them both in until the three of them moved in perfect harmony. Each long, hot stroke sent tendrils of pleasure straight to Remmy's balls.

He wasn't ready to come. Not yet. No matter how much his cock wanted that hot spray of release. He wanted to stay like this, the three of them one, long into the night. He slipped his fingers around the base of his cock, squeezing hard, but he knew it would only work for a few more thrusts.

"Don't worry, babe," Amanda whispered over her shoulder. "We've got all night."

"We've got a lifetime," Callahan corrected. "Just the three of us."

"Us," Amanda agreed, her voice crying out in ecstasy as she tightened around them, milking their cocks with the force of her orgasm.

Across the meadow, a wolf's howl split the quiet of the night, and Belle's back arched off the ground, her breasts flashing in sharp relief against the black of the night as the moonlight washed over them. Remmy and Callahan came together, their howls filling the night to join Jarod's.

Remmy knew the station would be flooded with calls tomorrow. Complaints of everything from wild dogs to coyotes sighted in the park. Oh well. Truth was stranger than fiction. Maybe they'd get to spend tomorrow afternoon here, as well. That was one myth he'd enjoy investigating...

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