



Changeling
Encounters

Frost Thaw 3
Emily Carrington

Encounter -- Frost Thaw 3 (A Pack of His Own)

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Editor: Bill Riley

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Frost Thaw. The most sexually charged night of the year for werewolves.

It's also Garrett and Michael's one year anniversary. And Garrett has bought Michael the perfect Frost Thaw/anniversary gift. A pair of shiny new handcuffs...

Garrett and Michael

Garrett met Michael exactly one year ago, February 13th, on Frost Thaw. He wasn't a werewolf and so hadn't known the significance of the day. But since then, he'd grown to respect werewolf holidays as much as the human ones that were only relevant in the Rustbelt cities like Philly and Buffalo. He'd had Sweetest Day, Christmas, and Halloween with Michael, his mate. Now it was time for the most sexually-charged celebration of the werewolf calendar.

He'd bought a pair of handcuffs for the occasion.

The whole werewolf pack would be meeting later in the evening, but right now, Garrett could have Michael all to himself. They were both off work. Michael managed the community action office on Buffalo's East Side and Garrett had logged out for the day from the local SearchLight compound. The werewolf was doing something downstairs and Garrett hoped it wouldn't take too long. He'd wrapped the handcuffs.

He was sprawled on their queen-sized bed, idly toying with both the box's ribbons and his cock when Michael came in smelling of chocolate. Distracted by the heady aroma, Garrett sat up and raised an eyebrow. "You were baking?"

"The triplets have cookies due at school tomorrow and forgot to tell anyone. I was lending their parents a hand." He blushed a little. "It was the only way I could ensure we wouldn't be disturbed with requests for help."

Michael was a good beta, even if he'd given the actual position over to another werewolf. He genuinely cared about his pack. Garrett shifted the box and the handcuffs rattled. He forgot his admiring thoughts, or rather they flowed in another direction. "Take your clothes off."

Michael grinned and locked the door. Then he crossed the room and turned on the stereo so that music would hide at least part of what they were doing. "Someone's desperate."

“Can’t imagine who that would be.” Garrett stroking himself languidly. A shudder ran through him and he left off his cock. He *needed* these handcuffs.

Michael was naked in less than a minute, which suited Garrett just fine. His mate was half erect, his shorter member beautiful and red. “What’s in the box? Is that my Frost Thaw present? You’re not getting yours until midnight.”

Garrett held out the gift. “Please,” he said as casually as he could manage while his cock pulsed between his legs. “Open it.”

Michael took one of the ribbons off and set the box down.

“What are you... “ Garrett trailed off as Michael tied the ribbon around the organ that all but demanded Garrett stroke it. The ribbon was purple; it made a lovely contrast to Garrett’s heated flesh. It wouldn’t keep him from coming, but it made him imagine a cock ring. “You’re a tease,” he growled.

Michael laughed. “Yes. Yes, I am.” And he took off the top of the box. His eyes widened and the laughter faded from his expression to be replaced by lust. “Are these for you or me?”

“Me to wear, you to enjoy.”

“It’s not like you to give up control,” Michael murmured as he removed the leather circlets connected by a metal chain from the tissue paper.

Garrett felt himself blushing. Luckily, his Native American coloring hid the reaction, although wasn’t that the point of the handcuffs? To make him willingly vulnerable?

Not ready to confess that just yet, he said only, “I want to wear them.” He added, unsure if Michael was disappointed or put off by the gift, which was really for Garrett as much as for the werewolf, “I got you something romantic also.”

“This counts as romantic,” Michael said. He crossed to Garrett, handcuffs dangling from one finger, and kissed Garrett’s mouth without touching the rest of him. “Chained to the bed or the metal light fixture?” He indicated the one over their heads.

Garrett turned Michael by the shoulders and let him see the hook on the wall. "There."

"You have been thinking about this." Michael grasped Garrett's hand and pulled him to the wall. "Hands up."

Garrett obeyed, gasping when Michael, instead of placing the cuffs around his wrists at once, began kissing his pecs. He arched and Michael pushed him back against the wall.

"None of that. If you're submitting to me, you're submitting." He paused. "Although our usual safe word is in effect."

Garrett smiled at the thought of the candy he loved and Michael despised. "Of course."

Michael closed the first cuff around Garrett's right wrist.

The zing of anticipation was everything Garrett had hoped for.

When the second circle was formed, he pulled experimentally on the cuffs and the hook to which they were attached.

"They won't hold a werewolf," Michael said. "Or a Night Wanderer either."

Before Garrett could think of what to say, Michael had turned around and backed into him, grinding his ass against Garrett's cock. "

"You'll be fucking me," Michael said, his tone commanding. "But you won't move a muscle. I'll pull away the moment you do."

Garrett bit his lip. "Yes, sir."

Michael shot him a hungry glance over one shoulder. Then he reached back, caught Garrett's cock in a light grip and positioned it where he wanted it. He impaled himself on the hot flesh.

Garrett shouted, yanking on the handcuffs but mindful of his strength. He did not move below the waist. He squeezed his eyes shut and concentrated on breathing and the nothingness of thought that might actually allow him to retain some semblance of control. For a little while.

Michael moved slowly despite his firm beginning. He rocked, tortuously, unhurried, and Garrett moaned.

"I like the cuffs," Michael said, "But I'm going to buy you stronger ones."

"I'd probably rip a hole in the plaster."

"I don't think our alpha will mind." Then he reached back and up, twisting a little for the right angle, and pinched Garrett's nipple. "You're doing well, but I want you to put your mouth on my shoulder and bite me -- without moving those glorious hips of yours."

Garrett, shuddering, obeyed.

Michael controlled everything during that session, almost including when Garrett came. He clenched his ass when *he* orgasmed, demanding Garrett's release. Garrett's whole body lit up with need and he jerked his hips. Just once. Then he was spilling into Michael's tight asshole.

Michael was still gasping and trembling when he turned to Garrett and said, "You moved." There was a lustful glint in his eyes. "Now I get to punish you."

Garrett plastered himself against the wall and waited, shaking and sweating and desperate for more.

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