**WOLF SHAPESHIFTER**

**ALPHA MALE**

**BBW ROMANCE**

**SYNOPSIS**

*The men were eager to oblige. They worked more fiercely with their efforts to pleasure.*

*Suzana is an animal rescuer with a lot more problems coming her way than just a few feral beasts.*

*In her mid-twenties, single, plus-size and a bit upfront, Suzana isn’t exactly the ideal girl that all the men in the city are after. She cares about animals more than she cares about her coworkers and although her notions are sincere, she’s lived alone for quite some time.*

*Out of the blue, Suzana receives a phone call from an old childhood friend. Joe is handsome. A bit rugged but with kind eyes, a firm build, and a perfectly benign personality. Suzana finds herself falling for him faster than she’s ever fallen for a guy before.*

*Trouble arises when an enormous, black wolf appears in the city and Suzana discovers that he is after his true human mate. With Suzana as the target, how will she escape this madhouse of feelings that she has for her childhood friend, as well as cope with the fact that the big bad wolf that she has just given shelter to is, in fact, not a wolf at all?*

***A standalone BBW paranormal shapeshifter alpha werewolf romance.***

***Around 15,300 words. No cliffhangers!***

***KEYWORDS***

*wolf shapeshifter romance, alpha werewolf romance, short stories, bbw shifter romance, menage shifter romance, quickie romance.*

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# Chapter 1

The Doberman growled and jerked against its chain. Foam bubbled from its chops as it made lunge after attempted lunge for Suzana, snapping its jaws and gnarling. Suzana stood back with her partner, Thomas, pressing her thumb to the button on the side of her radio.

"This is McNeil. I'm going to need more than just a kennel for the situation on Oak Haven Road."

Thomas glanced at her as the Doberman thrashed and dug its paws into the dirt, attempting to rip out the stake that held the dog in place in the yard.

*"You need tranqs, McNeil?"* a voice filtered through the device.

"No, Hansen, you know I don't use those. Just get Theodore to come out. He'll calm this one down."

*"Got that."*

Thomas shook his head in disbelief. "I really can't get over the fact that we put our trust in an animal medium to take care of our situations rather than using a control pole or tranquilizers."

Suzana pushed Thomas away from the dog's view to calm it down. They walked to the other side of the building. Once out of the animal's sight, Suzana turned to him and pointed a finger in his face. "Thomas, imagine you were that dog. You've been tortured, given hardly any food, and the only thing you know about humans is that they are cruel and hurtful to you. Would you really want another human that says it wants to help shoot you in the side with a gun and knock you out? Or grab you around the neck with a thick wire and yank you into a truck?"

Thomas shifted his feet uncomfortably, saying nothing.

Suzana dropped her hand and straightened her inward posture, lifting her head in a victorious motion. "That's what I thought." She turned her attention back to around the building. "Theo will probably be here soon. He's pretty prompt."

Thomas seemed too ashamed of himself to respond to her.

They stood in silence for a handful of minutes. Suzana dropped her weight to one foot, tilting her hips and folding her arms in mild impatience. Thomas wasn't her favorite partner while out on a job. He spoke often before thinking of his words, and never seemed to make a connection with the animals that they helped rescue.

Not many people had the connection that Suzana had with the wild, so she had to forgive him there, but it didn't excuse his apathetic attitude toward the poor dog just around the building.

After another three minutes, a car pulled up beside Suzana's and Thomas's enforcement truck. The driver's side door opened, and an aged man with graying hair stepped out. Suzana left Thomas by the side of the building to greet the new arrival.

"Theo, you made it in good time," she welcomed, taking his hand in hers with a smile.

Theodore grinned back to her kindly. It deepened the smile lines on his weathered face. "You seem to have quite the scared little hound here today," he announced as he indicated the Doberman with a nod of his head.

Suzana sighed, glancing back to see if Thomas was listening. He appeared to be out of earshot. "It's not the dog that's upsetting me."

He lifted his chin in an upward nod. "Ah, I get it. It's okay, Suzana." He smirked and patted her hand still in his. "Men like him will never quite have the patience and love for animals like you and I do."

"I know, Theo. Why don't you educate my partner here and work your magic?"

With a short chuckle, Theodore slowly made his way toward the Doberman sill howling and snapping with ferocity. Empty-handed, the man took careful steps toward the animal and then crouched four feet away. Using a low and soothing voice, Theodore began to talk to the dog. He carried on a conversation despite the animal snarling his way. Then after three minutes, he switched to reciting a poem. Thomas watched in mild curiosity.

By the end of the poem, Theodore sang a lullaby. The Doberman's frantic behavior began to settle as it ceased its barks and cocked its head to one side to listen to the human's tune. Suzana stole a glance at Thomas to make sure he was watching, and he was, this time with particular interest. She loved it when Theodore showed off in front of her new partners.

Perhaps he didn't do it intentionally, but it caused another little victory inside her to see one more officer soften their hearts to the many gentle ways one could use to soothe an animal. That, and Theodore just had a type of spiritual connection with animals that others did not. Suzana used to state that it was because he was half Native American, but Theodore always insisted that anyone could connect with animals if they simply opened their hearts.

By the time Theodore had finished singing, he was able to reach out his hand and touch the Doberman's head. The dog still seemed very cagey, but it accepted Theodore's touch.

"There," said the old man. "You're a good pup, aren't you? You're just afraid is all."

Suzana smiled as she watched. She turned to look at Thomas who had finally stepped out from around the building to observe. "You see, Thomas? No tranqs."

"That's incredible," he uttered. "And here I was afraid they'd have to put that one down."

Suzana scowled then, biting her lower lip in disgust at the words. No animals that acted out deserved to be put down. According to Theodore, every animal could be helped with a little love and patience.

Theodore assisted the two of them in getting the Doberman into the kennel in the back of their truck several minutes later. The dog was quiet and calmed, and it had even allowed Suzana to pet it a little.

"So, back to the shelter?" Theodore asked as he poked his head through the window of the truck to look at the two officers.

"Right," said Suzana. Her voice darkened. "Then a day off tomorrow."

"Lucky you," Thomas mumbled.

Theodore grinned. "You don't sound so cheerful about your break."

She sighed. "I'm meeting with an old friend. We're talking like elementary school friend. Guess I'm just a little nervous."

The old man smiled to her again and patted her arm. "You're a sweet girl, Suzana. No need to worry. I'm sure you'll be just fine."

Theodore was always like that, insisting everything would be fine. He was like a grandfather to her.

After saying their goodbyes, Suzana drove away from the street and back toward the animal shelter.

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Suzana dropped the hem of the printed blouse down mid-waist. It was long, but that usually meant it was more flattering on her figure. Suzana wasn't the skinniest girl around. She had some weight to her body that any shallow jerk or fool would say made her obese. Suzana liked to rub it in others' faces by showing them how confident she was about her figure. Sure, she was a bit plump, but she still had flattering curves and in her opinion a very nice ass.

Suzana turned around to look at her back in the mirror, trying to decide if she liked the color of the blouse. Although she had strength and confidence, it didn't stop her from feeling a tiny twinge of fear when she thought of meeting her childhood friend once again after sixteen years.

His name was Joe, and from what she remembered of him, he'd been a very influential neighbor. They didn't go to school together, as Joe was five years older than her, but they met every day after they both came home from their separate schools and played often in the yard. Joe had been a teasing trickster back then, always mocking Suzana into doing something dangerous just to get a good laugh out of it if she failed or embarrassed herself.

Suzana's parents didn't like Joe. They saw him as a bully and a bad influence, but Suzana liked to think that it was Joe's rough-and-tumble demeanor that sparked the flame of inspiration inside her to enter a law enforcement job.

Joe had moved away one summer only a week before Suzana entered fifth grade. His family took off to go live somewhere up north, but Joe had never said where. He'd only said that his dad had a new job position, and they would need to relocate for it. Because Joe had been so unclear, Suzana wasn't able to contact him in any manner. She was heartbroken that her best friend had gone, but her parents thought it was best for Suzana to find some new friends who weren't so bossy or daring.

*I wonder what he looks like now,* she pondered as she remembered answering his unexpected call two days before.

*"Hey! Is this Suzana McNeil?"*

*"Yes... Who is this?"*

*"It's Joe. Joe Raymond. I lived on Carriage Avenue next to you guys way back when."*

Suzana had been delighted when he'd said those words. Though Joe was sure to be awfully different than he was back then, Suzana couldn't help but smile in a carefree manner as she agreed to set up a date and time to meet with him.

She sighed and turned from the mirror, stepping over to the foot of the bed to slip her bronze flats on. "Well, here I go," she said to herself in a melancholy manner. "Off to go get nostalgic with my childhood tease."

Suzana may have been very confident in her appearance, but she still felt a flutter of fear in her chest when she thought of what Joe might think when he saw her body. She wasn't always on the bigger side. Joe used to be the type of boy who said things as he saw them, and she didn't want this reunion to be ruined just because she looked different now.

"Toughen up, Suzana," she told herself after she sighed. "He's just another guy, after all."

*Just another guy.* She hadn't had much luck with boys since graduating training for her job. If it wasn't her weight, it was her adamant position in animal rights that drove a lot of them away. Suzana didn't really mind being single, although she felt like she would benefit from having a love interest around. It was just nice to have someone to crack jokes with, make dinner for, or just overall spend time around. Sometimes the house that Suzana lived in was so very lonely.

Suzana left her home two minutes later and drove into the thick heart of the city. Sidewalk Café was located only five miles from her house, but there was a lot of winding in and out of lanes as well as several streets to drive down to get there. It was worth it, though. Suzana felt like the café had the best drinks of any other coffee shop in the city. Her executive officer Hansen called it a hookup joint, as most of the visitors at the Sidewalk were single, twenty-something college students.

Suzana parked her car, climbed out, and then walked through the front glass door of the café. Joe had texted her what he was wearing that day, which was a dark blue tee with white print on it and bleached jeans. Her eyes roved over the quaint little shop, searching for a matching image of any of the men present. There weren't many customers.

A man sat over in one of the window seats across from another young woman. She had a backpack hanging off the back of her chair. A student. Further towards the back was another man, but he was alone. He had his head down, reading something on his phone, but the dark blue tee stood out to Suzana as being a match.

She was hesitant at first as she approached him, but his sideways glance her way caused him to do a double take, and the slowly rose from his seat.

"Suzana?"

It was definitely Joe. He was tall with a visible, yet faint shadow of stubble along his jaw line. His eyes were starkly cobalt blue, noticeable even from a distance, and his hair was slightly on the longer side, just enough to cover most of his ears. For any regular guy, the hairstyle would have looked like shaggy bedhead, but on Joe it worked perfectly. Suzana liked it, and she also liked how much he'd changed since childhood.

"Joe!" she exclaimed with some surprise, as if she hadn't expected him to be here.

He smiled delicately. It was a good contrast with his stubble, and made him seem that much sweeter. His eyes raked down her body and then back up. "Wow."

The gesture made Suzana uncomfortable. Yeah... "Wow" because she'd gained so much weight no doubt.

"You look great!"

The words startled her out of her preconceived notions. "What? Really?"

He beamed from ear to ear. "Yes. How are you doing? Come sit."

Suzana strode over to the chair opposite of Joe and took a seat. Normally she bought a white chocolate mocha when visiting the Sidewalk, but this time her focus was solely on her childhood friend. The bright smile on his face warmed Suzana's chest, and all the silly fears and concerns that she had about him judging her for her weight fluttered away with the soft patting of her heart.

*I look great? You look even better!* She thought with exuberant joy. Joe was incredibly handsome.

"How long as hit been?" he asked as Suzana took a seat across from him.

"About sixteen years," she answered. "You've grown a bit, I'd say."

He gave a deep throated laugh. It was smoky and masculine. "Just a bit. Of course so have you. Still getting yourself into trouble?"

Suzana smirked and shrugged. "I'm in an animal rescue team now."

Joe's coffee brown brows lifted in interest. "Animal rescue? That's interesting. I never took you as an animal kid back then."

"I wasn't, but I have a friend who works with animals frequently as kind of a medium. He's the one who inspired me enough to start."

"A medium, huh? Does he talk to them in some way?"

Suzana nodded. "I like to believe he does. It's one of those things that you have to see in person to believe."

It was strange to be sitting across from her childhood friend. Joe's glinting smirk had never changed, though. Even after so many years, it was easy to tell that he still had an impish charm that would never die.

"So what about you?" she asked him. "What do you do now?"

Joe paused, his eyes blanking for a brief couple of seconds as if he wasn't expecting the question at all. Before the moment could lengthen to an awkward state, Joe cleared his throat and looked down at his cup of coffee.

"I write books," he finally answered. "Self-help guides, mainly."

"Oh. Does that pay well? I don't know much about book publishing and such."

He shrugged one shoulder. "It pays decently enough for me to get by."

His casual demeanor was youthful and greatly appreciated for Suzana. She had been afraid that their meeting would seem stiff and awkwardly formal. The bizarre hesitation after she had asked him about his career seemed odd to her, but Suzana pushed it aside and relaxed in the chair, ready to enjoy the rest of their meet-up.

"You really do look good, Suzana," said Joe, his voice a bit lower.

A slight creep of blush swept over her face as she met his eyes. "You're just saying that."

He quirked a brown eyebrow as the corner of his lips turned upward into a crooked grin. "Still thinking I'm teasing you, even after all these years?"

"You couldn't have changed *that* much," she replied with a smile.

This issued another laugh from Joe, and he picked up his coffee to take a sip. "So... Spunky little Suzana. Animal rescuer. Do you specialize in any types of animals?"

She shrugged one shoulder. "Most of our work surrounds dogs and cats here in the city. Although a couple coworkers of mine were stuck managing a couple emus a year ago."

"Emus?" Joe chuckled. "Who in their right minds would try and keep emus in the city?"

She smiled wider. "That's the thing--They weren't in their right minds. They had the birds hiding out in their apartment."

Joe lost his grin suddenly. His eyes went blank, and he lowered his coffee cup as he defocused on her face.

"Joe?" she wondered.

"Hang on... I... have to go use the restroom. I'll come back in just a moment, okay?"

"The Sidewalk doesn't have a public restroom. You'll have to go next door."

With an affirmative nod, Joe stood from their table and walked out the front doors. Suzana watched him, but frowned as she eyed him looking around at the street for a moment before taking off in a sudden sprint across the parking lot.

"What...? Where is he going?"

A sudden scream ripped through the Sidewalk from the streets outside. Suzana started in a sharp swell of shock. "W-What was that?" she exclaimed, her eyes searching the open windows outside along with the rest of the café customers.

A vicious cluster of snarling erupted from the same direction that the scream had come from. It sounded like some kind of canine animal.

If this really was an animal problem, Suzana wasn't about to just sit still. She was on an animal rescue team after all, and she didn't care if today was her day off. Joe had just run out there, which put him in danger depending on what this animal was. Several customers in the café stood from their seats to look out the windows, craning their necks to see what was going on.

Suzana stood from the table and rushed across the café, ignoring the curious and judging eyes of the customers as they turned to see her heavy, trotting frame fly by to throw the glass exit door open.

"Joe?" Suzana turned the corner and looked around frantically. There was a grouping of people just a few feet away chattering about something in an animated fashion. Suzana couldn't see her friend in the midst of them, but she approached them anyway.

"Hey, what happened out here?"

A young man, probably a freshman in collage, turned to look at her. He tugged an earphone from his left ear. "There was this huge bear that just raced through the school campus!"

"It wasn't a bear, Marty, it was a wolf!" exclaimed a girl about his age. "I saw it really close! It was big and black and shaggy!"

"It was the same size as a bear," the young man named Marty informed Suzana. "Scared the living daylights out of Jessica. Poor girl went shrieking down the block. Then this dude in a blue t-shirt who'd just left the café a few moments ago raced right for the bear. Wolf. Whatever it was."

Suzana frowned in concern. "That was Joe." He went right after it? What was he thinking? "Which way did he go? Did you see?"

"The wolf turned tail and ran down towards the library. That guy chased after it," said the girl. She pointed a slender hand in the direction of the campus bookstore and library.

"He chased after it by himself?" she wondered in complete bewilderment. "Is he mad?"

Although the question hadn't been directed to anyone in particular, the boy named Marty shrugged. "Probably. I saw, like, three people already calling the cops, so I'm sure everything will be fine once they catch it."

"I'm an animal catcher. I'll take care of it," Suzana promised. Without waiting for the boy or the girl to respond, she turned and dashed down the street toward the library.

Suzana's job required her to be at least somewhat fit in order to work, and although she didn't look it, she was rather good at keeping up with fast animals just by running. Her weight made it hard to keep running for long distances, but she was a good dasher, so that's what Suzana did. She dashed. She sprinted as fast as she could toward the building, calling out Joe's name every moment or so.

*C'mon, dammit. Where did you go?* She wondered to herself as she slowed down toward the entrance of the library. She placed a hand on the ornate marble rails leading up the steps, bending inward to hold one hand to her hip and catch her breath. Her sighs raked over the scenery several times. The city was getting dark, making it harder to pick out human figures. It would be difficult to see Joe even if he was close. She hoped her calling would help, but she hadn't received any responses yet.

"Joe!" Suzana shouted again.

Even if she did manage to find this wolf, though, how was she going to stop it? She had no defensive gear with her tonight--nothing to protect herself with. The most she had was the advice that Theodore had given her when facing feral animals.

*Don't show it that you are afraid. Don't approach it. Show it your hands, keep a nonthreatening stance, and sing.*

Suzana sighed and let her hand slip from the stair railing. She glanced off to the left at a dark ally. She knew it was stupid, but she wanted to just check and make sure that Joe was not down there. That he hadn't been gravely injured by the big bad wolf. With a brief moment of hesitation, Suzana stole her breath, straightened her back, and stepped down the short alley. It was a barren crevice between the library and bookstore with a back door leading into the shop. The light was no longer on outside the door, proving that the store was closed for the night. Suzana unzipped her purse and rummaged for her emergency flash light. The waning light of the sunset had been consumed rapidly by the nighttime shadows amongst the buildings. She had to strain her eyes to see anything.

A soft padding of feet met her ears, and Suzana stopped her searching for the flashlight to listen with keen interest. Along with the padding was a gentle *tik, tik* of canine claws against concrete, which immediately forced Suzana into a petrified stoop. She tried regaining control of her legs, but her knees shook with too much dramatic and apprehensive fear to cooperate.

The heavy breath of the animal only meters before her was not noticeable amongst all the blackness of the shadows. Suzana's fingers closed over the back end of her flashlight in good time, and she let out her frozen breath and tugged the device from her purse. She pressed the switch on the side, and the dim little light flickered over a pair of yellow, reflective eyes and gleaming white teeth, bared and ferocious in appearance.

The fur of the wolf was still too dark to see, but it was matted and wiry, raised along its hackles in a threatening, predatory show. The beast was at least four feet from toe to shoulder, broad along its chest with a big head and shaggy body. It was no wonder that the boy named Marty had mistaken it for a big black bear. The creature had to be the same size as one.

Suzana tried to gain control of herself. If she ran, she knew that a wolf this size would lunge and take her down in a matter of seconds. She attempted to imagine what Theodore would do in a time like this.

*Don't show it that you are afraid...*

Suzana drew in a trembling breath and extended her arms out, trying to show the beast that she was unharmed. She crouched just a little to put herself in a submissive position and kept eye contact with the wolf. It advanced toward her slowly, snarls of restless hunger and fury rippling through the atmosphere around them.

Suzana sucked one more staggering breath deep into her lungs, held it there for three seconds, and then let it out in a soft singing voice. She didn't sing anything specific like Theodore often did--they were just notes. But they sounded soothing, at least to her.

Her voice wavered from fright, but she tried to sing past that. Eventually what came out was some kind of shaky lullaby tune that changed notes every few measures, but to Suzana's astonishment, the wolf slowed its advancing pace.

It paused only a few feet away from her, working its nose in the air to sniff out her scent. Suzana continued to sing as the wolf watched her. Its ears had lifted from their feral rest to fully perked-up points, listening to her gentle tune. Suzana knew that canine creatures liked sound, and especially music. She remembered how her parents' dogs used to crowd around her when she was a child and listen to her play piano. They would all cock their heads from side to side, taking in the notes and trying to decide how to respond to the audible stimuli.

The wolf didn't cock its head to one side, but it did relax its shoulders and hackles. The ferocious baring of its teeth faded as it dropped its lips back over its chops. Suzana watched the wolf, never breaking her tune. She kept her eyes locked with its and felt the strangest type of connection within them. The wolf seemed somehow... so much more aware than any average beast. It watched her like a human would, and gave off the presence like it was genuinely intrigued that Suzana hadn't run from it.

Suzana had a lot of questions about what a gigantic black wolf would be doing in one of the most urban areas of the city, but right now her biggest worry involved her safety. From this distance, the wolf smelled like oil and grime. She wondered if the animal had had it rough in the city. It had probably matted its fur in the sticky grease of cars or a dump. She slowly let the song die out.

"You poor thing," she breathed, feeling compassion overtake her sense of fear. She gradually reached with a couple of fingers to touch the wolf's nose, but it growled and bore its sharp teeth at her again. She snapped her hand back automatically, starting up her song once more.

*Sorry,* she thought. *I thought maybe we'd gained an understanding for each other. If only you knew that I only wanted to help.*

The wolf lowered its growl and continued to watch her. She didn't fear the animal so much anymore. Now that she knew that Theodore's technique definitely worked, all she wanted to do was take care of the poor wolf. She couldn't see it very well, but it didn't seem to be in the best shape. Taking her time, Suzana straightened from her crouching position and took one step backward. The wolf stepped forward and then stopped.

"There," she whispered. "You know I won't hurt you."

As she backed up, the wolf followed her out of the alley. She wasn't quite sure where she was leading it, but she decided that the most important thing to do at the moment was show the animal that she meant it no harm.

"There it is!" someone shouted.

The wolf tensed from the voice and turned to look down toward the road. A boy with a backpack raced toward it. Suzana recognized him as the student named Marty. There was a girl tagging along behind him whom she couldn't recall the face of.

"No, wait!" Suzana began, but it was too late. The sudden shock of the newcomers sent the big black beast into a frenzied escape. It tore away from the library and dashed into the shadows, vanishing as if it had never been there threatening Suzana in the first place.

"You idiots!" Suzana snapped at the college students.

Marty stopped abruptly, his female friend stumbling into the back of him. "What?" he demanded. "That thing was gonna attack you, and so I got it to run." He panted a little and caught his breath before continuing. "The cops will chase it down soon."

Suzana pressed a hand to her forehead and closed her eyes, trying not to blow up at the two. Her heart still pounded from the close contact with the massive creature.

"Did either of you see a man in a blue tee on your way here?"

Marty and the girl looked at each other before shaking their heads.

"Hope that wolf didn't get him," the girl stated flatly.

Suzana ground her teeth, looking off in the direction that the wolf had run. As she did, her purse buzzed with vibration. Suzana opened it and dug out her phone, answering the familiar number and placing it to her ear.

"Joe? God, where are you? I was looking for you!"

*"I'm really sorry, Suzana. I shouldn't have run out like that,"* Joe responded.

Suzana glanced at the two kids for a moment before replying to him. "No, you shouldn't have. It was dangerous and stupid. Are you okay?"

*"I'm fine, yeah. You didn't find the wolf, did you?"*

She sighed. "Of course I did. It's my job to chase after animals. Where are you now?"

*"I'm on Jasper Avenue. Got a bit sidetracked. I'm really sorry about our meet up. It's late now, and we'll have to reschedule."*

"No kidding," she uttered as she gazed at the black streets. "How about we meet up again tomorrow then?"

*"Sounds good. I'll text you the details of the time and place that works best for me, alright? I'm so sorry, Suzana. I've got to go."*

Suzana opened her mouth to argue with him, but she closed it and sighed when she heard the other line click, signifying that Joe had hung up already. His bizarrely rushed behavior concerned her greatly. He'd liked about having to use the restroom. Did he have some kind of connection to that oversized wolf?

That wolf... Suzana still had a hard time believe it was a wolf after witnessing how large it was. Even when it was inches from her person, she still couldn't fathom its size. Just how in the world did a wolf get that large? Not only was it frightening, but it also brought up some serious questions about the danger surrounding the animal.

She feared for people's safety, but she also feared for the wolf's. Ninety percent of the law enforcement services in the city didn't know how to take care of wild animals on the loose. She wondered where the wolf had come from and how it had ended up in such a deep part of urban civilization.

Suzana left to go home without giving the two students much more thought. She was furious that they had interfered, but perhaps it was a good thing. For all she knew, that wolf could have wanted to devour her and was just playing nice up until then. That boy Marty and his girl partner could have even saved Suzana's life.

She stepped up to her home with a sigh a half hour later and rummaged for her keys to unlock the door. Crickets chirped in the bushes that lined the walkway, reminding Suzana of how late it was. She pressed her key into the dead bolt and stopped when she felt a warm presence to the left of her.

Intent on remaining calm and collected like Theodore always taught, Suzana turned her attention to the side slowly, although she already knew what had shown up because she could smell the oily fur.

The big black wolf stood just lightly on her cement walkway. Its reflective eyes studied her with a kind of calmness, and it was almost as if Suzana could read its thoughts.

*May I have shelter?* Those eyes spoke.

Her heart softened at the animal's appearance, and she gradually unlocked the door.

"You poor creature. You're just scared and you want a friend, don't you?" As Suzana pushed open the door, the wolf immediately stepped past her and entered the house. Its human-like steadiness was astounding. Suzana looked out at the road once to be sure no one had seen what she'd done, and then she stepped inside and closed the door behind herself and the wolf.

# Chapter 2

Suzana didn't know if she would regret her decision to let in the big animal. It padded down the entry hall with a curious swish of its tail. The wiry, dirty fur stuck up along its spine in greasy spikes. It certainly seemed happy to be inside the house. She hoped no officials would track it to her home, but if they did, the least she could do for the poor beast was give it a bath.

"Hey, pooch. Come here," Suzana called to it.

The wolf froze in place, its tail dropping its wag. It turned toward her slowly with perked ears, no longer looking like the feral, uncontrollable monster that she'd met in the alleyway. Instead, it looked more like a domestic dog. Who knew that a simple setting change could alter how an animal really felt? Suzana believed she had a lot more to learn from working with animals. Even all her lessons from Theodore had only scratched the surface. That was what he'd claimed, anyway.

"What would you say to a nice warm bathing?" she offered. She honestly had no idea if the animal could understand her, but it certainly seemed keen enough to pick up on the gentle tones of her voice. It took two steps toward her in curiosity. "That's right," she urged as she sidled over to her staircase leading to the upstairs hallway. "There's a tub up here. Let's get you into the bathroom. Since you didn't want to be outside, I don't think you'd do very well getting hosed down in the yard."

The wolf seemed to take the hint. It pranced closer to her and then shot upward to climb the stairs. She listened to its sharp nails clicking against the wooden panels. Smiling faintly to herself about the absurd relationship growing between her and the canine, Suzana followed the wolf up the staircase and into the hallway.

Her house was large, but she hadn't been the one to pick it. It used to belong to her grandparents. As her parents didn't wish to move out of their own home after inheriting Suzana's grandparents' house, they offered it to her instead. She'd taken it a handful of years back, only because it meant practically free living space, and if she ever decided to have a ton of guests over or start a family of their own, they could use the surplus of empty bedrooms along the upstairs hallways.

She almost laughed to herself at the thought. *As much as I would love to settle down with a man and raise some kids, why is it so hard to find a man who isn't shallow?*

It wasn't like Suzana didn't see herself as attractive. She liked her figure, and she liked how she looked. Men, however, tended to go after the scrawny ones.

...Unless Joe was different.

A soft tingling enveloped Suzana's stomach when she thought about her childhood friend. He'd grown into such a handsome and charming man. Not only had he become outrageously good-looking, but he had also complimented her appearance twice. Was he just being nice, or did he really have a thing for her? Suzana couldn't help but hope that it was the latter. She was past seeing him as her old, teasing, neighborhood playmate. No... The man she'd seen sitting across from her tonight had been someone so much more.

*But I shouldn't get wrapped up in daydreaming,* she chastised herself. *For now I'll focus on my current guest*. Thinking this, she watched as the wolf found the bathroom at the end of the hallway and entered.

"Goodness, you're a smart pooch," Suzana breathed. "How did you know what a bathroom was?"

As she followed the animal inside, she carefully stepped around it and walked over to the bath tub. The wolf was so massive that she barely had a way of squeezing by, and she wondered how it would feel cramped in the tiny tub. Hoping for the best of it all, Suzana started a low trickle of water and then turned toward the animal.

To her shock, the wolf was in the middle of... changing. Suzana wasn't sure what she saw, but she watched as the beast rose up onto its hind legs, lifting its head. Shoulders became pronounced and rolled back to support a strong neck and slowly altering skull.

The snout of the animal shortened and then disappeared completely. The matted fur receded, showing tan skin. The wolf's legs straightened and filled out with muscle, and the feet lengthened and lost their curling claws.

There was no wolf standing there anymore. Instead what stood on the bath mat was the naked presence of a tan and dark-haired man. His eyes burned with amber glow. They were wild and sharp. His black hair stuck up in some areas, clearly still greasy from all his time out in the city grime.

There was dirt on his body, but no manner of filth could cover up the sheer glory of his powerful muscles and defined figure. His abs, pectorals, biceps... All of it looked as solid as chiseled stone. He was broad-chested and bearded. His fingers and toes were taut and curled as if he were ready to pounce.

Suzana shrieked. She tripped over her own foot in the process of trying to back away from the man who had suddenly appeared, and she went down. As the back of her legs hit the tub and sent her toward the hard ceramic, the nude wild man reached and snatched her arm with his left hand. She stopped her decent, but his grip was painfully tight. Still, she was shocked, nearly horrified, about the positive strength that the man possessed. Clearly this being had just been a wolf a few seconds ago. Right?

*No! This isn't possible!* Suzana's mind cried out. *I'm going mad! I've lost it! How? How did that wolf just change into a man? It's not possible!*

"L-Let go of me!" she stammered, yanking her arm out from the man's firm hold. His nails scraped against her skin in the process, leaving subtle abrasions but no real cuts. "Don't touch me! What's going on?"

The man pulled his thick, dark eyebrows together in honest concern about Suzana's sudden panic. "You're a kind human," he uttered. His voice was low and wispy, like the wings of a dragonfly skittering across the calm waters of a pond. "You don't attack me."

"B-But you can attack me?" Suzana exclaimed in return.

"I didn't attack you," he answered. "You could have cracked your skull on the bath tub. I caught you."

Suzana slowly came to her senses, easing up little by little as she watched the tension disappear from the wolf man's shoulders. He really wasn't attacking her. She felt slightly humiliated for assuming so at first, but what was she to believe after witnessing an animal change into a human? What kind of crazy fantasy world had her mind sent her to when she wasn't paying attention? As far as she knew, she hadn't been slipped any psychedelics at any point in the day.

Trying to regain her composure and look normal again, Suzana straightened herself and slowly pulled a towel from the rack beside the tub. She extended it to him so that he could wrap it around himself.

The man lowered his eyes toward the towel and took it lightly, but he only placed it on the table. He stepped past her, and she pressed herself up against the wall to keep a safe distance from him. Easily, the man lowered himself down into the tub and plugged the drain to let it fill up with the heated water. He dragged his knees up to his chest and closed his feet together to hide his masculinity before looking back at her.

"You were going to bathe me, yes?"

"N-Not while you're like this!" Suzana snapped. "I don't even know what you are!"

The man took in her appearance for several seconds before speaking. "I'm Carl," he uttered.

"I didn't ask who, I asked what!"

His expression didn't change, even as he lowered his eyes to watch the water begin licking at his feet and ankles. "I'm from the White Fang clan deep in the Stygian Mountains. We are a race of lycans who have lived in those mountains for many generations.

"Okay..." Suzana said slowly, still trying to soak in the realization that this person was not a figment of her imagination. "Carl... the werewolf man from the clan of White Fang," she tried to put together.

He nodded once and stopped the water when it had reached his waist.

Suzana wasn't sure what to do or say now. She had multiple questions, such as what the clan of White Fang was, why Carl was in the city, how werewolves even existed, and why she was even believing her eyes in the first place, but her mouth would not utter the words to him. She was still scared, but she didn't know of what. Shouldn't she have been more afraid of this man when he was in his wolf form? Perhaps it was because he looked wild, and she couldn't judge his personality like she could with animals.

Suzana watched in stunned silence as the man drove his head into the steaming water. He lifted it back up to shake it, and his hair sprayed water in all directions. He still acted a bit like a canine. Suzana used the towel on the counter to wipe off the water droplets that had struck her. Carl proceeded to bathe himself.

He scrubbed his body with as much soap as he could and caked his hair in products. Suzana didn't know why she still watched him. She only turned away when he scrubbed in the more awkward areas.

"Do you own shaving cream?" Carl suddenly spoke up.

Suzana jumped at his voice and met his gaze with her own eyes. "Sh-Shaving cream... Um..." It nervous hands, she checked in the cupboards underneath the sink. The last thing she had used shaving cream for had been to play a prank on a coworker at a birthday party. She wasn't sure that she had any until she spotted the half empty can towards the back behind some folded bags. Suzana removed it and placed it on the counter. She also took out a pair of hair cutting scissors and an unused razor.

"I'll, uh, leave you to do your thing," she said as she looked back at Carl. He was in the middle of washing the soles of his feet. The water in the tub had turned a moderate gray color already from dirt and grime.

He nodded once more, and so Suzana took her leave and closed the door behind her. Once outside, she dropped her head into one hand and headed down the stairs. *Just what am I doing?* She asked herself heatedly. *A werewolf? Here? A real, live werewolf? Where did he even come from, and why did he pick me? Was it because I sang to him?*

Thinking about the song technique, the thought of Theodore came back to Suzana's mind. She gained a sense of reassurance when she thought of her elderly friend. "Theodore will know what to do," she uttered to herself, and so she reached back into her purse that still hung on her shoulder and lifted her phone from an inside pocket. She hoped it wasn't too late to call.

The phone rang three times before it was answered.

*"Hello? Suzana?"*

Suzana's rapidly pounding heart stilled somewhat from the smooth tones of Theodore's voice. "Hi, Theo," she responded. "I've... got a bit of a predicament on my end. This is going to sound absolutely crazy, but do you know anything about werewolves?"

To her surprise, Theodore's voice didn't lose any composure. *"Had a run-in with the giant wolf everyone is talking about on TV?"*

"Are they really?" Suzana wondered. "Don't... Don't tell anyone right yet, but he's at my house. In my bath tub. And he's a man."

Theodore chuckled.

Suzana stepped down onto the landing and walked toward the living room. "What?" she demanded. "What's so funny?"

*"I'm sorry, Suzana. I shouldn't be laughing. See, it's just that in my family, lycanthropy is a pretty common discussion."*

"You mean you've known about werewolves this whole time and didn't tell me anything about them?"

*"It wouldn't have benefited you in any way, and you wouldn't have believed me. Try telling one of your city-slicker coworkers that you put a werewolf in your bath tub and see how they would react."*

She supposed he did have a point.

*"My ancestors worked alongside the lycan clans for many years. In fact most tribes of the Native Americans had affiliations with were-clans. The tribe my family is from is fully human, but there were plenty of stories passed down through the generations about battling the lycans, befriending them, and even intermingling with them."*

"I'm... I'm just trying to take this all one step at a time," said Suzana. She stopped in her living room and lowered herself down slowly onto her leather couch. "Okay, so werewolves to exist. They're not just stories saved for Halloween. What do I do? Should I be careful around him? I don't even know how long he's going to stay here. And what about the cops? Some kids at the college told me the cops were called. What if they track this guy back to my house?"

*"I don't think you'll need to worry about them finding a wolf inside your home if he's changed into a man. They'll be looking for a giant wolf, Suzana. As for how you should act around him, just be yourself. If he hasn't hurt you yet, then I'm sure his intentions are good, and he just needs a place to recuperate. Think about all those animals you've taken care of in the past. This one is not much different."*

"Except for the fact that he can morph into a man," Suzana muttered.

*"You'll be fine, Suzana. Just keep me updated. Call me tomorrow morning just so I can make sure that you are okay. Sound good?"*

"Yeah... Thanks, Theo."

Theodore hung up his end, and so Suzana lowered the phone from her ear and sighed, staring down at her lap. She wasn't sure what else she'd expected from the old man. She'd wanted reassurance, and he'd given it to her. She supposed she was just a little scared still. This was, after all, a completely new concept that her brain was still struggling to understand. Not only that, but Carl was a stranger in her house. She couldn't trust him.

She yearned for some sort of familiar company. Joe, even. His warm eyes and carefree laugh had lifted all her cares off her shoulders at the café. But now they were back and even stronger with this new weight concerning the werewolf in her bath tub.

The light stepping of bare feet across the hardwood hallway floor distracted her from her panicky thoughts. She lifted her gaze to follow up along the tan, bare legs of Carl who now stood at the entrance to the living room. He'd wrapped a towel hastily around his waist, leaving his chest exposed.

She almost didn't recognize his face, as he'd utilized the supplies Suzana had provided upstairs and had removed his ragged beard completely. What had been hidden underneath the messy facial hair was a beautifully stern jaw line. His high cheek bones and full lips gave him a very Native American look, and it was stunning. His nose was narrow but long, adding to the supremely exotic appearance that matched his almond-shaped eyes and coal black hair.

"Um, how was your bath?" Suzana asked politely, though her voice was a bit shaken. Carl didn't look so much like a wild man anymore. His hair had been tamed, combed downward and brushed away from his face. His fingers and toes were no longer curled in a defensive gesture. Instead his whole body seemed relaxed and calm.

"It was pleasant," he answered. "I apologize for scaring you earlier. I hadn't considered what my transformation might do to you."

Suzana stood from the couch and shook her head lightly. "No, no, I'm sorry for freaking out. I-I wasn't aware that werewolves really existed."

"The thought that you had probably never seen one hadn't crossed my mind," he replied. He took one step onto the plush carpet of the living room and then stalled again.

His eyes flicked over to the kitchen entrance, and before the drawn out silence between them could get any more awkward, he spoke once more. "May I have something to eat? I'm afraid I'm very hungry."

"Oh, of course," Suzana said before she even had time to think it. The courteous host inside her had jumped to the forefront after she had been taken over by the astonishment of how attractive Carl really was. Plus being in a constant state of shock after watching his transformation didn't help her thinking process in any way.

Suzana strode into the kitchen after leaving her purse on the sofa and opened up her refrigerator. "What are you hungry for? Like... what do you like to eat?"

Carl walked over to the dining table just past the kitchen counter and took a seat. He didn't seem to mind at all that he was in nothing but a towel. "Can you cook me something? I... I don't really care what. I just haven't eaten for quite some time."

"Yes, I can do that." Suzana removed a package of chicken and a bag of fresh green beans from the crispers in the fridge. She began prepping the meat.

"You seem nervous," Carl spoke up after a couple of minutes.

"To be honest with you, I am," she admitted. "I've never been in this type of situation before."

"Cooking for someone?"

"No--sharing a house with a werewolf for a night."

"Ah, right."

The forlorn turn in his voice caused Suzana to look back at Carl with worried interest. "What's the matter?"

He shook his head. "This is just the first time I have ever entered an urban civilization. I am of age to find a mate, so I traveled from the Stygian range to here because I heard there were many new discoveries and many options."

"Aren't the Stygian Mountains almost a hundred miles from here? Did you do that on foot?"

"Yes. It's customary, and it shows persistence and discipline within my clan. If I find a mate here, it will make my family very proud."

*I sure hope he isn't looking at me to be his mate,* she thought as she bit her lip and continued prepping the chicken. It wasn't that Carl wasn't attractive to her. In fact she felt her body grow hot and uncomfortably excited every time her eyes swept over his firm, muscular torso. She just wasn't so sure she felt comfortable with the word "mate." *It's just an idle thought,* she thought to herself. *I shouldn't jump to any conclusions.*

"Would you tell me more?" Suzana asked as she dropped the chopped chicken into a heated frying pan with some oil. "About who you are?"

Carl leaned in and placed his strong arms across the oak table surface. "About who I am or about werewolves?"

The words sounded sharp, and Suzana knew that they were. They were sharp in order to cut through Suzana's masked question and find the truth. Instead of answering, she countered him with another question.

"Actually, I was wondering. Why did you pick me? Why did you follow me home?"

"I thought I told you," he answered quietly. "You were kind to me back in that alleyway. You didn't scream when I came near. You didn't try to attack me. In fact you sang a song I was familiar with."

"I did? You knew that song?"

He nodded. "My mother used to sing it to me back in the mountains when I was only a pup. It was very soothing to hear. I didn't expect any city dweller to know that song."

"I learned it from a friend of mine," Suzana admitted as she stirred the chicken cuts around the pan. They hissed and sizzled. "He's part Native American. He had a lot of old folk songs that he used to sing to the stressed animals in my line of work. I rescue animals, and sometimes we would call him to come soothe them before we took them to an animal shelter to be treated."

"Interesting. Able to speak to animals through song," Carl uttered in a pondering manner. "Your friend sounds familiar to me. Perhaps our clans met long ago."

"Well, he isn't a werewolf," Suzana replied as she added in the green beans. "He said the tribe his lineage is from was fully human."

"Then perhaps my mother learned it from them," Carl considered. "Either way, I suppose we are not the strangers we thought we were."

For a moment Suzana thought that Carl meant he and Theodore, but then she realized that his eyes were on her. She supposed he did make a good assumption. It all made sense why Carl had picked to find shelter in Suzana's home. She was the only civilian that would ever show any kind of empathy toward his kind.

Her thoughts went back to the two students who'd chased him off near the library, and she chewed on the inside of her cheek in vague irritation. Most civilians, such as that boy Marty and her partner at work, Thomas, would only think of their safety and never even consider for a second the safety of the animal they were up against.

She finished with his meal not long after, and Carl ate solely with his fingers even after she provided him with a fork and knife. To avoid staring at his strange mannerisms, she walked out of the kitchen. As she did, a firm knocking on the front door echoed through the big house. Carl jumped in surprise at the sound, and so did Suzana. Just who could be here at this hour? And why? Was it the police?

"What should I do?" Carl asked as he turned in his seat toward Suzana.

"Just act normal. Like a human. If it's the police, pretend you're my boyfriend or something so having you in nothing but a towel doesn't look so out of place."

Carl hesitated as he glanced at his towel but then nodded. Suzana raced for the front entrance and looked through the peep hole just to be sure it wasn't any men or women in uniform. The man standing on the other side of the door shocked her. It certainly wasn't any policeman. He had kind eyes and lengthy, grown-out brown hair. Even though Suzana had only seen him once after sixteen years, she knew that face.

...But what was Joe doing on her doorstep?

# Chapter 3

Suzana opened the door. "Joe!"

Joe smiled to her. He looked a bit ragged as if he'd run a mile to get there. Suzana didn't see any cars in her parking lot, which meant he'd definitely walked.

"Hi, Suzana. I'm so sorry that I'm showing up this late. It's just... I felt really bad about running out on you like that and I didn't think that a simple phone call was enough to really express how sorry I was."

Suzana was touched by his avid behavior. She'd never pictured him acting this way as a kid. He really had been refined into a gentleman over the years.

"That's very sweet of you, Joe," Suzana answered him honestly. She returned his smile with one of her own. For a moment looking at Joe's handsome face distracted her from the werewolf in her kitchen and she found herself falling into a reverie, imagining what it would feel like to touch that shaded stubble along his jaw softly.

She didn't feel guilty about the thought--she'd fantasized about her being with Joe since they were kids. She'd always looked up to him no matter how he had treated her, and now here he was being such a kind and courteous man.

"So you'll accept my apology?" Joe asked with hope brimming edges of his words.

"Are you kidding?" Suzana began with a slight laugh. "This is the kindest thing any man has ever done for me. Of course I accept your apology." Joe faced relaxed, and he smiled brighter. "One thing, though, Joe," Suzana continued as she stepped out of the way so he could enter the house. She shut the door behind him. "Why did you run off? You never explained yourself."

Joe looked even more remorseful at the question. He fidgeted slightly. Suzana watched him clasp his hands together and wring his own fingers. "Well... It's kind of hard to explain."

"Nothing can be harder to explain than having a..." Suzana paused briefly and then lowered her voice before continuing, locking her eyes with Joe to make sure that he knew she was serious. "...A werewolf in your kitchen."

Joe hesitated for a couple of seconds. His face was blank and Suzana wished she could read what he was thinking. After a moment or so, he hushed his own voice. "Suzana, perhaps we need to talk about something."

"I'm not crazy," she began, but Joe raised his hand as an indication for her to stop.

"I know you're not. Which is why I think we need to talk. Where is he right now?"

Suzana looked over her shoulder toward the living room. "He's finishing up a dinner I made for him. He seemed starved."

"From the clan of White Fang? Yes?"

Suzana frowned and then nodded. "How come everyone seems to know about werewolves except for me?"

Joe ignored her complaint. "That low-life," he uttered angrily. Suzana watched him curl his hands into fists. "He's playing a game with you, Suzana, to get you to sleep with him."

Suzana widened her eyes and frowned hard at him. "What? What in the world are you talking about? How do you know what Carl wants?"

A motion came from behind Suzana down the hallway. Joe's eyes locked with the figure in the living room and Suzana turned once again to face Carl.

"Ah, if it isn't the scruffy old dog from the clan of Blood Claw," Carl announced.

Suzana looked from Carl to Joe and back. "Okay, before you two start going at it, you need to explain. Joe? You're a werewolf too?"

Suzana's words were drowned out by the thick fog of anger rising in the hallway.

"Don't get me started on clans, Carl," Joe snapped. "You only came into the city because you wanted to find a mate before I got the chance to. And you know what? This isn't your territory. Unlike you, I *know* Suzana. I was here years and years before you even knew who I was."

Suzana frowned. "...What?"

Carl advanced toward him. A low snarl ripped from his throat. "You took too long and she likes me. Right? Don't you?" He'd looked at Suzana at the end of his question. She returned his stare with one of bewilderment.

"I don't know what's going on," she answered, "but I'm not some piece of meat that two wolves are going to be fighting over."

"That's not what this is about," Joe uttered. "Suzana, I love you."

"Hold on," Suzana began, but she paused as the words finally soaked in. She looked at Joe in utter surprise. "You... love me? But Joe...we haven't seen each other for years. How could you decide something like that after talking to me for ten minutes in a café?"

"When I was young, I'd crushed on you a lot," Joe began to explain. "I felt terrible about having to move away. I was going through the lycan transformation and my parents thought the best thing for me would be to move us all back up into our old clan so that I could experience life with my own kind of people. I didn't want to go. My heart was in the city. Every night I thought about you and I thought about how awful it felt having to lie to you about the reason I had to leave."

"But feelings can change over time, Joe. I mean I like you, too, but love?"

He dropped his head a little. "I know it sounds silly. But...you turned out to be everything I ever could have dreamed of, Suzana. You're caring with animals, you're still that gung-ho, straightforward girl I knew when we were kids. And just to top it all off, you're absolutely gorgeous."

Suzana raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"We wolves from the Stygian mountain range like fuller females," Carl spoke up, turning Suzana's attention back toward him. "It seems we were both after you because we were both looking for the same kind of girl."

"You two came back into the city because you wanted human girls? Why human?"

"If our mate is human, then our children will grow up to be more domesticated and know how to blend in with human society better. They won't turn out to be something like *that*." Joe nodded his head toward Carl.

Carl's amber eyes flared with the heat of offense. "Are you saying I'm unfit to come into human society?"

"I'm saying you're feral," Joe declared. "Every wolf from the clan of White Fang is feral and uncivilized."

"And Blood Claw is only full of pretentious fools," Carl retorted. "After you sniffed me out and chased me down, I came back here. I tracked your interest. And I've found that I like her just as much, if not even more than you do."

"Shouldn't I have a say in this?" Suzana started, but Carl's words had pierced Joe too deeply. He raced past her with a ferocious growl and Suzana watched as he dropped to all fours and altered his shape. His body shuddered and darkened with gray fur. His clothing ripped and tore from his contorting frame until nothing but scraps hung to his legs and shoulders. His animal form was just about as big as Carl's.

As for Carl, he had transformed as well. The towel he'd worn around his hips had been discarded further in the living room and he stood as a snarling black canine once again. Suzana leapt out of the way as the two wolves threw themselves at each other. Joe and Carl slammed into each other's bodies, gnarling and snapping their jaws for any ounce of fur that they could bite into.

Suzana stood back in complete shock. How did she wind up here...in the middle of two fighting werewolves? The events of the day ran through her brain just then, replaying every little smile that Joe had given her and every deep stare that Carl had sent her way.

*How is this even happening?* Her mind continued to ask, but all she could do was watch painfully as the two wolves tangled in a bevy of angry barks and scuffling claws, unable to answer herself.

*Just a few hours ago I'd thought that I would have a nice and relaxing reunion with Joe and that would be it for the day. I'd actually planned out how long I would sit on the couch romanticizing a relationship with him if things were good. Never in a million years would I have pictured something like this,* she thought.

*But why not?* Another thought asked. *So they're werewolves. It was scary at first, but really they're not much more than oversized dogs, and you've worked with oversized dogs a lot more feral than these two.* Not only that, but Suzana had dreamed of what it would be like to have a man defend her or fight for her.

Now it was actually happening... but not involving just one man. She had two admirers, and in the manner in which they flung themselves at each other's throats proved to Suzana that they were dead serious about how badly they wanted to have relationships with her. *Maybe this is what a she-wolf feels like when she's chosen to be a mate.* It was, in a way, actually rather flattering.

But Suzana broke out of her daze when a sharp shatter of glass echoed from the living room. Alongside the sound was the booming slam of a display table hitting the hardwood floor. She realized the wolves had chased each other into the next room while she had stood there in a complete fog.

Rushing to where the barking and yowling noises still came from, Suzana paused to find that their vicious brawl had knocked over and broken an antique lamp positioned next to the wall on an end table. Both were on the floor, and the lamp's glass base was in pieces. The light bulb seemed intact but the object was beyond repair.

That was enough. Suzana couldn't let this behavior go on any longer. She pinpointed the two wolves tumbling near the kitchen entrance and stalked toward them, trying to look as intimidating as possible.

"*Enough!*" she screamed.

Joe was the first to perk his ears up and look away from Carl. Carl tried going for his throat, but Suzana was ready.

"No! That's enough, from both of you! Get off of each other!"

Joe retreated. He picked himself up and left Carl, who straightened as well but lingered behind. Both wolves looked at Suzana expectantly, as if waiting for her to make the next decision.

Suzana gave them the deepest scowl she could and pointed toward the broken lamp on the floor. "Do you know how long that lamp had been in my family's possession? Years and years! That was my great grandmother's lamp and now it's shattered beyond repair because you two lummoxes can't control your lascivious hormones!"

Joe's tail slowly curled between his legs. His ears were flat in honest regret. Carl had his ears down as well, but not in guilt. He growled and snapped his jaws toward her as if he were speaking. Suzana only stared him down.

"You may consider your little tussle more important than my furniture, but this is my house. If I were anyone more apathetic, I would have kicked you both out and given you both to the police. But since I'm not, I'm going to request that you both change back into your human selves and apologize for me for being utter fools."

Carl glanced Joe's way. Joe obliged and began to transform back into his human self, but Carl did not at first. Instead, he took advantage of the pause while Joe's eyes were no longer on him and leapt for Suzana.

She shrieked and backed up, but Carl changed in the process and grabbed her, landing back with her against the floor. Luckily there had been a rug underneath Suzana's head where she landed, so all she received was an uncomfortable bump against the floor.

"Stop!" Joe shouted to Carl. He stood only a few feet away from them both. "Get off of her, or I will attack you to kill!"

Suzana gasped as Carl held her shoulders pinned against the floor and smirked back at Joe. "You're too soft, Joe. See what happens when you grow up as a domesticated human? I found her first and you know the rules."

"The rules aren't the same in my clan," Joe argued as he took two steps closer. "In my clan, the two males fight over the female. Whoever is triumphant gets her."

"Stop it, the both of you!" Suzana exclaimed from the floor. "I'm not allowing either of you to fight over anything! I like you both! So why don't you both just calm down and let me speak?"

Joe hushed at this, and his defensive posture loosened up along his shoulders. Carl took an extra couple of seconds to release most of his grip on Suzana, but he didn't let go entirely.

"I like you both," Suzana repeated, only in a calmer tone of voice. "I feel slightly conflicted. I don't want anyone taking advantage of me--I'm not a she-wolf. I'm a human. Still, I... I do have feelings for you, Joe."

Joe gave Carl a victorious "I'm better" grin, but Suzana stared him down. "That doesn't mean that I don't feel anything toward Carl. Carl..." She looked at his face, and Carl's eyes softened. "While you were a wolf, I felt a connection with you that's hard to explain. I felt like you could read me. And the way you stare at me... It gives me shivers and makes me…want you."

The words were candid and they caused a ripple of excitement to course through Carl's warm body. Suzana felt a slight pressure against her thigh from Carl's growing erection.

"Suzana," Joe began. "I've known you for years. Why would you choose this disheveled nothing over me?"

"I'm not choosing anyone!" Suzana had raised her voice again, but this time she didn't care. "This isn't about power play, Joe. This is about who I care about and I care about the both of you. So please... no more fights. I can't have any more things ruined in my house or any more growling wolves. I just want everyone to get along, and I want to feel loved."

# Chapter 4

The sentence sounded weird on her tongue, like it was supposed to be awkward, but Suzana couldn't stand it anymore. She was tired of waiting on the perfect guy. She wanted to be loved by someone who could truly show it to her.

She'd loved Joe for many years even after he had left to live up north. On many days Suzana used to dream about what Joe would look and act like if he came back to visit. So far she had guessed right. The only thing she didn't enjoy was this constant insistence that he fight Carl over her.

Her last handful of words had touched the two werewolves. They looked at each other briefly and in that short amount of time Suzana watched them have a deep, mental discussion with each other. Just what was it, exactly, that they were thinking?

After a few seconds, Joe finally looked at Suzana again. He didn't say anything, but she watched as he walked closer and then circled around her and Carl on the floor. He knelt down next to Suzana and placed his hands on her wrists, holding them in place.

"You move first, Carl," he ordered.

Suzana frowned and stared up at Joe's blank face for a couple of seconds. "Um... Joe? What are you doing?"

Joe looked down at Suzana and she watched his eyes soften with a showing of love and affection. "Do you trust me, Suzana?"

Suzana squirmed for a moment underneath Carl's grip. Did she trust him? She wasn't actually sure. Sure, she trusted him as a kid, but now? There were so many unanswered questions about Joe's past. She didn't even know very much about his current life.

She didn't know anything about his family, she didn't know anything seriously deep about his job as a writer, where he lived, how he acted around other people besides her and Carl...Nothing. Did she really trust him?

"Yes," Suzana answered before her mind had the chance to win its mental argument. *What?* She thought in surprise. *Why did I just tell him yes? I don't know anything about him except for how he was as a child! For all I know, he could be a murderer.* The thought was ridiculous, but Suzana couldn't help but have it cross her mind. She bit the inside of her lower lip and held back the desire to take back her yes.

Joe looked a bit happier and he lifted his eyes to nod to Carl. In Suzana's surprise, Carl crawled downward to her hips and dug his fingernails underneath the hem of her pants. Suzana had always been slightly self-conscious about her abdomen being larger than many girls out in the city, but Carl didn't seem to care about her size.

"Suzana, are you sure?" Joe asked quietly. "You seem a bit hesitant."

*It's showing?* She thought.

"I've just never been in this sort of situation before," she answered honestly. "What are you guys doing? What did you say to each other?"

Carl looked up from her jeans just as he finished unzipping them. The button had been popped out of its hole while Suzana had been speaking to Joe. "I asked him if I could take you and he said I could have first lick," said Carl. “There’s a system we can use as werewolves. We can read each other’s eyes very well. Joe has known all along what I’ve wanted, of course, but I asked him again with a look just now.”

"First lick?" Suzana questioned in surprise.

Carl jerked her pants down her thighs and then threw them off from her ankles. They landed on top of the sideways lamp on the floor.

"Yes, lick," said Joe. "We both want you. We both want to be with you. I feel like the only way for all of us to be satisfied is for us three to do what we all want."

"Wh-What do you mean?" Suzana exclaimed, although her pounding heart already knew the answer. She knew what Joe meant, but her mind wanted to deny it. It wanted to say that the thought was ludicrous and immoral.

She felt Carl's hot breath on her flower and she sucked on her lower lip as a sudden rush of pulsating desire skittered up her thighs and abdomen.

"I think you very well know what we mean," said Carl and he was right. "Joe has decided that since you're not picking who to be with, we will both be with you."

"And to show you how we both feel," Joe continued, "we will make love to you like you've never experienced before."

Suzana's heart pounded against her ribs. Carl's tongue pressed against her sensitive center and she felt the heat rising up through her body.

"No...this isn't right," she whispered. "Shouldn't I just pick one of you?"

"Why?" Joe asked. "If this is about the warring clans, Suzana, then don't worry so much. The female's emotional state is most important. That's how we decipher whether or not she is fit to have our children. If the female can't pick a male to be with, then the both of them will mate with her and fate will decide which one gives way to child-bearing."

Suzana's heart raced insanely fast. Her chest heaved with gasps before Carl even pressed his tongue to her clit. She wasn't sure why the words coming from Joe's mouth interested her so much, but the thought of two men burying their masculine tools deeply inside her blossom filled her with a hot and wild want that she had never experienced before.

Suzana wasn't concerned about starting a family right now. All she could think about was the love that these two animalistic men wanted to give her. Suzana spread her legs slightly in a beckoning stance, hoping that Carl would take the hint and plunge into her open center.

“So you’ve decided this is what you want,” Joe spoke as Suzana gasped. Carl’s hot tongue flicked across her most sensitive spot.

“Y-Yes, I think you’re right,” Suzana answered. “I want to feel whole and I want to settle down with a man. Or…” Her eyes dragged downward to see what Carl was doing. He locked gazes with her and the sides of his lips turned upward in a grin.

He spread his tongue over her feminine mound, licking at her inner folds and resting his lips against her tingling clitoris again. It felt blissful. Suzana had never experienced anything like it. She’d had one boyfriend before--a man from her work. He dated her for two months as he’d had no luck with relationships either and the two of them were desperate.

To have these two men express interest in Suzana at the same time was insane, but Suzana couldn’t help but feel absolutely drawn to the idea. She had been so deprived of sexual attention over the past decade that Carl licking her sweetness and Joe’s hands pinning her to the floor was almost too good to be true.

“Two werewolves,” she uttered mainly to herself, but Joe took the comment seriously.

“We’re not taking advantage of you,” he tried to explain.

“I know,” Suzana answered. She tried to smile reassuringly up at him, but Carl’s tongue had found the moist entrance of her blossom and the tip of his tongue pressed against a sweet spot. She was overtaken with gasps and moans. Her chest heaved from the sudden attention and as she looked up at Joe’s face, all she could do was whimper for more intimacy.

Joe only smiled back at her and then he removed one of his hands from her body to lift up his heavy tool. Joe’s shaft was large and Suzana had trouble fathoming its size. It had grown a number of inches since he had stood near her kitchen a couple minutes before. Now it was a proudly erect member, standing curved toward his stomach with a masculine grace.

“To be honest, Suzana, I’ve had trouble waiting to do this since I met you again in the café,” said Joe as he wrapped his fingers around his length and began to massage himself. She watched as his digits remained loose before moving up to the head of his shaft, where he tightened them and squeezed. The motion was erotically beautiful. He smelled of pure, masculine musk and her body quivered for the thought of him inserting that tool inside of her.

“You definitely are an animal,” Suzana uttered, partially in a joking manner. She was mostly serious. The extreme desire to mate with her was very canine of him and she knew that Carl probably felt the same way. The way he stroked her sensitive entrance with his eager tongue was proof enough that he wanted to take her on as a lover.

Joe seemed to like her comment. The corner of his lips turned upward in a smirk and he lifted up his hips to rest the long inches of his shaft against her cheek. It was warm and smooth, velvety and yet so very hard. “I’m an animal for sure, and I’m going to show you how the lycans mate, Suzana.”

Suzana gasped as Joe repositioned himself by straddling her face. He placed his knees on either side of her head and she left her lips slightly parted for the tip of his rod. Carl’s tongue continued that sensational massage against her opening, striking every delectable spot that she knew about.

As Carl worked, Joe pressed a soft hand to Suzana’s jaw and opened her mouth. He gently slid the tip of his shaft past her lips. She closed her mouth over him, relishing the feeling of his thickness. He tasted of pure masculine essence and desire. She suckled on his tip with fervency until he laced his fingers into her hair and pushed her head toward his hips.

The tip of his length slid down past the entrance of her throat and for a moment Suzana choked. The sounds of her struggle only seemed to turn on the werewolf even more, though. His lips spread into a thin line as his eyes glazed and he passed his shaft further inside her.

The sensation of his grinding tool against her tender interior was difficult to get over at first, but eventually she fell into a rhythmic enjoyment. Sucking on him was pleasurable and so she suckled harder. Joe passed his shaft in and out, moving deeper.

As he did this, Carl lifted up from Suzana’s center and she finally felt something hard and prominent press firmly against her entrance. She knew that it was Carl’s masculinity. He was eager to mate with her and from the vivid desire that she felt by tasting Joe’s manhood, she was eager for the feeling as well.

At first she felt a hard twinge from the head of Carl’s tool slipping past her inner lips into the tightness of her cavity. It was slightly painful, as he was incredibly large, but Suzana closed her lips tighter over Joe’s heavy member and took Carl inside her with a sexual hunger.

Eventually the pain resided as Carl shifted his weight back and forth and soon the fluid, steady motion of his consistent pumping stopped any discomfort and only brought on more and more doses of absolute bliss. The sensations were exquisite.

Joe lifted from Suzana’s face and brought his rod out of her mouth. “We’re going to do something a little differently, Suzana,” he said. He glanced back at Carl, locking eyes with him. They again fell into a silent discussion about something and Suzana watched as the both changed positions. Carl, much to Suzana’s disappointment, extracted his pulsing and eager shaft to back away from her. Joe took his place between her legs, but he didn’t extend his tool into her. Instead, he reached for her hands.

“Suzana, come here, please.”

Suzana obliged. She pulled herself upward into a sit by taking Joe’s fingers, and he lifted her up and over his masculinity.

“Do you trust me?” he said again.

At this point Suzana was certain that she trusted Joe. There was no other person in her life that she would allow to be this close with except for Carl. She wanted Joe badly and she wanted to show him how much she desired his sex.

“I trust you,” she confirmed.

“Good, then lower yourself onto me.”

Suzana curled her fingers over Joe’s bare shoulders and very gently eased his firmly standing rod between her legs. His member was thicker than Carl’s by a bit. As she passed his shaft up into her canal, she realized that he was also longer. He throbbed inside her with a painful desire to release his seed, but in some way she knew that Joe wanted to drag out this love-making as much as possible.

“Carl,” he said after Suzana had rested herself over him. “Go ahead.”

“Go ahead with what?” Suzana asked, but Joe lifted his hand and brushed the tips of his fingers against her cheek, turning her attention fully to him. His eyes were soft and caring.

“Enjoy yourself on me, Suzana. Move around until you fill that it’s right,” Joe urged.

Suzana lifted herself upward with her thighs, slipping Joe’s member out of her flower little by little and then she lowered herself back down onto him, feeling his hard thickness ride back up clear to her cervix. A soft moan escaped her lips as she realized how much she loved the position.

Another feeling enveloped her body as Carl’s hands found her backside and he spread her open.

“W-Wait,” Suzana started, but Joe hushed her by pulling her forward into a delicious kiss. Their lips locked in sweet affection as Carl’s slick tool found her second entrance. At first she panicked, but as he thrust his hips forward and passed through the first initial sting of penetration, she realized how much she loved the feeling of being filled by two men.

Joe took her by her center, helping her by holding his hands to her hips and lifting her up and down. Their lips remained locked. Carl worked at his own pace but eventually fell into the same rhythm of Joe and Suzana, and he chafed his thickness in and out of her tighter space.

She didn’t know how much her body would be able to handle before reaching orgasm. She tried to hold it off, but the words that flew from her lips betrayed her.

“Yes! Please! Do me harder!” she cried.

The two men worked their hips as she held herself up by her thighs, taking the intense pounding with adamant affection for the both of them. She reached back with one hand to touch Carl’s soft black hair and ran the fingers of her out hand down the chest of Joe.

*How lucky am I?* She thought as she gyrated with the two men. *This morning I never would have pictured myself being on the living room floor with two stunningly attractive men, making love to them both.*

It was her nirvana. Suzana whimpered until she could whimper no more. After that, they turned into full moans of joy and sweet bliss. Carl pressed a kiss to her shoulder, which evolved into a delectable bite. Joe leaned forward to kiss her lips again. Suzana moaned more into his mouth as she embraced him, arching her back to force her end against Carl’s thrusting hips.

“Yes!” she exclaimed after breaking from Joe’s kiss. “Take me! Please, take me, both of you!”

The men were eager to oblige. They worked more fiercely with their efforts to pleasure, rocking their hips in faster motions. As Joe pressed his shaft inward, Carl drew his outward. When it was his turn to push in, Joe removed himself. The back and forth sensations were almost too much for Suzana to handle. She continued to try and hold off the growing climax in her belly, but it was beginning to get hard.

“J-Joe! Carl!” she cried as the hot sensation welled up inside her. “I’m going to--!”

Joe worked his hips even swifter as his eyes set with the pure determination to make her come. Carl’s own shaft slipped in and out in a faster pace. Suzana realized the men wanted nothing more than to have her reach her peak because of the pleasure they gave her and so with a scream that ripped through the living room, Suzana orgasmed with more force than she’d ever been able to in the past. Her body convulsed with the intense sensation as her center squeezed Joe tightly.

Finally, she shuddered and was done. She slumped against Joe’s chest in utter exhaustion, but the two men were not finished. Joe worked his hips a bit more and then released his essence. Carl pulled back slightly, and then forced himself in with enough force to expense his own seed. Suzana gasped as she was filled with the hot and sticky fullness of the men’s semen. It was unlike any feeling she’d ever had before, and she decided that she loved it.

Once finished, Suzana clung to Joe. Carl removed himself from her to lean back against the floor, looking slightly beat himself. Joe curled his arms around Suzana and held her close.

“We wouldn’t hurt you,” he said softly. “I’m so grateful that you decided to trust me, Suzana.”

Suzana couldn’t help but smile in a dopey manner as she rested her head against his chest. “Do you know how long I’ve waited to have this kind of relationship with a man? Much too long. And how lucky am I, to not only experience it with one man, but with two?”

Her words surprised Joe, but he smiled to her after she was finished speaking. Carl was the one to respond to her.

“No matter what, Suzana, whether we become your lovers, the fathers of your children, or just your guardians, we will stay by your side. You are our female and our main focus is to keep you happy.”

It was a bit strange to her to hear this from Carl, but she had a feeling that the sex that they had all just experienced was a testament that Carl’s opinion of Joe had really changed. Suzana hoped that the ridiculous fight over which clan was better would be over now. She hoped that she could continue to experience wonderful sensations like this with the two men for many more times in the future.

“Joe… I know I didn’t say it before, and maybe this is just my post-sex brain talking, but… I love you. I really do,” Suzana whispered.

Joe looked down at her with keen interest, his eyes sparkling with happiness. “You do? Really?”

Suzana nodded, her cheek still against his chest. “I love you. I also adore you, Carl.”

Carl grinned crookedly at this once he was in view. “We’ll work on the love thing in the future maybe,” he suggested.

Suzana smiled lightly at his words. “Yes, but if you keep treating me like the way you treated me tonight, I don’t think you’ll be too far off from me loving you, Carl.”

She wasn’t really sure what she was going to tell Theodore in the morning. A lot had happened since she’d called him. There was no way that she would tell him about the intimacy she had just shared with the two beasts, but perhaps she could at least say that there was no longer any worry surrounding the werewolves. Milly had found her love, and she had found another potential love in Carl.

“So do you think you can be our mate, Suzana?” Joe wondered, looking her in the eyes. His own eyes were full of hope and excitement for the future. She read every blissful energy within them and mimicked them with her own feelings of happiness.

“Yes, Joe. I will be both yours and Carl’s. I think I’ve decided officially. I love this and I don’t want to give this up.” Although everything still seemed so sudden, Suzana felt in her heart that it was right. She loved Joe, she thoroughly enjoyed Carl, and most importantly… she had found two men who found her just as equally enticing despite any imperfection she had. To them, she was perfect.

And to Suzana… that was what mattered most.

**THE END**