

LEVIATHAN FITNESS #1

MUSCLES &

MONSTERS

ASHLEY BENNETT

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✿ Created with Vellum

*To anyone who's ever felt something for an anime wolf...*

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# TEGAN

My bingo arms shook from overexertion. Yes, you heard that right—bingo arms. You know, the kind all the old bats at bingo night have when they're waving their dabbers around. That's right. At thirty, I had a set of those bad boys.

"Steady, steady. Just a little bit closer," I said. I'm sure I looked like a crazy person, talking to myself as I struggled to load the largest tier of a wedding cake into the back of my van. My assistant, Selene, had called out today, so I was on my own.

This particular cake was for the Mayor's daughter. His daughter was marrying a satyr and bridging the gap between humans and monsters. This



was the first interspecies marriage in our city and I had been selected by the bride and groom to make the cake. *No pressure or anything.*

Over the last year, monsters began integrating with the human population here in Briar Glenn. In my opinion, not much had changed except for the odd monster-based business popping up and the increased variety of lifeforms seen walking down the street. My experiences were mostly pleasant. In fact, my new neighbors were monsters. A young centaur couple down the way that kept a well maintained lawn and even drove a hybrid.

I was so close to having the cake safely in the back of the van that I could almost taste the sweet, sweet flavor of victory—when disaster struck. The muscles in my right arm cramped and I grit my teeth in agony. It felt as if time slowed. The box slid from my grip and toppled to the ground, sending hunks of red velvet coated in thick, rich, cream cheese icing all over the sidewalk.

“No, no, no,” I groaned as I rubbed my arm, trying to work out the knot.

I wanted to crawl into a hole and die. The defining cake of my career was splattered all over the ground. Luckily for me, it was the bottom tier and I had a backup sheet cake I could bring—but it was still an embarrassing mistake. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes as my knees hit the pavement. My lip wavered as I piled pieces of cake back into what remained of the box.

As I wiped away a tear, a giant shadow blocked out the sun. A pair of large, furred feet, complete with sharp, black nails appeared in my line of sight. I looked up slowly, taking in the wall of dark gray fur standing in front of me. He was solid muscle, strong calves and thighs topped with a stomach that I’m sure had a six pack his shirt was hiding. My eyes continued upwards, over his broad chest and thick neck to his face. His muzzle was long and pointed, the fur deepening to a dark black that matched the color of his canine snout. The corners of his muzzle curled up in a kind smile and his ears twitched as he looked down at me.

“It looks like you’re having a bad day. Can I give you a hand?” he asked in a deep, rumbling voice.

“That—that would be great,” I sniffled.

His body swayed back and forth slightly over my response and it was then I realized that he had a tail.

*He was wagging his tail at me.*

He bent over, his gym shorts straining against his tree trunk thighs, as he scooped up handfuls of ruined cake with his massive, claw-tipped hands and tossed them into the box.

I stared at him for a moment, admiring the way his muscular physique flexed with his movements. He might not be human, but he was handsome. This was the first time I had thought about a monster in this way. Dirty thoughts crept into my mind, like what it would be like to feel that furred, muscular body rubbing against my naked skin. If the other aspects of his anatomy matched his stature, he would probably be more than I could handle.

“I’m assuming this was for the wedding today?” he asked in that delicious gravelly voice.

I grabbed a few chunks of cake to hide the fact that I’d been staring at him and tossed them into the box. “Of course it was.” I swiped my hair out of my face, smearing icing along my brow. “Gods dammit!” I hissed. “This is just my luck. My assistant called out today and the cake was too heavy for me and my muscles cramped—” I was spiraling in front of a complete stranger. A hot stranger at that.

My breath hitched when one of his icing coated hands rested on my arm. He was careful to avoid piercing my skin with his sharp claws. “Hey, hey. It’s okay.”

I stared up into his bright, yellow eyes. Against his dark fur they looked like full moons on a cloudless night.

He let go of my arm and pointed a clawed finger down the street. “Do you see that gym down there? Leviathan Fitness? That’s my gym.” He gestured to the t-shirt on his chest emblazoned with a tentacle and a barbell. “Anytime you need help with a heavy cake, come see me.”

He flashed me a fanged smile and I wondered if the offer was only good for help with cakes. I could think of plenty of other things I’d like him to help me with.

When we finished scraping the remainder of the cake off of the sidewalk, he carried the box around back and threw it in the dumpster for me.

“Thank you for helping me. Did you want to come inside and wash your hands?” I wiggled my icing crusted fingers out in front of me and he released a deep bark of laughter.

“I’d like that very much.” Using his elbow, he maneuvered the door to my shop open, careful to avoid getting icing on the glass door. “After you,” he said with a nod of his head.

I must have died and went to heaven. The freaking manners on this wolf.

I turned my head away to hide the blush blooming over my freckled cheeks and led him past the rows of display cakes lining the lobby. When I looked behind me, I saw him stealing glances at the towering bright white wedding cakes dotted with buttercream roses in muted pinks and yellows that covered every surface.

“These look amazing. You’re very talented,” he said. I wanted to preen over his praise.

“I’m talented when they make it to the wedding instead of ending up on the sidewalk.” I shook my head and turned on the tap of the kitchen wash basin. When the water ran warm, I put my hands under the spray and set to work scrubbing off the buttercream, watching the thick gobs of icing settle along the drain. What a shame. Cream cheese was my favorite too.

I dried off my hands with a paper towel and erupted with laughter when I turned around to face him. He looked like a deer caught in the headlights as the wide pad of his tongue flicked out to lick the icing off of his fingertips.

“Uhh. I can explain,” he blurted. “See, it just looked and smelled so good...I couldn’t help myself.” His ears laid flat against his head and those twin moons widened into total puppy dog eyes.

“If you wanted a cupcake all you had to do was ask!”

He smiled down his muzzle at me as I stepped out of the way to make room for him at the sink. His body was a solid wall of muscle and fur like I’d never seen in all my life. Due to his height, he had to bend over considerably to wash his hands. It made total sense that he worked at a gym. His gym shorts clung to his ass and I swear, you could bounce a quarter off of that thing. He probably did squats. Lots and lots of squats.

I could see him in the gym, a heavy bar slung over his back, the fluffy tip of his tail brushing the floor as he squats down. The tight muscles of his ass clenching on his way back to a standing position.

Shit.

The image had heat pooling low in my belly.

He turned off the water and spun around to face me, running a wet hand along the back of his head. “Do you think I could take you up on that offer? Of a cupcake that is?” His eyes scrunched up with his smile.

He was adorable.

“It’s the least I can do for you after you helped me with that mess. Follow me.” I wanted to grab his hand and pull him along beside me, but I resisted the urge and motioned for him to follow me instead. I stopped in front of the double refrigerator and he almost crashed into me. Almost. Like our bodies colliding would have been a bad thing, right?

Gripping the handles, I opened the doors to reveal rows of perfectly decorated cupcakes, all ready to eat.

“Wow,” he said as a tiny bead of drool began to form in the corner of his mouth and his tail swayed from side to side. “How can I possibly choose?”

He leaned closer to the racks of sweet treats, his flaxen eyes scanning them over. His wide, black nostrils flared as he inhaled the intoxicating sugary scent of the cupcakes, and he let out a small whine as he struggled to make a selection.

“Wait here for just a second,” I said before rushing out of the kitchen and into the lobby. I grabbed one of the cupcake boxes from the stack on the counter and carried it back to where he was standing at the fridge.

“Why don’t I just give you a mixed dozen, that way you don’t have to pick? And you know where to find me. You can always come back for more.” In fact, I’d love it if he came back and I got another eyeful of those delicious glutes again.

His lips peeled back from his muzzle in a wide grin and he scrubbed a hand along the back of his neck. “Really? Are you sure?”

How could a gigantic monster be so fucking darling?

“Mhm. Positive.” I nodded my head eagerly and passed him the box while I carefully filled it with cupcakes.

After I placed the last cupcake in the box, I carefully closed the lid and smiled up at him. For a quick second we simply stood there gazing at one another before my phone buzzed.

“Shoot,” I said as I wrangled it out of my pocket to shut off the alarm. “I have to get going.”

His expression dropped slightly. “Oh, right. The wedding. Ha, it’s kind of important that the cake is there.”

Together we walked to the front of the shop and while I locked the door, he waited patiently.

“Thank you again for the cupcakes.” His tail wagged as he spoke.

“Thank you for helping me with the cake.”

“I meant what I said. If you need help, you know where to find me.” He grinned, his sharp teeth on full display, and gave me a little wave before heading off toward the gym.

Selene should call out more often.



From the moment I saw her scraping cake off the sidewalk, my tail had wagged nonstop. She was adorable, all soft curves and milky pale skin. Her green eyes were rimmed red as tears tracked over the smattering of light brown freckles on her cheeks. I couldn't just walk on by and leave her to handle that mess alone. I just couldn't.

As I walked back to my gym, Leviathan Fitness, with a box of cupcakes in my hands and a stupid smile plastered to my muzzle, I realized I made a mistake. I didn't even get her name. I should have gotten her number.

*Right?*

I mean, the city had been integrated for quite some time now and she didn't seem like she found me terrifying. I could have sworn when I was washing my hands that she was checking out my ass. That made me feel better about the fact that when she was washing her hands I was checking out her ass too. It looked so full and soft. Perfect for resting my head on.

Fuck.

I needed to calm down or everyone at the gym would see the boner I was sporting underneath my gym shorts. I took a deep breath in through my nose and tried to send my thoughts drifting back to something else before I passed through the gym doors.

Fallon made that one easy for me.

"Hey, A-Man! How goes it, bro?" Fallon's beak clicked with each word and his beady bird eyes blinked at me assessingly. God, he was a douche. But he was my douche. The griffon had been my friend for years, and when I opened the gym and needed trainers, he was my first hire.

"Hey, my guy. Uh, just getting back from that wedding cake place down the street." I raised the box of cupcakes at him and headed for my office, with him following close behind.

"The wedding cake place? How'd you find yourself in there, hmm?" he asked. Fallon had been on my ass about dating again, asking me to play wingman for him every weekend, but clubs just weren't my scene. I preferred organic connections—you know, like running into cute, curvaceous bakers knee deep in icing on the street.

"I helped the owner out." I sat the box of cupcakes on my desk and opened the lid. The tantalizing aroma of vanilla, lemon, and raspberry wafted out of the box and I licked my lips. "Help yourself," I said to Fallon. "Goddess knows I don't need all of them."

"Psh, you're bulking, man. It would take more than a box of cupcakes to throw off your gains. You look great."

I flexed in the mirror behind my desk, admiring the progress I'd made since my breakup six months ago. Yeah, it had fucking hurt, but goddess damned did it help to push me in the gym.

"See?" Fallon mumbled through a beak full of icing. "You're fucking ripped."

I sighed and sat down in my office chair, hitting the power button on my computer to boot it up for the day. When I opened the gym, I thought I'd spend the majority of my time working with clients and training, but in

reality, I spent most of my time doing clerical shit and writing checks. I desperately needed to hire someone for this.

Fallon sat in the vacant chair across from me, leaning back and placing his pawed feet on the edge of my desk. “Any plans this weekend, boss?” He cocked his head to the side and peered at me from behind the computer screen.

“Dude, I told you. Clubs just aren’t for me. I don’t drink. I don’t do random hookups—”

He cut me off. “Atlas. It’s been six months. You’ve gotta get back on the horse at some point. You know what they say, the quickest way to get over someone is to get under someone else.”

I winced at his words.

In the last six months, there had only been one person I’d even been minutely interested in, and it was likely that she didn’t see me in that way. Sure, human and monster pairings were becoming more common every day. I mean, look at the mayor’s daughter and her soon to be husband, but still—for some—the idea of hooking up with, let alone dating a monster, was socially unacceptable.

Fallon blinked at me, the wheels in his bird brain turning. “There’s someone you’re interested in.”

Shit. I’d really done it now. The last thing I needed was this giant chicken trying to play matchmaker.

I groaned and dragged my claws through the fur on my head. “Fallon. Can we talk about this another time? I have a lot of work to do.”

He placed his talons back on the floor and stood in front of the desk, staring down at me like he was some superior life form. “Yeah, yeah. Alright. I can take a hint. But if you change your mind, send me a text. Tonight’s going to be lit.”

“Will do,” I said with an eye roll as I watched him walk out the door.

But I wouldn’t. I’d rather lift when the gym cleared out for the day, go home and eat a meal of dry chicken breast and sweet potatoes, and jerk off to the image of a certain strawberry blonde licking icing off of my cock.

A wolfman could dream.





# TEGAN

“No, Mom. It ended up turning out okay. I had the sheet cake as backup, just like you taught me,” I said while lying in bed eating popcorn, my phone resting on my tits.

“And what about the guy who helped you clean up the cake? You said he was cute.”

Oh man, I fucked up. I should have left out that little detail in my text message to her.

“He was hot, Mom. But he wasn’t a normal guy. He—he was a wolveren.” I lowered my voice a bit when I said the last part, unsure of what to expect.

“Oh, a wolverine. My friend's daughter dates a wolverine over in Glendale. She says he's adorable, and a true gentleman too. Did you get his number, honey?” I could hear the hope in her voice.

“No. I didn't even get his name. Or tell him mine,” I groaned and pulled a pillow over my head.

“Tegan, honey, you said he works at the gym. Why don't you just go down there?”

“I don't want to seem like some crazed stalker, Mom.”

“Well, you said you wanted to start working out. It sounds like kismet to me.”

I bit my lip and mulled the idea over for a moment. I definitely wanted to get stronger to avoid any future cake mishaps, and I would probably feel more comfortable in a gym full of monsters. They'd be less likely to stare as I struggled to use the equipment appropriately.

“I don't know. I'll probably be the only human there.”

“Tegan. You're going to have to do something if you want to see this guy again.”

I sighed. She was right. Moms were always right.

“I'm gonna do it. I'll sign up for a membership tomorrow.”

I heard her squeal.

“Atta girl. Sneak a picture of him for me if you can.”

I snorted. She was a horny old bird, that was for sure.

“Will do, Mom. Love you. I'll text you tomorrow.”

“Love you too, baby. Bye.”

As soon as the call disconnected, I pulled up Whoodle and typed Leviathan Fitness into the search bar. I don't know why I didn't think of this earlier. I mean we lived in the age of the internet. You could find all the dirt on a person you wanted.

I was going full on stalker, but I guess it didn't really matter at this point. Might as well lean on into it.

The very first hit was a website that showed pictures of the gym in all its glory. State of the art equipment, loads of free weights and racks, and an olympic-sized swimming pool with tentacles snaking out from beneath the water's surface.

My finger hovered over the 'About' button.

Fuck it.

I clicked on the link and a photo of the wolfman I ran into earlier filled the screen. My lips parted and a heavy sigh of appreciation slipped out.

Jesus, he was hot.

Below the photo was a little 'About the Owner' section.

ATLAS OBERON

*Owner*

*ATLAS OBERON IS the owner of Leviathan Fitness. After being bullied for his weight as a child, Atlas found a passion for fitness in his teen years. He was captain of his high school varsity football and wrestling teams—leading both to win numerous state championship titles.*

*He attended Brighton Valley College on a full ride scholarship for wrestling where he obtained a bachelor's degree in Kinesiology. He opened Leviathan Fitness shortly after the monster integration of Briar Glenn.*

*Atlas is the youngest of three male wolverines. He enjoys cheat meals, hikes through the woods, and of course, working out.*

BELOW THE "ABOUT THE OWNER" was a series of competition photos of Atlas. He stood tall and proud, that furry muscular chest on full display. Around his neck was a shining gold medal sitting just above a cut six pack. Wait, wait, wait. Was that an eight pack?

My eyes drifted lower to the skimpy banana hammock he had on. The entire outline of his massive cock was visible through the thin piece of material. It looked like he was trying to smuggle a can of Pringles into the competition.

I was drooling.

My thoughts circled back to what he looked like as he cleaned the icing off of his fingers with that wide, pink tongue. I bet he ate pussy like a champ.

My fingers slid down over my stomach and under the band of my underwear.

Those sharp claws and those muscles. He had to have superhuman monster stamina.

And that fur rubbing against my naked body.

It would feel like heaven.

I stroked the wet folds of my center, swirling two fingers over my clit before withdrawing my hand and scrambling toward my nightstand.

Opening the drawer, I pulled out old faithful and wondered how it compared to Atlas's length and girth.

Would I be able to take him?

Would it hurt?

Did I want it to?

I imagined there would be pleasure mixed with pain. The most delicious kind, the type that I craved. My sexual encounters with human men had been sub-par at best. I needed someone with dominant energy. Someone that would take control and use my body. I was willing to bet money on the fact that Atlas was that type of wolf.

With a buzz, I started up my vibrator and plunged it inside of me as I centered the suctioning tip over my clit.

"Yes, Atlas, yes," I moaned as I looked over the photo, taking in every crease and shadow created by his muscles.

Faster and faster, I fucked my vibe, wishing it was him. Wishing the big bad wolf would huff and puff and give me the best orgasm of my life.

"Ahh! Fuck!" I screamed as warm liquid gushed out of my body and onto the bed, my legs shaking with the force of my orgasm.

I threw my head back against the pillow, my eyes focused on the ceiling as I panted to try to catch my breath.

Apparently all it took to give me an earth shattering orgasm was just a picture of Atlas. The mere image of him doing devious things to me had pushed me over the edge.

But what would it be like to have the real thing?



Saturday mornings were one of my favorite times to hit the gym early. Four a.m. might seem obscene to some people, but I liked working out without an audience. While everyone was tucked safe and warm in their beds, sleeping off their hangovers from the night before, I was praying in the iron chapel.

My headphones blared some loud as fuck song into my ears as I grunted, heaving the loaded bar up over my body.

Just another rep, I told myself as my muscles burned, the satisfying ache spurring me on.

Push yourself just a little further.

Be better today than you were yesterday.

But it was hard to keep my focus when all I could think about was her.

On my way to the gym this morning, I smiled wide when I passed by the empty wedding cake shop. Maybe I'd stop by when I left today. If I left at a reasonable hour.

Chai, one of my trainers, had been sick lately, so I'd been filling in to pick up the slack. It was a nice change from the day to day minutiae of the office work I was used to doing. I loved interacting with clients and helping them to achieve their goals, whether it was weight loss or to get ripped.

I was particularly fond of the getting ripped part.

When my set was finished, I placed the bar back on the rack and took a deep swig from my water bottle. Beads of sweat matted the fur on my forehead and dripped down into my eyes. I wiped it away with my towel before putting my hat on backwards, pulling my ears through the holes at the top.

Catching my reflection in the mirror, I took a moment to look at myself. Really look at myself.

By wolverine standards, I was definitely hot. Tall with broad shoulders. A thick, well muscled body. Soft, warm fur. Sharp teeth and claws.

I was a catch.

*Right?*

Yeah.

But maybe it was different for humans. What if she found my snout off-putting? What if my claws and teeth were *too sharp* for such delicate human skin?

"Getting your workout in early this morning, Atlas?" Kael smiled as he sat down at the bench next to me. I only bought the best equipment for the gym for this reason. The orc was massive, but the bench would be able to hold him and whatever insane amount of weight he'd decide to press for the day.

"Yeah, Kael. You know I like it when it's quiet."

He nodded at me, tightened the support belt around his waist, and slipped his lifting gloves onto his large, green hands.

"You like being a member here so far?" I asked. I wanted to make sure my guests were having a good experience, and I always asked for feedback from our regulars.

“Oh yeah, it’s great. Open twenty-four hours, plenty of equipment. Uh, did you say that classes are included in the platinum membership?” I could have sworn his green cheeks flushed a little.

“Yeah, unlimited classes are included with the platinum membership. Were you, uh, thinking of taking something?” Well, color me intrigued. I couldn’t imagine him taking a spin class. Maybe he was asking about BJJ or Tae Kwon Do.

He grunted as he set up his bar. “I was considering it.” He stepped closer to me and lowered his voice an octave. “Do you know which class that pixie teaches?”

And there it was.

Ellie, the pixie, taught the gym’s jazzercise class. Her sprite-like body dressed in tight, bright spandex bounced around the stage as she motivated a class full of mostly older female monsters.

I barked out a laugh at the thought of Kael taking a jazzercise class. “That’s Ellie. She teaches the jazzercise class.”

Kael’s mouth curved into a smirk, his lower tusks digging into his thin top lip. “Hm. Well, it looks like I’ll be signing up for jazzercise then.”

“That bad, huh? Well, I’ll make sure I’m here that day. It’ll be entertaining,” I said with a smile.

“Hey, man, I have some moves,” he said with a straight face. It sent us both into a fit of laughter.

I checked my watch and jumped off the weight bench. “Shit, I gotta get ready for work. Have a great workout, Kael.”

He popped his earbuds into his tiny green ears and waved me off.

In the locker room I lifted my arms and took a whiff of my armpits.

My muzzle wrinkled with disgust at the smell.

Shower it is.

I stepped into one of the private stalls, the tile floor clicking beneath my clawed feet. I set my hat in my bag, pulled my sweat dampened tank top over my head, and slipped my shorts and underwear off my waist. Adjusting the tap, I started the water and stepped under the spray once it was warm.

The heat of the water felt amazing on my sore muscles. I had some serious delayed onset muscle soreness going on because I’d been pushing myself so hard in the gym, but this was all I had right now.

I placed my palms on the cool tiled wall, letting the water cascade over my head and down the wide expanse of my back.

Today I'd be manning the front desk for Chai. Hopefully they'd have some answers soon about whatever illness kept knocking her down, but in the meantime, I was happy to work the desk and take her clients. It was my first day training with them and to say I was excited was an understatement.

I was deep in thought when my stomach growled loudly, the sound bouncing off the walls around me.

Fuck, I was hungry.

The cupcakes. I still had cupcakes left over from my mystery lady.

Last night after dinner, I'd thought about her while I jerked off. Thought about what it would be like to come on those milky white tits. I wondered if she had freckles dotted all over those as well.

My cock stirred at the idea.

I groaned and looked down at the stiff length, the tip of my cock already flushed a bright red. Taking the shaft in my hands, I gave three rough pumps and thrust my hips into my hands.

I wondered if she could take all of me. Wolven males were different from human men. Bigger. Thicker. Primal. Feral.

When I fell into rut, would she scream out in pain or ecstasy?

I had to find out.

Faster and faster, I fucked my fists, thinking about the punishing deathgrip her tight cunt would have on my cock.

My knot started to swell between my hands.

Fuck.

I forgot about that little detail. Could human women take knots like a wolven female? Even if she couldn't, I'd still fill her up and take her again and again.

Give her my cum until my balls were drained and my body was spent. Make her beg for it.

Breed her, even.

Not right away, but maybe someday if she wanted it. The idea of her carrying my pups made my spine tingle.

"Shit. Shit," I groaned as thick ropes of white cum shot out of my cock, coating my fists and the shower wall in front of me.

I fought to catch my breath as the last waves of my orgasm made my cock twitch. The spray of the shower sent my cum down the drain and I



splashed a few handfuls on the wall to take care of the mess I'd made.

I know, I know.

Jerking off in the shower of the gym I owned was pretty fucking gross, but I knew for a fact that I wasn't the only one to do it.

Things went on here. I wasn't blind to them. I could smell the bodily fluids and pheromones that covered this place like a thick fog. At least I employed a good cleaning staff. Monsters could get messy.

After soaping up my body, I rinsed and toweled off before getting dressed for the day. I wore my standard 'uniform', a Leviathan Gym tank top and pair of mid thigh athletic shorts.

What? I had nice quads, okay? I wanted to show those babies off.

I tried to tame my fur in the mirror, but it was no use. The thick whorls of gray and black hair were determined to stick up in every direction. Sighing, I slipped my hat back on my head and headed down to the main floor.

Working the desk was pretty much the easiest job at this place. Check in patrons, get new members signed up, answer the phone, give tours. I'd probably spend most of the day fucking around on my phone until it was time for my relief to come in and my training appointments to start.

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THE AFTERNOON STRETCHED ON FOREVER in what felt like an endless stream of phone calls and greeting clients. I was starting to get hungry again. Being a weightlifting wolverine was similar to being a bottomless pit.

I took my shaker bottle out of my bag and fished around in the mini fridge I kept behind the desk for my oat milk. After splashing in a generous amount, I dumped in my protein powder and gave it a vigorous shake.

The stuff tasted like a mixture of chalk and fruit loops, but if I wanted to maintain my physique, I had to ingest a crazy amount of protein.

I just about spit out my shake when I saw a messy bun of strawberry blonde hair bobbing in through the doorway and heading up to me at the front desk.

Shit.

It was her.

*Thump. Thump. Thump.*

My fucking tail just kept thwapping against everything. It couldn't seem to control itself when she was around.

Holy fuck was she cute. Today she was dressed in tight, black high waisted leggings and a crop top that said '3rd Annual Briar Glenn Bake Off'. A band of pale, white skin peeked out from beneath the hem of her shirt. I wanted to lick it. Worship every inch of her body with my tongue until she couldn't take any more.

She was close, and her face brightened with a smile when she saw me.

*Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.*

My body swayed with the force of my tail wagging.

Get it together, Atlas.

She's going to think you're a total creepy wolfman.

When she got to the front desk she looked up at me through her lashes and smiled.

"Hi, Atlas."



# TEGAN

Shit. Now how was I going to explain that? Oh, hey Atlas. You never told me your name but I looked you up on the internet like the total stalker I am. Masturbated to a photo of you. Squirted all over my sheets. You know, the usual.

Blessed goddess, Tegan. Play it cool.

His lips curled up into a smile, showing the sharp white points of his canines.

“Uh, hi,” he said in that low, growly voice, his body swaying slightly with each wag of his tail. “I, uh, I didn’t expect to see you here so soon. Did you need help with a cake?”

I snorted a laugh and placed my hands on the desk, leaning closer to him. “Actually, I wanted to sign up for a membership. After my little mishap the other day I figured I should probably try to build some muscle.”

His eyes widened and he stood straight up, still as a statue, before speaking. “Oh, uh, sure. Yeah, I can definitely help you with that. You’ll actually be our first human guest.” He crouched down behind the desk and dug through a filing cabinet before passing two sheets of paper and a pen across the counter.

He leaned closer to me and pointed at the paperwork. “This one is the liability waiver. It basically states that if you’re injured at the gym for improperly using the weights, equipment, or facilities, that we aren’t liable.”

I scribbled my signature and the date onto the paper and turned my attention to the next sheet.

A tantalizing aroma distracted me.

It was Atlas.

Like smoked patchouli and sandalwood, he was musky and masculine in the most delicious way. In a way that made me want to rub my face all over him and purr like a contented kitten.

That, or climb him like a tree, I couldn’t be too sure.

“I, uh, I realized I never got your name the other day,” he said bashfully, his ears drooping slightly on either side of his head.

Fucking adorable.

“T-Tegan. I’m Tegan.” I held out my palm for him to shake and his giant paw consumed my hand, careful to avoid piercing my delicate skin with the clawed tips of his fingers.

“Tegan,” he said with a hum. “That’s a very pretty name.”

I could feel all the blood rush to my face and I’m pretty sure I looked like a walking, talking tomato. “Thank you.” A+ flirting game, Teg.

“I’m Atlas, but it sounds like you already knew that.” He grinned and his bright yellow eyes twinkled as he looked down at me.

“I, um, I might have looked you up. Looked the gym up,” I rushed to add. “I remembered your tank top and looked up the gym.” Ha, I certainly did remember his tank top and the way it clung to his pecs. I’m pretty sure I could see his nipples peeking through the material.

He nodded his head and his upper canine dug into his bottom lip. “Ah, I see.” Damn, he was smug.

Was he flirting?

He was totally flirting with me!

“Anyway, these are the packages we offer. You get a two week free trial, then your card will be charged monthly depending on what package you pick.” I scanned the list of options. I didn’t want to seem cheap, but who knew if this whole gym thing would even stick?

It was a well known fact that when it came to working out, I was a quitter. Physical fitness just wasn’t my jam.

It’s who I was.

“I think I’ll start with the silver package. I’d like to try some classes, but I need to make sure I can make this a habit.”

His thick tail started to wag again. “Well, you know. I’m here every day. I can help keep you accountable.”

“Oh yeah? You’d do that for me?” I laughed and batted my eyelashes at him. I wondered if he offered that to everyone that was signing up. This was his business after all.

“One hundred percent. If you have goals, we’ll get you there.” What if my goal was to have him on top of me? *Could we get there, Atlas?*

After some struggling, I pulled my bank card out of the pocket of my leggings and passed it across the counter to him.

“Welcome to Leviathan Fitness, Tegan. What size tank top do you wear?”

Shit. Was this seriously happening? The freaking wolf adonis of my dreams wanted to know my shirt size. What if he cringed when I told him? I was frozen in place and I could feel sweat dripping down my back.

I hadn’t even started working out yet.

“They’re unisex by the way. I have a few different colors. I really like the white with the neon logo. It has a real ‘80s surf style vibe.” It was like he could sense my internal struggle and tried to help me out. I loved him for it.

“Oh, I love neon. I’ll take a large.”

“Neon it is.” He smiled at me again before turning to rummage through a box of tank tops. When he did, his tail started wagging and knocked over his shaker bottle, spilling his protein shake all over the counter

“Shit. Stupid tail,” he huffed while reaching for a roll of paper towels to clean up the mess. Even when he was irritated he was still so cute. I didn’t think I could ever find him terrifying.

“Let me help. It’s the least I can do after the whole wedding cake debacle.” I held out my hands and motioned for him to give me a few paper towels.

“Thank you,” he said as he bent over the counter.

I leaned in to help him. As I wiped up the protein shake, my hand brushed against his.

Slowly, we looked up at one another, our gazes connecting. I could see my freckles and messy bun reflected back at me in his full moon eyes. Our faces were so close that I could feel his warm breath against my face and I desperately wanted him to close the distance between us. Kissing him with that long muzzle of his would be interesting, but I’m sure we could make it work. There were other things we could do with our mouths.

But it was over just as quick as it began.

Atlas stood up and looked away, running his hand over his ear and along the back of his head as he puffed out a breath.

Did he feel this too?

“Did you, uh, want a tour?” he asked while avoiding eye contact and focusing his golden eyes on something on the other side of the gym.

My cheeks reddened and I shook my head, refusing maybe just a little too vigorously. “Nope. I am good. I totally know what I’m doing.”

“Well, uh, okay then.” He nodded his head and rubbed the back of his neck as he stretched, his tank top riding up just a little to show off his fur-covered adonis belt.

He looked so fucking good.

*And I was staring.*

I had to get out of there.

“I’ll see ya, ” I said as I quickly glanced away and hefted my gym bag onto my shoulder.

“See ya.” He wiggled his claws at me as I turned on my heel and headed toward the locker room.

*Why was walking away from him so hard?*



Thank gods I was behind the desk because as I watched Tegan struggle with the Smith machine from across the gym, my dick swelled in my shorts.

There was something about the little grunts she made and the way her muscles strained and quivered that did it for me. I wondered if I could wring those same noises from her body, to make her quake with pleasure.

I had to stop.

This was so unprofessional. So fucked up.

I watched as she positioned herself under the Smith machine with a weight that was way too heavy for someone just starting out. As she went to

position herself with the bar resting on her back, I decided it was best to intervene for her safety.

I adjusted myself in my shorts, tucking my cock into my waistband as best as I could before jogging across the gym.

She smiled when she saw me approach, those perfect white teeth and glittering green eyes happy to see me. “What’s up?” she asked as she pulled her earbud from her ear.

“Look, um—I don’t want to come off as a total asshole but you have quite a bit of weight on that bar for a beginner. You should be focused on form and not lifting heavy just yet. Second, a front squat is much safer on your back when using the Smith machine. I can show you—if you’d like, that is.” Gods, I sounded like a wolfsplaining know-it-all meathead. I mean, I was a know-it-all meathead, but still. I wanted her to be safe and develop good habits.

She thought for a moment, and then her smile widened, a lighthearted laugh slipping out from between her lips. “Oh, thank goddess. Honestly, I have no idea what I’m doing. I found some stuff on Pinterest, but I’m struggling here.”

“Let me help you then.” I took some weight off the bar and raised it up, positioning myself underneath it. “So you want your feet about shoulder width apart and you’re going to rest the bar here on your chest and biceps.” I pushed out my chest and flexed my biceps, noticing the way her pupils widened at the sight of my muscles.

She stepped closer to me and analyzed the way I held the bar.

“Next, we’re going to squat down, keeping our back as straight as possible. When you do a regular weighted squat with the Smith machine you don’t have any flexibility with your spine. Lower yourself slowly, making sure your knees don’t go out over your feet. You wanna get your butt as close to the floor as possible, but for some people like me, with long femurs, we won’t be able to get as deep. The saying is ‘ass to grass’, but just do your best. Take it nice and slow. Inhale on your way down, exhale on your way up.” I did a few quick squats because let’s be real, that weight was nothing for me. “Got it?” I asked.

“I think so!” She sounded more confident after my little demonstration, so I lowered the bar for her to get into position.

Well, for her to try to get into position. She couldn’t seem to get the bar exactly where it needed to be.



I chuckled and slid up behind her. "Can I help you?"

She blushed. "Please do. I swear I'm trying."

I came up behind her and helped to move her arms into position and used my feet to push hers apart. Her ass brushed against the front of my body and I sucked in a breath at the contact.

Fuck.

This was a bad idea. A very bad idea. I mean maybe I should pair her with someone else? I had plenty of other trainers to go around.

But the possessive part of me didn't want that.

The thought of someone else's hands all over her, them hearing her little grunts and coaching her made anger simmer up inside of me and a growl threatened to creep out of my throat.

I was doing this.

No one else would get close to Tegan. At least, not in my gym.

"Like this, Atlas?" Her soft, sweet voice pulled me out of my thoughts, the sound causing my tail to sway behind me.

I walked around the Smith machine and checked her form one last time. "Yep, looks great to me—" I had to cut myself off to keep from calling her baby.

What the fuck was wrong with me? I hadn't called anyone that since she who-would-not-be-named.

But there was something about Tegan that called to that loving, affectionate part of me. I mean, my tail lost its shit anytime she was around. She was soft and sweet. Baby was just so fitting.

"Alright, Tegan. Let's try it with the movement. Nice and slow. Take a deep breath in as you lower yourself to the ground, ass to grass, keep those knees from going out past your toes, exhale on your way up. Got it?"

She nodded her head. "Got it. I can do this."

Her determination was adorable.

"Yeah you can." I smiled, showing off my mouth full of sharp teeth.

Tegan sucked in a breath and lowered her body, naturally falling into perfect form on her first ever front squat. Her ass was plump and round and I admired the swell as she got it as close to the ground as she could. When she hoisted her body back up, she exhaled and let out a small groan. It appeared that my little baker was an exemplary student.

I felt like my cock was going to explode right then and there. I hadn't come in my pants since I was a pup, but she was driving me crazy. Once

again confirming that this was a bad idea.

“How was that?” she asked, the pale skin of her freckled cheeks flushed pink.

“You did a great job! You just needed a little coaching to feel confident. You’re a natural!” She beamed at my praise, and that got the wheels in my brain turning. “You know, I could train you.”

She rested her arms over the bar and smiled at me. “You’d do that? Don’t you have administrative stuff to do?”

I mean, I did, but she didn’t need to know that. I’d make time for her.

“Well, I’m filling in for one of my trainers currently. She’s out on sick leave.” It was the truth.

“But what about payment? I can’t let you do this for free.” Her voice was stern. She had pride. I liked it.

“What about baked goods in exchange for training? We can meet here early in the morning when I normally work out and train together.”

She slowly shook her head and bit her lower lip. “I could probably swing baked goods in exchange for training. How early are we talking, though?”

“Four a.m.” I raised my furry eyebrows at her.

“Ugh. You’re killing me, Atlas! That’s so early,” she groaned and hid her face.

“Don’t bakers wake up early?” I gave her my best wolverine next door grin.

“I’m not that kind of baker!” *The cute kind was what she was.*

“Come on. It’ll be fun. Don’t you want to avoid future wedding cake mishaps?” I cocked my head in question and stared down my muzzle at her.

“Of course I do. Fine.” She rolled her eyes at me but then smiled. “What day are we starting?”

“Tomorrow. Four a.m., Tegan.”

“Alright, alright. I got that part the first time you said it!” She giggled and scrunched up her little button nose in distaste. God, she was precious.

“We should probably exchange phone numbers. You know, so I can harass you if you don’t show up.” My muzzle curled up in a smirk.

Good thinking, Atlas. Getting to spend time with her *and* getting her number. I was a fucking legend. Killing this flirting shit.

She placed one hand on her wide hips and held out the other for my phone. “I promise I’ll be here,” she said as she saved her contact info,

“Make sure you text me so I have your number.”

Oh, yeah. *She wants it.*

I typed out a quick text.

---

Hi Tegan. It's Atlas \*world emoji\* from Leviathan Fitness \*octopus emoji\* \*weight emoji\*

Be ready to hit it hard tomorrow.

---

HER PHONE VIBRATED and she snorted when she read my text. “You really like emojis, don’t you?”

I smiled and shrugged my shoulders. “What, they’re cute. You know us muscle head wolfmen aren’t very articulate.”

She laughed again. I don’t think I’d ever get tired of hearing that sound or seeing her smile.

“I better get back to the desk. Make sure you take it easy the rest of the evening. I don’t want you to be sore tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir!” she said and fake saluted me.

*Sir.*

My cock stirred in my pants.

This was a bad idea. Such a bad idea.



# TEGAN

Gods, this was such a bad idea. After feeling Atlas brush up against my ass earlier I wasn't sure if I could trust myself alone in the gym with him. And freakin' four a.m.?

I was thinking with my lady bits and not with my actual brain.

Was he flirting with me earlier? There had to be some code of professional ethics amongst gym owners, right?

There was no way he was flirting.

I pulled off my leggings and tank top before struggling to free my tits from the constraints of my sports bra. These things were a form of torture, but without it I'd probably get a black eye from my lady lumps.

Red lines from my bra and leggings streaked across my body as I looked myself over in the mirror.

I had to be living in some sort of fever dream. There was no way that a guy that ripped and handsome could be interested in someone like me.

Sure, I wasn't a bad looking woman, but generally guys like him didn't go for women like me. They were usually massive douchebags. So far, Atlas had been nothing but kind to me.

From helping me clean up the cake, to assisting with my form, and then offering to pretty much train me for free.

He was a nice guy.

A nice wolfman.

I stepped under the shower spray and lathered my body with my bath pouf, washing away the sweat that coated my body from my workout.

Atlas smelled so good today. When he came up behind me to help with my form, I got another strong whiff of him. I wanted him to rub that furry face of his between my thighs and coat me with his scent as he ate my pussy.

My soapy fingers teased the pert tips of my nipples. I moaned as I wondered what it would feel like if Atlas dragged the pointed tips of his teeth along them, giving them a sharp tug.

It would hurt so good.

I wondered if there was a dark side to him. A beast buried deep inside that would satisfy all my carnal desires.

My hands slid lower, over my belly and down between my legs, the tips of my fingers going straight for my clit. I swirled over the sensitive bud, varying the pressure with each tiny circle.

"Fuck," I groaned out into the empty, steamy bathroom.

I slide one finger inside of me and then another, curling them in a come hither motion against my g-spot while my thumb teased my clit.

Atlas had claws.

I wonder if he could retract them and fuck me with those long, thick fingers. Maybe if I was a good girl he'd shove them in my mouth after the fact and force me to lick them clean.

Yeah he would.

And I'd love every second of it.

My hips snapped forward in light thrusts, driving my fingers deeper and heightening my pleasure. I could feel my orgasm creeping closer with each

glide of my thumb over my clit.

“Yes. Atlas. Please. Give it to me. Please.” I begged as all my fantasies of him played out in my head.

Him pinning me against the wall, impaling me on his cock.

Me riding him while he lifted my hips with ease.

Him fucking my mouth with harsh thrusts and a clawed fist tangled in my hair.

“Gods. Atlas, yes. Yes. Give me your cum. Give me your cum.” I wanted to taste it. Wanted him to fill my pussy with it.

That did it.

I leaned against the wall of the shower, moaning and riding out my orgasm as my thighs shook.

Damn. As DJ Khaled would say: “another one.”

Was I really this crazed over a wolfman that I’d literally just met?

The answer was a hard yes.

I finished my shower and toweled off, grabbing my phone from where it sat on the bathroom vanity to check for any messages.

I had a text.

From Atlas.

He was texting me now?

My hands shook as I unlocked my phone to read it.

---

**Atlas:** Hey! Great job today. I’m so proud of your dedication to getting stronger. Glad the idea of a 4 a.m. workout didn’t put you off \*wink face\*

---

I snorted and held my phone up to my chest like a giggling schoolgirl.

A wink.

HE WINKED AT ME VIA TEXT.

I stared at my phone for a few moments, my fingers lingering over the keyboard, pondering my response.

---

**TEGAN:** Hey! Thank you! I had a really great teacher \*wink face\*

---

Shit. Was that too much?!

Flirting was hard. Just be yourself, Teg.

Oh hey, Atlas. Thanks for rubbing your wolfman dick against my ass today. I definitely don't have ulterior motives for hauling my ass out of bed at four a.m. to throw around weights.

No, no. Don't say that.

---

**Atlas:** Nah, you're a natural. Remember, four a.m. tomorrow \*smiley face\*

---

He finished that one with a really cute blushing smiley face.

It was the same face I'd seen him make at me before, but ya know, the wolf version.

---

**Tegan:** \*crying laughing emoji\* I didn't forget. Setting my alarm right now.

---

I hit send and waited.

---

**Atlas:** Good. See you in the morning \*two hearts emoji\* \*weight emoji\*

---

Holy shit.

I stared at the heart emoji for a beat.

Did he mean hearts for me? Or did he mean hearts for the gym.

I needed an outside opinion.

I scrolled through my contacts and dialed Declan's number. Luckily for me he answered on the second ring.

"Dude, we have a serious emergency," I said through the line.

"Oh my gods. Is this about the wolfguy you were telling me about? I'm all ears, baby. Spill that tea." Declan was so funny. He was always down for drama and gossip. I couldn't ask for a better life coach or friend.

"He freaking texted me, Dec. I'm freaking out."

"Are you serious?" he squealed. "What did he say?"

"I don't know, a bunch of things. He sent me a heart emoji, Dec. I'm sending over a screenshot right now. Hold please." I snapped a shot of the

conversation and sent it to him.

“TEGAN. Babe. He is totally flirting!” There was no mistaking the excitement in his voice. This confirmed it. This was really happening.

“I don’t know what to do!” I groaned as I threw myself down on my bed. I was known to be a little dramatic from time to time.

“What do you mean you don’t know what to do? You’re going to work out with him and flirt with him, Teg. Push those titties out, sway those hips when you walk. We both know your ass looks amazing in leggings.” Dec was gay but he told it like it was. My ass really did look amazing in leggings. I thought about it for a second and I could hear Declan breathing on the other end of the phone.

“Well?” he said expectantly.

“I-I’m gonna do it. He’s interested and I’m obviously interested, so I’m gonna go for it.”

Declan screamed so loud I had to pull the phone away from my ear. “Yes, girl! Yes. Proud of you for admitting to yourself that he is in fact interested and no longer blindly ignoring the signs he’s been sending your way. Text me tomorrow and let me know how it goes?”

“Duh. I should probably get to bed anyway.” I looked at the time and calculated how many hours of sleep I’d be able to squeeze in before I started cursing Atlas’s name.

“Oh, and Teg, snap me a pic of his ass if you can.”

“Sure thing, you fucking perv. Night,” I said before hanging up the phone.

I might just have to do that. My spank bank could use something other than website photos.





BEEP.

BEEP.

BEEP.

My eyes fluttered open and a smile spread across my muzzle. Four a.m. really wasn't that bad when I knew a strawberry blonde beauty would be waiting in the gym for me. Well, hopefully. She didn't seem too thrilled about the prospect of an early morning workout, but I was thrilled over the idea of having her and the gym all to myself.

I threw off my comforter and stretched before raking my claws along my bare thighs.

Yeah, I slept in the nude. Fur was hot.

My claws tapped against the hardwood as I made my way over to my walk in closet. Carpet was a no go when you had claws. Too many snags.

I really didn't understand why *she* insisted I *had* to have such a large closet.

Everything I owned was essentially athletic clothing. Tank tops, compression shorts, basketball shorts, hoodies, gray sweatpants.

The necessities.

In fact, my house was pretty excessive in general. I would have been content with a smaller place, but a certain someone had pressured me into this ostentatious monstrosity. Coming from a monster, you knew it had to be bad, but she was gone and now I was stuck with it. It had seemed like a great investment initially. I'd live here with someone I loved and fill up the empty rooms with our babies, but now it reminded me of how utterly alone I was.

I pulled on a pair of briefs, then basketball shorts that hit right above my knees, checking to see what it looked like with my cock tucked into the waistband like I did the other day when Tegan made me pop a boner. I was pretty certain that more of the same would be happening during our training sessions together. Maybe I could wear a cup? What was that thing male models did with a piece of bread in their underwear—maybe I could do that. I'd probably need two slices, or maybe even a burrito-sized tortilla.

I snorted and shook my head. Gods, what the fuck was I doing. Per usual, I put on a Leviathan Fitness tank and topped things off with a neon green Leviathan Fitness hoodie. The morning walk to the gym was chilly and I didn't like people looking at my nipples.

After getting dressed, I walked down to the kitchen and mixed my preworkout shake, checking my reflection in the microwave. My fur was an absolute mess but it was nothing a hat couldn't fix.

The current preworkout in my rotation tasted like those super sweet fish candies and made my skin feel like it was covered in spiders. Really got my blood flowing, but in a good way. But maybe not when I'd be around Tegan.

Speaking of Tegan. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and checked my messages. We were definitely flirting yesterday. There was definitely something there between us and it made me excited.

My claws clicked against the glass of the phone screen as I typed out my message.

---

**Atlas:** Just making sure you're awake!

---

I took a few swigs of my preworkout and gazed down at my phone expectedly. The moment it vibrated a wide smile turned up the corners of my muzzle.

Tegan.

---

**Tegan:** I'm awake. Barely.

---

A photo popped up on the screen next.

It was a picture of her dressed in black leggings with her new Leviathan Fitness tank top knotted into a crop top. The material stretched tight across her breasts and that same delicious band of skin showed above the waistband of her leggings. The strands of her strawberry blonde hair were tossed into another messy bun, her wide pink tongue stuck out of her mouth, and with her free hand she was flipping the camera off—flipping me off!

She was so adorable. And she was flirting with me.

Shit.

Was I supposed to send her a picture back? I looked like garbage.

I hauled ass upstairs to my bathroom, the only room in my house with a full length mirror long enough to capture my entire six foot seven frame.

Oh shit, a hat.

I ran to my bedroom and scanned my shelves for something that went with neon green. Purple would work.

I flipped the snapback on and carefully worked my ears through the holes before stroking my claws through the hair of my face and muzzle, doing whatever I could to make myself look less disheveled. At this rate, I'd have to jog to the gym or I'd be late, but I wanted to show off a little bit. Show her that I was pretty damn good looking too.

Standing in front of my mirror, I puffed out my chest and flexed my quads, the lines of my muscles showing through my fur. I cocked my head to the side and smirked before snapping the pic.

Perfect.

My finger hovered over the send button.

What if she thought I was being douchey or showing off? I didn't want her to feel uncomfortable during our session together.

But she had obviously initiated this by sending me a picture of her.

I was so out of practice with this shit, but I decided to say fuck it and hit send.

It felt like I waited forever for her to respond when in reality it was probably pretty instantaneous.

---

**Tegan:** Holy moon goddess, Atlas. \*heart eyes emoji\*

---

Thank gods I lived alone because I howled like a teenage wolfgirl.

Tegan had sent me a heart eyes emoji.

There was sexual tension between us and I was about to spend the next two hours pretty much alone with her, my body against hers while I helped her train.

I groaned and adjusted my cock from where it was already starting to swell in my shorts.

A run was desperately needed. Maybe if I expended some energy I'd be able to keep my cool around her.

I sent her a quick text, just to let her know I was on my way, throwing my stuff in my gym bag and flinging it over my shoulder before heading out the door.

Usually I ran to music, but this morning I wanted to be alone with my thoughts. I focused on my breathing as the rough pads of my feet pounded on the pavement. The city was quiet and dark. As an apex predator of the night, I felt at home and in my element. My nose stung from the cold morning air, but it drew my focus away from Tegan, at least temporarily.

I wondered if I'd be able to get her to come for a morning run with me at some point. Seeing those full tits bob up and down with each of her footfalls. I'd probably end up dragging her off the path and fucking her in the forest. Claiming every inch of her body while leaves and twigs got stuck

in her hair and my fur. Covering her with my scent. Oh, I'd get her to come on a run all right.

I laughed at my joke and picked up the pace, my stride turning into a full on sprint as the gym appeared in the distance. I was so excited to get there. I needed to see her.

Even though my pace would have been excruciating for a human, it only took me a moment to catch my breath before opening the doors to the gym. I'd barely broken a sweat.

I glanced over at the front counter and that's when I saw her. She was propped over the desk playing on her phone, her plump ass popped out on full display and wiggling back and forth slightly.

I wanted to bite it.

Sitting next to her on the counter was a white box, and I smirked, knowing she upheld her end of the bargain.

"You beat me here!" I said a little too loudly, the boom of my voice causing her to jump.

"Shit, Atlas. You scared me!" she said as she turned around to face me.

My heart thumped loudly in my chest at the sight of her and my annoying tail joined in, wagging back and forth at lightning speed.

"Uh, sorry. I didn't mean to." I rubbed my shoulder awkwardly and bit my lip, my fang digging into my skin. Gods dammit, Atlas. Stop being a total wolfman freak. You scared her. The exact opposite of what you want to do.

She grabbed the box of cupcakes and smiled up at me. "It's okay. I'm just not used to someone being so chipper at four a.m. is all." She held the box out toward me. "Your payment, good sir."

So. Fucking. Cute.

She called me sir. Was that a turn on for me?

Shit.

It was definitely a turn on.

I reached out and took the box from her, smiling so hard my cheeks hurt. "Thank you. I can't wait to dig into these later. Lemme just put them in my office and we can get started."



# TEGAN

*Sir.* I could see lust spark to life in those vivid yellow eyes when I called him that. I wondered what other names he'd like. Maybe daddy. I could get down with that. Especially if spanking was involved.

I felt more confident after our photo exchange this morning. I don't know what compelled me to send him a selfie, but I had to shoot my shot.

There was just something about him that did it for me. He was so calm and self-assured as he walked me through the different machines and exercises we'd be doing. Part of it was probably because of how long he'd been doing this, but I also got the impression that it was just Atlas's overall demeanor. He was effortlessly cool.

And hot.

“That sound like a plan, Tegan?” His deep growl of a voice brought me out of my thoughts as he passed me a ten pound dumbbell.

“Mhm. Yep. Sounds good.” I bobbed the weight from side to side awkwardly. “What am I supposed to be doing again?”

Atlas chuffed out a laugh and stepped up behind me, his hulking frame dwarfing mine in the mirrored wall in front of us. He brought his hands up to my arms, the rough pads of his fingers guiding them to where they needed to be.

“Like this,” he said as he leaned in closer and helped move my arms through a hammer curl.

His body was so close to mine that I could feel the warm puffs of his breath on my neck with each word he spoke. I did my best to concentrate on what I was doing, but I managed to stick my ass out while I did it until I was almost grinding on him.

I could feel his dick getting hard against me, and when I finished my last set, our eyes met in the mirror.

“Shit, Tegan. I am so sorry,” he said before stepping back and turning away from me, his hands cradling the back of his head.

I set the weights down and moved closer to him. “Atlas, I-I like you. I’m sorry if that wasn’t already painfully obvious.” I reached up and gave his bicep a gentle squeeze.

He turned and stared down his muzzle at me, those golden orbs blazing with desire. “I like you too. And it was probably painfully obvious just now.”

“Come here then.” I crooked my finger, beckoning him down to my level.

“You don’t have to ask me twice.” He moved with such speed that it was unnatural. Atlas’s lips crashed into mine, the short hairs on his muzzle tickling my face as he pulled my body flush against his. I moaned and angled my head in order to give him better access to my mouth. Kissing someone with an elongated muzzle was different. The kiss couldn’t be quite as deep, or my face would be in Atlas’s mouth.

But to be honest, it was sexy as fuck knowing that at any moment that mouth full of sharp teeth could rip me to shreds. That this hot as sin wolverine could be so sweet yet so dangerous.

Atlas grabbed my hip and pulled me closer, the tips of his claws digging into me just the slightest as his cock rubbed against my pussy. He slipped his tongue into my mouth and its rough, textured surface dragged against my tongue.

I groaned, imagining what that tongue would feel like against my pussy, teasing my clit in long, slow strokes.

“Atlas,” I moaned his name into his mouth. “Is anyone else here?”

“No,” he murmured between kisses.

Perfect.

I pulled away from him and grabbed onto one of his fingers, leading him over to one of the weight benches.

“Sit down.” My voice was breathy and I was sure my face was red from our makeout session.

I expected some half-assed protest, but he adjusted his boner and sat down on the bench.

Leaning in, I gave him a quick peck on the lips before lowering to my knees in front of him. “Pull out your cock.”

“Baby, you don’t have to do this,” he said, his brow furrowed with concern.

Baby. Atlas called *me* baby.

“Please. I need it.” I didn’t even recognize the sound of my own voice. Who was this lusty sex goddess?

The corner of Atlas’s muzzle curled up into a mischievous smile as he slipped down his shorts and underwear, letting his cock spring free.

Holy fuck.

Hung like a horse was nothing compared to hung like a wolfman.

His cock was enormous. It was long and thick with a few prominent veins running along the underside. A light dusting of gray fur covered his heavy balls, but the shaft was smooth and hairless, the skin the same gray color as his fur.

But then there was the tip.

The head of his cock was a bright, vibrant red. A bead of precum was already collecting along the slit and it made my mouth water. I wanted to taste it.

I ran my fingers through the fur of Atlas’s thighs and he shuddered. “Do you want me to suck your cock, Atlas?”



“Fuck, please,” he growled as the tips of his claws pierced the bench with an iron grip.

I licked my lips and leaned forward, opening my mouth and taking the tip of his cock inside. The taste of his precum hit my tongue and made me hum with delight. It was sweeter than a human’s. None of that salty, bleach-like taste that I was used to from my previous partners. I’d happily swallow for him any day.

“Unf, Tegan,” he groaned and slid his hands into my hair, tangling his fingers in the strands and not forcing me down onto his cock. I was thankful for that because he was so big I was worried I’d gag. Throwing up on someone’s dick the first time you blow them isn’t a good look.

I relaxed my throat, taking him deeper and deeper with every shallow bob of my head. It certainly wouldn’t happen today, but I was determined to deep throat him someday.

Look at me, already making plans to do this again.

Atlas started thrusting his hips lightly, his measured breaths turning into desperate pants. “Yes, baby. Look at you taking my cock as deep as you can. You’re doing so well. Feels so fucking good.”

I hummed and sucked harder, my lips tingling from the stretch and from the suction, but I slowed when I ran into something.

Bringing my hand up to Atlas’s shaft, I gripped near the base and felt a thickened ring of tissue circling his cock.

“Ahh, fuck,” he groaned. “Ha, I see you found my knot. Do you know what that is, Tegan?” I looked up, my eyes meeting his gaze while I kept on sucking. “When I fuck your tight pussy you’ll find out. We’ll see if you can take it.”

Fuck. Not only did he want to put his gigantic cock inside of me, but that thick ass knot was supposed to fit inside of me too? That was fucking hot.

Atlas gripped my head a little tighter and pistoned his hips in light thrusts. “That’s right. You like this monster cock, don’t you, sweet thing? Yeah, just like that.”

I worked my mouth over his cock with fast bobs of my head, my spit mixing with precum, dribbling down my chin and onto Atlas’s balls.

My fingers clenched around his knot and Atlas sucked in a breath, his hands tightening in my hair once again.

“Yes, Tegan, yes! I’m gonna come.” His voice was a deep growl, low and desperate to finish.

Again, I plunged his cock into the back of my throat as far as I could, my tongue cupping the veins on the underside of his dick until I felt it start to pulse. His breathing was ragged and he made little grunts with each jump of his cock. Thick spurts of his warm cum filled my mouth as his body shuddered beneath me. That sweet flavor that was so distinctly Atlas.

Eventually, his body stilled and his grip on my head loosened. I pulled off with a slight pop and a small stream of cum trickled out onto my chin. Before I could wipe it away, Atlas’s thumb was there. Ever so gently, he wiped it away and popped the rough pad of his finger into my mouth. I groaned and sucked his finger, careful to avoid his claw. I looked up at Atlas, his yellow eyes slightly hooded, and a contented grin plastered to his muzzle.

“Good girl. That was amazing,” he said with a sigh as he tucked his cock back into his pants. Holding out a clawed hand, he pulled me to my feet then onto his lap. The corded muscles of his thighs were as solid as a rock underneath me, and for the first time—possibly ever—I wasn’t worried that I was too heavy for someone to be holding me like this.

Atlas nuzzled his snout along my temple before gently nipping my ear with his teeth. “Say something, Tegan. You’re making me worried.” His voice was a quiet whisper.

I reached up and ran my fingers through the soft fur of his cheek, bringing his face closer to mine. “I just sucked your dick in the gym.” I snorted a laugh and I felt my cheeks redden.

Warm, rumbling laughter erupted from Atlas’s chest and he rubbed the damp tip of his nose against mine affectionately. “You did. And it was hot as fuck.”



Was this seriously happening to me? Did the girl of my dreams really suck my dick in my gym?

Fuck yeah, she did.

I was fairly confident she sucked my soul right out through my cock.

She had me so far gone for her that it was sad. I might as well have her name tattooed on my balls.

I held her like that for a few more minutes, just savoring the feeling of her body pressed against mine and basking in post-orgasm bliss.

“We should probably finish our workout I guess, right?” she whispered while rubbing her face into the ruff of fur along my neck.

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” I sighed and set her on her feet before rising next to her.

For the rest of our session we exchanged giggles and furtive glances, with Tegan's cheeks flushing each time my body brushed up against hers.

I worked her through some stretches for her cooldown and decided it was time to address the elephant in the room.

“So, uh, what are you doing tonight?” Goddess help me. I had no game.

She smirked and bent over in front of me to touch her toes, her entire ass filling my field of view. “I don’t have any plans just yet,” she said coyly.

Oh what a tease! She was going to kill me.

“Would you want to come over for dinner at my place? I, um, I understand if you’re not looking for anything ser—”

She cut me off before I could finish digging myself into a self-deprecating hole.

“I’d love to come over for dinner, Atlas Oberon. I’ll bring dessert.” She glanced at the time on her phone. “Shoot. I need to go get some cakes in the oven.” She quickly gathered her things and stepped close to me.

“Text me the time and your address. I’ll see you later. Thanks for the workout.” She stood on her tiptoes and placed a light kiss on my muzzle before rushing out the door.

I stood there for a moment in a daze.

Was this really happening to me?

An awful break up, a six month dry spell, and then I literally stumble upon the girl of my dreams?

I was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

“Shit, dude! Who the fuck was that?” Fallon’s familiar squawk echoed out from my office.

Gods dammit.

Nosey fucking bird.

“Fallon!” I growled, “What did I tell you about watching the cameras?”

He walked out to greet me, his talons held up in front of his body submissively. “I didn’t mean anything by it! I just saw you working out with a hot girl and got curious, that’s all.”

I closed my eyes and tried to calm myself down.

“I mean, that explains why you haven’t wanted to come out with me. How long has this been a thing?” He made the best kissy noises that his beak would allow and batted his beady, little bird eyes at me.

I was going to kill him.

Without warning, I pounced and pinned Fallon against the wall, my muzzle just inches away from his face.

“That hot girl is Tegan and if I ever catch you spying on us again, I’ll chop off your wings and throw them in the air fryer for a snack. Got it, you smug fucker?” My snout curled in a snarl and little specks of drool flew out onto Fallon’s face with each of my words.

“G-got it, boss.” I let him go and his body crumpled on the floor in a heap.

I took a few deep breaths and rubbed my shoulders, forcing myself to relax. I knew Fallon didn’t mean anything by it, but spying on your best friend/boss and his lady friend on camera was not cool. Fucking voyeur.

I reached out a paw to him and he looked at it for a few moments before gripping it with his talon and allowing me to help him to his feet.

“How long were you watching us?” I asked, even though I wasn’t sure I wanted the answer.

“Just for the stretches. I swear on my life, dude.” He shrank back from me submissively. I’d never physically fought Fallon—or anyone for that matter—but I knew I was a scary guy.

“Sorry, man. I just lost my cool for a second.” My ears tucked back against my head and my tail swayed lightly, my body attempting to apologize for my lack of restraint. “Do you remember when I said I helped out that wedding cake baker? That was her.”

“Oh, shit! That was the cupcake girl! Damn, she has an ass on her. You didn’t mention that.”

A low growl crept out of my throat and my eyes narrowed.

“It’s too fucking easy with you, man. I’m totally kidding. She’s cute though, and it seems like she’s into you.”

“Thanks,” I muttered under my breath.

“So are you, like, dating her?” Fallon asked, cocking his head to the side questioningly.

“I mean, it’s still super new. Like, it’s been a few days. We’re talking? I guess?” It had been so long since I’d last done this that I wasn’t up on all the lingo the kids were using these days. I knew for sure that it was too early to consider Tegan and I dating, but she did just have my dick in her mouth earlier. That had to mean something was going on between us.

“Oh, tight. So, when are you going to see her again? We should all go out sometime!” I could see the wheels in Fallon’s peabrain turning.

I sighed and walked back to my office with Fallon following close behind. “She’s actually coming over tonight for dinner,” I said as I opened the box of cupcakes on my desk.

Food was always a comfort for me when I was stressed.

“You just met the girl and you’re already inviting her over to your mansion? Strong flex, but okay.” Fallon plopped down in the seat across from me and ruffled his feathers.

“What?” I said through a mouthful of peanut butter icing. “I can’t help it that I live in a fucking mansion, Fallon. I’m sort of stuck with it at this point.” My words came out garbled because of the sticky consistency of the icing, but Fallon seemed to make out what I was trying to say.

“I’m just saying that she might get the wrong impression is all. I mean, you’re Mr. Moneybags for sure, but don’t you want her to like you for something other than that.”

I wasn’t sure what he was trying to get at. I didn’t get the impression that Tegan was some sort of gold digger or that she’d be put off by my not-so-humble abode.

“Fallon,” I said as I gulped down the cupcake. “You need to shut up.”

He laughed awkwardly, a high pitched chuffing sound. “Sorry, man. You know I’m more of a hookup guy. I just want this to go well for you.” I could hear the sincerity in his voice. I don’t think I would have made it through those first few months of my breakup if it wasn’t for Fallon. We had hung out practically every day and I was thankful as fuck for the guy. Even if he did get on my last fucking nerve.

“Thanks, my guy. I want it to go well too.” I slid the box of cupcakes across the desk to him. “Cupcake?”

He selected a carrot cake cupcake and plucked it into his mouth with his talons. “These things are like crack. Do you think she has any friends?”

I grinned, showing off the sharp points of my fangs. “I’ll make sure I ask just for you, Fal.”



# TEGAN

My phone vibrated in my pocket just as I put the finishing touches on the cake I was decorating. “Selene, can you grab my phone and check my messages, please?”

My assistant’s full lips quirked up in a sly smile. “Oh damn, I wonder if it’s wolfboy.”

“Stop it,” I snorted.

Since my little cake faux pas had led me to meet Atlas, I couldn’t be mad that Selene had left me high and dry the other day. Besides, stomach viruses and working with food didn’t mix. A little cake on the sidewalk

wasn't nearly as bad as spreading a virus to the most prestigious wedding of the year.

Selene shimmied next to me and reached under my apron, pulling my phone from my pocket. Her brown eyes twinkled when she read the lock screen. "Tegan! You stalker! You made his contact photo the picture from his website?"

My cheeks flushed red and I had to fight to keep my hands steady as I piped a rosette. "M-maybe."

"Oh gods, Tegan. You're a total simp for this guy! You got it bad, girl!"

"Selene. Focus. Passcode is four three seven three."

"Alright, alright, boss bitch," she said while tapping in the code. I watched her with bated breath while she read the message.

"Selene! What did he say!" Gods, I wanted to smack her ass with the piping bag for being a brat.

"He said, 'I had a lot of fun this morning. You're very cute. What's your favorite meal? What are you bringing me for dessert? Wink face! He sent you a wink face!'" She shrieked out the last part.

This was a mistake. I should have just waited to read the text myself like a normal person.

Shit.

"What do I say?" Now it was my turn to shriek.

"Oh goddess, you are so adorable, Tegan! Just tell him what your favorite meal is! I know you love shrimp scampi, so just say that. And don't think I'm letting the wink face go. It sounds like he wants you for dessert." She threw her head back and cackled as I snatched the phone away from her.

---

**Tegan:** I had a lot of fun too. I really like shrimp scampi! But if you have a seafood allergy, we can have something else! And I'll handle dessert \*wink face\*

---

SELENE READ the message from over my shoulder as I hit send. "Look at you, ya little flirt. You better *be* dessert after this morning's gym stunt. We don't like men who receive but don't give."



She was one hundred percent correct in that. I didn't have time for men who weren't down to lick the kitty. I had the feeling that I'd actually have the opposite problem with Atlas. He'd probably apply that same practiced perfectionism to cunnilingus as he did to working out and sculpting his body.

WE STOOD in silence for a few seconds, staring wide-eyed at my phone like two love drunk idiots. Yeah, I was making Selene a part of this. She was invested.

I almost dropped my phone when it vibrated.

---

**Atlas:** Shrimp scampi it is. What you want, you'll get. Especially after this morning \*wink face\* I owe you one, baby.

---

"Baby!" Selene screamed in my ear. "He's calling you baby! Tegan!" She covered her face with her tanned forearm in a fake swoon.

"Well, it definitely sounds like he's down to reciprocate." I chuckled under my breath and bit down on my lower lip to fight back a smile.

"So, what are you wearing? Definitely not workout gear, right?" She cocked an eyebrow at me, obviously judging.

I wasn't known for being a fashion icon.

"Well, I was actually hoping you could help me pick something out." I clenched my hands together pleadingly and batted my green eyes at her.

"Yeah, yeah. I've got you. I mean this is a big deal, Teg. Did you get a time yet?"

"Oh shit. No. I need his address too."

---

**Tegan:** I almost forgot! What time and what's your address?

---

It only took a second for Atlas to respond.

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**Atlas:** How's 6 p.m.? I usually eat at 5 because I'm a grandpa, but I'll have a snack before I start dinner. My address is 317 Pinefall Way. See ya then \*kiss face\*

---

Selene's mouth was hanging open. "Oh, Tegan. Pinefall Way? That is a high rent area, honey. Isn't that the gated development where the mayor lives?"

Panic welled up inside of my chest. "Fuck. It is, isn't it?"

Selene grimaced and shook her head in confirmation.

"I mean, it's fine. He seems like a perfectly normal guy. So what if he lives in a really fancy house in a really fancy neighborhood, right? He seems like he likes me."

She schooled her expression and wiped a streak of icing off of my cheek. "Yeah, it'll be totally fine. Just be yourself, Teg. He definitely doesn't give off rich asshole vibes."

Over the past two years as my assistant, Selene had become one of my most trusted friends, second only to Declan. If Atlas was giving off any red flags, she would let me know for sure. She could be annoying as fuck sometimes, but I loved the girl.

"Yeah, it'll be fine. I'm freaking out over nothing. Did you want to meet me at my house around four thirty? Do you think that'll give us enough time?" I wasn't sure how long pre-dinner date primping took. It had been a long time since your girl had been on anything other than a casual hookup.

"That'll give us plenty of time. I'll bring a few dresses with me. I know you're all about that cutesy, girl next door shit."

She was right. Sundresses, floral prints, twirly dresses—I was one hundred percent about that cutesy, girl next door shit. At least when it came to my appearance.

"You know what, I'll bring Declan too. He's better at doing makeup than I am anyway," she added. The friend squad came in clutch during my time of need.

---

SELENE AND DECLAN showed up at my house at 4:35 p.m. with several floral dresses and a bottle of champagne in tow. Although I wasn't normally

one to drink, they insisted that a glass or two would help to ease some of the pre-date jitters that had been rattling my nerves since we closed the shop for the afternoon.

A chocolate coconut cake and two piping bags full of icing sat in a box on my kitchen counter, just waiting for me to take them to Atlas's. I hope he likes the flavor I picked, but given his cupcake tastes, the wolfman wasn't too picky.

I grabbed three glasses from the cabinet and led them to the master bedroom of my cozy, one story cottage.

Selene threw the dresses down on my unmade bed before setting to work popping the cork on champagne.

"Please don't give me a black eye. The last thing I need is to cancel my date with a hot wolfman over a trip to the ER," I said while side-eyeing Selene and the bottle of champagne.

"Relax, she's a pro at this," Declan said as he smacked my ass playfully.

Selene laughed her signature raspy chuckle and undid the stopper, catching the cork with the hem of her t-shirt. "See, Dec knows what's up. No black eyes, just bubbles," she said confidently as she poured us each a glass.

"So what are you thinking hair and makeup wise? I was thinking something light and shimmery to accent your skin tone, a nice natural makeup look." Declan dug through the rolling makeup case he'd brought along with him and pulled out a few palettes.

"Maybe I can throw some waves in your hair? It's getting so long. I think it'll look pretty like that." Selene circled around me, her eyes roving over my body as she sipped her champagne.

"You know I trust your judgment. I mean, I'd probably just wear leggings. I know he's a fan of those."

Selene was the expert on all things fashion. At only twenty-three, she was more in touch with this shit than I was. Plus, we wore the same dress size, even if she was two inches taller than me.

I shook out my messy bun and ran my fingers through my strawberry blonde tresses before heading over to inspect the dresses she'd brought with her. A light pink gingham dress with a sweetheart neckline immediately caught my attention.

"Ha. I knew you'd love that one. It has real kawaii vibes. Perfect for your whole aesthetic, Teg."

I didn't even bother looking at the rest of the dresses in the pile and headed straight into the bathroom with the dress, closing the door with a loud thud behind me.

"Make sure you come out and let us see it! Even if you don't like it!" Selene shouted from the bedroom.

"We mean it, Tegan!" Declan added.

I undid the tie of my robe and let the fuzzy piece of material fall to the floor. I caught a glimpse of my naked body in the mirror before pulling on my dress. My breasts were substantial, with light pink nipples and delicate streaks of white stretch marks. My waist was soft and round and widened to thick thighs that rubbed together when I walked—also complete with bands of stretch marks.

It wasn't a perfect body, not by conventional beauty standards, but I loved and appreciated it. Loved and appreciated all of the things that it allowed me to do. It was strong, healthy, and it obviously called to the desires of an attractive wolfman.

I shimmed on my best push up bra, taking care to make sure my nipples were tucked into the cups securely. With the sweetheart neckline, a nip slip was definitely possible. I stepped into the gingham beauty and held my breath as I pulled up the zipper.

Please, goddess, fit.

I was sure that we could figure something else out, but I really wanted to wear this damn dress and live out my cottagecore queen fantasies.

When the zipper clicked into place at the base of my shoulder blades, I could have cried tears of joy.

I stared at myself in the mirror for a moment, admiring how the dress accentuated every curve of my body, defining my breasts and waist before flaring out at the bottom.

Atlas was going to be foaming at the mouth over the sight of me in this dress.

I looked like an absolute snack.

"Hey. Are you ready to see it?" I yelled out to my best friends in a singsong voice.

"Duh. Of fucking course we're ready. I'm freaking dying out here, Teg." Declan groaned the last part for emphasis.

I took a deep breath and smiled before turning the knob. When I stepped out into the bedroom, I grabbed the hem and did a little twirl for them, the

dress billowing around me.

“Stunning, baby.” That was all Declan said before draining the rest of his champagne.

“Oh my gods. This is the one. You look amazing,” Selene said before wrapping me in a tight hug.

I knew Atlas was going to think so too.



What the fuck did one wear on a dinner date when you're an absolute gym bro? I was pretty sure gray sweatpants didn't count for date attire other than GetFlix and chill—which I would totally be down for with Tegan—but that wasn't what this was.

I rummaged through my closet hoping I could find a pair of jeans that would fit over the twin barrels I called my thighs.

"Aha," I yelled to myself when I pulled them down off of the very top shelf of my closet. Tugging at the material, I was shocked that it had a slight stretch to it. These might actually work.

I kicked off my sweats and wriggled the jeans up my calves and then by some miracle they made it over my thighs. When my tail was worked through the specially-made hole in the back, the jeans buttoned no problem and sat low on my waist, just below the V on my adonis belt.

I flexed and looked at my abs peeking through my gray fur.

Fuck.

What if Tegan thought abs were douchey?

I mean, I didn't need to train as hard these days, I guessed. I had no plans on competing anytime soon.

I mean dad bods were in these days, right?

Shit.

What shirt was I going to wear?

I flicked through the rows of hangers, wondering if all I owned were Leviathan Fitness t-shirts and tank tops.

There had to be something a little more dressy in here.

My eyes caught on a light pink button-down shirt. It reminded me of the color of Tegan's cheeks when she blushed.

I was positive that she had to like pink.

I snatched it from the hanger and lumbered over to the mirror.

"Come on, fit. Please, gods, fit," I mumbled under my breath as I pulled on the thin piece of material, taking extra care not to snag it with my claws.

I slipped my arms in and shrugged it over my shoulders, holding my breath while I did so.

"Yes!" I shouted as I fumbled with the buttons. Big hands made buttons difficult enough, and when you paired those with claws it was a tedious task.

I stepped back and admired myself in the mirror, my tail swaying from side to side behind me.

I really hoped she liked how I looked in something other than gym clothes.

The fur on top of my head curled wildly and I did my best to tame it, but it was a losing battle. Tegan would just get a chance to see me in all of my furry glory.

*Buzz.*

My phone vibrated in my pocket and I pulled it out to turn off my alarm.

5:40 p.m.

She should be arriving soon.

I'd prepped the shrimp scampi earlier and it simmered in a skillet on the stove. I just had to throw in the garlic bread and we'd be good to go.

I wonder if I should have picked up some wine. Something white would have probably paired well with seafood, right?

Honestly, I had no fucking clue because I didn't drink, but in my time with she who should not be named, she had tried to bestow some 'culture' on my ass.

As I bolted down the stairs to the kitchen, I shook my head. Not tonight. All I'd be focusing on tonight was Tegan.

I still couldn't believe that she'd sucked me off this morning in the gym.

She was such a good sport about how my cock looked. The sheer size of it. My knot. Everything.

Holding her in my lap afterwards felt so normal.

So right.

And what was with those suggestive as fuck texts we were exchanging earlier?

I'd definitely be going down on her at some point this evening. I wanted to show her how fun a wolven's textured tongue could be.

I popped the garlic bread into the oven and stirred the scampi before anxiously pacing back and forth across the kitchen. I'd set us up to eat at the island because it felt more cozy than the formal dining room. To be honest, I hated that fucking thing. Most useless room in this entire fucking house.

In fact, a lot of these rooms were fucking useless.

Maybe I should just take the loss and sell the place. This wasn't who I was, and inviting Tegan over tonight had given me such intense anxiety.

I didn't want her to get the wrong impression of me.

I was still the same middle class wolven that was overweight as a pup, went to community college, and worked at his parents hardware store all throughout high school.

Sure, I had some money now, but that didn't change who I was and it never would.

That was one of 'her' biggest gripes about me.

Hoity bitch.

I was sure Tegan was different.

I could feel it in how she looked at me. The way she laughed. The pride she had in herself.



There was no faking those sorts of things.

Just as I was about to plop my ass onto one of the stools surrounding the island, my intercom system dinged to life.

“Mr. Oberon, a Ms. Tegan Rollins is here to see you. Would you like us to let her in?” Fucking gated communities. I was a wolverine. An apex predator. Why the fuck did I need to live in a gated community?

“Yes, Ken. Go ahead and let her in, thanks. In fact, add her to my priority guest list. She’s welcome at any time.” I puffed out a breath.

“Will do, sir. Have a lovely evening,” he said and with a click the intercom shut off.

Any moment now Tegan would pull up to my house. She was going to be here, in my home, having dinner with me.

I had to get this right.

There was no way I was letting that sweet little baker slip through my fingers.

My security system alerted me to movement in the driveway and I made my way to the front door just as Tegan rang the bell.

When I opened the door, the sight of her took my breath away. She looked gorgeous.

Her hair was styled in loose, flowing strawberry blond waves and her dress—sweet goddess, her dress. The light pink pattern matched my shirt and clung to every inch of her body, the low cut neckline putting her perfect breasts on full display. I mean, I hadn’t seen them yet, but I was confident that just like the rest of her, they were perfect.

My ears perked up and my tail shifted from side to side rapidly. I had to fight to keep my tongue from lolling out of my mouth.

“Hi there,” Tegan said with a giggle. “Are you going to keep staring or did you want to invite me inside?”

Haha shit. That sassy little attitude made me want to spank her ass until it was bright red.

I scratched my ear and smiled. “Oh, uh, yeah. Come on in. Glad to see you found the place okay.”

Glad to see you found the place okay? The fuck, Atlas? You live in the most exclusive neighborhood in town. Of course she found it okay. Idiot. Any game I had went down the drain when it came to Tegan. She reduced me to a bumbling simp.

And the truth was, I had no problem with it.

I held the door open and gestured for her to come inside, admiring the way her hips swayed with each of her steps.

“So, this is my house. Yes, I know it’s a little ridiculous for one person, but for the time being I’m sort of stuck with it.” I figured it was best to address the whole mansion thing sooner rather than later.

Tegan’s bright green eyes widened as she took in the sleek, white surfaces and modern decor. “I really like it, actually. And your shirt too. We match.”

My tail wagged harder like the stupid love drunk puppy I was. “You do?”

“Yes, silly.” She nudged my shoulder playfully. “Where can I put this?” Tegan held up a white box that I assumed was our dessert.

“Oh, the kitchen’s through here.” I carefully grabbed her hand and led her through the foyer to the kitchen.

“Atlas. Are you serious?” she mumbled as she looked around the kitchen.

“Hmm?” I asked as I took the box from her and sat it on the counter.

“This kitchen! This is like a full chef’s kitchen.” The excitement in her voice was cute.

“Well, I like to cook, so—” I shrugged and scrubbed my claws along the back of my neck.

“You’ll have to give me lessons,” Tegan said as she sat down at the island. “I’m hopeless when it comes to cooking.”

“Wait, wait, wait. Your job involves cooking.” I leaned over the counter and stared at her, just marveling at the sight of Tegan, here, in my house. On a date with *me*.

“I went to school to be a *pastry* chef, Atlas. That isn’t the same as being a regular chef.” She giggled and rolled her eyes at me before tucking a loose wave of hair behind her ear.

“Well, my apologies, Ms. Rollins. But I’d love to teach you to cook.” I gave her the most seductive smile I could muster before opening the fridge and peering inside. “Can I get you something to drink? I have sparkling water, blood orange sodas—”

She cut me off before I had the chance to list off the rest of the beverages I’d bought in a panic earlier, not knowing what her preferred drink was.

“Oh, I love blood orange. One of those, please.”



# TEGAN

I watched in awe as Atlas popped the tab on the soda can with the sharp black tip of his claw.

“Would you like me to pour it into a glass?” He cocked his head to the side, one of his ears drooping slightly in question.

Fuck. He was so freaking cute.

“The can is fine! No need to dirty a glass.” I smiled as he set the can down in front of me. That uniquely Atlas scent filled my nostrils and I had to do my best to keep from jumping his bones right then and there.

This was a date.

There would be plenty of time for sexy shenanigans after dinner.

“So, um, how long have you lived in Briar Glenn?” I asked, trying to steer my thoughts to something more appropriate.

“Since the integration. I, uh, I moved here with my ex.” He raised his eyebrows and took a long swig of his sparkling water.

“Ah, I see. I’m assuming the mansion was her idea?” I didn’t want to push him to bring up his personal life with me too soon, but I was genuinely curious. I wanted to know more about him.

“Absolutely,” he said with a deep laugh that did things for me. “I’d be fine living in a little cabin in the woods.”

Now it was my turn to laugh. “Really? That’s where I live. It’s a cottage though, not a cabin.”

His broad tongue swept out and licked over his lips as he shook his head. “You would live in an adorable little cottage in the woods.” He got up from his seat and opened the oven, checking on a loaf of garlic bread. “I’d love to come over and see it some time.”

The thought of him in my tiny cottage was hilarious, but it was an idea I could get behind.

Atlas slipped on a pair of heavy duty oven mitts and pulled the garlic bread out of the oven. He hummed as he plated two generous servings of scampi and placed the basket of garlic bread between us on the island.

Leaning over me, he set my plate down and whispered against the shell of my ear. “Dinner is served.” The cold tip of his nose sent a shiver down my spine and had warmth pooling between my legs.

So effortlessly sexy.

“Thank you,” I said as I spread my napkin over my dress.

The delicious aroma of garlic and parsley filled my nostrils as it wafted off the pasta. Atlas watched me, his yellow eyes glowing expectantly.

I picked up my fork and twirled a hefty bite around the prongs before popping it into my mouth.

“Mmm,” I groaned as the rich, buttery flavor hit my taste buds. Not only was he hot, but he was an amazing chef.

This was it. He was never getting rid of me now.

“Good?” he asked with a smile and finally picked up his own fork.

“It’s freaking delicious,” I said while trying to cover my full mouth with my free hand. I wasn’t being very ladylike, but Atlas seemed to preen over the compliment and finally dug into his own plate of pasta.

“So what about you? How long have you lived here?” he asked after swallowing a bite of food.

“I’ve lived here all of my life, actually. I commuted to the culinary school in Anderson and my mom actually owned the wedding cake shop before me. I grew up knowing what I wanted to do.”

Atlas set his fork down and folded his hands, placing his head on them he stared across the island at me intently. I took a sip of my water before continuing.

“My mom taught me everything I know and when she retired, I took over and hired an assistant to work underneath me.”

“The assistant who called out on you the other day and caused the great wedding cake debacle?” He rolled his eyes and smiled, showing off those dazzling, pointed teeth.

“Yes. Selene. That assistant. It worked out okay, though. I met a really hot wolf because of it.” My tongue darted out to wet my lip as my eyes swept up to lock my gaze with his.

“A hot wolf you say?” His grin widened.

“Yes, a very hot wolf.”

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ATLAS PUSHED his plate away and puffed out his cheeks with a deep groan.

“You alright over there?” I asked.

“I always eat too much when I have pasta.” There was a whiny edge to his otherwise deep voice.

“We can always skip dessert if you want.”

He scoffed and hoisted himself to his feet to collect our dishes. “There’s always room for dessert.”

Atlas placed our dishes in the sink before coming up behind me. He nuzzled his snout in my hair, his nostrils flaring and sending little puffs of warm air out over my neck.

“You smell so good, Tegan.” His voice was so gravelly I could feel his chest vibrating against my back.

I sighed and leaned into him as he kissed and licked along the column of my neck, trailing his lips and his tongue from my jawline to my

collarbone.

“Shit,” I gasped as one of Atlas’s clawed fingertips drew a line up my thigh. It was gentle enough not to draw blood, and the sensation sent a shiver down my spine.

“So soft. So sweet,” Atlas said as his hand continued to explore beneath my dress, his fingers creeping closer toward the heat of my pussy.

“Please,” I asked, eliciting a dark chuckle from Atlas.

He stepped away from me and I fought back a whine at the abrupt loss of contact.

I wanted him.

I needed him.

He was being a total fucking tease.

But in a way, I liked it.

The evidence being how wet I was and how tightly I clenched my thighs together, doing whatever I could to create some friction.

Atlas stepped toward the box I brought and flicked it open with the tip of his finger.

“What’s this?” he asked as he pulled out the piping bags full of icing.

My cheeks reddened.

“I—I thought maybe we could have some fun with icing. If—if you’re into that sort of thing.”

I already knew the answer. He’d be down.

Before I knew what was happening, Atlas was thrusting the piping bags into my hands and lifting me up off my stool.

“Wrap your legs around my waist.”

I did as I was told and felt the substantial bulge of his erection straining against his jeans. With each of his steps it rubbed against my pussy, driving my arousal even higher.

I had no idea how it was going to fit, but we were going to make this work.

One thing was for sure.

I was going to fuck Atlas Oberon.



Each step up to my room felt like agony with Tegan's precious pussy pressed tight against my cock. I could feel the warmth radiating off of her through my jeans, and I had to fight to stifle the groans that threatened to slip out of my mouth.

Tegan diligently held onto the bags of icing, her green eyes scanning the stairway, then the hall leading to my master suite.

I kicked open the door and carried her like the queen she was to the four poster king size bed in the middle of the room.

Tegan looked at the white duvet with a grimace and carefully placed the piping bags of chocolate icing on the nightstand.

“Atlas. This is a really nice duvet. What if we get icing all over it?”

It was cute that in the heat of the moment she cared about my comforter, when in reality I couldn't give two shits about that thing.

I pressed a button on my phone that closed the automatic blinds, and loosened the collar of my shirt.

“I don't care about the blankets, Tegan. But I don't plan to waste a single bite of that icing.” I unbuttoned my shirt slowly, watching as her eyes roamed up and down my body.

Without warning, I pounced, jumping on the bed and slowly crawling over to her.

“Atlas,” she moaned as my lips crashed into hers, my muzzle and her face colliding as intimately as they could.

Tegan's hands explored my body as her tongue explored my mouth. Her delicate fingers traced over the hard panes of my muscular chest before circling around the pointed tips of my nipples.

“That tickles,” I chuckled against her soft lips.

“Take your clothes off,” she asked, her chest heaving with heavy breaths.

“Oh yeah, you wanna get me naked, Ms. Rollins?” I growled as I trailed a pointed claw down her neck to the valley between her breasts.

I wanted to draw constellations with the freckles dotting her chest. Memorize their locations and kiss every single one.

“Yes. Please.” She asked so nicely, I had to comply.

“Anything for you, baby.” I gave her a quick peck on the lips before hopping off of the bed. There was no way I was going to awkwardly shimmy out of these jeans up there with her. If she wanted a show, she'd get one.

I didn't spend all those years on a stage flexing for nothing.

The lights dimmed when I tapped a button on my phone, and Tegan propped herself up with pillows, watching each of my movements intently.

I shrugged off my shirt before fumbling with my jeans. They unbuttoned without any issues, but I struggled to work them down over my thighs.

Shit, they were tight.

I hopped on one foot and tried to pull from the bottom of the leg, but it was no use. I threw my body onto the ground and lifted my hips, rolling them down over my ass, then my thighs and calves.



The whole time Tegan laughed wildly, her enjoyment of the entire situation overriding any embarrassment I felt.

I liked the girl and I was happy I could make her smile. Even if it was at my expense.

When I was finally down to my boxer briefs, I stood at the foot of the bed and looked up at Tegan. She stopped laughing and dug her teeth into her full lower lip.

“Fuck, you’re hot,” she said, her voice barely a whisper.

I rubbed my neck and smiled, sure that if my cheeks weren’t covered in fur I’d be blushing.

“You are too.” I got back up on the bed and slowly began to climb over top of her, taking my time to kiss whatever I could on my way up.

Stopping at her waist, I looked at her perfect body and debated all the wicked things I wanted to do to this woman.

One of my hands found its way to her pussy and rubbed her through the material of the dress. She groaned and arched her hips to meet my palm.

“That’s it. That’s my good girl,” I growled. “Is this what you want? A wolfman touching this pretty little pussy?”

“Gods, yes. Please, Atlas.” She sounded so desperate to have me. For the first time in a long time, I felt genuinely sexy. Genuinely wanted. No, not just wanted, *needed*.

Carefully, I spread her legs to accommodate my large body and slowly hiked up her dress, marveling at the way her smooth skin pebbled under my touch. My heart beat rapidly as her panties came into view, the delicate piece of pink lace just barely covering her pussy.

“Fuck, Tegan,” I growled. “You smell so fucking good.”

My snout pressed tight against her cunt, my nostrils flaring wildly to inhale as much of her as I could. I had to fight the urge to rub my face against her pussy. I wanted to mark myself with her scent.

She brought me back to reality. “Atlas, please touch me. Taste me. Something.”

My girl needed more and I’d always provide for her.

With shaky hands, I curled the tips of my claws under the waistband of her panties and pulled them over the expanse of her thick thighs. Across Tegan’s hips were bands of stretch marks, and I kissed and nuzzled them gently as I slid her panties down to her ankles.

Tegan kicked them off and spread her legs, making room between them for my broad body.

“Fuck,” I moaned as I shimmied between her legs, admiring the perfectly manicured landing strip that led straight to her glistening pussy. She was already wet for me.

My hands wrapped around the back of her thighs, forcing her legs wider as I brought my muzzle closer to her cunt. Her breath hitched as my tongue grazed against her folds before circling around her clit.

“Shit, Atlas,” Tegan said, and thrust her hips forward, pushing her delicious pussy against my face.

“Mmm,” I groaned. “So tasty. So sweet.”

I dragged my tongue against her clit repeatedly, working her up with each slow pass over the sensitive bud. I wanted to savor this. To eat Tegan like I was a starving wolf and she was my last meal.

Her body writhed beneath me and little moans, along with my name, slipped past her lips. I increased the pressure, rubbing the textured surface of my tongue roughly against her clit. Tegan’s thighs quivered and the wetness from her pussy coated my face. With her scent covering me, I was in heaven.

“Yes, Atlas,” she moaned from the mountain of pillows at the top of the bed.

“That’s right, baby. Come for me,” I growled against her pussy before flicking the tip of my tongue against her clit. My eyes focused on her face and with her full lips parted in a moan of pleasure, she came undone against my tongue.

My tail wagged the entire time.



# TEGAN

I lay there for a minute, unable to move or even think straight as Atlas joined me at the head of the bed. I'm pretty sure he had just given me an out of body experience. The wolf had charmed my pussy like no human had ever done before.

He wiped his face on his arm before placing a few gentle kisses along my shoulder. "You okay, baby?" he asked quietly, the gravelly bass in his voice sending shivers down my body.

"I'm more than okay." I sighed dreamily and ran my fingers through the slightly damp fur of his cheeks before pulling his face to mine.

My tongue slipped inside of his mouth without hesitation. I had no problem making out with him and tasting myself on his lips. The hard length of his cock pressed against my leg and he groaned as I pushed my body tight to his.

“Do you want to fuck? Maybe play with the icing?” I asked as Atlas nipped at my neck playfully.

“Fuck yes. I’ve been fantasizing about licking icing off of your naked body since the moment we met.” He rolled his hips into my thigh, forcing a moan out of me before helping me into a sitting position.

“Can you just get my zipper started for me?” I asked shyly as I swept my hair to the front of my chest.

“Sure thing, baby,” he said with a lazy smile. I didn’t think I’d ever get tired of hearing him call me that.

With expert precision, Atlas pinched the zipper between his claws. He slowly lowered it to the middle of my back before kissing along my spine, the soft fur of his muzzle tickling my bare skin.

I stepped off the bed and watched as Atlas propped himself against the headboard, his yellow eyes watching my every move.

One hand slipped behind my back and I slowly lowered the zipper the rest of the way, holding the dress up against my breasts with my free hand. Atlas’s tongue darted out to lick his lips as he palmed the stiff length of his cock through his briefs. I was reminded again of how large he was. How his cock had stretched my mouth and tested the limits of my gag reflex. And his knot. Oh goddess, that round, thick knot. Just the thought of it going inside of me had my pussy clenching.

“Undress for me, sweet thing,” Atlas growled, and slid his boxer briefs down his thighs. His cock sprang free and slapped against his abs, the tip already a glistening ruby red.

“Yes, sir.” My voice was heavy with lust as I dropped my arm and wiggled my hips, exposing my pink lace bra.

“Goddess,” he groaned, and pumped his cock.

And to be honest, I felt like one. Being the center of this sexy wolverine’s attention felt amazing. Almost as amazing as that orgasm. *Almost.*

I dropped my dress and a deep, rumbling sound resonated out of Atlas’s chest.

*Was that a purr?*

*He was purring at the sight of me.*

His eyes widened and he placed a hand over his chest while he stroked himself with his other hand. "Well that's never happened."

"I'll take it as a compliment then," I said as I unhooked my bra. My breasts bounced free, the cool air of the bedroom pebbling my nipples.

"Fuck," he grunted, and thrust his cock into his hands. A bead of precum dripped from the red tip of his head and I longed to taste it. His sweet flavor was addicting

I joined him on the bed and grabbed a bag of chocolate icing before straddling his legs.

"I want to taste you first," I told him as I took his cock in my free hand, giving his knot a squeeze.

"Shit, yes. You can do whatever you want, sweet thing."

I circled his knot with the piping bag, coating it with a thick layer of icing. It would be a nice reward for me when my mouth reached it.

Lowering my lips down to his cock, I stuck my tongue out and circled it around his head, the sweet flavor of his precum blooming along my tastebuds.

"Yes," he moaned as I slowly worked him deeper, my mouth and my gag reflex pushed to their limits as I bobbed closer to his knot.

I hummed when the taste of the icing filled my mouth and Atlas's cock tickled the back of my throat. The mixture of his sweet precum and the icing was intoxicating. Using my free hand, I massaged his tight sack.

"Tegan, fuck," he groaned. "You're gonna make me come if you keep working me over like this." He sucked in a breath. "And I'd rather come inside of you."

I pulled off his cock and licked the icing from my lips. "You want to come inside of me?"

He gave me a shy smile. "I mean, I'd like to, yeah. Do you have an IUD?"

I nodded my head. "Yeah, I have an IUD and I tested negative for any STDs a few months ago."

Atlas chuckled. "I wasn't worried about that. Wolven are immune to STDs and most illnesses. But I'm not sure if regular birth control would work if I came inside of you." He scrubbed a hand over his ear. "From what I read, an IUD should be able to prevent pregnancy."

I hadn't even considered any of these things, but apparently Atlas had thought about it and even researched it.

I thanked the goddess that I'd opted for an IUD instead of birth control pills because the thought of him filling me with his cum turned me the fuck on.

"Fuck, okay," I said and licked around his knot until it was free from any icing. One thing was for sure, I didn't want a UTI in addition to whatever else his cock was going to inflict on my pussy.

"Lay down," he instructed with a bossy edge to his voice.

Atlas rose to his knees and I lay on my back next to him, anxious for him to touch my body.

"So perfect. So mine," he whispered gruffly.

He took the piping bag in his hands and dotted my nipples with fluffy rosettes of icing before drawing a line over the swell of my stomach and down to just above my pussy.

"The most delicious treat," he growled, and circled his tongue around my nipple, making me moan and clutch the fur at the back of his head.

Atlas took my nipple in his mouth and dragged the sharp points of his teeth against it.

"Atlas," I moaned. "Bite me. P-please."

He looked up at me with his bright, twin moon eyes and flashed me a toothy grin.

With a snarl, he tugged on my nipple and rubbed the calloused tip of his finger against my clit.

"Fuck, yes. Atlas!" I screamed as an unexpected orgasm tore through me, causing my chest to heave and my thighs to shake.

The pleasure. The pain.

It was everything that I'd wanted and never been able to find with a human partner.

As I trembled beneath him, Atlas licked my other nipple clean before dragging his tongue along the line of icing down my stomach.

"Yes. That's right. Such a good girl for me. Such a little slut for my sharp teeth."

A moan slipped out of my parted lips at his dirty words. The mouth on this wolf.

"Oh, you like that, sweet thing? You like when I talk about what a needy girl you are?"

My chest heaved. "Mhm," I mumbled. "It's hot."

The corner of his muzzle turned up in a wolfish smile before he grazed his fangs against the soft skin of my inner thigh. I thrust my hips upward, toward his face and he chuckled.

“Okay, baby.” Another deep laugh rumbled out of him. “I’ll give you what you need.”

Atlas rose to his knees and carefully maneuvered himself between my legs. I watched in awe as he stroked the impressive length of his cock, the knot already thick and swollen and the red tip glistening with precum. With his free hand, he teased my folds. Because of the pointed tips of his claws, I had to fight the urge to buck my hips into his hand.

“Nice and wet for me,” Atlas said as he teased my entrance with his cock. “You ready, sweet thing? Gonna fuck you with this monster cock now.”

Ever so gently, Atlas eased inside with a deep groan. “Fuck, Tegan. You’re so tight.”

I closed my eyes and bit my lip, my fists white-knuckling the sheets as I stretched around him. The burning sensation was so intense I felt like I was being split in two.

Atlas paused and I felt the warm puffs of his breath on my face.

“Tegan. Look at me, baby,” he instructed gruffly.

My eyes flickered open and I gazed into Atlas’s golden irises.

“We can stop,” Atlas said as he stroked my jawline with the downy fur along the back of his hand. I could see the concern and indecision written all over his face. He wanted me but didn’t want to hurt me.

“N-no.” I gulped down a breath. “No. I want this. I-I just need a second.”

Atlas leaned closer and nuzzled the cool tip of his nose into my neck. “Take all the time you need, sweet thing. I could stay like this forever.”

He kissed my neck and traced his claw around my nipple, the pale skin of my breast pebbling with his touch. It was a welcome distraction, and the white hot pain I felt faded to a dull throb. I grabbed Atlas’s hips, encouraging him to keep going.

“That’s right, baby,” he growled in my ear as he filled me with his cock. “Open up for me.”

“Atlas,” I moaned.

He pushed deeper until his knot grazed against my entrance, teasing my clit with each of his light thrusts.

“More.” My words were a plea as my hands drifted over Atlas’s muscular thighs and settled on the furry globes of his ass. I gripped tightly and he increased his pace, forcing himself deep with each rough snap of hips.

“Tegan,” he grunted. “So tight. So perfect for me.”

“Yes. Yes!” I panted. The friction of his knot on my clit had me climbing toward an orgasm at an alarming rate, especially considering he’d already gotten me off twice. I wondered what it would feel like to have his knot inside of me and that delicious friction right against my g-spot. *Fuck.*

“C’mere,” Atlas grunted, and grabbed my thighs before rising onto his knees with his cock still buried deep inside of me. I wrapped my legs around his waist and moaned as he picked up speed, this new angle hitting just right.

“That’s right. Be a good girl for me and come on my cock, Tegan. I’m so close. Come on my cock like a good little slut and I’ll fill you with my cum.” His voice was deeper than usual, with a feral edge to it that I’d never heard from him before. Those twin moons narrowed into something sharper and more sinister as the pointed tips of his claws pierced my thighs ever so slightly.

“Fuck, Atlas!” I screamed out, and pinched the sensitive peaks of my nipples.

“Yes, Tegan. Yes.” He rasped, low and thick, and teased my clit with the rough pad of his thumb as he slammed his cock into me.

I came apart around him, my pussy spasming with the most intense orgasm I had ever felt. Atlas’s orgasm followed mine. His cock throbbed inside of me, filling me with spurt after spurt of cum.

“Shit,” he groaned as his body trembled over mine.

My chest heaved, my body trying to catch my breath and bring me back to reality after such a world-shattering orgasm.

Atlas gave me a lazy smile as he pulled out, and I could feel his cum trickling out of me. His hair was mussed from sex and his golden eyes twinkled as he gazed up at my flushed face. With a soft touch, he rubbed at the indents his nails had dug into my thighs before lightly kissing the marks.

In more ways than one, I was so incredibly fucked.





# ATLAS

I wiped the sweat off of my brow and watched with rapt attention as my cum dribbled out of Tegan’s sweet cunt. It took everything in me not to drag a finger through it and push it back inside, but with the current state of my claws there was no way they’d be going inside of her pussy any time soon.

“Let me clean you up a little bit, baby.” I said before clambering off the bed.

Her eyes were hooded—likely from repeated orgasms— and she didn’t say anything. She simply bobbed her head in agreement.

I grabbed an empty cup from my nightstand and padded over to the bathroom. Tegan could probably use some water after our little marathon.

As I filled up the cup, I thought about how sore she was going to be tomorrow. I should probably get her some pain relievers.

*Fuck.*

She'd felt so tight on my cock that I'd thought I was going to split her in two. There was no way that she'd be able to take my knot. Human women just weren't designed the way female wolvies were.

That didn't matter to me, though.

She was stuck with me at this point.

For me, sex was something meaningful. I couldn't just have random hookups like Fallon did. No judgment, but I had to have a connection.

And I had that with Tegan.

I'd had that since the moment we met.

My body—specifically my freaking tail—had told me as much.

Speaking of my tail, the fucking thing wagged behind me as I snatched a washcloth from the linen closet and wet it under the tap.

I draped the damp cloth over my arm and popped two non-steroidal anti-inflammatories in my hand before heading back to the bedroom with the water in my free hand.

"I come bearing gifts. Hold out your hands." Tegan cupped her hands and I dropped the meds into her palm. "Pain meds. I'm worried tonight was a little too much for you."

"Thank you. You're so sweet." She smiled and took the glass of water, knocking back the pills and taking a long drink.

I took the cup from her and sat it down on her nightstand before climbing onto the bed.

"I'm gonna clean you up now, baby. Spread those legs for me," I said as I kissed her naked body.

She complied and I slid between her legs, using the damp washcloth to gently wipe away my cum as it leaked out of her. Her pussy looked red and slightly puffy.

*Shit.*

I hoped she wouldn't hurt too bad tomorrow.

I'd feel like trash if she did.

"Thank you," Tegan said as I rolled out of bed to put the washcloth in the hamper.

"It's no problem," I mumbled. I slid into bed beside her. "Come here."

Tegan shimmied closer to me and I wrapped an arm around her, pulling her tight against my chest.

“This is nice. I haven’t cuddled in a long time.” She nuzzled her face into the soft hair of my chest. “Actually, everything about tonight has been amazing.”

I kissed her head and took a deep inhale of her hair. She smelled like wildflowers.

“It has been amazing, hasn’t it?”

Her fingers absentmindedly played with my chest hair and I felt her breathing slow. “Tell me more about yourself. I want to know more.”

“Like what?” I asked with a laugh.

“What happened with your ex? Why do you hate this house so much?”

*Woof.*

She was going right for the difficult questions.

I took a deep breath and watched Tegan’s head rise and fall with my chest.

“She just—we-we were too different. She was putting a lot of pressure on me to propose and I-I just wasn’t feeling it. It wasn’t the commitment that scared me. It was her.”

Tegan tilted her head to look up at me and grabbed onto one of my fingers, clutching it tightly.

She waited for me to keep going.

“Have you ever been with someone where it just feels like you’re going through the motions? You’re in so deep that it feels hopeless. Like you’re trapped and there’s no way out?” I took a deep breath. “That’s how I felt with her. And one day, I was just tired of it. I told her it was over and that she needed to leave. She made a huge scene. Talked shit about me to all my friends. It was a really low point in my life. I had never felt so alone.”

“Atlas.” She snuggled closer to me, the physical connection I had with her spurring me to continue.

“My friend Fallon was pretty much the only one to stick by me. We hung out every day for months. I threw myself back into training and that’s about all I’ve been doing since.” I gripped Tegan’s hand. “And then I met you and my stupid fucking tail hasn’t stopped wagging since.”

Tegan giggled and propped herself up on her elbow, putting her face to face with me.

“Well I’m glad you chose what was best for you, Atlas Oberon. And I happen to like that stupid fucking tail of yours. Very much.”

Gods, she was everything.

Here we were on our first official date, and I was already unloading my emotional baggage on her. She took it in stride, like she did with everything else.

I leaned forward and pressed the cold tip of my nose against hers. “A moment of discomfort is nothing compared to a lifetime of unhappiness. Knowing that it led me to you, I’d make that choice again and again.”

*Fuck.*

I couldn’t believe those words just came out of my mouth. She was going to think I was a total creep. I might as well have said that I was in love with her.

Truth be told, I think I was.



# TEGAN

BEEP.

BEEP.

BEEP.

I BOLTED UPRIGHT and whipped my head from side to side. The dark room and unfamiliar surroundings made me feel disoriented.

*Where the fuck was I?*

“Tegan,” Atlas mumbled, his already deep voice more gravelly from sleep. “It’s just my alarm. Do you feel up to going to the gym? We can

swing by your house and grab your workout clothes.”

*Shit.*

That was right. I’d spent the night with Atlas.

I’d fucked Atlas Oberon and stayed over his house.

Slept cuddled next to him in his bed.

This had to be a dream.

But the slight discomfort I felt between my legs confirmed that it was, in fact, not a dream.

Atlas had wrecked me with his monster cock last night, wringing orgasm after orgasm from my body.

I’d never had a human partner that was so attentive when it came to pleasuring me. Not to mention how thorough he was with aftercare.

“Would it be a big deal if we skipped the gym today?” I bit my lip and focused on Atlas as best as I could in the dim lighting.

“Uh...” The indecision in his voice was obvious.

“Do you ever miss a day?” I asked. I tilted my face closer so I could gauge his reaction.

“I mean...I do. Sometimes...” He trailed off and scrubbed a hand over his ear. “I um, I have some issues. When it comes to my body image and exercising. Just stuff left over from my childhood and from my ex.”

Anger flared up inside of me.

How the fuck dare she.

For a long time I struggled with my body, but I’d learned to love it. Every stretch mark and cellulite dimple.

I wanted that for Atlas too.

“Hey,” I said, and grabbed his hand. “It’s okay. I used to have some of those issues too, and I think I can help you work through them.” I kissed the back of his hand, the soft fur tickling my nose and lips. “Let’s go to the gym today, but if you’ll let me, we can work on this together, okay?”

He smiled and nodded his head in agreement. “I’m just dropping all of my emotional baggage on you.”

It was my turn to smile. “I’m here to help you carry it.” I leaned in and kissed him. Just a peck, positive I was rocking some serious morning breath. “Come on. I have my workout clothes in my car.”

Atlas trailed a claw down my side, before settling his hand on the curve of my hip. “I’ll get dressed and go grab it for you? Maybe after the gym we can get breakfast. How does that sound?”

Yeah, he did have some baggage. But didn't we all?

It didn't make me any less enamored with him.

Not only was he handsome as sin, but he was one of the sweetest people I'd ever met in my entire life.

"That sounds perfect."

"Great," he said, and rolled out of bed with a groan. He stretched his naked body, his muscles rippling with each of his movements while his massive cock hung limp between his legs.

How the fuck had that thing fit inside me?

I was tempted to lift up the blankets and check on my pussy, but I'd have time to do that later when Atlas wasn't watching. You know, just to make sure everything was still intact.

He turned his back to me and walked toward the closet, giving me a perfect view of his ass. And holy shit, was it perfect. I was correct in my earlier assessment that you could bounce a quarter off of that thing.

He returned to the side of the bed, dressed in a pair of basketball shorts that hung low on his hips with a white tank top draped over his shoulder.

I stared at the muscular build of his body and clenched my thighs together tightly. I couldn't possibly be getting turned on after the pounding I'd taken the night before. It should be illegal for one wolf to be so good at handing out orgasms.

"I'll be right back," he said as he bent over and placed a delicate kiss on my forehead.

"My keys are in my bag on the island," I said when he pulled away, his body swaying as his tail wagged happily behind him. A smile spread over my face. That fucking tail got me every time. "Thank you."

"Anything for you, sweet thing." Atlas pulled on his tank top before turning on his heel and walking out of the room. I stifled a whine at the thought of him having to wear actual clothing in my presence. He was sheer perfection and I didn't think I'd ever get tired of ogling him.

As I hoisted myself to my feet and toward the bathroom, I was reminded of our conversation this morning. I hated the fact that the opinions of one stupid ex could do so much damage to such a sweet male. Atlas was something special. He deserved to be cherished and valued for who he was, not for the wolverine someone else wanted him to be. His flaws, his imperfections. Those were the things that made him unique.

I'd just finished washing my hands when Atlas snuck up behind me in the bathroom, making me jump. I hadn't heard him coming.

"Atlas!" I gasped as I tried to catch my breath. "You scared the shit out of me." Super stealth must be some freaky wolven talent or something.

He grabbed my hips and leaned over me until the fuzzy gray fur of his face tickled my ear. "I could look at your naked body all day long."

My cheeks flushed as I glanced at our forms reflected in the mirror. He was tall, lean, and muscular. I was average, soft and squishy. He was a wolven. I was a human. But there was something about us that fit. Something that worked.

Atlas trailed a claw down my side, stopping at the pinprick indents he'd left there the night before. "Did I hurt you, Tegan?" His warm breath tickled my neck and his voice lowered an octave. "Did you like it?"

I moaned and leaned into him, not caring that every roll and imperfection was bared in the mirror for him to see. "Y-yes. I-I liked it."

A dark chuckle from his chest sent shivers down my spine and he tilted my head so I was looking into his golden eyes. "Good."

Atlas pressed his lips against mine and I opened for him, our tongues fluttering against one another, obviously unconcerned about morning breath.

"Shit," he groaned as he pulled away. "The gym is looking less and less appealing by the minute."

I laughed and pulled on my workout clothes. "No way, buddy. You got me up and out of bed. We're going to the gym."

But the fact that he'd even be tempted to skip the gym for me meant that he was open to change and undoing the damage his ex had done to him.

Sure, he could work out and focus on his diet. But it had to be on his terms. In a healthy way that wasn't obsessive or overly restrictive. In a way that didn't make him feel guilty.

We brushed our teeth side by side at the double vanity, and I caught Atlas sneaking glances at me every chance he got, his fluffy tail wagging from side to side.

We were so into one another that it was almost sickening. Yeah, it was soon. But sometimes fate intervenes in the form of ruined wedding cakes and you just have to listen.





“Do you think you’ll be able to fit?” Tegan asked with a giggle as I stood beside her crossover SUV. I was so distracted when I grabbed her bag this morning that I hadn’t considered the logistics of my enormous body fitting inside of her car.

I walked around the sleek, black vehicle, craning my neck and peering into the compact cabin.

“It’s going to be a tight fit, but I think I can manage. It’s not a very long ride, anyway.”

Yeah, I could fit, but it was going to be uncomfortable as fuck. I’d rather die than admit that to her, though. Just like I’d rather die than suggest we

take separate vehicles or that we walk to the gym. There was already a possessive part of me that couldn't bear to be away from her. I knew that those wolverine instincts would kick in eventually, but I hadn't anticipated to feel such strong feelings this soon.

Plus, if I was dragging Tegan to go workout this early in the morning after our sexual escapades last night, I at least wanted the ride to the gym to be comfortable. She hadn't complained, but I could tell she was slightly tender.

Gods, she had looked so good taking my cock and coming undone underneath me. And the sight of my cum leaking out of her.

I had to adjust my cock in my pants as we turned into the gym parking lot. Not that me popping a boner around Tegan was anything new, but it was a little later in the morning than when I normally worked out and the parking lot was full. I didn't want to chance one of my clients getting an eyeful of wolverine dick.

"Wow, it's pretty packed this morning," Tegan said as she flung her workout bag over her shoulder.

Fuck.

I should have offered to carry that for her.

I was fucking awful at this boyfriend shit.

Wait.

Boyfriend.

Did I just call myself Tegan's boyfriend?

I was thirty-two years old. Was it still considered a boyfriend? Partner?

I was getting way ahead of myself. Whatever this was, I knew I didn't want it to end anytime soon. Tegan called to some part of my being like a beacon. A lighthouse ushering me home through a raging storm.

As we walked through the front door, Chai called out to us from behind the desk.

"Hey there, bossman," she said with a smile and a tilt of her horned head. Chai was one of the most attractive female minotaurs I had ever seen, with light brown fur dotted with white patches and deep brown eyes. As a trainer, she kept herself in great shape, but she'd been dealing with some mystery illness for a while now. She didn't tell me the details, so I didn't pry, but I was happy to see her looking like her normal, bubbly self.

"Hey, Chai." I offered her a slight wave as I ushered Tegan towards the desk with my palm pressed against the small of her back. "This is Tegan."

Chai grinned knowingly, showing off her perfectly straight ruminant teeth. “Ah, my new client,” she said as she looked at Tegan, then me. “I’m assuming my services won’t be needed. Atlas is the best trainer there is.” She extended a hand to Tegan. “Nice to meet you, Tegan. I’m Chai. If there is anything I can do for you, just let me know!”

“I will! Nice to meet you too!” Tegan yelled over her shoulder as I steered her away from Chai.

The minotaur had to have uncanny body reading abilities or something. Was it that obvious that Tegan and I were involved? I made a mental note to feel her out about it later.

As Tegan and I settled into our workout routine, we were joined on the gym floor by Fallon. The nosiest bird in this joint just couldn’t help himself, could he.

“Well, well. What do we have here? This must be the woman keeping us stocked with baked goods!” He clicked his beak and ruffled his feathers, a griffon’s way of expressing a friendly greeting since smiles were pretty much impossible for their kind.

“That’s me!” Tegan said with a smile, and I rolled my eyes.

“Tegan, this is Fallon. My knucklehead friend I told you about.” I sighed and picked at my fur in faux annoyance.

Fallon playfully nudged my shoulder with his wing. “Don’t let him fool you, Tegan. I know he loves me.” Fallon cocked his head and used his beak to preen the fur of my neck affectionately. Tegan erupted with laughter.

I’m glad she found it funny, but I wanted to die from embarrassment.

“Get off of me, you stupid chicken,” I groaned. “Don’t encourage him, Tegan.”

“You guys are just too cute,” she snorted.

Our friendly exchange was interrupted by yelling coming from downstairs.

“You can’t just walk in here and act like you own the place anymore,” Chai bellowed, her voice laced with anger.

Footsteps stomped up the stairway. The click of nails and the familiar clack of Chai’s hooves.

And that’s when I saw her.

Jade.

By wolverine standards, my ex was a knockout. Jade’s body was toned and thin, leanly muscled with long legs and a huge, fake rack. She had silvery

white fur and bright green eyes that shined like emeralds, but beneath that attractive exterior was an ugly side. Her tongue was vicious. She knew exactly what to say to cut down a creature and make them feel small. Insignificant. Imperfect.

Bile crept up the back of my throat as she stormed over to us.

“Hello, Atlas,” she said with a sharp smile.

“Jade,” I replied, my voice low.

“You look like you’ve put on weight,” Jade said as her gaze passed over my body. As soon as the words left her mouth, I instinctively dropped my shoulders and tugged my tank top away from my stomach, doing what I could to disguise my body.

It wasn’t true. I knew it wasn’t true. I was in the best shape of my life, but the damage she’d done to me over the course of our relationship was hard to repair.

“You can’t be here.” Fallon stepped closer to her, the furred tip of his feline tail thrashing from side to side in agitation.

Jade held a hand up to silence him, and her red-painted claws glistened under the fluorescent lighting. “Shut it, bird brain. The last time I checked, this wasn’t your gym.” She noticed Tegan and her eyes narrowed, her emerald gaze assessing Tegan’s body. “And who are you?” She sneered at Tegan, the bridge of her muzzle wrinkling in disgust.

“I’m Tegan.” Tegan’s voice was calm and confident. She puffed out her chest and smirked up at Jade. The female wolven didn’t intimidate her in the slightest, and it made my heart swell with pride to see her standing her ground.

Jade glared daggers at me and her mouth twisted into a devious smile. “Does she have any idea who I am, Atlas? Hmm?” She examined her nails, awaiting my response.

“Tegan.” I sighed. “Jade is my ex.” My ears flattened and my tail sagged behind me, the fluffy tip kissing the ground. Just being around her sickened me. Made me feel small.

Jade and Tegan were polar opposites. Jade was callous and cold. Tegan was warm, caring, and supportive.

Knowing that I’d wasted so many years of my life with someone so horrid made me feel even worse. Was my self-esteem really so low that I’d allowed myself to be treated that way? I guessed it was.

“I wish that I could say it's a pleasure, but from what Atlas has told me, you were a truly awful partner.” Tegan grabbed my hand in hers and squeezed tightly. “He deserved better.”

A low growl slithered out of Jade's mouth. “And you think that's you, little human?” she snarled at Tegan before taking a step closer to me. “Does she know about wolveren, Atlas? Really know? The full moon is only a few days away. Can she even take your knot? How's she going to fare when you go into rut?” Jade reached a sharp claw out toward Tegan's body and trailed it along her cheek.

“Do you know what rut is, Tegan? Or did Atlas leave out that little detail?”

Tegan slapped her hand away, her chest heaving and her body shaking. I could feel the anger radiating off of her in waves.

“Poor, poor Atlas. You're really scraping the bottom of the barrel here. I came back to offer to spend the full moon with you. To try to work things out. To fuck you under the light of the moon.” Jade clutched my t-shirt and stared up at me through her lashes, batting her deep green eyes at me.

I was frozen in place and a whine slipped out of me before I could control it. Within seconds, Tegan had positioned herself between Jade and me.

“Listen, bitch. I don't care what happens to wolveren during the full moon, and I don't know what rut is. But what I do know is that Atlas is my partner now and if you ever show your face in this gym, hell, even this town ever again, we're going to have a real problem.” Tegan's face was flushed red and she clenched and unclenched her fists at her sides.

Jade looked as if Tegan had slapped her, her mouth gaping open, not uttering a single word. I wasn't a violent wolf, but there was a part of me that wished she would have.

With a hmph, Jade turned on her heel and stormed down the stairway.

“I'll follow her and make sure she leaves,” Fallon said before trailing off behind Jade.

I squeezed Tegan's hand and pulled her into a tight hug, planting kisses all over the top of her head. “Thank you for that, baby,” I mumbled into her hair between kisses.

“I meant what I said, Atlas. You deserve better.” Her voice was strangled, as if she was fighting back tears.

“You’re making me realize that, sweet thing.” I tilted her head up, forcing her to look at me. Her bright green eyes were rimmed red and her lower lip quivered. It reminded me of the other day when I found her scooping cake off of the sidewalk. Things were moving fast, but I was so enthralled with this woman. Her ferocity. Her kindness. Her loving heart. There was no way I would ever let her go.

But it was time.

Time I told her everything.



# TEGAN

“Sit down right here, baby,” Atlas said. He supported my arm as I lowered my shaking body into the chair across from his desk.

I wasn’t shaking because I was upset, though. I was shaking because I was angry.

I didn’t know what rut was or what happened to wolveren under the full moon, but those details were something that Atlas should have been able to tell me on his own time. Not another thing for Jade to weaponize.

Atlas sat down behind his desk and handed me a box of tissues. “Tegan, I-I’m sorry. I should have told you more about wolveren. About what we’re like before getting involved with you. I—”

I cut him off. "Atlas. Stop. You would have told me when you were ready, but Jade had to show up and put you in this position." I blew my nose loudly, and it made the corner of Atlas's muzzle turn up ever so slightly. "I saw how you reacted to being around her, Atlas. You were terrified."

His ears drooped and he let out a low whine. "I, uh. Yeah. I am terrified of her. She made me miserable, Tegan." His voice was softer and meeker than I had ever heard it before. That bitch had really done a number on him.

"Well, she's never going to bother you again. I can promise you that." I smiled and dabbed at the corner of my eyes with another tissue.

Atlas bit his lip and dipped his head in a slow nod. "You stood up for me. You were so brave."

"I meant every single word I said, you know that?" I reached across the desk and took his giant, claw-tipped hand in mine. Atlas tilted his head up slowly and focused his citrine eyes on me.

"Even the bit about me being your partner?" He asked shyly.

I snorted a laugh and rubbed my finger along the soft fur coating the back of his hand. "Especially the part about you being my partner."

His expression brightened and I heard the telltale *thump, thump, thump* of his tail smacking against the wall behind his chair. The next thing I knew, he was leaning forward, pressing his lips to mine as his claws dug into the wood of the desk to steady his burly body.

"I'm so lucky to have you in my life, sweet thing," Atlas mumbled between kisses. He nipped my lip playfully before pulling away, and I let out a small moan.

"Shit, Tegan. Don't do that," he groaned as he palmed the outline of his cock, adjusting his growing erection. "We can't right now."

I bit my lip and eyed him hungrily. "I know we can't, but a girl can dream."

Atlas chuckled and sat back down in his chair. This time, he leaned over the desk, resting his head in his palms as he gazed into my eyes.

"We should probably talk about the full moon and what happens to wolverines during that time." His tone was somber, and again his ears drooped on either side of his head.

"Atlas, you don't have to share anything with me if you're not ready."

"No. I want to share this with you. I want you to know everything there is about me." He took a deep breath, and his muscular pecs strained against



his tank top. “When there’s a full moon, wolverines get—” He paused, trying hard to find the right word. “Feral. We revert back to some of our base instincts. We hunt, chase, and, well, fuck, under the light of the moon. We go into something called rut. The sex is primal, uncontrolled, rough, and, uh, it can last for hours. It’s how our kind connect with nature and with one another. And eventually—” Another pause and Atlas looked at me thoughtfully. “That’s how we connect with our mates. ”

Confusion must have passed over my face.

“Wolverines are drawn to their mate by an unknown force. For some it happens instantaneously, but for others it takes time for the urge to mate with their partner to form.” He bit his lip and scrubbed his hand over the back of his head. “I know this is probably overwhelming...” He trailed off and looked away, his brows furrowed with concern.

Mates?

Was he implying what I thought he was implying?

Did Atlas think that we were mates?

“W-what happens? When you find your mate?” I whispered, my voice wavering just the slightest as my heart beat a rapid rhythm in my chest.

“Well, for wolverines, one partner will bite the other and claim them. Then they’re connected.” He paused a beat before speaking. “Forever.”

Heat pooled low in my belly at the thought of Atlas biting me. Claiming me. Bonding me to him forever. Things were still so early on that the very idea of being stuck with him for the rest of my life should have made my skin crawl, but it didn’t.

It excited me.

“I understand if that’s too much for you.” His voice was heavy with distress, his citrine eyes wide and pleading, obviously hoping that it wasn’t too much for me.

“But what about humans and wolverines? Is mating possible?” I asked, unsure if I wanted to know the answer.

The question settled over the two of us like a heavy weight as the sharp point of Atlas’s fang dug deeper into his lower lip.

“I-I don’t know. Before the integration, most wolverine-human pairings were private about their lives together.”

I slowly nodded my head in understanding. There was so much about this that was new, different even, but it wasn’t going to deter me from pursuing something from Atlas, but that’s when I remembered.

“And during rut, would I be safe? With you?” I hated asking, but I honestly didn’t know if Atlas would be able to control himself around me when he was in that state.

Before I knew what was happening, Atlas bolted upright, his computer chair toppling to the floor with a loud crash. He held me to his chest, his muscular arms wrapping me in a tight hug.

“Tegan, I-I would never—” his voice was strained. “I would never hurt you. At least not in a way you didn’t like,” he mumbled as he rubbed the soft fur of his face along the column of my neck. “I promise.”

I draped my arms around his scruff, reveling in the warmth of his body and the certainty of his words. I knew deep in my heart it was the truth. Just like I knew that he wouldn’t be spending the full moon with anyone else but me.



“Why don’t you go home and get some rest, baby?” Today’s been a lot.” I peppered kisses along her jawline and flared my nostrils, inhaling as much of her scent as I could.

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” she said as she buried her face in the fluffy hair of my ruff. “But you’re just so warm.” She let out a small sigh and I could have died from cuteness overload.

This was everything I had wanted for so long. I wasn't going to let the fact that I was a wolverine and she was a human ruin this.

“Come on. That’s a good girl,” I said as she peeled herself away from my body and rose to her feet. “Let me help you get your stuff to your car.

I'm sorry for even dragging you here in the first place."

I reached for her bag, but Tegan grabbed it before I could get to it. "It's okay. I got it." She ran her fingers through the fur of my arm. "I can walk myself out. I'm sure you have work to do." She tilted her head toward the stack of papers gracing the corner of my desk. Unpaid invoices, timesheets, and promotional proofs all awaited my approval.

"Are you sure?" I whined and nuzzled her softly.

"Positive. I'll text you later." She stood on her tiptoes and placed a light kiss on my snout.

When she pulled away I let out a groan that had her smiling. I didn't want her to go, but we were adults with lives and responsibilities. It wasn't like I was never going to see her again.

"Bye," she said, clutching the doorframe of my office.

"Bye, baby." I watched her walk away, staring after her like an idiot for a moment before sitting down at my computer.

I puffed out a breath and ran my fingers through my fur.

Of all the times for Jade to show her face around here, it had to be when Tegan was with me. In a way, it worked out, though. Jade seemed genuinely intimidated by my feisty little human.

My human.

I hated it, but some of the things Jade brought up made sense. Woven were different during the full moon. Would I be able to control myself around Tegan? Sure, I told her *now* that I wouldn't hurt her, but what if I lost control? What if I was too rough with her during rut? What if I tried to mate her? Is that even something I should bring up?

I'd have to do something to keep her safe.

An idea formed. I tugged my phone out of my gym shorts and typed out a text to Fallon.

---

**Atlas:** Yo. Are you with a client?

**Fallon:** Just finished up. Whatchu need, wolf daddy?

---

I FUCKING SNORTED. Asshole.

---

**Atlas:** Do you know if Kael is here?

**Fallon:** Yeah, he's here. I saw him lusting after Ellie earlier. Dude is in for a surprise there.

**Atlas:** Can you grab him and come to my office?

**Fallon:** Roger that, boss.

---

AS MUCH AS I bitched and moaned about Fallon, he really was a good friend, and within ten minutes, he and Kael strolled through the doorway of my office.

"What's up, big guy?" Fallon asked, his beak clicking with every word.

"Why don't the two of you have a seat." I gestured to the chair in front of my desk and the couch along the wall.

Kael gave me a sharp nod and took the couch while Fallon squeezed his wings into the chair in front of me.

"Thank you for coming," I said as I leaned forward in my computer chair. "I, uh, I have a favor to ask of both of you."

"Does it involve Tegan?" Fallon cocked his head to the side and puffed out his feathers. I guess the birdbrain was more intelligent than I gave him credit for.

"Yes. I-I need someone to look over us during the full moon. I just need to make sure that I don't lose control. I don't think I'd hurt her—"

Kael cut me off and shook his green head from side to side. "You wouldn't."

"I just want to make sure. If something happened to her, I wouldn't be able to live with myself. If you can, I'd like the two of you to just keep an eye on things. Be within earshot."

I narrowed my eyes at Fallon. "And I swear to the gods, Fallon, no watching."

Kael let out a warm belly laugh. "Don't worry, Atlas. I'll keep him in check."

"I'm hurt that you think so little of me." Fallon tilted his beak up in offense. "But sure, I'm happy to help."

A deep growl rumbled in my throat. "I'm serious, Fallon. No voyeur bullshit. You'll be there to keep Tegan safe. I need you to take this

seriously.”

He leaned over my desk, his talons leaving indents in the wood. “I would never let you put her in danger.” Fallon’s voice was sharper and more dangerous than I had ever heard it before, essentially the griffon version of a snarl. He was taking this seriously and I loved the feathery fucker for it.

Fallon slid back into his chair and Kael cleared his throat, breaking the tension. “We only have a few days until the full moon. What’s the plan?”



# TEGAN

My car rumbled down the gravel driveway toward my cottage as I let out a big yawn. The activities with Atlas last night and dealing with Jade this morning had left me exhausted. Mentally and physically. With Selene manning the shop, I was looking forward to taking a warm shower and crawling into bed.

Not without texting my sexy wolverine first, though.

“Gods dammit,” I muttered under my breath as I pulled up to my house.

A deep green Briar Glenn sheriff’s cruiser was parked in the driveway, my asshole brother propped against the driver’s side door, a sour expression plastered on his stupid face.

I stopped the car and stepped out, slamming the door behind me just a little bit too hard. “What do you want, Reece?”

My brother shoved his hands in his pockets and shook his head. “Now, Tegan. What kind of greeting is that for your big brother? Aren’t you happy to see me?”

“If I’m being totally honest, no. What are you doing here?” I was tired and agitated. He was the last person I wanted gracing my doorstep after the day I’d had.

“I talked to mom for a bit today. She said you were seeing a wolverine.”

And there it was. The reason he was here.

I glared at him and put my hands on my hips, showing the six-foot-four muscular idiot that I wasn’t backing down. The universe was really testing me. “I am. Do you have a problem with that?”

He stepped closer to me. “Yeah, I do have a problem with that, Tegan. He’s a monster. Our kind aren’t safe with him.”

Anger ignited inside of me and my hands instinctively clenched into tight fists. “Our kind?” I asked through gritted teeth.

“Humans and monsters don’t belong together, Tegan. He’s dangerous.” My brother was shouting now.

“Atlas would never hurt me. Never.” I kept my voice low and even. I wasn’t going to give him the reaction he wanted. “Leave. Now,” I said as I pointed down the road.

Reece opened the door to his cruiser, and threw me a glance before getting inside. “I just want to keep you safe.”

“Go.”

He dipped his head and climbed in the car. My body trembled as I watched him drive off. It was frightening that my know-it-all, asshole brother was the only police officer in a town mixed with monsters and humans. His prejudice disgusted me.

It took everything in me not to burst into tears as I walked through the front door. My phone buzzed in my pocket.

---

**Atlas:** Hiii baby. Miss you \*heart eye emoji\* \*kiss face emoji\* \*princess emoji\* \*two hearts emoji\* \*wolf emoji\*

---



A WIDE SMILE spread across my face, and with a few words and a string of emojis, all the stress that I felt evaporated away. My brother was wrong about Atlas. About monsters in general for that matter. It would just take time to prove it to him.

---

**Tegan:** \*kiss face emoji\* Hiii. Miss you too. I needed that.

---

HE REPLIED IMMEDIATELY, like he was staring at his phone, waiting for me to respond.

---

**Atlas:** We're gonna have our tough days, baby, but we'll get through them together. What are you doing?

---

Gods, he was so fucking sweet. And what was I doing? My fingers tapped against the phone screen.

---

**Tegan:** I'm thinking about when I'll get to see you again.

**Atlas:** When I'm done with work for the day, why don't I come over? I'll bring dinner and we can talk.

---

Food and a sexy wolf?

---

**Tegan:** Say less.

---

---

ATLAS SAID he'd be over around 6 p.m., which gave me plenty of time to shower, squeeze in a nap, and tidy up some before he showed up at my house. I was slightly jittery at the idea of having him over, especially since

my house was a cardboard box compared to his mansion, but knowing Atlas wasn't a snob really helped calm my nerves.

I lit my favorite strawberry pound cake candle and straightened the stack of wedding magazines on the coffee table for the fifteenth time. My body couldn't seem to relax. I paced back and forth in front of my bay window until I heard a car coming down the driveway.

Shit. Atlas was here.

I jumped away from the window awkwardly and hung out by the couch, trying to appear relaxed. I didn't want him to see me standing there at the window waiting for him like I was a dog.

Ha.

Life was funny.

I listened as Atlas closed the door to his truck and gently rapped on my front door.

"Hey!" I said as I opened the door, my voice more high-pitched than normal. "You found it!" My cottage was down a windy backroad and more often than not, people got lost their first time coming to my house.

Atlas smiled and scrubbed a hand along the back of his neck. "Yeah, uh your neighbors at the end of the driveway helped me out."

"The centaurs?" I asked, stepping closer to him and getting a strong whiff of the scent that was so distinctly Atlas.

"That's them! They seemed really nice. I told them to come see me at the gym sometime and I'd give them free passes for helping me out." Fuck, he was so kind.

Atlas glanced at the cottage and the flowerbeds overflowing with foxglove, lavender, and a variety of other wildflowers that flanked either side of the house.

"Tegan, your house is adorable." He leaned over and sniffed a peony, the fluffy bloom sticking to his wet nose.

"You're adorable," I muttered under my breath.

"No wonder you always smell like wildflowers." Atlas gave me a sly grin and leaned down to kiss me. His thin lips were surprisingly soft, caressing mine as the textured pad of his tongue slid into my mouth. A clawed hand gripped my ass and Atlas pulled me closer. His cock was already getting hard and it rubbed against my stomach, making me moan into his mouth.

"Blessed goddess, Atlas," I said as I extracted myself from his grip.

“What?” He chuckled and adjusted himself. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too.” I grabbed his hand and tugged him through the doorway. “Come on.”

Atlas ducked slightly to pass through the doorway, but to my relief, he was able to stand comfortably inside the cottage.

“Damn, I didn’t think it could get any cuter but I was wrong. It’s darling in here Tegan.” Atlas Oberon was inside my cozy little cottage, his black claws clicking along the worn wooden floor as he eyed my cake stand collection and the books that filled the built-ins on either side of my fireplace.

“Do you like reading?” he asked as he delicately ran a claw along the spine of a book.

“Yes, when I have time. Things at the shop have been so busy, and ya know, I signed up for a gym membership.”

He let out a deep chuckle that rattled the glass panes of my ancient windows.

I smiled, reveling at the sight of seeing Atlas happy. I pointed to the bag he was clutching tight like it was something precious. “So, what did you bring us for dinner?”



I couldn't believe that I was at Tegan's house. With its rustic decor and overflowing flower beds, the quaint, little cottage was perfect for her. I loved the fact that it was in the woods. It'd be the ideal setting for romps under the full moon.

*Romps under the full moon.*

"Atlas? Are you okay?" Tegan's sweet voice pulled me out of my head and when I glanced over at her, her brow was furrowed with concern.

"I'm fine, baby. I was just thinking, that's all." I held up the heavy bag of food I brought. "This is from Mac's Barbecue. One of my all time favorite cheat meals." I'd been having a lot of those lately, it seemed. Oddly

enough, I didn't care all that much. I was enjoying myself. Enjoying this. Enjoying Tegan.

I sat the containers of carry-out on the counter, my mouth watering slightly at the scent of the food. "I wasn't sure what you liked, so I got a little bit of everything."

Tegan's eyes widened at the sight of all the barbecue and sides I'd brought. "This is like a buffet." She leaned over the pulled pork and took a deep inhale. "Fuck, it smells amazing."

I barked a laugh, amused over my sweet thing's appreciation for good food. "Get us some plates, baby. Let's eat."

Tegan pulled me a plate from the cupboard. After I loaded it up with a generous serving of barbecue, mac and cheese, and cornbread, I joined her at a tiny table in the corner of the kitchen.

"Shit," she said as she sat her plate down. "Are you thirsty? I have water, sweet tea, or lemonade."

My precious little hostess with the mostest.

"Some water would be great, please." I really wanted to sip on some sweet tea or take her up on the lemonade, but I already overindulged with the pasta and icing the other day, and now the barbecue today. I had to keep myself in check somehow.

Tegan grabbed glasses of water for us both and placed one in front of me before sliding down into her chair. I watched with anticipation as she brought her pulled pork sandwich to her mouth. If she didn't like it, this would be a deal breaker. Not really, but I mean, who doesn't like barbecue? Even vegans like barbecued jackfruit.

"Oh my gosh," she groaned through a bite of her sandwich. "This is freaking delicious."

My dick was hard. Watching her eat did things for me.

"I'm glad you like it. I was going to have to reevaluate our relationship if you didn't."

She snorted. "What's not to like about sugary slow-cooked meats?"

I couldn't help the smile that spread over my face, tightening my cheeks so hard it almost hurt. "'Atta girl."

She bit her lip and smiled at me before taking a drink. Her and that praise kink would be the death of me.

It turned out that Tegan and I were both speed eaters, enjoying a companionable silence while we scarfed down our food.

“I don’t think I could eat another bite,” she said as she pushed her chair away from the table and patted her light pink lips with her napkin.

“Same.” I wiped the fur of my muzzle, making sure to get any trace of barbecue sauce or lingering crumbs. Being a hairy creature was tough.

“Did you, uh, wanna hang out for a bit?” Tegan asked as she grabbed our plates and put them in the sink. She glanced at the clock on the stove. “It’s still early.”

“Yeah, um, I actually came over to talk to you about something.” I rubbed my claws through the fur of my thighs, trying to ground myself.

“Atlas, if this is about Jade and what happened today—”

I cut her off before she could continue.

“No, I don’t even want to think about her.” I growled under my breath. Jade wasn’t part of this equation. “I want to talk about us. About the full moon,” I said in a calm, even tone, focusing my gaze on Tegan.

“Come sit.” She moved to the couch and beckoned me over, patting the cushion next to her.

I sat down with my thigh touching hers. So badly I wanted to be as close to her as I could, especially for this conversation. I wanted to pull her into my lap and hold her tightly, but eye contact was probably best for a conversation like this.

“I-I know we talked a little bit about rut, and what happens to wolverines during that time.” I took a deep breath and dipped my head. “I don’t think I would ever hurt you, Tegan, but I can’t promise that. The full moon does strange things to my kind.”

She looked like she was going to cry, like she was ready for me to end this. To end things when they were just getting started.

“But I have a plan.”

Her eyes were rimmed red but she forced a smile and grabbed my hand.

“I’d like us to spend the full moon together, Tegan. Here, in the woods by the cottage. But—” I bit my lip, anticipating a negative reaction over what I was about to say next. “Fallon and Kael will be within earshot, just listening, not watching.” I needed to make that part crystal clear. I wanted her to be comfortable with this. “If anything happens, they’ll intervene. I don’t anticipate anything going wrong, but your safety is my top priority. I would never let anything happen to you. You know that, right?”

Her expression brightened, and she smiled wider than I’d ever seen her smile before. “I know you’d never hurt me, Atlas. I love this plan.”

“You do?” I asked, my gruff voice higher pitched than usual. She really did a number on me, this woman.

“Yes, I do.” She bit her lip and tightened her grip on my hand.

I leaned closer and kissed her, savoring her wildflower scent and the way her soft lips felt pressed against mine.

Tegan slid her tongue into my mouth and I groaned. “Fuck, Tegan. You are so fucking sexy.”

“Am. Not.” She said against my mouth, alternating between speaking and kissing.

“Yes, yes you are.” I grabbed her body and hoisted her onto my lap with ease. She faced me with her legs straddling my hips and my cock throbbed against the heat of her pussy.

I growled against her neck as she pulsed her hips against my erection. “Gonna fucking rut this pussy during the full moon. You’re mine, baby.”

The sharp tips of my teeth trailed across her pulse point and Tegan moaned. “You like it when I talk dirty, don’t you? Just like you enjoy a little bit of pain.”

“Uh-huh,” Tegan mumbled as I thrust my hips to meet hers.

“Such a good little slut for your big bad wolf.”

“Atlas, please,” she whined into the fur of my neck.

“Nah, baby. You gotta rest up. This pussy has to be ready to take me again and again during the full moon.”

I grabbed her hips and held her firmly in place.

“Fine,” she groaned and stuck out her lower lip in a pout.

It took every bit of self control I had not to rip her clothes off and take her right there on the couch, but I wanted to give her some time to recover before the big event in a few days. *Speaking of that...*

“Baby, we should talk about one more thing.” The thought of having this conversation with Tegan, right here and right now, had my heart racing.

She stared up at me while running her fingers through my ruff. Gods, her touch felt amazing. She gave me so much comfort and she didn’t even know it. “And what’s that?” she asked.

I grabbed her hand and held it still right over my heart, the steady thump thump thump pounding under our fists. “Tegan, uh. Wow. This is hard to talk about. Especially so soon.” I puffed out a breath of air. “I don’t want to totally freak you out.” It was the truth. I didn’t want to seem like a creeper, but it wasn’t impossible. Tegan could very well be my mate.

“I think I know what you’re trying to say.” She brought my hand to her lips and kissed my knuckles softly. “You could try to mate me.”

I stared into her deep, green eyes and nodded my head solemnly, waiting for her to tell me this was crazy. That the idea of a human and a wolverine was a bad idea. To tell me that there was no way that we could be mates, but it never happened.

With our fingers still intertwined, Tegan leaned into my chest and nuzzled her face into my neck. “I can think of worse fates than spending my entire life mated to you, Atlas Oberon.”





# TEGAN

As I watched Atlas pull down the driveway, I felt like I was living in a dream. This couldn't be happening to me.

Was Atlas just warning me of what could happen, or did he have some underlying suspicion that we were mates?

My thoughts ran wild. Our chance encounter. The way Atlas's tail wagged like mad every time I was around. That little jolt we shared when we touched for the first time.

This was insane.

When his tail lights disappeared from view, I threw myself on the couch dramatically and wrestled my phone out of my pocket.

I needed advice. Sage advice.

My mom answered on the second ring. “Hey, honey. What’s up? Everything okay? You don’t normally call me this late.” Her voice sounded rough from sleep. Shit. It was late.

“Mom, I-I didn’t mean to wake you. I just...” I hated to admit it, but I was rattled.

“Teg, I’m your mother. You wouldn’t be calling me this late at night if there wasn’t a reason.” She used her stern, maternal tone on me to bend me to her will. *Moms*.

“Atlas just left. We had a pretty serious conversation tonight.”

“Let me guess, it was about mating?”

“How did you know?” I asked in disbelief.

“I told you about my friend’s daughter. With the full moon coming up, it’s definitely something to consider. And goddess knows your brother went off about it to me already.” She sighed as if the very thought of the conversation she’d had with Reece exhausted her.

“He hasn’t even met Atlas and I feel like he already hates him.” That wasn’t difficult for my brother, though. He hated everyone.

“Tegan, he doesn’t hate him. He just doesn’t know him. You’re his baby sister. He wants you to be safe.”

It was a fair point, but sometimes it felt like my brother just delighted in being a prick.

“Listen, honey. Your brother will come around. I’m sure Atlas is wonderful. You wouldn’t be interested in him if he wasn’t.”

I worried my lip with my teeth and nodded my head while my mother paused to gather her thoughts.

“And as far as the prospect of mating goes, when the goddess brings two people together, regardless of species, she’s never wrong. What’s meant to be, will be.” I could hear the smile in her voice. My mother was always a believer in true love.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I thought about Atlas. His smoked patchouli and sandalwood scent. The way his soft fur felt against my skin. The gravelly sound of his voice and the way it sent shivers down my spine. The *thump thump thump* of his tail wagging and those glowing yellow eyes.

“You’re right, Mom. As usual.”

She laughed. “Of course I’m right, baby. I look forward to meeting Atlas.”

“I can’t wait for you to meet him either. Sleep tight, Mom.”

“You too, honey. Get some rest.”

After hanging up with my mom, I changed into one of my favorite velour pajama sets and climbed into bed. Just as I was drifting off, my phone vibrated on my chest and I about jumped out of my skin.

It was Atlas.

---

**Atlas:** Are you awake, baby? \*double heart emoji\*

---

A sleepy smile tilted up the corners of my lips ever so slightly.

---

**Tegan:** Yesss, I’m awake, wolf daddy.

**Atlas:** OH GODS NO. FALLON CALLS ME THAT \*sick emoji\*

---

I giggled and rolled onto my side, holding the glowing screen close to my face.

---

**Tegan:** Alright, we’ll stick with sir then \*tongue out emoji\*

**Atlas:** I miss you already \*two fingers pointing to each other\*

---

To say I squealed would be an understatement. Gods, this wolverine male was everything.

---

**Tegan:** I miss you too.

**Atlas:** What are you wearing right now? Send me a pic \*glancing eyes\*

---

I turned on my bedside lamp, pulled off my comforter, looked down at my pajama set and snorted. I hoped Atlas found matching pajama sets sexy. Awkwardly, I fumbled with how to hold the camera so I could get my entire

body in the shot and still hit the shutter button. When I got a decent picture, I sent it over.

---

**Atlas:** Holy shit, baby \*heart eyes emoji\* those are some sexy jammies \*hot face emoji\* Wear those the next time we have a sleepover

---

He was ridiculous, but I loved it.

---

**Tegan:** You should get to bed, sir. \*kissy face emoji\* Four a.m. tomorrow?  
**Atlas:** You're right. \*sleepy emoji\* For sure. Bright and early, baby. Sweet dreams \*kissy face\*

---

I held my phone tight to my chest, smiling as I reread the messages. Four a.m. couldn't come fast enough.



“Hey, Chai. How are you this morning?” I asked the minotaur as I strolled through the front doors of the gym.

“Mornin’, Atlas,” she said with a smile, and brushed her shaggy brown bangs out of her eyes. I was happy to see her feeling better. I’d been worried about her health lately, but she seemed to be on the mend.

“Is Tegan here already?” We’d been texting since I woke up so I was pretty sure that she was.

“She is!” Chai chuckled. “Fallon took her upstairs to get warmed up.” She rolled her deep brown eyes.

“That shithead,” I mumbled under my breath as I stalked off up the stairs.

“Get ‘em, boss!” Chai yelled behind me before bursting into raucous laughter.

I asked Fallon to help me with one thing with Tegan, and of course he has to take it to the next level. I mean, I was happy that he was accepting of my relationship with her, but it was just kind of soon. I was possessive over my sweet, soft human.

When I walked into the second story of the gym, Fallon was guiding her through some stretches and making her laugh. Typical.

“Fallon!” I barked and glared at him, my snout wrinkling with a snarl.

“Hey, wolf daddy!” Tegan yelled from across the gym.

Fallon lost it and threw his head back with a laugh. The shrill sound caused my ears to flatten against my head. Annoying fucker.

I stomped over to them and hefted Tegan over my shoulder, spinning her around as she giggled.

“The two of you together is bad news. I can already tell that I’m going to be the brunt of a lot of jokes.” I set Tegan down on her feet and she tugged her leggings up higher, wiggling her hips as she did so.

“It’s probably for the best if you just accept it. Fallon was helping me warm up and telling me some stories about you.” Her green eyes twinkled.

“What stories?” I asked Fallon gruffly.

“Oh you know, about the time we went to the beach and you lost your swim trunks,” he chirped. I reached out and flicked the tip of his wing with my claw.

“Ouch, Atlas! No need to get violent.” Fallon ruffled his feathers and shook out his wings. “I just wanted to get to know Tegan a little bit better. Make sure she’s comfortable with Kael and me before we’re spying on the two of you tomorrow night.”

Shit.

That was right.

The full moon was tomorrow.

Tegan grabbed my hand and laced her fingers with mine.

“So, you got to meet Kael?” I asked, thinking about how stoic and intimidating the orc could seem to someone meeting him for the first time.

“Yeah, Fallon introduced us. He seems really sweet.” Sweet? Were we talking about the same guy? I’d have to keep an eye on her. Tegan was a

true monster fucker it seemed.

Fallon brought his scaled wrist into view to check the time on his watch. "Shit. I have a client soon. I'll let you two get to your workout." He rubbed his wing against Tegan's shoulder affectionately. Birds were always so damn touchy-feely. "I'll see you guys tomorrow night," he said with a wink before trotting off down to the main level. Cheeky fuck.

I stared down at Tegan before snuffling my nose against her temple, taking a deep whiff of her wildflower scent. "I thought we talked about wolf daddy," I whispered against the shell of her ear.

"I don't know. You might have to spank me and teach me a lesson," she whispered back.

That little minx.

I bit my lip and pressed my body against hers. If the full moon wasn't tomorrow, I'd take her to my office right now and fuck her over my desk.

"Shouldn't we get started with our workout?" she asked in a low, husky voice.

I groaned and pulled away from her before adjusting myself in my pants. "Shit, okay. You're right. I just can't control myself when you're around."

"You're telling me," she giggled. "But it's probably best we rest up for tomorrow." She waggled her eyebrows at me suggestively. Gods, she was everything.

"So, I was thinking we could do some light cardio today. Nothing too crazy. Maybe the stairmaster for you and the treadmill for me?" I gestured over to the rows of exercise bikes, step machines, and treadmills. "There's a treadmill right next to that step machine. We can chat while I jog."

I usually wasn't big on talking while I did cardio, but I was going to keep today light, not do a full on sprint like I normally did. Plus, it would be a good opportunity to admire Tegan's ass while she did the stairs.

She groaned and sagged her shoulders. "Atlas. If I'm being honest, I fucking hate cardio."

I stepped into her space again and traced the column of her neck with my nose before whispering, "Don't you want to be able to run fast through the woods while I chase you down?"

She let out a little gasp and I dragged the pointed tips of my teeth along her neck. "That's right. My girl likes to be afraid. She loves scary monsters and loves fucking them even more."

Her body trembled, and I let out a dark chuckle as I stepped away. “Come on, sweet thing. On the stepper.”

I set Tegan up on the machine at a nice leisurely pace and watched as her ass flexed with each step she took. It was so round and full. I’d make good on that whole biting her ass idea at some point. Maybe I’d even eat it. Slip my tongue right in there. Weren’t the kids doing that these days? I was down to clown.

“What do you want to watch?” I asked her as I fidgeted with the TV controls on my phone.

“Um, maybe something on the home and garden network?” she said through labored breaths, her cheeks already flushed a light pink.

“Do you need me to turn it down a little bit, baby? I don’t want you to overdo it.” I got the impression that she was worried I’d think less of her if she couldn’t handle the speed I’d chosen.

“Could you maybe turn it down just a little bit?”

I leaned over the front of the machine and hit the down arrow to decrease the speed.

“Phew,” Tegan said. “Thank you.”

I smiled at her, showing off my sharp teeth that she found so irresistible. “I’ll always be here for you, baby. I promise.”

I got on the treadmill next to her and fell into a slow jog—well, slow for me anyway—and watched as a construction crew on TV renovated a fixer upper.

“I can’t wait to see the final result. I’d love to have them come redo the cottage.” She stared longingly at the 3D renovation plans as they flashed across the TV screen.

“What’s wrong with the cottage?” I asked.

“It was my grandmother’s house. When she passed she left it to me. You didn’t get a chance to see it, but the bathroom is really dated. I’m pretty sure there’s some termite damage. It needs new windows. A new roof.”

I glanced over at her and bit my lip. “Ya know, I could help you with some of those things. My parents own a hardware store and I grew up helping my dad and brother with projects.”

“I wouldn’t ask you—”

I cut her off before she could finish. “Tegan, I want to do this. For you. And because I think that cottage is cute as fuck. It deserves some TLC.”



She smiled at me and her green eyes looked misty, almost like she wanted to cry. “I appreciate you so much.” After a pause she added, “And the cottage really is cute as fuck, isn’t it?”

*Not as cute as her.*

---

THE REST of our workout passed relatively quickly because Tegan and I got invested in the home renovation show we were watching. By the end, I had a clear idea of what her style preferences were. She loved deep jewel tones, subway tile, and bohemian decor. Oh, and potted plants. She was obsessed with plants.

It’d been so long since I’d done a project that I was itching with anticipation at the thought of doing some work around the cottage. Doing something for her.

“Great job today, baby,” I said to Tegan as she stepped off the stair climber. Wispy strands of her baby hairs were plastered to her forehead with sweat and her cheeks were flushed bright pink. It reminded me of how she looked after I made her come on my tongue. Fuck. I shifted my weight from side to side uncomfortably. I needed to get my sex drive under control, but it was like this every time I was around Tegan.

“I’m so proud of you, little Ms. I Hate Cardio.” I held my water bottle out to her and she took a long drink.

“Thanks. It really wasn’t that bad with you to distract me.”

I grabbed her hip and pulled her body close to me, loving her musky, sweaty scent. “I’m happy to distract you any time, sweet thing,” I purred. It was the truth.

“I’m all sweaty,” she giggled, and pushed my chest playfully.

“Don’t care,” I said. I rubbed my face against the damp column of her throat. I’d forgo my shower just to carry her scent with me all day—just to let every other monster in this place know who she belonged to.

“So what’s the plan for tomorrow?” she asked, her voice carrying none of the playful edge she’d had just moments ago. I was glad to know she was taking this seriously.

“We’ll skip the gym tomorrow. When you get home from work in the evening, stay inside until the sun sets, and Fallon and Kael come to get

you.”

“Where will you be?” she asked.

“I’ll be out in the woods.” I nipped her earlobe and her breath hitched.

“Waiting.”



# TEGAN

I watched with bated breath as the sun dipped below the treeline of the forest that surrounded my cottage. With the thick tree cover, it got dark quickly, but it would be several hours before the full moon rose to its highest point in the sky. My phone vibrated on the coffee table, and I jumped as the sound broke the silence.

---

**Atlas:** Tegan. I need you to promise me you'll stay inside until Kael and Fallon come for you. Please. I'd never hurt you, baby. But I've never spent the full moon with a human. It makes me different. If anything happens to you I'd never forgive myself.

---

There were no emojis in the message, which was uncharacteristic of Atlas. It was obvious how serious this entire situation was.

---

**Tegan:** I won't. I promise. I'll see you soon.

---

I could have sworn I heard the low sound of rustling leaves coming from outside, but it was probably just the wind. Either that, or my anxiety getting the better of me.

I was just a little bit on edge. Tonight was a big deal. My first full moon with Atlas. The question of us being mates lingered in the back of my mind, and was part of the reason why I'd chosen to dress up a bit instead of wearing something more fitting for traipsing around the woods at night.

The black pinafore dress clung tight to my breasts and waist and flared out over my hips. Underneath, I wore a simple white long sleeve shirt to provide me some relief from the chill of the evening air. A pair of black lace high waisted underwear hugged my ass and black stockings that covered my calves and a portion of my thick thighs completed the look. When the time came to head out, I'd put on a pair of combat boots to ensure my feet were protected.

I checked the time on my phone and blew out a breath as I threw myself onto the living room couch. Time crept by at a snail's pace. My mind wandered while I lay there, thinking about the wolverine of my dreams watching me under the cover of darkness, his sharp fangs and teeth waiting for me. I imagined him rutting me with that thick cock of his, forcing me to take his knot, and my pulse raced. My hand started to drift down my thigh and underneath the hem of my dress, but I caught myself.

Fuck. I needed to chill out and wait for Atlas. It would be worth it. I focused on my breathing, taking deep breaths and letting them out slowly through my nose. My heart rate slowed and my limbs felt heavy and relaxed.

I had time. A little nap and I'd be nice and refreshed for tonight.

---

I AWOKE to a dark living room and the sound of several soft thuds to my front door.

Shit. I must have fallen asleep.

“Tegan? Are you alright in there?” I heard Fallon chirp from the other side of the door.

Shit. Fallon and Kael.

I rushed to the front door and threw it open to find the woods around the cottage bathed in the soft glow of the full moon. Fallon and Kael were squeezed onto my tiny front porch with the orc’s massive body taking up most of the space.

“Yeah, I’m okay,” I responded with a croak. “I was waiting and fell asleep.”

“Do you need a few moments to get ready?” Kael’s bright white tusks dug into his thin upper lip with a smile that was meant to be reassuring, but it made him look more menacing than anything else, especially in the low lighting of the porch.

“Yeah, let me just get my boots on. Did you want to come inside?” I asked them.

“It’s best if we stay outside. Atlas is probably watching and wolven can be possessive. Even more so during the full moon.” I was so used to Fallon’s playful demeanor that it was odd to see him being serious for once. It drove home the fact that he was taking my safety seriously. Even if the griffon was no match for a wolven, he’d still agreed to this for me and for Atlas. He was a good friend.

When my boots were tied tightly to my feet, I joined them on the porch and was alarmed by the overwhelming quiet of the woods. It was as if all the animals in the forest had fled for the night—even the crickets and frogs were silent—which was unusual for a mild spring evening.

Something stirred in the trees off in front of us and a chill ran down my spine.

“That’s him. He’s watching us.” My voice was low and my heart pounded loudly in my chest with anticipation.

“Yes, just like I said.” Fallon narrowed his eyes at the spot in the trees where the sound had originated from.

“Tegan, if you’re afraid, we can call this off,” Kael said in his gruff, accented voice.

“No. I want to do this. Atlas isn’t going to hurt me.” I stepped down off of the porch, my feet moving of their own volition, almost like a magnetic pull drew me toward the woods, toward the moon, to him. To Atlas.

“We’ll trail behind you through the trees. Remember, we won’t be watching.” Kael cocked a brow at Fallon.

“If you need us, Tegan, the safe word is cake. If you feel unsafe for even a single second, just yell it out and we’ll come to you.” Fallon added. Even when taking my safety seriously, he still picked something funny for a safeword.

“I will.” I was already walking deeper into the woods as I mumbled the words.

Prey animals have certain instincts. They can tell when they’re being watched. When they’re being hunted. A primal part of my brain was screaming. Screaming at me to turn back, that I was in danger, but another part of my brain, the part that was truly wild and lived for the thrill—that part demanded that I keep moving further into the black depths of the woods.

Streaks of moonlight slipped through the tree branches and every so often I’d see a shadow that didn’t belong. A large, lumbering form moving from out of the corner of my eye.

A twig snapped behind me and I whipped around.

I could hear my pulse pounding in my ears and my chest was tight. A low growl sounded from the opposite direction and I spun around again.

“Atlas?” I said under my breath, knowing that if it was him he’d be able to hear me.

Dark laughter broke the silence of the woods, and a pair of golden eyes gleamed through the dark. They were wider and more predatory than I had ever seen them.

Atlas stalked closer. When he paused under a ray of moonlight I managed to get a better look at him.

He was naked, and his enormous frame was even larger, with his muscles bulging more prominently than they normally did. The clawed tips of his fingers were longer, as well as the sharp points of his canines. His fur was a wild mane of gray and black whorls that gleamed silver under the light of the moon. And his cock—his cock was thick and erect, the red tip leaking a thick stream of precum down onto his shaft and his already swollen knot.

“Tegan,” Atlas growled in a raspy, inhuman voice. He focused those wide, yellow orbs on me, cocked his head to the side, and smiled, showing a full mouth of dangerous teeth. “Run.”

I turned around, the loose strands of my hair whipping into my face and eyes as I scrambled to put distance between us.

Faster. Faster, my instincts screamed as my boots pounded over leaves and up muddy embankments. I scrambled to get away, but a part of me wanted him to catch me.

An ear-splitting howl sounded from close behind me, signaling that I was losing ground. Atlas was closing in on me, and there was a part of me that wanted him to. I wanted to feel his muscular weight pinning me down and those sharp teeth and claws grazing my skin.

“Run, run, run, my sweet thing,” Atlas roared as he tore through the trees.

“Come and get me, wolf daddy,” I yelled over my shoulder.

Up ahead of us, I could make out a clearing illuminated by the moonlight. My muscles screamed at me, and I fought to pump my legs as fast as I could toward the stretch of open land.

I tripped over a rock and fell to my knees in the middle of the field, my chest burning with each breath I struggled to suck in. The woods around me were eerily silent. I could no longer hear Atlas’s panting breaths, heavy footfalls, or excited yelps. There was no sound except for the gentle swaying of tree branches in the breeze.

My body trembled and I wrapped my arms around myself, tears welled up in my eyes and a nervous laugh slipped out of my mouth. I was completely and utterly afraid—but I loved it.



I watched Tegan from the shadows as she sat on her knees. I could sense the fear rolling off her in waves but she was also laughing?

It seemed as if my little human liked to be the prey.

I'd show her just how scary the big bad wolf could be.

Without warning, I pounced and pinned her body against the grass, my hands restraining her hands above her head.

"A-Atlas," she gasped as I ground my cock against the warmth of her pussy, smearing my precum all over her black dress.

I lowered my snout to her neck and flared my nostrils. She smelled amazing. Intoxicating, even.



My tongue slid out of my mouth and I licked the pale column of Tegan's neck as her body shuddered underneath me.

"Did you like being chased, baby?" I asked with a growl.

"Y-yes," she stuttered, and thrust her hips up to meet mine.

"Mmm, such a needy, little thing. Even when you're scared, you're still a horny mess for me." I removed one of my hands and brought a clawed finger into view between us. The sharp black tip glistened in the moonlight, and I slipped it under the collar of Tegan's shirt before slicing her top and dress clear down the middle.

"Fuck," Tegan gasped. Her eyes swirled with a mixture of fear and arousal.

I released my grip on her arms to peel off her clothing and I took a moment to admire her black lace bralette and panties. The alabaster skin of her body glowed in the moonlight, and I longed to mark every inch of her with my scent. Or better yet, my teeth. Her legs were covered in a pair of black stockings that had my cock throbbing.

"Take off your bra and underwear," I commanded.

With shaking fingers, Tegan unclasped her bra, exposing her breasts to the chill of the evening air. A whine slipped out of my throat as she shimmied her underwear over her thighs and off her feet.

"The stockings too?" she asked, her chest heaving.

"No, those stay."

"Mmm," I groaned and palmed my cock as I looked down at her. "Do you want me to touch you, Tegan?"

"Gods, yes." My sweet thing was needy, but she was forgetting something.

"Yes what?" I growled from a breath's width away, as close to her as I could get without touching her.

"Yes, sir."

I let out a dark laugh and parted Tegan's legs, gently running a claw over her stockings as I did so. "I like these. I like these a lot."

"I knew you would." Her voice was so breathy, so desperate.

"So good for me," I said as I brought my nose to her landing strip and flared my nostrils, taking in the sweet scent of her pussy. "I think you deserve a reward for being such a good girl. Such good prey."

Tegan gasped as my tongue darted out and teased her cunt with slow strokes. She was already dripping wet from the chase, and her distinct

flavor made me moan when it hit my tastebuds.

“Atlas,” she whined and clutched the hair behind my ears, pulling me tighter to her cunt. Normally in this state, I demanded complete submission, but at this moment I was so desperate for her that I didn’t care.

My tongue lapped at the lips of her pussy and I tightened my grip on her thighs, allowing the tips of my claws to dig into her skin before I focused my attention on her clit. Tegan pulled my fur and writhed beneath me as I swirled my tongue against the sensitive bud. Over and over, I stroked it with the textured surface of my tongue, spurred on by her needy gasps and moans.

“Atlas. Atlas,” she chanted my name as I drove her toward her orgasm.

“That’s right, my little monster fucking slut. Come for me.” I pressed the tip of my tongue to her clit and flicked it wildly until her body trembled with ecstasy.

“Fuck, yes. Yes!” Tegan’s cries broke the silence of the forest, and a sick part of me was happy that Fallon and Kael would hear how well I pleased my woman.

My woman.

“Mine,” I groaned against her cunt as I licked her through the last waves of her orgasm.

She was mine.

“Atlas,” she said with heavy-lidded eyes. “P-please fuck me.” She reached down between us and gripped my cock in her small hand. I groaned as she pumped me and a thick stream of precum dribbled over her fist.

“Fuck,” I hissed. “Turn over. Get on your hands and knees for me.”

Tegan did as she was told without objection. Her ass shined white and plump under the light of the moon, and I gave it several sharp nips that had her moaning.

“Mine. This ass. This body. You. You are mine, Tegan.” I ran two fingers through her dripping cunt, checking that she was wet enough to take me, before popping them into my mouth. *Delicious.*

My claws dug into her waist as I notched myself at her entrance from behind. “Are you ready, baby? Ready for daddy’s monster cock and knot?”

“Please.” She sounded so sexy when she begged, I had to oblige.

Gently, I slipped the tip of my cock into her pussy. The copious amount of precum I was leaking mixed with Tegan’s arousal made sliding in easy.

“Tegan,” I said through clenched teeth. Her pussy was so fucking tight on my cock.

“Oh, gods! Atlas!” She cried out as I inched in further and she stretched around me.

I gripped her hips tighter and slowly thrust in and out, working my knot closer to the opening of her pussy.

Leaning over her back, I whispered in her ear. “That’s it. That’s my good girl. Look at you taking me so well.” I pulled back and watched my cock disappear inside her pussy with each slow snap of my hips.

“More, Atlas. Please. Harder.” Tegan’s words came out a breathy plea. She needed more and I wanted to please her.

I grunted and slammed into her harder, my knot grazed her entrance and a cry slipped past her lips. I snarled and dug in my claws, drawing little rivulets of bright red blood from her pale skin. Harder and harder I fucked her, rutting her, pounding my cock deeper inside of her than I had ever been.

“Mine. Mine,” I growled in a gruff, inhuman voice.

Mate. Mate. Mate.

Knot. Knot. Knot.

Claim. Claim. Claim.

A soft voice recited the words over and over in the back of my head.

Tegan’s cunt seemed to relax around my cock and with a deep thrust, I forced my knot inside of her. With a slight pop, we were locked together.

“Atlas, fuck. Yes!” she screamed, her words echoing in the empty clearing.

I grabbed a fistful of Tegan’s hair and pulled her against my chest while I slowly rocked my hips, rubbing my knot against her g-spot.

“You took my knot, baby. Gonna mate you now, my sweet, sweet thing. Make you mine forever. Do you want that, Tegan?” I kissed her neck as I whispered. I needed her to say yes. I needed her to need me.

“Y-yes. Yes. Please,” she whined, and ran her fingers through the soft fur of my ruff as she tilted her head and bared her neck to me.

I held her still and struck, burying my teeth into the smooth skin where her neck met her collarbone until the taste of her blood filled my mouth. I moaned around her neck and lapped at her skin with my tongue.

Tegan yelped, but it quickly turned into a cry of pleasure as her pussy spasmed around me, the mating bite bringing her to orgasm.

“That’s right, baby. Come on my cock. Come on your mate's cock,” I praised her as I licked her blood off of my lips.

My spine tingled and my cock throbbed, filling her with shot after shot of my cum, my knot keeping all of it inside of her. I couldn’t wait for her to get that IUD out. To fill her with my cum over and over. To breed my sweet thing until she carried my pups.

But we had plenty of time for that later.

“Atlas. Atlas,” she moaned as my cock pumped the last of my cum inside of her.

“Baby,” I groaned against her neck. “I love you so fucking much. My everything. My mate.”

She leaned into me and rubbed her cheek against my shoulder. “I love you too, Atlas. My mate.”

I wrapped my arms around Tegan tightly and eased our conjoined bodies onto our sides. She let out a contented sigh and twined her fingers through mine, her thumb rubbing tiny circles over the back of my hand.

Tegan and I were mated.

We would be together forever.

A low thrum started deep in my chest and I purred for her until we both drifted off to sleep.



# TEGAN

A cool breeze tickled my forehead, and I burrowed deeper into the warmth of Atlas's fur as he dozed next to me.

I felt a dull throb where my neck met my collarbone, and my hand traced over the blood crusted wound.

The mate mark.

Atlas Oberon mated me last night.

My heart pounded in my chest as a smile spread over my face.

"Atlas," I whispered to avoid startling him. "Atlas, wake up." The sun was just starting to rise, and birdsongs rang out from the trees.

“Shh, baby. Ten more minutes. Sleepy.” His voice was raspy from sleep. Leaves and twigs were stuck to his fur. Gods, he was fucking adorable. It was a stark contrast to the Atlas I’d been introduced to last night during the full moon.

Talk about wolf daddy.

Atlas rubbed his muzzle against my head and placed soft kisses along my temple. “Last night was amazing, little mate,” he mumbled.

Just hearing him say those words made me giddy. “It was. I knew you wouldn’t hurt me.” I snorted. “Well, not in a way I didn’t like.”

He pulled away from me and gave me a smug smile. “You are such a little monster fucker, baby. A little freak.”

“Just for you.” I closed the distance between us and kissed his lips, claiming his mouth.

I was so captivated by this wolverine. This complex being that the goddess had chosen for me to be with forever.

Atlas’s stomach growled, and I broke our kiss with a laugh. “Hungry?”

“I’m starving,” he whined.

I looked down at my naked body—minus my stockings and boots—and surveyed the field around us. “Did Kael and Fallon go home?”

Apparently, now I was feeling modest after a night of fucking outside under the full moon.

Atlas chuckled. “They left, baby. And don’t worry, I have robes for us to wear on the walk back to your house.” He cupped my chin with his hands and tilted my head to the side. “Ouch,” he hissed as he examined my mate mark. “I got you good, sweet thing. It should heal up fast, though.”

“I’m gonna have a scar, right?” I asked as I trailed my fingers over Atlas’s chest.

“Yeah, you’ll have a little scar. It’ll let other wolverines know you’re mated.”

I smiled and tugged him closer. “Good,” I said before giving my mate another kiss.

## EPILOGUE



### **ATLAS**

“Is this the last box?” Tegan asked as I walked through the front door of the cottage. We’d spent the better part of the day moving my stuff, and the sun was just starting to dip below the treeline of the surrounding forest.

“Yep, that’s the last of it.” I sat the box down on the living room floor and pulled Tegan into my arms.

“It’s going to be nice having all your stuff here. You won’t have to run all over the place.”

For the past few months since we’d mated, I’d been living at Tegan’s while going back and forth to the mansion to get my things. The housing market had finally improved, and I sold the place as soon as I could.

I preferred the coziness of the cottage, but in truth, I'd be happy wherever my mate was. We couldn't handle being separated from one another. Even an eight hour work shift was almost unbearable.

My four a.m. gym sessions were few and far between these days. Sure, I was still working out, but I'd let myself fall into a less restrictive routine. I was learning to love my softer physique. It certainly made Tegan happy.

"Mmm," I groaned, and pressed my lips to Tegan's. "I can't wait to use that new walk in shower later. You know what that bench would be good for —"

Tegan cut me off with her giggles. We had been fucking pretty much nonstop since we'd mated.

"It is really nice," she said. "And so is the handsome wolverine who installed it for me."

I puffed out my chest with pride. I'd been doing all sorts of renovations around the cottage to make it the home of Tegan's dreams.

"The full moon is tonight, baby," I whispered against her throat before skating my tongue over her mate mark.

Tegan let out a breathy sigh. "I didn't forget. How could I?"

"Are you going to be a good girl for me and run as fast as you can?" I growled against the shell of her ear. Her body trembled with excitement. It was one of Tegan's favorite games.

"I'm always a good girl for my mate, wolf daddy."

I wanted to do this before I lost myself to the full moon. Something about this moment just felt perfect. Felt right.

"I have something for you, Tegan." It was rare that I called her by name and not a term of endearment. My heart raced as I dug around in my pocket and pulled out the tiny velvet box. I flicked it open, revealing a ring with a large diamond, flanked by gold crescent moons on either side.

"Atlas—," she gasped as I dropped down on one knee.

"Tegan, baby. These past few months have been everything to me. You've shown me that I'm worthy of love just how I am. Thank you for being patient with me. Thank you for accepting me." I could feel tears forming in the corners of my eyes. "I love you, Tegan. And I know that we're already mated, but I want you to be my wife, and have my babies, and be mine forever."

I focused my foggy yellow eyes on her. "Will you marry me?" I asked as my lip quivered.



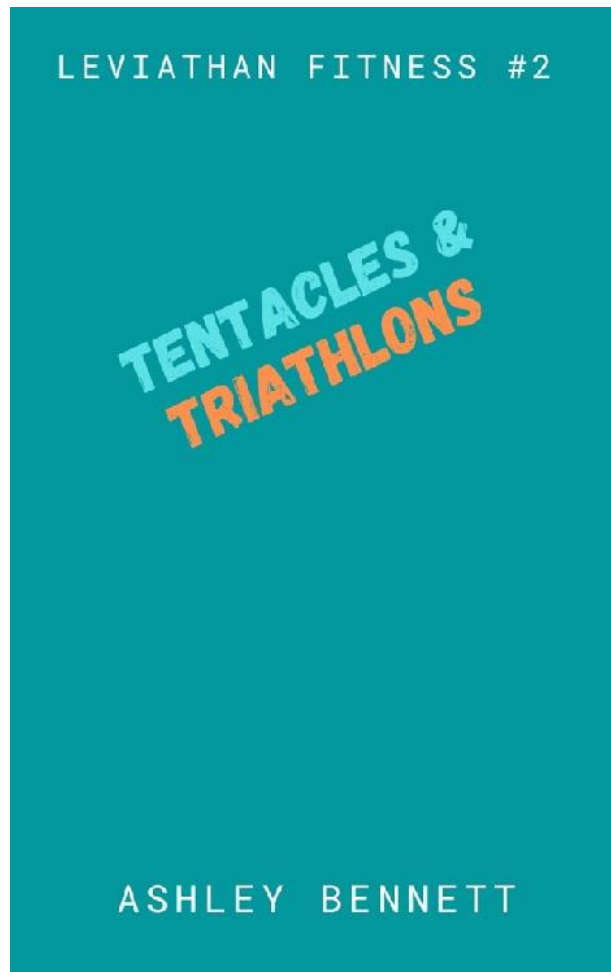
A tear slid down her cheek, and she nodded her head several times before dropping to her knees in front of me. “Yes, a million times, yes,” she sniffled as I carefully slipped the ring onto her finger.

*Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.*

My tail wagged against the floor.

I’d never been happier. I would have never guessed a gym bro’s archenemy—cake—would be what brought me my everything.

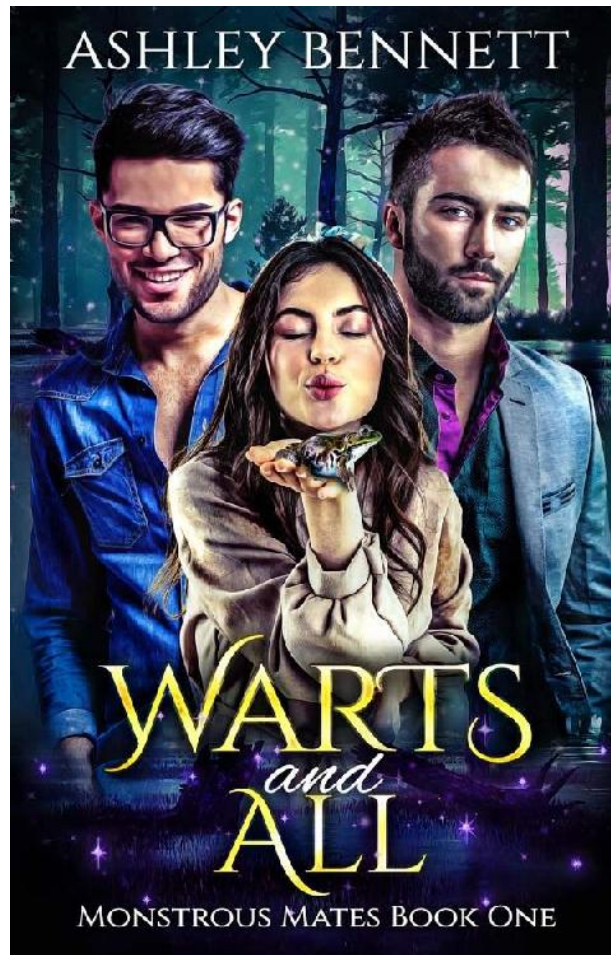
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**Tentacles & Triathlons**

Leviathan Fitness #2  
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Blurb and cover reveal to be announced!



## Warts and All

Releasing in 2022  
Preorder [here](#).

I'd finally wrenched myself free of Chad's grip, only to find myself drowning in debt from student loans. When a job opportunity drew me to the edges of the Millwren-Frederick bog, I saw the 36.2-acre stretch of wetland as my unexpected ticket to freedom.

But something else waited for me, too. Deep in the bog, amid the song of crickets and the flash of fireflies, a pair of cold-blooded hearts ran hot - for me.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ashley is an avid reader and during the Covid-19 pandemic, she decided to dip her toes into writing and hasn't looked back. She loves coffee, candles, fall weather, mid-century modern furniture, and a good alien romance (complete with fancy peens).

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