



Rivals (Mating Run #2)

Author: *Leo Rivers*

Category: LGBT+

Description: He signed up to be hunted—but he never expected his rival to be the one catching him.

Buttoned-down human Nick has spent years butting heads with wolf shifter Viktor—his arrogant, insufferably handsome coworker. When they clash in meetings, Viktor always finds a way to come out on top.

Nick hates him. Truly.

Which is why he never expected to run straight into Viktor on the mating run.

One night. One chase. A pack of anonymous werewolves free to take what they want from a human. It was supposed to be simple—one secret night of pure submission.

But now, the man who's spent years challenging him in the office has him pinned down in the woods.

And this time? Viktor definitely has the upper hand.

But if Viktor thinks Nick is going to roll over without a fight—he's dead wrong.

Rivals is a high-heat knotty wolf shifter/human enemies to lovers romance with a HEA. Its part of the Mating Run series, but can be read as a spicy little standalone.

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Chapter one

Nick

Nick glared at the towering stack of reports like they had personally wronged him. Maybe they had. It felt like they were breeding when he wasn't looking. He drummed his fingers against the desk, the staccato beat of a man teetering on the edge of an existential crisis. Overhead, the fluorescent lights buzzed like a judgmental aunt, casting a soul-sucking glow over the endless wasteland of cubicles.

"Hey Nick, got those quarterly numbers ready?" Sarah from accounting leaned against his cubicle wall, her smile way too bright for a Monday morning.

"Almost done." He flashed his signature smirk, a practiced shield that never quite reached his eyes. "Just putting the finishing touches on this riveting analysis of paper clip consumption."

"Always the comedian." She lingered, fidgeting with her pearl necklace. "Listen, a few of us are grabbing drinks after work..."

"Can't." The word came out sharper than intended. Nick softened his tone, maintaining the careful distance he'd cultivated. "Deadlines. You know how it is."

"Right. Of course." Her disappointment was palpable, but Nick kept his eyes fixed on his monitor.

Once she left, he slumped in his chair, the facade cracking just enough to reveal the

exhaustion underneath.

Usually it would have been just a lie. Another invitation deflected, another potential connection severed before it could take root. Safer that way. Easier.

But tonight, he did have something planned. Something that had required a lot of long nights, deep in thought. Pros and cons columns. Risk and reward.

Nick had finally bet on risk, needing that reward.

Tonight, he'd find out if he'd chosen correctly.

The spreadsheet before him blurred into meaningless columns of data. Nick rubbed his temples. The office walls seemed to close in, suffocating in their beige mediocrity. Every keystroke felt like another nail in his professional coffin.

"Meeting in five, everyone!" His supervisor's voice carried across the floor.

Nick's jaw clenched. Another hour of nodding and pretending to care about market projections while his soul died a little more. He straightened his tie—a noose by any other name—and gathered his materials. The mask slipped back into place, his features arranging themselves into practiced indifference.

"Ready to dazzle them with your insights?" Sarah asked as she passed.

"Always. Someone has to keep everyone awake during these things."

She smirked, tapping her pen against the file in her hand. "Good luck with that."

Nick exhaled slowly, rolling his shoulders as he stepped toward the glass-walled conference room. The low hum of conversation, the rhythmic tapping of keyboards,

the occasional chime of an email notification—just another day in corporate purgatory. He adjusted his grip on his notes, mentally preparing for another hour of strategic boredom.

Then the air shifted.

The relentless buzz of the office faded as Viktor strode in, looking like he'd just stepped out of a high-end cologne ad—if cologne ads featured insufferable werewolves with stupidly perfect jawlines.

Nick's breath hitched—probably just his body rebelling against the stale office air. Or maybe a delayed allergic reaction to corporate bullshit. It certainly wasn't because Viktor had entered the room like he owned the place, all broad shoulders and calculated ease, his suit annoyingly well-fitted, as if even the fabric had given up resisting him.

The fluorescent lights, which always made Nick look half-dead, somehow decided to play favorites, casting sharp, dramatic shadows across Viktor's face. Because of course they did. Even the damn lighting had fallen for his act.

Nick scowled. Fantastic. As if meetings weren't painful enough without having to endure Viktor's smug existence on top of everything else.

Viktor's accent rolled through the room like distant thunder—deep, smooth, and just smug enough to be irritating. “We have much to discuss, yes?”

The words were crisp, each syllable wrapped in that rich Russian lilt that Nick definitely didn't find distracting. And because the universe clearly hated him, Viktor's suit only made things worse—sharp lines and expensive fabric doing absolutely nothing to disguise the raw power underneath. If anything, the whole civilized businessman look just made him seem more dangerous, like a wolf

humoring the idea of wearing sheep's clothing before tearing it off.

Nick exhaled slowly, forcing himself to relax his grip on his pen. It wasn't like Viktor was about to lunge across the table and sink his teeth into him. Werewolves were civilized these days. Mostly. Their kind had their little rules, their polite smiles, their tightly leashed instincts, all carefully packaged to avoid scaring the fragile humans.

Not that Nick considered himself fragile. He got by just fine in a world where he'd always be a few steps lower on the food chain. He was quick, clever, and had perfected the art of looking unimpressed, which was basically a survival skill when surrounded by creatures who could bench-press a sedan.

Sure, he lacked the raw presence, the ridiculous strength, the way they moved like their bodies had been custom-built for the hunt—but who needed that? Nick had wit, charm, and a distinct lack of fleas. He was doing just fine, thanks.

And yet, despite all the careful self-reassurances, his pulse still kicked up when Viktor claimed the chair directly across from him. The wolf's scent filled the air: pine needles and winter storms and something wild that Nick absolutely refused to acknowledge on any level. Dark hair fell across Viktor's forehead in a deliberate mess, as if he'd just rolled out of bed or finished a fight. Both possibilities seemed equally likely.

Viktor's green eyes locked onto Nick's, a flash of something wild and untamed beneath the corporate veneer. His lips curled into something too sharp to be called a smile, revealing teeth that seemed just a touch too pointed for his human form.

There was something off about Viktor today—something more than his usual assholeishness. Some kind of energy. A tension in the way he carried himself, those broad shoulders set higher than usual, his muscles wound tight like he was holding something back.

Nick knew why.

Of course he did. He knew the date. Knew exactly what was clawing at Viktor from the inside out. And he sure as hell wasn't going to think about it.

Because he didn't care.

"Working hard, or hardly working, Nick?" Viktor's deep voice carried across the meeting room table.

Nick's fingers tightened around his pen. "Some of us actually earn our paychecks, instead of relying on animal magnetism."

It was a weak jab, but with Viktor's strange irritation, it seemed to hit home. "Is that what you call that little spreadsheet fortress you've built?" Viktor leaned over, invading his space with casual dominance. The scent of pine and leather wrapped around Nick. "Hiding behind numbers?"

"Better than marking my territory like some overgrown puppy." Nick's heart raced as Viktor's eyes darkened. "You're full of piss and vinegar today, buddy. What's wrong? Did someone steal your favorite chew toy?"

Viktor narrowed his eyes. He planted his hands on the desk, bringing his face inches from Nick's. "Keep running that mouth, human. See where it gets you."

"Promises, promises." The tension crackled between them like static before a storm. "But we both know you're all bark, no bite."

Viktor's growl was too low for human ears, but Nick felt it vibrate through his chest. The werewolf's pupils dilated, a ring of gold bleeding into the green.

Nick hated working with werewolves. They were too much, too intense, too physical, too damn primal in a way humans weren't. A regular coworker might argue, maybe even throw in some passive-aggressive emails, but werewolves? They got in your space, in your head, like confrontation was a sport.

And Viktor was the worst of them all—always pushing, always testing, like he was waiting for Nick to snap. It was infuriating. And, okay, fine, maybe there was something distracting about the way Viktor smelled like pine and leather, or how his voice could send an involuntary shiver down Nick's spine. But that was just a biological response. A very annoying biological response. Nothing more.

"Back off, Fido." The words came out rougher than intended, betraying the tremor in his voice. "Some of us have actual work to do."

Viktor's smile deepened, full of smug satisfaction, and Nick was this close to saying something totally cutting and witty—

"Alright, let's get this circus started," boomed their boss, Greg, as he strolled into the room, a coffee in one hand and a half-eaten protein bar in the other. "Hope everyone brought their listening ears today."

Nick all but flung himself backward into his chair, desperately trying to look like he hadn't just been locked in a weird, definitely not sexually charged, stare-down with Viktor. Viktor, the smug bastard, took his sweet time moving away, lingering just long enough to make it clear he knew exactly what effect he had.

Greg plopped into his seat at the head of the table and flipped open his laptop. "Alright, first up: Q3 projections. Nick, you wanna take us through it?"

Nick cleared his throat, willing his heartbeat to calm the hell down. "Uh, yeah. Right." He tapped at his keyboard, but he could feel Viktor's gaze still on him, warm

and heavy, like a wolf watching its prey just for fun.

As the presentation loaded, Nick risked a glance to the side. Viktor smirked, slow and knowing.

The absolute menace.

Nick scowled back. He clicked to the first slide. “Yeah, so... Q3 projections.”

Viktor chuckled under his breath.

It was almost like he knew what Nick was going to do that night.

Hours later, Nick's shoes clicked against the parking garage floor, echoing through the cavernous space like a reminder of his life's crushing monotony. Work, sleep, repeat. The corporate hamster wheel spun on, and Nick was one missed deadline away from gnawing off his own leg just to escape.

The sight of his car should've brought some comfort, but at this point, it was just another symbol of his financial suffering. Car payments, rent, overpriced groceries—being a responsible adult was a scam.

Nick tossed his bag into the passenger seat and gripped the steering wheel, staring blankly at the road ahead. On any other day, he'd turn left, go home, microwave something depressingly beige for dinner, and collapse onto his couch while binge-watching a show he'd already seen six times.

But tonight, he turned right. Toward the woods.

Toward them .

“This is just about the money,” he muttered, adjusting the rear view mirror.

His registration for the annual mating run sat in the glove compartment, filled out weeks ago during a moment of financial panic. A full year of free housing—utilities included. No more rent. No more job stress. No more wanting to chew his leg off rather than go in to work.

He'd be able to reset. Leave his crappy job. Take a breath. Find a job that he wanted to do. Something that would make him happy, rather than drain him like a beige vampire.

The trees thickened as he neared the entrance to the woods. Other cars already filled the gravel lot—other volunteers, other desperate souls willing to trade a night of dignity for financial security.

Nick parked and leaned back in his seat, exhaling slowly. His hands trembled slightly as he cut the engine, but he forced them still against the steering wheel.

"Get it together," he told his reflection in the rear view mirror. "It's just one night. One run. Then you're free. It's just good sense, really."

Outside, other volunteers milled around, mostly wearing expressions that said why am I here ? Some looked as nervous as he felt, shifting their weight and glancing at the forest like it might lunge at them.

But others had the kind of giddy anticipation that made his stomach churn. We are not the same, Nick thought grimly, eyeing one guy who looked way too excited about the prospect of being tackled by horny werewolves.

“Think of it as just... another corporate team-building exercise,” he muttered, but the words felt about as solid as his retirement plan. The forest loomed around them, vast

and ancient, like it knew what was happening and was judging them all accordingly.

Nick inhaled deeply, filling his lungs with crisp mountain air. Earthy, pine-scented, wild. His brain made the mistake of linking it to something familiar—some one familiar. He was not about to dwell on that.

This was about money. About freedom. Not about... workplace distractions.

Statistically, it wasn't even a concern. Hundreds of wolves attended these things. The odds of actually knowing the one who caught him? Practically non-existent. They'd take what they came for, and he'd never see them again. One night. One chase. Simple risk-reward analysis: financial stability in exchange for a few hours of potential discomfort.

Clean. Efficient. Simple. Nick exhaled and squared his shoulders. He could handle simple.

The werewolves might be intense, but they weren't actually dangerous. No-one ever died during these wild nights. Too much legal red tape.

His analytical mind kicked in, running through the numbers. He'd memorized the terrain maps, identified the best escape routes. He'd been running five miles every morning—his cardio was solid. He had a plan, and he could outrun some dumb dogs all night long.

"It's just a game," he told himself, rolling his shoulders back. The words steadied him, like a familiar suit of armor.

He was good at games. Especially the ones where winning meant outsmarting his opponents.

Even if, this time, his opponents were supernatural predators with enhanced senses and raw animal instinct.

No pressure.

He let his mask of confident indifference settle into place. Whatever primal fear tried to crawl up his spine, he buried it beneath layers of rational thought and careful planning.

He was going to do this, and he was going to win.

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Chapter two

Viktor

Viktor's bare feet slammed against the forest floor, each stride eating up the distance, driving him deeper into the primal dark. Moonlight slashed through the canopy in silver ribbons, flickering over his skin as he vaulted fallen logs, ducked low branches, his breath sharp and steady.

A howl split the night to his left. Through the trees, he glimpsed another wolf already closing in on their human prey, bodies tangled in the age-old chase. The air was thick with heat, with hunger—lust and fear bleeding together into something heady, something electric. It crawled under Viktor's skin, sharpening every instinct.

He growled low, shaking it off. Not yet.

Faster. He pushed harder, chasing the wind, chasing the feeling. The weight of the world—boardrooms, spreadsheets, expectations—peeled away with every pounding step. No suits, no forced civility, no aggravating humans questioning his every move.

Just speed. Power. Freedom.

Something real .

Another werewolf barreled past, chasing their chosen mate with single-minded focus. Viktor barely spared them a glance. His body ached for release, but not just from any warm body.

He pushed harder, lungs burning, the wind whipping through his hair. Somewhere in these woods, his mate for the night awaited—someone who would submit to his strength, who would meet him in that primal space, fierce and unyielding before finally breaking apart beneath him. A challenge. A fire. Someone who wouldn't just roll over, but would push back, test his patience, make the victory sweeter when they finally gave in.

The thought sent a fresh jolt of hunger through him, but beneath it, something else lurked. A memory. A scent. A particular brand of defiance that had been getting under his skin for months now—quick-witted barbs, sharp blue eyes narrowing in irritation, a voice dripping with disdain that only made Viktor want to press in closer, to see how long that resistance would last.

Viktor clenched his jaw and ran faster.

He wasn't thinking about that. Not tonight.

He'd been denying himself too long, letting work and responsibilities consume him. Tonight was about primal instinct, about claiming and marking and losing himself in pure sensation.

He leaped over a small stream, water droplets sparkling in his wake like scattered diamonds. The night was young, and the hunt had only begun.

Frustration gnawed at him. He passed another, then another—each one a potential mate, each one leaving his blood as cold as the night air. The moon loomed above, tugging at him, urging him to take , to mark , to mate —and yet nothing, no one, called to him.

The forest pulsed with heat, bodies tangled in desperate collisions of hunger and instinct. To his left, a wolf had their human pinned against the rough bark of an

ancient oak, bare skin gleaming in the moonlight as they surrendered to the inevitable. Further ahead, a different kind of surrender unfolded—three wolves circling a single human, their movements slow, teasing, their prey's breathless laughter cutting through the night.

Viktor's pulse pounded, his skin tightening with the sheer force of the need saturating the air. The scent of sweat, sex, and surrender hit him like a drug, his body responding whether he wanted it to or not. He clenched his fists, pushing past, willing himself to focus.

He needed this. He needed to take .

A blur of movement to his right—his instincts snapped to attention. A human male, quick and lean, vaulting over a fallen log, heart hammering loud enough that Viktor could hear it.

He gave chase.

The thrill ignited his veins, sharp and hot, pushing him faster. The human gasped as Viktor gained on him, their steps a frantic duet of pursuit and resistance. Close—so close—Viktor could already imagine the moment of impact, the weight of a body beneath his, the way the fight would bleed into surrender.

But then—hesitation. A flicker of uncertainty. No challenge. No spark.

Viktor veered off with a growl.

Another. This one taller, broader, muscles flexing as he dodged between trees. Viktor surged forward, reaching, testing—but when he closed in, the moment felt wrong. Hollow.

With a snarl of frustration, he veered off and ran.

The moon loomed above, tugging at him, urging him to take, to mark, to mate—and yet nothing, no one, called to him. Annoyance curled in his gut. Maybe he should've stayed home, buried himself in work, drowned out the ache with spreadsheets and deadlines. At least Excel didn't leave him with a racing pulse and an aching cock.

Then he smelled it.

The scent hit like a punch to the gut—familiar, sharp, impossible. His wolf lunged forward with such ferocity that Viktor's foot snagged on an exposed root. He caught himself against a tree, bark biting into his palm, but he barely noticed. He inhaled deeply, needing to be sure he wasn't mistaken.

Beneath the crisp bite of adrenaline was something specific, something that had no business being here. Warm skin touched by too much caffeine and too little sleep. The ghost of printer ink and ballpoint pens, the sharp, clean bite of peppermint gum chewed absentmindedly during meetings. A hint of soap—simple, unscented, the kind a man used without thinking about it. And underneath it all, something purely him—something that prickled under Viktor's skin in a way that had nothing to do with instinct and everything to do with long days spent tolerating his presence.

The way he leaned against doorframes when he thought no one was looking. The low, thoughtful hum he made when picking apart a report. The heat of his glare when he was on the verge of snapping, when Viktor had pushed just the right buttons, when—

No.

Viktor's fingers dug into the bark, muscles coiling, his body tightening like a predator spotting prey.

This was wrong. Impossible.

And yet his wolf knew.

A growl rumbled low in his chest as he pushed off the tree, instincts taking the reins. His pulse pounded in his ears as he followed the scent, each step pulling him closer, winding through the underbrush, closing the distance.

The scent wrapped around Viktor like a leash, tightening with every step. It filled his lungs, seeped into his blood, sent a growl vibrating low in his chest. Every stride brought him closer, muscles coiled, instincts locked onto their prey.

A flicker of movement—there. A figure slipped through the underbrush, their gait fast and efficient—but not efficient enough.

Human. Alone.

His .

Fear spiked sharp and sweet in the air. Viktor's blood roared. His wolf lunged.

Impact .

A startled cry, the crunch of bodies hitting the ground. Leaves and twigs snapped beneath them as they rolled, Viktor's weight pressing his prey down, pinning them effortlessly.

Then the scent hit him full force.

Beneath him, Nick gasped, his chest heaving, his pulse pounding hard enough that Viktor could hear it. Their eyes met—Nick's blown wide with shock, confusion

flashing into something sharper, edged with panic.

“Viktor?!” Nick’s voice was raw, breathless. “What the hell—?”

Viktor’s grip tightened, his body refusing to let go even as his mind scrambled to catch up.

Nick squirmed, shoving at his shoulders. “No. No way. Not you .”

A dangerous growl curled from Viktor’s throat. “Me.”

His wolf howled in triumph.

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Chapter three

Nick

Nick's lungs stopped working for a full beat.

Viktor loomed above him, all muscle and moonlight, his bare skin hot and unyielding against Nick's own. The weight of him pressed down, pinning Nick to the damp earth, broad hands braced on either side of his head, thighs like iron around his hips. Heat radiated off him in waves, and—oh great, now Nick's brain had decided to take a vacation, because the only thing it seemed capable of processing was naked .

As in, Viktor was naked.

As in, every single werewolf running through these woods tonight was naked, and somehow, in all his careful calculations, Nick had conveniently failed to prepare for this.

His pulse hammered, blood rushing to places it definitely shouldn't, because of course his traitorous body had to get involved in this disaster. Because everything else in his life always went wrong—why wouldn't his annoying, uncooperative biology betray him at the exact worst possible moment, too?

Viktor's green eyes locked onto his, burning with something dark and unreadable. And the look? Yeah, it wasn't exactly I'm here to save you.

More like I'm going to eat you alive.

Nick's breath hitched, panic and heat tangling in his chest. His brain tried to form a coherent thought, some kind of protest, but all it managed was:

Oh shit.

Why is he built like this?

WHY IS HE BUILT LIKE THIS?!

Oh no, I just looked down—

Abort, ABORT.

Nick squeezed his eyes shut, because that was a lot of Viktor, and he needed exactly zero of those details imprinted on his memory. Which was a shame, because they already were. Permanently. Probably forever.

And of all the hundreds of werewolves in the forest tonight, of course he'd be caught by the one asshole who hated his guts. Not some random stranger, not some faceless wolf he could pretend this never happened with. No. He got Viktor.

Nick let his head thump back against the dirt, staring up at the sky in pure resignation.

The werewolf's massive hands gripped his wrists like steel, holding him effortlessly above his head. Gone was the sharp-suited, sneering corporate monster. In its place, Viktor was all raw, unfiltered power, a living, breathing weapon. Nick's eyes drifted lower before he could stop them. Broad shoulders. Tapered waist. Defined abs. They tensed with each breath, as if Viktor was aware of the exact effect this was having on him.

The silvery moonlight caught the dark trail of hair leading lower, and suddenly

Nick's mouth was bone dry.

Of course, it wasn't enough for Viktor to be a regular annoying werewolf; no, he had to be hung as well.

Between Viktor's thighs, his cock stood proudly erect, thick and flushed with arousal.

Nick jerked his eyes away, but he couldn't erase the image burned into his mind. His own body betrayed him, responding to the press of Viktor's naked form. He squirmed, trying to put some small distance between them.

The werewolf's chest heaved against his, skin fever-hot even through Nick's clothing. "What the hell are you doing out here?!" Viktor's voice rumbled against Nick's chest.

Nick forced a smirk despite his thundering heart. "I'm here for the money. What about you?"

Viktor stared at him, equal parts disbelief and irritation. "I'm here to mate."

Oh.

Nick's brain went static for a second. Just pure, unfiltered white noise. Because of course Viktor would say something like that. Straight to the point. No room for misinterpretation. Just I'm here to mate as if he was ordering a damn coffee.

Viktor's grip on his wrists tightened, pinning them harder into the dirt. The pressure shot straight down Nick's spine, leaving heat curling in his stomach.

Oh, this was bad. This was very bad.

Because that shouldn't be hot. The weight of Viktor's body pressing him down, the

solid, unyielding strength caging him in—it should've made him feel trapped, not... whatever the hell this was. And yet, here he was, flat on his back beneath his completely naked workplace nemesis, his body betraying him in ways he would be unpacking in therapy approximately never.

Nick swallowed, forcing his smirk to stay put. He could not let Viktor know he was affected. He only had one weapon in his arsenal, and it wasn't strength—it was being annoying as hell.

So he used it.

He arched his back, pressing up against Viktor's solid form, grinding just enough to be provocative. The heat between them flared, instant and undeniable. Viktor was burning up, his skin fever-warm, the raw power in his body barely restrained.

"Go ahead, then," Nick murmured, voice all lazy defiance.

Viktor's nostrils flared. His jaw tightened, the muscle ticking as he felt exactly what Nick was doing. His pupils blew wide, dark eclipses swallowing green.

Oh. That was... interesting.

Nick tilted his head, mouth curling in something close to mock innocence. "What's wrong?" He let his voice drop to something lower, silkier. "Impotent?"

A muscle in Viktor's temple twitched. Oh yeah. That hit a nerve.

Nick grinned, pressing his advantage. "All that big, bad wolf talk at the office, but now that you finally get me alone..." He let the sentence dangle, letting the silence stretch before clicking his tongue in mock disappointment. "I expected more."

Viktor's entire body went rigid. His grip tightened on Nick's wrists, not enough to hurt, but enough to remind him who was really in control. His breathing was heavier now, deeper, like he was working through something dangerous.

And god , he looked dangerous.

Nick could see it now, the way Viktor's control was cracking at the edges—his teeth bared just enough to reveal the sharper points of his canines, the way his chest rose and fell with deliberate, restrained force. His body was a study in tension, every muscle flexed, his skin taut over power barely leashed. The moonlight slashed over him, throwing deep shadows across the hard planes of his body, highlighting the sheer size of him, the way he was built for this—for the hunt, for the chase, for taking exactly what he wanted.

Nick refused to acknowledge what that realization did to him.

He rolled his hips deliberately, drinking in the sharp inhale it tore from Viktor.

Oh yeah. There it was. That one sharp second where Viktor's grip faltered, where his pupils dilated even more, where his breath hitched. Nick could feel the raw tension in him, like a taut wire about to snap. Good. He wanted Viktor unhinged. He wanted to win this round, even if only for a second.

A low, warning growl rumbled in Viktor's chest, vibrating straight through Nick's bones. "Stop that."

Nick swallowed hard, pulse spiking, but forced his smirk wider. "What's the matter, Viktor?" he taunted, voice all honeyed provocation. "Can't handle a little fight?"

A slow smirk curved his lips as he murmured, "Guess I'll just have to tell everyone at work that Viktor Ivanov is all bark, no bite—"

Viktor snapped.

One second, Nick had control. The next, Viktor took it.

Nick barely had time to process before there was a sharp rip, and the cool night air hit his skin. His shirt was gone. His pants followed in one brutal motion, reduced to nothing but pathetic scraps.

He sucked in a breath, shivering at the sudden exposure. "Jesus, ever heard of buttons?"

Viktor didn't answer. His gaze raked over Nick's body, slow and predatory, like he was committing every inch to memory. Green eyes burned, pupils blown wide, his expression caught somewhere between hunger and possession. He looked like a man who had just found exactly what he wanted.

Nick's pulse jackhammered against his ribs. His skin felt too hot, nerves crackling under the weight of Viktor's stare. The way he was looking at him—so intent, so focused—was doing something strange to his body, something Nick wasn't prepared to deal with.

This was bad. This was so bad.

And yet.

Nick swallowed hard and forced himself to smirk, pretending his own breathing wasn't uneven. "Like what you see, big guy?"

Viktor's lips curled into something dark, something amused and dangerous all at once. He reached down—Nick braced himself, body tensing—but Viktor didn't touch him.

Instead, his hand wrapped around himself , slow and deliberate.

Nick's brain short-circuited.

His eyes flicked down before he could stop himself, before he could remember that looking was a terrible idea.

Oh. Oh, fuck.

Nick's breath stalled. His mouth went dry.

Viktor didn't stop.

His grip was firm, steady, pumping over thick, hard cock with a slow, almost lazy confidence, like he had all the time in the world to make Nick unravel. His fingers curled at the tip, slick and teasing, squeezing just enough to drag a rough exhale from his throat. Each stroke was deliberate, practiced, the kind of touch that came from knowing exactly how to drive himself crazy—and knowing exactly who was watching.

Nick's pulse pounded so hard he could hear it in his ears. His mouth was dry. His skin burned. He should have looked away, should have forced himself to not watch the way Viktor's fist worked over himself, slick with pre-come, glistening in the moonlight, his abs tensing with every slow drag of his hand.

But he couldn't.

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Chapter four

Nick

Heat curled in Nick's stomach, lower, pooling thick and heavy. His own cock twitched, aching for touch, but he was trapped, pinned beneath Viktor's weight, forced to lie there and witness every inch of raw, unfiltered desire playing out above him.

Viktor exhaled roughly. "Look at you." His voice was thick with arousal, low and rough like gravel. "So desperate."

Nick made a strangled noise, somewhere between protest and something infinitely worse. "Me?" His voice cracked before he could rein it in. "Oh, I'm the desperate one?" He tried for sharp, for biting, for some kind of cutting remark that would put distance between them. It came out embarrassingly weak.

Viktor smirked like he knew exactly what kind of effect he was having. His pace didn't slow. If anything, it got more deliberate. More intentional .

Nick wanted to fight back, to snap something vicious and pointed, to turn this moment into something he could control. But he couldn't think—couldn't do anything except watch, wide-eyed and breathless, as Viktor's hand moved faster, as his hips rolled into his own grip with a shuddering breath, as the slick, wet sound of it filled the space between them.

Then Viktor's free hand gripped Nick's thigh, hard, fingers digging deep enough that

Nick knew he'd be feeling it tomorrow. The pressure sent a sharp jolt of sensation straight to his groin, a collision of pain and pleasure that had him arching into the touch before he could stop himself.

A whimper slipped past his lips. Immediate, involuntary. His stomach dropped the second he realized it had happened.

Viktor heard. His eyes flashed, predatory satisfaction darkening his already blown pupils. "You like this," he snarled, voice ragged, breath coming fast. It wasn't a question. "My attention. You've been asking for it. All that bluster." His fingers tightened, nails just barely scratching against Nick's skin. "You're a noisy little pet dog, barking at what he wants."

Nick bit his lip hard enough to taste blood, furious with himself, with his body, with the way he couldn't stop reacting. He refused to give Viktor the satisfaction of an answer.

But there was no way to hide it.

Not when his thighs trembled under Viktor's grip. Not when his chest rose and fell too fast, too uneven. Not when his own cock was aching, heavy, pinned between them, leaking against his stomach as Viktor kept going .

And there was definitely no way he could tear his gaze away from Viktor's hand.

Viktor leaned in, his breath hot against Nick's skin, voice dripping with authority. "Admit it."

Nick clenched his jaw so hard it was a miracle his teeth didn't crack. Absolutely not. He wasn't giving Viktor the satisfaction. He scrambled for a comeback—something cutting, something witty, something that would wipe that insufferable look off

Viktor's face.

But nothing came.

His body had betrayed him in the worst way possible. Every breath felt too thick, too hot. Blood rushed south, his hips shifting instinctively toward the source of his torment. Weak. Weak.

Viktor's smirk deepened, eyes flashing with knowing amusement. Damn wolf could probably smell how wrecked he was.

Nick sucked in a breath and scowled. Fine. If he was going down, he was going down swinging.

"Oh, absolutely," he deadpanned. "I live to be tackled naked in the dirt by my overbearing co-worker. It's really fulfilling a lifelong dream."

Viktor huffed a laugh, low and rough, but his amusement didn't soften him. If anything, the heat in his gaze only darkened, turned sharper, like he was savoring the fight even as he crushed it under his weight.

With a firm grip, he seized Nick's chin, forcing his head back until their eyes locked. "Look," he commanded, voice a dark velvet snarl.

Nick tried to summon the defiance that had always been his shield, the cocky grin, the easy sarcasm that kept people at arm's length. But here, pinned beneath Viktor's overpowering presence, he had nothing. It crumbled to dust.

His throat felt dry as sandpaper, the words he wanted to spit out caught there. His skin burned under Viktor's hold, his jaw aching from the pressure of those fingers. Viktor was so close. Too close. Heat radiated from him, every inch of his powerful

body pressing Nick into the earth like he belonged there.

“There’s not much to look at,” Nick rasped, barely getting the words out.

Viktor’s smirk sharpened. His thumb brushed over Nick’s jaw, deceptively gentle as his fingers flexed, keeping him trapped. His eyes flicked over Nick’s flushed face, over the way his pulse jumped at his throat, the way his breath came too fast, too uneven. “You’re shaking,” Viktor murmured, satisfaction curling through his voice like smoke.

Nick gritted his teeth, hating how easily Viktor could see through him. Hating the way he felt pinned beneath that knowing gaze, stripped bare in more ways than one. He forced a breath, grasping for control. “Allergies,” he shot back, voice rough.

Viktor laughed, deep and satisfied, and Nick hated how much he felt it, how the sound of it sent a shiver straight through him.

Every nerve in Nick’s body was on fire, overloaded with sensation. His breath hitched as Viktor moved above him, fisting his cock, dragging this out just to make him suffer.

Nick couldn't tear his eyes away. He didn't want to look— he shouldn't be looking—but he did.

The sight of Viktor above him, muscles flexed and straining, his body rolling into motion with purpose, was impossible to ignore. Moonlight cast sharp shadows across his broad chest, highlighting every ridge of his abs, the deep lines cutting down to where he was hard and heavy, sliding slick and hot between Nick’s thighs. Every motion was deliberate, focused, like Viktor was making a point.

Nick squeezed his eyes shut, but it didn't help.

The sensations were impossible to block out—the heat of Viktor’s body, the weight of him pressing him into the damp earth, the steady, rhythmic push of movement. The sound of skin on skin filled the air, wet and obscene, each movement deepening the unbearable tension winding through Nick’s core.

His breath came in uneven bursts. His fingers dug into the dirt, grasping for anything solid as his body reacted in ways he refused to acknowledge. A traitorous shudder rolled through him, shame and need tangling into something unbearable.

Nick clenched his jaw, desperate to keep himself in check. He fought to suppress the sounds building in his throat, but each thrust made it harder to hold on. He felt raw, exposed, like Viktor was unraveling him thread by thread, breaking him down until there was nothing left but sensation.

The sound of Viktor’s breathing was ragged now, his growls turning guttural, his control slipping. His grip on Nick's thighs tightened, nails biting in, as his rhythm turned desperate, erratic.

Nick barely had time to react before Viktor stiffened above him. His entire frame shuddered, muscles locking tight as a deep, primal sound tore from his throat.

Then heat. Wet, thick, undeniable.

The first hot splash hit Nick’s stomach. Then another, splattering across his chest. He flinched as a spurt landed high on his cheek, cooling too fast against his flushed skin.

Marking him.

Nick sucked in a sharp breath, pulse hammering so hard he swore he could feel it in his teeth. The force of it was overwhelming, dragging him under, leaving his skin flushed, his breath shaky, his body aching with the aftermath of something that

shouldn't have felt this intense.

Viktor exhaled roughly, his chest rising and falling in heavy, ragged breaths. Nick was still trapped beneath him, slick and shaking, his mind a complete blank.

Nick scowled, more out of instinct than anything else. "Jesus," he rasped, voice wrecked. "You really don't believe in giving a guy a warning, huh?"

Viktor's breath hitched—a sharp exhale that was almost a laugh. Almost.

Then, with a lazy, satisfied smirk, he dragged a single finger through the mess on Nick's cheek and lifted it, deliberately slow, to Nick's mouth.

Viktor's voice was still rough, thick with satisfaction as he murmured, "Open."

Nick's entire body seized, like something deep inside him had short-circuited.

No. No, absolutely not. He clenched his jaw, refusing to react, refusing to acknowledge the heat crawling up his spine, the way his pulse hammered like a drum beneath his skin. He needed to move, to twist away, to shove Viktor back and put space between them...

But he didn't.

His mouth parted, just slightly, and that was all the permission Viktor needed.

Viktor's fingers slid through his lips, pressing firm against his tongue, tasting of salt and heat and humiliation. Nick inhaled sharply through his nose, but the scent of sweat and musk and something purely Viktor filled his senses, thick and inescapable.

His body betrayed him. Again. A low, broken sound slipped from his throat before he

could stop it, vibrating against Viktor's fingers. His face flamed with instant shame, heat rushing from his neck to his ears. He squeezed his eyes shut, mortified, furious with himself, desperate to pretend it hadn't happened.

But Nick wasn't lucky—not now, not ever.

Viktor heard it. His breath hitched, a quiet, satisfied sound, and then he pushed deeper, his fingers pressing against Nick's tongue, tenderly fucking his mouth.

Nick should have bitten him. Should have turned his head, spat, cursed, anything to shatter the moment, to pull himself out of this spiral. He wanted to snap back, to lunge for Viktor's throat, to wipe that smug expression off his face. But he couldn't move, couldn't think, couldn't do anything but feel.

And the worst part—the absolute, undeniable worst part—was that he was still hard.

His lips closed around Viktor's fingers, his breath shuddering as the taste of him flooded his mouth, warm and unmistakable. His cock ached, flushed and heavy between them, proof of his own betrayal. His skin was too sensitive, too aware of every shift, every slow drag of Viktor's fingers over his tongue, every flex of muscle above him.

"Good boy," Viktor murmured, amusement laced through the rough edges of his voice. Then he pulled his fingers free with a slick pop, and got to his feet.

"Have a nice night," Viktor called over his shoulder, voice dripping with smug dismissal.

And then he left.

The bastard just left .

Nick lay there, staring blankly up at the night sky, his brain firing off useless signals, trying and failing to process what had just happened. His body still trembled—not just from exhaustion, not just from adrenaline, but from something darker, something deeper, something he refused to name.

His lips were still parted, his breath ragged. The taste of Viktor lingered on his tongue—warm, salty, undeniable. It coated the inside of his mouth, thick and invasive, refusing to fade no matter how much he swallowed. The cool night air prickled against his sweat-damp skin, the sticky mess on his chest and stomach a brand, a mark, evidence of just how thoroughly he had lost tonight. He wanted to wipe it off, to scrub himself raw, to erase it all. But his limbs wouldn't move.

And his traitorous cock was still hard.

A wave of humiliation rolled through him, sharp and hot. What the hell just happened?

The forest around him was eerily still, as if the trees themselves had the decency to be embarrassed for him.

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Chapter five

Viktor

Viktor stalked through the forest, crushing twigs underfoot, his breath coming sharp and uneven. The cool night air did nothing to calm the fire still burning under his skin. His muscles were tight, his pulse too loud, his thoughts stuck in a loop he didn't want to examine.

Nick.

That cocky, insufferable human who never knew when to shut up. That reckless idiot who had dared him, taunted him, provoked him until Viktor had no choice but to put him in his place. Who, even pinned beneath him, marked, had still looked up at him with those sharp, defiant blue eyes like he hadn't just been completely ruined .

Viktor growled under his breath, flexing his fingers like he could shake off the memory. He should be satisfied. He was satisfied. He'd taken what he wanted, left his mark, shown Nick exactly what happened when you played games with someone like him.

And yet.

Heat curled deep in his gut, hunger laced with something sharper, something more dangerous. Nick had looked smug even as he'd been covered in Viktor's release, his skin flushed, chest heaving, lips slightly parted like he was waiting for something more. He should have been humiliated. Defeated. Instead, he'd had the audacity to

look at Viktor like he'd won something.

Viktor's jaw clenched. His claws itched to shift.

He exhaled hard, dragging a hand through his hair. This was nothing. Just another conquest. Another lesson taught to someone who had no business tempting him. He had no reason to think about the heat of Nick's skin, the way his breath had hitched when Viktor touched him, the maddening, utterly intoxicating scent of him—

Viktor stopped abruptly, bracing a hand against the rough bark of a tree. His pulse pounded, heavy and uneven, his skin still thrumming with heat. His body was loose, satisfied in the most basic sense, the way it always was after a good hunt. But something was wrong. The satisfaction should have settled deep in his bones, sated and final. Instead, it left him restless. Agitated. Like a meal that should have been enough but wasn't.

Nick's scent still clung to him. Sweat, heat, salt. Something warmer underneath, something that curled in Viktor's lungs like a brand. He had drowned himself in it, in the slick press of their bodies, in the sounds Nick had tried to swallow back. He had taken, left his mark, made sure Nick wouldn't forget what had happened between them.

And yet it wasn't enough.

His fingers flexed against the bark, claws threatening to slip free.

Distantly, a wolf howled, a reminder that others prowled these woods. Others who might catch that lingering scent, who might follow it straight to its source. A low, vicious snarl curled from Viktor's throat before he could stop it. The idea of another werewolf catching that scent, smelling what he had smelled, following it back to his prey—

His grip tightened, splintering the wood beneath his palm.

Not yours.

The words rang sharp and cold in his head, cutting through the heat curling in his gut. He inhaled sharply, forcing himself to steady the possessive burn in his chest. This was nothing. Just post-chase instinct. Animal reaction. Nick was an annoyance, a mistake, a human with no place in Viktor's world. He had been a distraction, and now he was finished.

And yet, the thought of him sprawled in the moonlight, pupils blown, lips parted breathlessly—

Viktor exhaled hard, shoving away from the tree.

It didn't matter.

Nick was a grown man. He had signed up for this night. He had known what he was getting into.

But if that was true, why did Viktor feel like he was the one who had lost a battle he hadn't known he was fighting?

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Chapter six

Viktor

Viktor hit the other werewolf like a wrecking ball, tackling him clean off Nick and slamming him into the ground. They went down hard, the impact rattling through Viktor's bones, dirt flying as they rolled in a tangle of limbs, snarls ripping through the night air.

The other werewolf fought back, but he was weaker. Slower. Viktor overpowered him with ease, shoving him down, crushing him into the earth until the bastard had nowhere left to go. He straddled his waist, muscles flexed, his forearm braced against the werewolf's throat, pressing just enough to feel his pulse hammer beneath his skin.

"He's mine." The words came low, gritted out through bared teeth, each syllable sharp and heavy with menace. "Touch him again, and I'll tear your throat out."

In a frantic, scrambling movement, the other werewolf twisted free, bolting into the darkness. Coward.

Viktor stood over the spot where he'd been, chest heaving, breath still coming too fast, his claws flexing at his sides like he hadn't quite gotten enough. The burn of adrenaline still thrummed in his blood, the itch to rip and tear not yet satisfied.

A sound behind him. A sharp inhale. A body shifting against rough bark. Viktor turned.

Nick was sliding down the oak, his limbs finally giving out. Sweat slicked his skin, glistening under the moonlight. His throat was marked red from where clawed fingertips had pressed too hard. His chest still rose and fell too fast, like he hadn't quite caught up to the fact that he was safe.

Viktor expected thanks. He expected submission.

Instead, Nick lifted his chin. His eyes met Viktor's, glassy with exhaustion, but still cutting like a knife. "What do you want?"

The question hit Viktor like a physical blow. After everything—after marking him and then rescuing him from another wolf—Nick still had the nerve to challenge him?!

Frustration clawed at Viktor's insides, sharp and restless, twisting into something darker. His body still thrummed from the fight, from the raw physicality of overpowering another wolf, from the primal satisfaction of watching an enemy run from him. His blood was hot, his pulse still pounding in his ears, his cock still hard from the rush of adrenaline and dominance.

And Nick—stubborn, sharp-tongued, impossible Nick—had the fucking audacity to look at him like he hadn't just been seconds away from being overpowered.

Viktor tried to steady the fire licking through his veins. Nick smelled like him. His scent clung to that overheated skin, soaked into him, a reminder of what had already happened between them. And it still wasn't enough.

"I just saved your ass," Viktor growled, voice rough, low, threatening. "Aren't you even grateful?"

Nick, ever the defiant little bastard, didn't flinch. "I didn't ask for your protection," he spat. But Viktor caught the way his voice wavered, the slight tremor at the edges.

Not fear.

Something else .

Viktor's muscles coiled tight as he stepped forward, closing the distance between them.

Nick didn't back away. Heat rolled off him in waves, his bare skin flushed from exertion, from fear, from whatever dangerous game they were playing. Viktor inhaled deeply, his body reacting before his mind could catch up, blood surging south.

He had already seen Nick spread out beneath him, already felt him shudder under his hands, already heard the sounds he made when he was undone. His cock throbbed at the memory, at the phantom sensation of Nick's cock hard against him as Viktor pinned him against the ground.

Nick swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. Viktor's eyes followed the movement despite himself.

"You really want to be used, Nick?" The words came out as a growl, something dark and hungry curling around them.

Nick inhaled sharply. His pulse jumped beneath his skin, his pupils dilating, the barest flicker of something uncertain in those infuriatingly blue eyes before he locked it down. Viktor saw it. He felt it. And it sent a fresh surge of hunger through his veins.

Nick smelled right like this—wrecked and worn down, his skin still marked from earlier, sticky with dried evidence of Viktor's dominance. The wolf inside him rumbled with satisfaction, pleased with the scent, pleased with the lingering proof that Nick had already been marked.

But it wasn't enough.

When it came to this asshole, it was never enough.

Viktor towered over him, fully hard now, aching with the need to finish what they started. Nick's breath came too quick, his skin flushed, his fingers twitching at his sides like he didn't know whether to push Viktor away or pull him closer.

Every instinct screamed at Viktor to pin him down again, to show him what it really meant to be owned by a wolf.

But then Nick's lips curled.

That infuriating smirk—the same one that had driven him insane at work, the same one that had pushed him over the edge tonight. Even here, naked, vulnerable, covered in Viktor's scent, Nick had the audacity to look pleased with himself. “Oh, I get it. That's why you're stalking me tonight—you want me all to yourself.”

The truth was there, buried under layers of rage and denial, but it still stung. Viktor's teeth ground together, the words of protest stuck in his throat. "Fuck you."

Nick's chest still heaved from the fight, but his gaze flicked downward, locking onto Viktor's cock. His pupils dilated for just a second before his expression twisted into something more controlled—more deliberate. He swallowed, then lifted his chin, forcing a smirk.

"Look at you," he said, voice rasping from the earlier struggle but laced with mocking amusement. "Hard for me again . Were you hoping I'd need saving just so you could get your hands on me a second time?"

"Shut up," Viktor growled. Not his finest work, and Nick knew it. Viktor saw it in the

way Nick's smirk widened, in the way his shoulders squared despite the slight tremor running through them.

"Why?" Nick stepped forward, slow, deliberate. Nick tilted his head, blue eyes flashing with something unreadable. "You don't like hearing the truth? That you followed me through the woods like some desperate little lapdog, hoping I'd get in trouble so you'd have an excuse to—" He exhaled, looking Viktor up and down—mostly down.

Something flickered behind his eyes.

Nick's tongue darted out to wet his lips, but the motion lacked its earlier cockiness. He dragged in a breath through his nose, slow and steady, and then he forced himself to look back up at Viktor, that damned smirk returning—but it was something else now.

"Guess I'll have to do something about this little problem," he murmured, voice lower than before. He stepped even closer, so close that Viktor could feel his body heat, could hear the unsteady rhythm of his pulse. "Otherwise, you'll just keep chasing me all night, won't you?"

The words were meant to taunt, but Viktor could hear the shift. Nick was losing a battle against himself. His lashes flickered as he looked down again, staring at Viktor's cock like he was trying to convince himself that he wasn't interested—that he wasn't about to give in. But his body told a different story. His own cock was hard now, flushed and eager despite the way he kept pretending he was the one in control.

Viktor could practically hear the argument happening inside Nick's head.

The part of him that wanted to fight, to push back, to be difficult just for the sake of it—that part was losing.

And the part of him that wanted— needed —was winning.

Viktor saw the exact second it happened. Nick's breath hitched. His fingers flexed at his sides, his jaw tightening. His eyes flickered, blue cutting like a blade, still sharp... even as he dropped to his knees.

Viktor's lungs seized, heat flooding through his body so fast it nearly unmade him.

He hadn't expected this. Not from Nick. Not like this .

Even now, as Nick knelt before him, as his hands came up, palms bracing against Viktor's thighs, he was watching him, studying every flicker of his reaction, the same way he did in those boardroom meetings, waiting for any sign of weakness to exploit.

Viktor stared down at Nick kneeling before him on the forest floor, the moonlight casting shadows across his rival's face. How many times had he imagined this? Nick on his knees, that perpetual smirk finally wiped away—yet even now, even here, Nick refused to give him the satisfaction of complete surrender.

His cock stood rigid between them, flushed and straining, the veins prominent against the taut skin. It was almost painful how hard he was, how desperate Nick had made him. Viktor hated him for it. Hated how much he needed this. Hated that smug look in Nick's eyes that said he knew exactly what he was doing to him.

"You're testing my patience," Viktor growled, his accent thickening with frustration.

Nick's gaze never wavered as his fingers traced up the underside of Viktor's length with maddening slowness. The touch was light, sending electric pulses through Viktor's groin that made his thighs tense and his breath catch in his throat.

"Fuck," Viktor bit out, his cock twitching visibly under Nick's attentions, a bead of

moisture forming at the tip. He was unraveling, losing control, and they both knew it. The power dynamic shifted with every second Nick prolonged his torment.

Just when Viktor thought he might snap—might grab Nick and demand what he needed—Nick finally, finally leaned forward. His hot breath ghosted over the sensitive head, and then his tongue, wet and warm, dragged deliberately across the swollen tip, collecting the evidence of Viktor's desperation.

Viktor's vision darkened at the edges, a groan tearing from deep in his chest. One taste, and he was already coming undone.

Nick's smirk was pure sin, like he had just gotten exactly the reaction he wanted. "Something wrong?" he murmured, voice rough, but still with that same infuriating arrogance.

Viktor growled low, the sound a warning, but Nick only chuckled, dragging his tongue over the sensitive underside this time, slow, teasing, calculated. Viktor's fingers itched, his wolf snarling inside his chest, caught between triumph and something far more dangerous.

Nick kept his eyes locked on him as he wrapped his fingers around Viktor's length, squeezing just enough to send a violent shudder down his spine.

Then, finally, he took him in.

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Chapter seven

Nick

Viktor's cock was heavy on his tongue, hot and velvety against his lips. The bitter-salt taste of pre-come lingered as he took Viktor deeper, feeling the stretch at the corners of his mouth.

He hadn't planned this—hadn't planned to be on his knees in the damp earth of the forest, pine needles digging into his knees. Yet here he was, looking up at his nemesis, watching Viktor's composed facade crumble with each calculated movement

This was stupid. So, so stupid.

Yet here he was, on his knees, one arrogant werewolf coming apart above him. Nick's jaw ached, his pulse pounded, and his body—traitorous bastard that it was—throbbed with something dangerously close to want.

He looked up, meeting Viktor's eyes. Dark. Wild. Barely restrained.

Nick smirked, because if he didn't, he might start thinking about what he was doing. "Look at you," he drawled, voice lower than he intended. "So damn desperate." He let his fingers ghost along Viktor's slick length, barely touching, watching the way Viktor's stomach tensed in response. "Still trying to pretend you're in control."

Viktor let out a growl, low and warning, but Nick only grinned.

This was reckless. Insane.

And yet, he wanted to see how far he could push.

"What's the matter, Viktor?" Nick taunted, his voice a low purr as he leaned in, his breath ghosting over Viktor's hard cock. "Cat got your tongue?"

Nick smirked, his eyes locked onto Viktor's as he parted his lips, taking just the tip into his mouth. He teased, his tongue swirling around the sensitive head, his hands working the shaft with slow, deliberate strokes. Viktor's body was taut, muscles straining as he fought to maintain control. Nick could feel the power dynamic shifting, the upper hand within his grasp.

Nick wasn't new to this game. He'd never been the hottest guy in the room, not like Viktor with his movie-star looks and perfect body. Nick was all angles and attitude, nothing special at first glance. But that had just made him work harder—pun intended. He knew his way around a cock.

And now Viktor was coming undone above him. Mr. Perfect with his tailored suits and cold composure was breathing hard, trembling slightly as Nick worked him with practiced precision. It felt like victory—sweeter than any argument he'd ever won against Viktor.

Nick worked Viktor over slowly, deliberately, keeping the pace just on the edge of teasing. He could feel the tension in Viktor's body, the way his muscles coiled tight, like he was fighting to hold himself back. It was exhilarating, knowing he could unravel someone like Viktor, someone who usually carried himself with such rigid control.

Viktor let out a low, guttural sound, his grip tightening in Nick's hair. The rawness of it sent a sharp thrill through Nick's spine. He should've been afraid—this was a

predator, a werewolf barely restraining himself—but instead, it made his own pulse pound harder, made him press in closer, made him want to see just how much he could push before Viktor snapped.

Nick told himself this was still about control. About payback. About wiping that superior look off Viktor's face and proving that Nick could handle him, that he could take what he wanted without losing himself in it.

But his body had other ideas.

Heat curled low in his stomach, spreading like wildfire, impossible to ignore. His own cock ached, betraying him, pressing insistently against the cool night air. He grit his teeth, willing the feeling away, but it was useless. Every growl that rumbled from Viktor's chest, every sharp inhale, every shudder of barely restrained need only made Nick's blood burn hotter.

This was getting dangerous.

Viktor's thighs tensed beneath Nick's hands, hard muscle flexing as the werewolf fought for control. The grip in Nick's hair tightened, fingers digging into his scalp. He should've resented the possessive touch, but instead, it sent a shiver down his spine.

Suddenly, Viktor's hand fisted in Nick's hair, gripping tightly. Nick's eyes widened in surprise, a jolt of alarm shooting through him.

The air shifted. One moment Nick was in control, the next—yanked into Viktor's orbit. Viktor's fingers tightened, sending sparks of pain across Nick's scalp.

"You think you're so clever with that talented mouth," Viktor said, voice rough. "Let's see how you handle this."

Viktor's fingers tightened in Nick's hair, holding him perfectly still. Their eyes locked—Nick's defiant, Viktor's burning with dark intent.

"Open wider," Viktor commanded, his voice rough.

Nick complied, a last flicker of triumph in his eyes—still thinking he had the upper hand. Then Viktor pressed forward, the thick head of his cock stretching Nick's lips obscenely. He didn't thrust. Instead, he fed his length into Nick's mouth with deliberate slowness, one excruciating inch at a time.

Nick's confidence wavered as the first few inches filled his mouth. Viktor was bigger than he'd anticipated—thicker, longer, the veins along the shaft pulsing against his tongue. A trickle of uncertainty crept up his spine.

"Look at me," Viktor growled when Nick's eyes started to close.

Nick obeyed, gazing up as another inch disappeared between his lips. His jaw ached, stretched to capacity. Viktor was only halfway in, and already Nick was struggling.

A moan vibrated in Nick's throat—part protest, part unwilling pleasure. His naked body betrayed him, his own cock standing rigid against his stomach, pre-come beading at the tip despite his growing alarm.

Nick's jaw ached, stretched to its limit. Saliva leaked from the corners of his mouth, running down his chin. Each thrust pushed deeper, Viktor's cock filling his throat completely.

The forest spun around him. All Nick could focus on was the heavy weight on his tongue, the slick friction as Viktor used him. Rough pubic hair brushed against his nose with every thrust, Viktor's scent overwhelming him—sweat, arousal, and that distinctive cologne Nick had always secretly insisted he hated.

Nick shuddered. His nails bit into Viktor's thighs, his fingers twitching between pushing away and pulling closer. His own cock throbbed painfully, betraying him. Each brutal thrust sent conflicting signals: fear, anger, and a shameful, mounting pleasure.

Viktor pushed deeper, the head of his cock hitting the entrance to Nick's throat. Nick's eyes widened in panic. He couldn't—there was no way—!

"You always bite off more than you can chew," Viktor murmured, his voice a dangerous caress. "Now take all of me."

Nick tried to pull back, but Viktor's grip held him fast. Another inch slid in. Nick's throat constricted, fighting the intrusion. Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes, tracking down his flushed cheeks.

The pressure was immense, Viktor's cock stretching his throat, cutting off his breath for precious seconds. When Viktor pulled back slightly, Nick gasped through his nose, dizzy with relief and a strange, twisted satisfaction.

Nick forced himself to glare up at him, even as his entire body burned with something he couldn't name. He's going to pay for this, he swore to himself. Just as soon as I can think straight again.

"Again," Viktor said, pushing forward once more.

Each time, Nick took him a little deeper. His throat learned to relax, to accept the invasion. His body surrendered before his mind did, until finally, impossibly, Nick's nose pressed against the coarse hair at the base of Viktor's cock. His eyes widened in shock. Viktor was inside him completely, thick and pulsing, the entire length buried in his throat.

The sensation was overwhelming—fullness beyond description, his senses flooded with Viktor's taste and scent. Nick couldn't breathe, couldn't think. There was only Viktor, only this, strong hands knotted in his hair and a pulsing cock on his tongue.

Viktor held him there for three thundering heartbeats, watching Nick's eyes glaze over. When he finally eased back, allowing Nick to draw a desperate breath, his smile was victorious.

Viktor's eyes burned down at him, pupils wide with need. "Look at that," he panted. "Finally found a way to shut you up."

Nick moaned around Viktor's length, the vibration making the werewolf hiss with pleasure. The power had shifted completely—Nick was no longer the one calling the shots.

And god help him, he was getting off on it.

Viktor's grip tightened in Nick's hair, his hips moving with a deliberate, punishing rhythm. Nick's eyes watered, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he took it all. Viktor looked down at him, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Always wondered how to shut you up," Viktor taunted, his voice a low growl. "Now I know. Next time you mouth off in a meeting, maybe I'll fuck that pretty little face of yours right in front of everyone."

Nick's heart skipped a beat, a strange thrill coursing through him at Viktor's words.

He thinks I'm pretty?

Viktor's grip tightened, his green eyes blazing. His grip tightened in Nick's hair, his hips moving with a desperate, frenzied rhythm. Nick could feel the werewolf's cock

swelling, pulsing with impending release.

You're enjoying this too much.

That thought should have snapped him out of it. But Viktor was shuddering, his body tensing, his grip turning punishing as pleasure overtook him. Because of me. The realization slammed into Nick, dizzying, intoxicating. He had reduced Viktor—the snarling, insufferable werewolf, his biggest rival—to this. A mess of ragged breaths and shaking muscles, coming undone at his hands.

That's a win, right?

Viktor's rhythm stuttered, his fingers tightening painfully in Nick's hair. "Fuck," he growled, the single syllable more warning than Nick got from most men—

The first spurt caught him by surprise. Jesus fucking christ. Nick swallowed desperately, trying to keep up with the volume. Some escaped, trickling from the corner of his mouth. He felt it slide down his chin, warm and viscous, and in his lightheaded state thought it might be the most humiliating thing that had ever happened to him. Years of perfecting my technique, and I'm drooling come like a fucking amateur.

Viktor groaned above him, the sound so raw and unrestrained it sent a jolt straight to Nick's neglected cock. Another pulse, another desperate swallow. Nick's throat worked overtime, his focus narrowed to this one task. He would not choke. Would not sputter. Would take everything Viktor gave him, if only to prove he could .

When Viktor finally pulled out, Nick gasped, dragging air into his deprived lungs. His chest heaved, head spinning as oxygen returned to his brain. He could still taste Viktor on his tongue, could feel the residual fullness in his throat like a phantom limb.

"Fuck," Nick croaked, his voice wrecked, barely a whisper. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, trying for dignity and missing by a mile. "Do you always come like a fucking fire hose, or was that special for me?"

Even as he said it, Nick felt a perverse sense of accomplishment. He'd taken it all—well, most of it. The evidence of that glistened on his chin, but he'd managed the rest. His body hummed with a strange mixture of pride, violation, and desperate, unresolved arousal.

Viktor looked down at him, chest heaving, eyes still dark with the aftershocks of pleasure. "Most humans can't take it all their first time."

The casual 'first time' sent a jolt through Nick's body. As if there would be others. As if this wasn't a one-time lapse in judgment in a forest.

"I'm not most humans," Nick rasped, his throat raw, his voice barely recognizable.

Viktor panted, his fingers lingering in Nick's hair before they loosened, slipping away. They stared at each other, both getting their breaths back, the air thick with tension and uncertainty.

The fresh silence between them was suffocating.

Nick sat back on his heels, chest heaving, his lips tingling, swollen from use. He barely registered the cooling night air against his overheated skin. He was too busy staring at Viktor, and Viktor—damn him—was staring right back.

Nick's mind scrambled for something, anything, to say. A joke, an insult, some razor-sharp quip that would put distance between them again. But nothing came.

What the hell happens now?

The answer that came to mind was wild, but inescapable: Whatever I want to make happen.

And right now, with his cock aching, he knew what that was.

Nick's voice was thick and raspy when he finally spoke. "Seems like I've made you come twice tonight, Viktor," he said, his voice laced with challenge. "If you don't want everyone at work tomorrow to know that you're a lousy lay, you better even the score."

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Chapter eight

Viktor

Viktor barely had a moment to breathe, the aftershocks of release still crackling through his body. Nick was a mess—panting, flushed, marked by their frenzy. And yet, despite everything, the bastard was still teasing him .

Something in Viktor snapped.

Before he could think, he had Nick shoved against the nearest tree, rough bark scraping against bare skin. Nick gasped, but Viktor didn't care. Couldn't. He was past the point of reason. This wasn't about control anymore. It was about need. About proving something—to Nick, to himself.

His hand found Nick's cock, gripping him with purpose, stroking hard.

Nick sucked in a sharp breath, body tensing, then melting, surrendering to the pleasure. His head tipped back against the tree, mouth parting on a low, sinful moan. Viktor felt it like a spark to dry tinder, his own desire roaring back to life.

At the office, Nick was a thorn in his side, a constant irritation, always knowing exactly how to push his buttons. Now, he was under Viktor's skin in an entirely different way—shaking, desperate, undone by Viktor's touch.

Viktor's gaze traveled down, taking in what he held in his hand. Nick's cock was like the rest of him—not the biggest Viktor had seen, but perfectly proportioned. It was

straight where Viktor's curved slightly, the head flushed a deep pink, almost purple with need. A prominent vein ran along the underside, throbbing against Viktor's palm with each stroke.

Beautiful, Viktor thought grudgingly. He'd never admit it aloud, but Nick's cock suited him—elegant in its way, responsive to every twist of Viktor's wrist. Pre-come leaked steadily from the tip, slicking Viktor's movements, the scent of it sharp and enticing to his heightened senses.

Despite having just come himself, Viktor's cock stirred again, hanging heavy between his legs, not fully erect but far from satisfied. Each gasp that escaped Nick's lips, each involuntary thrust into Viktor's hand, sent blood rushing back to Viktor's groin. One round wouldn't be enough—not after years of tension, not with the way Nick's scent filled his nostrils, a maddening mixture of arousal and defiance.

Viktor tightened his grip, watching the muscles in Nick's stomach contract, the definition there more pronounced than he'd expected. Nick was all lean lines and hidden strength—no visible abs like Viktor's, but a fighter's body nonetheless. His nipples were hard peaks, goosebumps rising on his skin from the cool night air or from Viktor's touch—or both.

"Look at you," Viktor growled, his accent thicker with desire. "All that mouthiness, and now you can barely speak."

Nick's cock pulsed in his hand, a fresh bead of pre-come welling at the tip. Viktor swiped his thumb through it, spreading it over the sensitive head in circles that made Nick's hips buck forward involuntarily.

Viktor pressed closer, his own cock nudging against Nick's thigh, hardening again with each passing second. One taste of Nick hadn't been enough. Nothing about this would be enough. The realization should have alarmed him, but with Nick pinned

against the tree, writhing under his touch, Viktor couldn't bring himself to care about the implications.

All he knew was that he wanted more.

Viktor leaned in, teeth grazing the shell of Nick's ear. "This is what you wanted, yes?" he growled, voice thick with possession. "Tell me how much you need it."

Nick whimpered, his hips jerking into Viktor's fist, chasing more. His body answered before his mouth did, and fuck, that was satisfaction enough.

Viktor let out a low, satisfied chuckle. He had resisted for so long—resented Nick, fought the attraction, convinced himself he felt nothing but irritation.

But now, here they were.

Could've been here sooner, if they weren't both so damn stubborn.

Viktor's nostrils flared as he pulled back slightly, his enhanced senses catching every nuance of Nick's scent. God, Nick was drenched in it—in him. His come had dried on Nick's skin, marking him like territory. More of it was smudged on Nick's chin, obscene.

It all screamed one thing: mine. Viktor's cock hardened instantly, primal satisfaction roaring through him. This wasn't just sex anymore. This was ownership. This was Nick's smart mouth, clever hands, and stubborn attitude all wrapped up in Viktor's personal fragrance. Even hours later, any wolf would know exactly who Nick had been with, what they'd done. The thought sent liquid fire through Viktor's veins. One taste wasn't enough. He needed more—needed to cover every inch of Nick until the man couldn't wash him off for days.

"You're soaked in me," he murmured, his mouth hovering over Nick's throat, breath hot against the sensitive skin. "Inside and out."

He lowered his head, capturing Nick's left nipple between his lips, sucking it into his mouth as his fist worked steadily over Nick's cock. The dual sensations made Nick arch against the tree, a ragged moan escaping him. Even now, pinned and desperate, Nick couldn't help himself. "Jesus," he panted, head thudding back against the rough bark. "You always talk this much after you come?"

A growl rumbled in Viktor's chest, vibrating against Nick's skin. Insolent little shit. He squeezed Nick's cock just enough to make him jolt, his breath stuttering into a whimper.

Viktor released the nipple with a wet pop. "Only when I've got something worth talking about."

His tongue flicked over to the neglected right nipple, circling it slowly before closing his mouth around it. Nick's hips bucked involuntarily into his fist as Viktor sucked harder, his thumb simultaneously sliding over the slick head of Nick's cock.

Nick's laugh was breathless, barely there, when Viktor allowed him a moment to breathe. "Admit it," he rasped, eyes blown wide with pleasure. "You like me."

Viktor silenced him again, this time with a particularly wicked twist of his wrist combined with a sharp nip. He bared his teeth against Nick's flushed skin. Liking had nothing to do with it.

Still, the words hooked into something deep and stubborn, something he didn't want to name. Because Nick wasn't wrong—Viktor should've been done with him, should've pulled away the second his own pleasure faded. Instead, he was still here, delighting in each time Nick tried to speak and failed, reduced to incoherent sounds

by Viktor's mouth and hands. He was cataloging every flicker of bliss on Nick's face, drinking in the way his body begged for more.

Heat coiled low in Viktor's gut, sharp and undeniable. Before he could think better of it, he leaned in, lips dragging over Nick's jaw, his tongue swiping over the remnants of his own release.

Nick gasped, body shuddering. "What the fuck—"

Viktor didn't stop. He licked again, slow and deliberate, savoring the taste of salt and sweat, the sharp musk of sex. It sent a shiver through him, something primal, something deeper than just claiming.

Nick's breath hitched, his next words shaky. "You are so—fucking—gross."

Viktor laughed darkly, fingers tightening around Nick's cock. "And yet," he purred, stroking him hard and slow, "you're still right here."

Nick shuddered violently, his body arching, his lips parting on a moan—and Viktor's tongue, lapping at his skin, brushed over them before he could stop himself.

The instant contact was a spark to dry kindling.

Nick's breath stuttered. Viktor's grip faltered for half a second. Their eyes met—hot, wild, charged.

And then Viktor was kissing him.

The kiss detonated like a bomb. Months of tension exploded into wet heat and desperate need. Their tongues slid together, fighting for control neither wanted to surrender. Viktor tasted everything: Nick's jagged breaths, the salt on his skin, that

unexpectedly sweet flavor that was purely, intoxicatingly Nick. Each stroke of their tongues sent liquid fire straight to his cock.

He fisted Nick's hair, yanking his head back to plunder his mouth deeper. Nick's answering moan vibrated against his lips, the sound shooting straight to Viktor's core like a bullet.

Nick grabbed Viktor's shoulders, hauling him closer until they were pressed together from chest to thigh. The kiss turned savage, all teeth and tongue and bruising pressure. Their mouths separated only for gasping breaths before crashing together again, as if the brief space between them was unbearable.

Nick bit Viktor's lower lip hard enough to sting. Viktor growled, his hand tightening around Nick's cock in warning while his tongue pushed deeper into Nick's mouth. Nick clutched at his shoulders, nails digging in. Their tongues slid together, slick and obscene. Viktor wanted to consume him, to mark him from the inside out. He wanted Nick to feel the phantom press of this kiss for days, to remember the taste of Viktor's tongue every time he opened his smartass mouth at the office.

Who was this version of himself? This man who ground against Nick's hip with shameless need, who devoured his rival like a starving animal?

For months, Nick had needled him relentlessly—cutting remarks, smug smiles, a talent for slipping beneath Viktor's skin like a splinter. Now he was pinned beneath Viktor's body, writhing and gasping against a tree trunk, and the savage pleasure of finally claiming what they'd both been circling left Viktor burning for more.

Nick arched into him, panting between kisses, ever defiant even in surrender. "So," he managed, voice wrecked but still laced with that insufferable edge, "is this how werewolves always settle office disputes?"

Viktor growled against his throat, biting down just hard enough to make Nick gasp. “You really don’t know when to shut up, do you?”

Nick only laughed breathlessly, his hands sliding down Viktor’s back, nails raking just enough to make his muscles tighten. “Admit it,” Nick murmured against his ear, lips brushing hot and teasing, “you’d be bored if I did.”

Damn him. He was right.

With a growl, Viktor slid his hands down Nick’s sides, feeling the tremors of anticipation that ran through the human's body. Without breaking their kiss, he hiked Nick's knees up to wrap around his waist, lifting him effortlessly.

Nick's weight was nothing to his strength. The man's legs locked around him instinctively, heels digging into the small of Viktor's back. The new position aligned their bodies perfectly—cock against cock, skin to skin, nothing between them anymore.

Viktor rolled his hips, grinding against him. The friction tore a groan from deep in his chest. Despite having come twice already, he was fully hard again, his cock throbbing against Nick's straining erection.

He pressed Nick harder against the tree, one hand moving to grip his bare ass, supporting his weight. The bark would leave marks on Nick's back, more proof of this night, more ways that Nick would carry Viktor with him tomorrow.

With a low growl, Viktor hitched Nick's legs higher, adjusting his stance. The movement shifted Nick's weight, tilting his hips just so—and suddenly the head of Viktor's cock was sliding between Nick's cheeks, catching against his entrance.

The realization hit them both simultaneously. Nick's eyes flew open, meeting Viktor's

with a look of such raw want that Viktor nearly lost himself then and there.

"God," Viktor growled, his cock pulsing at the direct contact with Nick's hole. "I could—"

He couldn't finish the sentence. His hips twitched forward involuntarily, the head of his cock pressing more firmly against Nick's entrance, not breaching but threatening to. He could feel the tight ring of muscle against his sensitive tip, the heat radiating from Nick's most intimate place.

Nick panted, eyes flickering with uncertainty for just a second. Then, that familiar smirk reappeared. "You're obsessed with me, huh?"

Viktor grabbed Nick's hips possessively, holding him close. He leaned in, breath hot against Nick's ear. "And what if I am? What are you going to do about it?"

Nick's smirk widened. "Let's find out."

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Chapter nine

Nick

Nick couldn't breathe.

It wasn't just the weight of Viktor's body pinning him to the tree, or the way his massive hands gripped Nick's thighs, holding him aloft as if he weighed nothing. It was what had just happened between them—what was still happening.

Viktor had kissed him.

Not as a power play or to shut him up, but with a hunger that matched Nick's own. Their lips had crashed together like they'd been magnetized, drawn by some force Nick couldn't name or fight. And Nick, who'd spent months telling himself he hated this man, had melted into it like he'd been waiting his entire life for Viktor's mouth on his.

That realization terrified him more than anything that had happened tonight.

"Viktor," he gasped as their cocks slid together, hot and slick. Every thrust sent sparks racing up Nick's spine, but it wasn't enough. Nothing seemed like enough anymore.

Viktor's strength was intoxicating. The way he held Nick against the tree, legs wrapped around his waist, making Nick feel simultaneously helpless and completely safe—it was a contradiction that made his head spin. Nobody had ever made him feel

this way: challenged but precious, dominated but desired.

Then Viktor shifted him higher, and everything changed.

The head of Viktor's cock—that massive, beautiful monster that had just been in Nick's mouth minutes ago—slipped between his cheeks and pressed against his entrance. Nick's eyes flew open, a strangled sound escaping his throat. The pressure was exquisite, teasing, the sensitive ring of muscle tensing against Viktor's cockhead.

A shiver ran through Nick's entire body. That cock inside him. Viktor inside him. The thought should have terrified him—Viktor was huge, and Nick hadn't done this in... God, he couldn't even remember how long. But instead of fear, all he felt was a desperate, aching want.

"Yes," he heard himself say, voice shattered beyond recognition. "Viktor. Yes ."

Something dark and hungry flashed in Viktor's eyes, something that made Nick's cock jerk hard between them. With deliberate slowness, Viktor raised his hand to Nick's face, pressing two thick fingers against his lips.

"Suck," he commanded, voice rough with need.

Nick didn't hesitate. He parted his lips, taking Viktor's fingers into his mouth, his eyes never leaving Viktor's. He swirled his tongue around the digits, tasting salt and skin, sucking hard enough to hollow his cheeks.

Viktor's pupils dilated further, his breath coming faster. "Good," he murmured, the approval sending a fresh jolt of pleasure through Nick's body. "Get them nice and wet for me, Nicky."

The nickname caused another unexpected flutter in Nick's chest. Nobody called him

that, not even his family. From Viktor's lips, it sounded like both a taunt and an endearment at the same time.

When Viktor finally withdrew his fingers, they were glistening with saliva. Nick watched, breath caught in his throat, as Viktor reached down between them, never breaking eye contact. The first touch of those wet fingertips against his hole made Nick gasp, his body tensing instinctively.

"Relax," Viktor whispered, his voice gentler than Nick had ever heard it. "I've got you."

And somehow, inexplicably, Nick believed him. He let his body soften, surrendering to Viktor's touch as one finger circled his entrance, teasing but not yet breaching.

"That's it," Viktor encouraged, and the praise sent another wave of heat through Nick's veins. When had approval from Viktor become something he craved?

The first finger pushed in slowly, carefully, and Nick's breath caught at the intrusion. Viktor's fingers were thick, far more substantial than they had any right to be, and the stretch burned in the most delicious way. Nick's head fell back against the tree trunk, a low moan escaping him as Viktor worked deeper, past the second knuckle.

"God," Nick panted, his internal muscles clenching around the invading digit. "Your fingers are—fuck—"

Viktor's smile was predatory. "Too much?"

"No," Nick gasped, rocking his hips down to take Viktor's finger deeper. "More."

Something flickered in Viktor's eyes—surprise, maybe, or satisfaction. He pulled his finger back slowly before pushing in again, establishing a rhythm that had Nick

squirming against the tree.

When Viktor added a second finger alongside the first, the stretch intensified, pulling a startled cry from Nick's lips. His body tensed again, muscles clamping down on Viktor's thick fingers. He forced himself to exhale slowly, focusing on the sensation of fullness rather than the burn. Gradually, his body yielded, accepting both fingers as Viktor thrust into him, stretching him with meticulous care.

It struck Nick then, with startling clarity, that Viktor—the man who'd made his working life hell for months, who'd threatened and manhandled him less than an hour ago—was being careful with him. There was still that edge of dominance, that wolfish control that seemed woven into Viktor's very DNA, but beneath it was an attentiveness Nick had never expected.

"You're opening up for me," Viktor observed, his voice a low rumble that Nick could feel in his bones. "Taking my fingers so well."

The praise sent a flush racing across Nick's skin. He'd never been particularly vocal during sex, had always found dirty talk somewhat embarrassing, but Viktor's words made his cock throb almost painfully.

Then Viktor curled his fingers, searching, and—

"Fuck!" Nick's entire body jolted, his back arching off the tree as Viktor's fingertips brushed against his prostate. The sensation was electric, sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating outward. His cock jerked, another bead of precome joining the mess on his stomach.

A slow smile spread across Viktor's face. He pressed against that spot again, more deliberately this time, and Nick couldn't stop the high, desperate sound that tore from his throat. Nick wanted to make a sarcastic comment, to maintain some illusion of

control, but all that came out was a broken moan as Viktor began massaging that bundle of nerves in slow, relentless circles.

"Listen to you," Viktor whispered, leaning in to brush his lips against Nick's ear. "Making such pretty noises for me."

Nick squeezed his eyes shut, embarrassment warring with pleasure as helpless whimpers escaped him with each press of Viktor's fingers. He'd never been particularly loud in bed, had always maintained some level of composure, but Viktor was dismantling his defenses one by one, reducing him to raw sound and sensation.

"Look at me," Viktor commanded, his free hand coming up to grip Nick's chin.

Nick forced his eyes open, meeting Viktor's gaze. The intensity there made his breath catch—Viktor was watching him with single-minded focus, cataloging every reaction, every flicker of pleasure that crossed Nick's face.

"That's it," Viktor encouraged as their eyes locked. "I want to see what I'm doing to you."

His fingers picked up speed, rubbing Nick's prostate with ruthless precision. The dual sensations—Viktor's fingers inside him and Viktor's gaze upon him—were overwhelming. Nick could feel himself spiraling higher, his cock leaking steadily now, untouched but so close to the edge.

"Viktor," he gasped, the name a plea. "I'm—I can't—"

Viktor made a low, satisfied noise, deep in his throat, and Nick felt that sound in his spine. The world tilted as Viktor thrust in faster, his other hand gripping Nick's waist like he had every intention of holding on for dear life.

Nick had one last coherent thought—this is a terrible idea—before Viktor leaned in and bit his bottom lip, and oh. Oh. That was new.

Nick made an embarrassingly wrecked sound that Viktor would absolutely use against him later, but screw it, he was already halfway gone. Viktor kissed like he argued—relentless, smug, and determined to win.

Fine. He could have this round.

Just this round.

Probably.

Maybe.

Nick wasn't sure when his hands had tangled in Viktor's hair, but there they were, gripping tight as if letting go would send him crashing back into reality—into a world where this was a terrible, terrible mistake. But right now, with Viktor's mouth moving against his like he wanted to claim him from the inside out, reality could go to hell.

Viktor must have sensed it, because he made a low, satisfied sound and bit at Nick's jaw before trailing his lips down his neck. The scrape of teeth, the flick of his tongue—Nick's entire body shuddered, his head knocking back against the tree. His breath came out in a stutter, and damn it, he should have some witty comeback, some sharp remark to reclaim some control.

But all that came out was Viktor's name, dragged from his throat like a confession.

Viktor groaned, his grip tightening, and suddenly, Nick knew that he wasn't the only one unraveling.

Viktor cursed, a guttural sound that was more growl than word. He withdrew his fingers suddenly, leaving Nick empty and clenching around nothing.

Nick whimpered at the loss, but Viktor's next move silenced him. With a desperate urgency, Viktor spat into his palm and reached between them, slicking his massive cock.

"Tell me to stop," Viktor demanded, his voice strained as he positioned himself. The blunt head of his cock pressed against Nick's loosened hole, hot and impossibly large. "Tell me now if you don't want this."

Nick could hardly breathe. The rational part of his brain screamed that this was insane—Viktor, the man who'd made his life a living hell for months, was about to fuck him against a tree in the middle of the woods. He should say no. He should push Viktor away and reclaim some dignity.

Instead, he tightened his legs around Viktor's waist and whispered, "Don't you dare."

Something flashed in Viktor's eyes—relief, hunger, something deeper Nick couldn't name. Then he was pushing forward, the thick crown of his cock breaching Nick.

Chapter ten

Viktor

Viktor's world narrowed to a single point of pressure—the tight ring of muscle yielding around the head of his cock as he breached Nick for the first time.

"Oh god," Nick choked out beneath him, his body clenching reflexively around Viktor's cockhead.

Viktor nearly lost control at that first squeeze. The heat was indescribable—scorching, silken pressure enveloping the most sensitive part of him. He'd fucked plenty of humans before, but this... this was different. This was Nick—Nick whose scent had been driving him mad for months, Nick whose sharp mind had challenged him at every turn, Nick, who was now taking him inside with a broken gasp that Viktor felt in his bones.

The wolf inside Viktor howled in triumph.

Viktor's breath came hard and fast, mingling with Nick's ragged gasps. He gritted his teeth, gripping Nick tighter, holding him exactly where he wanted him.

"Fuck," he growled, his voice rough, nearly breaking. He wasn't sure if it was frustration or adoration or something far too dangerous to name.

Halfway inside now, Viktor paused, letting Nick adjust to his considerable size. It wasn't mercy—it was selfish preservation. The tight heat around him was so exquisite

that he feared moving too quickly would end this before it truly began. Supporting Nick's weight was effortless with his strength; he could hold this position for hours if necessary, keeping Nick impaled and desperate.

Nick's response shattered that thought. Instead of accepting the reprieve, he tightened his legs around Viktor's waist and used the leverage to force himself down further onto Viktor's cock. The unexpected move drove more of Viktor inside, pulling a feral sound from his throat.

With a final, powerful thrust, Viktor seated himself completely, his hips flush against Nick's ass. The sensation of being fully engulfed in Nick's tight, slick heat was transcendent—a completion he hadn't known he was seeking. Nick's body trembled around him, internal muscles fluttering and clenching as if trying to pull him deeper still.

Then Nick rolled his hips, a wordless demand, and the last of Viktor's restraint shattered.

He withdrew almost completely before driving back in with enough force to make the tree trunk creak behind Nick's back. The sound Nick made—half gasp, half cry—sent fresh heat coursing through Viktor's veins. He established a ruthless rhythm, each thrust powered by inhuman strength, each withdrawal leaving Nick empty and gasping before filling him again more completely than any human lover could.

The slight curve of Viktor's cock dragged relentlessly across Nick's prostate with each powerful thrust. Viktor could tell the moment he found the perfect angle—Nick's entire body jerked, his scent spiking with a fresh wave of pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

Viktor maintained that angle with supernatural precision, hammering against that spot with unerring accuracy. No human could fuck like this—with this strength, this

stamina, this absolute control over each thrust. He was giving Nick something unique, something only he could provide, and the knowledge fed a dark, possessive corner of his soul.

Mine.

Viktor felt something then—that shift, that instinct clawing up from the depths of his being. It sent a shiver down his spine, the primal call to make sure that when this was over, there would be no doubt about who Nick belonged to...

The sensation started at the base of his cock, a tightening, a swelling that wasn't supposed to happen.

Not here. Not with Nick.

His rhythm faltered for the briefest moment as realization crashed over him.

He was starting to knot.

Panic flashed through Viktor's mind even as his hips continued their relentless drive into Nick's body. This was wrong. Impossible. In all his years running with the pack, all the humans he'd taken during the mating run, he'd never once felt his knot begin to form. It was a sacred part of werewolf physiology—a biological bonding mechanism that emerged only with true mates.

Not with one-night stands. Not with colleagues. Not with Nick from fucking work.

Yet the evidence was undeniable. The base of his cock was thickening, swelling with each thrust, threatening to lock him inside Nick's body. The sensation was excruciating in its intensity, pleasure so acute it bordered on agony.

Viktor's thrusts grew more erratic, less controlled. He tried to hold back, to keep the nascent knot from pressing against Nick's already stretched entrance, but his body had other ideas. With each withdrawal, the swelling pulses drew closer to Nick's rim; with each forward drive, the thickened base threatened to breach him.

When it first pressed against Nick's entrance, Nick made a sound Viktor had never heard before. A gasping, broken noise that was neither pain nor pleasure, but something that was both.

Viktor's control slipped further. The wolf inside him howled, demanding completion, demanding he seat his knot firmly inside Nick's body and flood him with his release. His vision sharpened, the world taking on a heightened clarity. He could feel his canines wanting to lengthen, his fingernails sharpening where they gripped Nick's thighs. His balls drew tight against his body, heavy with release yet unable to find it without the final claiming.

But as he looked down between their bodies, preparing to pull away, he realized Nick was gazing down at it too.

There was no confusion in Nick's eyes. No question about what was happening. Nick knew exactly what that swelling meant. Knew the significance of a werewolf's knot forming for him.

Their eyes met, and Viktor saw something he never expected to find in Nick's gaze: Hunger. A reckless, desperate need that matched the beast raging inside Viktor's own chest.

Nick's tongue darted out, wetting his lips, and Viktor felt the tremor run through him like a live wire. "Shit," Nick breathed, voice barely there. "Well, look at that..."

Viktor's chest tightened. He should say something. Do something. But he just

watched, his own breath coming rough and uneven as Nick slowly—hesitantly—dragged his gaze back up to meet his.

And Viktor saw it then. Everything.

The war waging behind those sharp blue eyes. The push and pull of logic and instinct, of fear and longing. The undeniable, electric need humming beneath it all.

Nick was scared.

And he wanted it anyway.

He watched as Nick bit his lip, a small whimper escaping him. The sound was like a match to gasoline, igniting something deep within Viktor. The thought of pulling out, of leaving Nick the moment he came, felt wrong—almost unthinkable. His instincts screamed at him, a relentless need to claim what was his, to make him his in every possible way.

Viktor's heart pounded in his chest, the decision warring within him. He could feel the knot growing larger, the pressure building with each thrust. The sensation was overwhelming, a primal urge that demanded satisfaction.

Nick's breath hitched, his eyes widening slightly. But there was no fear in them, only a deep, burning need that matched Viktor's own. His heels dug into Viktor's ass, spurring him on.

"Scared?" Nick gasped out, his voice strained but defiant even as Viktor's cock continued to pound into him. "Afraid you can't— fuck! —back up all that big bad wolf talk?"

The taunt hit Viktor like a physical blow. Even now, pinned and impaled, Nick was

challenging him. The audacity of it, the sheer, reckless courage... It broke the last thread of Viktor's restraint.

"You have no idea what you're asking for," Viktor growled, the words barely human.

Nick's eyes flashed, a dangerous smile curling his lips despite the near-constant moans Viktor's thrusts were wringing from him. "Try me."

Something snapped in Viktor's chest—control, reason, sanity—all of it surrendering to the primal need coursing through his veins. With a snarl that echoed through the clearing, he adjusted his grip on Nick's thighs, spreading them wider, positioning himself perfectly.

"Mine," Viktor growled, and slammed forward with all his supernatural strength.

The half-formed knot breached Nick's entrance in one brutal thrust. Nick's shout tore through the night, his back arching violently off the tree. "Fuck!" he cried out, his body trembling uncontrollably. "Victor— shit , that's big—"

Viktor couldn't speak, couldn't think. The sensation of his knot expanding inside Nick's clenching heat was beyond anything he'd ever experienced. It grew with each pulse of his heartbeat, stretching Nick from the inside, binding them together in the most primal way possible.

Nick was taking it—impossibly, incredibly—his human body adapting to the inhuman intrusion. His eyes were wide with shock and pleasure, pupils blown so wide the iris was just a thin ring of color.

When the knot reached its full size, locking them together completely, Viktor released a guttural groan that was more wolf than man. The pressure was exquisite, Nick's inner muscles squeezing his sensitized knot, sending jolts of pleasure so

intense they bordered on pain shooting up his spine.

"God," Viktor gasped, his voice wrecked. "You're taking all of me."

He couldn't withdraw now, couldn't pull out more than a fraction of an inch without sending them both into paroxysms of sensation. Instead, he began to rock, grinding his hips in tight circles that kept his cock buried deep, his knot pressed firmly against Nick's prostate.

The effect on Nick was immediate and devastating. His entire body convulsed, inner walls clamping down on Viktor's knot with each grinding thrust. Broken sounds spilled from his lips—half-formed pleas, curses, Viktor's name repeated like a mantra. Nick's legs tightened around Viktor's waist, heels digging into his back, using the leverage to grind himself down harder onto Viktor's knot. The move was so unexpected, so perfectly Nick, that Viktor felt his climax building with unstoppable force.

"Can't—" Nick gasped, his cock leaking against his stomach. "Too much—gonna—"

Nick's words dissolved into a broken cry as his body seized, his back arching violently off the tree. His cock jerked between them, untouched, shooting thick ropes of come across his stomach and chest.

The contractions around Viktor's knot were unlike anything he'd ever felt—powerful, rhythmic clenching that rippled along his entire length but concentrated most intensely where they were locked together. Each spasm squeezed his swollen knot with devastating precision, milking him with primal efficiency. It was as if Nick's body had been designed to wring every drop from him, to take everything Viktor had to give and demand more.

" Fuck ," Viktor growled, the sensation almost unbearable in its intensity. Nick pulsed

around him, squeezing in waves that started deep inside, massaging his knot in a way that had Viktor seeing stars.

Viktor increased his pace, the short, grinding thrusts growing more forceful. The tree bark cracked behind Nick's back, splinters raining down around them. Neither noticed. The world had narrowed to the points where their bodies were joined, to the knot binding them together, to the pleasure building between them like an electrical storm.

When Viktor's release finally hit, it wasn't the quick, sharp climax he was used to. It was a tidal wave: powerful, overwhelming, endless. His body went rigid, muscles locking as the first pulse tore through him with almost violent intensity. He threw his head back, a primal roar ripping from his chest as his cock jerked within the tight confines of Nick's body.

The first surge of his release was so intense it bordered on pain, hot and thick, pumping deep into Nick where no one had ever reached before. His knot pulsed with each wave, swelling to its absolute limit, stretching Nick in ways that had the human gasping and clutching at Viktor's shoulders.

"F-fuck, I can feel it," Nick choked out, eyes wide with shock. "Can feel you coming inside me—so much—"

Viktor couldn't respond, couldn't form words as his body emptied itself in endless waves. Each pulse seemed stronger than the last, each surge of release wrenched from somewhere deep and primal inside him. He'd never come like this—had never experienced this bottomless well of pleasure that seemed to have no end.

His hips jerked in small, uncontrollable movements, grinding his knot against Nick's prostate with each pulse. The stimulation had Nick's spent cock twitching valiantly between them, trying to respond even when there was nothing left to give.

The intensity of it built until Viktor thought he might actually die from the pleasure, his heart hammering against his ribs, sweat pouring from his skin, his entire being focused on the point where their bodies were joined. His vision blurred as his control slipped further.

Distantly, he registered Nick's fingers digging into his shoulders, heard the broken sounds spilling from Nick's lips as Viktor's endless release filled him beyond capacity. The knot kept everything contained—a perfect seal that ensured not a single drop would escape, that every bit of Viktor's seed would remain locked inside Nick's body.

Time lost meaning. Viktor couldn't tell if his climax lasted seconds or minutes, only that when the initial intensity finally ebbed, his knot was still locked firmly inside Nick's trembling body.

He pressed his forehead against Nick's, both of them panting, sweat-slicked and shaking from the intensity of what had just happened between them. Viktor's mind was clearing slowly, the implications of what he'd done—what they'd done—starting to filter through the haze of pleasure.

He'd knotted a human. He'd knotted his mate. There was no going back from this, not for him, not for his wolf. He'd claimed Nick in a way that went beyond the physical, beyond even the emotional.

Nick exhaled a shaky laugh, but there was something in his eyes, something vulnerable beneath the teasing bravado. "I was right," he murmured, voice unsteady. "You really are obsessed with me."

For a long moment, neither of them moved, their bodies locked together, breathing ragged and uneven. The night pressed in around them, the distant rustle of leaves and the faint chirping of crickets the only sounds beyond their slowing breaths. Viktor's

body ached in the best way, muscles wrung out, heartbeat still hammering in his ears.

Nick let out a breathy chuckle, hoarse from overuse. “So,” he murmured, tilting his head back just enough to meet Viktor’s gaze. His blue eyes were hazy, unfocused, but there was still that ever-present glint of mischief. “Was that a one-time thing, or should I start calling you my alpha?”

Viktor groaned, letting his forehead drop against Nick’s shoulder. “I hate you.”

Nick’s laughter was softer this time. “No, you don’t.”

He was right. And that was the real problem.

Viktor pulled back just enough to study him, to take in the flushed skin, the lazy curve of his lips, the way he still hadn’t let go. Everything was different now. There was no pretending this hadn’t changed something fundamental between them. “You’re going to be insufferable about this, aren’t you?”

Nick grinned, wicked and satisfied. “Oh, absolutely.”

And despite himself—despite everything—Viktor felt the ghost of a smile tug at his lips.

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Nick perched on the edge of the conference table, arms crossed, a lazy smirk tugging at his lips. The air in the room was thick with exhaustion—not from work, but from him and Viktor.

Their coworkers were sick of their shit.

Well, too bad.

“Can you believe this guy?” Viktor drawled, stretching back in his chair, his arms flexing just enough to be obnoxious about it. “He actually thinks he can run this project without completely tanking it.”

Nick scoffed. “Please. You wouldn’t know how to run anything that didn’t involve chasing tail.”

A few groans. A couple of muffled laughs. Nick relished it.

Viktor narrowed his eyes. “At least I catch what I’m after. You? You’re just good at running away.”

That earned a few chuckles around the table. Nick just leaned forward, tapping his fingers against the polished wood. “Funny, coming from a guy who trips over his own ego every time he walks into a room.”

Viktor leaned in, their faces inches apart. “Ego? This isn’t about ego. It’s about skill. Something you clearly lack.”

Nick tilted his head, unfazed. “Is that what you call it?”

Their boss sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose like he had a migraine—one named Nick and Viktor. “Alright, gentlemen. Can we focus?”

For the last year, Nick had been on what some might call a sabbatical—or, more accurately, a very long and very expensive vacation. Turns out, selling his time and dignity to a forest full of horny werewolves had paid surprisingly well.

Not that all of them had gotten their claws on him. Just one.

One infuriating, cocky, insufferable werewolf who also happened to be his boyfriend.

Nick smirked to himself as he strolled out of the meeting room, still feeling the ghost of Viktor’s glare on him. Worth every damn penny.

The second the conference door shut behind him, Nick rolled his shoulders and made a beeline for the copy room. He needed a breather after their little performance. He and Viktor had perfected the art of mutually assured destruction at work—trading barbs like a couple of territorial idiots, all for the sake of keeping their coworkers none the wiser.

Not that it wasn’t fun.

He slipped inside the supply room, exhaling as he leaned back against the counter. A minute later, the door creaked open behind him.

Nick didn’t even need to turn. The scent of pine and stupidly overpriced cologne filled the room, and the soft click of the lock had him biting back a grin. "Calling my market analysis 'pedestrian and uninspired' was a bit much, don't you think?" he drawled.

Viktor stepped in like he hadn't just spent an hour antagonizing him in public. "Your face when I said it was worth every syllable."

"Careful, Fido. One day I'm going to snap and actually tell everyone why you're such an insufferable ass to me in meetings."

Viktor huffed a laugh, stepping closer until they were nearly chest to chest. "You wouldn't dare. Half the office thinks you're sleeping with the CEO to keep your job despite my 'devastating critiques.'"

Nick tilted his head. "The other half thinks we're having hate sex in the supply room."

Viktor hummed, pretending to consider. "Hate's a strong word. Aggressive fondness, maybe."

Nick rolled his eyes, but his smile softened. "And yet, here you are. Practically salivating."

Nick barely had time to smirk before Viktor's mouth crashed into his, all heat and reckless need. The space between them vanished, rivalry peeling away like the cheap disguise it was.

The kiss sent a bolt of fire through Nick's veins, stealing his breath, setting every nerve alight. His back hit the copy machine, but he barely noticed. Viktor was everywhere—hands gripping his waist, body pressing flush against his, all muscle and heat and bad decisions.

Nick knew he should remind Viktor that this was a terrible idea, that they were at work, that their coworkers were right outside.

But why start making good choices now?

Instead, he grabbed two fistfuls of Viktor's shirt and dragged him closer, deepening the kiss, swallowing the low groan it pulled from the werewolf's throat.

Viktor tasted like coffee and arrogance. His stubble scraped against Nick's jaw, a teasing reminder of every late-night rendezvous, every stolen moment, every time they'd barely made it out of a room looking remotely professional.

A year of this. A year of insults in boardrooms and hands in each other's hair the second the doors closed. A year of pretending to be rivals in public while sneaking around like a couple of horny teenagers.

Nick was having the time of his life.

Viktor's fingers dug into his hips, pulling him forward like he was trying to fuse them together. Nick gasped against his lips, heat flaring low in his stomach, and—goddamn it—the thrill of being so close to getting caught only made it better.

He broke the kiss, sucking in air, his heart hammering against his ribs. Viktor didn't move far, his forehead resting against Nick's, green eyes dark with heat.

Nick let his hands drift lower, just to be a menace. "You know, one day we're gonna get caught."

Viktor chuckled, voice rough. "Then we'd better make the most of it."

Nick barely had time to roll his eyes before Viktor kissed him again, deep and claiming.

A wicked idea slithered into Nick's brain, curling up like a cat in the sun, smug and dangerous. His fingers trailed along Viktor's jaw, feeling the subtle clench of muscle beneath his touch. He didn't miss the way Viktor's pupils darkened, sharp eyes zeroing in on him like a predator locking onto prey.

Nick smirked. Perfect.

“You think you can take me right here,” he murmured, his voice a purr of pure provocation, “without making a sound?”

Viktor’s grip on his hips tightened, fingers pressing in like he was already claiming victory. His breath, hot and teasing, ghosted over Nick’s ear as he leaned in. “Challenge accepted.”

Nick barely had a second to process before Viktor spun him around and bent him over the copier. The cold surface jolted against his overheated skin, sending a shiver down his spine. His fingers curled against the smooth plastic, breath hitching, adrenaline thrumming through his veins.

This was reckless. Stupid.

So damn good.

The hum of the machine beneath him filled the silence, a steady white noise masking their ragged breathing. Nick bit down on his lip, hard, because Viktor’s hands—strong, possessive—were already tracing a slow, torturous path down his sides, sending sparks of anticipation through every nerve in his body.

“This is a terrible idea,” Nick whispered, voice wrecked even before Viktor really got started.

Viktor chuckled, low and knowing, his thumbs digging into Nick’s hips. “You’re the one who started it.”

Viktor's hands gripped his hips possessively, thumbs digging into the sensitive flesh. The werewolf pressed against him from behind, his solid warmth a stark contrast to the cool machine beneath Nick's chest.

Nick's breath fogged against the copier's surface, shivering as Viktor's fingers dragged down his lower back, teasing, deliberate. When they slipped beneath the waistband of his slacks and between his cheeks, he felt the second Viktor's breath hitched—the exact moment realization hit.

Silence. Then, a slow, dark chuckle.

“Someone came prepared.” Viktor's voice was lower now, rough around the edges. His fingers teased Nick's hole—slick with lube.

Nick glanced over his shoulder, smirking. “Please. You think I didn't know exactly what I was doing in that meeting?” He pushed back slightly, making damn sure Viktor felt him. “Your face when I called out your ego? Worth every minute I spent in the bathroom getting ready.”

Viktor's grip on his hip tightened, his other hand still lingering like he was deciding how much trouble Nick was actually in. A growl rumbled in his chest, a vibration Nick felt before he heard.

“You little tease.” Viktor's fingers drove straight into Nick, making him suck in a sharp breath. “The whole time you were sitting there, running that smart mouth...”

“Thinking about this?” Nick arched slightly, voice just shy of breathless. “About how easy it would be for you to just bend me over and take what's yours?” His head tilted, and he let out a shaky breath as Viktor's slid two thick fingers into him. “Maybe.” A pause, the sharp flicker of a smirk. “Definitely.”

Viktor cursed under his breath, his fingers flexing. He leaned in, his breath hot against Nick's ear, teeth grazing the sensitive skin just enough to make him shudder. “You're going to pay for this,” he murmured, voice edged with promise.

Nick grinned, exhaling sharply. “That's what I'm counting on.”

Viktor's chest rumbled with silent laughter, a dark, knowing sound that sent shivers down Nick's spine.

Viktor's answer was the unmistakable sound of expensive fabric being yanked down. Nick's tailored pants pooled around his ankles, cool air hitting the heated skin of his exposed ass. The position—bent over the photocopier, ass bared, still wearing his dress shirt and tie—should have been humiliating. Instead, it sent a fresh surge of arousal through him, his cock twitching against the hard edge of the machine.

Behind him came the metallic clink of Viktor's belt buckle, followed by the slow, deliberate rasp of his zipper. The sound alone made Nick's cock jerk, a visceral response born from a year of associating that specific sequence with the mind-blowing pleasure that inevitably followed. Pavlovian conditioning at its finest. Viktor had ruined him for perfectly normal sounds.

Nick opened his mouth for some clever retort, but the words died in his throat as he felt the blunt head of Viktor's cock pressing against his entrance. Despite the preparation, despite a year of taking Viktor inside him, the initial pressure still made his breath catch. Viktor was big—unnaturally so—and the stretch of accommodation never failed to make Nick's mind go temporarily, blissfully blank.

A moment of resistance, a heartbeat of pressure, and then Viktor was pushing inside, a slow, thick invasion that had Nick biting down on his lower lip to keep from making sounds that would alert the entire floor to exactly what was happening in the supply room.

"Fuck," Nick breathed, the word barely audible as Viktor sank deeper, filling him with that perfect combination of pleasure and burn. His fingers gripped the edges of the photocopier, knuckles turning white as Viktor bottomed out, hips flush against Nick's ass.

For a moment, neither of them moved. Nick could feel Viktor's control trembling,

could sense the effort it took him to remain still, allowing Nick's body to adjust to the intrusion. Then Viktor shifted his hips, dragging his cock against that spot inside Nick that made stars explode behind his eyes, and all thought dissolved into raw sensation.

"So tight," Viktor growled, his accent thickening the way it always did when he was lost in pleasure. "Every time—like you were made for my cock."

The first real thrust drove Nick forward, his chest pressed against the cool surface of the photocopier. He bit back a moan as Viktor withdrew almost completely before driving back in with enough force to make the machine creak beneath them.

"Shh," Viktor warned, though his own breathing was rough. "Unless you want the entire accounting department to hear how well you take my cock."

Nick's head tipped forward, forehead nearly pressing to the cool surface of the copier as he exhaled a shaky breath. The stretch, the slow, deep fullness, had his toes curling in his damn shoes. He bit his lip hard—too hard—until the sharp taste of copper bloomed on his tongue, anything to keep the moan threatening to escape locked behind his teeth.

The forbidden nature of it all—their office, the copier beneath him, the thin walls that did nothing to muffle sound—made the sensation so much worse. So much better. The challenge of staying quiet made everything burn hotter, coil tighter, the stakes rising with every slow, deliberate movement.

Viktor knew. Of course he did.

Nick's knuckles turned white against the copier's edge as Viktor moved, dragging back just enough before rolling his hips forward in a slow, devastating rhythm. Nick's jaw clenched, his body bowing under the pressure, every nerve alight as heat licked up his spine.

Every motion hit exactly right, deep and unrelenting, forcing Nick to fight to contain the noises that wanted to rip from his throat. His eyes fluttered shut, pleasure coiling tighter, sparks dancing behind his lids.

The wet, rhythmic sound of movement filled the small space, obscene in the quiet. Nick bit down on his wrist, desperate to muffle himself, but Viktor only picked up the pace, dragging another sharp inhale from him.

Nick squeezed his eyes shut, barely holding it together.

This game had been his idea.

But Viktor was winning.

His fingers trembled against the copier as Viktor shifted, adjusting just enough to make his vision go white at the edges. The copier's surface was already smudged from his breath, fogging beneath his ragged exhales.

"Getting a little loud there," Viktor whispered, his voice thick with amusement and something darker, hungrier.

Nick barely had time to register the taunt before Viktor snapped his hips forward—sharp, deep, devastating. A strangled gasp escaped him before he could stop it.

Viktor grinned, smug as hell. "What happened to that challenge?"

Nick's legs trembled, knees threatening to give out as Viktor picked up the pace. The copier dug into his hips, the dull ache only heightening the pleasure that was winding so tight in his gut he could barely breathe through it.

"Fuck you," he grit out, voice raw, shaky.

Viktor chuckled against his back, the sound reverberating through Nick's entire body. "That's exactly what I'm doing," he murmured, punctuating it with a particularly wicked thrust that had Nick biting down on his own wrist to muffle the noise.

Viktor nipped at his shoulder, pleased, smug, relentless. "And you're loving every second of it."

Nick had no smart comeback for that.

Because Viktor was right. And that was the worst part.

Nick's breath hitched, his entire body a live wire of sensation, pulsing with need. Every nerve screamed, every inch of him drawn so tight he thought he might snap.

He gritted his teeth, trying to hold onto some shred of control, but then—damn it—the words slipped free before he could stop them.

"If you can make me cry out..." His voice was wrecked, barely a whisper, a desperate gasp torn from his lips.

His fingers clenched against the copier. The moment hung heavy between them, thick with heat, with challenge. He exhaled sharply, locking eyes with Viktor through the haze of pleasure, and smirked. "Then you win."

Viktor growled, a deep, possessive sound that sent a violent shudder straight through Nick. Then he moved, grip tightening, hips snapping forward in a rhythm that stole every ounce of air from Nick's lungs.

Nick's fingers scrambled for purchase as the copier rocked beneath them, plastic creaking in protest. He bit down hard on his lower lip, desperately swallowing the sounds that threatened to escape with each brutal thrust. The air conditioning was supplying a helpful cover of white noise, but the supply room's walls wouldn't

contain a full-voiced moan—not with the accounting department barely fifteen feet away, reviewing quarterly reports.

The slick drag of Viktor against him—inside him—made every inch of him burn, a wildfire spreading outward from his core. His free hand flew up to cover his own mouth as Viktor hit that perfect spot, eyes rolling back as pleasure spiked through him.

His control was shredding.

Viktor knew it, too. The bastard could feel it. His large hand clamped over Nick's mouth, his other arm wrapping around Nick's waist to hold him steady for each punishing thrust. Viktor's breath came in harsh, controlled pants against Nick's ear, the effort of staying silent clearly costing him too.

Footsteps passed by the door—so close, too close. Viktor froze mid-thrust, both of them holding their breath... before the footsteps continued down the hall.

When they resumed, Viktor's pace was even more merciless, as if the near-discovery had only fueled his determination to take Nick apart in the most forbidden place possible.

Viktor's broad palm pressed firmly over Nick's mouth, large enough to cover it completely, fingers digging into his cheek. The werewolf used this leverage to pull Nick's head back slightly, arching his spine into a more vulnerable curve as he drove into him with ruthless precision.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" Viktor whispered, his voice barely audible yet somehow still carrying that commanding resonance that made Nick's insides clench. "To be stuffed full of my cock while everyone works just outside?"

Nick could only whimper against Viktor's palm, the sound effectively muffled as

Viktor's hips worked silently. Viktor's free hand snaked around Nick's hip, wrapping around his cock with just the right pressure—not too gentle, not too rough. Just the perfect grip that he'd learned Nick needed after a year of mapping his body. The first stroke had Nick's knees buckling, a pathetic whine escaping against Viktor's restraining hand.

"So desperate," Viktor taunted, his accent thickening as his control slipped further. "What would Roberts say if he knew his star analyst was bent over his office equipment, taking cock like he was made for it?"

Each stroke of Viktor's hand matched the relentless drive of his hips, creating a circuit of pleasure that had Nick's vision blurring at the edges. The air conditioning's hum provided meager cover for the wet, obscene sounds of Viktor driving into his lubed hole, the slick noise of flesh against flesh barely masked.

"Can you feel how hard I am inside you?" Viktor growled, his mouth directly against Nick's ear. "So ready to knot you. Right here. Right now..."

Nick's eyes flew wide, alarm shooting through him even as his cock jerked eagerly at the words. He shook his head frantically against Viktor's palm, making distressed sounds as panic mingled with arousal. Being knotted at work was impossible—they'd be locked together for at least thirty minutes, unable to separate, unable to explain—

"Imagine it," Viktor continued mercilessly, his hand speeding up on Nick's cock, thumb swiping over the sensitive head on each upstroke. "My knot inside you. Everyone wondering where we've disappeared to, while you're filled with my come, unable to move, unable to do anything but take it."

Nick's muffled protests melted into desperate moans. His body tensed, thighs trembling as heat pooled at the base of his spine. Viktor must have felt it, felt the way Nick's body was tightening around him, because his strokes became more focused, more deliberate.

"That's it," Viktor whispered, his voice strained with his own approaching climax. He bit the shell of Nick's ear, a sharp nip of ownership. "Come for me."

Nick's orgasm hit with devastating force, tearing through him like a lightning strike. His moan of pleasure was completely muffled by Viktor's hand, reduced to a series of desperate whimpers as his release spilled over Viktor's fingers, streaking the copier. His body convulsed around Viktor's length, inner walls clenching rhythmically as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through him.

Viktor didn't slow down. If anything, Nick's climax spurred him to greater intensity. He pinned Nick firmly against the copier, keeping him in place as hypersensitivity set in, making each continued thrust a delicious torture.

Nick could only shudder helplessly, overstimulated and overwhelmed as Viktor used his pliant body for his own pleasure. Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes—not from pain but from the sheer intensity of sensation, from being used so thoroughly in the aftermath of his own release.

When Viktor finally came, it was with a barely-suppressed growl that vibrated through Nick's entire body. He drove in deep, pinning Nick firmly against the copier as his cock pulsed, filling Nick with hot spurts of release. His fingers dug into Nick's hip hard enough to bruise, marking him in yet another way that would linger long after they returned to their respective desks.

For several long moments, they remained frozen in place, both panting, Viktor's hand slowly relaxing over Nick's mouth. When he finally withdrew it, Nick gasped in a full breath, his legs trembling with the effort of keeping him upright.

Viktor's arms wrapped around him from behind, supporting his weight as they both recovered, his softening cock still buried inside Nick's body. His lips pressed gently against the nape of Nick's neck—a tender contrast to the rough claiming of moments before.

"I wasn't actually going to knot you at work," Viktor murmured against his skin, a hint of smug amusement in his voice.

Nick managed a breathless laugh, turning his head slightly to catch Viktor's eye. "Bastard. You know what that talk does to me."

Viktor's smile was both predatory and affectionate, a combination that never failed to make Nick's heart skip. "I know. That's why I do it."

Nick's legs barely held him up as Viktor turned him around, surprisingly gentle for someone who had just spent the last several minutes ruining him. A strong hand cupped his cheek, thumb tracing the heat still lingering on his skin. The touch wasn't possessive, wasn't teasing—just soft. Reverent, almost.

Nick's heart stuttered.

Then Viktor kissed him.

Not the usual battle for dominance, no sharp edges or taunting smirks. Just warmth, steady and slow, lips moving with a kind of quiet certainty that made Nick's stomach flip. His fingers curled into Viktor's shirt, anchoring himself as something heavy and real settled between them.

A passing noise from the hallway made them pull apart, both of them listening. They locked eyes, sharing the same thought.

They needed to get back out there.

Nick smirked first, glancing down at their absolutely wrecked states. His shirt was barely buttoned, Viktor's tie was a lost cause, and their current hygiene was definitely not workplace appropriate. The thrill of it all, the risk, the sheer audacity, sent a pleasant shiver down his spine.

Viktor, smug as ever, pressed his forehead to Nick's, shoulders shaking with silent laughter. Their breaths mingled in the small space between them, heartbeats still syncing back to normal.

Nick exhaled, stepping back and fumbling with his buttons. His fingers weren't cooperating.

Viktor chuckled and batted his hands away. "Let me."

Nick raised an eyebrow but didn't fight it. "Since when are you a fashion expert?"

Viktor straightened his collar, smoothing down the fabric with absurd precision. "Someone has to be."

Nick snorted but let him fuss, enjoying the rare moment of Viktor being borderline domestic. His hands, usually rough and impatient, were surprisingly careful as they lingered—a little longer than necessary—tracing over the same skin he'd gripped so fiercely just minutes ago.

He stepped back, scanning Nick with a slow, assessing gaze. "There. Almost presentable."

Nick hummed, reaching out to tug Viktor's shirt back into place. His fingers brushed warm skin, lingering just for the sake of it. "And you look almost civilized."

Viktor arched an eyebrow. "Almost?"

Nick grinned, stepping closer until their bodies nearly touched again. "You still have that wild look in your eyes."

Viktor's hands slid around his waist, pulling him in for a quick kiss. It was sweet, but there was promise behind it, a warning that this wasn't the end. "And whose fault is

that?” Viktor murmured against his lips.

Nick laughed, tension melting away completely. “For once, I’ll take full responsibility.”

Viktor hummed in agreement, nipping at Nick’s lower lip before pulling back with obvious reluctance. “We should probably get out of here before someone catches us.”

“Right,” Nick agreed, though neither of them moved. Their eyes met, heat fading into something quieter, something steady.

Viktor tilted his head. “Later tonight?”

Nick swallowed, his heart doing a stupid little flip at how soft Viktor’s voice was, at the weight behind such a simple question. “Definitely.”

They stepped out of the copy room side by side, shoulders brushing, hands almost touching. The office was still the same—fluorescent lighting, the hum of printers, the quiet murmur of coworkers who thankfully hadn’t noticed their absence—but Nick felt different. Lighter.

They exchanged one last glance filled with promise before they started walking back toward their desks—

Oh, shit.

Nick froze, realization slamming into him like a brick to the face. He spun on his heel and bolted back inside the supply room.

Oh god, oh god, oh god.

As he wiped furiously at the copier glass, his mind flashed with horrifying scenarios.

Some poor, unsuspecting intern walking in, setting down a stack of reports, and seeing— Jesus christ . It was one thing to prank-copy your ass. It was another thing entirely to leave this mess behind.

Behind him, Viktor leaned in the doorway, arms crossed, watching the frantic cleanup with zero intention of helping. “I cannot believe you almost left a crime scene in there,” he mused, sounding way too delighted by Nick’s panic.

Nick glared at him, still scrubbing. “Shut up.”

Viktor shrugged, smirking. “I mean, I get it. You were a little distracted.”

Nick groaned, tossing the very unfortunate piece of printer paper into the trash. He hoped no one looked at it too closely. After one last frantic wipe-down, he exhaled. “Okay. Now we can go.”

Viktor’s smirk widened, but he said nothing, just holding the door open for Nick as they finally walked out.