



# The Werewolf's Sauna (Bathhouse Beasts #1)

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**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** A mysterious stranger. A sauna full of secrets. A single night that turns into something more...

Ty's life is all routine—soulless cubicles by day, anonymous hookups at the bathhouse by night. No names. No strings. Just release. Until he walks into the steam-drenched sauna and meets him.

Kieran is massive, muscular, and more beast than man—literally. A werewolf with amber eyes, a dangerous growl, and a talent that makes Ty's legs tremble. Their chemistry is instant. Explosive. And when Kieran takes him in the heat of the sauna, Ty expects it to end like every other hookup: fast, filthy, and forgettable.

But Kieran breaks the rules. He stays. He shares his name. And when they take a dip in the pool after, it's not just lust in Kieran's voice—it's something deeper. Protective. Possessive. Maybe even... tender?

What starts as a primal encounter spirals into heated glances, unexpected tenderness, and a promise of more.

**Total Pages (Source):** 6

# Page 1

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“ A ny big plans this weekend?” my co-worker asked as she leaned over the cubicle wall.

Yeah. I planned to find a stranger, get pounded out like a slab of beef, immediately get depressed when he left me in the dust, then come back to this corporate hell hole come Monday. Same as every fucking weekend, Cheryl.

“Nope,” I lied, putting on my best customer service voice. It was the only one I used at work, regardless of who I was talking to. “Just gonna relax. Maybe I’ll hit the pool at the gym tomorrow.”

“Nice,” she nodded, a big toothy smile on her face.

She was always smiling. It was unnatural.

“I’m having a big cookout with the family.

My husband rented a big grill to roast a pig.

We’re gonna put on a giant fireworks show out over the lake for the kids.

And of course, there’s gonna be lots of cocktails. ”

Fucking Cheryl was the worst. She liked to rub her picture-perfect suburban life into everyone’s faces.

Her husband was some business major she’d snagged in college that turned out to be

something more than a frat boy by some miracle.

She rode his cock all the way to a big diamond ring and a huge house.

Of course, she had her obligatory two kids, a dog, and a white picket fence.

Then she walked around the office telling everyone how she didn't need the money from her job, but work was just so much fun .

Cheryl was full of shit. Working customer service for any corporation was about as enjoyable as being eaten alive by crocodiles.

“Wow. That sounds really fun,” I said, trying not to be as flat as possible.

I wanted to push her off a cliff.

“It will be!” she smiled back. Grabbing her oversize designer bag, she slung it over her shoulder and gave me a little wave. “Have a great weekend, Ty!”

“You too...”

I waited until she was out of sight to blow out a deep sigh.

If the nine to five life didn't kill me, pretending to be kind to fake people with something to prove certainly would.

In fact, I was fairly certain I didn't like people at all.

Maybe that's why I tended to keep the company of monsters during my free time instead.

Then again, it didn't matter that much because friends weren't something I had a lot of to begin with. I had a hard time letting people in.

Probably had something to do with being turned out of my own home at sixteen when I came out.

I shook my head as I shoved my work laptop into my bag. Thinking about those days never helped, so there was no reason to dwell on it. No amount of feeling guilty, angry, or sad would fix the past. Instead, it was time to focus on the weekend and my trip to the bathhouse in town.

Being a single gay guy with no intent to settle down or date, the bathhouse suited me just fine.

Not only did the membership grant me access to all the amenities like baths, saunas, and the spa.

But it also meant I could get out all my stress and frustration via the sex swings, gloryholes, and fuck rooms so I could stomach going back to my boring corporate life on Monday.

It might not have been the healthiest way to deal with stress, but at least I wasn't a crack addict.

That, at least, was a mark in my favor. Besides, the bathhouse did something else wonderful for its visitors.

It leveled the playing field.

Social status and jobs were left in the lockers with clothes and accessories.

A towel was all that was allowed inside.

There was no parading, no fancy watches, and no peacocking.

It was exposure in the deepest sense of the word as the troubles of life were stripped away.

Nobody knew who you were, what you did, or how valuable you might be to society.

We were all the same, just men looking for release and camaraderie.

I loved it.

And the sex was amazing. There was something so freeing about fucking strangers.

Everything was raw and instinctual, without all the social song and dance.

Meeting others was easy, especially since it rarely required texts, conversation, or even the exchange of names.

That was the best kind of socializing if you asked me.

Spending hours on apps sifting through fake profiles and picture hunters was not my thing.

But a knowing glance and a simple yes or no was all it took in the bathhouse.

It was no nonsense and if I decided I wasn't having a good time, all I had to do was walk away. Easy.

The only question left on my mind was which night to go. Friday night was always

fun, but going Saturday meant I could be there earlier and stay longer.

And my answer was the same as always. In the spirit of a famous taco commercial...  
Why not both ?

If I wanted to have enough time to really enjoy myself though, I needed to get the hell out of the office. Grabbing my bag, I headed toward the exit, scanning my badge on the way out. I took one last glance at the hellscape of cubicles behind me and flipped them the bird.

“Fuck you, cube farm,” I muttered and pushed my way out into the bright sunlight.

The light scent of chlorine struck me as I stepped into the main lobby of the bathhouse.

It was a simple room with a single man running the front desk as always.

On the other side were two doors. One to enter and one to exit.

But there was no hint as to what went on inside besides the scent of the pool beyond the locker rooms.

I stepped up to the counter, the weight of my phone and wallet threatening to pull my gym shorts down. I never wore much to the bathhouse, just enough to be decent.

“ID and member card,” the man droned. Surely he’d asked the same question a billion times already.

“Sorry,” I replied, fishing both out of my wallet and sliding them across the counter.

He scanned both quickly, checked me into their computer system, and pushed them

back to me.

“All personal items and electronics are prohibited beyond the locker room.” He handed me a small silver key on a simple paracord necklace.

“Locker three fifty-seven. Please leave your key in the drop box on the way out.”

I’d never met such an unenthusiastic person. But I couldn’t blame him. He had basically the same job I did and customer service, whether for an insurance company or a bathhouse, was terrible.

“Thank you,” I replied, giving him a smile.

“Yep,” he nodded, gesturing toward the door on the right hand side. “Enjoy the bathhouse.”

I gave him one last nod and a small wave, but he was no longer looking at me. Taking a deep breath, I pushed my way through the swinging door as he buzzed me through. The moment the wave of chlorine and fresh linens hit me, I felt myself relax. Tonight was going to be just what I needed.

The first stop was the locker room of course.

Usually there wasn’t much going on in there.

People had a tendency to save their excitement for the rest of the bathhouse.

However, before I’d even found my locker, I saw at least a dozen cocks.

Some hard, some flaccid, and some not human at all.

And nobody cared that I stared openly, enjoying the sight of each one as my own cock thickened and tented my shorts.

Of course, there were a few grunts and moans coming from the open plan showers, but I paid them little mind.

I was here for the next few hours and I didn't want to blow my load on the appetizer.

Not when the bathhouse had so much more to offer.

Once I found my locker, I stored all my items away and slipped the key around my neck.

I headed for the showers first, wanting to rinse off before I went inside.

In this place I wasn't shy. I walked openly, my cock flopping from side to side.

It had taken me months to build that kind of confidence of course.

And I was still a bit shy to initiate the actual sex part.

Usually I left that to another. But I was not shy about watching other people fuck.

The moment I stepped into the open showers and turned the way on, I turned to let it run down my back so I could let my eyes wander.

In the center of the room, at the base of a shower tree, was a young human twink on his knees.

He couldn't have been older than nineteen, but he was sucking cock like an old pro.

He stroked a long, thick cock, pumping it with his fist as he swallowed what he could lengthwise.

Another man stepped up, his bulging muscles glistening with water.

His cock was a little shorter, but thick and heavy.

The twink let the other go with a pop, taking this new cock into his mouth while he stroked the other.

However, his attention was pulled upward as a dark-furred creature stepped up, his massive dark-skinned dick throbbing.

He had a long snout, tall pointed ears, and a golden loop through each nipple.

I recognized him immediately as an Anubis.

They were rare and not seen often in my part of the world.

Maybe he was on vacation or maybe he'd just moved to my city.

Either way, his fangs gleamed bright white as he smiled down at the twink.

“Would you like to ride my cock?” he asked, his deep voice echoing off the tiles. His accent was thick and mesmerizing. “Would that please you?”

The twink nodded dumbly, dropping the cocks he'd been servicing and launching himself onto the Anubis.

He swallowed his cock greedily, choking on it before he even swallowed it halfway.

The other two men stepped back, both stroking themselves as they watched.

I was also rock hard, giving myself a few soft strokes to send shivers up my spine.

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Once the Anubis's cock was thoroughly covered in saliva, the Anubis reached down and easily lifted his prey.

Tucking his arms under the twink's knees, he held him close to his chest, his massive cock throbbing against pale flesh.

The twink moaned, his hole spread wide as the Anubis prepared to fuck him standing up.

He turned to the onlookers, giving them a toothy grin before he pressed the twink up against the shower wall to stabilize him.

Angling himself so that his thick rod was pressed up against the twink's pink hole, he pushed forward.

At first I thought he was too big to fit.

But as I stood there watching in awe, he began to slowly work himself in.

The thick cockhead disappeared first, the ridge drawing a gasping moan from the twink.

Then, inch by inch, he drove himself deeper until he was buried to the hilt.

Others gathered around, each of them stroking their own cocks as they watched.

And they were right to be interested, the show was incredible.

But as the room seemed to get crowded, I knew it was time for me to move on.

I wanted to participate, not just watch.

Turning off the water, I left the shower and the twink getting railed behind me.

I grabbed one of the small towels, wrapped it around my waist, and headed through the double doors into the rest of the bathhouse.

The first one, and by far the largest, was the roman style bath.

Everything from the floor to the ceiling was tiled in a beautiful mosaic of blue and a white.

Steam rose from the hot water, creating a hazy atmosphere that made the space feel dreamlike.

The bath itself was enormous, easily accommodating thirty people, with stone ledges at varying depths around the perimeter.

Soft lighting cast dancing shadows on the walls, and the gentle sound of water circulating through hidden jets created a soothing ambiance.

I dropped my towel on a nearby hook and slipped into the warm water, letting out a deep sigh as the heat enveloped my body.

The temperature was perfect, just hot enough to relax every muscle, but not so hot that it was uncomfortable.

I found a spot along one of the ledges and settled in, letting my head fall back against the smooth stone.

Around me, other men and creatures lounged in various states of relaxation and arousal.

A few were engaged in quiet conversation, their voices echoing softly off the tiles.

Others sat in companionable silence, eyes closed, simply enjoying the warmth.

But what caught my attention was the subtle undercurrent of desire that permeated the space.

To my left, a heavily tattooed man with salt-and-pepper hair was slowly stroking himself beneath the water, his eyes fixed on a younger guy across the pool, a Kitsune with beautiful cream and orange fur.

The object of his attention seemed aware of the scrutiny and was putting on a subtle show, stretching his arms above his head and arching his back in a way that accentuated his lean physique.

I felt my own cock stirring again as I watched the silent courtship play out.

The older man eventually moved through the water, approaching with confident strokes.

No words were exchanged, just a questioning look that was answered with a subtle nod.

Soon they were pressed together against the pool's edge, hands exploring under the concealing water.

The sight sent heat through my body that had nothing to do with the temperature of the bath. I stayed for another twenty minutes, watching various encounters unfold

around me, before the urge to seek more active participation became too strong to ignore.

I hauled myself out of the pool, water cascading off my body, and grabbed my towel. But instead of wrapping it around my waist, I simply carried it as I padded barefoot down one of the dimly lit corridors that branched off from the main bath area.

The hallway was lined with doorways, some open, some closed, some with curtains partially drawn.

Soft moans and the sound of skin against skin drifted from several of the rooms. But I wasn't looking for a private space yet.

I was headed for the gloryhole area, a section of the bathhouse that never failed to provide exactly the kind of anonymous encounter I craved.

The room was smaller than the bath, with black-painted walls and dim red lighting.

Along one wall was a series of private booths with holes cut at the perfect height.

Each was equipped with padded benches on both sides.

The setup was simple but effective. You could either give or receive, and the anonymity was complete.

I could see several of the booths were already occupied, the silhouettes of men visible through the semi-sheer curtains.

I chose an empty booth near the end of the row, slipping inside and drawing the curtain behind me.

The booth was minimalist, just the padded bench and a small shelf that held packets of lube and condoms. I settled onto the bench, my cock already half-hard with anticipation.

The gloryhole itself was about three inches in diameter, cut perfectly into the partition at crotch height. Through it, I could see the adjacent booth was empty, but I wasn't concerned. Friday nights were busy, and it wouldn't be long before someone wandered in.

I was right. Within minutes, a shadow fell across the floor of the neighboring booth as someone entered. I couldn't see much through the hole, just a glimpse of blue-tinted skin that suggested my neighbor wasn't human. My cock twitched with interest.

There was a moment of stillness, then a thick, ridged appendage pushed through the hole. It wasn't quite a cock as I knew it... more like a tentacle with a tapered head, covered in small, soft protrusions. It was a deep cerulean blue with pulsing violet veins running along its length.

I'd sucked off enough creatures at the bathhouse to recognize an oceanic being when I saw one. Maybe a sea demon or a kraken. Whatever he was, his appendage was beautiful, and already secreting a transparent fluid that glistened in the dim light.

I leaned forward, running my tongue along the underside of the unusual organ. The taste was briny but pleasant, like the ocean itself. The tentacle-cock twitched in response, and I heard a soft hiss of pleasure from the other side of the wall.

Taking the tapered head into my mouth, I discovered the small protrusions along its surface were incredibly sensitive.

Each time my tongue brushed against them, the appendage would pulse and release more of its salty pre-cum.

I worked my way down its length, taking as much as I could, letting the strange texture massage the roof of my mouth.

As I sucked, I wrapped my hand around my own cock, stroking in rhythm with my bobbing head.

The creature on the other side began to thrust gently, pushing its appendage deeper into my throat.

I relaxed and took it, feeling a peculiar tingling sensation spread through my mouth and down my throat, some property of the fluid it was secreting.

The tingling wasn't unpleasant. In fact, it heightened every sensation, making my lips and tongue hypersensitive. I moaned around the throbbing appendage, which seemed to encourage my partner. The thrusts became more insistent, and I could hear ragged breathing from the other side of the partition.

Just as I was finding my rhythm, another shadow darkened the booth on my other side. I glanced over to see another hole, one I hadn't noticed before. Through it emerged a more familiar sight, a thick, veiny human cock, already hard and leaking.

I pulled back from the tentacle-cock, a strand of bioluminescent fluid connecting my lips to its tip.

The human cock was impressive, easily eight inches and thick enough that my fingers wouldn't meet if I wrapped them around it.

I shifted on the bench, angling myself so I could service both partners.

Taking the human cock in my left hand, I stroked it slowly while returning my mouth to the oceanic creature's appendage.

The contrast was intoxicating, the familiar heat and hardness of human flesh in my palm, while my mouth worked around the alien texture and otherworldly taste of my other partner.

The human began thrusting through the hole, fucking my fist with desperate need. I could hear him panting on the other side, probably stroking himself where I couldn't reach. Meanwhile, the sea creature's appendage was pulsing faster, the ridges along its length swelling as it approached climax.

I alternated between them, taking the human cock deep into my throat until I gagged, then switching back to lap at the sensitive nodules covering the tentacle. My own cock was throbbing, leaking steadily onto the bench beneath me.

The oceanic being came first, his appendage suddenly rigid as it pumped thick, glowing fluid down my throat. The taste was intense, salt and minerals and something indefinably alien that made my head spin. I swallowed greedily, the tingling sensation spreading through my entire body now.

The human followed moments later, his cock jerking in my grip as he shot rope after rope of hot cum through the hole. It splattered against the wall, some landing on my chest and shoulders. I milked him until he was spent, feeling him soften in my grasp.

Both my partners withdrew, leaving me alone and aching with need. I heard footsteps as they left their booths, but I remained, hoping someone else would take their place. My cock was painfully hard, the otherworldly tingling making every nerve ending hypersensitive.

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I didn't have to wait long. The booth to my right filled again, and a new cock appeared through the hole, this one belonging to something with scaled skin and a distinctly reptilian shape.

Probably a dragon of some sort. I eagerly wrapped my lips around it, tasting something smoky and wild. I was in heaven.

By the time I finally left the gloryhole area, I'd serviced five different partners and my jaw ached pleasantly.

The tingling from the sea creature's fluids had faded to a warm glow throughout my body, leaving me relaxed but still desperately horny.

I'd managed to edge myself the entire time without climaxing, saving my release for whatever came next.

I padded through the corridors, my towel draped over my shoulder, cock still hard and bobbing with each step.

The sauna called to me, that wet heat would feel incredible on my sensitized skin.

As I rounded the corner toward the sauna complex, I could already feel the wave of superheated air washing over me.

The sauna area consisted of three separate rooms of varying temperatures.

I chose the middle sauna, the one offering the most intense heat without being

unbearable.

Pulling open the heavy wooden door, I was hit with a wall of steam and the sharp scent of cedar.

Through the haze, I could make out a few shadowy figures seated on the tiered benches.

I stepped inside, letting the door thud shut behind me.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim light filtering through the steam, I realized there were only three other occupants.

Two were engaged in quiet conversation on the lower bench, a lithe elf with luminescent markings tracing his jawline and a stocky human with a dark beard.

But it was the third figure that made my breath catch.

Sprawled across the upper bench, taking up space meant for at least three men, was the largest werewolf I'd ever seen.

Even in his relaxed position, his massive frame dominated the small room.

His fur was a rich, deep brown that glistened with sweat in the heat.

Powerful muscles rippled beneath that thick pelt with every slight movement.

His eyes were closed, but I could see his nostrils flare as I entered. He was scenting me.

I chose a spot on the middle bench, not too close to the werewolf but definitely within

his line of sight should he open his eyes.

The heat enveloped me immediately, drawing beads of sweat that trickled down my chest and back.

I leaned against the cedar wall, letting my legs fall slightly open, my still-hard cock on full display.

The elf and human continued their hushed conversation, occasionally casting glances my way but mostly focused on each other. The werewolf, however, remained motionless except for the steady rise and fall of his broad chest.

Minutes passed in the sweltering heat. I closed my eyes, focusing on the sensation of sweat rolling down my skin, the way the wood felt against my back, the lingering tingling from the sea creature's essence.

I was so lost in these sensations that I didn't notice the movement until a shadow fell across me.

I opened my eyes to find the werewolf standing directly in front of me, his massive frame blocking out the light.

Up close, he was even more impressive. He had to be at least seven feet tall, with shoulders twice the width of mine.

His muzzle was long and powerful, lined with teeth that could easily tear flesh.

But it was his eyes that held me captive, amber irises with dark pupils that seemed to glow from within.

"You smell like the ocean," he rumbled, his voice so deep I felt it in my chest more

than heard it. "And cum."

I swallowed hard, my cock twitching visibly at his words. "I had an encounter with a sea creature earlier in the glory holes."

The werewolf's muzzle curled into what might have been a smile.

Without warning, he reached out one massive paw and placed it on my chest, directly over my hammering heart.

His claws were retracted, but I could feel their potential against my skin.

The pads of his fingers were rough, calloused, and deliciously hot against my sweat-slick chest.

"I can smell how aroused you are," he growled, his voice dropping even lower. "You've been servicing others, but haven't found your own release yet."

It wasn't a question, but I nodded anyway, my throat suddenly dry despite the humid air.

The elf and human had fallen silent, watching our interaction with undisguised interest. The werewolf glanced at them over his shoulder, a low rumble emanating from his chest.

"Leave us," he commanded, and they scrambled to obey, gathering their towels and slipping out the door without a word of protest.

When the door clicked shut behind them, the werewolf turned his attention back to me. His paw slid down my chest, across my stomach, until it wrapped around my cock. His grip was firm but careful, mindful of his strength.

"Such a pretty human," he murmured, stroking me slowly. "So eager to please. I wonder if you can take what I have to offer."

I looked down to where his own member had emerged from its sheath, hanging heavy between his thighs.

It was intimidating, as thick as my wrist, with a tapered head and a pronounced knot at the base that was already beginning to swell.

Pre-cum dripped from the tip, sizzling when it hit the hot wooden floor.

"I can try," I whispered, unable to tear my gaze away from his magnificent cock.

The werewolf chuckled, a sound like distant thunder. "Brave little human. Stand up."

I obeyed instantly, my legs trembling slightly as I rose to my feet. Even standing, I barely reached his chest. He towered over me, his presence overwhelming in the confined space of the sauna.

Without warning, he spun me around and bent me over the middle bench, positioning me so my ass was presented to him, my chest pressed against the hot wood of the upper tier. His massive paws gripped my hips, holding me in place.

"Stay," he commanded, and then his touch disappeared.

I remained frozen in position, heart pounding, cock throbbing between my legs. I heard him moving behind me, the sound of something being opened, and then his presence returned.

A dollop of cool lube landed between my ass cheeks, making me gasp at the temperature contrast. The werewolf's finger, as thick as two of my own, began to

work the lube into my hole, circling and probing with surprising gentleness.

"Breathe," he instructed as the tip of his finger pushed inside me. "Relax for me."

I forced myself to take deep breaths, willing my muscles to loosen as he worked me open.

One finger became two, stretching me wider than I'd been in months.

The burn was exquisite, a perfect counterpoint to the heat of the sauna.

My moans echoed off the cedar walls as he scissored his fingers inside me, stretching me with methodical patience.

"That's it," he growled approvingly, adding a third massive digit. "Good boy. Take it all."

The pressure was intense, bordering on painful, but my body responded eagerly, my hole clutching at his fingers as they pushed deeper. He found my prostate with unerring accuracy, the rough pad of his middle finger stroking over it until my legs shook and pre-cum dripped steadily from my cock.

"Please," I gasped, pushing back against his hand. "I need more."

"Greedy little human," he chuckled, but his voice was thick with lust. "Don't worry. You'll get everything I have to give."

He withdrew his fingers slowly, leaving me feeling empty and desperate. I heard the sound of more lube being applied, and then the blunt head of his cock was pressing against my entrance. Despite the thorough preparation, I tensed involuntarily at the sheer size of him.

"Relax," he commanded again, one paw stroking soothingly down my spine while the other guided his massive cock. "I won't hurt you. Much."

The pressure increased gradually as he pushed forward, the tapered head of his cock easing the way. There was a moment of burning resistance, and then my body yielded, the head slipping inside with a pop that drew a strangled cry from my throat.

The werewolf froze, giving me time to adjust. "Breathe," he reminded me, his own breath coming in heavy pants that ruffled the hair on the back of my neck.

I struggled to follow his instruction, my body caught between the instinct to reject the intrusion and the desperate need for more.

Slowly, the burning subsided, replaced by a fullness that bordered on sublime.

He was so much bigger than anyone I'd taken in months.

The sheer girth of his cock felt like it was splitting me in half in the most delicious way possible.

"More," I managed to gasp, and the werewolf rumbled his approval.

He began to feed his cock into me inch by excruciating inch.

The stretch was beyond anything I'd experienced before, a relentless pressure that seemed impossible to accommodate. Yet somehow my body continued to yield, drawing him deeper until I felt I might split in two. Was it the ocean-creature's cum that had made me so pliable?

Or maybe it was just the fact that this werewolf, whoever he was, seemed to have taken control of me completely. Either way, I just needed more cock.

"So tight," he growled, his paws gripping my hips hard enough to bruise. "You're more capable than I thought you'd be. Most can't take me farther than halfway."

I could feel his knot pressing against my entrance now, driving any reply I might've had from my mind.

His knot still wasn't fully swollen but already daunting in its size as it pulsed against my ass.

The werewolf paused, buried nearly to the hilt, allowing me one final moment to adjust before the real claiming began.

"Ready?" he asked, his voice strained with the effort of holding back.

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Words failed me, so I simply nodded, bracing myself against the bench. That was all the permission he needed. He withdrew almost completely, leaving just the head inside, then slammed forward in one powerful thrust that drove the breath from my lungs.

The force of it pushed me up against the upper bench, my chest sliding across the slick cedar as a shout tore from my throat.

The sensation was overwhelming, a perfect storm of pleasure and pain that left me gasping.

He held still for a moment, letting me feel every throbbing inch of his massive cock buried deep inside me.

"Fuck," I whispered, my voice barely audible over the sound of our heavy breathing.

The werewolf's response was a low, rumbling chuckle. "We're just getting started, little human."

He began to move then, setting a rhythm that was both punishing and perfect.

Each thrust drove me higher up the bench, the wood slick with our combined sweat.

His cock stretched me impossibly wide, the ridge of his head dragging against my inner walls with each withdrawal before plunging back in to claim me completely.

My own cock was trapped between my body and the bench, the friction adding

another layer of sensation to the overwhelming assault on my senses. The heat of the sauna intensified everything, the slide of sweat between us, the burn in my lungs, and the way my skin felt hypersensitive to every touch.

"Damn you're good," the werewolf growled, his pace increasing. "Such a perfect little cock sleeve."

His words sent electricity through my spine, and I pushed back to meet his thrusts, desperate for more. The sound of our bodies colliding echoed off the cedar walls, punctuated by my increasingly desperate moans and his animalistic grunts.

The werewolf's knot was swelling now, catching against my rim with each thrust. The pressure was incredible, a promise of the complete claiming to come. I could feel my body beginning to yield even to that massive obstruction, my hole stretching wider with each pass.

"I'm going to knot you," he panted, his thrusts becoming erratic. "Going to fill you so full you'll taste my cum."

"Yes," I gasped, the word torn from my throat as another powerful thrust sent shockwaves through my body. "Please, I need it."

The werewolf's response was a feral snarl that raised goosebumps across my sweat-slicked skin despite the sauna's oppressive heat.

His massive paws shifted their grip on my hips, claws extending just enough to dimple my flesh without breaking skin.

The slight pain only heightened the pleasure coursing through me.

His knot was growing with each thrust now, the swollen mass of flesh catching more

insistently against my stretched rim. The pressure built steadily, my body caught between the instinct to resist and the overwhelming need to be completely claimed by this magnificent beast.

"That's it," he rumbled, his voice barely human now. "Open for me. Let me in."

The next thrust came with devastating force, his knot pushing past the point of no return. There was a moment of white-hot pressure, my vision blurring as my body was forced to accommodate the impossible girth. Then suddenly, it was inside, my hole clamping down behind it like a vice.

The sensation was indescribable. I felt utterly full, stretched beyond my limits, connected to him in the most primal way possible. His cock throbbed inside me, the knot pulsing against my prostate with each beat of his heart. I was locked to him now, completely at his mercy.

"Perfect," he growled, his voice thick with satisfaction. "You took my knot like you were made for it."

He couldn't thrust anymore with the knot fully seated, but he didn't need to. The constant pressure against my prostate was driving me toward the edge of madness. Every slight movement sent waves of sensation through my body, my neglected cock leaking steadily onto the bench beneath me.

The werewolf leaned forward, his massive frame covering mine completely. His muzzle brushed against my neck, hot breath sending shivers down my spine as he scented me. When his tongue dragged across my pulse point, I nearly came on the spot.

"Mine," he rumbled against my throat, the word vibrating through my chest. "At least for tonight."

His hips began to make small, grinding motions, working his knot deeper inside me.

The sensation was intense, a constant pressure that had me gasping and writhing beneath him.

My hands scrambled for purchase on the slick wood, needing something to anchor me as pleasure threatened to consume me entirely.

"I can't," I panted, my body trembling with the effort of holding back my climax. "It's too much."

"Yes, you can," he commanded, one paw sliding around to wrap around my throat. Not squeezing, just holding, a reminder of his complete dominance. "You'll come when I allow it, and not before."

The casual display of control sent another spike of arousal through me. I was completely helpless, impaled on his massive knot, utterly at his mercy. The werewolf seemed to sense my surrender, a satisfied rumble emanating from deep in his chest.

"Good boy," he murmured, his free paw stroking down my side. "Feel how perfectly you fit around me. Like you were made to take my cock."

His knot pulsed inside me, swelling even larger as his climax approached. The pressure was incredible, stretching me to my absolute limits. I could feel every ridge and vein of his cock throbbing against my inner walls, the heat of him seeming to radiate through my entire body.

The werewolf's breathing became ragged, his grip on my throat tightening slightly. "I'm going to fill you," he growled, his voice barely recognizable as his wolf nature took over completely. "Going to pump you so full of my seed you'll be dripping for days."

His words pushed me closer to the edge, my cock throbbing desperately between my body and the bench. The constant grinding of his knot against my prostate was torture in the most exquisite sense, keeping me balanced on the knife's edge of release.

"Please," I begged, my voice hoarse from the heat and exertion. "Let me cum. I need to cum."

The werewolf's response was a low, predatory chuckle. "Not yet, little human. You cum when I do. Together."

His hips gave one final, powerful grind, and then he was erupting inside me. The first pulse of his release was so intense I could feel it hitting my inner walls like liquid fire. Wave after wave of thick, hot cum flooded my insides, the werewolf's knot ensuring none of it could escape.

"Now," he commanded, his voice a primal snarl. "Cum for me you little cock slut."

The permission was all I needed. My orgasm crashed over me like a tsunami, every muscle in my body contracting as pleasure consumed me completely.

My cock pulsed between my body and the bench, painting the cedar with rope after rope of my release.

The sensation seemed to go on forever, intensified by the werewolf's continued climax filling me beyond capacity.

I could feel his seed deep inside me, so much of it that my stomach felt distended. His knot continued to pulse, ensuring every drop stayed exactly where he wanted it. The claiming was complete, total, and utterly overwhelming.

As the waves of pleasure finally began to subside, the werewolf collapsed forward,

his massive weight pressing me into the bench. His breathing was as ragged as mine, hot puffs of air against my neck as we both struggled to recover.

"Incredible," he rumbled after several minutes, his voice returning to something approaching human. "You took everything I had to give. You're the first human that's pulled it off."

I could only nod weakly, my body still trembling with aftershocks. The werewolf's knot showed no signs of deflating yet, keeping us locked together in the steamy heat of the sauna. I didn't mind. The fullness inside me felt right somehow, like this was exactly where I was meant to be.

"You know, I don't think I can even move," I finally managed to say, my voice hoarse from shouting.

The werewolf chuckled, the sound vibrating through his chest and into my back. "You don't need to move. Not until my knot goes down." His massive paw stroked my sweat-slicked hair with surprising gentleness. "That'll be a while yet."

"How long?" I asked, genuinely curious. I'd been with shifters before, but never a werewolf of this size or... intensity.

"Half an hour. Maybe more." He adjusted his position slightly, taking some of his weight off me while remaining firmly locked inside. "You're not in a hurry, are you?"

I laughed weakly. "No. Not like I could go anywhere if I wanted to."

His muzzle nuzzled against my neck, inhaling deeply. "You smell good with my scent all over you. Inside you."

The possessiveness in his voice sent a shiver down my spine, and I felt my spent cock

give a valiant twitch against the bench. The werewolf noticed and let out another rumbling laugh.

"Insatiable little human," he murmured, his claws tracing feather-light patterns down my sides. "I think I chose well tonight."

The heat of the sauna had become almost unbearable, our bodies generating even more warmth in our joined state.

Sweat poured down my face, pooling in the hollow of my throat and the small of my back.

Yet I couldn't bring myself to care about the discomfort.

Not when I was so perfectly, completely filled.

"Let's go cool off," the werewolf said, suddenly wrapping his arms around me.

He lifted me off the floor easily, holding me to his chest with one hand while we were still bound together.

With the other he pushed the door open, walking us past the other members of the bathhouse who stared openly.

I turned my gaze to the ground, unable to meet their gazes.

Something about being knotted felt too... intimate to share with others.

But at the same time my cock gave a heavy twitch knowing that I was being watched.

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“Little bit of an exhibitionist, huh?” the wolf chuckled. He carried me into one of the smaller private pools, shutting the door behind us. Without a word he stepped into the water, letting the cool water rush across us with a hiss. “Fuck...” he moaned. “That’s better.”

He took a seat at one side of the pool, still holding me tight against him.

I savored the cool touch of the water and allowed myself to rest my head against his furry chest. Through his fur I could hear the heavy beat of his heart, powerful and intimidating just like he was.

His cock twitched inside me again and I let out a small moan of satisfaction.

Tonight was turning out far better than I expected.

"My name is Kieran," the werewolf said after a moment, his voice quieter now. "In case you were wondering."

The introduction surprised me. Names weren't typically exchanged at the bathhouse, that was part of its appeal. The anonymity. The freedom from identity and expectation.

"Ty," I replied after a moment's hesitation. "I'm Ty."

"Ty," he repeated, as if testing how it felt on his tongue. "Small name for such a small human."

I snorted. "I'm five-ten. That's average."

"To you, maybe." His paw engulfed the back of my head, emphasizing the difference in our sizes. "To me, you're deliciously small."

His knot pulsed inside me as he spoke, sending a jolt of pleasure through my oversensitized body. I moaned softly, clenching around him involuntarily.

"Careful," he warned, his voice dropping to a growl. "Keep that up and I might need to fuck you again once my knot goes down."

The threat, or promise, made my breath catch. "Is that supposed to scare me?" I scoffed, grabbing his shoulders and forcing myself down further on his cock. "Because I'm not scared. I may be small, but I can take you again, no problem."

The rumble that emanated from Kieran's chest was part growl, part laugh. His amber eyes flashed with predatory interest.

"Brave words from someone who can barely move," he said, his massive paw sliding down to grip my ass, squeezing the flesh possessively. "But I like your spirit."

His knot had begun to recede slightly, no longer painfully stretched but still firmly locking us together. The sensation of being so thoroughly filled, of being claimed so completely, sent shivers through my body. I could feel his cum deep inside me, warm and abundant.

"How long has it been since someone fucked you properly?" Kieran asked, his muzzle brushing against my ear.

I considered lying, but something about the way he looked at me made me want to be honest. "Months. Maybe longer. Usually I just suck people off and maybe fuck

someone at the end of the night. But I don't bottom much..."

"I can tell," he rumbled, his free hand trailing up my spine. "Your body was desperate for it. Hungry."

The cool water lapped around us, soothing my overheated skin. I shifted slightly, testing the give of his knot, and was rewarded with a pulse of pleasure that made me gasp.

"Easy," Kieran murmured, though his own breathing had quickened. "Unless you want me to bend you over the edge of this pool and fuck you until you can't remember your own name."

The image his words conjured sent heat pooling in my groin again. My cock, which had been soft against his fur, began to stir once more.

"Maybe I do," I challenged, rolling my hips slightly.

Kieran's eyes narrowed, pupils dilating until only a thin ring of amber remained. "You don't know what you're asking for, little human."

"Then show me," I whispered.

His response was immediate and overwhelming.

With a fluid motion that belied his massive size, he lifted me off his cock, his knot had deflated just enough to allow it, and turned me around.

Before I could even catch my breath, he had me bent over the edge of the pool, my chest pressed against the cool tile, my ass raised just above the waterline as his seed spilled out of me, running down my thighs.

"You asked for this," he growled, one paw pressing down between my shoulder blades, pinning me in place. "Remember that when you can't walk tomorrow."

I felt the blunt head of his cock pressing against my already stretched hole coated in cum. Despite having just been filled by him, I tensed involuntarily at the renewed intrusion. He was so massive, so overwhelming in every way.

"Relax," he commanded, his free hand stroking down my flank in a surprisingly gentle gesture. "You've already taken me once. You can do it again."

I forced myself to breathe deeply, to let the tension flow out of my muscles. Kieran pressed forward slowly, the tapered head of his cock easing the way. There was resistance, but less than before, my body remembering and welcoming him.

"That's it," Kieran growled as he slid back inside me, the sensation both familiar and newly overwhelming. "Open up for me again."

The water sloshed around us as he buried himself to the hilt in one smooth motion. My body yielded more easily this time, already trained to his impressive girth. I gasped as he bottomed out, his heavy balls slapping against my ass.

"Fuck," I moaned, my voice echoing off the tiled walls. "So much cock..."

Kieran wasted no time establishing a punishing rhythm, each thrust driving me against the edge of the pool. His claws extended slightly, pricking the skin of my back as he held me down. The pain only enhanced my pleasure, a contrast to the overwhelming fullness of his cock stretching me open.

"Fuck...", he snarled, his voice barely human now. "You take cock better than anyone I've ever met."

The water splashed violently around us, some of it spilling onto the floor with each powerful thrust. My cock dragged against the smooth edge of the pool, providing just enough friction to drive me wild.

I was fully hard again despite having cum just minutes before, my body responding eagerly to his dominant claiming.

"Harder," I demanded, pushing back against him. "I can take it."

Kieran's response was a feral growl that raised goosebumps across my skin. His paws gripped my hips with bruising force as he drove into me with renewed vigor. The sound of wet fur slapping against my ass filled the room, punctuated by my increasingly desperate moans.

"Such a greedy little hole," he rumbled, one paw sliding around to grasp my throat. "So hungry for my cock."

His grip tightened just enough to restrict my breathing slightly, sending a rush of endorphins through my system. The edge of danger, the complete surrender of control, it was intoxicating. I felt myself floating on a wave of pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

"Mine," Kieran growled, leaning forward to run his tongue along the curve of my spine. "Tonight, you're all mine."

His knot was beginning to swell again, catching on my rim with each thrust. The pressure was incredible, my body simultaneously resisting and craving the complete claiming it represented. Each time it pushed against my entrance, a jolt of electricity shot through me.

"Wait," I said before things could go further.

Keiran pulled away immediately, his hands free of my body. I turned around, seeing that worried look on his face.

"Don't worry," I said, rolling over onto my back and lifting my legs in the air to expose my hole to him. "I just wanted to watch you fuck me this time."

Kieran's eyes blazed as he took in the sight before him, my legs spread wide, my hole gaping and slick with his cum from our previous coupling. A low rumble of appreciation emanated from deep in his chest.

"You want to watch me claim you?" he growled, positioning himself between my raised thighs. His massive cock bobbed heavily, dripping pre-cum into the pool water. "Want to see every inch as I split you open?"

I nodded breathlessly, my hands gripping the edge of the pool for leverage. From this angle, I could see just how truly massive he was. And even better, I'd see him when he buried every inch of it in my needy hole.

Kieran lined himself up with my entrance, the blunt head of his cock pressing against my stretched rim. "Keep your eyes on me," he commanded, his amber gaze locked with mine. "I want you to see exactly what's happening when I breed you."

He pushed forward slowly, and I watched in fascination as my body yielded to accommodate his girth. The sight was incredibly erotic, seeing my hole stretch wide around his thick shaft, watching inch after inch disappear inside me. My cock twitched against my stomach, leaking even more.

"Fuck, look at that," Kieran panted, his eyes flicking down to where we were joined. "Look how perfectly you take my cock. Your greedy little hole was made for this."

The angle allowed him to sink even deeper than before, and I gasped as he bottomed

out completely.

From this angle I could feel him in places I didn't know existed, stretching me in ways that should have been impossible.

The fullness was overwhelming, a constant pressure against my prostate that had me seeing stars once more. It was even better than the first time.

"So fucking deep ," I moaned, my voice cracking with pleasure. "I can feel you everywhere."

Kieran began to move, pulling out slowly so I could see his cock emerging slick with his previous load before driving back in with devastating force. The visual combined with the incredible sensations had me writhing beneath him, my hands scrabbling for purchase on the wet tile.

"That's it," he growled, his thrusts becoming more aggressive. "Take every fucking inch. Show me how much you need my cock again."

The water churned around us as he established a brutal rhythm, each thrust sending waves cascading over the edge of the pool once more. My body rocked with the force of his claiming, completely at the mercy of his overwhelming strength and size.

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His knot was swelling rapidly now, the bulbous mass catching on my rim again with increasing insistence. I could see it growing larger with each thrust, and could feel the pressure building as my body prepared to accept it once again.

"Going to knot you again," Kieran snarled, his control slipping as his wolf nature took over. "I'm gonna breed you so fucking good."

"Yes," I gasped, my cock jerking against my stomach. "Give it to me!"

"I'm going to fill you up again," Kieran growled, his voice dropping to a register so low I felt it vibrate through my entire body. "Going to pump you so full you'll feel me for days."

With one final, powerful thrust, he forced his swelling knot past my stretched rim.

The pressure was exquisite, a perfect fusion of pain and pleasure that had me crying out, my back arching off the tile.

My vision blurred as his knot locked inside me, expanding to its full size and pressing relentlessly against my prostate.

"That's it," he rumbled, his massive frame shuddering above me. "Take all of me."

I felt the first hot pulse of his release flooding my insides, triggering my own orgasm without a single touch to my cock.

I came with a hoarse shout, painting my chest and stomach with rope after rope of

cum as my body convulsed around his knot.

Each contraction of my muscles squeezed his cock, milking more of his seed into me.

"Fuck," I gasped, my voice barely audible over our combined panting. "That was... even better than the... first time."

Kieran leaned down, his muzzle brushing against my neck as he scented me. "You smell like you belong to me now," he murmured, satisfaction evident in his tone. "Marked inside and out."

The possessiveness in his voice sent an unexpected thrill through me.

This was supposed to be just another anonymous hookup at the bathhouse, a way to blow off steam before returning to my mundane life.

But something about Kieran felt different.

Almost dangerous in a way that had nothing to do with his claws or fangs.

We stayed locked together in the pool, the cool water lapping around us as our breathing gradually returned to normal. His knot kept us joined, ensuring every drop of his seed remained inside me. I could feel it, warm and abundant, filling me in ways I'd never experienced before.

"Hey," Kieran said after several minutes of comfortable silence, "I'm going to pull out now, okay?"

I nodded, keeping my eyes closed. "Alright."

It took a little work, but after a minute or two Keiran managed to work his knot back out of me.

The moment his cock left my ass it was followed by a rush of his seed running down my ass and onto the floor surrounding the pool.

He took a step back while I laid there panting, my body trembling with aftershocks of pleasure.

I expected him to stay in the pool, to stay with me for a little while.

But only a moment later I heard him step out, water pouring off his fur onto the floor as he headed for the door.

“Make sure you take it easy tomorrow,” he said softly, the possessiveness in his voice replaced with a caring tone. “Your body will need time to recover.”

I managed a weak nod, my body still floating in the afterglow of the most intense sexual experience of my life. "Yeah... I'll try to remember that."

He paused at the door, his massive silhouette backlit by the dim hallway lights. For a moment, I thought he might say something else. Maybe he'd suggest we meet again or exchange numbers. But he simply inclined his head in a slight nod before slipping out, leaving me alone in the private pool.

The water lapped gently around me as I stared at the ceiling, trying to process what had just happened.

My body ached in the most delicious way, stretched and used beyond anything I'd experienced before.

I could still feel him inside me, could still feel the ghost of his knot pressing against my prostate.

And deeper still, I could feel his seed, so much of it that my stomach felt slightly

distended.

With a groan, I hauled myself out of the pool, my legs trembling with the effort.

Water and cum trickled down my thighs as I reached for a towel from the nearby rack.

My reflection in the mirrored wall caught my attention.

My skin was flushed and marked with the imprints of claws, my hair was plastered to my forehead, and my eyes were still dilated with pleasure. I barely recognized myself.

"Holy shit," I whispered, running a hand over the marks on my hips. They would bruise beautifully, a temporary reminder of tonight's encounter.

I dabbed at the mess between my legs, wincing slightly at the tenderness. He hadn't been kidding about taking it easy tomorrow. I'd be lucky if I could walk straight by Monday.

After cleaning up as best I could, I wrapped the towel around my waist and made my way back to the locker room.

The bathhouse was still bustling with activity, men and creatures of all descriptions engaged in various states of pleasure.

But I barely noticed them now. My body had been claimed so thoroughly that the thought of another encounter tonight seemed almost sacrilegious.

In the locker room, I showered quickly, washing away the sweat and chlorine but unable to remove the lingering scent of wolf that seemed to have permeated my skin. Not that I wanted to. There was something comforting about carrying his mark, even

if just for a night.

As I dressed in my simple gym shorts and t-shirt, I couldn't help but wonder about Kieran. Who was he? Where did he come from? And why had he chosen to tell me his name when names were so rarely exchanged in this place?

I shook my head, dismissing the thoughts.

It didn't matter. The bathhouse wasn't about connections or relationships.

It was about release, about escaping the mundane realities of everyday life for a few blissful hours.

Kieran had given me exactly what I came for, an intense, mind-blowing experience that would fuel my fantasies for weeks to come.

Still, as I dropped my locker key in the drop box and made my way to the exit, I found myself scanning the lobby for any sign of him.

The same bored attendant was still at the desk, barely glancing up as I passed.

Through the glass doors, I could see the parking lot was still full despite the late hour.

I paused at the threshold, my hand on the door handle.

Part of me wanted to turn back, to find Kieran and.

.. what? Ask for his number? Suggest we grab coffee?

The very idea was absurd. This wasn't a dating app or a nightclub.

This was the bathhouse, where anonymity reigned supreme and connections were

measured in minutes, not lifetimes.

The cool night air hit me as I stepped outside, a stark contrast to the humid warmth I was leaving behind.

My body protested with each step toward my car, muscles I'd forgotten I had making their displeasure known.

I fumbled with my keys, my hands still slightly unsteady from the evening's exertions.

"Still shaky?" a deep voice said behind me.

I spun on my heel, keys between my fingers as I prepared to fight for my life.

But instead my gaze came to rest on Keiran standing under the light of the streetlamps, his eyes throwing a green-ish reflection back at me.

He was wearing a pair of jeans and a black tank top, his fur still damp from the pool.

"Sorry," he said immediately, holding his hands up. "I didn't mean to scare you."

I felt my panic recede. However, it was quickly replaced with a strange sort of excitement. "Were... were you waiting for me?"

Kieran reached up, scratching the fur between his ears. "I... yeah. Yeah I guess I was."

He looked almost shy, which was bizarre given his massive frame and the dominant creature he'd been inside. The contrast was strangely endearing.

"Why?" I asked, genuinely curious. This wasn't how things worked at the bathhouse.

You fucked, you left, you never saw each other again. That was the unspoken rule.

Kieran shifted his weight, his claws clicking softly against the pavement. "I don't usually do this," he admitted, his deep voice rumbling in the quiet parking lot. "But there was something about you... I couldn't just walk away. Not without trying at least."

I leaned against my car, partly because my legs were still trembling from our encounter, partly to appear more casual than I felt. "You mean besides the fact that I could take your knot?"

His muzzle pulled back in what might have been a smile. "That was impressive, but no. It's more than that." He took a step closer, and I caught his scent again, musky, wild, intoxicating. "You smell... right to me."

"I smell right?" I repeated, raising an eyebrow. "What does that even mean?"

Kieran ran a massive paw through the fur on his head, looking uncharacteristically uncertain.

"It's a wolf thing. Hard to explain to humans.

But when I scented you in that sauna... something clicked.

" He shrugged, his massive shoulders rising and falling.

"I just wanted to see if maybe you'd like to get coffee sometime.

Or dinner. Something that doesn't involve me fucking you senseless in a pool. "

I couldn't help but laugh at his bluntness. "Though that was pretty fantastic."

"It was," he agreed, his amber eyes gleaming in the dim light. "But I'd like to know more about you than just how you sound when you cum. If you'd like."

I should have said no. This went against everything the bathhouse represented, the anonymity, the no-strings-attached encounters, the clear separation between pleasure and real life. But something about Kieran made me hesitate.

"I don't usually do this either," I said slowly. "The whole... dating thing."

"Who said anything about dating?" Kieran replied, though his eyes betrayed his hope. "Maybe I just want to see if you're as interesting with clothes on as you are with them off."

I snorted. "Smooth."

"I try." He took another step forward, close enough now that I had to tilt my head back to meet his gaze. "So what do you say? Coffee? Tomorrow? Or is that too soon after I've been inside you twice?"

The crude reminder sent a shiver through me, my body remembering the exquisite fullness of him. "Coffee sounds good," I heard myself say before I could overthink it. "But you're buying. I think you owe me after what you did to my ass."

Kieran's laugh was deep and genuine, showing off his impressive fangs. "Fair enough." Then he paused for a moment, shifting nervously.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I uh... I was just wondering..." He took a deep breath. "Can... Can I kiss you?"

The question caught me off guard. After everything we'd done in the bathhouse, after he'd claimed me so thoroughly, a simple kiss felt strangely intimate. More personal

somehow than the raw, primal fucking we'd shared.

"Yeah," I whispered, my voice barely audible in the quiet parking lot. "You can kiss me."

Kieran's massive paws came up to cup my face with surprising gentleness, his claws retracted so only the soft pads of his fingers touched my skin.

He had to lean down considerably to reach me, his muzzle brushing against my lips in a tender exploration that was nothing like the dominant creature who'd knotted me twice.

His lips were softer than I'd expected, warm and careful as they moved against mine.

There was no urgency, no desperate claiming, just a sweet connection that made my chest tighten in ways that had nothing to do with physical arousal.

When his tongue swept across my lower lip, I opened for him willingly, tasting something wild and clean that was purely him.

The kiss deepened slowly, his tongue exploring my mouth with the same thoroughness he'd shown my body, but with infinite more patience. One of his paws slid down to rest against my chest, over my racing heart, while the other remained cradled against my cheek.

When we finally broke apart, I was breathless for entirely different reasons than I'd been in the bathhouse. Kieran rested his forehead against mine, his amber eyes searching my face.

"Definitely coffee," I said, my voice rough with emotion I wasn't ready to examine.

"Good," he rumbled, pulling back slightly but not stepping away. "There's a place

called Moonbeam Café on Fifth Street. Do you know it?"

I nodded. It was one of the few places in the city that catered to both humans and supernatural beings, with reinforced furniture and a menu that accommodated various dietary needs.

"Two o'clock tomorrow?" he asked.

"It's a date," I said, then immediately flushed at my choice of words. "I mean?—"

"It's a date," Kieran agreed, his muzzle pulling back in what was definitely a smile now. "I'll see you tomorrow, Ty."

He stepped back, giving me space to get into my car. I fumbled with the keys again, hyper aware of his gaze on me as I finally managed to unlock the door. As I slid into the driver's seat, I looked up to find him still watching me, hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans.

"Drive safe," he called as I started the engine.

I gave him a small wave and pulled out of the parking spot, catching one last glimpse of him in my rearview mirror before I turned onto the street. My hands were still shaking slightly as I drove home, but now it had nothing to do with the physical aftermath of our encounter.

What the hell had I just agreed to?

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