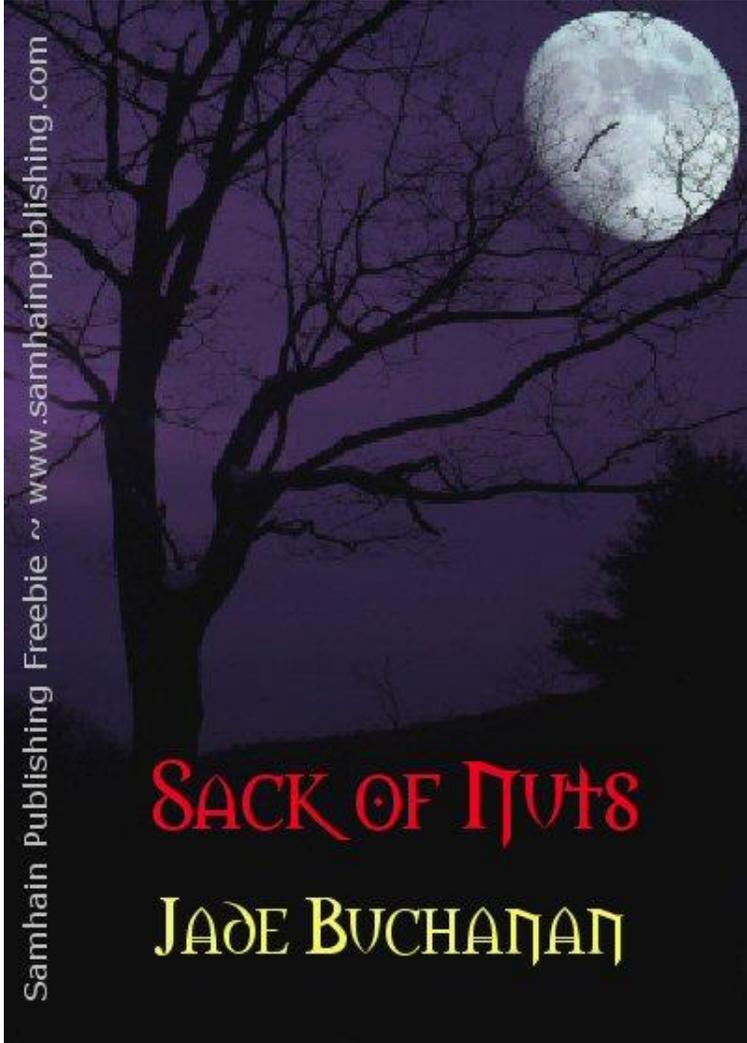


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# SACK OF NUTS

JADE BUCHANAN



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“Toby? Where are ya, babe?”

Toby lifted his head, panicking. Cliff was back already? No, he wasn't supposed to be back yet. Crap. Toby glanced down at the fabric in his hands, quickly stuffing it under the bed. No point in ruining his surprise for Cliff already. He was looking forward to this too much to blow it right now.

“There you are. Why didn't you answer me?”

Toby turned at the voice. His mate stood in the doorway of their bedroom, cocking his hip to the side. Long, lean and rugged, Cliff was everything Toby had always wanted. Heck, Toby still had to pinch himself some days to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

Cliff's thick black hair curled just above his ears, baby blue eyes twinkled with every wicked thought inside his mind. A wide, expressive mouth—one that did sinful things to Toby—just added to his appeal. Toby had lusted after him for years, watching Cliff hang out with Toby's older brother and all the time wishing he could be there with them. Well, not with *them*... As much as he loved his brother, Mick, he just wanted to be mated to Cliff. Now, every inch of that body belonged to him. Uttering a soft growl, Toby licked his lips.

Clothed in a pair of soft khaki shorts and a worn white tee, Cliff was damn near irresistible.

“Looks like you're already taking a bit of a break.” Cliff chuckled. “You finished putting up the last of the decorations?”

Toby nodded.

“Why don't you come over here and play with me for awhile, then? The kids won't be coming around for a few hours yet.”

Standing up, Toby paced over to Cliff, smiling up at the other man. “Just what do you suggest we do?”

“Oh, I don't know. I'm sure I can think of something.”

Pulling Toby close, Cliff wrapped his arms around him. Toby snuggled in, inhaling the scent of his mate. It was times like this that he was thankful for his heritage. He might only be a half-breed, but there was enough of the wolf inside him to scent the spicy musk of the man in front of him. Cliff smelled like home, warmth.

“You okay, pup?” Cliff's voice was a rumble Toby felt more than heard.

“Yeah, I've just been thinking.”

“That's dangerous.”

Toby pinched the nearest spot of skin, gratified when Cliff let out a yelp.

“Alright, I'll bite. What have you been thinking about?”

“Us. What we've gone through. The life in front of us.”

“You getting all serious on me, Toby?”

“Nah, just thinking.” He held on tight, content to stay in Cliff’s arms. He knew they’d eventually have to move. Cliff wasn’t going to stand still forever, but there was nothing quite like being in his mate’s embrace. Besides, Cliff was right. The kids would be coming around soon to do the whole trick or treat thing, and he’d have to be at the door handing out the piles of candy Cliff had picked up.

They’d both been extremely excited about celebrating a holiday in their new house but his mate had seriously gone overboard when he’d gone to the grocery store earlier. No way were they going to be able to give it all out. They just didn’t have that many kids in the neighborhood. Sure, most of them turned furry, so could pack away food like nothing else, but still... there was a limit to how much a wolf could eat before they were lying on the floor with stomach pains just like everyone else.

“Alright, enough thinking. I have a surprise for you.” Toby wasn’t going to be able to hold this in much longer, so he might as well get it over with now. His original plan had been to wait until after the Halloween treats were all gone and they could have their own little trick or treat party, but he was too keyed up now.

“You know how much I love surprises.” Cliff pulled away, grinning wickedly. His hands slipped down Toby’s back, palming his ass.

Toby squirmed away. “Uh uh uh. Not until I say so! Now scoot. I’ll call for you when I’m ready.”

“Give me a hint.”

“Let’s just say I have a little costume I wanted to try on right now.”

“Seriously? Should I go change into my costume too?” Cliff’s grin was contagious.

“You have a costume?” Toby tried to picture it in his mind but he couldn’t for the life of him figure out what Cliff would have bought.

“Of course, it’s Halloween. Practically tradition, isn’t it? Well, tradition with Mick and me, but you joined in a few times. Now it’s something the two of us can share.”

Toby frowned, not sure he liked Cliff’s grin. He tried to think back to what Cliff had worn in years past and suddenly had a sinking feeling. There had been that one party a few years ago when Cliff and Mick had donned matching uniforms to the amusement of everyone else.

“If you dress up like Teen Wolf again, I will not be held responsible for kicking your ass.”

Laughing, Cliff tried to grab Toby. “Come on. It’s sexy, you know it.”

Dancing out of the way, Toby shook his head. “There’s nothing sexy about teeny tiny yellow and blue gym shorts and a tank top emblazoned with the word ‘Beavers.’” Actually, hold that thought. Cliff in teeny tiny gym shorts...

Toby licked his lips.

“Knew that would get you.” Cliff nuzzled Toby’s neck. “You want me to put them on? I still have them.”

“Go.” Laughing, Toby managed to push Cliff out the door, locking it behind him. He knew his mate was humoring him since there was no way he’d be able to manhandle the bigger wolf normally. Cliff was a pure breed. Both his parents had been weres so he was naturally stronger and tougher than Toby.

Toby’s mother was human and his father’s second mate. Well, his only mate, really, despite the fact Mick’s mother had been a pure werewolf who had most obviously had a relationship with their father. Non-mates could have children together, although it was rare.

No one really knew what drew true mates together. It was the weirdest thing sometimes. Fate had a way of taking two completely opposite people and tying them together in an unbreakable bond. The others in his pack weren’t sure if Toby would ever have a mate, because of his human blood, but he’d always known that Cliff was the man for him. They hadn’t been mated long, but he knew they were going to be together for a very long time.

Toby shook his head. If he didn’t stop woolgathering right now, Cliff was liable to kick the door down in his impatience. Toby wanted to have everything perfect before that happened.

He raced back to the bed, pulling out the piles of clothing he’d hidden earlier. It had been a rash decision when he’d been out this morning. Since Cliff had taken over the candy duty, Toby had decided he was responsible for the decorations. There had been so much to choose from at the local store, but when he’d ended up in the costume aisle he hadn’t been able to resist.

He studied it now, trying to figure out what to put on first. Stripping down to his skin, Toby grabbed the red panties that lay on top. They hadn’t been included with the costume but he thought it was fitting. And fitted. Damn, they were tight. You could see everything. Toby squirmed, knowing Cliff was going to love this. The entire backside of them was ruffled, absolutely adorable. Hell, just the thought of what Cliff was going to do to him had Toby at half-mast already.

The next thing he wriggled into was the short red skirt. It hit him at mid-thigh, with a frilly white ruffle peeking out the bottom. Toby did a twirl in place, laughing when the fabric kicked out and brushed against his legs. The top was next, a two piece thing that was sown together. When he had it tightened, it looked like a white ruffled sleeveless blouse with a black underbust corset on top.

Praying he didn’t look like a fool, Toby wiggled his toes. He hadn’t bothered getting shoes. No way was he going to try to pad around in high heels and nothing else would really work with this whole getup. Cliff wasn’t going to mind him being barefoot, anyway. It didn’t ruin the costume or anything.

Toby was lucky his shaggy auburn locks were now down to his shoulders, due to Cliff’s insistence he not cut them. For some reason, his mate adored his hair. It drove Toby nuts some days when the damn strands knotted up but he would pretty much do anything to make Cliff happy and this was a small enough thing that he wasn’t going to complain about it.

The good news was that his longer hair was the perfect length to pull into pigtails, tied with shiny red ribbons. He shook his head, feeling the brush of hair at his cheeks as it swished back and forth.

Pursing his lips, he studied his reflection. He wasn't confident enough to wear makeup, besides he couldn't figure out how to put it on in the first place, but he'd managed to pick up a tube of gloss that he slicked his lips with. It had a slight red tint to it, just enough to give him a cherry red just-been-kissed mouth. He figured it would look amazing when he had his lips wrapped around Cliff's thick cock. Oh yeah, Cliff was going to just die.

The last thing he needed was the satiny red cape lying on the bed. With a swirl, he tied it around his neck, pulling up the hood. Perfect. Cliff was going to love it. He hoped. God, what if Cliff hated it? Shit, he'd feel like an idiot. He was pretty sure that wouldn't happen, he knew Cliff. They just hadn't ever talked about something like this.

A loud thump rattled the door. "Baby, time's up. Let me in before I huff and puff and blow this door down."

Taking a deep breath, Toby tried to relax. "Well, if you're dead set on huffing and puffing, I have something else for you to blow... down."

As he'd anticipated, that comment didn't go over well. The door shuddered once before Cliff popped it open, heedless of the small lock that had barred his way.

"Fuck me," Cliff breathed, stopping dead in the open doorway.

Toby smiled primly, cocking his hip to the side. He reached up into the hood of his cape, twirling one pigtail. "You like?"

"Christ, Toby, you're going to kill me. I most definitely like."

Pursing his lips, Toby studied Cliff. "I thought you were going to put on a costume."

"Yeah, I decided to go as something simple. Didn't even have to change."

Toby backed up a step for every step forward Cliff took. "What's that?"

"I'm the Big Bad Wolf. Can't you tell?" Snaking out his arm, Cliff grabbed Toby, holding him tight. He reached up with one hand, pushing back Toby's hood.

Giving a token protest, Toby tried to struggle away. "Should I scream in fright? Do the whole 'what big eyes you have' routine?" He chuckled, the sound turning into a moan when Cliff bent to sniff his neck.

"If you want," Cliff murmured. "I'd rather just get right to the eating you part."

Without any warning, Toby was flat on his back, lying on the bed. He let out a snort, letting his legs fall open. "You're no fun. We were supposed to play first."

"No time. I need you, Tobe." Surveying him, Cliff grinned. "Unless you'd prefer to put this on hold?"

"Shut up and get your ass down here already."

"Thought so, babe. I can read you like a book."

“Yeah? What does this say?” Toby ran his hand down his waist, over the satiny corset.

“Hmmm... let me take a closer look. Don’t want to get this wrong, or anything.”

Cliff bounced onto the bed, straddling Toby in a single move. Leaning his head down, he inhaled deeply, nosing along Toby’s neck again, moving along his skin.

Growling low in his throat, Cliff molded his hands around Toby’s waist, holding him still. He pushed down the front of Toby’s shirt with his nose, a waft of hot breath the only warning before his lips closed over Toby’s nipple.

Whimpering, Toby arched his back, closing his eyes against the feel of Cliff on top of him. Cliff’s mouth was so hot, his tongue driving Toby crazy as he lashed the nub. Hard teeth bit carefully into the flesh, tugging lightly. Just enough to have Toby begging for more.

Sometimes it was torture how well Cliff knew his body. Of course, he wasn’t complaining. Toby wiggled, trying to get Cliff to move to his neglected nipple.

With a grunt, Cliff licked his way over Toby’s chest, following Toby’s unspoken request.

Panting harshly, Toby squirmed in place, lifting his hands to clutch Cliff’s head to his chest. His body was shaking, nerve endings awakening in a rush, sending pleasure throughout his limbs. He loved this, the moment when his entire body gave itself up to pure sensation, his mind clouded to everything but the scent of his mate, the touch of his skin, the taste of him... Whimpering, Toby undulated, moving down the bed until he was able to capture Cliff’s lips with his own. They breathed together, tongues dueling, lost in each other.

Pulling his mouth away, Toby licked Cliff’s chin, moving down, sucking up a mark on his neck. “Hurry.”

“Baby, you started this,” Cliff rumbled.

Toby snickered, blinking up at Cliff. His mate had sounded so disgruntled, he couldn’t help himself. “We don’t have much time before we’ll have the entire neighborhood knocking on our door with their sacks looking for treats.” Toby rubbed his toes along Cliff’s hairy calf.

“Hmm... I wonder why the image of a sack full of treats turns me on? Oh, I know why...” Cliff reached under Toby’s skirt, his hand unerringly finding Toby’s panties. Fingers dancing over the fabric covered cock, he moved down, cupping Toby’s balls. “Hey, look, I found my own little sac of treats.”

“Cliff...”

“You want me to hurry, and I live to please.”

“Damn it!” Toby cried out. He drew his knees up and threw his head back, his eyelids slipping closed again. He luxuriated in the feel of Cliff’s hand in such a sensitive place, knowing what was to come.

Sure enough, within seconds, the weight of his mate was lifted off him, and Cliff was between his thighs. Head lost beneath the frilly fabric of Toby’s skirt, but he wasn’t doing anything. Toby froze in place, trying to anticipate the next move. By this point, Cliff should have been swallowing him whole, but the damn man was just lying there, driving him crazy.

“No tricks, I want my treat! Suck me, damn it!”

A rusty chuckle was his answer, but the damn man still didn't move.

Toby arched his hips. His cock was hard, just shy of painful. His sac was drawn tight to his body, and he was one breath away from taking himself in hand if Cliff wasn't going to do something about this. He still marveled at how quickly Cliff could arouse him, but right now it wasn't fun.

“Cliff, please...”

A nose touched his fabric covered balls, pressing into them, the sound of Cliff inhaling his scent loud and clear in the silent room. “Baby, I love the smell of you here. Perfect.”

“It'll be even better if you get to the main attraction.”

“You sound impatient.”

“And you sound just a bit too smug. Careful, or I might just turn into the Big Bad Wolf myself.”

Cliff pressed his teeth into the sensitive skin of Toby's inner thigh. “I just might like that, babe.”

“Mmm?”

“Oh yeah, I like the idea of my Little Red turning into a complete animal.” His words ended in a growl, nearly incomprehensible.

Toby opened his eyes, eyebrows heading for his hairline. That was hot. He arched up, breaking Cliff's hold, reversing their positions and somehow managing to keep them both on the bed at the same time. Okay, so he might have had a little help from Cliff, who was a tad more graceful than he'd ever be, but still. They were in one piece and now he was on top, straddling Cliff.

He shook his head, his hair brushing his cheeks. “Stay. Don't move.”

Cliff merely grinned, a quick flash of teeth, settling back against the pillows.

Toby crawled backward, settling himself between Cliff's thighs. He eyed the bulge currently testing the durability of Cliff's zipper. Licking his lips, he reached out, popping open the button. The zipper practically undid itself, and his hand was full of hot, hard flesh.

A pearl of pre-come drew his gaze. Bending, Toby licked it off the head of Cliff's cock. The taste of Cliff's essence exploded on his tongue, the familiar salty sweet liquid that he loved. He jerked his hand up the velvety shaft, milking out another drop.

Cliff's legs shifted, and Toby smiled at how their roles were reversed now.

He opened his lips, sucking in just the glans, the spongy head filling his mouth. Moaning around his treat, he concaved his cheeks, saliva flowing as he bobbed his head.

A big paw touched the back of his head, just resting there. Cliff's fingers threaded through his one pigtail, pulling the hair slightly.

Toby moaned. Releasing Cliff's dick, he glanced up. “Those are not handles.”

“You take the fun out of everything,” Cliff said, smirking. The gentle finger he ran over Toby’s glossy lips belied his statement.

Pursing his lips, Toby kissed Cliff’s finger before running his mouth down the side of Cliff’s shaft. He mouthed Cliff’s sac, sucking first one and then the other testis into his mouth. He let his front teeth scrape over the soft skin, knowing it would send Cliff that much closer to coming. His wolf had a bit of a kinky streak.

Toby fricking loved him for it.

Moving upward, he took the head of Cliff’s dick into his mouth again. He shifted in place, pushing one hand under his skirt and palming his own cock. He rubbed himself, whimpering. He was so close. Reaching up with his free hand, he palmed Cliff’s balls, squeezing gently.

Cliff tensed, hand cupping the side of Toby’s face. Toby closed his eyes, savoring the moment. The balls in his hand drew tight, and his mouth was filled with Cliff’s seed. Cliff groaned loudly, the sound echoed by Toby as he achieved his own release seconds later, filling his panties.

Toby suddenly found himself airborne, pulled up by Cliff’s strong arms and held tightly in his embrace. They kissed, mouths melding together. Toby shared the taste of Cliff with the other man, sinking his tongue into Cliff’s mouth.

Still panting for breath, he drew away, resting his head on Cliff’s chest.

Toby was just getting ready to snuggle in when the doorbell rang. He frowned, trying to figure out why that should concern him. Sliding to the side and sitting bolt upright, he jumped off the bed, getting tangled up with Cliff and landing them both on the floor. Ignoring his mate’s growl, he pushed and prodded until he was loose.

“Christ, that’s our first trick or treater! They’re early!” Toby started to run for the door, suddenly hampered by the strong arm around his waist.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea to go out looking like that. With my luck it’ll be Mick at the door and he’ll try to kick my ass once he sees you all ravaged and looking hot.”

Glancing down, Toby realized he was still wearing the costume, but he most definitely couldn’t go out there like this. Shit, Cliff was right.

The doorbell pealed again.

Toby gasped. “Shit!” He pushed his mate forward. “Go on, get the door!”

“Fine, but I want one thing in return.”

“Anything, just get it already!” Toby stripped his skirt and panties off, pushing aside Cliff’s helpful hands. “Move!” He bent down, grabbing the jeans he’d been wearing before, hopping into them. Crap, he needed to take the shirt off too. How on earth did he still have the damn cape on? He figured that should have been lost in their scuffle.

Cliff grinned, finally walking backwards toward the front of the house. “I’ll take over sack stuffing duties if you’ll let me play with your little sac later tonight.”

Knowing he was blushing, Toby just waved him on. “Fine. If you must.”

He was rewarded with Cliff's guffaws before he finally opened the door.

"Happy Halloween! Love the ghost costume, buddy."

Happy Halloween, indeed. Damn, he loved this holiday.

### **About The Author**

Jade Buchanan is currently trying to find balance between work, writing and grad school, which makes for some interesting conversations over the dinner table. Her writing is as eclectic as her reading tastes, with over twenty-five gay, lesbian and bisexual novella's currently published, and she has been known to accept writing challenges from friends and family just to see their reactions. She's a firm believer that love and romance are universal concepts, no matter a person's gender identity or sexual orientation.

Originally from Northern Ontario, she's lived in British Columbia and the Sultanate of Oman in the Middle East. Jade currently lives in Calgary, Alberta where she's hard at work on her next story.

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