

*When
Beasts Bite
Shadows*



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When Beasts Bite

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Copyright 2010 by Brenda Cothern
Published by Brenda Cothern Books, Inc.

ISBN: 1460950429
ISBN-13: 9781460950425

Second Printing: October 2013
First Printing: March 2011

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Author Note: Contains m/m sexual practices and is intended for readers of legal age in the country in which they reside.

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DEDICATION

To my fans, both old and new, for having the courage to brave the twisted trails of my imagination with me.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As always, I must acknowledge my beta readers. Tracy, Lora, Kevin, and Steve. Without you, my mistakes would be many more!

Author Message

Thank you for buying this book. As an indie author it means a lot to me that you are spending your hard earned cash to read my work! To show my appreciation, I make a promise to you, my reader. The first chapter of every book that I have ever written or will ever write will be FREE on my website for you to read. As an avid reader myself, I know there is nothing worse than purchasing a book only to discover it is not that good. So, please enjoy the sneak peeks at the end of this book and visit my website if you would like to 'try before you buy' my other books!

About When Beasts Bite

Jordy, manager at Shadows and Nick, Ex-Special Forces and Marine instructor, are best friends. Both are garouls.

Everything changed when they accidentally touched intimately; both enjoyed it. Neither will admit it. Jordy's abducted and Nick must rescue him.

Will he be able to make Jordy remember his humanity & love?

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2011

Tampa, Florida

The night club Shadows was conveniently located off 7th avenue on Ybor's party row. The name fit the club perfectly and even when the house lights were up, shadows still filled the place. The walls were painted black with Escher murals interspersed around the club.

Most of the clubs customers only noticed the four that ran along the bar wall: Verbum, Liberation, Circle Limit IV, and Bond of Union. It was anybody's guess why the owner, Alec, bothered to put the other murals up. They couldn't be seen when the club was sheathed in darkness.

A long mahogany bar ran the length of the south wall under the murals and was strategically placed to be on the left when customers came in after paying the cover. At any given time there were two or three bartenders working behind the bar and on the weekends sometimes even that didn't seem like enough. At the end of the bar under the staircase that led to the owner's loft, was the owner's office and the door to storage room and the cooler.

Alcoves were built into the north and west walls that provided additional shadowy privacy for patrons. The rest of the club was filled in a maze-like pattern with tables that were concealed under black sheer fabric that cascaded down from iron rings hung from the ceiling.

Under the DJ booth, bench seats ran along the east wall at the edge of the dance floor. The dance floor was the only area that was almost shadow-free with the combination of lights and lasers muted by the mist machine when the club was open.

Jordy nodded to Roni, the head bartender, as he made his way to the storage area. Both of them had come with Alec when he moved to Tampa to open the club.

Jordy had known the life-drinker for almost twenty years and was used to moving around the globe with him. Since Alec didn't age, and Jordy's own aging process was severely slowed compared to the humans, they couldn't stay in one place for very long without attracting suspicion. Jordy remembered when Roni had joined their traveling band.

She was a changer and even though changers could be male or female, depending on their desire, Roni typically changed into female forms. Jordy still considered Roni a 'her' even when she was in the guise of a male bartender. She had been a regular customer at one of their clubs in L.A.

Jordy was taking trash out the back of the club after closing one night when he spied some prick trying to rough her up in the back alley. But before he could intervene, Roni changed into a male the size of

a pro wrestler and proceeded to kick the guy's ass... dead. She turned next on Jordy, he supposed because she couldn't have a 'norm' know about her. He wasted no time in shifting into his panther form as she closed the gap between them.

There they stood, a few feet from one another: a pro wrestler sized changer and a three hundred pound black panther garoul. Jordy waited to see what she would do but he wasn't ready to let his guard down. He relaxed when Roni changed back into the form he knew and spoke.

"My, aren't you a pretty kitty," she grinned at him, "seems we both have secrets to hide."

Jordy resumed his human form and just grinned back at her, "seems we do."

That was the beginning of their friendship and soon after that first encounter, Jordy convinced Alec to hire her on. Roni was like a little sister to him and he was sure she felt like he was a brother. She had no family as far as he knew and she never spoke of her past before the time they met in L.A. That was fine by Jordy since he didn't share his personal information either.

He paused at the back room door to ask, "Boss been down yet?"

"Yeah. He took Kira to breakfast," Roni replied as she continued to wipe down the bottles of booze behind the bar.

Jordy smiled at the information. His boss, Alec, had met the woman not that long ago and it was clear to Jordy that they were deeply in love with one another. He knew Kira wasn't a 'norm' from the one time he heard a commotion in Alec's office. Jordy had no idea what she was but that was one scene he never wanted to see again.

"Okay. I'll be in the basement fixing that plumbing leak if you need me." Jordy said as he started to back to the storage room door.

"Hey! Nick called and said to call him back."

Jordy didn't turn back to Roni and only nodded his head to indicate he heard her as he disappeared into the back of the club. Nick was Jordy's best friend or at least had been until lately. Jordy had been avoiding Nick like the plague since the last time they hung out. He knew he wasn't being fair to the guy but until he figured out what was what, he was going to keep the distance.

Jordy crossed the back room and checked the cooler temperature out of habit as he went by. It was right where it was supposed to be. He opened the basement door and hit the light switch before heading down the stairs. The basement to Shadows was laid in an eight pack of cubed rooms with a hall running down the center to allow access to each. The rooms had no doors and the walls were concrete. Jordy stopped in the first room on the right where Alec had set up a small workshop. Jordy did most of the club's minor repairs, including anything electrical or plumbing related, so he knew where everything was. He grabbed his tool box and opened it on the workbench to change out some of his tools. The last work he'd done had been to fix a short in the bar lights.

He pulled out his electrical tools and replaced them with the plumbing tools he thought he would need. Jordy closed his toolbox and made his way out of the workshop and to the other end of the basement.

The plumbing ran down from the club and entered into the basement in the last room on the right. Jordy moved two toilets, a spare and one that was busted, out of the way and set the extra urinal on the wall opposite the pipes. The room contained an assortment of other bathroom related items: a counter top, two large mirrors, two extra coin fed dispenser boxes and some extra plumbing PVC. Jordy cleared everything

away and made room to work as he set down his tool box and knelt by the leaking pipe. With one last look around the area he cleared, he was satisfied that he had the room he needed. He turned off the water and got to work.



Nick was dressed in dark slacks and a gray polo as he sat across from Mrs. Thompson, Life Lines Genealogy newest client. The elderly woman appeared to be in her late seventies or early eighties but was still sharp as a tack. He was recording the family history that she could recall so that Kira could do further research for the woman.

Kira had hired Nick on part time since he did so well keeping her business running when she and Alec had their car accident a few months back. He only worked a few mornings and afternoons a week which worked out fine since his other line of work generally had him keeping night time hours. The work was easy for his level of intelligence and he enjoyed meeting the clients that came in to search for their roots. Nick tried not to think of himself as a secretary but in reality, that was what he was; a very large and handsome secretary who looked like he should be a body guard. But instead, he took phone calls, made appointments, scheduled Kira's genealogy seminars, and helped clients like Mrs. Thompson fill out the initial family information forms over hot tea and crumpets.

Kira's office was almost like a museum with all of the old items and photographs she had on display. Her clients tended to linger over their tea long after the forms were finished being filled out so that they could discuss the items or share memories that certain time frame items helped them recall. Nick didn't mind and never rushed the clients out. He had the impression that many of the elderly customers did not have anyone else to share their fond memories with and he was happy to listen as they took their stroll down memory lane.

Mrs. Thompson was just finishing telling Nick about how she occupied her time while her husband was in the war when the office phone rang.

"Excuse me ma'am," Nick set his porcelain tea cup and saucer down on the table that was between them and rose to answer the phone. A few moments later, his full attention was back to Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson set her own cup and saucer down on the table and stood stiffly. "These old bones aren't what they used to be," she smiled at Nick. "Don't get old; it's no fun!" She shook and arthritic finger playfully in his direction.

"I'll try not to ma'am," Nick smiled back at her and offered his arm to escort her to the door.

"Thank you for everything, Nick. It was a wonderful way to spend a Tuesday morning." Mrs. Thompson said when they reached the door.

"My pleasure Mrs. Thompson," Nick patted her wrinkled hand before he disengaged it from the crook of his arm. "I'll see you next month."

"Yes, until then, farewell."

Nick watched until Mrs. Thompson entered the elevators to the parking garage across the street. He was not overly concerned for her safety as Channelside was practically deserted during day time hours. He

stood for a moment longer until his cell phone vibrated in his pocket then he turned and made his way to the desk. Before sitting, he removed the phone and looked at the caller ID. It wasn't Jordy so he let it go to voice mail.

The fact that his friend had been acting weird for the last few months bothered Nick more than he wanted to admit. He missed hanging out with the guy and decided he was not ready to just throw five years of friendship down the drain. Nick was going to find out what was bugging Jordy whether Jordy wanted to tell him or not. He could help, he knew he could. Hell, there wasn't much he couldn't *take care of* and he didn't spend ten years in the Special Forces for nothing. That's what made him so good at his other job. Well, that and what he was. Nick was still thinking about the best way to approach his best friend when he heard the door open.

Nick looked up and saw Kira and Alec entering the office. She was laughing at something he'd said as they walked toward him. Nick stood and came out from behind her desk so she could take his place.

"Hey Nick, how was your morning?" Kira sat down behind the desk as Nick stood next to Alec. Both men were about the same height but whereas Alec was toned and built like a runner, Nick was solid like a fighter.

"It was good, Kira." He smiled down at her, "Mrs. Thompson just left and is scheduled to return next month. Her file is in your desk. You have Mr. and Mrs. Parkens coming in at three and Mrs. Montgomery at five."

"Thanks Nick," Kira replied and Nick noticed Alec shaking his head.

"What?" he turned to Alec with an innocent expression on his face.

"Nothing," Alec chuckled, "but I don't ever think I will get used to you being a receptionist."

"Well, this receptionist could still kick your ass," Nick playfully shoved him.

"Doubtful but let's not find out eh?" Alec grinned back at him.

"Well, if you two boys are done playing 'whose is bigger,' I have work to do," Kira teased them both. "I'll see you on Thursday Nick," she smiled up at him. "And you," she looked at Alec, "I'll see later."

"Have a good one, Kira," Nick said as he headed out of the office, leaving Alec and Kira to say their goodbyes.



Nick decided it was past time to figure out what Jordy's problem was so he headed over to Shadows. He knew his friend would be there even at this early hour of the day. Jordy practically lived at the club and until a few months ago, if he wasn't at Shadows, he was hanging out with Nick

Nick let himself in by the back door and when he didn't see Jordy in the storage room, he went out into the bar. Roni was busy cleaning and she looked up at him when she heard the back room door open.

"Hiya Nick," Roni smiled and continued to wipe down the bottle shelf. "I gave him your message."

“Knew you would. He around?” Nick leaned against the bar.

Roni nodded, “He’s in the basement playing plumber. Go on down.”

“Catcha later, then.” Nick turned and made his way back through the storage room door.

He heard the sound of sawing as he descended the steps into the hot and humid air of the basement.

Basements, in and of themselves, were rare in Florida and it was not surprising to find this one wasn’t air conditioned. His polo was already damp by the time he reached the bottom of the stairs and started down the hall toward the noise he heard. He didn’t bother to call out to Jordy because his friend always could hear him coming.

Of the two of them, Nick had the better nose but Jordy’s ears didn’t miss a thing.

Nick rounded the corner to the last room and stopped dead in his tracks. Jordy was kneeling with his back to Nick while he sawed away at a piece of PVC piping. A cracked piece of old PCV lay on the floor next to a pencil and a measuring tape. Nick didn’t see any of it. His eyes fell onto his friend’s shirtless back and watched as black muscles worked and sweat ran in rivulets down Jordy’s back to disappear into the waist of his jeans.

Nick shook himself and stepped into the room. Jordy still had not turned to greet him so Nick reached out a hand to touch his shoulder. Jordy sprung up so fast and unexpectedly that Nick almost squealed like a little pup. The hand that was about to touch Jordy was flung wide as Nick was pulled around in front of his friend and slammed back into the concrete wall next to the pipes.

Jordy’s forearm was across Nick’s neck and his thigh pressed between Nick’s legs... both applying pressure.

Jordy was pressing into Nick and growling as Nick froze and tried to breathe. As much as Nick wanted to enjoy the close contact Jordy was giving him, if he didn’t get air soon he was going to blackout.

“Dude?” Nick rasped.

Jordy pulled himself away from Nick almost as quickly as he had attacked but the movement wasn’t quick enough for Nick to miss Jordy’s arousal. It was a fleeting awareness as Nick gulped deep draughts of much needed air back into his lungs.

“What the fuck, man?” Nick accused his friend when he could speak again.

“Damn it Nick, what the fuck are you doing here sneaking up on me?” Jordy yelled back as he ran his hand over his corn-rowed head and turned away toward the door.

Nick was upright and moved quickly into the doorway and spread his arms out until his hands touched both sides of the frame, preventing Jordy from leaving. He was going to find out what their issue was once and for all.

“What the hell is your problem Jordy? You have been avoiding me for months now. You don’t return my calls and I have no fucking clue why your pissed at me all the sudden!” Nick stared at Jordy and waited for an answer. When Jordy didn’t seem to be willing to give one, Nick continued in a calmer tone, “Talk to me man. Whatever it is... let me help. Don’t shut me out.”

Jordy stared angrily at Nick blocking his escape. He didn't want to talk to his friend. Hell, he didn't even know what he could say. He was still working it out himself and it was the 'it' he needed more time to figure out. Jordy stormed up to Nick and stopped scant inches from him. He towered over Nick by a good seven inches and stared down at his friend.

"Not now Nick. Get out of my way." Jordy growled. "You can move or be moved. The choice is yours."

Nick had never seen Jordy like this before. In the five years they had been friends, he had seen him show almost every emotion in the book but the one he was witnessing right now was not one of them.

"Come on man, you've been acting strange since..." Nick trailed off as he noticed Jordy's jaw tense and a slight tick at the corner of his eye. "Ah, fuck dude. You can't be upset about that can you? It wasn't anything. No big deal, I mean, we all do shit when we're drunk man, and you know that!" Nick knew he hit the nail on the head.

"I don't want to talk about it." Jordy put his big black hands under Nick's armpits and easily lifted him out of the doorway and sat him down again inside the room.

"It won't happen again, Jordy, I swear." Nick said quietly as his feet touched the floor.

Jordy just nodded to his friend before he turned to leave. "I just need some space right now Nick. Just give me some space, okay man?"

"Yeah Jordy, whatever you need. You know how to find me and I'll be here when you're ready to hang again... like old times." Nick trailed off and Jordy, with his back still to Nick, only nodded and left the room.



Jordy didn't bother to grab his shirt as he took the stairs out of the basement two at a time and stormed out the back door. Jordy started to jog and four blocks later he was in the Powerhouse Gym. He went to his locker and changed into his workout clothes while trying not to think. It was no use. Even as he began his work out with free weights, his mind swirled and continued to settle on Nick. Nick was his best friend and had been for the last five years. Jordy met Nick back in L.A. right after Nick left the military. They became fast friends, soon taking turns kicking each other's ass in pool and it wasn't long before Alec had offered him a job.

It wasn't memories of their meeting that were causing the current mind torture Jordy was fighting off though. It was the memory of one night three months ago. The same memory that Jordy couldn't stop thinking about. The torture was, he wasn't sure why.

They had gone out, like they did all the time and ended up at the Castle. A sexy redhead and several drinks later found them at Nick's place. Again, like a hundred times before they were tagging the female only this time was different.

The redhead straddled Nick as he leaned back against the dining room table. Her knees rested on the table, his feet planted firmly on the floor, as she rubbed up against him. Jordy was fucking her from behind as she kissed on Nick frantically and he pulled and teased her hard nipples. Jordy was not sure if it was an

accident, the woman's excitement, or Nick's intention but he soon felt Nick slide into the woman along with him. The sensation was mind blowing to say the least. The extra added pressure of Nick's cock pushing and rubbing against his was insane. Nick must have felt it too because he was the first to go over the edge and it was at that moment the woman passed out drunk.

Jordy noticed the woman's lack of reaction while Nick's mind was still clouded in a post-orgasmic haze that didn't seem to want to lift. Nick's head was thrown back and his eyes were closed. Jordy was sure his friend's hands held the woman on his lap more out of instinct than anything else. His own mounting arousal was going in the wrong direction and he eventually stopped thrusting. There was nothing exciting about fucking a limp cunt.

Nick's eyes popped open as his head snapped forward. He looked right up at Jordy and when Jordy withdrew, he spoke, "finish man."

"Can't," Jordy stepped away and told him. Nick nodded understandably.

Jordy's eyes followed Nick as he carried the unconscious woman to a chair in the living room. *Damn if I'm not going to have blue balls in the morning*, Jordy thought as he pressed his hands flat on the table, leaned on his arms and hung his head. He heard Nick moving around the apartment but was concentrating more on willing his hard cock down. Jordy felt Nick step up close behind him but he didn't move or flinch because he knew and trusted his friend. So, it came as a shock when Nick actually reached out and laid one of his strong hands between Jordy's shoulder blades.

Jordy still did not move under his friend's touch but continued to hang his head and steady his breathing. He felt Nick close the small space between them and still Jordy was not worried about what his friend was doing; maybe his alcohol addled brain didn't think he should be. Nick's thigh brushed against the inside of Jordy's so it was clear that he was not directly behind him. The contact made Jordy's cock twitch of its own accord and all of the mental ground he had covered to will the damn thing down was lost. He wasn't gay and had never had any interest in men but his body didn't seem to care that it was his best friend Nick who was now touching him so intimately.

Nick's hand remained between his shoulder blades as he snaked his other hand under Jordy's arm and rested it on Jordy's hard black abs. Jordy's breath quickened as his mind shut down and his cock throbbed. The moment Nick's hand wrapped around his hardened cock, Jordy gasped and moved his hips unconsciously into the waiting palm. Again, the sensation was new and only heightened his arousal. Nick's hand was not the lotion soft caress of a female but a hard calloused touch like his own. Jordy could feel Nick's strength through just that touch but it was so much better than when he touched himself. There was not the dual sensation that he experienced when masturbating...when he could feel himself in two different places. No, this was a whole new experience. The strength and roughness was there but Jordy was only feeling it through his cock.

A small moan escaped his lips when Nick began to stroke him and Jordy's mind was consumed with the jolts of pleasure that Nick was causing to shoot through his body. He did not, could not think, he could only experience the feeling and it was not long before that feeling built. It started at his toes and raced to the bottom of his spine as he was pushed to the precipice of climax. Jordy threw his head back as his legs tensed and he felt Nick's palm press more firmly into his back as he came all over the dining room table.

"Can't leave a friend hanging," Nick said as he removed his hand from Jordy's spent cock and patted him on the back with the other. Jordy's mind was still in post- orgasmic bliss and he only nodded.

Jordy heard Nick's shower running when his head finally cleared and he cleaned up with a dishtowel and yelled in the direction of the bedroom that he was taking off. He heard Nick yell back but had no idea

what his friend had said. All he knew was that he wasn't sure why he let Nick do what he did and that he needed to get home so he could figure it out.

Three months later and Jordy still didn't have an answer. He wasn't gay. That he knew for sure. He had even considered the possibility and decided that if that was the case, then so be it.

As he continued to abuse his body with the free weights, Jordy looked at the other men in the gym. They did nothing for him, nothing at all. He could admit that some of them were attractive but he did not find anything arousing about them. So, he knew he *was not* gay. But if he wasn't gay then why couldn't he stop thinking about Nick's hand on his cock and how good it felt? Jordy continued his work out as his mind continued to replay the night three months before.



Nick left Shadows by the back door after giving Jordy plenty of time to make his escape. He was pissed at himself but not for what he'd done that night three months ago. That kind of shit happened all the time in the military when you were stationed in some B.F.E. land with no whores to visit. It was just friends helping friends. He hadn't even thought when he offered Jordy a hand but he should have. Jordy wasn't military and it probably fucked with his head.

Still, that wasn't why Nick was pissed at himself. He should have made the connection sooner that Jordy's recent withdraw from him was due to that. God only knows what Jordy thought of him now! They had nailed enough woman together that he was sure Jordy didn't think he was gay and even if Jordy did, Nick knew Jordy didn't have a problem with gays. So why was his friend avoiding him like the plague? And what could he do to get things back to normal?

Nick made his way home and grabbed a beer to mull over the problem. He came to his decision by the time he had finished his second one. He would just have to give Jordy the space he needed. He missed his buddy but friends respected friend's requests. Hopefully he would come around.



It had been almost three weeks since Jordy faced Nick in the basement of Shadows and Nick hadn't called him once. Jordy was no closer to figuring out why he felt the way he did toward his best friend but was glad his buddy was giving him the space he needed. Maybe Nick was right and it was no big deal but no matter how hard Jordy tried to convince himself of that, he just couldn't believe it. He needed to get away; just get out of the city for a while and run. It's been awhile since he let his inner beast out and that always helped him feel better. Jordy made up his mind and went to find Alec.

Jordy found Alec in his office pouring over invoices from the latest booze delivery. He knocked on the door frame more out of courtesy than anything else. Alec had an 'open door policy' but Jordy didn't want to startle the life-drinker.

Alec looked up at the noise, "Hi Jordy, what's up?"

“You got a sec?” Jordy asked as he stepped into the room.

“Sure, everything okay?” Alec’s voice was still it’s usually upbeat tone but his face displayed his concern. “Pull up a chair.”

Jordy did and spoke, “just wanted to take some time off and head out to the cabin. A week or so if you can spare it.”

“Need to run a bit, huh?” Alec visibly relaxed. “Take as much time as you need. You heading to the forest?”

Jordy nodded, “Yeah, think I’ll just go camping up there for a week. It is summer so there won’t be any hunters and the heat keeps most tourists away.”

“True. So, when you leaving?” Alec leaned back into his chair as he asked.

“Tomorrow if that’s good with you. I have all the supplies I need and I was thinking to head out in the morning.”

“Sure, that’s fine by me.” Alec sat forward before he continued, “have a good run and I’ll see you when you get back.”

Jordy stood as he said, “Thanks. See you next week then.”