

No Counting for Family

Written by Leo_Todrius

Supported by my Patrons

Idea inspired by Kell

If the spirit of Christmas could be found on main street in the hearts of the young seeing the majesty of the season, then Haggemen Logistics was where that spirit went to pass on to the other side. The break room reeked of fruitcake with too much rum in it and there were bowls of 'Nog' that legally could not be described as containing any eggs. The wreaths around the office seem to have soured and Ryder was fairly certain someone had hung plastic holly around as if it was mistletoe. Ryder was fairly certain holly was poisonous so it seemed fitting.

Laughter echoed through the cubicles of the fourth floor, interspersed with giggles. Company scuttlebutt had it that one year the CEO had ordered everyone to stay overnight for the Christmas Patty and things had gotten crazy. It had become a yearly tradition. When HR had insisted that it become a holiday party instead, the CEO had extended it out an entire week. Now people were chasing each other around like it was middle school and the teacher had stepped out for a few too many minutes. Ryder did his best to focus on his work, typing away while the blue glare of his screen reflected on narrow black frame glasses resting on his fair nose.

Ryder was a bit of a prodigy for Haggemen. He had gotten his Bachelors at only twenty years old and his Masters a few months later. His dark blond hair was in a style found fashionable by most his age; swept back long on top and tied into a short tail while shaved to a short fuzz on the sides. His ears were unpierced, his cheeks smooth, his chin fair and his nails well groomed. While his coworkers had adorned themselves in ugly Christmas sweaters and scandalously short skirts, he had remained with his button up shirt and his khaki pants. The only chip to his professionalism was the steady twitch developing in his right eyebrow.

The laughter and giggles, the playful screams, the pitter-pat of feet running back and forth... Did none of them understand that there might actually be a need for accountants to do some work at the end of the fiscal year? Was this not what they had all gone to school for? Were they not entrusted to earn their paychecks by making ends meet and - he was done? Ryder hesitated and rechecked his work. He confirmed the ledger notes, the addendums, the forms... Every account, every client, every customer was done... Ryder licked his thin lips a little in excitement.

Reaching into his khaki pants, he drew out his cellphone. Swiping away from the homescreen, he found the old time punch app. Tapping the screen and glancing at his computer, he saw that it still worked. Ryder's smile grew. Haggemen's top brass were partying just as hard. All they cared about was that certain deadlines were hit. With the accounts finished, as long as he clocked in and out on time from anywhere... he wouldn't have to put up with his coworkers for several more days. Maybe it really was going to be a Merry Christmas.

Ryder sprung up to his feet, logged out of his computer and grabbed his jacket. Slinging it on he took several long strides toward the elevator. A shadow poured out of the hallway, forming into the visage of a woman in an uneven red and green striped tank top. She smiled from pierced ear to pierced ear, her lipstick a poinsettia red. As her pine green nails stretched out for Ryder he held up one hand to stop her and used the other to hit the elevator panel.

“I’m gay, Linda.” he said flatly. Her grin turned into a frown and she redirected her momentum like a buoy bouncing off the hull of a ship traveling at full speed. Ryder stepped into the elevator, turned around and smiled as the doors closed between him and his office. In another few moments he was on the ground floor, striding through the lobby and out the front door. As it shut and sealed behind him, the young man exhaled a sigh that turned to vapor before him. He took a moment to look around and appreciate being one step closer to an actual Christmas season.

The street lamps were wrapped in twinkling white Christmas lights while projections of snowflakes and stars slowly drifted across the edifices of the buildings. Actual fresh wreaths hung from the sky bridge that connected some of the downtown buildings. The feeling of freedom began to fade quickly though as Ryder realized he didn’t exactly have anywhere to go. Skipping grades in school kept him out of step with any peers. The few friends he had made were either taking care of their aging parents or dealing with their first or second infants. Given that Ryder was an orphan and gay, neither outcome seemed likely. With one more exhale, Ryder turned and started walking. He’d just have to see where the night took him.

Lights twinkled along the runways of the seldom used airport, indicating approach angle for crafts that would never arrive. There were other lights that blinked and striped, some that spun and circled. It was a lot of activity for a lifeless corner of town. It had felt so good for Ryder to get out of work that he hadn’t given much mind to what direction he was headed. While peaceful, the snow was starting to pick up and come down in heavier blankets. Ryder considered an all-night grocery, but he couldn’t stay there long without being accused of loitering. There were animal shelters that were closed for the night and half a dozen different storage places...

As Ryder walked, his eyes started to pick up something different in the distance. While all the lights of the airport were regular and soothing, a rather obnoxious looking neon sign was gleaming down the road. Ryder racked his brain, trying to recall what it was... But where there were neon lights there were usually food and drink. Ryder picked up the pace, his shoes crunching in the snow as he tried to keep his footing. His long coat fluttered behind him a little as snowflakes clung to his blond hair and his eyelashes.

Moments passed, then a few more good minutes, but Ryder finally reached the corner of the parking lot. As he came over the frozen barkdust mound that separated the lot from the street, the reason for his ignorance of the location became apparent. While several parking spaces were occupied, they were all occupied by tricked out motorcycles. Even in the dim illumination of the bar, the chrome glinted and custom paint jobs gleamed on polished chassis. The neon sign that had summoned Ryder continued to buzz, offering the hottest meats and the coldest beers in town.

“A biker bar...” Ryder murmured, considering. It amused him slightly that his hairstyle might blend in better with bikers than some other establishments and he was starting to feel the chill in his bones. It had to be better than nothing. Crossing the parking lot, Ryder moved up to the front door and pulled. For a moment he was worried the door was locked but it turned out to

just be quite heavy. As it heaved open, Ryder was hit with a warm breeze of smoky air tinged with the sharp notes of alcohol.

Ryder had barely made it inside before the heavy door shut again. No one had paid any mind to an arriving patron, making the young man feel almost as alone as he had been walking by an empty airport in the snow. Still, looking around the bar, Ryder knew he was going to have an easier time here than he did at his office party. The patrons were more or less what Ryder had expected. He assumed the youngest men were twenty one, though he was a little hesitant to stake money on that. Every age was represented above that all the way up to some of the biker elders that had to be in their sixties. What surprised Ryder was that there were no women here.

The bikers that had been gathered showed a variety of styles, but nearly all of them sported facial hair of some type. The youngest might have only had mustaches and sideburns, but the more grizzled veterans had full beards that trailed down their chests. A few had shaved their heads, a fact that accentuated their beards that much more, but most had hair of some kind. Leather and denim seemed to be the uniform of choice, though there were plenty of t-shirts covered with the emblems of the motorcycle brands, favored musical groups, or even a few with a rather unique looking paw print emblem.

As much as Ryder was fascinated by the patrons, he'd have time to people watch as he waited out the storm. He crossed the room, stepped up to the bar and swung a leg over a stool. As he sat down, he looked over at the bartender who was finishing up with two of the regulars.

"Do you have any Foxtrot by chance?" Ryder asked, already suspecting the answer would be no. Only one brewery in the country made the citrus flavored beer. The bartender turned, arching a pierced eyebrow. His lips were completely obscured behind a short, dense, bushy beard. There was a little bit of product in his short shorn hair to give the front a crest. He sort of reminded Ryder a little bit of a beaver.

"Yeah, we have it on tap." The bartender replied. Ryder's mouth quirked into a small smile of disbelief.

"What? Really?" he asked. The bartender smirked.

"Yeah, the Alpha loves it. We bring it in special. You want a pint?" he asked.

"Y-yeah. Thank you." Ryder said. The bartender gave a respectful nod as he started to pour the drink. Ryder had been caught so off guard that they had his favorite drink that it took a moment to process the fact that the bartender had said the Alpha loved it. He was pretty sure this was a biker bar so the Alpha must have been the leader of the group, but it seemed like such an antiquated term. Was that why there were no women here? The Alpha male had to be supreme? Ryder shook his head a little, though he couldn't bemoan the fact that he'd found a place that served his favorite beer.

"One Foxtrot." The bartender said, sliding the pint over. Ryder lifted it with both hands appreciatively, tipping it back. The foamy head collected on his upper lip but all he could focus on was the bold flavor that poured across his tongue and soothed his nerves. This was already far better than being back in the office. Opening his eyes again after the drink, he looked around again in appreciation. The bikers were so free... Playing pool, drinking, throwing darts, doing... paperwork? Ryder tilted his head, looking at two of the bikers sitting in the corner. One had mutton chops connected to a mustache and the other had his beard braided into two plaits that

hung down his chest. Both looked like their heads were about to explode as they looked at a stack of papers. Grabbing his drink, Ryder moved over.

"You gentlemen alright? You look a bit stressed for a bar like this." Ryder said. The braided biker growled a little but his companion looked up. Ryder nearly did a double take, realizing the man with the mutton chops and mustache didn't even look as old as he did.

"Yeah, it's just trying to make these numbers make sense in time." The younger one said. The other biker growled again.

"We'll make it work, we always do." he grumbled.

"Yeah, but we've never had this many donations before." The other said. Ryder was intrigued at that, an eyebrow arching.

"You're managing donations? Cash or physical items?" Ryder asked. The older biker went to growl, though he hesitated, seemingly sniffing the air. His eyes narrowed in puzzlement. His younger compatriot smiled a little.

"Both, mostly cash since we can't carry a lot on our bikes, but more of both. It's a tradition for the Snow Pack." The younger one explained. Suddenly everything clicked. Ryder's jaw dropped.

"The Snow Pack's annual Ride to Pride..." Ryder said, "One of the country's biggest donation drives for LGBTQ at risk youths. Health and safety programs, festivals, housing assistance..."

"You heard of us!" The younger one grinned, clapping Ryder on the shoulder with so much excitement he nearly spilled his drink. The older biker looked at the unusually orange beer and then up at Ryder with even more scrutiny.

"Why are you interested?" He asked. Ryder shrugged a little.

"I mean, my day job is accounting. Paperwork, forms, figures, spreadsheets, numbers... But I'm even more excited now that I know you're the Snow Pack. I'm queer myself." Ryder said. The younger man beamed, his canine teeth unusually sharp in his grin.

"Then you've come to the right place!" he said. The older man grunted.

"If you can help us sort through these numbers, I can make sure that beer keeps flowing." he offered. The younger man glanced at him and then back, his hazel eyes widening.

"And I can pitch in some food!" he added. Ryder grinned despite himself.

"Is it weird that this sounds like a lot of fun?" he asked. The men chuckled and the younger wolf pulled out a chair for Ryder.

"I'm Pup, and this is Runt." The younger biker said. Ryder sat down and set his beer on the table before looking a little concerned.

"Is it okay that I call you Runt, uh, sir?" Ryder asked. The older man chuckled.

"It's the name I go by after all. What are you called?" He asked.

"Ryder." he replied. The two bikers glanced at each other.

"Why don't you go get this fine young man his first round of snacks, Pup. I'll get him set up with what he needs to do." Runt replied. Pup nodded and headed out while Runt slid the papers over. Ryder glanced around.

"You don't have a laptop or anything by chance, do you?" he asked.

Ryder wasn't sure what he had expected the atmosphere of a biker bar to be, but he hadn't quite expected the way things were panning out. The drinks had continued to flow as Ryder worked, though he had tried to pace himself. The numbers wouldn't add up right if he got too drunk. He'd had some of the bar's famous meat chili and a bag of jerky to soak up the beer. His fingers moved rapidly over the keyboard of the delightfully quaint laptop he'd been given and he actually found himself smiling at the songs the bikers had chosen to play. He had nearly finished entering the data from the year's donations and had made a serious dent in organizing it in ways that would make the process far more efficient.

"Ahhh, I thought I had you!" Pup groaned as he lost another round of arm wrestling against Bug, a biker with thick dreadlocks and a sharp pointed goatee. There were guffaws of laughter and claps on the back as the group got ready for another contender. Ryder grinned at the frivolity and looked back at his work, trying to keep his eyes from drifting to the corner of the screen that held the clock. He didn't want to know what time it was. That would only make him feel more tired. Exhaling a bit, Ryder reached for his Foxtrot and tipped the bottle back, letting the sharp but faintly sweet beer play across his tongue. When the door to the bar swung open suddenly he nearly bumped the bottle against his teeth.

Flakes of snow drifted in around the figure that had just entered. Ryder looked up and his eyebrows kept rising in surprise. Despite the inclement weather, several bikers had come and gone, but this man stood beyond the rest. His leather jacket was weathered and yet pristine, covered in patches emblazoned with snowflakes, wolves, jagged icicles and more. He wore leather gloves and pants and boots as well. Metal studs glinted from the front of his boots, looking almost like claws... but the wardrobe was an afterthought. Ryder couldn't help but look at the man's face.

Rugged cheekbones peeked out from the upper edge of the saltiest of salt and pepper beard Ryder had ever seen. It was thick, bushy and it came down in a perfect wedge shape to rest across his collar bone. His mustache was thick, curving down to obscure his lips. His eyebrows were a bit bushy but still remained on this side of being groomed. His silver hair, however, was immaculate... and it happened to carry a rather familiar shaved fade on the sides and a ponytail in the back, almost like the predecessor of Ryder's own style. Despite the late hour, the man wore sunglasses, no doubt to protect his eyes. The man's nostrils flared slightly as he sniffed the air, his head turning to look directly at Ryder.

"Seems we have a fellow traveler taking shelter in the storm." The man said, his voice strong and resonant, though it tugged at Ryder's senses and made him feel as though he had heard it somewhere before. Runt moved up, closing the doors to the bar behind the man.

"This is Ryder, he's an accountant. He's been helping us sort the donation files, sir." Runt said. The man said nothing at that, though his obscured eyes seemed to drift down to the collection of beer bottles on the table. Ryder realized that it would be rude not to introduce himself directly, though the late hour and the alcohol had slowed that realization by a beat or two. He slipped out from behind the table and crossed the bar in a few strides, offering his hand.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, sir. It's been an honor to help out in some small way compared to all the good your group is doing. You must be... the Alpha?" Ryder asked uncertainly. The others in the bar seemed to stiffen a little at that and Ryder wasn't sure how well it would be received until, at last, the silver mustache hiding the man's lips curved upward into a smile.

“Such good manners.” The man said, taking Ryder’s hand and giving it a squeeze. Ryder was surprised by both how strong the grip was and how soft the leather glove was but he did his best to reciprocate.

“Well, one thing about being in my line of work is that numbers speak far more honestly than words and the amount of good you have done far outweighs almost all of my clients.” Ryder said. The man let out a soft growl of appreciation at that.

“I am glad that a man in your line of work can appreciate our line of work.” he said, moving over to the bar and signalling the bartender to get his usual with a flick of two fingers. Before long a pint of Foxtrot was served up with a foamy head and a shot of whisky. The Alpha took a few drinks before patting the bar next to him. Ryder moved up, slipping up onto the barstool and adopted a similar posture to the man. The bartender served up another pint for Ryder who felt this might be a bit too far.

“I actually heard about the Snow Pack growing up... There aren’t a lot of groups in this region doing anything for LGBTQ youths.” Ryder admitted, nursing his drink a bit more slowly.

“And the cause means something to you?” The Alpha asked.

“It does. I am gay.” Ryder admitted. The silver bearded man grinned.

“Almost all of us here are, or we fall somewhere on that colorful spectrum at least.” The Alpha said, taking a breath, “How long have you been working those numbers?” he asked. Ryder reached up, scratching the back of his head just below the short ponytail.

“Four, five hours maybe?” Ryder said.

“After a full day of work?” The Alpha asked.

“Yes sir.” Ryder replied.

“On Christmas Eve Eve?” The man asked. Ryder blushed a little.

“I had nowhere else to be and it was kind of fun.” Ryder said. The man took a long draw of his beer, the foam tinging the tips of his mustache as he thought for a long moment.

“You ever ride a bike before, Ryder?” he asked. Ryder shook his head.

“No, sir...” he admitted. It was almost as if the shoulders of several of the bikers in the room started to sag. “I’ve always wanted to learn though.” he added. The Alpha smiled a little.

“Well how about we make a deal. We’re not going anywhere. This bar has been our wolf den for the last forty years or so. We’re going to start the new year doing more rides and picking up more donations than we ever have before. As much as our pack loves to ride free, our fleet of bikes needs fuel and maintenance... We could use an actual accountant, especially one passionate for the work we do.” he said. Ryder’s eyes widened a bit.

The night had started with a little bit of data entry and spreadsheet work in exchange for beer, but this biker gang was offering him an actual job. He opened his mouth to politely refuse, but no words came out. How could he quit the firm? The job came with benefits, a guaranteed income? He had a desk in an office full of... people he hated doing terrible things for terrible people. He looked around, seeing the oddly eager faces of several kind hearted bikers - nearly all of whom were quite attractive. Ryder closed his lips, a small smile forming before he gave a small smile.

“How could I say no?” Ryder replied. Whoops and hollers went up from the bikers and the man clapped Ryder on the back with a large gloved hand before he went back to his beer. Ryder just sat there, feeling an almost electric acceptance from this gang of very hairy, nice gay men.

With the leadup to Christmas taking place over months, the time between it and New Year's felt infinitesimally small. In that time, though, Ryder felt like he was living a new lifetime. Years of back donations had been catalogued and inventories had been started on the gang's motorcycles, spare parts, frequent routes and more. All of it was endlessly fascinating to Ryder. Some of it felt like forensic anthropology as he gleaned information from old napkins, greasy gas station menus scribbled with notes and the oral traditions of biker stories told by the members of the group. Some tales felt taller than Paul Bunyon while others were shockingly close to home.

Between the cold weather, quitting his job and hanging out with a bunch of bikers, Ryder had opted not to shave. It seemed his genes had started to kick into overdrive and his upper lip was already adorned with a short but dense blond mustache while his cheeks had jagged, uneven patches of stubble trying to fill in. He might have been embarrassed by the grow out anywhere else but the boys were endlessly encouraging, just as they had been when he'd gotten his left ear pierced. The gold ring now glinted in the late afternoon light.

The growl of several bikes heading out vibrated through the floor of the bar and even the bartender had headed out, leaving Ryder and just a handful of others behind to hold down the fort. Ryder locked his computer and headed down the short hallway next to the jukebox, pushing his way into the bathroom. The bar's facilities were modest. There were three stalls, two urinals and a sink that seemed to be singing anytime the water was used. The green tile floor had seen better days but it was kept relatively clean. Ryder went to the middle stall which was his custom and pushed the door open.

By the time Ryder got the door shut and locked behind him, he was already unzipping his pants and fishing out his manhood. He took aim, barely relaxed his muscles and let out his golden stream. It arced down and hit the porcelain just above the waterline, leading to a lot of splattering but a far less noisy deluge. Ryder tipped his head back and sighed a bit with relief, at least until he heard a strange scraping noise. Bringing his head back up, he looked down and around until motion caught his eye. The toilet paper dispenser was sliding back toward the rear of the stall. As it moved, a hole was revealed behind it. The hole was cut into a rather large diameter circle and the edges were covered with black electrical tape to smooth out the surface.

The last few moments of Ryder's stream were almost choked off as surprise swept through him. He'd heard of glory holes before, even seen some in online comics, but he'd never seen one in the wild. Was that what was happening? Was that what it was? As if to answer his doubt, a tongue stuck through the hole, making a circular motion before disappearing again. Ryder looked around as if there might be someone watching in the stall that would judge him. He furrowed his brow a little. A thousand things rushed through his head. He thought of health class in high school, of adult magazines he'd snuck out of a news stand. He felt his better angels and lesser demons playing tug of war with his libido. But what exactly was the impact of this? He worked for a gay biker gang now. He was one of them and they were welcoming him... It would be rude not to accept their hospitality.

Looking down at his already exposed dick, he trudged up toward the wall of the stall. Hesitating a little, he aimed his shaft up a little and closed the gap. His cock slipped through the

hole, guided as if playing a game of operation. He didn't want to touch the sides. A slight blush came to Ryder's cheeks as he considered how silly he looked with his dick through the wall of the restroom stall and-

Lips plunged down the length of his cock, taking in almost half in one go. Rather than pulling back, they began to slurp and suck the rest of the way until they nearly reached Ryder's groin. The sudden and hungry assault made Ryder slam a hand down on the wall of the stall to steady himself. The mouth began to move forward and back after a moment, though each withdrawal felt almost reluctant. The mouth was filled with the writhing, undulating tongue of a clearly talented individual. Ryder felt his cock being massaged from underneath while the walls of the cheeks brushed the tender flesh. It was as if his manhood was being bathed in a salty bath.

Ryder inhaled sharply as that talented tongue started to tease his recently used slit, probing his urethra, almost as if searching for the tannic flavor that he'd just expelled. The realization at just how kinky his mysterious partner was filled him with excitement that only made him harder. In fact, his urethra almost seemed to be tingling from the excitement combined with the probing tongue of his partner. The sensation soon spread across the thick mushroom shaped head of his cock and his thick shaft, delving deep inside and sinking down into the root of his groin.

Ryder was forced to add a second hand onto the stall wall to support himself as he started to thrust forward and back, adding to the momentum and excitement. The change in position led to Ryder's first clue as he felt the bristles of a thick mustache dragging back and forth across the top of his dick. He couldn't help but grin, trying to imagine who it might be... Pup was an obvious candidate, but Lance and Tiger were too.... Frankly he liked the idea of any of them being hot for him. There were so many handsome men here, and all of them were led by a handsome man... The Alpha, whose name turned out to be Percival, was a silver fox who drank Foxtrot regularly. They had bonded over the unusual drink, then at how powerful his motorcycle was. There was a connection there, a magnetism, but honestly he felt that way about all the men. They weren't just the Snow Pack, they were his pack.

"Ungh, yes!" Ryder moaned as he came to that realization, feeling the mouth sucking harder and harder on his dick. He was shocked at the power of the pressure building up around his shaft. It wasn't long before his entire cock was starting to sting, though in a good way. It felt like he'd grown rock hard but was still getting harder. His shaft seemed to stretch longer and thicker, the round head growing longer as well. All of it was worked over by a very hungry, very eager mouth.

"Yes!" Ryder moaned, his fingers clawing ineffectively down the bathroom stall. How had he missed out on this his whole life? This had been there the whole time... He'd been missing free blowjobs! This was an opportunity he would seek out whenever possible. Ryder panted and huffed harder, starting to think about how everything would go later that night. They'd be counting down to New Years second by second and, if he was lucky, Ryder would be indulging his baser impulses in another way when the new year began.

Ruder grunted, growled, moaned and then howled. His balls tugged up, his cock twitched and he began to eject his pearlescent seed into the hungry maw on the other side of the wall. He wobbled and shivered, holding himself there, unaware that just a few inches away that his semen was being gulped down by a being that was no longer quite human. Pup was

doing his best to keep from howling. His amber eyes glowed with the supernatural energy that coursed through his veins. His pointed ears were sharp and slanted. His already thick mustache and mutton chops had grown longer and fuller and fangs now slipped back and forth along either side of Ryder's dick.

Even Pup's nose had tilted and darkened, becoming more canine and rubbery. Slightly yellowed claws extended from the fingers that worked his very long, very red, pointed canine dick as he crouched on the floor. Pup knew that he wouldn't have been able to help himself even if he wanted to, the heat was different for every werewolf... but it was also something that could be passed on. As Ryder's own dick began to spurt thick, yellowed cum across his furry chest, he collected some of it on his fingertip. As Pup pulled off of Ryder's aching hard shaft, he deftly smeared some of his seed across the tip before Ryder pulled back. Pup nearly collapsed backwards, forced to grab onto the toilet in his stall to keep from falling over. Pup couldn't stop grinning. He had done it. As the new year began, they would have a new member to their pack, just as ordered.

"Ten, nine, eight!" The countdown rang through the bar, bringing with it a sense of elation and anticipation. The televisions had been turned to show a variety of New Year's Eve shows, though the majority showed the ball dropping in New York. Ryder stood among the Snow Pack, shoulder to shoulder, feeling the heat radiating off their bodies and smelling their natural musk. Being that close only exacerbated a situation he'd been fighting all evening. For whatever reason he couldn't get his erection to go down below half mast. The adventure in the bathroom had apparently gotten him firing on all cylinders.

"Seven, six, five!" The chanting continued. The seething sea of bikers parted a little, allowing Percival to move through. He stepped up to Ryder and offered him a bottle of Foxtrot.

"To New Years, new opportunities and a new start." Percival said, his silver beard flexing and contouring with each word. Ryder accepted the beer bottle and raised it in toast to the Alpha.

"Four, three, two, one... Happy New Year!" The group shouted and cheered. Ryder let out a few whoops and hollers of excitement of his own, tipping back a little of his beer.

"You want to go for a short ride?" Percival offered. Ryder's eyebrows went up at that as he looked at the Alpha.

"Me? I mean, I'd love to but I'm a bit of a novice and it's pretty late, isn't it?" Ryder asked. The Alpha chuckled.

"It's a brand new day on a brand new year. Sounds early to me." he said. Ryder considered, looking around. This was a biker bar, after all, and he'd been accepted into the group.

"You know what, sure! No time like the present." Ryder said. Percival grinned broadly.

"Get ready boys, we ride!" He called out, eliciting more hollers of agreement from the group.

Despite the fact that Ryder had been working so closely with the Snow Pack for over a week, he still hadn't quite gotten over the scale of their hogs. The tires were huge, the engines massive, the handlebars robust and their chassis were so unique. Ryder would have been hard pressed to define what it was about straddling a massive engine with miniscule housing that translated into blatant masculinity, but he felt it. The Alpha's bike was the biggest of the lot and the seat was the most unusual. It curved and flowed along with the fuel tank as if it was begging to be caressed, pressed into and touched. Ryder was staring at it in appreciation when he felt something being placed over his shoulders. Glancing back, he realized it was a vest.

"Oh wow, thank you!" Ryder said, sliding one arm through and then the other, feeling the soft leather hug his shoulders and back. With his unique hairstyle and mustache he was already looking like he belonged.

"Hop on." Percival said. Ryder hesitated.

"On your bike?" He asked.

"I'll be right there too. It's a passenger model." The Alpha said. Ryder did as instructed and hopped on. He knew many passengers rode behind the rider but it seemed this seat gave him enough room up front to have the rider behind. Sure enough, Percival climbed on and slipped forward until his back was touching the Alpha's chest and beard. Percival reached up and manipulated controls before he kicked the engine over.

A great resonant growl billowed out of the motorcycle, accompanied by a deep throbbing vibration and a bit of warmth. Ryder gasped, feeling that vibration translate right through his half hard dick, or at least what had been half hard. Within a few seconds he had a full on erection resting against the vibrating fuel tank. Percival leaned forward, forcing Ryder to lean as well. Percival took a breath of Ryder's neck and then looked ahead before he pushed off and brought the kickstand up. The bike began rolling forward across the parking lot. At first it was coasting but in a few moments he'd picked up enough speed to pull out of the lot and onto the street that ran by the airport.

The Alpha led the way, pulling onto the black asphalt. The bouncing, gleaming lights of his pack fell in step behind them. Percival picked up speed and Ryder was along for the ride, at least until the Alpha took one of his hands and placed it on the handlebar, then he did the same for the other. Another jolt of pleasure and pride ripped through Ryder. It was as if his dick was connected directly to the powerful bike, though he had the added bonus of having Percival right behind him. Percival growled happily, his mustache pulling back a little to betray fangs as his ears stretched into points and an amber gleam began to glow in his eyes.

"You were born to do this, Ryder." Percival growled, "You're a natural biker... You're a natural Snow Packer. You're manly, you're gay... You're perfect." Percival said. Ryder was breathing harder, feeling as if he was doing more of the steering and the Alpha was merely acting as a backrest. Ryder was finding it harder to think, but all the nice things he was saying only fed his arousal. Still, having so much pride felt alien.

"I'm just an accountant, I'm good with numbers..." Ryder protested.

"You grew up into your own man, and I'm proud of you for that... But you've come home now, son." Percival said. Ryder's brow furrowed in confusion. His lips tried to work but they couldn't. He hesitated and Percival pulled them over to the side of the road. Ryder thought about their liking of the same exotic drink, their similar hairstyles, the way they kept adopting the

same positions... and then he remembered seeing paperwork as a kid. The paperwork had said that his father had originally been named Percy...

Ryder turned to ask the Alpha what he meant but his lips were met by those of the older man. Their mustaches mingled and brushed together before a very long, strong, ample tongue began pumping in and out of Ryder's mouth. Ryder's nostrils flared as he inhaled the scent of the Alpha. He smelled so familiar and yet different, a little mossier and more aged but almost exactly the scent he had when he forgot to shower. They kissed and embraced, but the position was hard. Ryder lifted one leg and brought it over the fuel tank and under the handlebars, turning to face the man. Percival pressed forward until they were pressing groin to groin, each with a raging erection. Percival kissed Ryder deeper and harder, grabbing him around the ribs with his leather gloved hands. Ryder couldn't help but hump back against this powerhouse, making out with him, his tongue angling with the man that could very well be his father... and yet, somehow it felt right?

Ryder's kisses were hungry, desperate, needy. Percival's were powerful, loving, and insistent. Ryder had grown up an orphan, or so he thought. It was natural for him to have daddy issues, but this? It should have repulsed him or infuriated him, but he couldn't hold back, especially as he felt his pants being unzipped. Thick fingers reached in and drew his underwear down before his hot cock was exposed to the cool air. The pouch of Percival's leather pants was unzipped and in a moment he brought his glove down and pulled Ryder to him. Ryder's cock slipped into the Alpha's leather pants. They were rubbing cock to cock in moments and it had never felt better. Ryder panted, drooling a little as he humped the Alpha. The Alpha returned the affection by leaning down to lick and suck on Ryder's youthful neck, appreciating the tender flesh. His beard tickled and tingled, but then Percival opened his mouth wide and bit down.

In a split second, Ryder could feel the heat spreading through his veins. It was like the muscles of his shoulder and neck were waking up for the first time, like his heart was beating faster, like... nothing he had ever experienced before. He reached up and held his father's head to him, feeling the stinging, stabbing pains the fangs had brought. He didn't fully understand what was going on until he managed to open his eyes enough to look out at the other bikers that had come up behind them; Pup, Runt, Bug and Joyride... all of the bikers... Their eyes gleamed like molten honey in the moonlight and pointed ears extended from their heads. Their browbones were thicker, as were their beards... They looked like wolfmen, and they were wolfmen, and now he had been accepted into their pack.

Ryder tipped his head back and let out a howl as he felt bones and cartilage pop, sinew and ligament stretch. The world came into sharper focus with his sense of smell as his nose darkened and his nostrils shifted. His brow bone crunched as it pushed outward. His raging hardon began to ache and sting as it stretched out longer and longer. Something firm and rigid snaked its way up the underside, rooting through his flesh until it reached the underside of his head. The mushroom shaped tip began to stretch into a point as more and more blood flowed into the tissue, making it turn bright red.

More muffled pops and snaps came as Ryder's skull reshaped to match those of the others in the biker gang. It was intoxicating. The hand holding Percival's skull let go as the knuckles popped and snapped, his fingernails turning from ivory to brown and then black. The nails grew thick, rigid, curving and sharpening into points. While Ryder was content to follow the course of the change, Percival wanted more. He reached down, using his fingernail to slice

along the backside of Ryder's pants. Sensing what the Alpha wanted - no - what he needed, Ryder stood up a little on the bike.

Percival snarled happily, releasing his son's neck from his bite. He licked his lips, though crimson stained his silver mustache. He reached to pry open the tear he'd made before he guided Ryder down. Ryder's ass cheeks hugged at the Alpha's thick dick, welcoming the red pointed canine tip almost eagerly. Percival began sliding in slowly, inch by inch, relishing how slick with pre he'd gotten from their frothing. As he got about half way, Ryder began moaning again, feeling his heart continuing to pump the lycanthropic curse through his veins.

As the Alpha mounted his son, he watched with great pride as the moonlight washed over hair that was rapidly losing its pigmentation. Ryder's short shaved sides grew as white as snow, the blond draining out of his short ponytail. Despite being barely old enough to drink, Ryder's blond mustache soon turned a crisp white, just like his father's. It was a beautiful contradiction of youth and maturity and something that set him apart. Ryder was, after all, the lost prince of the Snow Pack.

The Alpha began to lift his hips up and down, assisted by the ongoing vibration of his motorcycle. He bounced Ryder on his shaft that worked its way deeper and deeper. Again the two kissed, but this time there was more of a bond. Their white mustaches meshed together, their tongues hungry. Ryder felt his teeth grow hot and numb as his canines began to stretch longer and sharper, forming his first set of fangs. Even his molars felt sharper and more dangerous in the kiss.

All around them, the other bikers had started to go to one another. Some pressed against the chain link fence on the side of the road while others leaned on their bikes. They humped, they frothed, others went after one another bareback. The sound of so many wolfmen fucking only made Ryder hornier. He reached down with one clawed hand, wrapping it around his new dog dick. Realizing how much it had changed and the fact it might never go back to normal filled him with an odd sense of surreal excitement. He didn't want to go back or be human. He wanted to be this animal, this horny beast, this son of the Alpha.

"Dad..." he moaned. Percival growled.

"My son..." He grunted, thrusting even harder, managing to find Ryder's prostate. Ryder's eyes rolled into the back of his head and he groaned even as a wet stretching sound came from behind him. The wriggling nub of the start of a tail began to stretch out. At first it looked like little more than a tube, but soon white fur pressed out from it, filling out as it draped down the side of the fuel tank.

Grunts, growls and all manner of animal sounds came as the pack mated. Wolfman maws wrapped around cocks and asses. Tongues plunged in and out of every orifice they could find. Flesh and leather caressed one another. Percival looked on at his manly son, knowing he would only grow bigger, stronger and hairier from here. That pride pushed him over the edge as he let out a howl and came, unleashing his thick cum deep into Ryder's guts. Ryder only moaned, feeling the warmth blossom in his abdomen a moment before his own cock began to unleash a geyser of seed that fountained down across his dad's bushy silver beard.

The first few spurts were pearlescent white, but soon his swelling balls produced the seed of a wolfman and it became thicker, stickier and tinged by the slightest shade of yellow. Percival leaned down and opened his mouth wide, catching as much of it on his tongue as he could before he gulped it down and growled with pleasure. As he leaned back, he let out a

grunt. Ryder didn't realize what was happening until a very familiar mouth came down around his dick. Pup was suckling and slurping his seed just like he had from the gloryhole, though his wolfman features gave him a bit of a unibrow and he was furiously working his own reddish-purple dog dick.

The afterglow of orgasm mixed with the tingling fire of the wolfman's bite. Ryder's body grew soft and limp as he leaned back against the handlebars, spread between the Alpha's cock in his ass and Pup sucking him dry. It was as if he'd been slipped into a warm hot tub and he was melting away. His eyes slipped shut, his mind grew foggy and he surrendered to the embrace of pure hedonistic pleasure in the first hours of a brand new year.

Ryder had gotten used to loud sounds between the engines of the motorcycles in his gang and the type of music they liked to listen to, but the Ride to Pride was something else entirely. The last leg of the trip had been folded into a pride parade in the big city and the cheers of the spectators echoed off the windows of the skyscrapers. The air was thick with confetti, and parade floats moved along the street. The tenor of the parade changed a little as the growl of motorcycle engines began to grow louder and louder until, at last, the Snow Pack appeared.

Dozens of motorcycles rolled down the parade route at a slow pace. The light breeze billowed through beards and hair while the sunlight glinted off the chrome of their bikes. Some of the bikers like Runt revved their engines, grinning a bit from behind the shield of sunglasses. Several of the riders had dyed their hair rainbow tones for the parade and several had big bags of donations slung over their backs or held on with cargo netting. QR codes had been painted by hand onto some of the bikes to solicit even more donations for their worthy cause.

It had only been a month since Ryder had joined the Snow Pack, but it was impossible for him to wipe the grin off his lips. His white hair remained pristine, the mustache he sported just as clean. A new tuft of white hair came down from the point of his chin to a sharp spade like tip. His black vest now sported three spikes on each shoulder to give him a little more edge and, like his father, his boots had claw-like spikes at the tips. He rode next to Percival as they approached the end of the parade route, their images so similar and yet different only by a matter of time.

The glamor of the parade route fell away as the floats and displays pulled into the staging area to be refueled, repaired, dismantled or disbanded. The Snow Pack rolled through the area, stopping only to deposit their donations in the appropriate area. Percival handed over a flash drive with the updated information for accessing the financial donations and before long they rode off. Ryder revved his own bike before speeding along. There was no thrill quite like having the vibration of the bike against his swollen wolfman junk.

"Job well done, Snow Pack. We've made our showing, we've dropped off our gifts, now it's time to celebrate." Percival's voice crackled over the earpieces the bikers wore. The bikers responded by letting out a howl from their bearded mouths, finding it hard to keep their wolf traits restrained. The motorcycles growled all the louder as they left the staging area behind and pulled onto the open road, picking up speed as they headed for home.

The sound of champagne bottles popping broke the general cheer of the Snow Pack as they celebrated in their own bar. The windows rattled a little as a jet took off from the airport across the road, but they didn't care. The new year had begun as a riotous success and the Alpha had given permission for them to let loose their human guise. There was a pile of boots and pants by the front door. Grins were filled with sharp fangs and their pointed ears burned. The air was growing hot, humid and full of the smell of animalistic heat.

Ryder grinned wide as well, captivated by it all. There were lewd, wet sounding slurps coming from behind the bar as Runt went after their bartender, giving him a special thanks for the good service. Other bearded men were making out as they ground against one another in the open space between bar tables. Ryder turned and caught a sight of his reflection in the curved glass of the pickled egg jar. While he'd kept his hairstyle roughly the same, the hair being crisp white was a surprise and the ponytail had grown much longer. Likewise, his thick white mustache and goatee brought sharp contrast to his well tanned face.

"So handsome..." Percival said as he walked up next to Ryder, taking one of the drinks from the bar that had been poured before their server had become otherwise occupied. Ryder took one as well, taking a sip before he turned to look at the Alpha.

"Can I ask you a question?" Ryder asked. Percival smirked.

"Aside from that one?" he asked.

"Ah, a dad joke..." Ryder replied. Percival nodded.

"Why did I leave you?" he asked. The smile faltered for a moment from Ryder's face but he nodded a little.

"Yeah." Ryder murmured. Percival took a long drink while he considered his answer.

"It was a lot of things. Back then, I thought I was bi... When I realized Grace was pregnant, I felt such a mix of things. I knew it was a biological drive I'd fulfilled, and that wasn't fair to her or to you. I also knew that if you grew up in a pack like this, you wouldn't have had a chance to rise to Alpha. There would have been too much temptation to give in to the impulses before you discovered your true self." Percival said. Ryder took another drink.

"An elegant answer... Well reasoned." He commented. Percival shot him a look but gave a weary chuckle.

"But you found your way back, and you found a way to fit into your place. You're strong, determined, and I know you're going to be great. After all, you're my son." Percival said. Ryder nodded, reaching up to rub his white mustache.

"And I'm falling into your own image." he added. Percival growled happily at that.

"You're well on your way." he said. Ryder considered.

"How can I speed up the process?" Ryder asked finally. Percival was about to answer when the front door opened and Bug came in.

"Alpha, there's someone outside. They came in on their own bike, they want to join." Bug reported. One of Percival's salt and pepper eyebrows arched before he glanced to his son with a bit of a grin.

"Turning new members is the quickest way." he told Ryder. Ryder's eyes widened a bit.

The angle of the sun was shifting, hinting at the eternal march towards spring. Percival, Ryder, Pup and a few others had moved out front. A very meek looking eighteen year old was sitting on a cobbled together motorcycle painted by hand. His blue jeans were torn, his t-shirt was made of gray and black horizontal stripes. The teen had a black mohawk formed up out of slightly shorter hair on the sides and his cinnamon colored skin was a testament to ancestors from half a dozen different countries. Despite being a bit intimidated, he smiled a bit as Percival and Ryder emerged.

"You're the Snow Pack, right? I... I rode from Denver, I want to join up. I love what you do for people like us." he said, his voice young but with a bit of gravel to it. Ryder looked at Percival and Percival nodded. Ryder looked back.

"What is your name, kid?" he asked. The mohawked biker puffed out his chest a little.

"Von." he answered. Ryder approached, crossing the parking lot, reaching out to caress his hand over the young man's bike.

"You make this yourself, Von?" he asked. Von nodded eagerly.

"Yes sir, I mean, I found pieces and built it up... and painted it." Von said. Ryder nodded, reaching to turn the bike on. It coughed and sputtered before a powerful growl started emanating from its engine. Satisfied, Ryder moved to swing one leg over and settle down on the bike facing Von. Von's eyes widened but he actually grinned a little. His honey brown eyes took Ryder in, trying to make sense of the contrast of how young he looked and yet how his hair and facial hair were already white.

"And what did you mean, people like us?" Ryder asked. Again, Von looked nervous though he didn't entirely look away.

"People who are gay, who are different..." Von said before looking up, "Plus I love how bikers look. So manly." he said. Ryder scooted forward until they were groin to groin. He could feel Von's arousal pressing against his, but even though he'd pulled his ears and fangs back for the moment, his leather pouch was full of a wolfman's inhuman tool. The feeling Ryder felt was hard to pin down, but it was almost like he was playing with his food. Was this what Percival had felt claiming his son on his own motorcycle? Biting him? Turning him? But this young punk wanted a life with the Snow Pack, with them, with him. He was so handsome to begin with, Ryder could only imagine what he would become... but to find out, he had to share the gift.

Ryder leaned down, nuzzling against Von's neck, smelling his faintly spicy musk. It was intoxicating, yet innocent. He had to have this man, to claim him. Ryder bore his fangs, the tips peeking out from behind his silver mustache before he came down and bit into Von's shoulder. The young man gasped with shock but then exhaled with a strange understanding. Ryder didn't immediately pull back, instead he savored the strange metallic tang of the blood against his lips. He remembered what it was like to get the bite, feeling that heat spreading through every vein and capillary, but now he was feeling something spreading out in his own body as well.

The biker prince grunted suddenly as his biceps and triceps began to swell. Unrestrained by any clothing, the skin glistened as it expanded. Veins bulged along his forearm. Likewise, his legs began to ache and throb, growing thicker where they straddled Von. The heat raced around every cell of them both. Was this why Percival had encouraged him to turn their new recruit? Ryder growled, his ears stretching to points and his brow bone pushing out thicker. His cheeks prickled as new white hair pushed out, sweeping back from his mustache to his ears and sweeping down towards his jawbone.

Still held by a predator's fangs, Von was panting as well. His hazel eyes burned golden, his mouth felt numb and too small, and his nipples were now as hard as diamonds. A faint invisible patch of hair on his chin rapidly darkened to a tuft of black, soon joined by thick sideburns that descended along his cheeks like daggers. His double set of earrings seemed on display as his ears popped and reshaped, taking on points as his smooth forehead began to distend and distort over his swollen brow. Von's heart was beating like a humming bird's and he didn't want it to stop.

Reaching up for support, Von gripped at the handlebar of Ryder's bike only to watch in shock as his knuckles thickened, new hair sprouted from the joints and his fingernails turned black, stretching out to wicked and deadly claws. Von flexed his hand in wonder, letting go of the bike to turn it over, looking at the faint swollen flesh on his fingertips and palms where paw pads might grow in under a full moon. Seeing his recruit accepting the change, Ryder withdrew his fangs and began to lick at the wound. The intimate gesture stemmed the tide of the blood, allowing the flesh to clot and knit together in a rudimentary fashion.

Both Von and Ryder were moaning for different reasons as their bodies went through metamorphosis. Ryder's face tingled and throbbed and he could feel his new facial hair pushing out of his skin, growing out in bushy waves as it descended from his cheeks and chin and jaw. The skin was eclipsed by the new white beard. Even his mustache was curving down to obscure his mouth, just like his father's mustache. He growled sharply, the hair on his arms growing thicker and denser by the second.

Sitting in Ryder's lap, Von was nearly howling as his ribs expanded, his ass cheeks parted and a new tailbone began to grow and extend outward from the old one. His gray and black striped shirt grew tight over swelling pectorals and firm abdominals, the sleeves cutting into his expanding arms. The spicy musk he had exuded before was pouring off of him now and Ryder couldn't resist. He lifted the young man up with one clawed hand and tugged his pants and boxers down with the other. Ryder nearly whistled with appreciation at how hairy Von's ass was getting already.

Von groaned a little more, feeling the cool air on his ass. It only made his pulsating sphincter seem warmer by comparison. A hot, wet, slick sound came as Ryder freed his werewolf cock from his pants. There was a moment of hesitation before he struck. Von's back arched in delight as he felt another man's cock slide into him, but it was so oddly slick as if it was already lubed. Ryder began to thrust forward and back, claiming more and more depth with each movement. Von's fingers tightened and relaxed as pleasure mixed with pain. Seeing Von's desire for what was to come, Ryder had to push forward.

The two wriggled and shifted on the narrow seat until Von was essentially on Ryder's lap, bouncing on the larger man's cock. As they moved, their friction tugged up Von's shirt to reveal the stubble of thick black hair growing almost like fur up along his stomach and blossoming across his chest. Likewise, his face tingled as it darkened with thousands of new hairs bristling out across his cheeks and chin. Appreciating the rapid change, Ryder reached to unzip Von's pants. He was delighted when a thick, fat brown cock sprung free, unrestrained by underwear. When the smell of that arousal hit Ryder, however, it triggered something else.

Ryder gasped, his nostrils flaring as his nose darkened. His fangs forced their way out again, sharper and longer than before. His own brow swelled to match Von's and his ears stretched to points as amber began to burn in his eyes, but that was far from everything. He felt

his toes popping and cracking as they stretched and claws pushed out. He felt his chest and pits throbbing as new hair filled in. His cheeks burned as white stubble connected his thick mustache to his goatee, filling in all the way back to his sideburns. Centimeter by centimeter, his facial hair grew out and filled in.

In moments Von had grown out his first set of claws. He couldn't help but drag them up his hairy belly or reach up to scratch at the thickening stubble on his cheeks. He grinned in excitement even as his teeth stretched into the sharpened daggers of the wolfmen. He could feel so much more, smell so much more, hear so much more. His cock throbbed and ached and pulsed and when Ryder wrapped his fingers around it and began stroking him off, he nearly passed out from pleasure. The vibrations passed up through them both, tenderizing the flesh as it changed and shifted. Von's bones elongated, his muscles firmed and his nipples felt electric.

As much as Von was changing, Ryder felt the beard all but pouring out of his face. It tingled as it descended inch by inch, dropping down to curve over his collarbone and brush his chest. The sides flared wide but it still tapered, elegant and full. Von's gasps and groans became more severe and Ryder could feel the rod in his grip start to shift and change. Quick, firm strokes accompanied Von's shaft as it left its humanity behind. More and more blood poured in, turning the flesh from brown to red. The mushroom shaped tip stretched to a point, the base began to grow puffy and new veins bulged.

The two splayed out, chests curving back as Ryder bounced Von on top of his larger shaft. They were like snow and black ice, a perfect contrast as they mated. A wiggling mass of black fur was stretching out behind Von, wobbling before draping down the side of the motorcycle. The experience overwhelmed Von but it only coaxed Ryder on. They both grew heavier, taller, their muscles swelling... but Ryder knew he was destined for more. He had done this with a single bite. He had changed the course of this young man's destiny. That was his power and purpose.

The fire burned brighter inside them both. Ryder's position in the pack was forged and gilded while Von's was awakening aspects of his memory and senses he had long since forgotten. He remembered moments leading up to this in such clarity that he felt as though he was time traveling. Every sound, every smell, every sensation was reproduced in perfect clarity until it all melded together in a golden instant. Von threw his head back and howled out from a beard lined mouth as he came; a few spurts of human seed followed by the thick, tainted wolfman seed.

Smelling his beta's orgasm and feeling it splatter into his full beard, Ryder couldn't help but join in. He thrust as deep as he could get, feeling the base of his shaft swelling and firming, locking him inside of Von. As his knot formed he began to cum too. Unlike Von, all that seed was trapped in his partner, filling him with the warm cream. Von stared at the sky, his howl having fallen silent while his mouth remained open in ecstasy. His honey brown eyes burned to a bright amber to match his pointed ears, his fangs and his swollen brow bone. His black beard was bushy, far thicker than the hair on the sides of his head, but his mohawk still stood tall and proud. He had become a member of the Snow Pack, a biker, a wolfman surrounded by his kin.

"Now we have even more reason to celebrate! Let's leave them to clean up. Drinks are on the house!" Percival said. The other bikers reluctantly began to filter back inside until only the Alpha, Ryder and Von were left. Percival crossed the parking lot, his boots crunching in the gravel. He came up to the two on the motorcycle, looked at Von and then leaned down to kiss

Ryder. Their mustaches meshed, their lips met and their tongues danced a gentle dance. It was clear Ryder was still feeling the rush, but Percival was proud. Life may had tried to pull them different directions but they were back together now. Sometimes there was no counting for family.