

Three The Hard Way

Stephanie Burke

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ISBN (10) 1-59596-335-9

ISBN (13) 978-1-59596-335-2

Formats Available:

HTML, Adobe PDF,

MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:

Changeling Press LLC

PO Box 1561

Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561

www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Katriena Knights

Cover Artist: Bryan Keller



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Chapter One

"I can't!"

Evan struggled to breathe a little longer, to force his tight muscles to ease, to allow the pleasure to continue to flow through his body. His wrenching moans filled the air, swirling with the musky scent of sex and the sound of wet bodies slamming together as passion bordered on violence.

On his hands and knees, he threw back his head and howled his frustration. The hard slaps, hair pulling, and biting and scratching did nothing to assuage the lust that roared through his body.

His hard cock swung from side to side, the tissues swelled with the hot blood of his arousal. His balls were pendulous, aching weights that burned with the caresses and licks they were receiving.

Precome flowed freely and was quickly lapped up by the rough tongue on his prick, sending waves of shivers through his body. Sweat poured from his skin, making it glow in the dim candlelight as the furs beneath them became slick with the moisture.

Hot! It was too hot! His skin began to tingle and burn with the attention it was receiving, his form to shiver under the knowing hands and lips that provided this ultimate pleasure his body craved almost more than air.

"You can take what we give, little one," a deep masculine voice hissed in his ear, followed by a teasing flick of the tongue that made him arch toward the cool touch that had him on edge.

"But isn't he so pretty when he begs?" a feminine voice chuckled as rough hands and sharp nails ran over his skin, scoring him enough, he knew from experience, to leave small raised welts, little reminders of who owned him.

Evan's head dropped under the weight of the attention of his two masters while his body forced his rebellious mind to give in to instinct, to submit and have the little death he craved.

"Raise your head." The command came from the man currently running his tongue over Evan's back, down over the sensitive salty skin, tasting the lust that poured off of his submissive, feeling the helplessness that permeated the air around him, the desperation that ruled his mind. "You are our gamma. You will never lower your head! Tilt it, arch it, and throw it back when I am fucking that tight little ass I own, but never lower your head in shame!"

"You hurt his pride," the female admonished her partner as Evan's head jerked upwards, tears welling in his stormy gray eyes as she nibbled on his lower lip.

"He has no pride of his own," the male gritted out. "Only what he receives from us. And none of our people will ever lower their heads."

* * *

"You have anything on werewolves?"

The frazzled looking man leaned against the counter of Insane Realities. It was the only bookstore of its kind, reported to have anything and everything from hard-core porn to scientific journals on esoteric subjects that most people outside of NASA had never heard of.

He inhaled deeply, gray eyes widening as if in pain, and tried to calm himself down. "I... I really need some information."

Hatori Fujita arched a black eyebrow and rolled his eyes at the somewhat disturbed appearing human who awaited his response.

The man wasn't bad looking as far as humans went, Hatori decided as he watched him nervously nibble at his bottom lip. He had shoulder length, silver streaked onyx curls and a nice set of steel gray eyes -- almost silver actually. His body was built up, muscular and hard, refined and symmetrical. But not overdone in that competitive body builder fashion. This man was built along the lines of a professional athlete or soldier.

Hatori inhaled deeply, discreetly sticking the tip of his tongue out between his thin rosy lips, quietly tasting the air around this human who was doing strange things to his libido. Yes, he was extremely attracted and he needed to know more about this male.

Softly he licked his lips as the gray-eyed man's agitation grew, tasting the atmosphere around him as he attempted to scent him and pick up more information. Well, more information besides "nervous" and "wary."

There was the taste of fresh air and sunshine, a woodsy, musky smell. There was also the tinge of gun oil and hot metal, and a chemical bite. The man was either carrying a gun or had recently fired one. The chemicals, that didn't fit. Perhaps he'd been around someone who used them.

He was clean -- Hatori could taste the brand of natural soap the man used, and the hint of an herbal shampoo. Curious.

There was the tinge of salt as the man began to perspire, something musky... Was that a hint of fear?

"Can you help me or not?" The man's tone was growing desperate and impatient. He glared at Hatori.

Hatori's smile turned into a smirk. Scenting the changes around the man, he uncrossed his arms and moved from his lazy pose to lean close. "I can't help you unless you tell me what kind of information you want."

Hatori's voice was low and mellow, not particularly deep, but it fit his short, slender frame. Long, waist-length, stick-straight hair flowed around his shoulders as he leaned forward, pooling on the counter beside him like spilled oil. His black eyes held amusement and dark secrets as he awaited the other man's next move.

Evan blinked and leaned back, realizing he hadn't disclosed his full reason for being here. Like he'd do that anyway.

But Evan was at his wit's end. And that crazy photographer who shared the same problem was going this route, getting information out of books. Lord knows he had exhausted all his resources looking for the intel he needed... This bookstore was his last hope.

"Werewolves," Evan snapped, just daring the Asian guy who manned the counter to say anything smart.

"What type of werewolves are you referring to?" Hatori asked as he licked his

lips, reading more anxiety and a hint of desperation.

"You mean there's more than one?" the man nearly wailed, his eyes widening in confusion.

"Listen," Hatori explained patiently, holding in a smirk and lifting one hand, counting down his choices on his fingers. The almost innocent expression on such an uber-masculine face was amusing... hell, it was outright cute.

"There are classic werewolves who are controlled by the call of the moon and hunger for human flesh. There are classic werewolves who are controlled by the call of the moon and only attack humans when their territories are encroached upon. There are weres that are more modern and only change when the emotions run high, and there are modern werewolves who join clubs and solve crimes. There are sci-fi werewolves, werewolves of the mental kind, werewolves who live in outer space, werewolves who only hunt animals, werewolves who don't want to be werewolves -- though I find those personally irritating -- and werewolves who love who they are.

"There are romantic werewolves who sweep their soul mates off of their feet, tragic werewolves who were turned against their will, werewolves who sought out lycanthropy and spend eternity seeking out their true mates, space werewolves -- did I mention those before? There are futuristic werewolves who use laser guns and speak fluent Martian.

"There are books on people who believe they are werewolves, werewolves who live in the past, werewolves who are ghosts, renaissance werewolves, Spanish werewolves, Asian werewolves -- though I prefer dragons and nekos cat spirits, myself. There are male werewolves, straight werewolves, gay werewolves, pansexual werewolves, werewolves in drag, werewolves as cross-dressers, werewolves getting sex changes, werewolves who --"

"I don't have time for this!" The man ran his fingers through his hair, then slammed both hands on the counter. "What do you have about werewolf attacks?"

Hatori straightened so suddenly that the man took a step backwards, his hands going automatically to his waist as if he were used to having some weapon holstered

there. Hatori's eyes narrowed in an intent stare, his tongue easing out again to lick his lips.

This was different, Hatori thought, tasting the air around the man. There was more anxiety now, and a touch of fear, and a smattering of something... preternatural.

"Why do you want to know about were attacks?" Hatori asked, waiting to gauge the man's reaction.

"This was a mistake," Evan finally sighed, breaking the awkward silence, his fear and frustration spiking. His eyes nearly glowed as he stared at Hatori, defeat in their silvery gray depths. "This was a mistake," he repeated. "I should just..." Before he could finish the sentence, Hatori was over the counter and moving toward the front door. "...go..."

The man took a step back as Hatori, without turning around, flipped the hanging *Open* sign on the door to *Closed* and clicked the lock into place.

"When?" Hatori nearly hissed the word as he took a step forward, his black eyes glittering dangerously. He had finally identified that taste. It was the musky tang of a werewolf. "When were you attacked?"

"I..." The man took a step back, looking across the room. His eyes skittered nervously from side to side, seeking an open exit. "I don't know what you're talking about." He stuttered, and sweat began to bead on his upper lip.

"You were attacked sometime in the last month. The wolf was feral and female and... something I can't identify. You were not alone. Someone else was attacked with you, and now you are feeling some of the effects of the bite, sensing some change."

Evan staggered as if he had received a debilitating blow and backed up yet again. All the while, his eyes stared into Hatori's solid black gaze in something akin to shock.

How had he known?

"I think," the Asian man continued, taking a step closer, eyes glittering like black pearls, "I think Delia will be very interested in you."

Chapter Two

She lay before him, perfection in cocoa colored skin.

Her breasts swayed as she positioned herself in front of him, teasing him. She cupped the weight of one large breast in her right hand.

"You want to suck them," she purred, pinching one dark nipple between a rough forefinger and thumb, hissing as the pain shot through her, smiling when it faded into a sensual burn.

He knew how it felt -- oh, how he knew -- because he had felt the same at her hands, over and over again, and still willingly threw himself into her not so tender care.

"I know you want to slide that hard dick of yours between these beauties and fuck away."

She was laughing at him, teasing him, knowing the twisted thoughts that flowed through his mind whenever he saw her spread out before him.

Well... no, not twisted thoughts... just taboo to some.

Being with his two alphas had erased a lot of taboo actions from his vocabulary.

Her current movements tore him away from his musings as he was forced to sit and hungrily watch her slowly spread those rounded thighs of hers. Her skin was positively shining from sweat, saliva, and her body's natural lubricants. She released her breasts to allow her hands to travel lower.

Leaning back on one hand, she spread her legs further apart, showing him the haven he so often sought to lose himself in. Her pussy was a monument to femininity and deserved to be worshiped.

"Yes, you want to worship me," she purred, her pink tongue lashing out to lick at a corner of her upper lip.

He hadn't realized he had spoken out loud, and whimpered as his master grabbed a fistful of his hair, jerking his head back and forcing his eyes away from his female to meet those of the

man who controlled him.

"No speaking," the alpha male hissed, and then grinned as he lowered his head to lap at his submissive's strained neck before releasing him. Evan's alpha male stood above him naked and hard, his masculine scent teasing him, mixing with the feminine musk of his alpha female as she ran two fingers of her right hand down through the soft hair that shielded her groin, then around her swollen clit.

Evan's whole body shook, and he strained forward, wanting to sink his tongue between the thick swollen lips of his mistress' labia. He wanted to let his tongue dance around her clit, licking up her juices and forcing her body to create more as she accepted the pleasure he so wanted to give.

But he held his place between his two alphas, tense and waiting, hard and drooling... and loving every second of his sexual domination.

"I feel so hot," his alpha female purred, her fingers circling faster, becoming coated in her own excitement. She let her head drop back, hissing as her fingers dipped lower.

He watched those fingers part her swollen lips and expose the light pink, succulent flesh he wanted to bury himself in. He began to growl low in his throat, much to the amusement of his alphas, his nose twitching at the stronger smell of her aroused flesh.

He wanted -- oh, God, he wanted her.

"Have you been a good puppy?" Her voice pulled him back to the present.

His hips thrust back and forward, fucking the air as if he were deep inside her pussy instead of on his hands and knees, his ass arched high in the air, his chin nearly touching the furs they lay upon.

A sharp sound exploded in the room milliseconds before the blow land on Evan's upturned ass. He winced, all his muscles tightening.

"You were asked a question, little one. Answer it."

His alpha male's voice left no place for hesitation, and he quickly forced his mouth to form the words his alpha female wanted to hear.

"Y-yes, Delia. I've been a good puppy."

He said the right thing because his alpha male knelt behind him, licking at the welt he

knew the other man's hand had raised on his ass.

He closed his eyes and moaned his pleasure. His alpha male not only soothed the small pain -- his hands went to the sensitive strip of skin behind Evan's balls and began a gentle massage.

"Gha," Evan gasped as his alpha dipped lower to lave that area with his tongue.

"Such pretty sounds you make," his alpha female chuckled, sitting up and letting her free hand pet his hair. "Such pretty little hungry sounds."

Then she was pulling him, and Evan struggled to move toward the hot, wet, dripping pussy that beckoned him while keeping his body still so his alpha male could pleasure him.

He whimpered, turning his head to the side to lap at the thick thighs that surrounded him. He stretched his body, drawing closer to his favored meal that had been denied him.

His tongue licked out as he rolled his eyes up toward his alpha female, begging as his tongue touched nothing but the air heated by her body and scented by her arousal.

"Poor puppy," she crooned, easing toward him just enough to let him lap at her swollen flesh. "So hungry."

Then she arched upwards as the hand buried in his hair jerked him forward. He groaned in happiness, his face suddenly buried in a wet, hot haven. He damn near purred as his tongue dragged along her swollen labia, taking in her cream like a starving cat.

He whimpered, the sound muffled in her pussy as he closed his eyes and lost himself in the hot taste of her. His tongue identified the slick, soft skin that surrounded her hooded clit, and he worked feverishly to unhood it and caress that tender nub.

His alpha female gasped as his tongue turned her clit into a raw nerve. Her thighs trembled, and she pulled his face tighter into her pussy.

"Oh, eat it, puppy," she gasped, her breath coming in pants. "Suck me all down."

Evan needed no other invitation. He moved lower to lap and suck at the cream that poured from her body, his nose now nudging her burning clit.

He didn't give a damn about the obscene slurping noises he made as he feasted. His alpha male teased his balls, rolling them with his tongue, and his alpha female let him feast on her essence. This was perfection.

"Gods, puppy!" His female gasped, thighs quivering as she flopped back on the furs, one hand sliding between his hungry mouth and her needy flesh.

With two fingers she parted herself again, spreading her labia wide to allow his lapping tongue to caress all of her.

"Lick me hard, puppy!" she bellowed. "Lick me hard and fuck me with your tongue!"

* * *

"Who the hell is Delia?"

Evan's voice grew rough as his panic increased. He could feel hot, wet trails of sweat beginning to form under his arms and along the center of his back. He felt like he was being pressed against a wall, backed into a corner. The emotional storm building in his mind was beginning to affect his reasoning. The Asian man was small. His intellect told him he could take him and easily escape.

But another part of his mind saw this man, saw the attitude, and delighted in it. This small part wanted to be dominated, wanted to turn around and bend over, offering this man something he had never even considered offering another. That small part saw and identified the dominance in the small Asian male, and loved it.

"Delia is the alpha female in these parts," the Asian man replied, speaking in low tones as one who wished to soothe a wild animal. The man tilted his head to the side again, his tongue lapping quickly at his bottom lip. He tilted his head and stared consideringly at Evan.

"And that means..." Evan's voice had dropped to a low growl that reverberated through his chest.

"It means she will be very interested in you, yes," Hatori almost hissed the last word.

Evan was an emotionally confused wreck of a man, and Hatori knew it.

"Let me go." Evan began to pant, his chest rapidly rising and falling as he searched for a way out. He had never liked the feeling of being confined, and this whole situation was making him feel trapped.

"Oh...dear..." Hatori muttered softly. The troubled man began to sprout copious

amount of silver fur.

It was fascinating to see the pale, thin-skinned human suddenly grow his own throw rug, but something had to be done. The man was absolutely covered in fur, and the strange thing was that Hatori would have sworn on a stack of Sacred Scrolls that he wasn't even aware of it.

Even as Hatori contemplated his next move, he watched the hair grow thicker around the man's ears, seeming to flow like water under the material of his shirt and then to any exposed body parts.

Hatori's eyebrows angled up as the man ran clawed fingers over his arms as if the new pelt of fur itched, raising welts under the fur that even a mortal could see, and he doubted the man even noticed he was so agitated.

He looked up and suddenly Hatori was lost in the steel gray of his eyes. The metallic color was anything but cold and hard. Instead, his eyes were molten, the simmering heat beneath a thin veneer of humanity, firestorm tossed eyes where flecks of gray ash floated freely, burning away all that was mortal in his gaze. Those eyes were enough to burn the retinas of any who dared to stare into their heated depths for too long.

But instead of retreating in fear, Hatori let a wide grin spread across his face.

Lizards were cold-blooded animals -- even their greater cousins, dragons, felt the sting of cold. But this... He welcomed -- no, he invited -- that heat.

"Oh, I think Delia will love you," he purred, licking his lips in anticipation and pulling in the subtle flavors of the frustration, fear and growing lust. "Oh, yes, Delia will be in love."

Evan opened his mouth to respond, but what emerged from his throat was a long piercing howl as he threw his head up and told the world of his frustration. He was an animal at the end of his tether, and if he didn't let go, he would surely shatter into a thousand pieces!

"Yes." Hatori's hiss was lost in the loud wail that poured out of the furred throat of the male. "Yes, Delia will love you."

Chapter Three

Evan tore his mouth away from his alpha female as he felt his alpha male's hands reach around to grip his dripping cock.

By now he was so hard that his dick didn't even feel like a part of him. It felt like a slab of rock hanging between his legs. But he dared not give into the pleasure of his alpha's caresses and release his load. The punishment would be too great, and he didn't think he could handle that type of sadistic torture.

"Keep going!" his alpha female bellowed, thrusting against his face, riding his tongue as he sank it as far as he could into her depths. "I'm, ah, almost there!"

So Evan tried to ignore the hot slide of his male's hand as it tightened around his cock and concentrated on pressing his female's clit with his nose while burying more of his tongue deep inside her. His rapid licks and moaning whimpers sent shock waves through her system, he knew. It was how she had taught him to pleasure her, and oral pleasure was something he never failed at.

He was moaning out loud when another sensation tore a shout from him.

Something soft and wet trailed up the track of skin behind his balls, something rough and slick and forked.

"Alpha," he moaned, sucking in a deep breath as he pulled slightly away from his alpha female.

"Fuck her with your tongue, little one," his alpha male demanded, and Evan dropped his head again, welcoming the pain in his head as the woman's grip tightened in his hair, grinding his mouth against her wet heat.

Then he sucked the juices right out of her, his tongue flicking like mad, grunting and shaking his face in her cunt like a puppy with a new toy.

He nearly screamed as the wet caress was repeated on his ass, but he continued with the

job at hand, focusing on bringing his alpha female off.

"Yes!" his female hissed as he gave one hard suck and a nibble to her clit. "Coming!"

And he felt the walls of her pussy tremble as more of her delicious cream flowed from her body. Eagerly he lapped it all in, not missing a drop. His female's head dropped back onto the furs.

"Good puppy," she purred, her gripping hold on his hair turning into a caress. But Evan couldn't consider what was going on with her or even craft a reply. That tongue was back, flicking and teasing along the rounded cheeks of his ass. He rested his face against his alpha female's warm thigh and began to moan.

His alpha male was teasing him, flicking around the eager hole that had been trained so well to please him. Cool shivers raced up and down Evan's spine, making him arch and gasp and struggle not to touch his still leaking cock.

His alpha male knew this, and he chuckled as he finally gave the wrinkled pucker a little lick.

"Clean on the inside as well as the out. Perfect, little one," he mused. "You learn so well. I will have to reward you."

Then that wet, slick tongue was dancing over his hole, and Evan found himself screaming, begging for completion.

"Please, Hatori!" he whimpered. "I -- I can't!"

"You take what we give, little one," Hatori admonished. "And you'll like it."

** * **

"Who the fuck is making that noise in my place?"

It was a female's voice... the voice that roared. It roared so loudly, in fact, that Evan broke off mid howl.

"That --" Hatori chuckled as he took a step back. "-- would be Delia."

Almost as soon as he finished speaking, the woman in question barreled into the room. Delia had a wild mane of caramel colored kinky curls that framed her round face like a halo. It was a full Afro and was the first thing Evan noticed.

The second was her overall size. Delia was slightly taller than the average

woman, and full figured. Large breasts pressed clearly against the royal purple African print dress as she made her way into the room. Her hands slammed on rounded hips, her milk chocolate eyes zeroing in on the two men.

"I repeat," she growled, "what the fuck is making that racket up in my shop and causing all kinds of confusion when I am taking my afternoon nap. I swear..."

She broke off her tirade as quickly as it had started, her full lips tightening as her head jerked up and she sniffed at the air. "And who let that bitch into my lair?"

The voice now dropped into a dangerous growl. Her eyes narrowed in anger. Suddenly, Delia was on the move, her eyes and feet tracking a path deeper into the store. "And the bitch is in heat, too? Don't she know I'll fuck her punk ass up? Who does she think she is, anyway, trying to get laid on my turf? Like I'd let this disrespect slip?"

By this time, Delia was standing beside the chuckling Hatori, who was drawing all of Delia's ire onto himself.

"And what's so funny, lizard boy? Don't make me get a fish scaler and skin your ass!"

"Bitch?" Hatori lost his control and his laughter howled through the store. He pointed to Evan, who was now trying to bond with the back wall on a molecular level or, failing that, remain as inconspicuous as possible.

"What?" Delia barked, hands once again on her ample hips. She peered into the shadows, then her eyes widened in surprise. "Well, shit!" she exclaimed. "This is very much unexpected." She grinned, exposing huge fangs. "Somebody went and brought me lunch."

Taking a step close, she leaned her weight forward, staring directly into Evan's wide gray eyes. "And I'm so hungry, I could eat a wolf, crack the bones for the marrow, and gnaw on the fur."

Then both Hatori and Delia watched as the hapless were's eyes rolled up in the back of his head and he passed out cold.

Chapter Four

"He needs to take more."

Evan whimpered as his alpha female pushed his head off her thigh and rolled to her knees. She gripped his shoulders and urged him to rise up on his arms, which pushed his ass further back into his alpha male's face.

Once Evan was braced, shaking and moaning his need, his alpha female slowly turned, giving him a view of her plump, quivering cheeks as she slowly lay on her back. Before Evan could move, his female was underneath him, her large breasts rubbing along his face and chest as she moved toward his throbbing prick.

"Delia!" he whimpered, his tongue lashing out to taste one dusky nipple as it passed.

"Soon, pet." She chuckled, making him jerk as her hot breath caressed his wet cock. He gasped as her tongue lapped out, circling the head, taking in his dripping seed. She murmured her approval. "You still taste like fresh cream, puppy, just a little salty and a little sweet."

Evan was devoid of speech as his alpha male took this moment to wiggle that slick tongue deep inside his ass. A strangled grunt escaped his throat, and his body froze, caught on the cusp of erupting.

"No," Delia growled, feeling her sub's cock swell to unbelievable proportions in preparation to spilling its hot load. Her hand wrapped around its base, her thumb pressing against the large vein on the underside of his quivering dick. "No coming until we say you can." Then, still holding his cock steady, her thumb exerting a pressure that denied him release, she licked at his glans, then swallowed him whole.

"Fuck me!" Evan's words exploded from his tight throat as his body suddenly went into spasms. His ass quivered where his male was teasing him, eating him alive, preparing him for what was to come. His arms trembled and his knees felt like jelly as his female tried to suck his seed from his cock. He looked up to see her thighs spread, an open invitation to feast at her pussy

once again.

Evan could not resist. He buried his face in her cunt and began to eat her out with the same vigor his alphas used to devour him. His female groaned and arched upwards, the soft flesh of her thighs quivering as she forced her hips to rise and make access to her pleasure points all that much easier.

His male pulled his tongue away with one final lick and spread his cheeks open as far as they would go, observing, he knew, his winking pink hole.

"I think you are ready for the lube," the alpha male hissed, dropping one last kiss on his rosebud before Evan saw his fingers reaching for the pot of oil that always resided beside their bed furs.

Evan watched him slick up two fingers, then after a considering look at Evan's ass and his swollen cock, slick up two more.

"My little one is going to get it so damn good." The alpha grinned, licking his lips.

Evan could almost feel those hot velvet walls parting to welcome their master deep inside.

* * *

Evan's eyes snapped open and instantly he was awake, taking in his situation and marking his escape route. Not seeing one, he tried to search one out.

"Oh, it's alive!"

The feminine voice made him lurch up and look around to find the speaker. Delia, he recalled. As he twisted around, he realized he was lying on a plush pile of furs that gave off an intriguing musky feminine scent. He looked down, amazed the fur that had been periodically sprouting on his arms off and on for days seemed to be completely gone, not even itching the inside of his skin where it seemed to hide, waiting for a chance to pop out and embarrass him.

In relishing the release of his skin from inner itch torture, he realized something else. He was bare-assed naked! Evan felt an uncommon blush spread across his face and burn down to his chest.

"Oh, isn't he cute?" Delia's voice was more grave as she taunted him. "Who knew that the blush would go straight down to his cock?"

Slowly, he turned around.

He blinked again as he came to the startling conclusion that the nice warm fur he was leaning against was still attached! And even worse, the living throw rug was the one speaking.

"You can't be real," he gasped, blinking as the huge mountain of a lion chuckled. Could great cats do that? Most of them never even purred.

Then he saw something that almost made his consciousness once again flee. The lion he was laying against flexed huge, bird-like, furry feet and one enormous wing rose from its back.

"That's a wing," he breathed, making an extreme effort to keep back the black veil that threatened to cover his vision once again. "Lions don't have wings," he muttered stupidly.

As he spoke a second, spring-loaded wing as large and feathery as the first popped out to join its mate. "That's impossi..."

He stopped as the lion flexed both wings and snapped them open, the combined wingspan looking to reach at least eight feet.

"Anything else to say?" And that was sarcasm coming from the mouth of a winged lion.

Numbly, Evan shook his head no.

"Good," the lion continued. "Now where was I?" it mused. "Oh, yeah. Now I remember."

One huge paw pressed against his bare chest, the eagle-like talons retracted, and Evan found himself flat on his back again, pressed against that warm fur but with a few changes. This time, a huge, rough tongue began trying to lick the skin off of his face as the lion-thing settled in to give him a probably well-needed tongue bath.

The whimper that emerged from his throat was a new, never before heard sound, a sound that surprised him with the helplessness it implied.

"Now, Delia," a male voice from across the room from them said softly. "If you scare him to death, we can't have any fun with him."

Hatori emerged from the shadows, and Evan had never been so happy to see a familiar stranger.

"Help?" he managed, twisting his head as far away from the licking lion who currently had him pinned helplessly under her paws, to face this new person.

"Oh, I'll help you," Hatori chuckled, stepping closer so Evan could get a good look at him.

Then, just as quickly, Evan sought the comforts and safety of the big, scary lion with wings. It had to be far safer hanging with the lion who was licking him than the scaly, snake-eyed dude who was smirking at him.

"Never mind," Evan managed to squeal. "I think I'll just... um... see my way out now."

"Nice try, fur bag," the lion purred. Geez, now that thing purred as well as grew wings and licked people?

Evan found himself, against his will, turning from the big, scary, scaly man to the stare at the huge, winged feline.

"You can talk..." he finally said out loud through his shock, the actions of the people... things in the room forcing his mind to accept what he wanted so damned badly not to believe.

"No shit, Sherlock." The lion grunted as the thankfully clothed lizard man took a seat beside Evan.

"Wh-what are you people?" There was more than a quiver of fear in Evan's voice as he stared wide eyed at the two creatures who in turned regarded him in curiosity.

"Are... are you -- people?"

"Isn't he cute, Hatori?" The lion clucked and bent down to lap at Evan's face again. "Dinner and a show all in one neat little package."

Hearing that, Evan tried to leap to his feet, but a huge, taloned paw once again slammed him back down on his back.

"Relax, fur-boy," Delia snickered, quirking one amber eyebrow, her huge tongue slowly licking her muzzle as if enjoying the taste of fear-coated Evan tartar on her skin.

"I'm just playing with you."

Evan relaxed marginally, but her next words had him tensing up all over again. "You know cats like to play with their food."

Her chortles of amusement pulled Evan out of his growing horror, and he turned to stare at the great beast who smiled -- kind of -- in a feline way which exposed some very sharp and unfriendly looking teeth.

That was the last straw, the straw that broke the proverbial camel's back as far as Evan was concerned.

"Fuck this!" he bellowed, his survival instincts taking over. He wrenched himself from under the lion's claws and lurched across the room, ignoring the shallow grooves the cat-like paw carved out in his chest. "This is not happening! There are no such things as walking scaled man-lizards or giant winged lions!"

"Griffins!" Delia thoughtfully supplied, drawing attention to herself at this very crucial moment.

Reality and sick fantasy combined in Evan's mind. Delia's words were almost lost in his shock, but they managed to shut him up and ease his rant before it began.

"So," she continued, now that the wide, glazed, gray eyes were focused solidly in on her. "So there are no weredragons or weregriffins, but there are *werewolves*?"

As she spoke, the rich, russet fur that covered her form began to retreat, revealing smooth dark skin. The long lion muzzle with all its fanged glory sank inward while the lioness' partial mane grew out and up, turning into a nice, full, caramel Afro. Slowly, as if on high-speed film, the lion body seemed to melt into the female form, revealing the naked, full-sized woman who had stormed into the shop and almost given him a heart attack.

Rich in tone, her dark skin was the color of mother earth, warm and inviting and very much appealing to his wolf's instincts. His eyes traveled over her form from her tiny toes to the top of her curly haired head, and all the soft-looking flesh in between.

And of course, there was the matter of the russet colored wings that remained and waved, almost tauntingly, at him. Damned if he didn't know what was holding his

attention more -- the taunting wings or the fact Delia was as buck naked as the day she slid out of her mother's womb. Did weregriffins have mothers who possessed wombs or were they hatched?

These musings aside, his mind was once again drawn to the now winged female.

Delia was not a small woman by any stretch of the imagination, but she was damned confident and attractive. She was all curves and valleys, her large breasts with their dusky nipples just right for sucking and kneading. Her stomach was rounded yet firm, perfect for cuddling against or lying on as he spread those soft cradling thighs and let his fingers explore the dark curls that protected what had to be the mother of all pussies.

Was it wrong to refer to a werelion, uh, griffin, as having a pussy?

"Boy? Excuse me, boy." Her voice cracked through the naughty visions in his head that had him buried face first in her kitty-cat, her wings flapping like mad as those thighs surrounded his head, almost smothering him with her... "Boy? If you're done imagining that I'm your playground, would you answer something for me?"

How had she known? Then he noticed the obvious answer in his hard dick that seemed to reach up and wave hi to the griffin.

He blushed and resisted the urge to cover his cock with his hands. But he had already lost too much face to wimp out like that. Evan steeled his spine. "Huh?" Evan groaned, watching the winged babe on the bed roll to her back from her appealing lounging position on her side, and had to fight the urge to bite the heel of his hand.

Was that ass phat or what?

He had always had a thing for big women; to him, they were the epitome of lush womanhood, and Delia was proving to be very distracting. Hell, Delia was almost too distracting!

Angling his head to clear the naughty thoughts, Evan forced himself back to the present.

"What's your game?" he asked, looking around, eyes narrowing as he realized the lizard man had risen from the perch of furs to position himself before the only

entrance, and consequently, the only exit from this room.

"Just a question." Delia smiled, an overly large pink tongue tracing her full, berry colored lips, giving just a glimpse of some serious non human canines that still remained. "When were you bitten?"

Evan blinked at the question, then glared at the winged female lounging on the bed of furs like she hadn't a care in the world.

He was sure she could read the suspicion within his gray gaze. "You believe me?"

"Look around you, boy!" Delia sighed, rolling her eyes and lifting one plump hand to tick off her points, giving him a view of her ample breasts nestling in the rich furs. "One, you came here looking for help, spreading your scent around like a bitch in heat. Don't be surprised when an alpha decides to take you up on your oh so kind offer."

"But I didn't..." Evan began, only to be cut off as Delia shot him a nasty glare and continued just like Evan hadn't even spoken.

"Two," she counted, lifting up another finger. "When Hatori tried to comfort you, you passed out on us like, well, like a little bitch. We put you in the only place we could think of to protect you and ourselves while your body decided to practice entropy."

"What?" he shrieked that time. His body was going through chaos?

"And thirdly," she added another finger. "I can see your wolf side is fighting the human side, and guess who's winning, fur-boy? This is dangerous because a newbie like you risks exposing us all and starting a huge were-hunt the likes of which this country has never seen, forcing us to hide like bitches. That, or you'll turn on us and try to force us to be your bitches. I'll eat your ass before I let that happen. So, the way I see it, boy, or should I say cub, you can become an entrée or you can *answer the fucking question! When were you bit?*"

Delia leaned forward and roared those last words, her eyes going amber, her pupils slitting as she made her dominance known.

Evan jumped at the omnipotent voice bellowing from the winged hottie's throat. For a moment, all he could think about was how loud she'd bellow while he was plowing into her.

He felt his penis flex, a drip of precome leaking from the tip, and the blood filled his previously hard cock, transforming it to something with the strength of titanium. He found himself licking his bottom lip as a slow predator's grin spread across his face, showing off the dimples that popped out.

Delia inhaled suddenly, a grin -- more of a smirk -- spreading across her mouth. "Oh, my." She licked her own lips. "It appears that a little fear of imminent death does wonders for your libido."

Chapter Five

Evan screamed into his alpha female's pussy as two fingers roughly slammed into his entrance. His hands slipped upward to cup her ass, kneading her soft flesh to distract him from the burn igniting in his ass.

His alpha male didn't waste any time, knowing his submissive gamma could take the slight burn, and that the wolf pup desired it.

"Hatori!" Evan gasped, pulling away for a second before the delicious feeling of fullness consumed him. His alpha female's work on his cock further eased his discomfort, soothing the burn into a dull ache that demanded to be filled. Licking her clit, Evan thrust downward into her mouth, taking advantage of the gift she was allowing him by even putting his cock in her mouth.

That caused the fingers in his ass to slide backwards, striking against his prostate and sending cool fire shooting through his veins. Evan soon found a rhythm, thrusting back into the fingers, down into the mouth, and he moved slowly, relishing the new level of ecstasy he was rising to.

"Take more." His alpha male whispered the command in his ear as he leaned over Evan's sweaty back.

One of his male's hands slid down to tug and pull at his nipples while the two fingers in his ass were withdrawn and three added.

Evan whimpered, smearing his face wet and shiny with Delia's juices, his body trembling in need.

"Soon," his male whispered, that wicked tongue tracing his ear and the back of his neck as he scissored his fingers, spreading Evan wide. "Soon Delia will allow you to fuck her pussy while I take this ass. Would you like to be sandwiched, little one?" His voice was like smooth silk. "Would you like to be both taking and taken?"

* * *

Evan once again sat on the edge of the bed of furs, trying to control the tremors that wracked his body.

On his right side sat a worried were-dragon, patting his hand and offering him tea, coffee, liquor -- anything to calm his battered nerves. Before him stood Delia, foot tapping, wings fluttering, as she fought to hold in her amusement.

Quiet Hatori had taken to the lost boy-cub like he was a stray pet, and the new were wasn't even noticing. He just took it all in, doing his best to calm himself.

A second later, Evan lost control and pounced.

His hands were drawn to Delia's breasts while his mouth began to nuzzle at her neck, his nose now extremely sensitive to her scent, the scent of an alpha female. He didn't even realize he had knocked her over on her back in an effort to gain a closer skin-on-skin contact. Hell, he didn't even realized he was making little grunting noises, the wolf in him acknowledging his delight at the scent and feel of this alpha female. That she was of another species never even registered as wolf and human came into an accord about this particular woman, something about her delighting each side of his apparently new psyche.

The man loved the rounded, dimpled flesh, the softness of her skin, the fullness of her lush figure. The wolf craved her dominating attitude, the determination to protect those she considered hers, and he was so willing to become one of her pack.

All of this merged to create one hot and horny, hungry were puppy.

He didn't even realize, as he nuzzled and licked Delia, that hair had begun to sprout across his back and his fingertips had reformed to include black claws. Then her laughter gave him pause.

Delia, full-bodied, winged goddess, was laughing! And worse, she was laughing at *him*!

"Puppies are so cute," she chuckled and just like that, the waves of desire that had swamped him receded, leaving him limp and confused.

Now the lizard man was there, patting him on the shoulders as he rolled off Delia's body, helping him up and shoring up the remaining bits of his ego. The were-

dragon even glared at the still laughing griffin as she rolled to a sitting position.

"Don't look at me like that, Hatori." Delia rolled her big brown eyes, still amused by the males around her. "It had to be done. I have questions and he damn well better have the correct answers. He can't give me that while he is humping on my stomach and trying to fuck my thighs."

"There's a thing called tact," Hatori grouched, looking at the devastated were, who was now nuzzling into his neck, seeking any comfort he could find.

"But that's not nearly as fun," Delia grinned, giving her nude form a little bounce. "Besides, his sex-lust is gone for now."

"Along with his ego." Hatori snorted and patted his pet were on the head again.

Evan tended to agree with the dragon but couldn't stop shaking long enough to make his opinion known. He had no idea why his body was reacting this way, and it was beginning to unnerve him.

"But now we get some answers, so it balances out quite nicely in the end." Delia gave Hatori a blinding smile, made all the more blinding because her black gums emphasized the whiteness of her fangs. She turned to Evan. "So, when were you bitten? Who was with you, because I can smell that there was more than one of you and it wasn't that long ago. Have you had your first full change yet?"

Evan's head jerked up and his eyes turned to Delia. The attack!

That brought his mind back to his original purpose for even being there.

"I... How did you know?" Evan resisted the urge to cringe when Delia's smile dimmed, and her eyes zeroed in on him.

"Because, darling boy." Delia rose to her feet, took a step forward and dropped to her knees before Evan. "Whether you want it or not, you are going to be changing into a were."

"It was what he expected." Evan sighed, hanging his head. "Chris was right."

The air left Evan's body in a huge sigh, and he slumped where he was sitting against Hatori, eyes drowning dark in defeat.

"You know," Delia stated as she patted Evan's hands. "You always knew. You

just wanted it confirmed."

"Yeah," Evan whispered. "I guess." Tears began to fill his eyes, but he blinked them back. This was not the time to fall apart. He needed information and he...

Damn it! He was scared!

"Would you like to speak of it?" Hatori exchanged a worried glance with Delia as Evan gave himself a full body shake and then looked up at the pair of alpha weres. Evan didn't know how he knew they were alpha. Perhaps the animal in him knew by instinct.

Evan had always followed instinct -- even these new animal instincts that seemed to be trying to take him over -- so he opened his mouth and began to talk. "It was about three weeks ago," Evan began. "There was this photographer..." Evan's voice trailed off as he allowed the memories to surface.

"It wasn't even dark," he recalled. "The sun was going down..."

* * *

The intellectual photographer, who annoyed the hell out of him, was just finishing up snapping photos of the flora and fauna, taking measurements for feasibility studies and probability reports. This was the seventh and last site to be examined during this two-week trek through the wilds of the Allegheny Mountains.

Though not fond of each other, the two had settled into something resembling a working partnership. Christopher was there to take photos and measurements, and Evan was there to ensure that the government was not screwed out of photographers' and surveyors' fees.

This particular evening, Chris was going on about finishing up the last roll of film, despite the malevolent feeling of being watched. It had been an awkward day, with both men unnerved yet struggling to hide it.

"Look." Chris chuckled, pointing behind Evan. "A cherry!"

Evan, already plagued with feelings that his companion was less than forthcoming about his sexuality, raised one eyebrow.

If only Christopher, metrosexual that he was, knew what Evan and a few of his

Special Forces buddies had gotten up to during their last reunion, cherry was the last thing he would be yelling at him.

Instead of commenting, he raised his eyebrow and waited.

In response, Christopher exploded into laughter, a cheerful sound that managed to dispel some of the tension that seemed to follow both men like a dark cloud.

"Cherry?" Evan finally snorted, rolling his eyes at Chris' antics and looking around for the source of the smaller man's amusement. It was probably nothing more than a cherry tree or two that had been displaced from an orchard somewhere nearby and took root here.

"The moon." Chris pointed to the east, and Evan turned to see what the man was talking about.

There, just above the timberline, hovered a brilliant, glowing, full moon. It hung in the horizon, sharing space with the pulsing oranges and fuchsia of the dying sun as it dipped low in the west.

But this full moon was different. It glowed with the heat and life that was usually denied the pale-faced, cold beauty of the moon. It burned with heat, its bright, blood-tinted hues throbbing with a passion that had ignited both lovers and poets for years with its odd and erotic beauty.

Evan turned and watched Christopher snap several pictures, silent as he captured the blushing visage of the moon forever in film, quietly awed at the beauty of this natural phenomenon.

Chris opened his mouth to comment, but before he could wax poetic about the rarity and uniqueness of a full Cherry Moon, the feeling of being watched, of being pursued and hunted, spiked.

Evan whipped around and dropped into a deep crouch, taking a battle ready stance as he waited for the thing that had been tracking them to reveal itself. Before he could warn Chris off, it was on him, and fuck, it was big!

Evan recalled Chris bellowing some profanity or the other as he threw his arms up to protect his face and neck. He rolled with the thing so that he'd land on his back

where he still had a chance of fighting it off.

Then there was a single moment when the world seemed to pause, to hold its breath while his brain felt near to exploding as it took in everything going on around him with crystal clarity.

He noticed the dry crackle of old leaves beneath his back, the sharp, rank scent of animal fur, the feel of the muscles bunching beneath the animal's thick soft pelt.

For one second, for one perfectly still moment, the world stopped and he stared into bright red, all too human eyes. He stared into the eyes of a killer and knew his own death was at hand.

In that bindingly quick flash, Evan discovered how truly insignificant he really was. His strength, his experience, his skills amounted to a rather small pile of shit when faced with the awe and mastery of the beast that would surely see to his end.

Then pain hit him, an all-encompassing burn that slammed into him with the strength and force of a Mack truck or a tidal wave crashing onto a sandy beach.

And like sand, he felt his body tossed from side to side as the strength of the creature slammed him face first into his own humanity.

Evan thought he might have screamed, but all effort and concentration were now put to fighting against the odds, to just plain surviving this creature so he could have another day to contemplate his new humility.

Paws now dug into his legs, paws pressed against his shoulder, holding him to the earth. Teeth barely avoided ripping at the soft skin of his neck due to the efforts of his swinging arms and his wild shoulder thrashing.

But as a result of his outright defiance, the creature grew more agitated, its claws shredding his arms down to the bone. It felt like shards of fire tearing into his arms, and his fingers slipped on the gushing blood and the bits of torn material and flesh as he fought to keep a grip on the creature's jaws, keeping that tooth filled maw away from his vulnerable points.

And all the while, those eyes, those too human eyes, bored into his, speaking of desperation, of hunger and anger... of insanity.

Then suddenly there was a break in the deadly dance as a voice bellowed and a body slammed into that of the beast.

Chris, he realized.

Skinny, studious Chris, without any skill or knowledge of survival or self-preservation, was attacking this thing, this bringer of death.

Pushing back the pain that swamped his body, Evan rolled over to his hands and knees to see Chris try to scramble backwards off the enraged beast. But he cursed as Chris struggled, only to lose any advantage he had by allowing the creature off its back, the vulnerable position it landed in when Chris knocked it from Evan.

"Shit!" Evan heard the usually modest man bellow as the creature rose to its four paws. In that position, the beast stood over five and a half feet tall. "Wolf!"

If that was a wolf, Evan had one moment to think, then not only was he the reincarnation of Liberace, he was also ready to bend over and take it up the ass. And as a concrete top during all his sexual explorations, that would be a pretty unbelievable and highly unlikely event.

The beast lunged at Chris, knocking him onto his back, exposing his vital points to attack. That was the jolt Evan needed to knock him out of his shock and into remembering his training and that he had a sidearm.

With trembling, clumsy hands, Evan struggled to release his Glock from its holster, Chris' screams pushing him to extreme urgency.

He freed the gun, his hand sipping on his own blood, and raised the weapon, cursing again as his usually steady hand trembled like a leaf in the wind.

Supporting his weak and shaky right hand with an equally weak and shaky left, Evan drew a cautious bead on the creature that was now tossing Chris around like a dog worrying a blanket.

Chris screamed and instinctively protected his face and throat. The beast growled, and endorphins and adrenaline rushed through Evan's system, helping to steady his hand as he sighted down the short barrel, praying his hands would be steady enough...

* * *

"Chris's screaming was growing weak and that monster threw back his head to howl. I knew it tasted victory, that its next strike could end Chris. So I fired."

Evan was pale and shaky, his body slipping into a remembered shock as the last of his tale poured forth from blue tinted lips. Hatori's touch provided a warm comfort to counter the cold that seemed to permeate his body as he finished.

"The hand of God guided that bullet. It hit the beast right in the temple." Evan shook, wrapping his arms around himself defensively. "I dragged Chris away and put five extra slugs into that thing... just to make sure it wasn't getting up again."

"Lucky bastards, both of you," was Delia's response as she sat beside her cub.

"Yeah," Evan snorted derisively. "Lucky."

"Well, you could be dead," Delia had to point out.

"Instead of a freak --" Evan broke off as he realized to whom he was speaking.

"I was born," Delia chuckled. "Well, hatched is more like it." A smile spread across her face, dispelling some of the tension in the room and easing Evan away from the shock his memories were sinking him into.

"I am ancient and honored," Hatori sniffed. "Within me are generations of healers, protectors, defenders, and warriors. I too was... hatched." Hatori smiled in dignity and grace, sure of who and what he was. Delia continued.

"Well." She smiled consideringly at the man pup. "Since you killed your mama, not that she didn't deserve it," she was quick to point out when Evan looked to argue. "It's up to me to explain some truths to you."

"Truths?" Evan turned from Hatori's stunning, well-bred, almost delicate features to stare at Delia, who grinned, showing off her still impressive choppers.

"Yes. For starters, prepare for perpetual heat."

"What?" Evan's cry came loud and high as Delia's words sank in. Was this why he had been feeling like a nympho on crack? "Heat?"

"Perpetual," Delia pointed out. "But don't worry too much about it. You'll only go into perpetual heat during your change and only if your body has not had its daily

dose of sexual fulfillment before the rising of the full moon.”

“What?”

“You’ll have to be fucked at least twice a day, every day, to ensure you have some control when you change. And when the change is upon you, several times a day during the course of the full moon.”

“What!” Again, Evan looked pale. His body leapt in agreement with the words Delia spoke.

“Have you had a good fucking today?” Delia leaned in close and peered at Evan, who cringed back in response. “Probably not,” she decided. “But don’t worry your pretty little head about it. You have already scent marked both Hatori and I as your alphas, so we will take good care of you, little gamma. So get it up or bend over. It doesn’t matter much to me which one of us goes first... or do you have a scale verses fur preference?”

Chapter Six

At his alpha's words, hot and erotic in his ears, Evan allowed his mind to shut down. He was nothing more than a receptor, a vessel to be used until he spilled over in his pleasure for the delight of his alphas. Incoherent sounds rolled from his mouth as his male added another finger, spreading him wide while his female worked her throat muscles around his cock. All human thought was washed away on a wave of lust, and his instincts took over. To fuck, to be fucked, that was all he existed for.

His alphas shifted position, his female pulling away, leaving his cock cold and bereft. He grunted his displeasure, growling and humping air as she moved, but his displeasure turned into wonderment as she repositioned herself before him. He felt the drag as his wet prick slid against the full globes of her ass. Then her legs spread wider, allowing the head of his cock to kiss the folds of her pussy.

He instinctively slammed his hips forward, trying to penetrate, but whined in despair as this was prevented by his alpha male.

"Sssoon," the male alpha whispered. His pleasure-giving fingers teased around Evan's prostate, stroking around the gland before pulling free. Now Evan was hungry and empty, a state he would give almost anything to correct.

"Sssoon," his male repeated, positioning himself so the ribbed head of his cock pressed against his submissive's hole. "Sssoon you will be full unto bursting, little one. Very sssoon."

* * *

Evan was in shock.

Of all the things he'd expected when he walked into this bookstore, he never expected to hear that he would wind up some... some preternatural nymphomaniac tart for a lion lady and a lizard man.

He looked over at scales on his left and fur on his right and wanted someone to

pinch him.

"Scales or fur?" Delia asked, eyebrows raised.

He looked over at Hatori, considering the were-dragon for the moment. The man was hot, even if he kind of glowed right now.

In his partially transformed state, Hatori was not the small individual Evan had first encountered in the bookshop. Now the quiet alpha had filled out quite beautifully. His eyes shimmered like black diamonds, and his ebony hair flowed freely down his back. His skin, once smooth and golden, now glimmered with the light of a thousand jewel tones.

There was sapphire blue and emerald green, all under a pearlized cream. His human features had not changed, though his chest had grown to immense proportions inside the tunic he still wore. Serenity rolled off the man in waves, and Evan found himself hard pressed not to drop to his knees and perform some act of obedience, so regal was his form.

Yet Hatori made no demands upon him; instead he watched him with a calm clarity that froze Evan in his place. Those eyes, those black glittering orbs, held so much knowledge, so much honor... so much hunger.

Desire flared up in Hatori's eyes, making them sparkle all the more, giving him the look of a predator zeroing in on his meal. The ridges where his eyebrows had been lowered as he continued to stare at Evan -- his lips, his chest, his swollen erection.

Then, quick as a flash, a forked tongue -- a long, forked tongue -- lashed out, licking his upper lip. What would that tongue feel like wrapped around his prick, Evan wondered as he had the sudden desire to drop to his knees, raise his ass as high as he could and invite that dragon to discover a whole new cave of treasures.

Just as the thoughts almost became overwhelming and his body cheered his decision to go for scales, his mind once again invaded, knocking away the haze of lust and hunger that filled him.

What the fuck are you doing? his brain yelled.

But his body fought his brain for control, instinct warring with human

intelligence as he pulsed with hunger and neglect. Everything about Hatori's quiet strength drew him, even though his mind was in total disagreement with the submissive nature of his sudden fantasies.

Hatori was a calming element, a balm to the fire that raged within his body. Hatori was like water. He looked like he could adjust to any situation, find a place anywhere he chose to roam. But like nearly all still waters, an undercurrent of power ran there.

Just looking at him, Evan knew Hatori could cast off the trappings of civility and become pure animal. It was in the tensing of his muscles, the solid stare that allowed Evan to read his desires. It was in his stance, his commanding nature, even in the arrogant care he allowed himself to show to one so low and needy as this gamma who had made his way into this shared lair seeking protection. But overall, there was still that layer of civility, of tranquility, and Hatori wore it like a royal robe. He was so assured and benevolent, unlike... her.

Delia was a wildfire, a force of nature, an explosion waiting to happen.

Where Hatori projected calm and peace, Delia was an active volcano, a fire element wrapped up in a soft round package with her wild mane of hair so like the legends of her animal counterpart's. It seemed to crackle with a life all its own.

Delia's personality was dominating, overbearing, and self-assured. Her confidence spoke to his wolf of safety and protection. Whatever Delia promised, she would see through or surely die in the trying.

That fiery passion, he was damned sure, would translate over into her soft bed furs. She would be loud and abrasive and demanding. She would be the one to knock him on his ass and command his cock to rise for her pleasure. With this one, he was sure he would be the one flat on his back begging for completion. That thought appealed to the wolf on so many different levels it almost made his head spin.

Again, his humanity argued that it was wrong to be led around by his cock for the satisfaction of some woman, but the thought of this woman licking her lips after sucking the very cream out of his body... well, the picture was hard to ignore.

It would be so very hot inside her, so hot and tight, and her muscles would flutter as she took him for a ride he would never forget. Delia was feminine perfection, and even his traitorous mind could find no fault with that.

So how in the hell was he to choose?

He had to choose soon, because his blood was once again boiling, and a slow burn began at the base of his spine.

He inhaled the combined scents of both alphas -- the cool of Hatori and the fire of Delia, of hot lust and blatant seduction, and found himself overwhelmed by what his senses were feeding to his brain.

He couldn't decide!

How could he choose between them when each possessed a trait that sent his mind reeling and his body eager to be possessed, when each satisfied a hunger that was slowly turning him into a lust crazed animal?

They each had passed some intuitive test the wolf had devised, and now his wolf was dropping into a panic as no decision was made.

The wolf was confused. It was horny. It was hungry! It wanted out! The human, on the other hand, needed someone to tell him what to do because at this point he could barely form coherent thoughts.

Evan's fear and obvious pain and panic showed clearly on his face as his head whipped from side to side. He tried to assess these two alphas, who were not fighting over him.

Weren't they supposed to fight, the stronger take the prize? But they both were... they were so perfect together, almost like one person. One person couldn't fight with himself and exist, could he?

Was that what he was doing, two sides warring within him and causing this confusion, this agony of want and need that had yet to be slaked?

"I can't!" he managed, collapsing onto the floor, hunched over onto himself. "I can't!"

It was beyond him to make decisions. The dominants were not fighting, they

were leaving decisions up to him, and he was too submissive at this point to make any sense of it.

His body shook, his eyes burned, and his cock wept as unfulfilled desire drove him to the ground.

Whimpering howls, pained whines, and pathetic mewls all flowed from his throat. He began to rock back and forth, trying anything he could to relieve the pressure that kept building in his stomach, and then doubling over again as the tension became unbearable.

It was too much. It was going to kill him. He would never survive this.

He vaguely heard someone shout, "He's going to blow!" and then his world exploded into a red orange haze.

Chapter Seven

Evan was about to scream, his frustration level was so high.

All around him were the moans and groans of good sex. It smelled so earthy and raw. He could taste it on his lips. He could feel the hot, wet, lusty bodies of his alphas pressed to his front and back.

Yet they made no move to take him.

Desperation lent him a voice.

"Please, please, please," he begged, his body arched up, his head dropping to rest on his female's back. "Please?"

He nuzzled his face against her back, his long, wide tongue, a wolf's tongue, lapping at the soft skin on her sides and back.

There was so much of her to love... He shuddered at the thought.

And there behind him was the masculine strength of his alpha male, the powerful dragon who held him immobile with mere words and a grip on his waist.

He was in agony, and he knew his alphas loved it.

Tears ran down his cheeks as he pressed kisses to his female and wiggled his ass against his male's cock.

"Time, little one," his alpha finally murmured, nibbling at the back of his neck while one of his hands reached low to position Evan's cock at his alpha female's opening.

Before he could respond, he felt the tearing burn as the head of his alpha male's cock breached the ring of muscles that protected his anal entrance. His teeth clamped tightly and his breath hissed out of his mouth as he felt the first inch penetrate him. It felt like a baseball bat and it burned so good.

Before the burn could turn into pain, he felt his alpha female's pussy enveloping his straining prick, inch by inch, moving her pussy down at the same pace he was being filled by

Hatori.

"Aaoohhh!"

He threw back his head and howled, so great was the feeling of his body finally getting what it craved. His ass was stretched and filled, his cock squeezed in a wet velvet vise... all his pent up emotions exploded from his body in that one loud howl.

He could feel each scale and ridge of Hatori's cock shifting against his sensitive walls, setting nerves on fire and running against his prostate. His alpha male knew just how to stroke him. He could feel Delia's sweet heat enveloping his dick, the muscular walls tensing and tugging, almost sucking him deeper inside. The feel of the soft flesh of her ass pressing into his hips was a bonus -- more cushion for the pushin' -- and he wanted nothing more than to slam deeper.

But he knew he had to wait.

He hissed at the continued burn of the anal penetration, whimpered at the heat of the pussy surrounding his cock, and knew this would be one of those "Good Lord, baby, you sure done treat me right" fucks that rocked his world. He quivered on the edge of release waiting for both sizzling penetrations to be complete. Then he would be allowed to fully unleash the animal that dwelled inside him. Only then would he be allowed to take what he needed from his alphas.

His whole body quivered in anticipation.

* * *

Evan howled as the fragile bindings that held him fixed fast to his humanity, his human conditioning, exploded.

Suddenly the wolf was in control, and it was hungry.

Pain blended perfectly with the frustration and a powerful sense of freedom he'd never felt before. It was a heady cocktail of emotions for a man who had learned to keep himself in control at all times, but especially addicting for a new were.

Evan threw his head back and howled again. Fur exploded from underneath the skin of his hands and arms.

It burned, it stung, and it felt so damn irritating.

He shuddered as his pelt, soft and gray, grew over his form, cloaking him in the

scents of the forest, of decaying leaves and moist earth.

His muscles bubbled under his new fur coat, sending shockwaves of pain so deep through him that his forehead rolled against the carpeted floor and his nails, now grown into claws, cut ribbons in the colorful weave.

Both Delia and Hatori sat back and watched impassively as the wolf made its presence known.

"Maybe he's more beta than gamma," Hatori offered, listening to the muffled squeaks and grunts from the transforming human.

"Nah," Delia snorted, fluffing her wings a bit. "He's just too stubborn to know what's good for him. I can almost hear his poor human brain trying to reason him out of wanting a good threesome. He's probably freaked out because he wants you to fuck him while I take him on. Human limitations are so damn frustrating."

She rolled her eyes, clearly showing her opinion of humanity and its societal thinking before she again looked at the male writhing on the floor. Popcorn would make it more entertaining, but the smell of his endorphins, of his shifting blood and the submissive half warring with his dominate side made her pussy wet.

Hatori looked over at Delia, then down to the attractive mess on the floor, and carefully shifted, adjusting his growing cock in his pants, placing the swollen meat in a more comfortable position.

"I hope this doesn't take long," he mused. "Breaking in a virgin should be done correctly, and I don't want him to suffer needlessly."

* * *

Evan fought against the change and struggled to subsume the part of his personality that craved the animalistic rush that came from freeing his beast. By sheer strength of will, he managed to halt the change.

The wolf thrashed against the chains of his restraints, but Evan grasped onto his humanity with desperation.

A pair of nearly human silver gray eyes stared up at the two alphas beseechingly.

"Please," he struggled to say as his face began to elongate to accommodate the wolf's massive teeth. "Please help."

Delia looked over at Hatori, who nodded and rose to his feet.

"Here, cub," he purred. "I'll make it all better."

Chapter Eight

And then he was filled to overflowing.

Hatori hit his full depth, sending solid fire through Evan's soul as his alpha's balls slapped against his ass. Delia sank down to take his full length, the slightly coarse hairs of her pussy pressing against his balls, her juices leaking, coating them all in her slick essence.

Evan was full, he was satisfied, the burn that tried to take over his body fading. He was complete, at last, complete. His alphas knew what he needed, and they never failed to deliver.

"Whenever you are ready, little one," his alpha male growled, nipping at the side of his neck. "Take what you need."

"Don't hold back," his female added. "It's time to get your reward."

And any remaining control that Evan possessed broke.

* * *

Evan clawed at the surface of the bed, his eyes blindly following Hatori. He purred as the cool silk of the man's hair flowed over his heated skin. He opened his mouth, but he was so locked into the torturous passions his body produced that words failed him. Thought failed him.

All he knew was need and heat, and a soul-deep longing that begged succor.

His nose burned as scalding tears rolled down his already fever hot skin. His mouth was dry from his panting, and his body arched up toward the male who now held the dominant position over him.

"Soon, precious little cub," Hatori breathed, his eyes glowing like black fire as he straddled Evan's hips.

Evan moaned at that small contact, the silk of his pants caressing his skin, and he writhed on the furs Hatori carefully lifted him onto.

"Easy," the dominant dragon purred. He gripped the edge of his tunic and

slowly peeled the silk from his body.

Evan whimpered louder as each inch of multicolored skin was revealed, bit his lip until the blood ran as the hot scent of leather and dominance filled his nose.

"No, little one," Hatori murmured. He tossed his tunic aside and leaned over his prone pup. "You may bite me, if you must. But only Delia and I will mark that precious skin of yours."

Hatori was all dominating male, a superior alpha, as any façade of gentleness was washed away in the wave of need that filled the were-dragon. His eyes flashed and cream-colored talons emerged from his fingertips where human nails once lay.

Slowly, he ran the curved claw over Evan's chest, inciting mewls of both pain and approval as he lightly abraded the skin, pressing just hard enough to draw sporadic, tiny beads of blood to the surface.

"You are mine, pup," he breathed, leaning forward to run his forked tongue over the laceration.

"Gah!" The sound exploded from Evan. His body arched into the pained touch, begging for more. His head dropped to the side, exposing his vulnerable neck to his alpha, as his eyes locked onto those of the dragon.

Hatori's silky hair now caressed his fevered body. The alpha dragon purred and hissed his pleasure at the submissive action as he held his gamma's eyes with his own.

"Watch me, my little bitch," he breathed. His tongue followed the path of the claw as it traced over a muscular biceps and around a pointed nipple. "Who is the only male who will possess this body?"

Evan trembled in answer, his mind shrilling for him to deny the charge, but the greater force of instinct and animalistic nature forced the answer from his body.

"You!" he gasped, though to his mind it sounded like he had shouted the declaration from on high. "Only you... Alpha!"

"Very good."

His reward was Hatori's teeth clamoring over his right nipple, biting hard enough to part the skin, hard enough to create a permanent scar.

"Alpha!" Evan shrieked at the pain, but instinct refused his body the option of moving, of squirming, of pulling away.

Smiling, Hatori withdrew his teeth, his long forked tongue lazily lapping at the tendrils of blood that welled up from the wound, devouring the taste of his submissive, and imprinting the flavor of his pet deep within his mind.

"Yes, pup," he said, his tongue licking his lips to remove any traces of Evan's lifeblood that remained.

Already, the healing factor in his saliva was healing the ragged teeth marks, so Hatori, still holding Evan's gaze, allowed his tongue to dip lower.

"Yesss..." he hissed, his words becoming snake-like and drawn out. "Watch me claim what isss my right."

Lower, his forked tongue, that wicked muscle, traveled, tasting the sweat and fear that coated his pet.

Evan shuddered at the sensations that flooded his body. The fur that had erupted over his body retreated as he pleaded for help from his alphas, but it had left his skin ultra sensitive to touch. Hatori's light caresses seemed amplified. Evan struggled to breath under the onslaught of pleasure his alpha male unleashed upon his body with just that slight touch.

Unable to look away, Evan watched his master claim his body, that devilish tongue stealing away his sanity.

Lower Hatori licked, over the cobblestone abs. He grinned as he realized his gamma had a body that would be the envy of any he chose to expose it to. It spoke of discipline and a desire to strive to achieve the best. And touching it was a sensual delight.

His hair trailed along as his head dropped lower, adding a tickling sensation to Evan's saliva dampened skin that made his whole body tremble.

"Soon," he soothed as Evan's fingers tightened in the furs. "Sssoon, little one."

Then Evan's cock, dripping with precome, bumped Hatori in the chin.

"Good boy," Hatori praised. "Good and hard for your massster." His hands

gently encircled Evan's thick shaft, tightening along the base, his thumb gently caressing the large vein that ran beneath. "You will not come," he murmured, "until you are given permissssion."

Then, still holding Evan's gray eyes, Hatori rose over the hard cock and allowed his tongue to flick at the head.

"Please!" the words exploded from Evan's throat, sounding rough and painfully aroused. "Please, please, please..."

But Hatori smirked and tightened his grip on Evan's throbbing prick, holding his orgasm at bay.

"Control, pet," he breathed. His other hand reached lower to gently cup Evan's balls. "Ssso cool to the touch," he hissed, watching tears flow freely from Evan's eyes. "Ssso very delicate. Sssince you are mine, pup, I may think about getting you a ssspecial collar and leasssh, just for my pleasssure."

Evan arched up as Hatori gently tugged at his sac, rolling the balls, heavy with seed, in his hand.

"He isss almost ready," Hatori murmured, and Delia grunted in acknowledgement.

Evan jumped and shivered, suddenly remembering that a female, and his alpha female at that, was observing his taking. A bright blush suffused his cheeks and made him want to look down in shame. He stared at his alpha male instead, at those glowing eyes, and whimpered softly.

"None of that, pup," Hatori admonished softly. "This body belongs to her as well as to me."

One of his hands released his cock as the other lifted his scrotum to expose his puckered entrance, just barely exposed between the plump cheeks of his ass.

"Ssspread them." Hatori's words were a command. He moved off Evan enough for the gamma to comply.

Evan's legs sprang open, despite his embarrassment and misgivings about having another male top him. This was no ordinary male. This was his Alpha male, and

in all things, this particular male had to be obeyed. His eyes filled with panic though, as his instincts forced his body to obey.

"Ssshhh," Hatori soothed. "Thiss iss only for me, little one. No one elssse will ever experience the fruitsss of your body like thissss." Hatori's finger trailed over the damp, wrinkled rosebud. It pulsed under his touch, making Evan's head arch backwards. "No matter who you will leave here and fuck, no matter who lusssts after thiss, my perfect playground, you will never ssspread your legssss for anyone other than me."

In a strange way, this command actually reassured Evan, and his tension eased, something both alphas noted.

This command appealed to his baser male instincts, to the human voice of his past that refused to let any male top him. In his mind, this proved to Evan that he still had some control over his life; this command took away the fear of ever exposing his vulnerability, this level of control, to anyone else. This part of him was for his alpha male and his alpha male alone.

Delia held up something for Hatori, a small pot of something. The dragon eagerly dipped in his fingers, the same fingers that had been caressing Evan's opening.

"I can sssee that order pleassssessss you, little one," Hatori chuckled. "But isssssuessss of your sssexuality do not matter here. You are what I command you to be, little one, and that isss it. All else isssss hubrisss." "

Evan nodded slowly, his eyes sliding a little to watch what his alpha male's hand was doing.

His fingers now thoroughly coated in the natural oil Delia held, Hatori again allowed them to rim the wrinkled pucker of his mate's body. Evan jerked and hissed in pleasure. His cock pulsed, and another bead of precome trailed down his shaft.

"No coming until I ssay you can," Hatori reminded him gruffly, tugging at Evan's balls to emphasize his point as he allowed the tip of his finger to sink into his opening.

The long moan that rumbled from Evan's chest was as much as a surprise to him

as it was to Hatori, who began to softly chuckle.

"This asssss is mine," he hissed, twisting his finger a bit as he leaned forward to lap at the precome flowing from his slit. "Tight, virgin asssss."

Evan whimpered as electricity shot through his ass and tightened his balls. He trembled and wanted to close his eyes, but the command to keep them locked to his alphas was still there.

Instead he struggled between holding still and thrusting up into that burning penetration. Hatori's finger was a solid, hot thing that sent shock waves through his body. His legs trembled, and his thighs parted a bit more, eager for more of the erotic burn.

"Ssshhh," Hatori soothed again, pulling his finger back a bit, then thrusting it further into the silky heat that was his gamma. "Ssshhh, little one. We will achieve our goalsss."

Then more of that finger pressed inside, filling him, stretching him, tearing wrenching moans from Evan's throat. It burned, yes, it did, but it felt so tight and full and good. His head thrashed and his vision clouded as he watched his alpha smile in approval.

"Good, little one," Hatori breathed, leaning over and allowing his hair to trail over Evan's body, inciting more quivers. He licked up the man's chest to his abused nipple, lapping at the red and puffy, sore skin. "Take more."

The finger pulled back and thrust in again. Evan's body arched into the thrust, his thighs spreading wider. He lurched up into the teasing touch of that skillful tongue on his abused flesh and into the fucking motion of the finger that parted him.

Faster, Hatori moved his finger, smiling as his gamma's flesh gave way and he unfurled for him like the petals of a rose.

"Yessss," he hissed. "Give yourself over to me."

Evan felt himself losing his grip on his orgasm as his breath rasped from his chest. He licked his dry lips and fought to obey the command to stare at his alpha.

His senses were singing! He had never before known such feelings could come

from his ass. As a top, he'd watched and applauded his skill when he brought his lovers to screaming orgasm after screaming orgasm, but he always wondered if the ecstasy was as strong as it appeared. Now he was getting a taste, just a small dose of what his bottom lovers enjoyed, and he understood why they always came back for more.

Lost in these new, burgeoning sensations, he almost missed Hatori pulling out and adding a second lubricated finger to his slowly stretching hole. But as both fingers sank past the second knuckle, he noticed. His wail was loud, but short. Hatori cut off the noise, gagging his gamma with his tongue.

Evan sucked that tongue, nursing it as sensation flowed through his body. Pain, pleasure, burn, fullness... It all made his head reel and his body arch for more of that good pain.

Hatori filled his gamma's mouth with his tongue, mapping out the hard ridges of the roof of his mouth, fluttering around his teeth, and playfully tagging his cheeks before he allowed the gamma to suckle its forked tip.

"Mmm," Hatori purred in pleasure, feeling the flesh give beneath his fingers, feeling the arching motions his gamma instigated as he turned his fingers upward to search for that acorn-sized gland.

"Alpha!"

Hatori knew he'd struck gold when his gamma tore his mouth away to scream to the heavens, a flash of pleasure flooding his body. If he dallied too long with his gamma's prostate, the command not to move would be violated against his gamma's strong will, so he left off, allowing the clenching, rippling muscles of Evan's ass to ease as Hatori began another gentle fucking motion.

"Sssoon, pet," he breathed, lapping the sweat from Evan's face.

Evan, through his peripheral vision, saw his alpha's hand between his spread legs. He watched as Hatori's arm moved back and forward and wanted to scream.

It wasn't enough. He needed more.

Hatori's hair shook with his every move, tickling Evan's cock, that cool slide wrapping around it, bringing him to a never beheld level of ecstasy. He wanted to howl

for more, to scratch at his alpha's back, to demand more of this burning pleasure, but instinct held him at bay. Instead, his eyes became desperate and begging as he began his hungry pleading again. "Please, please, please..."

Without answering, Hatori rose up and pulled his fingers free from those silky soft muscles.

"You beg so divinely," he murmured, then three fingers forced their way into Evan's ass.

"Ah! God, burns!" Evan's words exploded from his mouth as tears again flowed down his cheeks. He so wanted to look away, to turn away from this ravishment, but he could not.

But before the burn turned excruciating, Hatori dropped his head and engulfed Evan's cock in the tight, wet heat of his mouth, his long tongue wrapping around the base as he bobbed his head.

"Hatori!" Evan bellowed, pleasure warring with the pain in his body. His anal muscles clenched and unclenched around the driving fingers opening him up for Hatori's possession.

Hatori wasted no time, spreading his fingers, widening the stretched hole, preparing his gamma's body. He knew his cock would be buried in that trembling, heated softness, and the thinking of it brought a moan to his lips.

Hatori's moaning response to his gamma's submission transferred directly to Evan's cock, vibrating it, bringing fresh wails of pleasure to his lips as more precome flowed down Hatori's throat.

"You taste sso deliciousss, little one," Hatori pulled off long enough to say, and then his tongue was tickling the slit in Evan's glans, teasing the opening as the rest of his tongue wrapped around the head.

Evan arched into the bed, thrusting against the fingers that speared his ass, leaving him shaking and full, but still hungry for more. His body demanded something, something that urged him to heave back hard on those fingers, something that tore his hands away from the furs and into his own hair, something that made him beg even

harder.

"Please!"

"Yes, pet, it is time!

Then Hatori pulled away, leaving the wrenching heat of Evan's ass, pulling away from his throbbing cock, and rising to his feet.

With a few tears, the silky pants that covered the hard ridge of Hatori's erection were torn away, exposing the dragon he kept between his legs.

Hatori's cock was scaled and brightly colored like his skin, the head sheathed in a colorful foreskin from which the deep purple of his glans peeked through. He was long and thick -- about twelve inches long, actually -- and his size sent fear shooting through Evan.

Hatori chuckled as he watched the fear in his gamma's eyes grow at the size of him, tasted it on the air as his tongue flicked out, scenting his submissive.

"Your fearsss are warranted, little one." He again took his place between Evan's legs. "But unfounded. I cannot hurt you, my sssssubmissive. It goesss agaissnt everything I ssstand for; it goes againssst my very nature ass an alpha."

Evan's fear diminished a little, but was still in the forefront of his eyes, making Hatori chuckle in glee. A submissive should have a certain level of fearful respect, but not abject terror.

Realizing he needed to ease his submissive a little more, Hatori reached out for Evan's hand and placed it on his stomach, right above the soft black hair that hid the base of his massive cock.

"Exxxplore me, little one," he urged. "There issss nothing but pleasssure here."

Curiosity was an instinct that, even as a human, Evan refused to ignore. He trembled as his palm pressed against the soft skin of Hatori's stomach, and his eyes widened in awe.

"You skin is so soft..." he whispered, more to himself, as he gently caressed Hatori's brightly colored scales.

Hatori's skin was like the softest of velvets, yet had an undeniable hardness to it

that made it seem like bullets would bounce off it. Each scale was softly delineated and raised slightly, giving his skin a slightly ribbed effect.

Almost against his will, Evan's hands dropped lower, through the thin forest of his pubic hair and around the base of his prick. He paused a moment, breathing deeply, then tore his eyes away from his alpha's and stared at the cock he was about to grip. Slowly, his fingers tickled through that soft hair and caressed the base.

Hatori hissed as Evan grew braver and gently fisted the base. Evan's eyes widened in surprise, shooting back to Hatori's shining black orbs as he felt what soon would be filling his body to capacity.

"You are so... hard."

Hatori was hard, and like the skin of his body, the delicate skin of his cock was surrounded by soft, gently raised scales. Here his skin felt like suede, or like a rich, natural silk. He was cool to the touch, not as hot as many of Evan's male lovers in the past, but throbbing with a life all his own.

Evan's fingers trickled up the lightly ribbed shaft to the foreskin that barely contained the swollen purple head before he fisted the whole thing.

"Yessss, pet," Hatori hissed as cool seed rolled from his body. "You were made to fit my cock. Feel me and know how I will ssslide into your sssweet ass and make you mine."

Evan whimpered at the words, his hand automatically stroking the object of his attention.

How would Hatori's prick feel deep in his ass? Those slightly raised scales caressing his prostate, igniting fire while thrusting in or pulling out...

Fear turned into desire, and Evan stared up at his master with glowing gray eyes. "Now?"

Hatori smiled and reached for the pot of oil, taking it from the silently watching Delia, and lifted his pup's hand from his dick.

Before Evan's whimper of protest was pulled from his throat, Hatori was pouring the lightly scented oil into Evan's palm, coating each of his fingers, caring not

about the oil that flowed from Evan's hands and onto his own throbbing cock.

"Prepare me," Hatori ordered softly, closing his eyes and hissing out loud as Evan moved to do just that.

Oiled, the silky skin felt harder, more dangerous, but Evan eagerly prepared his alpha, wanting more and more to experience this possession. His instincts had totally taken over, giving his body what he needed, driving out the last of his thought processes as pure need took over.

He ran his fingers over the shaft, oiling each bump, and then on to the foreskin, where he gently unhooded his alpha, coating the swollen purple head.

"Enough!" Hatori shouted, throwing his head back at the pleasure his submissive was delivering to him. He leaned over, his hair falling around Evan, shielding his expression as he struggled to maintain control to make this joining easy for his gamma.

Evan obediently pulled his hand away and waited, whimpering as his alpha male hovered over him.

"It isss time," Hatori finally whispered, tossing his hair back to show eyes that now glittered with a silver undertone, hungry eyes waiting to devour the sight of his gamma.

Evan's legs pressed together and Hatori rolled him to his left side.

Evan whimpered his distress, thinking his alpha was leaving him. Hatori was quick to reassure him.

"It isss easssier for you this way," he breathed. "Let me ssshow you."

Hatori slid behind Evan, letting his hard cock trail over the full, round cheeks of his ass. He positioned himself behind his submissive, spooning him protectively. Evan sighed at the position, feeling safe and enclosed in his alpha's arms, surrounded by his alpha's scent.

He closed his eyes for a moment to savor the feeling, then opened them to see something that convinced him he had died and gone to heaven.

Delia sat before him, reclining on her furs, enjoying the show her Alpha partner

and their shared submissive were putting on. She spread her legs and toyed with her clit with one plump finger. Her wings were spread out around her, framing the vision of her fingers masturbating her pussy with loving care as she purred her pleasure.

Evan's attention returned abruptly to the matter at hand when Hatori shifted his top leg, his right leg, forward, and exposed his stretched hole.

Evan whimpered as fear again filled him. This was it, he knew, his taking... but the driving hunger that ruled his existence surged forward, eradicating his anxiety. He arched backwards, gasping as Hatori's cock rubbed against his opening, spreading more of the body-warmed oil around.

"Delia, watch his eyes," Hatori called to his alpha partner as his hands ran across Evan's chest, pinching the nipple he had marked and tugging at it gently. "Tell me ifff it isss too much fffor him."

"Please!" Evan hissed again, losing himself in the painful sensation funneling through his chest as Hatori placed his cock at the wrinkled lips of his opening.

"Sssh," Hatori hissed. "Now, Pet. Now you will be forevvver mine."

Evan opened his mouth to scream as Hatori pushed the thick head of his cock past the barrier of muscles protecting his ass. But before the sound could escape, two of Delia's fingers, slick with the moisture of her lust, filled his mouth.

Moaning, Evan wrapped his tongue around those flavorful digits and sucked contentedly as he felt his ass spread and filled by his alpha male.

"Easssy, Pet," Hatori murmured, closing his eyes against the sensation of his cock parting the soft, virgin territory of Evan's body. Tight was not a strong enough word to describe the gripping muscles that snapped closed around the head of his cock.

Evan whimpered in distress, and Hatori murmured softy into his ear, gentling him by caressing his chest and his stomach.

"Pusssh out, little one. Pusssh out like you would repel my invasssion."

Evan grunted as he forced his muscles to push down and suddenly Hatori slid in deeper. The effort to repel Hatori's cock opened his muscles and several inches of ribbed cock slipped deep within his ass. Evan wailed at the combination of pain and

pleasure and the feeling of being penetrated and overstuffed too quickly.

But before he could even cry out, a tight, wet heat encircled the head of his dick. He looked down to see Delia lying on her side, his softening cock in her hand. "Shh, puppy," she soothed. "Relax and let it happen."

Then those generous, rose-colored lips surrounded the head of his cock, and the blood rushed back to fill the stiffening flesh, making him hard and throbbing once more.

"Mmm," Delia purred. "Virgin seed straight from the tap."

Evan started at her comment, shuddering as his loss of tension allowed even more of Hatori to push inside Evan's tight sheath.

"Oh, I know you fucked females before, Puppy, but until you have been fully taken by your alphas, those others were just foreplay."

Then Hatori, adjusting his position, pulled back a little and thrust in again.

Stars! Suddenly Evan's vision was filled with stars and bold white explosions. Hatori's adjustment allowed the ribbed shaft and swollen head of his cock to run directly over Evan's prostate, sending shock waves of pleasure surging through his body.

Evan threw his head back and whimpered around Delia's fingers, tears again trickling from his tightly shut eyes as his body finally relaxed and accepted all of Hatori.

"There, baby," Delia pulled off long enough to whisper. "That wasn't so bad, now was it?"

Before Evan could answer, Hatori pulled back and thrust again, gently but deeply, making sure every inch of his ribbed flesh ran against Evan's pleasure button.

"You are mine!" Hatori hissed on his next thrust. "No one will ever have you like thissss!"

Thrust. "If anyone dares to touch my gamma, I will kill them!"

Thrust, thrust, thrust!

But this time, Evan was forcing himself back, filled with cock, having his own

cock sucked, overwhelmed with sensation.

Absently, some part of his mind warned him he would be very sore, and that his taking was not over, but he refused to care. All he felt was the rough, raw pleasure of being forcibly taken, of being mastered, of being subdued and fucked into submission.

He reveled in it.

"Hot, tight, mine!" Hatori hissed, his forked tongue tickling Evan's ear as he moved faster and faster, reveling in taking what was his by right and by strength, his mastery over his submissive sending fire throughout his body.

Faster and faster he slammed, his hands tightening on Evan's hips as he thrust as deeply as he could, his balls slapping against Evan's rounded ass with meaty thunks.

"Mine!"

And Evan whole-heartedly agreed as he allowed his body to go limp under his alphas. Allowed his muscles to relax and he pushed his head into the furs, exposing his neck.

"Yes!" he shouted, pulling away from Delia's fingers. Hatori raised his head and struck, his teeth sinking deeply into the tendons of his neck.

Evan's vision exploded as his alpha's teeth sank into his flesh, and somehow he knew this mark too, would be permanent.

Hatori's cock was a large, cool piece that caressed his walls the right way, that tore gasps and cries of lust from his mouth. It was too much! He was overloading.

"I'm gonna come!" he suddenly shouted.

"No, you will not!" Hatori shouted back, ripping his teeth from his gamma's neck, slamming his hips forward, feeling himself reaching the end, reaching completion.

Then, in a show of strength, Hatori rolled onto his back, dragging a struggling Evan with him.

Once there, Evan lay back to chest with Hatori. His cock, ripped from Delia's mouth, was still standing wet and proud as Hatori held his hips still. Uncontrollably, Hatori humped upwards.

“God, yes!” Evan bellowed, throwing his arms out to his sides, his fingers fisting the furs as his alpha male rutted between his cheeks. “More! Please, more!”

“You...” Thrust. “Are...” Thrust. “Mine!”

Then Hatori exploded, washing Evan’s insides with a cool rush of semen that tingled and burned, even as it made Hatori’s continual thrusts easier. He felt Hatori’s seed leak out his ass and run down his balls, and it made him harder, hungrier, more desperate for fulfillment.

Hatori’s thrusts calmed, but he still remained a thick, solid, pillar within his ass. Evan whimpered, still needy, the hunger deep inside him not appeased, until he heard Delia’s laughter.

“Now it’s my turn.”

Chapter Nine

He started to move, first gripping his female's waist and plunging forward as hard as he could. Then he slammed backwards, dragging his cock from her tight, moist heat and filling himself full of thick, throbbing cock.

Animalistic howls and screams erupted from his throat as he threw his head back in ecstasy.

He felt his nails explode from his fingers, turning into wicked claws that sank into his female's generous flesh. The scent of blood, her howls of pleasure, her soft flesh giving under his thrusts -- it was absolute power.

Then Hatori reached around and began to toy roughly with his nipples, all the while murmuring in his ear. "Yesss, little one. Feel usss! I am sssso deep into you I can feel your heart pulsse. Mmm, little one. You are ssso hot and tight. Does her pusssssy feel good to you? Can you feel it clench around you? You like fucking her, don't you? Fuck her harder, little one. We are both here for you."

Growling, Evan began to slam back and forth, faster and faster as fur began to erupt over his body.

"Yesss," his alpha purred. "Let it go. Let it all go."

Evan screamed and bellowed. Sensations ran through his body -- freedom, joy, the overwhelming, aggressive sexuality he fought so hard to control. This was his freedom, his escape, and he gladly threw himself on the fires of this passion, letting his beast rip free, letting himself be as he was meant to be.

"Fuck me harder," Delia screeched, her voice going high-pitched as her back rippled and her wings exploded in a spray of sex and musk. "Harder now, you bastard!"

And he did, bending low to lap at the moisture beading up on her cocoa brown skin. He knew she allowed such an explosive alteration for his benefit, so he could get his taste of her

essence. And she was rewarded by the renewed pounding in her pussy. One of her hands dipped low to caress her own clit in time to the pounding her puppy was giving her.

Hatori purred as he buried his face in his submissive's neck, relishing the feel of the soft pelt that covered his little one's back. It was not often that his little gamma was allowed to let his beast go. Evan could still perform a full transformation during this time, but allowing his beast to escape this much and effect a partial change helped him gain powerful control he could use beyond the waxing and waning of the moon.

He grinned, letting his long tongue flick out to tease the werewolf's sensitive ears. He leaned low, one hand going between them to tug at his submissive's balls as he increased the pace of his lunges, making his little one throw his head back and howl yet again.

Together, they kept up a driving pace, moving brutally to the awaited climax, writhing and panting, their bodies covered in sweat and other fluids as they strove for climax.

Delia was the first to go, rearing back so that her wings enveloped her puppy's body, forcing his chest against her as she tossed her head back and screeched. It sounded like the victory cry of a great eagle. Her pussy clenched around the hard cock that pounded her, milking it and dragging her puppy's orgasm from his body as she climaxed.

Evan shuddered and growled, and his hips slammed twice more before he began to shoot his hot seed into his alpha female's clenching depths. He was grateful the climax had been reached so the tension that had built up in his body could dissipate, but at the same time disappointed it all had ended so soon.

It was never enough for him, the side effect of being bitten by a wolf in heat during a cherry moon. During the days the full moon waned, Evan would need sex dozens more times to prevent himself from going mad.

Hatori was the last to go, hissing and biting at his submissive's neck as Evan's anal muscles grabbed him in an attempt to squeeze the very life from his cock. His hands dug into his submissive's hair, tearing at the slowly receding pelt. He slammed his hips against Evan's one last time, allowing the milking action of his ass to deliver him to his own gratification.

Then all was still. The two alphas disconnected themselves from their gamma and let his limp body drop to the furs.

Almost before his body settled, they were there, licking his skin, nuzzling and giving him reassuring caresses, helping him ease into his afterglow after the volatile orgasm that had nearly left him unconscious.

"You are so good, puppy," Delia praised, stroking his hair as she cuddled him into her bulk. "Such a strong, brave puppy."

Hatori, after a moment's cuddling, rose to gather the cleansing supplies, a bowl of warm water and soft cloths to clean up his submissive, ensuring Evan was not too damaged.

Once after-care was seen to, all three cuddled in the tangled, sex-scented furs, leaving Evan to wonder how he could have ever been afraid of this.

One lone thought went to Christopher, the photographer he hadn't seen since the incident in the mountains. He would try to contact the man later, but for now he just hoped the shy man had found something or someone to ease him through his moon times and offer him the comfort his two alphas eagerly gave to him.

Then he closed his eyes, resting, for they would start the rite all over again soon.

Being a wolf was not so bad, he mused as he settled in between the warm bulk of his female and the masculine strength of his male.

* * *

Delia licked her lips and stared hungrily at the trembling cock awaiting her pleasure.

Hatori always put on one hell of a show, she decided, and the submissive mewls and pleading gasps of their gamma stirred her loins like nothing had in several years.

"Such a lovely mount you hold for me, Hatori," Delia purred, licking her lips at the memory of Evan's taste. "So thick and hard."

"And still you talk when you should be prepared to ride," Hatori teased, cooing in the whimpering Evan's ear. "Better hurry and mount him before he loses interest."

Delia snorted and watched Hatori calm a struggling Evan, who still wormed backwards on Hatori's dick.

This gamma bitch was hungry for it.

"My plaything." Delia crawled to kneel between their spread legs, her wings

gently fanning them in eagerness as she watched Hatori's seed leak out of their pup. "Pretty little puppy."

She folded her feathers, pressing them close to her body, allowing their tips to trail over the trembling skin of his legs.

Evan lurched in reaction as what felt like thousands of pairs of silken fingers ran across his body. His head arched back further, and his nose caught the scent of tantalizing, dominant female and heat.

He forced his eyes open, still impaled on Hatori's hard cock, and blinked at a sight that made him whimper in both fear and hunger.

Amber eyes that glowed like the sun, full mounds of flesh that had so many delicious folds to lick and caress, swollen, rose-colored lips that parted to let a broad, long tongue taste the corners of a wide, wet mouth.

Delia was stalking him, hunting him like he was wild prey, her eyes taking in his helpless impalement and relishing the sight.

"So pretty, pretty, pretty," she purred, a deep rumbling sound that rolled from her chest. "Too pretty for anyone else to touch. Almost too pretty to share."

At her low, whispered words, Evan threw his head back and exposed the unblemished side of his neck.

"That's right, puppy," she breathed, her face just above his cock, her soft breath making it pulse in need. "Give over to absolute domination."

In response, Evan's cock spilled forth another trail of precome, and like a cat with cream, Delia leaned in and happily lapped it up.

"I understand that human females don't like the taste of semen," she said. "And if I was screwing around with a human I may agree. But you, my puppy, taste hot and wild and new."

She suckled in the head, her tongue laving the shaft as he helplessly thrust his hips upwards.

"I rather enjoy," she breathed, pulling off and licking delicately at the head, "your taste."

Then her head dipped low, lapping over his balls, savoring the musky taste of her gamma as well as the seed of her partnered alpha. Together, their flavor was almost addictive.

Evan moaned, his head rolling back against Hatori's as his balls tightened and throbbed with the seed that needed to be expelled. Never before had he felt such sensuous torture. These two alphas had reduced him to nothing more than cock and balls and need, and he relished each second of it.

He found that as each moment passed, he loved the feeling of being helpless between these two stronger creatures. His true nature seemed to be submissive to these two and these two alone.

Maybe that was why they called him a gamma before.

But then all thought was washed away as Delia descended, her large, round breasts pressing against his thighs. She began to knead his waist with the tips of the claws she held partially retracted.

He hissed, fire trailing down his flesh as she gently raked his skin, leaving furrows in his stomach from his navel to his thighs. His cock jumped, the pain bringing his arousal to unbelievable levels while he writhed on the steel pike of Hatori's dick.

Delia lovingly lapped at the small amount of blood that was released. She worked her way up his chest.

"Please," he whimpered, that damned word escaping his lips as Hatori's left hand came up to stroke his face and push into his mouth.

He suckled needfully, his eyes now on his female Alpha who moved to take the dominant position, straddling his and Hatori's waist.

Evan whimpered around the fingers that invaded his mouth. He watched her thick thighs part, exposing the tangle of reddish brown fur that hid the plump, glistening lips of her labia.

Delia spread her legs wider and arched backwards, pushing her hungry pussy into his view, spreading herself open with two fingers for his perusal.

"I should make you eat it," she laughed. "But you'd like that too much. You'll

have to earn that treat, Puppy.”

Instead of moving up further, she reached out and gripped his cock, holding the painfully hard flesh steady.

“I am going to fuck you while you are speared by Hatori. Then I am going to mark you as you come from our attentions. Then you will know your place, Gamma. You will be bound to Hatori and me until your death.” She leaned forward until her breasts, the soft globes of flesh, pressed into his chest and her mouth teased his ear. “And there’s not a damn thing you can do about it.”

Those last whispered words shattered the last of his resistance and Evan wilted, melted into the possession of his alphas.

Smiling pleasantly now, Delia soothed her submissive, scenting the total acceptance in his body as endorphins again flooded his system.

His heart raced madly, his breathing stuttered, and he finally gave in to what his instincts demanded.

Evan was a particularly submissive beast, a creature not only bound into a perpetual heat because of the insanity of his creator, but bound to the bodies and sprits of these two alpha beasts who now totally dominated his life. In acceptance, he lifted his chin, exposing his neck, pleading with his very actions to be taken.

And Delia growled and slid his cock forward enough to position him at the wet heat of her pussy.

“Mine!” she hissed, pushing down on his throbbing prick.

“Yours,” he gasped in return, the beast in him finally settling down now that it had what it had always desired.

“Mine,” Hatori repeated, licking at the claiming marks on Evan’s neck, the two fang punctures still healing from his earlier strike.

“Yours!” Evan wailed at the combined sensations of Hatori teasing the marks and Delia’s hot cunt sheathing his dick. “Yours!”

Then Delia arched her hips and slammed him home, deep within her body.

“Yours!” Evan shouted again, feeling the softness of her thighs wrap around his

hips, her hands slamming down on the furs on either side of his head.

He watched in open-mouthed astonishment as her massive wings spread out even further, straining to their highest expanse. She threw her head back and roared.

The sound vibrated through his body, bounced off his bones, singed his nerve endings and caused his hips to thrust upwards, eager to satisfy the hunger of his alpha.

“Yours!”

Delia opened her mouth, exposing her sharp teeth, before she dropped her head and latched onto his smooth side of his neck.

“Yours!” he bellowed again. Her teeth parted his skin, drew his blood, scarred him and marked him for life.

“Yours!” Hatori struck again, reaffirming his mark even as Evan felt his body give way under the force and strength of the alpha female.

Then fires shot through his body, his cock hardened even more as he felt his orgasm try to force its way through.

“Come,” Hatori hissed in his ear, and his body was tossed, lost in ecstasy as his hips snapped up, burying his cock deep into Delia’s body as Hatori slammed his hips up, filling him from the rear.

His balls burned and shuddered, releasing his hot seed. He screamed as it shot through the shaft of his cock and exploded through his glans, filling his alpha female with his tribute.

“Yours!” he screamed again. Hatori released a second time, flooding his channel with his cool seed and setting off fireworks. The ribbed skin on his amazing penis rolled against Evan’s already sensitized prostate, dragging shudders and moans from him.

“Mine,” Delia purred, releasing the flesh of his neck, shuddering as the taste of his blood, of his submission, along with the spasmodic thrashing of his hips brought her to an explosive climax. Her wings beat in time with the inner walls of her pussy as they clenched and milked his shooting cock. “Mmm.” Delia slide herself down, taking all of her still hard submissive. Her orgasm ebbed, but began to build anew.

Hatori carefully disengaged himself before easing up from underneath his

partner and their shared submissive with one final lick to the seeping wound he left in his gamma's neck.

Then he collapsed to the side and smiled as Delia took command.

"Now that that is out of the way..." Her hands fisted in Evan's hair.

That was all the warning he got before her inner walls tightened around his cock, drawing a gasp from his mouth.

"Time to ride."

Her muscles milked him, her wings trembled and began to caress his legs, his thighs, and his tingling balls. Up and down she rose, riding him slowly as the erection that refused to ebb swelled with a new life.

His head whipped back and forth in the furs as his hands reached up to cup her pendulously swinging breasts.

"Tug my nipples," she commanded, and Evan eagerly gave in to the command.

This was something he loved; Delia's body type felt nurturing and sexy as hell. He joyfully kneaded Delia's breasts to the accompaniment of her gasps of pleasure as her own hands roamed his chest.

Her fingers traced the first claiming bite Hatori had given him, right over his heart. Evan hissed and then cried out as the burning pain seemed to seep into sensual pleasure in his balls and cock.

"Dragons always mark the breasts of their concubines," she informed him, lightly caressing the puffy fang marks. "But Griffins always claw their prey."

Then her talons emerged before his befuddled gaze.

He only had a chance to gasp in fear and pain before those fearsome weapons raked across his right bicep and slid around his nipple, leaving five shallow gashes that immediately filled with blood.

But instead of softening his prick, the pain of the marking sent shards of erotic fire to his cock, making his hips writhe and his hands squeeze her breasts harder.

Delia leaned down and lapped at the blood that rolled over his chest, sealing the wounds with her healing saliva while ensuring the scars remained permanent. "You are

the gamma of both an alpha dragon and an alpha griffin. You are one lucky little puppy,” Delia purred, imprinting the taste of her gamma onto her body and mind, savoring the tangy taste of his wild wolf blood.

Evan, by this time, was reduced to a pulsating, mindless cock. He hissed, he growled, he howled, his hips working feverishly back and forth, bathed in the hot essence of his female alpha.

He still felt the tingle of his alpha male’s possession, felt the emptiness his cock left behind even as he worshiped the feel of the hot feminine flesh that had a stranglehold on his dick.

Being a gamma was not a bad way to die, some part of his mind reasoned as his pleasure escalated until he was covered in sweat and need.

Then Delia reached back, tugging his balls, and his world went white.

Delia rose high and slammed down on top of her gamma. His cock felt so good, his submission so tasty on her lips, his scent -- God, they had broken him and reformed him into their true gamma. It was all too much!

She reached back and gripped his balls, tugging them enough to encourage them to release their seed, then leaned forward, ensuring every thrust dragged his thick shaft against her clit.

“Come, damn you!” she bellowed. He bucked under her, hitting the perfect spot inside her body, slamming her climax upon her. “Yes!” she roared. Her head jerked back and her wings flew open to their widest extension. “Fuck, yes!”

Her whole body trembled, her folds of flesh quivering as Evan bucked beneath her. He arched his head back and let go, a wailing howl flying from his throat.

The walls of her cunt milked him again, wrenching every hot spurt of his seed. His orgasm raced through him again, making his whole body tense up before he seemed to melt.

Delia gasped, the last of her orgasm shaking her body, and then she exploded into loud, earthy laughter.

“Damn, that was a mighty fine ride,” she commented, but Evan had no response.

The poor gamma wolf had blacked out.

"I hope we didn't break him." She leaned forward and listened to his heart beat steadily as his cock finally wilted inside her, sliding out of her with a rush of their combined fluids that dripped to the furs beneath him.

"He'll recover," Hatori snickered, the hiss leaving his voice as he regained control over his body. "And he'll need possession again in a few hours. It's the night of a full moon," he pointed out.

"Stuck-up dragon," Delia sniffed.

"Overbearing, fuzzy parakeet," he snorted in return, but lifted his hands to assist his alpha partner in dismounting from her exhausted steed.

Delia ignored his sally, instead once again focused on their shared gamma.

"Think he'll kill us with the sex before he gains control?" Delia asked, snickering as the gamma's cock pulsed, even in his fatigued state.

"I don't know," Hatori chuckled. "Maybe, but that's not too hard a death, if you ask me, which you did."

Delia rolled her eyes and gestured to the room behind their bed of furs. It was the bathing room, equipped to handle the aftercare of their new submissive.

"It's not that bad," Evan whispered, and both Delia and Hatori turned to face the pup who yawned tiredly, even as he wriggled down in the warm furs, enjoying the ache in his body despite lying on the wet spots.

"What's that, little one?" Hatori asked, walking over to stroke the soft hair that had begun to sprout out over Evans body as his animal side was fully released at last.

"It's not such a hard way to go," he murmured, before burying himself in the caresses of his alpha male while inhaling the feminine musk of his alpha female.

"You're right, puppy," Delia chuckled as she, too, joined Hatori in stroking their new submissive. "Not too bad way to go at all."

Stephanie Burke

Stephanie Burke, known to friends and readers as Flash, has a warped, twisted sense of humor, and she isn't afraid to let it show. From pregnant men to six-foot cockroaches, she's covered the gamut of the weird, the unusual, and the just plain strange. She has dozens of books currently in publication with one house or another -- she's not sure how many -- she hasn't gotten around to counting them of late!

Be sure to join Flash's "Flame Keeper" loop at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FlameKeeper/join>