

# **Arctic Heat**

## **Alecia Monaco**

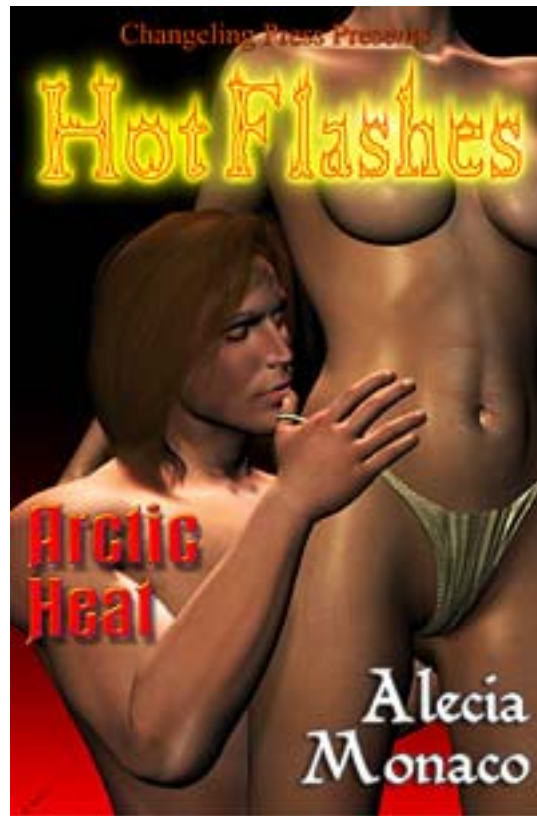
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## **Arctic Heat**

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**Calyssa. This foxy little number really is! An Arctic Werefox, that is. Just one problem. She's got more men in her life than she knows how to handle. On one hand, there's her best friend, Rafe, werewolf hunk-in-training. Then there's Donovan. Passionate, possessive -- did we mention Alpha wolf? Not-so-ex-boyfriend.**

**What's a fox to do? Why, share, of course! Time to teach Donovan a few new tricks!**

**When these three get together, their passion burns hot enough to melt the Arctic Circle!**

## Chapter 1

"And that's when I told him that I couldn't see him anymore."

Calyssa sighed and gazed at her best friend across the warm glow of the fire pit. "Don't you have anything to say about this, oh wise one?"

Rafe shook his head, his white arctic wolf's mane framing his face. "I can't believe you finally called it quits with him." He bared his teeth in a half snarl. "After all, he *is* our alpha."

"Werewolf politics don't mean jack to me." Calyssa managed a smile. "Need I remind you, dear wolfie, that I'm not a member of your pack?"

Rafe's gaze skimmed her form with barely concealed lust. "Would another joke about you looking foxy be too much?"

That got a laugh out of her. "Werefox jokes never get old, do they?"

Rafe winked. "Not when the fox is as fine as you."

Calyssa's laughter turned to a sigh. "Why can't things be this easy and fun with Donovan? Why does everything have to be a battle of wills when I'm with him?"

Rafe stretched himself out on the pile of furs covering the floor of the foxhole. "Two words... sexual tension."

Calyssa's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

Rafe gazed up at the low ceiling, a thoughtful expression on his face. "There's no real sexual tension between the two of us, which means we can tease each other and have fun without worrying about serious consequences." He shot her a glance. "If Donovan had looked at you the way I did a few minutes ago, the two of you would've been in a clinch faster than you could say *Werewolf*."

"So you're saying that the sexual tension between Donovan and me leads to the endless fighting?"

“Something like that.” He gave her a half smile. “But it leads to the scorching heat, as well.”

Calyssa stretched her petite frame out on the furs beside Rafe’s tall body. “Why can’t I be happy with someone who doesn’t go all alpha on me at the first sign of conflict? Someone fun, warm, kind... someone like...”

She turned her gaze to Rafe. He looked like six feet three inches of sexual fantasy, lying there in the firelight. From his lean, muscular body to his amber eyes, he was the perfect blend of *GQ* cover model human and untamed wolf. On this night, the eve of the full moon, most Weres were in partially shifted form, herself and Rafe included. It only served to enhance his magnetism.

She’d never looked at her friend that way before. Maybe because Donovan was always in the way, occupying her every waking thought. But now...

She ran her fingers through his fur, desire tightening her body in an unexpected rush. “Someone like you.”

## Chapter 2

Rafe couldn't believe his ears. Had Calyssa actually indicated that she might want *him*?

He'd been waiting for his chance with her since the day he first saw the sexy Werefox frolicking on a snow covered hill. Females were in short supply in the arctic, and in even shorter supply among the shifters who populated the outlying areas. But Calyssa would've stood out among a cast of thousands. The petite arctic Werefox was simply stunning.

More than that, he'd grown to care for her as a friend. He knew her in a way he'd never known any woman before. How could he help but love her? He'd been dreaming of her for so long, waiting on the sidelines while she worked through her issues with Donovan... could he really have a chance to cross the line between friendship and romance with her?

"Are you sure you want to go there with me?" He wrapped an arm around her and pulled her closer, looking into her golden eyes.

"Haven't you ever thought about us, together?" She traced a finger down his chest, going lower until a hiss escaped from his mouth.

"More times than I care to admit." He caught her hand with his before she went further. "You know that things might never be the same between us, if we let this happen."

"No." She leaned over and brushed her lips against his. "They'll be better."

He couldn't hold back a moan when she moved closer, her small breasts rubbing against his side. She stared down into his eyes, her heart beating so fast that he could feel it with his wolf senses, his inner predator suddenly scenting her as sexual prey.

"Are you going to kiss me or not?" She tossed her fox mane and dared him

silently to take the next step of the journey that would lead them into new relationship territory.

"I never could resist a challenge." With that, he pulled her on top of him. When his lips met hers, pure bliss unfurled inside her. His tongue circled hers, pursuing hers like a wolf on a fox hunt.

She let out a throaty growl of appreciation and curled her fluffy tail up in a clear signal of arousal. He could taste her desire for him in her kiss.

It was finally real. His fantasies of Calyssa were all about to come true.

"You're already hard." She nestled on top of him, settling one leg on either side, letting his hardness fill the juncture of her thighs.

"You have that effect on me." He reached down to stroke her, eliciting a hiss of appreciation. "And you're already wet."

She bared her small teeth. "What do you plan to do about it?"

He didn't have to think about his answer. "This." He flipped her over onto her back and sought out her breasts. Her nipples instantly tightened, and he followed their lead, nipping at them with the tips of his fangs. She shuddered, almost crying out for more when he slid down her body and away from her breasts.

"Hey, no fair." She looked up at him, her eyelids heavy with sexual languor. She wiggled toward him in a way that belied the mock protest of her words. "I was planning to take control."

"Soon." He pushed her legs apart and knelt between them. The mere sight of her, wet and ready for him, made him want to come. "Soon."

Heat rolled off her partially shifted form in shimmers. In her wildest dreams, she'd never imagined that Rafe -- *Rafe!* -- could make her feel such desire. But there she was, a quivering mass of need spread open before him.

He stroked her with one hand, the other slipping beneath her. He raised her hips slightly, improving his angle, giving him more access to her. She held her breath, waiting for his next move, dizzied by this secret side of her friend she'd never before glimpsed.

He caressed her mound, giving her a foretaste of what his hands were capable of. She whimpered, letting him know that his teasing could only go on for so long. He laughed, and it was a warm sound that rolled off her skin like a brush of velvet.

"Rafe," she spoke through clenched teeth. "I'm going to finish shifting and get full-on fox here if you keep this up."

"You know I love it when you get foxy on me." Planting a kiss on her inner thigh, he pushed her legs further apart, until she lay completely exposed before him. Her heart raced, every muscle tensed with the expectation of pleasure.

"Why don't we start with this?" He focused on her clit, stimulating it with expert fingers and building a tension he carefully avoided sating. A low growl rumbled from her throat, giving him another warning not to try her patience. His eyes blazed with a mixture of heat and amusement.

"You're impatient, little fox." He skimmed his index finger over her core, coating it with her juices. She threw her head back and let out a ragged breath when he covered her clit with her own slick fluids.

"All this teasing would try the patience of a saint." Her legs quivered. "And I'm hardly that."

"Thank goodness," he answered, shooting her a look before he lowered his head to her mound. "Otherwise, I might not get to do *this*."

She opened her mouth to ask what he meant, but got her answer when the firm tip of his tongue swirled around her swollen clit.

A chorus of moans ripped themselves from her throat, and she gave herself over to the sensations he coaxed from her. Any experienced shifter knew how to let the body overtake the mind, but never had surrender to the flesh been more welcome.

She knitted her fingers through his wolf's mane, holding on to the rough silk strands like an anchor in a storm of arousal. His tongue explored every furrow of her sex, dipping into her core like a pen into an ink well, and then returning to flick over her clit. He massaged the sensitive nub with the tip of his tongue until it pulsed, dancing along the borderline between pleasure and pain. She could feel the tension



knotting in her lower body, the tightening that meant she would come soon if he didn't stop.

She tugged at his mane, panting his name until he looked up at her. "If you're going to make me come, I want you inside me when it happens."

He rose up to kneel between her legs, his erection displayed for her. She'd never pictured herself hungry for the feel of Rafe's cock inside her, but then, she hadn't imagined that he had such a magnificent length of steel hidden away among all that white fur.

Without thinking, she reached for him, closing her fingers around his shaft. He was hard as iron, with skin like a silky sheath. Her inner walls tensed at the thought of having that incredible cock inside her.

"Calyssa," he breathed. He put his hand over hers, guiding her into a rhythm that brought him more pleasure. She continued to stroke him, permitting herself a feral smile when moisture collected at the tip of his cock, telling her that he was enjoying her ministrations.

"Rafe..." She slid her hand down him, stroking the head to spread his lubrication evenly. "I want you to fuck me."

"I'm going to." He pushed her back onto the foxhole floor and spread her thighs apart. With one hand gripping the base of his cock, he was poised to enter her. Calyssa drew a deep breath and closed her eyes, ready to feel every inch of sensation when he entered her.

"Well, well, well." A familiar voice cut through the air, snapping Calyssa out of her sexual haze. "I always suspected Rafe was after you, but I never thought you'd give in to him."

She watched with dread as Donovan's wolfman form grew closer. His icy blue eyes glittered with anger, and his fangs were bared in a ferocious grimace.

Sighing, she let her head fall back to the floor. So much for an uncomplicated orgasm with a good friend.

## Chapter 3

Donovan didn't bother to suppress his snarl. He was the alpha, dammit, and an underling like Rafe had committed a killing offense by hooking up with the alpha's female. It didn't matter that Calyssa wasn't pack, or even a Werewolf. She was *his*, and therefore off limits.

Okay, Donovan admitted to himself, Calyssa didn't seem to realize that she still belonged to him. But he'd come to her foxhole to make things right with her, to claim what was rightfully his, not to get a free sex show put on by the woman he loved and her erstwhile male best friend.

Had he given his heart to this woman only to have her crush it beneath her tiny fox heel?

Calyssa pulled away from Rafe and sat up on the floor, her narrow eyes boring holes in Donovan. "Who the hell do you think you are, bursting in here during a private moment?"

"Coming to take you back." He kicked a pile of furs aside, snaring Rafe with his gaze. "That is, if you can tear yourself away from your old friend here."

Calyssa took Rafe's hand in hers and glared at Donovan, defiance etched across every feature. "What I do with Rafe is none of your business anymore. You gave up that right when we broke up."

"We're officially un-broken up, as of now." His clawed hand sliced through the air in a gesture of finality. He turned to Rafe, letting the full battery of his murderous rage show in his eyes. "As for you, wolf, get out of my sight if you want to see another morning."

"Stay." Calyssa's grip on Rafe's hand tightened.

"Don't worry, I have no plans to go anywhere." Rafe crossed his legs, looking

unconcerned. "He may be the alpha, but you mean more to me than mere pack politics." He gazed down at Calyssa with an adoring expression that filled Donovan's chest with a stabbing pain.

"Are you saying you will fight me for her hand?" Donovan growled, feeling the blood thirst welling up inside him. He hadn't risen to the rank of alpha wolf of the Arctic Pack without shedding some blood, and Rafe's defeat would be especially sweet.

"I'm proposing something even more dangerous..." Amusement glimmered in the depths of Rafe's eyes. "I suggest we let Calyssa decide for herself who she wants to be with."

Donovan took a minute to process Rafe's words. How could *any* self-respecting Werewolf be such an idiot? "Rafe, I thought you were a wolf, not a pussy."

Calyssa hissed. "Shut up, Donovan. Just shut the hell up, or I'll fight you myself." She looked as if she meant it.

He stared down into her face, a face he loved more than life itself. "You know I'd never fight you. I'd give my life to protect you."

"You say that, but you're always so possessive and petty about everything." She shook her head. "Did it ever occur to you that your jealousy pushed me into Rafe's arms?"

Donovan sighed. "I explained to you, over and over..."

She interrupted. "I know. An alpha has to protect what is his from the rest of the pack. Including your female."

"I wish it weren't so, but..."

"Do you?" Her gaze pinned him. "I think you kind of enjoy being the big cheese of wolfie land, bossing the chicks around and getting to fight anyone who looks twice at me."

"You don't have to do this for me." Rafe squeezed her hand. "I'll go and let you two sort things out."

"No, stay." Calyssa looked up at Donovan, sadness in her eyes. "It really is over this time."

He dropped to one knee in front of her. "It can't be."

She lowered her gaze. "If you spill Rafe's blood, I will call the powers of the Fox Clan against you. We will never be your allies again."

He waved her words away. "I don't give a damn about that. It's not the powers of your clan that I want. It's *you*. Don't you know by now how much I love you?"

She paused for a second, and then met his eyes. "Prove it."

He held out his hand to her. "Name it, and it's yours."

Her mouth curled up at one corner, and her voice dropped to a throaty register. "Show that you can share me." She took his hand, putting it against her breast, and then did the same thing with Rafe's hand. "Prove that my pleasure comes before your pride, and you might have a chance with me again."

## Chapter 4

Calyssa watched Donovan's face closely. She could scent his desire in the air, and the hand on her breast had grown warm with lust. But she knew him well enough to know that everything in him that made him alpha rebelled against her request.

Rafe's hand nuzzled her breast, causing her nipple to bead beneath his palm. She sighed with pleasure and turned her gaze toward him.

Something about that gesture stirred Donovan. His pride might reject the idea of sharing her, but his need to compete and emerge victorious wasn't about to let Rafe outdo him in the sexual arena. He flicked a clawed finger over her nipple, stroking the peak into a tight knot. She groaned and fell back onto the fur covered floor.

"I will give you pleasure to eclipse anything this mere wolf can do for you." He dropped his head to her breast, taking her nipple into his mouth. Rafe followed suit, and soon she had a mouth on each breast.

Rafe sucked the tip, drawing her nipple into his mouth. Donovan lapped at the other nipple, his hot tongue sliding over the turgid peak until she heard her own broken cries echoing throughout the foxhole.

Leaving Rafe to pleasure her nipples, Donovan stationed himself between her legs, and repeated the same lapping of his tongue against her clit. He explored it, teasing the hood, and going lower until he could run the points of his fangs along her inner lips.

*Too much teasing and not enough satisfaction.* Already wet and ready from Rafe's earlier efforts, she felt her orgasm building again at a frightening speed. She couldn't hold out much longer. She wanted a hard cock inside her, and she wanted it now.

"Fuck me." She wove her fingers through Donovan's mane. "Fuck me *now*."

Donovan had never been a man to hesitate. Positioning himself behind her, he

moved her into a sitting position on his lap until she found herself impaled on his cock.

She could feel her tight channel stretching to accommodate his girth. His pulsing heat within her made her mindless with the desire for friction. She moved her hips, silently pleading with him to begin the thrusting rhythm they'd perfected together as a couple, to fuck her to the point of mindless bliss she so desperately craved.

Donovan gripped her hips, sliding her slowly upward leaving only the head still enclosed in her, his cock covered with a mixture of their fluids. Before he could thrust back into her, Rafe joined him.

He knelt down, pushing her legs further apart. She didn't have time to think or question this new development... not that her mind was exactly running on all eight cylinders anyway.

Rafe's questing fingers skimmed her inner thigh and stroked her outer folds, teasing her with a hint of things to come. Just when she thought she'd scream with frustration, he found her clit. At that very instant, Donovan's cock breached her again.

The two wolfmen found a perfect blend, Rafe's fingers circling around her clit, then moving steadily up and down on it, while Donovan slid her up and down his impossibly hard cock. The combination was overwhelming, and she came, her body shattering into a million pieces beneath the two wolves.

She could feel Donovan swelling inside her. The warmth of his climax filled her, and she ground against him, riding out the aftershocks of her release and his own, filling her with wave after wave of his come.

She gasped, limp with relief but still aroused. "You didn't come." She gasped for breath, looking at Rafe kneeling beside her, still hard and ready.

"He will now." Donovan looked from Calyssa to Rafe and back again, uncertainty in his face. The alpha slid himself out of her, leaving Rafe positioned between her legs.

"Rafe." She reached for him. "You don't have to do this for me."

"Oh, foxy." He chuckled. "Don't you worry about a thing. I'm doing this for me, too." He took his erection in his hand and held it poised at her entrance.

She lifted her head, watching as the crown of his cock slipped inside her. He fit snugly inside her, but she wanted more, for him to penetrate her to her very center. She spread her legs further apart and raised her hips, encouraging him to enter her as deeply as possible.

He slid in another tormenting inch, and then pulled back. She whimpered. A quick glimpse at Donovan revealed that the alpha arctic wolf regarded the situation with mixed emotions. If he couldn't participate, she reasoned, at least he didn't seem angry anymore.

Rafe entered her further this time, inching his way into her slick core with the ease and care of someone experienced with her body. She arched toward him, closing her eyes to savor the sensation. When he was seated as deeply inside her as he could go, she opened her eyes and met his gaze. The charge of looking into each other's eyes while he was embedded inside her body was unbearably erotic for her. A few more seconds of it and she knew she'd come again without any further encouragement.

But the moment passed quickly when another element entered the mix. Donovan's hand reached down to her clit, stroking her while Rafe slid slowly back out of her again.

It was different this time. Rafe's cock was like his tongue, slow and skilled, as if they had all the time in the world. Donovan stroked her the same way he'd fucked her, with the intense authority of one who knew his own worth. When he slid a wet finger into the tight opening of her backside, her body sparked to a new level of passion. The combination of cock and fingers drove everything from her mind but this moment, these two men. The roles had become blurred until she no longer knew which was her boyfriend and which was her friend. There was nothing but this endless, mind-bending pleasure. If they didn't stop, she'd have an out of body experience. If they did stop, she'd die of sheer need.

Her orgasm took her by surprise, thundering in like a wolfpack on attack. It swept her up, carrying her to the edge of the universe and back again. Her core spasmed around Rafe's cock, and her clit twitched beneath Donovan's fingers. She rode

it out, letting it rock her through wave after wave of release to its final, heart stopping aftershocks. She was dimly aware of Rafe coming, spurting his hot seed deep inside her.

The men backed away, stroking her body with gentle hands as she gradually returned to earth. She could feel her heart rate slowing. First Rafe kissed her, a gentle brush of lips and the slightest touch of tongues. Donovan followed, plundering her mouth like a marauder come to claim his prize.

She tried to catch her breath and form a coherent thought. If they stopped kissing her, she might even be able to speak.

"Guys..." She looked at the two males, both splendid white arctic Werewolves, both looking like centerfolds from *Sexy Shifter Monthly*. "That was..."

"Incredible?" Rafe gave her a weary but sated grin.

"Intense." Donovan fell backward onto the floor and heaved a satisfied smile.

"All that, and then some." She bit her bottom lip, looking from one face to the other. "But... where does that leave us now?"



## Chapter 5

"That's entirely up to you, my dear." Rafe stroked her damp forelocks back from her face.

She gave him a grateful smile and turned to Donovan. "What say you, alpha wolf?"

He rolled over to face her, an unexpected softness filling his gaze. "Your happiness is the reason I live."

"And if I say that Rafe makes me happy, and that I need him in my life?" She felt her heart skip a beat as she realized the truth in her own words. Rafe *did* make her happy. Life without him would be a dreary affair, indeed. But...

"Then I will withdraw from this foxhole, and never darken your door again." Donovan exhaled slowly, painfully.

"That's not what I want, and you know it." She ran a hand over his chest. "I want to be with you, but I want to be my own person, too. I want to be your equal, not just the alpha's main squeeze." She brought her hand up to gently cup his face. "You understand that now, don't you?"

"This is your decision, and I will abide by your terms." She could hear the agony in his voice, and it moved her heart more than she'd imagined possible. She still loved him. She'd never stopped.

"Is there some way..." she took Rafe's hand in hers, "... that I could have both of you in my life?"

"I'd rather share you than lose you." Donovan took her free hand. "I have much to learn about loving you, and I'm willing to let you teach me. If Rafe is part of that..." He glanced at the other wolf. "I can accept that."

"And I can accept being your friend, if that's all you want from me." Rafe's

warm grasp tightened around her hand. "You've already made my fantasy come true. I can ask for nothing more."

"I can't settle for being just friends again, after that." She shook her head. "Friends with benefits sounds more like it."

"Then it's settled." Donovan sat up beside her. "You can have both of us, any way you want, anywhere you want."

"Any time you want," Rafe added.

A mischievous smile formed at the corners of her mouth. "How about we test this agreement right now?"

The two wolves looked at each other, and dove into the furs around her. Sighing with contentment, she prepared for another earth shattering experience. There would be two men in her life to bring heat to the cold arctic nights, two men she loved in very different but very real ways. Maybe, just maybe, they would learn to love each other, too.

She had the feeling that this was the beginning of a beautiful three-way friendship.

## **Alecia Monaco**

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