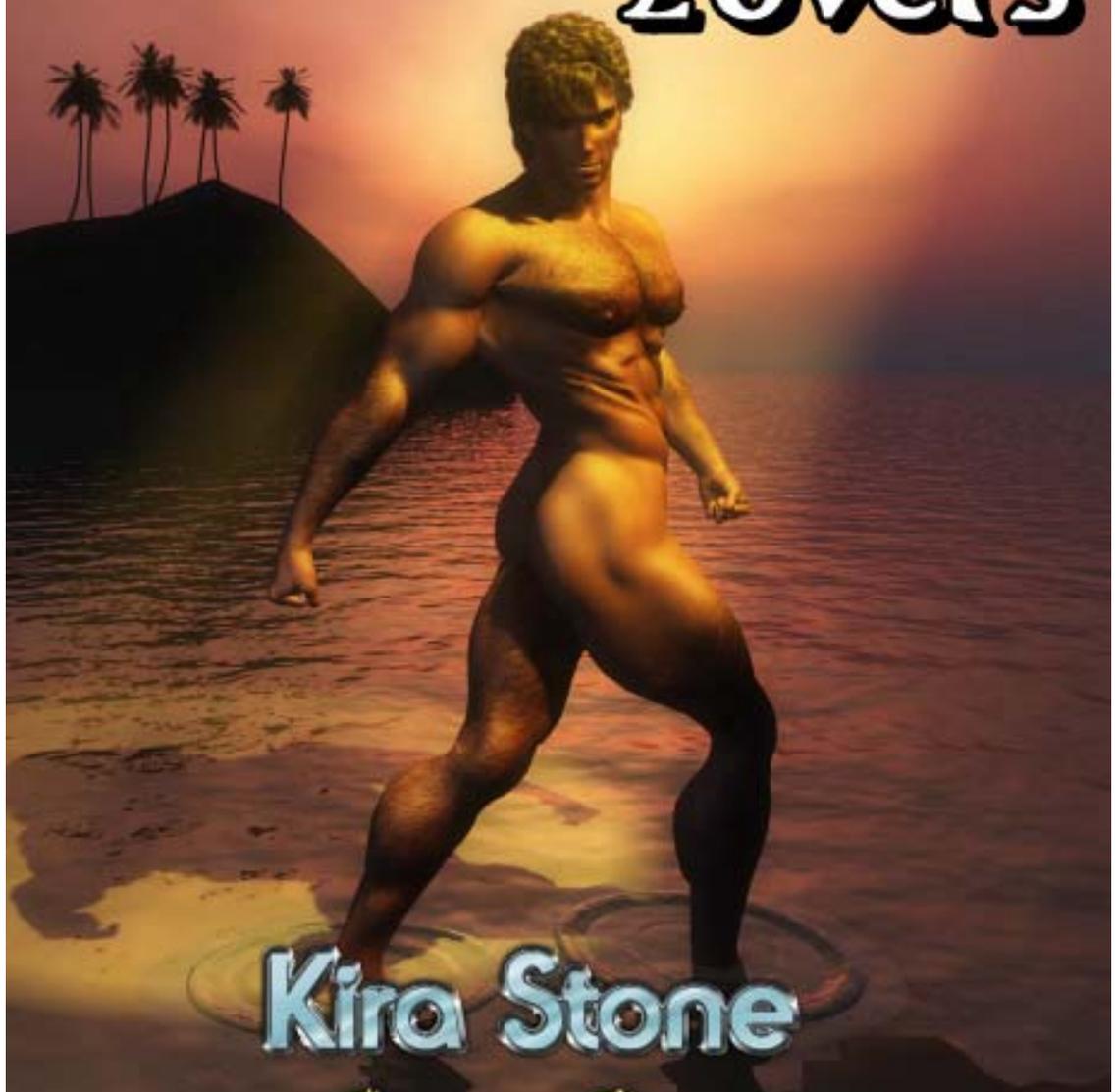


ESCAPE

Lunar Covers

A muscular man is posing on a beach at sunset. He is standing in the shallow water, with his body glistening. The background features a sunset sky with birds flying, palm trees on a small island, and the ocean. The man's pose is a classic bodybuilding stance, showcasing his physique.

Kira Stone

Changeling Press

Lunar Lovers

Kira Stone

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**Editor: Connie Alberts
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Lunar Lovers

Kira Stone

David has a fur fetish. When his boyfriend deserts him on the first night of the Lunar Lovers convention, which locks him out of the fur-on-fur action, it's enough to make a lone wolf howl... until Caine finds him and really gives him something to howl about.

Lunar Lovers

Gideon tossed the furry costume on the bed. "No, I won't."

David glared at him, his slim arms crossed over his chest. "You have to, or you won't get in."

"We've discussed this before, David, and I'm just not comfortable with it. Please don't push me."

"I went through a lot of trouble to get this for you," he said, gesturing at the pile of gorgeous fur. "The least you could do is give it a try."

"No."

So this was it then. The end of their year-long relationship. He'd tried and tried, but Gideon continued to rain on his rainbow parade. How could you be gay and not love fur?

"Well, I'm going," David said with a defiant pout on his beautiful face. "And... and... and I may not come back!"

He scooted out of the room, and then waited in the hall to see if Gideon would come after him.

And waited...

And waited...

And when he heard the glass doors leading to the beach slide open and then close, David had to face the ugly truth. His relationship with Gideon was over.

He wanted to shed a tear over it -- he really did -- but there was a party to attend and fur to wear. Tears would have to wait until morning.

Okay, maybe mid-morning.

Really late morning, if he got lucky.

David pranced down the hall to the living room where he'd left his own costume spread out on the sofa. It was creamy white, the best synthetic dog fur a gay boy could buy. It had cost a month's rent and then some. David knew Gideon would hit the roof when he found out.

Then again, he wouldn't be around when the bill came so that was one worry off his list.

These things always worked out for the best, didn't they?

He donned the costume with extreme care. Each brush of the felt lining against his bare skin seemed like a lover's caress. And the headpiece was perfect for him. His blue eyes peeked through the slits so he could clearly see and the long nose gave him plenty of room to breathe. Okay, so it was a little warm. But then it should be warm in Nassau. That's why he'd talked Gideon into leaving the snowbelt of Ohio for the sandy white beaches of the Bahamas to attend the Ninth Annual Lunar Lovers Convention.

He'd spent *hours* searching the web for just the right thing to wear for his debut appearance. Another glance in the long mirror confirmed it. He was the cat's meow. Or rather, the dog's bark. Or whatever.

There was a pouch along his belly that conveniently hid the hotel key card and the ticket for the night's event, the Leader of the Pack Tournament. All those hunky Alphas dressed in their fabulous fur fighting for the right to rule the pack for the next twelve months. David couldn't wait to meet them.

He'd timed his entrance to be fashionably late, but was running a bit behind schedule, as usual. Certainly they'd forgive him for taking the time to groom, right? But when he pulled on the golden bar that was the last barrier between him and his destiny, he found it had been locked.

He checked the ticket against the plaque beside the door. He was in the right place. Maybe it was just stuck.

He yanked on it harder, but to no avail. He then pressed his ear against the door. Inside, hot, sexy sounds -- growling, excited yips and laughter -- were barely audible. So they *were* in there. Why wouldn't they let him in?

David knocked on the wood, politely at first and then louder. When that still didn't bring anyone rushing to his rescue, he started calling for help. "Let me in, please. I have a ticket and I want to play!"

"Down, boy, down," a rough male voice said as the speaker tugged David away from the door.

David spun around and found a gorgeous hunk of manhood staring back at him with an amused smile. "This isn't funny. I paid a lot of money -- okay, okay, Gideon paid but that's irrelevant right now -- to attend this Doggie Tournament of Champions. I demand that you let me in."

"You do, do you?"

The man's eyes were so light brown they were almost amber, an effect that was magnified by the golden highlights in his hair. His muscles were hidden beneath a seriously expensive looking suit, but David's experienced eye knew they were there. This man was sex on legs, although with a disappointing two rather than the four David had hoped to meet. And yet, there was something about him that made David go weak in the knees.

He had to clear his throat before he could say, "Yes, I do. See?"

"What I see," the man said in a deep, sexy drawl, ignoring the paper David held under his nose, "is that you seem to have a thing for fur."

David nodded eagerly, feeling that he was finally making progress. "That's right. I do. Which is why I'd like to be in there with a few hundred of my canine friends."

A masculine chuckle washed over him, leaving a very pleasing tingle in its wake. The sound made him want to rub up against him, lick his face, his neck, his...

Okay, priorities, David reminded himself. This man might be a luscious chunk of beefcake, but the real action was on the other side of the door. "If you don't mind, I'd really like to join the party now."

"I'm afraid that's impossible."

"No, it's not. All you have to do is open the door."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"I don't have a key."

"Well then, go get it," David said with exaggerated patience.

"I wouldn't know where to look," the man explained simply.

The guy was quickly losing hotness points. "What good are you as a security guard if you don't have any keys?"

His not-so-bright knight gave him a rueful smile. "Well, since I'm not a security guard I'd have to say I'm no good to you at all in that capacity."

"You're not?"

He shook his head. His long mane of blond hair shimmered under the fluorescent lights. The effect was mesmerizing. It took David a few seconds to shake off the lusty stupor and regain control of his senses. "Then why am I wasting my time with you?"

"That's a very good question."

David wanted to give him a very good answer. Unfortunately, he didn't have one. "Look, if you can't get me into the doggie dungeon, then I'm afraid I'm going to have to dump you for someone who can."

His eyes glittered with a dark promise as he spoke again. "If you're looking for someone to lead you around by the collar, I can help you with that."

Okay, *that* was sexy. His cock happened to agree. The sensitive head brushed against the felt lining as it rose, sending rapturous sparks through his system. He was all revved up and ready to play, but not with someone who didn't have a fur coat. "Sorry, but you're not my type."

"No? I think we're thoroughly compatible."

"Look, Mr...."

"Caine," he supplied. "Just call me Caine."

"Right, well that fits since I'm definitely able." Oh shit. There went his mouth again. Saying things his brain hadn't approved. "Never mind. The point is, I want fur. Lots of it. And as fine as you are, you're not exactly hirsute. So, if you'll excuse me --"

Caine used his big body to hem him in, against the wall. "Things aren't always what they seem. Behind the resort there's a private beach. Meet me there in fifteen minutes, and I'll give you all the furry action you can handle."

The low growl in the back of Caine's throat combined with the promising bulge at his waist had the answer popping out of his head before he really thought it through. "Okay."

"Good. Don't make me chase you down."

The opportunity for a witty rebuttal was lost when David's mind derailed over thoughts about how that kind of chase would end. Flat on his back, belly exposed, willing to totally surrender to the Alpha who brought him down...

And the fact that he'd just promised a total stranger they'd meet again in privacy returned David to reality.

It was a very, very bad idea.

It was a very, very sexy idea.

It was, David admitted, a thing he was very likely to do.

Fifteen minutes didn't leave him much time though. First he found a mirror to make sure his fur wasn't too badly ruffled. Of course it was, and he had to return to his hotel room for the special brush used to smooth it down. Then he decided he really needed something to calm his nerves so he stopped in the hotel bar for a drink that he'd had to sip through an extraordinarily long straw.

So by the time he found the privacy fence with the "Private -- No Trespassing. Enforced by Dog Patrols" sign, it was closer to forty minutes.

"Hellooooo. Caine?" David stepped through the unlocked gate and closed it behind him. "Caine, are you here?"

The beach created a golden carpet along the ocean's edge. He didn't want to get sand in his fur, so he walked along the fence where a few trees grew. Other than the glow of the moon, there was little to light his way.

"Caine, it's me. David."

A low growl behind him had him spinning around. The largest dog he'd ever seen was baring all too real fangs. His coat was the color of midnight, but the light from the full moon gave it a silvery sheen. He had huge paws, muscles that didn't come from any gym known to man and eyes that were far too intelligent for David's comfort. Even the alcohol swimming in his brain couldn't convince him that a human could be under the thick pelt. This creature was one hundred percent animal, and it didn't seem to like him much.

"Good doggy. Sit. Stay. Please don't kill me." David backed up slowly while the dog advanced, matching him step for step. "Uhhh, Caine? Now would be a good time for you to show up and rescue me..."

David glanced around to see if the man was anywhere in sight. In that instant, the dog lunged. The impact of his body knocked David down upon the sand. The headpiece of his costume rolled off toward the ocean. He couldn't spare it so much as a thought as the dog lowered his muzzle toward his face. "Good doggie. Nice doggie. Oh, God, I don't want to die!"

But instead of the painful, life-ending bite he was expecting, he received a wet lick against his cheek. Startled, he looked up and found the dog's tongue hanging out in a canine grin. As he continued to watch the beast, the dog threw his head back and let out a piercing howl that echoed in the night. It was a sound of dominance, of wild passion. The kind of sound David longed to hear from human lips as he was claimed as an Alpha's mate for all time.

It made him hard.

And horny.

And just a little bit disgusted with himself.

This was a *dog*, for crissakes.

Or was it?

Because while the echoes of his cry still hung in the air, the dog gave a twitch. Then another. Then another. Then they were coming so fast it was hard to tell where

one ended and the next began. Muscle and bone pursued a new configuration. Fur shortened in places, lightened and lengthened in others...

David blinked, trying to banish the hallucination. When he opened his eyes again, Caine's handsome face was poised over his.

"How... what..." David took a deep breath, inhaling Caine's masculine, clean scent, and tried to form a coherent sentence. "When... what..."

Caine pressed down upon him from shoulder to hip. Automatically, David widened his legs to make room for him. He braced for a hard and fast kiss. Caine surprised him with a feather light brush of lips against lips. "Mine," he whispered. "Let me claim you."

It wasn't exactly a question, but David answered him anyway. "Yes. Yes."

That sexy mouth came back for another taste, and David eagerly opened his mouth to welcome him in. Caine's tongue darted in and out, teasing him. David tried to capture his head to hold him still, but the costume made it impossible to do more than bat at his head.

"Impatient pup," Caine murmured.

"Want you," David replied. His voice sounded so needy and desperate. He should have been scared. He should be trying to escape this inexplicable, mysterious man. He sure as hell shouldn't be begging him for a thorough fucking.

And yet he couldn't think of another place on earth he'd rather be.

"On your knees," Caine instructed.

He shifted to one side, giving David room to turn over. It didn't happen right away. David was too stunned by the view of Caine's naked body to move. He was gloriously built. A solid chest, wide shoulders, and the long golden locks that had captured his attention earlier. It wasn't the only thing long about him either. Between his trim hips lay a cock any Alpha male could be proud of. His mouth watered just looking at it.

"On your knees," Caine repeated.

A pair of strong hands guided him into position. His ass hovered in the air while his head rested on his folded paws. The felt lining of the costume clung to his damp skin, making it hard to move about. He was all ready, except... "There's no opening in the back," David warned.

There was a tug on the fabric, and then David felt cool air rush in. "Now there is," Caine said.

"But... you just..."

Hands split the fabric open wider, and then reached around to grab his cock. Hot fingers squeezed him rhythmically. Teeth scraped over his ass. The fabric ripped again and started to fall away from his body as Caine licked his way up David's spine.

Once he was close enough, he angled David's head for a deep kiss. David could taste something wicked and wild on Caine's lips. Not the sweet juices of the tropical drinks the resort passed around like water, but rather something unique to Caine. Something primal and dark. It made him feel wanton, shameless.

"I want you inside me, now." He whimpered with longing. "Please, Caine. Don't make me wait any longer."

Something warm and damp pressed against his puckered hole, invading him. The first inch of Caine's cock made him gasp. Once he pushed past the tight ring of muscle, David moaned.

"Like that?"

"Uh-huh. More."

It seemed to take a hundred years to completely fill his aching channel. David tried to hurry him up, but Caine refused to be rushed. It was well worth the wait. Never had two men fit so perfectly together.

And then he began to move.

Fingers tipped with claws bit into his hips as Caine rocked into him. David pushed back with each thrust, impaling himself on Caine's thick cock. It hurt a bit as he'd never been stretched so wide before, but he welcomed the burn as part of his initiation into lovin' doggie style. "Harder. Faster. Please."

“As much as you can stand,” Caine promised. His pace increased, and so did his heavy breathing. David loved the sound, and the smell of him. He loved the heavy weight pressing down on his back. The feel of Caine’s erection as he thrust deep and withdrew over and over again.

“So tight, so hot. You make me lose control, pup.”

“Don’t hold back. Give it to me.”

Caine let out another ear-splitting howl as hot semen spilled from him. David could picture Caine’s throbbing, ruddy erection sliding in and out of his ass, glistening with come under the moonlight. That image, combined with the quick jerks Caine’s hand was giving his cock, cast David into the orgasmic abyss.

His come rained down on the precious fur and powdery sand beneath him. His own keening wail blended with Caine’s. Something long imprisoned in his chest broke free, and he knew this was the man he’d been searching for all his life. The one who could rule him. The one who could take him time and time again, and leave him begging for more.

Caine collapsed on top of him. The realization that he’d just been fucked by a werewolf settled over him like a warm blanket. It wasn’t something he’d considered doing before, but now that he had, he wasn’t the least bit sorry.

There was only one thought marring the afterglow. Well, hey, it was a biggie. David decided to ask before he could chicken out. “So, uhm, if you’re not a security guard, what were you doing in the convention center of the hotel?”

“Looking for my mate.”

The joy blooming in his heart suffered a quick and painful death. “You have a mate?”

“Yep.” Caine pinned him down with his body when he tried to roll away. “You.” Happy surprise rendered him immobile. “Me?”

Caine kissed the tip of his nose. “You. I knew it the moment I caught your scent. You were born to be mine.”

No one had ever called him their mate before. It made him feel kinda... special. Loved. *Wanted*. "Why me?"

"There's no why to it. It just is. Now, how about we try it again, this time without the suit and the chase scene?"

Caine was the real Alpha deal, whether his coat was showing or not. David couldn't deny him anything, didn't want to. "Whatever you say, my lunar lover. I'm all yours."

Kira Stone

Kira Stone lives in a warm, many-chambered cave tucked away in the Scottish Highlands. A small band of ever-changing heroes keeps her company. As they relax in front of a roaring fire, devils dance and angels sing her bawdy songs. Faerie folk often stop in for a cup of mulled wine and to listen to her spin a yarn or two. And when daylight turns to dusk, together they somehow find a way to keep the cold, uncaring world at bay for another night...

Okay, maybe not. LOL. When Kira isn't living in a fantasy world, she's writing about one from her ordinary house in Ohio with a few feline companions (who don't sing nearly as well as the angels do). Is it any wonder she prefers the cave? You can check out Kira's website at <http://www.kirastonebooks.com>, or join her Yahoo! group at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/kirastonebooks>. Now you can find her on MySpace too! <http://www.myspace.com/kirastone>