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# WICKED

Kris Eton



*Artic Heat 1:*

*Ice Black*

*By*

*Kris Eton*

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**Ice Black**

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## **Dedication**

To Dee, for encouraging me to stretch myself.

## Chapter One

The helicopter set down on the ice-covered landing pad.

"Here we are, Dr. Preston," Hannah heard the pilot say in her headset. "Be careful on the way out. Remember, duck your head until you're outside of the marked zone. Hope you have a nice stay."

Hannah nodded and huddled further into her squall jacket. The cold here was different than she was used to in Chicago. This was bone-deep cold. A dry, bitter cold that hit like a sharp knife to her gut. Although she'd expected freezing temperatures, this was worse than she'd imagined. She grabbed her duffle bag off the seat next to her and reached for the latch.

The helicopter door slid open. A man in a parka and reflective goggles held a mittened hand out to her. "Welcome to the bottom of the world, doctor."

She grabbed his hand and climbed out. At first, it was just white and gray as far as the eye could see. Then, she caught sight of the sign:

*Atmospheric Research Observatory - ARO  
South Pole Station*

Beyond, the square concrete building on stilts stood out in sharp relief from the desolate landscape. Her new home for the next six months.

"We've been looking forward to your arrival ever since Dr. Monahan had to drop out of the program." He took her bag. "I'm Kyle White. Welcome."

"Thanks. I have to say, I was surprised when I got the call," she yelled over the chopping blades of the helicopter. "I thought I'd be spending the rest of the sweaty summer in the Midwest." It was still hard to grasp the idea of temperatures below zero in August.

They bent down and hurried to get out from under the blades. Icy air hit her lungs, and she gasped at the shock to her system. *Déjà vu* hit her. The starkness, the biting cold. Like a distant dream, it seemed familiar to her.

But that made no sense. She shook her head to clear the feeling.

It was hard to discern anything about the man who led her toward the ARO building. He was tall, she could tell that much, but age, eye color, anything else was a mystery.

Out of the corner of her eye she caught movement. The flash of a white tail behind an outlying shed. It couldn't be. Very few animals lived in Antarctica, and the chances of her catching sight of something in the middle of the day seemed unlikely. There was so much white everywhere, she probably was seeing things.

"We're certainly glad you decided to spend it with us instead. We can only choose so many—spots are limited." Kyle climbed up a flight of stairs on the outside of the concrete complex. "You'll find out a lot about yourself down here. Nice to have another pretty face."

At first, she'd thought she'd heard wrong. Pretty face? She'd always been focused on her climatology work—studying the upper atmosphere—not on her physical appearance. Interesting that her looks would be the first thing he noticed about her.

"Well, thanks. I guess. I thought I'd been selected for my background, my work."

They reached the top of the steps, and her guide opened a door. "That was one reason you were given the slot when it opened up. We can use an expert in your field this time of year. But you were specially selected for the other things we have in common."

Other things? What was he talking about? When she walked through the door and entered the observatory, she had a better understanding of what he meant.

Stacked on the shelves next to the heavy outdoor parkas was every

assortment of sex toy, lube, massage oils, candles, masks, ties, handcuffs. A regular sex shop in the middle of nowhere.

Her nipples tightened instantly. "Who told you?" she asked her guide, her breathing shallow and quick.

He removed his parka and goggles. A six-foot-two, white blond, blue-eyed perfect male specimen looked her straight in the eye. "Does it matter?"

## Chapter Two

Hannah slipped off her parka. Although underneath she was wearing a heavy sweater, she wondered if Kyle knew how hard her nipples were right now. She eyed the dildos and masks and other items. There was enough here for plenty of fantasy play. The kind that sent most men packing.

"See anything you like?" Kyle stepped up behind her. The heat of his body drew her to him.

He slid a hand up her arm.

She leaned into his touch. This was crazy. She'd just met the guy.

"Hey, now." An inner door opened and another tall, attractive man entered with the same ultra blond hair and sharp blue eyes. But he was more muscular than Kyle. "She gets to choose, remember? We have to play by the rules. We all agreed."

Kyle pulled his hand away from her and balled it into a fist.

"The rules? What's going on here?" She backed away from Kyle. This was supposed to be a place where like-minded scientists worked together under extreme and unusual conditions. Now, it seemed as if she had involved herself in something else entirely. With the helicopter already miles away, she didn't have much choice but to figure out their game and decide if she wanted to play.

The new man stepped toward her. "I'm Noah." He held out his hand in a friendly greeting. "Kyle was so anxious to meet you that he forgot about how we like to make introductions."

Hannah took his hand and shook it. The warmth of his fingers on



her palm instantly made her think about those same fingers stroking her pussy. She shivered. Why was she so aroused? What was going on with her?

"And how do you do that around here?" She eyed the toys, knowing just which ones she'd like to try. Her whole mind was focused on sex.

"Ah, I see you're starting to get the idea." Noah picked out a large, black dildo from the shelf. He stroked it with his hand. "We've been trying to track you down for awhile. We were so glad when you signed up for the trip."

Hannah watched intently as he stroked the dildo. She imagined him doing the same to Kyle. Making him hard for her, while she watched from the bed. Both of these two together. Something she'd always wanted to try, but never had a willing partner who would agree to it. Too kinky, they said. What kind of slut was she?

Noah smiled at her reaction to his fondling. "All in good time, Hannah. We'll explain everything to you. Now," he set the dildo back on the shelf and held out his arm to her, "will you come and meet everyone?" Kyle joined him on her other side.

"All right." A little thrill ran through her as these two vibrant, sexy males escorted her. They both were more than a little interested in her. Not something she'd ever expected to happen while she was down here.

Back in Chicago, she'd thought she'd work through her sex issues out in the middle of nowhere. Get away from her overly active imagination. She'd always felt wrong somehow about her desires, her sexual needs. This was supposed to be a place where she could put her head down, get her mind off fucking, and just work.

Noah opened the door into the complex, and that was when she knew she wasn't going to get much work done here.

## Chapter Three

A dozen white-blond men dressed only in silk boxers stood lined up around the walls. In front of them, a handful of scantily clad women. All black-haired like her. All beautiful. One of the women sat on a man's lap. His hand was down the front of her tight top, groping her breast. She kissed his neck. They both seemed unaware that Hannah had even entered the room.

Hannah clenched her pussy at the sight. The woman's aroused nipples poked out. Hannah licked her lips. This was a very strange place, indeed.

"Welcome, Hannah." Another woman with a short, dark bob said, snapping Hannah's attention off of the couple. The woman stepped forward and held out her hand. She wore a lacy negligee that revealed her shadowy, aroused nipples beneath. "I'm Samantha. We're so glad you are here to join us."

"What is this place?"

Kyle and Noah left her and joined the other men who lined the room. Hannah felt decidedly overdressed.

"I'm not sure I get—I mean, this is not what I was expecting."

Hannah did her best to keep her gaze off the necking couple. She was horrified at herself. She wanted to watch them. See if the man drew out the woman's breast. See if they went any further with their petting in public.

Samantha shook her hand and laughed. "That's what we all said. But you don't need to worry. You're where you are supposed to be. You'll

see. Just let your true nature come out and you'll see."

Her true nature? What was this woman talking about? If it had anything to do with sexual activity in full view of this crowd, then she wasn't so sure they had the right girl. Did they make a mistake?

"I'll be your guide today. Tomorrow, though, you'll be on your own. So make sure you ask all your questions today."

Hannah scanned the group once more. They all stared at her, with the exception of the couple who continued their foreplay. The women smiled pleasantly, but the men had fire in their eyes. Icy blue fire. Her clit stirred to life at all the male attention. Even in the bulky sweater and insulated pants, she felt attractive, sexy, desirable. Noah winked at her.

"Come, let me show you where you'll be staying." Samantha tugged on her hand and led her toward a door on the opposite side of the room.

Two blond men parted. When Hannah passed between them, one of them caressed her breast. She sucked in her breath at the unexpected, intimate contact. As she left the room, one of the women reprimanded him, "You know the rules. We choose. You promised to follow the rules."

The door shut behind them. Hannah let out a breath. She didn't want to admit it, but the hand on her breast cranked up her desire another notch.

"This is the main floor. We do most of our daily activities here."

"Daily activities?" They passed through a kitchen full of gleaming stainless steel appliances.

"There is a schedule in your room. You can participate in any of the activities you wish. Or none at all. Sometimes it can take a little bit of time to get comfortable with them."

Activities? Hannah's thoughts wandered back to the collection of sex objects in the mud room. Were any of those items used in the activities? Her curiosity grew as did the wetness between her legs. Or maybe she meant the couple in the other room. Was that a scheduled *activity*?

"There's a laundry room," Samantha said. "All you have to do is drop off your clothes. The guys will do them for you. Same with the preparation of any meals."

"The guys?" She peeped into the laundry room where there were

baskets of clothes, sexy lingerie hung on a line, and a dryer rumbled. "Why would they want to do my laundry?"

"Oh, they love to do our laundry." Samantha shut the door. "Some have even been known to steal a pair of panties or two. They get very attached to their mates."

"Mates?"

"My, you are full of questions." They headed up a flight of stairs.

"You told me I could ask anything I wanted."

"True. It will all be told eventually."

They turned a corner, and, there in the middle of the hallway, was another blond man. This one was completely naked, thrusting from behind into a dark-haired woman with her panties around her ankles. The woman groaned in ecstasy, her hips tipped up. Her palms braced against the wall. One cup of her bra was loose, and her breast swung with the violence of his thrusts.

"Oh, God, yes, yes, yes, harder." The woman, her dark hair obscuring her face, wasn't even aware they were there. Her partner moved a hand from her hip to her dangling breast and squeezed it.

Samantha stopped briefly. "Sorry about that. Sometimes we don't quite make it back to our rooms."

The sight of the fucking couple transfixed Hannah. She'd never watched anyone have sex before, but there was something extremely arousing about it. Her breasts ached. Her nipples peaked. Her clit throbbed.

"No one here minds if you watch. Whatever you like." Samantha leaned against the wall, observing them. "Daniel is a favorite of some of the women here. He's open to pretty much anything. Right, Tina?"

The woman moaned, and Samantha smiled.

Daniel, with shaggy blond hair and a goatee, winked at them, still thrusting into the woman. The sound of hard flesh pressing into her wet cunt made Hannah wish she was the one he fucked. Her gaze focused on the penetration of penis into vagina. The head of Daniel's penis was deep red, engorged. When it thrust into the woman's cunt, the soft pink flesh parted and accepted this violation. The harder he thrust, the higher the woman's keening moan.

Daniel pulled out, spun the woman by her hip, and pressed her back against the wall. He kissed her, his open mouth engulfing hers. They kissed deep and long, bodies pressed together.

Hannah was frozen to the spot. Blood rushed in her ears. She felt light-headed. It was so wrong for her to be there, an observer, an outsider to this intimate act. But no one seemed to mind. No one even noticed she was there.

Daniel lifted one of Tina's legs and crooked her knee over his forearm. Her pussy exposed, he pressed his erection into her once more. The force of his thrusts slammed Tina against the wall. But she seemed to love every hard minute of it. Daniel latched his mouth onto her nipple and kept right on fucking her.

Tina moaned, her eyes closed. "I'm almost there. Yes, yes," she whispered.

Hannah shocked herself by being turned on. She liked watching these two have sex in front of her.

Daniel pounded into Tina. It only took a few minutes for her to orgasm.

Her scream of release sounded more like a guttural howl. She tipped her head back and let out a long breath. Her body sagged. Daniel caught her slight form in his arms and pumped into her a few more times until he came. They both panted, coming down off the release. Daniel stroked her arm and whispered something into his partner's ear. They just sat there for a moment caressing each other.

Then, Hannah couldn't believe what she was seeing. White fur sprouted on Tina's forearms and on Daniel's back. The transformation continued. Their limbs grew long and spindly, their faces contorted into something animal.

Hannah backed away. Fear replaced desire. What in the hell was going on?

Samantha moved past them down the hall. "Come on, Hannah. Your room's right down here."

Samantha acted as if nothing was wrong. As if it was completely normal for two people to have sex and then sprout fur. Hannah followed her guide, averting her gaze from the strange horror in front of her.

Once they'd turned the corner, it was quiet, empty.

She didn't know what to think. What kind of place was this? Some sort of science experiment gone wrong? That's not how the letter pitched it to her when she applied last fall. She'd received an invitation from the Beta Group in the mail to apply. Only a select few, it had said. Rare opportunity to explore new experiences. She had assumed it was talking about science experiments, not sex. Not bizarre transformations of human into...well, into what?

Samantha unlocked a door. "This is your room. You can invite anyone in here that you like. Multiples are encouraged, but not required."

Pushing aside the strange hallway activity of a few moments ago, she responded to Samantha's explanation. "Multiples?"

"Multiple sex partners. Don't tell me you've never fantasized...?"

"Oh, well..." Hannah cheeks grew warm.

"Our kind was meant for multiples." She smiled. "It's usually a very typical sexual desire."

"Our kind?" What had she gotten herself into?

"They didn't tell you yet?"

"Who didn't tell me what? Samantha, what's going on here? Why was I invited to this place?" She looked over her shoulder in the direction of the naked couple they had come across. "Am I expected to do...well, what I saw in the hall? What *happened* to them?"

"Oh, Hannah, I'm so sorry." Samantha's face brightened. "No wonder you had so many basic questions. They usually have an orientation." They entered the room. "But because you were a replacement selection...they must have not had time. There's only room for a few of us at a time."

Samantha was talking in circles. Hannah bit her lip in frustration. "A few of who?"

"Shapeshifters."

"What?" On a deeper level she knew what Samantha said was true. What she saw in the hallway was real, not her mind playing tricks on her. Not experiments. "I've had dreams...but I never thought...are you saying that I...that everyone here?"

Samantha nodded and sat on the bed. "Those dreams weren't

dreams, Hannah. That was you. Really you in your shapeshifter form."

Hannah stumbled to a chair. "But I don't understand. You're saying I can turn into a wolf...that I really did that?"

"An arctic wolf. A white wolf. Yes, we all can. And this is where we become fulfilled. Where we can breed. Where we can be what we are, what we were meant to be."

"You...we...we're all wolves?" Even as she said it out loud, she knew it was true. The dreams she had...deep down, she didn't want to believe it. Waking up in the middle of the night, a block from home, naked, aroused. She'd thought she was sleepwalking. Or crazy. But now she knew the truth. The nights she dreamed of running through Chicago on four white paws...that had been real.

"Yes, Hannah. We were so glad to find you. The gene is very rare. Hard to trace. But we're getting better at finding sources. You had a test done. A blood test not too long ago..."

"Yes, the dreams, the sleepwalking, it was getting worse." She leaned forward, her head in her hands. "I thought I was sick. My doctor...he wanted to make sure everything was okay."

"That's how it usually happens. When your shapeshifting self matures. Usually around twenty-five. For the males, it's later. Thirty or so. The gene lies dormant for many years. Anyway, we're so glad we found you."

Hannah, still in a state of shock, didn't know what to say. She glanced around the room to take in her quarters for the next six months. There was so much to understand, so much to ask. "And if I have questions after tonight?"

"Most of becoming your true self is about self-discovery. Experimentation. Each one of us fulfills her wolf self through her sexuality, but it's up to you to find your preferred method. No one can share that knowledge with you. It's a unique experience you must follow on your own. Find out on your own."

"And this place...how did you all end up here?"

Samantha adjusted the strap on her negligee. "A shapeshifter created this station. One of our kind. This new facility was specifically designed for us."

"Are there regular people here? Non-shapeshifters?" Now that she accepted the truth of her situation, she had so many questions. "Was the helicopter pilot a shapeshifter?"

Samantha laughed. She swept her glossy black hair, so much like Hannah's own, away from her face. "Yes, there are normal people here. We just call them humans. There is some scientific research done here, but most of their time is spent working for us. Looking for more of us. You'd be surprised how many shapeshifter lovers there are out there. Wishing they were like us. Doing anything to be near us."

"Do you have sex with them?"

Samantha laughed. "Oh, no." She didn't elaborate on why that was so humorous to her. "Well," she said getting up from the bed, "I'll let you settle in. In a few hours, we'll meet for dinner downstairs, and you'll find out how it works. Just remember, you're in charge here. The women get to choose how, when, who with. Just follow your instincts. Whatever fantasies you had in your dreams, even in your waking life. You can fulfill them here. It will help you reach your full potential as a shapeshifter."

Samantha headed for the door, the bottom edge of her buttocks visible beneath the short lace of her lingerie.

"One more thing, if you don't mind."

Samantha turned in the doorway and raised her eyebrows.

"Am I supposed to dress...that is, where do I get...?" Hannah's face grew warm.

"The clothes?" She looked down at herself. "Check the closet." Samantha closed the door.

The last thing Hannah saw was Samantha's wide, Cheshire cat smile.

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Hannah locked the door behind her guide. She didn't want any company just yet. Although she was aroused, the truth of her situation overwhelmed her. With her back against the door, she took in her room. It was a large bedroom with a king-size bed in the middle, a strange looking chair with odd footrests in the corner, a couple of nightstands, lamps.



Nothing too out of the ordinary.

There were two doors on the far wall. She opened the first. It was a bathroom with a huge sunken tub in the floor, a shower with multiple jets in the corner, and piles of white fluffy towels. She opened the cabinet next to the shower and discovered more sex toys and other objects for fantasy play. She touched the tip of a vibrator. She'd always wanted to try one of those, but had been too embarrassed to go into the sex shops to buy one. A huge tube of lubricant sat on the shelf below.

Her clit swelled at just the thought of trying it out.

She hesitated. What was she thinking? She was in the middle of Antarctica with a bunch of strangers...and she was going to try out a vibrator? It just was too bizarre.

She left the vibrator and lube in the cabinet and went back into the bedroom. She was sweating. Her winter layers were too much for the heat inside the complex. With everyone running around naked or half-naked, she was overdressed. She tugged off her heavy sweater and tossed it on the bed. Next came her insulated pants. Even the sweatpants and turtleneck underneath were too much. She stripped down to a set of silk thermal underwear. Skin tight. Under the soft, clinging fabric, her nipples were hard points.

In the mirror across the room she caught sight of herself. Her pupils were dilated, and her cheeks were flushed. She reached up her hands to her cheeks and felt the warmth in them. The long underwear emphasized the round curves of her breasts, the dip in her waist, the wide curve of her hip. She slid one hand down her neck and over the side of one breast. She trailed her fingers over the hard nub of her nipple.

A jolt of desire ran through her. Ever since Kyle slid his hand down her arm, she'd felt it grow in her. A need for sexual release. She'd been denying it as Samantha gave her the tour, but she was turned on. Really turned on.

And she'd been told to let go. Do what she wanted. No holds barred. All fantasies fulfilled. A dark, deep feeling grew inside her. Like lava welling up inside a volcano, about to burst through the earth's crust. The same feeling she'd had in her dreams.

She ran her hand over her breast again. Across the aching tip of her

nipple. Her head lolled back, and she knelt on the bed, both hands on her breasts. Building the feeling. Letting it grow uncontrolled inside her.

With a flourish, she whipped off her top. An animal noise began in the back of her throat. Somewhere between a snarl and a groan. She undid her bra. She cupped her breasts in her hands, thumbing the nipples, feeling the ache in her pussy grow. She rolled a nipple between thumb and forefinger, stoking the fire in her clit.

Sliding a hand down her flat abdomen, she sneaked it beneath the waistband of her thermal underwear bottoms. She teased herself with the tip of her finger, just on the edge of her labia. Her pussy was soaking wet. She knew it. Could sense it. Had felt it from the minute she'd stepped into the facility with Kyle.

Her mind flashed to the vibrator in her bathroom. She wouldn't need the lube now.

She withdrew her finger. Her clit pulsed with a need for release, but she wanted to take her time. Try this one new thing before she joined the others. Let herself go. Build up her sexual courage.

She got off the bed and went into the bathroom. Grabbing the vibrator off the shelf, she turned it on. It shivered in her hand.

God, what that would feel like inside her.

She stripped off her bottoms and her panties and left them on the floor. In front of the vanity area she sat on a small bench, spread her legs, and clutched the vibrator. She teased the entrance of her wet hole with it. Just that little bit of vibration against her sensitized flesh sent a roll of pleasure through her. She touched the tip to her clit and let it buzz there for a few seconds.

Why hadn't she done this before? She'd always relied on men to give her sexual fulfillment, but her needs were more than a normal man could give. A human. And this was a good way to satiate them.

With a slow hand, she moved the vibrator back to the entrance of her vagina, let the tip tickle it again, and then slid it in inch by inch. The sensation was immediate. A deep, carnal lust burst out of her. Her hand moved independently of her mind, sliding the vibrator in and out of her cunt. When she hit on her G-spot, she held it in place. Waves of pleasure, centered on her pussy, erupted.

She climaxed so hard, she screamed, long and loud. A rush of excitement ran through her veins. Her fingers gripped the bench and then let go. After a minute, her breathing slowed. She caught a look at herself in the mirror. Pure satisfaction. Relaxation. Her desire had quelled.

A jolt of electricity ran through her body. That's when she knew she was transforming, changing, becoming. Soft white fur sprouted on her arms and legs, her fingers curved into razor sharp claws. Just like in her dream, but now she knew it was real.

She let out a long howl.

## Chapter Four

Hannah awoke on her bed. She was human again and more well-rested than she'd ever been in her life. Calm. Languid. She felt beautiful. Magnificent.

Rising from the bed, she walked naked to the closet. Nakedness didn't bother her anymore. When she opened it a closetful of nightwear, lingerie, and leather lined the walls. Anything and everything she might want to wear to attract a mate, or mates.

Rifling through the fine fabrics and laces, she chose a deep red peignoir with matching crotchless panties. She grew damp between her thighs just thinking about putting it on and passing by any of the gorgeous male shapeshifters waiting downstairs.

The see-through fabric settled around her body, clinging to her curves, displaying her ripe tits, the dark hair of her cunt, the shadow of her ass. She twirled in front of the mirror, watching how her body swayed beneath the fabric.

There was a knock at the door.

One of the white-blond men stood there, his broad shoulders filling the doorway. He had a chiseled, perfect chest, and a tight rack of abs. His gaze slid over her body. Hannah's nipples hardened instantly. She knew he wanted her. She could smell it. His cock jumped under his silk boxers.

"Yes?"

"Dinner is served downstairs. We ask for you to join us." He held out an arm for her.

This was not the male she wanted. Although he was attractive and

turned on by her presence, inside she knew he wasn't the one. She refused his arm, brushed past him, and walked down the hall to the stairs.

Her escort followed close behind. She knew he watched the roll of her hips beneath the see-through fabric. A smile curved her lips. To have such power over these men was intoxicating.

The couple who had fucked in the hall were gone, but the musky scent of sex lingered in the air. Just the slightest whiff of it aroused her. She wouldn't go back to her room alone tonight. Of that she was sure.

On the first floor, she found herself surrounded by the blond men again. The dark-haired women sat around a long dining table. The men stood on the edges of the room, still in boxers.

Hannah took a seat.

One woman rolled her head back and cried out. She clutched the arm of her chair. A smile of ecstasy on her face. "Thank you, Steven." Another white-blond male came out from underneath the table, a bright pink dildo in his hand. "The girls are right. You're an expert in oral stimulation. I might just ask you back to my room tonight. I'd like to try something else with that nasty little tongue of yours. And bring the toy."

Steven wiped his mouth on his forearm and then smiled broadly, wiggling his tongue at the full table of diners. Some of the women tittered at the display. He'd clearly enjoyed going down on this woman in such a public space. He tossed the dildo on the table next to his conquest and then stood against the wall behind her.

White hair sprung up on the woman's arms, but just as quickly morphed into flesh again.

Hannah crossed her legs to quell her growing desire. She wished she had the courage to call Steven over to her. Find out how good his skills were. See how it felt to have him jam the dildo in her cunt. Tease her clit with his tongue. But she wasn't quite ready for public sex yet.

Samantha took a seat next to her. "So, are you settling in?"

Several of the men, including Kyle and Noah, had left the room. Hannah assumed they were the ones who would serve them. Secretly, she hoped Noah and Kyle would attend to her. Then, she realized, all she had to do was ask.

"Oh, yes, everything's just wonderful."

Samantha eyed her outfit. "I see you found everything to your liking."

Hannah's nipples stood at attention even under Samantha's scrutiny. A sexual charge ran through her. "Definitely. I've never really felt..."

"Normal?" Samantha took her wine glass. One of the men leaned forward to fill it. "We all felt the same way. There's no shame here. Being oversexed is normal for shapeshifters. That's how we learn to control the change."

"Yes, I noticed." Hannah thought back to her own transformation in her room.

"Ah." Samantha smiled. "So you did enjoy your time alone."

All the women here were so open about their sexuality. In the real world, Hannah would have blushed at such an allusion, but with each passing moment, the idea of sex—of doing it, talking about it, asking for it—seemed natural and right.

"Yes, very much." Hannah nodded and took a sip of wine.

The men returned from the kitchen bearing trays with platters of food.

"So, how does this work?" Hannah was eager to find herself a suitable mate. Her gaze roved over the attractive men. Each fit, each handsome, each clearly possessing a fine cock beneath his silk boxers.

Samantha laughed. "We always dine in the evenings together. Some forget the time...miss out on a meal or two. But dinner we always share together, before we pair off. Some of the men are already claimed. They stand behind the chair of the woman who has chosen them."

Now she understood why only some of the men left to get their food. The others were taken by some of the women. Steven stood behind the chair of the woman he had serviced under the table. She was pleased to see both Kyle and Noah served the food. No wonder they had both been so eager to meet her. They both needed mates.

"Is there someone you have an eye on, Hannah?"

"Two, actually." She smiled at the thought of taking them both back to her room.

Samantha caught the direction of her gaze. "Ah, yes. A good choice.

Those two have been waiting for you to arrive. They've been without mates so far. There's more of the males, and some women like only one at a time. Except during some of our social events."

Hannah wondered what kinds of social events took place here. She could hardly wait to find out.

Samantha continued, "There are a couple of females who should arrive in the next few weeks, so the males without partners will find someone."

"More of us?" Although the news interested her, the heated gaze of Noah from across the room had most of her attention.

Noah headed her way, a full tray of food in his hand, his erection obvious against the soft silk of the boxers. It was as if she'd been waiting for him her whole life. The minute he'd stepped through the door, she recognized him. Recognized his wild, musky scent. Like none of the other males here.

Noah was meant for her. She knew it.

With his tray, he made his way around the table. When he approached her, every fiber in her body twitched to life. His dick tented his boxers. He must have sensed her attraction for him. She wanted to reach out and grab it. But not yet.

He bent over to serve her food. His erection brushed her shoulder.

She sucked in her breath at the contact. "Thank you," she said. Unsure how it was to be done, she just plowed ahead, "If you and Kyle are unchosen, I would like to have you come to my room after dinner." Noah was meant to be her mate, but she wanted a multiple experience. Her shapeshifter nature called out for two men to slake her sexual thirst.

"I'll be there." His voice was husky and low. Hannah closed her eyes for a moment as his voice triggered a rush of wetness to her cunt. "Do you have any requirements for me?"

Hannah blinked in confusion.

Samantha gave her some help by clarifying what he meant. "He wants to know what he should bring, how he should dress. Anything you desire. Some women like to use cock rings, blindfolds, costumes."

Hannah's cheeks heated. All of the other females watched her now. Listened.

"No, nothing in particular. Bring whatever you like. Just wear the boxers." She brushed her fingertips across his barely concealed hard-on. It took all her willpower to keep from yanking down those boxers and deep throating his cock. Her inner wolf wanted to come out and play.

"I'll let Kyle know," he said, a devilish smile on his face.

Hannah wanted to know what that face looked like between her legs. His tongue in her cunt. Pleasure rolled through her.

He set her plate of food on the table and returned to the kitchen.

She couldn't wait for the meal to end.



## Chapter Five

Hannah waited in her room. Dinner had been over a half-hour ago, and she was anxious for her mates to arrive.

She had changed into a new outfit. A black leather teddy with a vee down to her navel. Chains looped across the front to hold everything together, and a leather band wrapped around her neck and snapped in the back. Although it looked complicated to get in and out of, there was a side zipper. Her breasts were almost fully exposed, her nipples barely hidden beneath the edge of the teddy.

She'd never worn anything so tight, so revealing. Glancing at her reflection in the mirror, she didn't even recognize the sexy woman looking back at her. Inside, she could sense her wolf self struggling to come alive. She took a deep breath and let the excitement build inside her. Tonight, she would transform again. Tonight, she would learn more about how sex triggered the change. How to control it. How to use it to her advantage.

There was a knock on the door. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves and then opened the door. Noah stood in front, a sexy smile on his face. "Thank you for the invitation. I was hoping you would choose me."

Kyle, the taller of the two, waited behind Noah. His gaze settled on her breasts. "Leather is my favorite."

Hannah growled and pulled them both through the door. The leather teddy gave her confidence in her attractiveness. "Take off the boxers, boys."

She perched on the bed and swept her gaze from one attractive male to the other. She itched to experiment, to indulge her fantasies. Her

clit throbbed under the restrictive leather.

Noah removed his silk boxers first, but not without a bit of trouble. His cock was ready for her right now. Her gaze was drawn to the rigid length. He quirked an eyebrow and gave her a slow, knowing smile. He palmed his dick and stroked himself a few times. Hannah imagined what the feel of it would be like inside her cunt. Hard. Thick. And so, so good.

Kyle stripped down to nothing next. His penis wasn't nearly as erect, but he was well on his way.

"Noah," she said, wanting to see her fantasy come to life, "why don't you help Kyle. I want you to make him hard for me." Her pussy lips swelled in anticipation of one man fondling the other.

Noah curved his lip in a sensual smile. "My pleasure."

Noah grasped Kyle's member in his hand and stroked him. Their swollen cocks touched for a moment. Watching Noah manipulate Kyle's penis incited a riot of sparks down her body. His hand tightened around it, the soft skin of Kyle's cock wrinkling and shifting with the motion. The head of Kyle's penis purpled as blood rushed to the tip. These two men were here for her pleasure. Whatever she wanted.

Kyle grunted when Noah tugged a little harder. His dick swelled until it stood out from the nest of pubic hair like a flagpole. Kyle's eyes burned into hers. Even though Noah held his shaft, his thoughts were clearly directed at her.

"Now it looks like you're ready to play," she said, her voice cracking. Her body was on fire for them.

Noah released him. Kyle sighed. Oh, he wanted her badly. She could smell it. A scent she'd never noticed before in her regular life. It was dark and wild—just beneath the surface of the cologne he wore.

"You," she directed Kyle, "Sit there and watch. I want you to pleasure yourself while Noah fucks me. There's lube on the table." She got up from the bed and unsnapped the collar of her leather teddy. "Would you like that, Kyle?" She brushed past him, her hip touching the tip of his aroused cock.

"Yes." He blinked slowly and inhaled. He probably could scent her arousal just as she could his.

"First, I want you to kiss me." She pulled him to her. His full lips

met hers, and the touch was electric. She ran her tongue between them, invading his mouth. He tasted like snow and forest and fresh air.

Noah came up behind her and ground his arousal into her ass. She reached back with one hand and squeezed his butt. He grabbed her by the hip and thrust against her. Kyle pressed his chest into hers, flattening her breasts. She was sandwiched between two hard bodies, and her wolf self wanted to howl in pleasure. Noah kissed her hair, her ear, her neck. She deepened her kiss with Kyle. The sensations came hard and fast. Stimulation everywhere.

She broke the kiss with Noah and pushed him gently into the empty chair. Before he sat, he grabbed at the loose collar of her teddy and yanked it down over her breasts. Noah wrapped an arm around her from behind and found her naked tit, squeezing the exposed nipple. She writhed against him.

She kept her gaze on Kyle. He sat in the chair, legs apart, and reached for the tube of lubricant. He squirted some into his hand and then wrapped it around his erection. As Noah stroked her breast and rubbed his index finger against her aroused nipple, Kyle riveted his gaze on each action, stroking himself, the slippery lube coating him. His eyes were dark, dark blue. His lips were parted. As Noah fondled her, she stared into those eyes.

"Undress me," she whispered.

Noah tugged the teddy the rest of the way down her body. When he was done, he kissed her shoulder and then moved a hand across her stomach.

"Not yet, my Noah." Kyle stroked himself harder now, all the while watching, all the while caressing her with his eyes. "He's almost there." Kyle didn't even need the sight of them fucking to get off. Her naked body was enough for him.

Hannah raised her chin to give Noah better access to her neck. His hand fondled her breast and squeezed.

Kyle cupped his balls in one hand and pumped his dick with the other. With a groan, he climaxed, spurting ejaculate, his buttocks tensed and lifted off the chair. From the table, he grabbed some tissues and cleaned up.

When he was done, he gave her a heated look and raised his lip in a sexy snarl. The change began.

White fur sprouted on his arms. The tips of his ears elongated and grew pointy. In a matter of seconds he went from human to wolf. He was beautiful transformed. Kyle the Wolf paced the carpet, panting, his gaze still focused on her.

Noah released her. She led him to the bed, pushing him to the mattress.

Kyle the Wolf sat down, still attentive to their actions.

Noah's chest was sculpted and perfect with a fine dusting of blond hair. Now, it was their turn for the transformation.

Hannah lay down next to him on the bed. "Kiss my breasts." Noah lowered his head and gave her light kisses all across the sensitive skin he found there. A surge of wetness filled her cunt. He sucked one nipple into his mouth and pulled on it with his tongue. An answering response echoed low in her belly. Her legs spread open, excitement building in her.

Noah settled a hand on her stomach. He suckled her tit, knowing it caused the need to grow in her. She bucked up against him. "Touch my pussy." She wanted his hand between her legs. His fingers inside her.

Noah moved his hand from her stomach down to the edges of her pubic hair. She writhed in anticipation.

But then there was a completely foreign sensation. Two hands on her knees, pressing them apart. Warm breath on her inner thigh. Kyle, back in human form, began to eat her cunt.

His lips tickled the edges of her well-trimmed pussy, tasting just the edges of her labia. Noah laved a nipple, and a jolt of hot heat filled her center. Kyle scooped his hands under her ass and pulled her closer to his mouth. He moaned against her sensitive pussy lips. His tongue licked her clit in rapid movements, lapping her, tasting her. She clenched her inner walls. Moisture gushed out of her. Kyle took his thumb and slid it into her wet hole.

But she wanted more before she climaxed. Panting, she said to Noah, "Let me suck you. I want you in my mouth."

Noah gave one last lick to her nipple and then flipped around so his erection was right in front of her. Pre-cum wet the tip. She licked her

lips at the offering. She shifted sideways. Kyle followed. His thumb jabbed deep, his tongue massaged the hard bud of her clit. In a flash, she throated Noah's cock, sucking on it.

When Kyle slid his thumb across the G-spot inside her cunt, she knew she was close, but she wasn't ready to come yet. She focused on what she was doing to Noah, allowing herself a moment to back off the edge. Get more control over her body. Make it last just a little longer.

Noah's hands threaded through her hair. He guided her motions with his hands. His groaning told her she was headed in the right direction. She sucked on the head of his penis, drawing out more of his salty pre-cum. She licked the tip. Noah let out a groan. He was almost there. She could sense it. He was close to orgasm.

Kyle thrust his fingers in and out of her cunt, spreading her cream all over her pussy. His tongue worried her clit. She knew she, too, would come soon.

Turning her attentions back to Noah, she fisted the root of his cock in her hand and deep throated him. Noah tensed. His balls rigid. Cum spurted down her throat in a warm, salty rush. He grunted and thrust into her once more.

He pulled his softening cock out of her mouth and backed away from the bed. He took a deep breath, ran a hand through his hair, and bit his lip. In a moment, he transformed from man into wolf.

Hannah turned her focus back on the mouth between her legs.

"Kyle," she cooed, "I want you to fuck me."

Kyle lifted his mouth from her pussy, but continued to stroke her inner walls with his rough thumb. She trembled. She was so close to climax. But she wanted Kyle's cock inside her first. That hard, thick shaft pounding into her.

"You have the most luscious pussy. I could lick you all night." He flicked a tongue once more across the aching bud.

She flinched. God, he was good at that.

"Enough." She closed her legs, forcing him to back off.

When he withdrew his thumb, her cunt was empty and throbbing. So close to climax it hurt.

In one smooth motion, he moved from the bottom of the bed to

brace himself over her. His erection hard against her stomach. He nuzzled between her breasts. She reached between them and latched onto his dick. It was thicker than Noah's and hard as stone. Kyle grunted and lifted his hips.

She guided his shaft to the hot wet heat of her cunt. He thrust into her, and the overly sensitive flesh sang out. With just that one quick thrust, the climax hit her hard. She bucked into him. He pumped into her with an animal intensity. She rode the orgasm as long as she could. Her inner walls milked his dick, echoes of her climax continuing to pleasure him.

They sat for a moment, bodies locked together. Kyle stared into her eyes for a long moment. "You are the one for us, Hannah." He nuzzled her neck, kissed her, and then rolled off of her body. "We've been waiting for the right one. And now we've found you."

It was then she sensed the transformation.

Her mind shifted. Her limbs settled. From a distance, she sensed Kyle changing from a human to a wolf next to her on the bed. The transformation was a riot of emotions and sensations. Each step closer to wolf—a paw lengthening or a tail sprouting—triggered a new jolt of electricity.

This time, Hannah was more aware during her transformation. She could see how her orgasm and the change were intimately connected. First one, and then the other.

She leapt to the floor and joined her wolf mates

## Chapter Six

Hannah shivered. She was cold. Deep inside, she knew why. Her wolf self remembered, but her human self was a little fuzzy on the details. She rolled over in bed, and her naked backside came into contact with a warm body. Her breasts rubbed up against another body on the other side of her. Both male.

Yes, that was right. She, Noah, and Kyle had transformed last night and roamed out into the night. Into the frozen icy arctic. Howling at the moon so clear in the sky, its pocked silver surface close enough to touch. They'd run for miles, joining up with other arctic wolves, playing in the ice and snow. Never once being cold. It had been beautiful and comforting to be with so many like herself.

She didn't remember how they ended up here. Still half-asleep, she snuggled between her mates for warmth. Noah threw an arm across her hip and pulled her body against his. Naked skin against naked skin. His cock hardened against her backside.

"Are you awake?" he asked, rubbing her hip with his palm.

"Mmmm," she mumbled, thrusting her ass into his growing erection.

Kyle turned over to face her, his eyes half closed. "Are we your mates?" He trailed a finger from her collarbone to the tip of one aching breast. Her nipple contracted in a flash. He smiled.

"Yes, I think you two will do." She leaned forward and kissed Kyle lightly.

Kyle growled. Noah pressed against her. Eager to transform again,

she opened her mouth to Kyle's tongue and lost herself in the warmth and hardness of her two mates. The months ahead stretched out before her in her mind. This was a place of acceptance and exploration, and she was so glad they'd found her and brought her home.

The End



## **Author Bio**

For six years, Kris worked as a technical writer. Then, she and her husband chunked it all to run a bed and breakfast. For the last two years, between cleaning rooms and making gourmet breakfasts, she has been writing fiction.

Kris loves to hear from readers! Please visit her website at <http://www.kriseton.com> for contact information, to read her blog and keep up on her newest books.