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WICKED

Kris Eton



ICE

RED

ARCTIC HEAT 2

Arctic Heat 2: Ice Red

By

Kris Eton

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Ice Red

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Chapter One

The storage closet was dark and stuffy. Kerry Campbell crouched behind boxes of industrial-strength cleaners, a vacuum, and an assortment of brooms and trembled.

Outside, she heard moans and thumps. Cries of pleasure. Urgent calls of “faster” or “harder” or “fuck me.”

She couldn’t go back out there. She just couldn’t. They wouldn’t understand.

Tears formed in her eyes. Before she came to this desolate outpost in Antarctica, she thought she’d found what she’d been looking for. After today, though, she felt like more of a freak than ever.

Six months with shifters of her own kind sounded like heaven. For a year or two, she’d suspected she wasn’t a regular human. When she’d received the letter in the mail from the Beta Group suggesting she apply for a space at the Atmospheric Research Observatory at the South Pole, she’d been ecstatic. A place for shapeshifters like her to explore their sexuality, figure out how to control their shifting. It was just what she needed.

But now she knew she was in the wrong place. What a mistake.

The door cracked open, and a stream of bright light blinded her.

“There you are,” said Hannah Preston, her guide. When she crouched down to Kerry’s level, a lock of her long black hair swung forward. “Come on out—it’s okay. There’s nothing to be afraid of.”

A woman screaming in ecstasy interrupted the insulated quiet in

the closet.

Hannah looked over her shoulder. "We're just about done. Not everyone likes to participate in the games."

"I don't belong here," whispered Kerry, drawing her knees closer to her chest. "It was a mistake. You have to see that."

Hannah held out her hand. "Let me take you back to your room where we can talk. We'll straighten this out, I promise."

Kerry hesitated. When Hannah smiled reassuringly, she took a chance. She grabbed her hand and came up out of the darkness.

The scent of sex lingered in the air. The orgy was over. Thank God. A few naked males remained. They all stared at her as she walked by, following Hannah. She self-consciously tucked some of her wavy auburn hair behind one ear. She stood out like a weed in a field of wildflowers.

She diverted her eyes away from their cocks. Still half-erect. Still wet from fucking. One woman remained, her hair as black as Hannah's. Two white-blond men held her up against the wall; one kissed her, and the other stroked her breast. Her nipple was a tight, pale point against even whiter flesh.

Kerry's nipples hardened under the lace cups of her bright blue babydoll outfit. She'd tried. She'd really tried. Not that she couldn't get turned on by the perfect male specimens or any of the variety of sexual activities scheduled. It was the idea of being in charge and asking for what she wanted that scared her. It was easier to wait it out in the closet rather than appear as if she wasn't enjoying herself.

"Touch my pussy," the woman told the man fondling her breast. "Make me come with your fingers."

The man complied with a smile, dipping his index finger between the shaven lips of her cunt. His mouth latched on to the woman's tit, sucking hard on her nipple. The woman bucked against his hand.

Kerry turned her head away from them. Her own clit throbbed with need. Her breasts were heavy and overly sensitive to the feel of the lace.

"Your room is this way, right?" Hannah asked. They had climbed

up the stairs from the lounge area and were now in a long hallway with doors on either side.

"Yes," Kerry said, biting her lip. She'd been here for a month now and hadn't transformed once. Nor had she figured out how to become sexually fulfilled and initiate the change. Every sex encounter, every male she selected didn't work for her. "I'm the last one at the end of the hall."

"That's right." It was unusual for someone to need a guide this long. Guides typically helped out a new arrival for the first twenty-four hours. Introducing them to the games and toys. Explaining the rules. Answering questions. But it was up to the new shifter to explore her sexuality alone.

Kerry was embarrassed she still needed Hannah's guidance.

They reached her room, and Kerry let them inside.

The king-size bed emphasized what the shifters were here for: sex. Kerry leaned against the dresser. Hannah sat in the strange chair in the corner with the footrests. Some sort of sex chair she had yet to try. It seemed pointless now to even think about using it.

"So, have you tried anything new this week? Did you take some of my suggestions?" Hannah's face was all concern.

"This just isn't working. You know it isn't. I think I should go home. Someone made a mistake."

"We don't make mistakes." Hannah crossed her lean legs. "Your blood tests were positive for the shifter gene."

"But my hair...no one else has red hair." Kerry touched a lock of it. "Doesn't that tell you something?"

"I'll admit, I was shocked to see you that first day. The women always have black hair, the men blond. But if you have the gene..."

"You keep talking about this gene." Kerry turned away from Hannah and stared at herself in the mirror above the dresser. She looked nothing like the shifters here, genes or no genes. "As if that means something. What if I'm damaged? What if I have some birth defect that won't allow the shifter side to come out? I just want to go back home." The tears flowed freely now. To be on the edge of sexual desire with no real release for over a month, to be surrounded by fucking and naked

bodies and sex toys...it was torture. Sexual torture.

"Kerry, we want to help. We really do. We may have found someone who can—a shifter who has an interest in your case."

Kerry wiped her eyes with a finger and faced Hannah again. "Who is it?"

"A doctor. A male. He's helped with problem cases before."

"There have been others like me?"

"Well, not exactly. But there have been some with sexual issues. Past histories of abuse."

"He's a shrink, isn't he?" Kerry paced the room. She'd been to psychiatrists before. This place was supposed to prove she wasn't crazy. That the times she woke up nude, aroused, and outside on her lawn weren't dreams. Those experiences were real. This place proved it. And now Hannah wanted to send her to another one?

"He might be able to help...."

"I'm not crazy."

"I didn't say you were crazy." Hannah sighed. "He'll be here tomorrow. I'll come for you in the morning." She stood, adjusted her leather bustier, and smiled at her reflection in the mirror. "My boys like the leather."

Tomorrow there was a pirate party at ten, toy experimentation and instruction at noon, and a swap party in the afternoon. If Kerry met with the doctor, she wouldn't be expected to attend any of them. Although she didn't want to see him, the alternatives were worse. "Fine. I'll be ready."

Chapter Two

It was late. Very late. Kerry wasn't sure how long she'd been asleep. Her door opened. She heard the quiet snick of the lock before she fully comprehended what was going on.

"Don't move," a husky voice told her. A black figure stood at the foot of her bed. "Don't you dare say a word."

The blood in her veins ran hot at the commands. A new sensation for her.

"You will do what I tell you. No matter what. Do you understand?" He whipped the sheet off of her.

Kerry gasped. "Who are you? How did you get in here?"

The air hit her nude body with a gentle rush. She liked to sleep naked. Especially here. The sheets were so soft. They felt good against her bare skin. But now she wished she had on a scrap of something. Thank God it was dark.

"Be quiet. Not another word, or I'll have to punish you, Kerry." He caressed her ankle, and a thrill of desire ran through her. "And don't even think about covering yourself."

This was not the kind of game they played here. The woman was in charge at the shifter facility. Always.

She kept her mouth shut and her hands at her sides. To her surprise, she liked this kind of game.

He pulled her ankle to one corner of the bed, spreading her legs. In a flash he had secured it to the frame with something soft.

Kerry's breathing sped up. This was what she had wanted. For someone to take control. Deep down, she knew it. But she didn't think they played that way. This was not the shifter way. Who was this mysterious man in the dark?

"And now the other," he said. He moved his hand up her secured leg, smoothing it over her skin, feeling every inch of her. Up and up, over her knee, up her thigh.

Her clit throbbed when his caressing hand neared her nest of red curls.

He stopped.

"Please," she said. Wanting him to touch her so badly. Wanting his fingers on her pussy.

He reached up and pinched her nipple. Hard.

The pain of it thrilled her. Wetness grew in her cunt.

"No complaints. You'll do as I tell you, as I want. Or you won't get to come, my pretty." He slapped the side of her breast lightly and pinched the nipple again. Her punishment. Then he grabbed her other ankle and secured it to the other corner of the bed frame.

Her legs were spread wide. Her pussy exposed. But it was dark. He couldn't see her. Not so very well. And she couldn't see him. He was a body in the dark. A black figure of heat and scent.

Now he was at her side. "Give me your hand." She acquiesced.

He tied it to the head of her bed and then the other. She was now tied, spread-eagled on the bed. Completely bound for his pleasure. Whatever he wanted. Her cunt dripped with moisture. She needed his hands on her again. Either tender or punishing, it didn't matter. She held her breath, waiting for him to decide.

"Now you are ready for us."

For *us*? Before she could process that new bit of information, he was slipping a blindfold around her head and over her eyes. She bucked under her restraints. Unsure of what was happening. Not quite ready to find out why this domination thrilled her so.

"No, no, no, my dear." His voice was dark in her ear. "You must relax." He slapped her breast again. A jolt of pleasure ran down her spine.

"Or we must punish you."

Yes, she wanted to tell him, *punish me*. She wanted more. Each slap, each pinch brought her that much closer to the edge. But he did say if she complained, he might not let her come, and she so wanted to come.

"That's better." The bed dipped as he sat down next to her, and he ran a hand over her hair, petting her. "You can trust me, Kerry. There are two of us here that understand you. Let us give you what you need."

Two of them?

There was a quiet knock at the door.

"Ah, he's here." She heard the lamp snap on. She was no longer hidden from him in the dark. He could see her body now. See everything. "What a pretty picture you make, Kerry. Your tits are lovely. Milky white. I think I'll suck on them. Maybe I'll fuck between them. Would you like that?"

She heard the door open. Who was he letting in? Her cunt throbbed at the thought of two strangers viewing her on the bed. Tied. Naked. Vulnerable. She'd never felt so stimulated, so alive.

"Did she obey?" a new voice said.

"Oh, yes, very well. She's just what we suspected."

"No one else can know, Kerry," the new voice said. The bed dipped again, this time between her tied ankles. "This is not allowed. They would shun us if they knew." A warm hand rested on her inner thigh. She squirmed.

"Oh, what a nice pussy you have. I knew it would be like this. All puffy and pink." A thumb brushed over her mound, spreading her lower lips apart. She shivered at the sensation. "Do you see how nice she is? How ready for play?"

"I told you she's the one. I could scent it." Another hand on her other thigh. "Did you bring everything?"

Kerry whimpered. Her clit was swollen with blood, highly sensitive.

There was a slap to her pussy. "You can't come yet, my dear. Oh, my no, we have much more in store for you before then."

A tingle below brought her in check. The slap to her sensitive

lower lips shocked her, but deep down it pleased her. She wanted this. Wanted them to make her beg for it.

"You can call me Master," said the voice of the first man who'd entered her room.

"And my name can be Captain," said the other. "You are never to seek us out during the day. You are never to try to figure out our real names. This must all be done in secret. We choose when we come to you. Do you understand?"

Kerry nodded.

"A shapeshifter male must only fuck when he is told to fuck. Please when he is told to please. But Captain and I, we're different somehow."

Captain continued, "Tonight is just an introduction. We'll set the rules, and you will obey them. We'll tell you when to come. We'll tell you when to please us and how. First, we must establish the safe word. We are here to dominate you, not hurt you. If we ever go too far, then, and only then, can you speak freely."

She nodded again.

"Your safe word will be 'sugar' because you're our dessert. Our after dinner treat. Do you understand?" Master asked.

Another nod.

"Good," said Master. "Now for the toys. We might use different things on you. Toys you've never tried before."

A hand stroked her breast, cupped it, and held it tightly. He blew warm air on her nipple, and it peaked even harder. "These are nipple clamps." A painful pressure bore down on her nipple and then on her opposite breast. Painful, but horridly sensual. Her pussy was drenched now. She knew moisture dripped onto the sheet. She tugged at her wrist bindings. She wanted to masturbate.

"It feels good, doesn't it? I know." Captain massaged her breasts, and her nipples throbbed deliciously in the clamps. "I'm going to fuck your tits now. And Master will be having his own bit of fun. But if we sense you are coming, there will be punishment."

She nodded and held her breath in anticipation of the riot of new

sensations she was about to experience. She'd never felt more alive than right now, tied up in her bedroom, two men about to have their way with her. Her clit was on fire. Her nipples two impossibly hard knobs of flesh, trapped between metal clamps, which sent jolts of pleasure to her pussy.

She smelled Captain's erection before she felt it. The cool drizzle of something wet on her chest, and then Captain pushed her breasts together and stuck his hard dick between them. The wetness must be lube, and he slid between her breasts as if they were her cunt.

Below, the Master spread her pussy lips with his fingers. She clenched her inner muscles, and moisture dribbled out. "Such a nice little pussy for me to fuck." He touched her engorged clit with a finger and then flicked it. The pain jolted her up off the mattress. Captain lost his rhythm and slid out from between her breasts. He slapped the side of her breast in punishment and then pressed them back together so he could continue.

"I'm going to come all over you, Kerry. Do you want my cum on you?"

Master jammed something cold and metal inside her cunt. Kerry gasped.

"Answer me, Kerry." Captain plunged between her tits and pressed them together even harder.

"Yes....Captain...." Her mind was slipping away. The riot of sensations was almost too much for her. The pinch of the nipple clamps, the solid length of Captain's dick between her lubricated breasts, and now the cold hardness of a metal dildo in her cunt, which forced her hole wide open.

Master jabbed her with it. In and out of her cunt. The metal heated quickly to her body temperature. Its thick hardness filled her as tight as a cork in a bottle. Master drew it out and teased the outer edge of her cunt lips with it.

The climax built in her, but she wasn't allowed to come. Not unless they told her. She clenched her inner muscles to keep control.

"Your pussy is so tight, Kerry. Do you want to come?"

"Yes," she said. And, God, did she. She was almost there. After a

month in this place, full of sex and beautiful perfect men, she hadn't been able to come once. But now with these two strangers violating her body, she was headed for orgasm.

Captain groaned now, his thrusts more rapid. "I'm going to come all over your pretty white tits, Kerry." He jerked. His hands squeezed her breasts. "Such pretty tits." He grunted, and a hot wetness spurted out onto her chest and shoulders. "Oh, God."

The salty, musky scent of cum filled the air. He thrust between her breasts a few more times, his moans turning into sighs. She sensed Captain climbing off the bed, leaving her covered in his cum.

Now her mind was focused on her pussy. Master pulled the metal dildo from her cunt. Kerry wanted to squeeze her legs together, to force the orgasm, but with the ties in place, she was trapped.

Next to the bed, she heard a howl. Captain had completed the shift into an arctic wolf.

Master slapped the swollen lips of her pussy. "Not yet, baby. Not yet." He spread her lower lips again, and then his mouth licked her seam from top to bottom. She bucked against him. "I just had to taste you first. And now, you're going to taste me."

Her clit was so ready for release. Her nipples throbbed in their clamps. Everything was too much. Too sensitive. Too wet. How could she hold out? If they didn't let her climax, she thought she'd go mad.

"I'm going to fuck that pretty little mouth of yours."

She sensed Master next to her now. He prodded the tip of his penis into her mouth.

"Suck me."

Eagerly, she opened her mouth to his ready erection. He pressed his cock into her mouth. She sucked on it, and an answering surge of pleasure echoed in her cunt. She liked this. She liked being told when and how to fuck.

When she swirled her tongue around the sensitive head, Master groaned. He pulled back, and she ran her tongue along the thick vein and sucked him back in.

"Jesus," he whispered. His hand groped for her breast. He

clamped down on it. "Suck me harder, Kerry. Harder."

She obeyed. His dick hit the back of her throat, and she gloried in the feel of it stuffing her. Filling her mouth. Almost gagging her. The sounds Master made drove her further. To please him. Only to please him. She writhed under him. Her cunt crying out for release now.

Master bucked into her one last time, and hot ejaculate spurted down her throat. He cried out and slowed the pumping into her mouth.

At the moment he climaxed, a tongue was in her pussy. Tickling the hard bud of her clit. It was Captain, back in human form.

"Now you can come, Kerry," Master said as he withdrew his dick from her mouth. He hadn't changed yet. He must have tight control over the shift. "You obeyed, so now you can come."

Captain's tongue massaged her clit. The clamps on her nipples grew tighter and more deliciously painful. Master petted her breasts, kissing them, loving them, worshipping them.

She'd obeyed, and now she would be rewarded.

The metal dildo slid back into her cunt. Its hard, cold surface stimulated her sensitive inner walls. He knew how much better it was cold, before it heated to her body temperature. She panted now, the jabs of the dildo perfectly placed to stimulate her G-spot. His tongue laved her clit. Then he sucked the engorged bit of flesh into his mouth.

The climax hit her like a Mac truck. It took her breath away. She grunted once at the first roll of sensation.

Then Master undid the nipple clamps, and another throb rocketed through her. Tingles and jolts all over her body. Her orgasm was hard and long and breathtaking. Captain pressed the dildo one last time into her wet hole. Milking her orgasm for as long as he could.

As she came down from the electric high of her climax, in her mind she could see how to shift. To take that sexual energy and use it for the transformation. Her body relaxed. Her partners swiftly untied her.

Master stroked her arm. "Yes, Kerry. This is how you shift. This is how you are meant to shift."

Her breathing slowed, and she focused. Fur erupted on her body. She could feel the change for the first time. A pure joy filled her from head

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to foot. She was changing. She was finally the shifter she was meant to be.

And as she transformed, she heard one of her lovers say, "My God, what is she?"

Chapter Three

Kerry knew this was wrong. She had shifted, but everything about it was wrong. Her paws, small and dainty instead of wide like a wolf's. The blindfold fell away. And she didn't howl like a wolf, she yipped almost like a dog.

Deep inside, she knew. She was a fox, not a wolf. A white, arctic fox.

She paced the floor of her room. As if in a dream, she knew Captain and Master were watching her, wondering. Before she could get a good look at her lovers, one of them snapped off the light.

She was in her shifter mind now. All sensation and scent. Very little conscious thought. She whined at the door to her room. All she wanted was freedom. Cold. Snow.

One of them opened her door, and she ran.

Hours later, she awoke, naked, in the dining room. It was too early in the morning for anyone else to be awake, and she was glad for that. What would they think of her if they knew she wasn't one of them? She was a fox shifter, not a wolf. She didn't even know if there were other fox shifters. Was she the only one?

From the laundry room, she snatched a folded white sheet and wrapped it around her naked body. Now it made sense to her why she hadn't found the role of dominator satisfying. Master and Captain had said they sensed she needed to be dominated. Controlled.

A sexual spark ran through her. She wanted them to come back

to her room today. Make her try something new. Something wicked. But would they come back?

They'd been shocked to see her transform into a fox. Would they be scared off? Would they report her to someone in charge? Send her back home?

She stole up the stairs to her room. Before she turned the doorknob, she thought for a moment about Master and Captain waiting for her inside. Sleeping in her bed. Ready to tie her down again.

But when she opened the door, her room was silent and empty. Although her body was ready for more sexual play, she would have to hope they'd return. She had no idea who they were, and it was not in her nature to confront the men in the compound about something so foreign to wolf shifters.

She curled up on her bed, smelling the sheets around her. Finding the scents of her partners. The musky smell of male sweat. The clean, salty smell of cum.

They had helped her discover her true self. They had helped her into her first shift. Even if they never returned, she would be grateful to them for that.

* * * * *

"Kerry, are you all right in there?" Hannah was at her door.

Kerry stirred from a heavy sleep. A dreamless sleep. Her mind thick and slow.

"The doctor arrived. He'd like to meet with you."

Slipping into a silk robe, Kerry opened her door.

Hannah smiled. She wore another leather outfit—tight red leather pants and matching halter with a navel-baring V. She scented the air. "You had visitors last night."

Kerry hesitated. She didn't know how much she could share with her guide. If she told Hannah she'd shifted last night, she might expect her to join the group again. If Kerry kept the knowledge to herself, she'd end up meeting with this doctor who might think she was crazy. Or worse, not

a shifter after all.

"I tried once more, but it didn't work." Better to hide for now. Her partners wanted to remain secret as well, and it would draw too much suspicion if she couldn't provide the names of those who'd helped her shift.

Hannah frowned. "I'm so sorry, Kerry. This is highly unusual for us here. Some of us take longer adapting to the sexual freedom. But everything rights itself in a few days. At most a week. A month? Well, it's just unheard of."

"So this doctor...what can he do for me?"

"Why don't you get dressed, and I'll tell you all about him on the way."

The only clothes in her closet, besides the winter wear she arrived in, were lingerie items or costumes. She chose the most conservative outfit she could find—a dark blue, spaghetti strap, floor-length nightgown—and slipped it on in the closet. Unlike the rest of the women here, she was still self-conscious about her body.

Hannah scanned her from head to foot and seemed satisfied at her choice of clothing. "He's waiting for you downstairs in one of the conference rooms."

"Conference Room" was another word for Orgy Room. Daytime social sex events were held in various rooms on the main floor. Like yesterday's group event—always more men than women in attendance, as the ratio of male shifters to female shifters was two to one, always something that started out rather tame but ended up wild and unfettered. Kissing and fondling one minute, hardcore multiple sex the next. One room was equipped with video equipment. Another with all sorts of sex machines and toys.

She hoped she was meeting with the doctor in one of the tamer rooms.

Hannah led her to the last conference room at the end of the hall. As they walked past some of the other closed doors, she could hear groaning, skin slapping against skin. The Pirate Party was in full swing.

"Dr. Tate is a shifter. He works with the humans at another

facility here doing blood research, tracking down others of our kind. He may conduct some medical tests; he may just want to talk with you."

"Medical tests?" Kerry imagined being prodded and poked, treated like a freak.

"Blood work ups, that sort of thing. He is quite skilled with his shifting. So he may introduce you to some techniques to try. I'm not sure. Just trust me when I tell you it's a real honor to have him here. He spends most of his time helping the humans track new shifters. Coming up with better testing. A few have slipped through the cracks over the years, ended up...well, you don't need to know that part of our history. He's here to help." Hannah squeezed her arm reassuringly and opened the door.

A tall, handsome man in his mid-thirties stood inside. He had the typical white-blond hair of a shifter male, longish and parted on one side. "A red head," he mused when he saw her. "You didn't tell me about that...welcome, Kerry." He nodded at Hannah. "You may leave now."

Hannah backed out of the room.

Once she was gone, Dr. Tate turned to Kerry and said, "Let's get started, shall we?"

There was something about his scent that caused her to pause. It was familiar to her. But it couldn't be. Hannah had told her the doctor worked somewhere else. There was no way he was one of the two mysterious strangers who showed up in her room last night.

Scent would be the only way she could recognize them, and using that skill was very new to her. She had to be wrong.

She nodded in response to his question and waited to find out what kinds of tests he would do.

An hour later, she was no closer to understanding why she was shifting into a fox. Dr. Tate had taken blood samples, asked her questions about her sex habits, and even taken a detailed family history. He was kind, and his scent was pleasant to her. She tried to shake off the feeling of familiarity. An easy friendliness formed between them in the hour they'd been together.

Her shifter self responded to his scent, the warmth of his hands on her as he took the blood, the closeness of his lean body to hers. This

wasn't a sexual encounter, but her senses were still heightened. Her body still hummed at his nearness.

Any shifter wolf would be lucky to have this one as a mate. She could sense he would be a patient and gentle lover.

The doctor sat down on a stool in front of her. "Kerry, I won't know your blood test results for a few days. We can do them here, but it still takes time. I can't imagine a mistake has been made. We've never accidentally identified someone as a shifter when she is merely human." He touched her hand. It sent a little thrill up her arm. There was definitely some sort of attraction between them. "So don't worry about that. We aren't going to send you home. I'm sure it's just some minor defect. Something new we haven't seen before."

Kerry nodded. She knew she was a shifter, but she didn't dare tell this doctor, no matter how kind he was, about her differences. He might change his mind about allowing her to stay, and she hoped to have more opportunities to shift with Captain and Master. She didn't want to leave right when she was beginning to learn about herself.

"Now, for the physical exam. Will you please remove your clothes?"

Kerry froze. Physical exam? What did he want to examine?

Chapter Four

Kerry stared at the attractive man in the white lab coat.

He focused his gaze on her auburn hair. "Are you uncomfortable with nudity? Most shifters learn to overcome that rather quickly." His voice rumbled through her body, setting her nerves on fire. "You can put on a gown—I have one in my bag, if that would make you feel more comfortable."

Her pussy clenched. His scent grew stronger. Her attraction more intense than a few minutes before. She shook her head.

"Good." He leaned against a cabinet, which she knew to be full of sex toys. "There are some things I'd like to try. I know it's unusual for a male shifter to be in charge here, but this is strictly for medical purposes. To test natural response to stimuli."

"All right." Although he was supposed to be here as a medical professional, Kerry knew deep down she wanted more from this shifter. His gentle, quiet commands thrilled her. It wasn't just his scent, but the control he held over her, which made her so attracted to him. She stood and let the straps of her nightgown slide off her shoulders. The garment fell to her waist. Her breasts were bared.

"I see no physical defects on your torso." The doctor's gaze swept over her naked flesh. She could have sworn his eyes darkened when she undressed for him. "Can you turn for me, please?" The effects of Dr. Tate's control over her caused a throb of desire in her clit. The orders were polite, but they urged her shifter self to come forward.

She turned around, her back to him, and slipped her gown off the rest of the way. She was now completely nude. She heard him suck in his breath, sensed the heat of his stare. Waiting to hear his next words left her breathless. Her pussy tingled in anticipation.

Dr. Tate cleared his throat. "Nothing unusual." He scribbled something. "Now, could you please take a seat in the chair for some more thorough tests?"

In front of her was a chair exactly like the one in her room. A comfortable looking recliner with two separate footrests—one on either side of it. She'd never tried it before, but following the voice of her new master, she sat down.

The leather was warm against her naked flesh.

"Lean back and put your feet on the footrests, please."

She pushed back, and the chair tilted like a recliner. The leather caressed her backside, and her nipples tightened in response.

"Nipples aroused," Dr. Tate said as he scribbled again, looking up at her from time to time, gauging her reaction to each part of the process.

Were his eyes darker than before? His scent was stronger now. A sexual energy grew between them.

She put one foot on the footrest, and then the next. Her legs were now spread. Her pussy exposed. Moisture filled her cunt lips. Blood surged into her clit. His scent was strong in her nostrils now, guiding her response to each of his commands.

"Scoot down to the bottom of the chair, please." The doctor's gaze was on her bared pussy. He bit his lip.

She wanted him to desire her. Wanted him to make her be bad for him. Kerry moved down. Her legs spread open wider. Her thighs trembled.

He scribbled some more. "Clitoris already stimulated without physical touching." His voice was strained. "Vaginal lips healthy, pink, and puffy."

He knelt down between her spread thighs and set his notepad aside. "Kerry, I'm going to touch you now. Try some techniques to see if

we can stimulate the shift. I want you to close your eyes and just concentrate on my touches."

Kerry closed her eyes. To have Dr. Tate examine her naked body so closely and order her to follow his instructions fomented the desire in her. Dr. Tate might not be Master or Captain, but it was clear to her now a male with any amount of sexual control was enough to push her over the edge.

She took a breath.

Dr. Tate cupped a breast in one hand. "Nicely sized breasts. Firm. Nothing unusual here." He brushed a fingertip over her already aching nipple. "I see your nipples are quite hard. Let me see if I can increase the pleasure." A cold wetness dripped onto her breast. "Some lubrication and a bit of manipulation." He rolled her lubed nipple between his fingers.

Kerry gasped. Her breasts heavy and full.

"Ah, that seems to be working. Let me check your vaginal area now for any malformations." He plucked once more at her nipple and then the other. They were twin peaks of aching desire.

He ran his hand lightly over her stomach and down to her pubic hair. "I can scent you. That's good. There's clearly sexual desire and readiness. Now, please hold still while I examine your clitoris and labia." The light touch of Dr. Tate's fingers on her pussy lips was enough to drive her mad. She jerked and groaned, keeping her feet firmly planted on the footrests. She wanted him to be more commanding, harsher. But even gentle commands could stimulate her, it seemed.

"Highly sensitive, aren't you?" He held open her lower lips with two fingers. "Tell me how this feels." He blew gently on her clitoris.

Kerry bucked at the sensation.

"Very nice." His voice was deep and darkly erotic. He rubbed a finger across her aching bud of engorged flesh. "Try to focus on your shifter self as I stroke you. Don't hold back. Let the feelings wash over you."

Her breathing sped up. The brushing of his fingertip across her most sensitive part was unbearable.

"And now, I will stimulate your G-spot. Lie still, focus on my

words, my touches.”

His continual orders turned up her desire another notch. She gripped the armrests, her fingernails digging in to the leather. She wanted his punishment. She wanted him to bite her, slap her, tell her she had disobeyed.

But he continued with the gentle orders. Commanding, but soft.

“Wait for the climax to build to its highest point.” He slipped a finger inside her wet cunt. “Jesus,” he whispered. But then he gained control once again. “Hold onto that feeling as long as you can after you climax. That can trigger a shift sometimes.” He rubbed across the spongy, rough area inside her. “Hold it.” A second and then a third finger entered her, putting pressure against her inner wall. “Don’t come yet. I want to try some more stimulation.”

Kerry held onto the orgasm that was building. Wanting to obey him. Wanting to follow his orders. With three fingers spreading her wide, rubbing inside at her most sensitive spot, she was close to the edge. So close.

She felt him spread her lower lips again, all the while fingering her cunt. He breathed on her sensitive clit. “Come, Kerry,” he whispered, and then blew on her clit again. “Come for me, pretty Kerry.”

She grunted. His gentle orders drilling down into the shifter part of her brain. Her pussy zinged. Nerves fired. Pleasure built.

“I have to taste you,” he whispered against her pink flesh.

The rough lick of his tongue against the bud of her clit sent her over the edge. She wailed long and loud and ended the orgasm with a grunt.

“Yes, Kerry. Yes.” Dr. Tate had pulled away from her pussy and pushed her legs together. “Now concentrate. Dig deep down inside and think about shifting.”

Kerry sighed as she came down off the climax. Turning her concentration inward, she tried her best to turn sexual energy into shifting energy. But this time, only a little bit of white fur sprouted on her arms. After a few seconds, the smoothness of her pale flesh returned.

Dr. Tate kissed her knee. “You did it.” He was breathless. “It was

short, but you did it.”

He stood up, straightened his tie, and ran a hand through his blond hair. “I know this was rather unusual, Kerry. Typically for our kind, the female takes control. But every now and then a shifter female will need some extra instruction. A different approach.” The doctor cleared his throat. His eyes revealing nothing.

Little did he know what kind of instruction she needed. The more commanding, the more forceful, the better. The orgasm Dr. Tate had induced was pleasant. It did bring her release, but it wasn’t nearly as satisfying as her climax from last night.

“You may get dressed now. Be open to new experiences, Kerry. Don’t shy away from something strange or different.”

Did he know? Did he know what she really needed to shift? He had played her like a fine instrument, knowing exactly where to touch her, when to issue his commands. Did he know more than he was letting on? “All right,” she said as she put her nightgown on. “I’ll try that. Thank you, Dr. Tate.”

“It’s been my pleasure.”

Chapter Five

This time Kerry was wide awake. She'd left her room unlocked, and after her doctor's visit, she'd spent the rest of the day preparing for this moment. A long, hot bath in the tub, her pussy freshly shaven, scented oil rubbed into her skin. All in preparation for another visit from Captain and Master.

Heading back to her room, she'd sneaked glances at all of the males she passed by, hoping she could scent out her secret lovers. Or perhaps come into contact with a knowing glance or touch or word as she passed by. But to no avail.

They probably would have been displeased she attempted to seek them out. It was supposed to remain a secret.

That thought set her body ablaze.

Under the cool white sheets, she waited. Her clock read one in the morning.

And then, her door cracked open. Two shadowy figures entered.

"Get out of bed, Kerry," one of them ordered.

The command turned on the switch inside her. She craved this kind of control. "Yes, sir." The sheet fell from her body, and she stood before them naked.

"Turn around." It was Master. In the dark room, he was only a black shape, but she could scent him now. It was the same scent as the doctor. Her instincts had been right. Dr. Tate was one of her secret lovers. "We know what you are. We saw you shift last night."

Her breath caught in her throat. Would they reject her? She wasn't a wolf shifter like everyone else. Would they punish her for that?

Captain said, "And we liked it. We like that you're different. That you're made for us, for dominating. You will still be our secret. Our plaything. Do you like that?"

Although she knew the identity of one of her lovers, she didn't want to let on that she knew. He wanted her to play this game with him. So, she obeyed. "Yes, Captain."

Roughly, one of them pulled her arms behind her back and tied them with something soft. "That's a good girl," said Captain. The other slipped a blindfold over her eyes.

"We are going to fuck you tonight, Kerry. We want to feel your cunt around our cocks."

Moisture gushed between her legs. Blood filled her cunt. This was what she wanted. Forceful. Demanding. Dr. Tate had played with her earlier today. He had known how much she craved being dominated. The stimulation in the chair had all been a tease. A fun game for him to see how little domination she actually needed to get off.

She heard the light snap on.

"Has someone else fucked you today, Kerry?" Master asked.

"No" she whispered. But he knew she lied, and she liked that he did. She wanted his punishment.

There was a painful smack to her ass. The sting was stimulating. She wanted more of the same.

"You lie. Tell us the truth, or we will punish you more."

"No one fucked me today, Master."

Smack!

"Tell us the truth."

She gasped at the tingling, how it made her breasts grow heavy with desire.

Arms wrapped around her from behind. A hand squeezed her breast. "Tell us, Kerry," Captain whispered in her ear. A warm breath against her flesh. His hand slid down to her stomach. He held her hard against his erection. He was nude.

"I saw a doctor."

The hand tightened on her breast. She shivered at the pleasure of it.

"Did he fuck you? Did he take what is ours?" Captain asked. His other hand moved in circles over her stomach.

"He touched me. Made me come." She knew Master was pleased at her confession. Proud of what he had done to her during the exam.

"Did he kiss you?"

"No."

"Did he touch your pussy?"

"Yes."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes...."

A hard pinch to her nipple. She cried out. Her clit throbbed. The pain felt so good.

"You will only want our touch. Only come for us, Kerry. You must have control over yourself. That's what we expect from you. When you're outside this room, you must not come unless Master or I command you to, is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

His hand tickled the edges of her lower lips. "Ah, you shaved for us. We like that, don't we, Master?"

She sensed another body in front of her. With her arms tied behind her back, her breasts were thrust forward.

"And her skin is softer tonight." Master cupped her breasts in his hands, lifting them, pushing them together. "You liked it when Captain fucked your tits, didn't you?"

"Yes, Master."

Captain continued to tease the very edges of her labia. She squirmed, needing him to part her pussy lips, touch her clitoris. Then, a slap to her pussy. "Not yet, sweetheart. Not yet. We want to play with you first." His hand moved back up to her stomach.

More wetness surged out of her.

Master sucked one of her nipples into his mouth.

Kerry's knees buckled, but Captain held her tight. His erection a hard thing against her lower back. He nibbled her neck, kissed her earlobe, and whispered in her ear, "We are going to fuck you, Kerry. We're going to pound into that sweet pink cunt, and you're going to beg us to fuck you harder."

She groaned, weak under their teasing mouths.

Master pressed his rough tongue against her nipple and sucked it hard into his mouth, biting down slightly. She bucked forward. Her pussy was so empty. It needed to be stroked and licked and played with.

"Don't come yet, Kerry." Captain rubbed his erection against her back.

She made her stance wider, making it harder for her pussy to find relief.

"We want you to get clean for us. In the shower. Now." Master let go of her tit, and Captain pushed her forward.

She stumbled but caught her footing. She headed toward where she thought the bathroom door should be, tripping over the leg of a chair. One of them grabbed her bound arms and helped her through the door and into the bathroom.

"Get in the shower." He pushed her forward.

One of them turned on the water.

She stepped blindly into the shower, and hot water coursed over her. Water dripped onto her face, slid over her shoulders, and caressed her aroused body.

"You have beautiful tits, Kerry. Turn around," Master said.

She complied.

He untied her wrists. "Soap them up for us."

She felt for the bar of soap in the tray and then rubbed it over her breasts, around the aroused nipples.

"So pretty, sweetheart. So, so pretty." Captain spoke now, "Make sure they're very clean."

Kerry set down the soap, cupped her breasts in her hands, and rubbed up and over her nipples, making more lather. Her nipples puckered.

"Now, wash your pussy, Kerry."

She picked up the soap again. Her clit so sensitive, she was worried she'd touch herself and set off an orgasm. When she hesitated, there was a slap to her fleshy thigh. Not a hand, but some kind of whip or crop.

"Don't make yourself come, Kerry, or there will be more punishment," Master said. "Just clean your pussy for us, so we can fuck you. A nice, clean, pink pussy is what we like."

His words sent shivers down her spine. The commands aroused her more than self-touching. She lathered up the soap, set it back on the tray, and put her soapy hand between her legs. She tried to move slowly, so as not to set off her sensitized clit. Water dripped down her face, and she sputtered.

"That's it. Clean those pussy lips for us, Kerry. Rub a little harder."

Kerry separated her human mind from her shifter mind. She focused on being in control of her body. Not allowing herself to climax, even though the soapy slide of her hand against her cunt felt so good. She could do this. She wanted to please her partners. Make them proud of her. And most of all, she wanted them to fuck her.

"Very nice, Kerry. After we fuck you, since you've been good, we will let you come."

The joy welled up inside her. She couldn't wait for them to penetrate her, fuck her senseless. And then the orgasm would come, and afterwards the shifting...

Each of her lovers grabbed an arm and shoved her up against the wall of the shower. Water rained down on her stomach and thighs. "We each get a turn. And you must not come until we tell you that you can. Do you understand?"

She nodded. A thrill ran through her at the thought of them pounding into her here against the wall in the shower.

Roughly, one of them lifted her leg, exposing her cunt. His fingers spread her pussy lips, and his dick touched her entrance. She wanted to know what it felt like to have her masters' cocks inside her.

Would one be fast and the other slow? She thought about Master and how he fucked her mouth last night. His cock had been thick. She hoped he was first.

One of them lowered his mouth onto hers. The first kiss they'd given her. His lips were hot and searching. She opened her mouth to him and let him jab his tongue inside. A rough, hard kiss. When he jabbed his tongue for a second time, he did the same with his cock, slamming into her hole.

There was momentary pain because it was so thick, but her cunt accepted the invasion. This must be Master fucking her. He filled her and then pulled out slowly, all the while deepening their kiss.

She was aware of her other lover, Captain, next to her, holding one arm back to keep her still against the wall. He massaged her breast with his free hand, tweaking the nipple each time Master thrust into her. Then he would slap it to bring down her building orgasm.

Master thrust over and over, his grunting growing louder. She wanted more of him, her inner muscles clenching around his hardness. His kisses continued, consuming her.

"Do you want me to fuck you harder, Kerry?" Master asked, his dick deep inside her.

"Yes," she groaned.

"Then say it. Say you want me to fuck you harder." He ground his hips into her.

"Fuck me harder, please, Dr. Tate," she gasped.

Master pounded into her, wetness surged out of her cunt with each thrust. "So you think you're clever, Kerry?"

"No." She was lost to the feel of his hard shaft splitting her wide open. The cold tile against her ass. The hot water raining down on them.

He whispered in her ear, "You must be punished for not calling me Master." He abruptly pulled out of her and pressed his chest against hers.

She whimpered at the loss of sensation.

"You will suck me."

Captain continued to press her arm into the wall. Her pussy was

on fire. It needed Master's hardness, needed his thrusts.

"Do it, Kerry," Captain ordered her, pushing her to the hard tile floor of the shower.

Eagerly, she opened her mouth, wanting his cock to fill her. The hard thickness thrust into her, and she sucked on him. Licking and swirling and loving his penis. It was coated in her juices and tasted like her. With her hands free, she curved them around his muscular ass.

Master groaned and set his hand on her head. "Yes, Kerry. Suck me."

She licked the sensitive head.

"Jesus."

The taste of his pre-cum drove her wild. She gripped the thick base with one hand and sucked him down as far as she could.

"God, yes," he said, his voice strained.

She imagined Dr. Tate, a look of ecstasy on his face as she sucked on his erection and brought him closer and closer to orgasm.

He bucked into her mouth and then came. Hot, salty cum poured down her throat.

Master pulled out of her mouth and backed away.

Captain pulled her up off the floor. She wanted, needed more. More fucking. More pain. More pleasure. She was ready to obey.

Captain used the crop. This time on her breasts. The sting across her sensitive flesh was like a shot of adrenaline.

"Now it's my turn to fuck you, Kerry. Turn around and hold on to the bar."

She did as she was told, bending over to hold onto the safety bar in the shower.

"Spread your legs. Show me that pretty pussy of yours."

She widened her stance.

His fingers played over her exposed labia. "Your cunt is so soft, so wet, so ripe." He fingered the edges of her hole. "I love looking at you this way. Bent over for me. Waiting to be fucked." The blood rushed to her clitoris in anticipation of the release he had promised her. "I'm going to fuck you so hard, Kerry." The tip of his erection touched her cunt.

Moisture dripped out of her. She wanted him. Needed him just as much as she'd needed Master only a few minutes before.

His cock pounded into her full force. She gasped at the feel of a second, different man's dick inside her. Captain was longer, the tip of his erection hitting her cervix. He wrapped an arm around her waist and leaned over her, his thrusts so hard, he lifted her feet off the ground.

His free hand smacked her ass repeatedly. "Don't come yet, Kerry." He grunted. "God, I love your wet cunt. Do you like me to fuck you from behind?" He grabbed her hair.

Her head tilted back. All she could do was gasp at the rough treatment. It all felt so good. She wanted to do this for him. Wanted to play this game with him.

He pulled harder on her hair and ground his shaft deep inside. "Do you like me to fuck you from behind? Answer me."

"Yes," she cried out. "I love it when you fuck me like this."

"Do you want to come, Kerry?"

"Yes, Captain, I want to come." Her words came between gasps now, while her breasts swung at the rough sex.

She heard a buzzing. What was that?

"We are going to come at the same time, Kerry." He leaned over her and grabbed her breast in one hand, manipulating the nipple into a hard point.

Her cunt was wide open and dripping moisture. "Yes, please."

He continued to pump his dick inside her but slipped his free hand down the front of her. There was something on his hand—it was buzzing. A toy of some kind.

Her clit swelled in anticipation.

He maneuvered the buzzing toy between her labia. A gentle vibration settled right on top of her clitoris.

Stars appeared behind her closed eyes. The vibration rocketing through her overly sensitized clit. She cried out at the pleasure of it.

"You like that, don't you?" Captain pressed the toy harder against her clit. He still fucked into her. "I'm going to come too, Kerry."

"Ah, yes," she said. The orgasm building. The pleasure growing.

Words leaving her mind. Her focus on only one thing.

He must have flipped a switch, because the buzzing grew harder. When Captain thrust one more time into her cunt, she reached climax. Powerful. Mind numbing. The buzzing of the toy drawing it out, making it last.

Captain came, too. Spurting into her. A groan of satisfaction.

The two of them leaned against the shower wall, the water still pouring down. "You can shift now, Kerry. Try it again."

She rested against the cold tile and reveled in the warmth of his body against hers. She turned her mind inward to the shifting part of her brain. Connecting once again to that side of her. The aftereffects of the climax redoubled in her body as something different.

Then she sensed the shift, the white fur, the absolute freedom and joy.

And she knew that they wanted her. Knew that being a shifter fox was not ugly to them. She was beautiful and perfect just as she was.

She yipped and joined her wolf mates.

Chapter Six

Dr. Tate held Kerry's hand tightly. They stood in the mudroom, the entrance to the facility.

"I don't understand," Hannah said. "This is highly unusual. Unheard of."

He helped Kerry into her arctic gear. "From time to time I require assistance at the lab. Kerry has shown that she would be a great asset to us in our work."

"But we are in charge here, Dr. Tate. The females." Another black-haired shifter female, Samantha, didn't look pleased.

"Tell them, Kerry," he said gently.

"I asked if I could help. I want to go." Kerry had been told by Master before they left early this morning she must not reveal her true shifter self to the others. It would frighten them. Only Dr. Tate and Captain, the still unidentified mate, could keep her safe, keep her secret. They were meant for each other, the three of them.

Hannah's brow wrinkled. "I just don't understand. You haven't made the shift...why would you want...?"

"I want to go."

Samantha shrugged. "I think you're making a mistake, Kerry. But if you want to come back, we're here for you. I know some of the males will be disappointed to lose a female, especially one so unique." She eyed Kerry's auburn locks.

"I appreciate the offer." Kerry stepped into her boots. Dr. Tate

held her steady with an arm around her waist.

A look passed between Samantha and Hannah, but they said nothing.

When Kerry was outside, surrounded by the ice and snow, a weight lifted off her shoulders.

"They know we are mates," Dr. Tate said. "I don't think they know what you are, but they know we have mated."

But Kerry didn't care anymore. The ARO and the wolf shifters were behind her now. "What's your name? Will I get to meet Captain now?" She had so many questions.

Dr. Tate led her to a domed building a thousand yards away. It was dim outside. The late September sun hung low in the sky. A pale, weak disk above the distant jagged glaciers. The cold took her breath away.

"You can call me Christian."

She liked that name. It suited him. "And who is Captain?"

"You already know him."

"I do?"

"Yes." She could hear the smile behind the words.

A door opened in the front of the dome. A tall figure, the same height as Dr. Tate, came toward them.

"Kerry, you're here." The familiar voice caused a stir deep inside her body.

"This is my brother, Dr. Michael Tate."

"Your brother...?" And then she knew. They were twins. The same towering height, the same wicked smile. Two Dr. Tates.

"Did you like our little game, Kerry?" asked Michael. He enveloped her in a tight hug.

They knew she loved their games. As they walked into the domed research facility, she knew they would play many more together before autumn's 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 for contact info or to read her blog and keep up on her newest books.

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