

*A Sip...*



*A Torquere Press Short*

***Alpha, Omega***  
***By Cassandra Gold and Beth Wylde***

Being a member of a large, predominantly carnivorous shifter group has its advantages. Increased speed, strength, and agility, along with a high metabolism and the ability to eat everything in sight are a few of them. There's also the seemingly endless stamina in the sack. Unfortunately, even though I'm now a carnivore and no longer have to worry about dieting, the ability to cook a decent meal doesn't come with the werelion package.

"Damn it," I cursed as I scraped out my scalded frying pan, dumping the now inedible chunks of blackened potatoes in the trash. Two large, mostly-rare steaks were still warming in the oven, but my attempts at creating a decent side dish were ruined. It was the second pan of potatoes I'd burned, along with a batch of lumpy, overcooked noodles, and with the mess came the realization that I needed to stick to what I knew best. Meat! Whether it was steak or Shaun's succulent cock, I just couldn't go wrong with a big hunk of beef.

The unidentifiable heap of Idaho Spuds missed its target and bounced off the rim of the bin, landing on the floor with a loud splat and sending bits of black all over my newly waxed floor.

"Oh fuck!" Annoyed, I grabbed the broom and started sweeping up the mess. I bent over to grab the dustpan when a large set of masculine hands grabbed me by my hips, pulling me backward until I felt the distinct ridge of a rock hard erection pushing against the cleft of my ass. "What the...?"

I started to stand up but one of the hands restraining me moved to the center of my back, applying steady pressure to hold me in position. "Don't move, luv. You look so hot bent over in your boxers like that. It makes me want to pull them down and have my wicked way with you."

I shivered as Shaun's warm breath fluttered against my neck, his deep voice and British accent bringing my cock to life inside the confines of my boxer shorts. I swallowed hard and tried to hide my arousal even though I knew with his lion senses he could smell how much I wanted him. "Look what you've done. You've ruined my surprise." I pushed back and Shaun let me go reluctantly.

When I turned around, he looked completely perplexed. "What are you going on about, luv? I wasn't doing anything but admiring your deliciously shaggable ass."

He reached for me again and I batted his hands away, in no mood to be distracted. "I was making us dinner."

Shaun gasped as his eyes widened in shock. "You? Cooking?" Putting his hand over his heart, he faked a swoon. "I'm not sure you should be doing that. Toxic waste is dangerous, you know."

I gave him an indignant glare and stomped over to the oven to prove my culinary skills. I grabbed the oven mitt and pulled out the pan with the hot, bloody steaks on it. "See, I can too cook."

Shaun took my chin in his hand and turned me to face him. "Luv," he said patiently, pointing to the delectable smelling T-bones still simmering in their own juices, "That's not cooking, that's reheating."

I stuck out my tongue. "So I'm not Betty Crocker."

He leaned forward and nipped me on the mouth. "I should hope not, since I prefer the gents, not the ladies."

"I tried my best. I really wanted tonight to be special." I slumped in defeat.

Shaun tilted his head in confusion. "What's so special about this evening?"

Anger warred with disbelief, and I felt the sudden urge to cry. My mate had completely forgotten about our mating ceremony a year ago. I sniffled to hold back the tears, unwilling to give in to them in front of him. "You and me! Together. My claiming! Ugh!" I tossed the pan down on the stove, watching as some of the blood splashed over the rim and onto the stovetop. Normally I would grab a rag and wipe it up, but tonight I was too mad to care about something in the house being less than perfect.

Frustrated, furious, and miserable, I stomped out of the kitchen and ran up the steps to the bedroom Shaun and I shared. I couldn't believe he was insensitive and uncaring enough to forget about something so important. After all I'd been through over the past year—adjusting to becoming a whole new species, enduring the disdain of Shaun's Pride, living with someone for the first time—this was more than I could bear. With tears rolling down my cheeks, I grabbed a small suitcase out of the closet and started packing enough stuff to hold me until I was calm enough to come back for more.

I'd nearly finished when Shaun rushed into the room. He grabbed the suitcase out of my hands and tossed it away. It hit the wall with a thud and I watched as the latch came loose and all my stuff scattered. Ignoring the mess, Shaun pulled me against his chest. I took a deep breath and my nose filled with the scent of home and safety. Shaun was my mate, whether Mother Nature intended it or not, and the thought of losing him broke my heart in two. The hug was the final straw. I broke down completely in a totally un-masculine display of emotion. Shaun kept quiet, knowing I'd talk when I was ready.

What felt like hours, but was only minutes later, I jerked free of his embrace and plopped down on the edge of the bed, suddenly too exhausted to stand.

Shaun sat down next to me. "Now, Adam, you want to tell me what all that wailing was about? It's not like you to go off half-cocked."

"It's our anniversary. Tonight marks a year we've been mated. I had a special evening planned."

Shaun chuckled and pulled me halfway into his lap. "No it's not. Our anniversary isn't until next week."

Anger surged again and I tried to sit up. He held me tight and refused to give me an inch. "You bastard. You don't even know when you bit me. It's tonight, August third."

"We're werelions. We use the lunar calendar, not the human one."

*What?*

He opened his arms and let me loose. I turned to face him with my mouth gaping open. "What do you mean?"

"Careful there." He used one finger to push my lower jaw up to meet the top. "You keep your mouth open like that and you're liable to get something stuffed in it." Shaun let the raunchy

comment fly without batting an eyelash before settling into lecture mode. It reminded me of days gone by, when we'd first met, before I found out what he was. Things seemed so much simpler then.

"While it's true that we were mated one year ago today, and the date might have been the third of August, it was really the first night of the full moon cycle for that month. This year August's full moon cycle doesn't start until Monday so our one-year anniversary isn't until then. It's the same day as the anniversary of your first shift and the day I brought you into the Pride."

I realized Shaun was right and I was instantly ashamed. I'd been thinking like a human again even though I hadn't been one for quite some time. Old habits really did die hard and my stupidity had almost cost me our relationship. The realization made me even angrier. I was so pissed off at myself I didn't know what to do. I wanted to scream, or shout, or hit someone, but Shaun was the only person in the room. I blamed my next move completely on anger, testosterone, and too much wasted adrenaline.

One minute we were sitting on the bed side by side and the next I was on top of Shaun with my legs straddling his waist and my hands wrapped around his thick wrists. Shaun fought against me the way any Alpha animal would when surprised and overpowered, and the burst of strength nearly bucked me off. It took all my will to hold him down. My intense emotions helped.

Now, I'm not an Alpha anything. In the Pride I'm basically about as low on the power totem pole as you can get. Under regular circumstances I'd probably be left for dead somewhere on the side of the road, but since I'm mated to the Alpha lion of the Pride the others leave me well enough alone. They don't approve of me but they keep their mouths shut for fear of angering their Alpha. He has a ferocious temper, even for a lion. When Shaun and I are intimate, I always bottom; that's just the way things work.

Tonight, though, I didn't want to be the submissive. Tonight I wanted to be the one to stuff Shaun's hot little backside full of my cock until I exploded inside of him. I wanted to mark him for once, not have him mark me. Judging by the way Shaun was fighting against me, he didn't like the idea very much. Normally, I wouldn't have pushed my luck but I felt out of control and wasn't willing to back down.

Shaun gained the upper hand and rolled us over until he was on top. I fought back, shifting my weight once again and locking my right leg around his left knee in an awkward version of a UFC submission hold. Shaun yelped and we tumbled off the bed. I landed on top with Shaun's body cushioning my fall. He growled up at me, his eyes flashing green and gold as he shifted partially. His teeth grew sharper and as I watched in fascination he leaned forward and bit me right on the shoulder.

I yelled, "You fucker!" Then I bit him back.

He gasped in surprise and let go of my shoulder. "Adam, what the fuck has gotten into you? Get off me before I kick your ass."

I pulled back and looked him dead in the eyes, knowing I was challenging his authority and not caring the least little bit. "You can try."

His growl this time was much louder than the first and he hauled off and kicked me. I spun about two feet away and immediately jumped to my feet, tearing off my boxer shorts in preparation for the change. Shaun had just finished shedding his shirt and was working on his pants when I dropped down on all fours and shifted partway into my lion form, keeping my body more human than animal except for my sharp teeth and long, retractable claws.

My dick was hard as stone from the fight and I was more determined than ever to get Shaun below me for a quick fuck. I knew it would have to be quick. Shaun didn't look like he was willing to lie down and let me ravish him. The idea that I would have to take what I wanted left me even harder.

Shaun flung his jeans and underwear across the floor, doing his own partial shift at the same time. He was the Alpha for a reason, and I noticed he had a raging erection as well. It looked like we were both enjoying the fight; he just didn't realize it yet. I decided to bring it to his attention.

First, I would have to get him under me, which would be tricky even if he wasn't pissed off and half-shifted. To confuse him, I fainted toward the right. On any normal day Shaun wouldn't have been fooled for a second, but he actually went for it. Taking advantage of his momentary lapse of attention, I came in from the left and tackled him. We fell to the bed in a tangle of arms and legs and warm, naked skin.

At first, Shaun seemed too surprised to struggle. After a moment, however, he resumed fighting me with a vengeance. "What the *fuck*?" he snarled at me, so angry he could barely get the words out.

Using his attempts to buck me off as an excuse, I rubbed myself against him. Despite our struggle, or maybe because of it, he was rock hard. He stilled as I did another long, slow grind. A strange sound halfway between a hiss and a moan escaped him, and his eyes narrowed. They'd gone gold, showing how out of control he'd become. The sight of those eyes made me hot, the scent of our arousal made me even hotter. I had to touch him. Reaching down, I gripped his dick. My grip was a lot firmer than I normally would have used, but I didn't think the sound that escaped him was pain. To test my theory, I stroked him several times, roughly.

Shaun moaned, his head falling back onto the bed. I knew I had to press my advantage. Continuing to jack him with one hand, I used the other to tilt his face toward me for a bruising kiss. I forced my tongue between his lips, mimicking what I wanted to do to him somewhere a little lower.

Shaun lay stiff and frozen for a few tense moments, and then he began to kiss me back, thrusting into my hand. "You want me?" he murmured against my lips. "Try and take me then."

I can't even describe how much those words turned me on. My cock throbbed, and for a moment I couldn't think at all. It took me a few seconds to shake off the distraction. When I finally did, a plan occurred to me. Knowing I would have difficulty holding him down for much longer if he decided to put all his effort into fighting me, I looked around for something to restrain him with. One of my belts lay discarded on the floor within reach. I leaned over quickly, snatching up the strip of leather and a T-shirt before Shaun could figure out what I planned to do.

Within moments, I had the belt twisted around Shaun's wrists, binding him tightly. I then used the shirt to tie his bound hands to the headboard. Growling and snarling, he yanked at the leather. His strength would make tearing through the belt easy, so I knew I needed to keep him too busy to try. Before he could make a real attempt to escape my improvised restraints, I slid down his body and took his cock into my mouth.

Shaun arched toward me with a cry. He stopped struggling and started trying to thrust into my mouth. Unfortunately, with his hands tied above his head he couldn't get the leverage he needed, and to tease him—and remind him who was in charge right now—I pulled back just a little every time he tried to thrust.

When Shaun started to get frustrated, I took pity on him. The next time he moved toward me, I opened my throat and took him all the way down to the root. The sound he made, somewhere between a groan and a whine, made me want to smile. Instead, I concentrated on making him crazy. I sucked and licked, bringing one hand up to fondle his balls. The increasingly desperate noises he made told me I was succeeding. My own throbbing erection urged me to get on with it, and I pushed my index finger into my mouth alongside his dick.

After wetting my finger thoroughly, I slid it down along his perineum and began to tease his hole. This was completely new territory for us, and I was nervous, especially when he tensed up. Still, I was determined to keep going. I continued to deep-throat him as I played with his ass.

As soon as he relaxed, I pushed my finger into him up to the knuckle. He was hot inside, and tight, and so silky-smooth I wanted to come just *thinking* of sticking my dick inside him. I suddenly needed to taste him more than anything. Pulling off his cock with a pop, I pushed his legs up and kissed, sucked, and nuzzled my way down his balls to his hole. I spread him as far as I could and began to tease the tiny, puckered opening with my tongue. The musky, slightly salty, pure Shaun flavor of him drove me wild.

"Adam, oh God, don't stop," he gasped, legs trembling.

I pushed my tongue up into him alongside my finger, spearing into him. My saliva moistened his channel, paving the way for another finger. I inserted the second finger carefully, knowing he'd never done this before. He grunted but didn't flinch away. The pads of my fingers scraped over a small sweet spot inside him and I curled them to stroke over it firmly.

An inarticulate cry burst from him, and he began to shift restlessly. Desperate, out of control, tied up at my mercy, he was a gorgeous sight. I scissored my fingers a few times and continued to stab at his hole with my tongue until his body opened up for me.

Feeling like I couldn't wait another minute, I growled, "Are you ready?"

His eyes met mine, dark gold with desire. "Do it. Fuck me."

I was up over him in seconds. I lined the head of my cock up with his entrance and began to push. I could see he had to strain not to tense against the unfamiliar invasion. His face tightened, and he hissed as I breached the first ring of muscle. Although I felt like I was going to explode, I held back.

Finally he gave a jerky nod, and I buried myself to the hilt inside him as he roared like the huge animal he turned into several times a month. He was tight, so tight I was worried about coming too soon. I hadn't topped in years, and the few times I had, the experience had been nothing like this. I wanted to savor it but I was too far gone for that.

When I couldn't hold back anymore, I started to thrust, gently at first and then harder. At first Shaun only lay there, but after a couple of minutes he began to tilt up to meet my thrusts. The new angle drove me even deeper inside him, and the friction, combined with the tight clasp of his body, brought me closer and closer to what I knew would be an explosive orgasm.

Wanting him to come first, I reached down and gripped his cock. He cried out, throwing his head back as I stroked him firmly in time with my thrusts. The urge to mark him rose up again, and without thinking I leaned down and put my mouth to the area between his neck and his shoulder and bit down hard.

Shaun came apart under me, hot semen gushing onto my hand and his stomach. His body contracted around my dick like a vise, and the pleasure/pain of it shot straight through me. I cried out against his skin, coming harder than I could ever remember coming in my life. The penile spines that normally only came out when I was in lion form burst out suddenly, and I had to force myself to hold still so I wouldn't hurt him. I knew from experience the spines could be painful.

Making a conscious effort to relax, I held myself motionless over him as my orgasm continued. The intense pleasure seemed to go on for a long time and when it was over I felt completely drained. The spines retracted, and I was able to pull out carefully without hurting him.

Exhausted, I dropped onto his hard chest, my breathing ragged. For the next few minutes all I knew was the familiar scent of Shaun and sex, and the comfort of his warmth. I was sated, happy, and ready to sleep.

Then, Shaun finally spoke. "Are you going to untie me, or do I have to ruin your belt?"

"Oh, wow, I'm so sorry." Quickly, I untied the T-shirt and unfastened the belt.

Shaun sat up and stretched, rolling his shoulders to get the stiffness out of them. Absently, I watched his muscles flex and shift as he moved. Until he'd mentioned his bonds, I'd forgotten he was tied up. My anger and frustration from earlier was gone, leaving only amazement and a little anxiety about what had happened. I'd actually tied up my very alpha mate and fucked him.

I thought he had enjoyed what we'd done, but maybe he would be angry with me now that he had time to think about it. A tight knot of worry formed in my stomach at the prospect. I wanted to say something, but I wasn't sure what. An apology wouldn't work because I wasn't sorry for what I'd done. Unable to think of anything, I sat there in silence.

A few agonizing minutes passed in silence while Shaun finished stretching. Finally he turned to me, one eyebrow arched. I tried to look away, but he gripped my chin and made me look at him. "What's wrong, luv?"

His gentle voice undid me, and I blurted out, “Are you mad at me?”

The other eyebrow went up as well. “For what?”

“Fighting you. Tying you up. Just... everything.”

He gave me a slow smile. “Don’t think you’ll be tying me up again soon, but I enjoyed it. You’re cute when you get all forceful.”

I laughed. “I really do love you, you know.”

“I know. And I love you.” Shaun grabbed a tissue from the nightstand and hastily cleaned himself off. Then he lay down in bed, pulling me down into his arms. “You’d better get some sleep, Adam. Tomorrow will be payback time.”

Snuggling into his embrace, I grinned. I couldn’t wait.



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