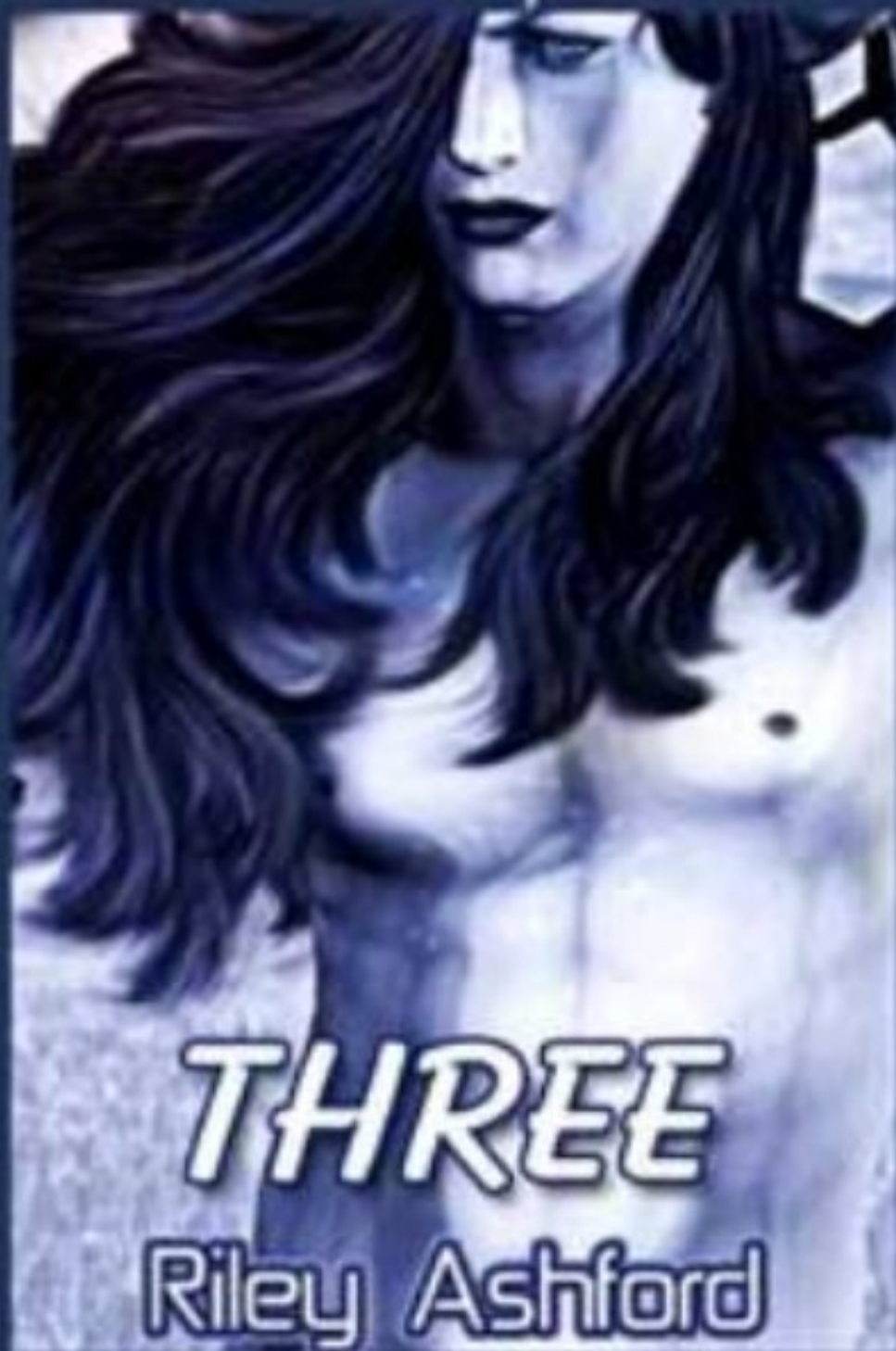


*Snowfire*



**THREE**

Riley Ashford

*Changeling Press*

## **Snowfire: Three**

### **Riley Ashford**

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When banned werewolf Jaron Dunmore has a chance encounter with gorgeous vampire Kirk Raynard and his human lover, Leann, he eagerly agrees to their sensual proposition. But their night of passion will give the lonely wolf a very unexpected gift...

## Snowfire: Three

Jaron Dunmore sat at his favorite table in Starbuck's, his mocha gone cold and his newspaper unread. His heart yammered in his chest -- the result of both an undeniable attraction to a stranger and a blatant fear that he'd gone bonkers.

*I'm gay. I like men.* He'd told this mantra to his dick again and again. It wasn't listening. *Gay. Men. Love touching their chests and penises and muscled thighs. Love masculine lips on mine, male fingers stroking my flesh, and cocks in my hands, my mouth, my ass.*

His gaze traveled around the interior of the small café until it once again landed on the tall brunette sitting at a corner table near the windows.

His cock reacted to the female. It got hard. Rod-of-steel hard. And the fantasies that his mind spun about that woman's breasts! He'd never before had an urge to touch, much less taste any part of a woman.

Worst of all, he wanted to fuck her. He wanted to feel his cock inside her tight, wet pussy. Wanted to feel her breasts scrape his chest. Wanted to hear her breathy feminine moans in his ear.

His body rigid with the weird desire, Jaron gave up pretenses and stared openly at the woman. She wasn't pretty. Not in a traditional sense. Her cheekbones were too high, her lips too full, her nose too thin. Yet there was a shimmering beauty about her. Abstract and untouchable. Goddess-like.

Lust heated his blood, thrummed through his balls and hardened his cock. Her flawless skin required little make-up. Her hair was the color of milk chocolate and her eyes were dark brown. She was tall and stacked and dressed for the cold weather in boots, jeans, sweater, and a leather jacket. She sipped her coffee and read a magazine.

She lifted her gaze and caught him in the act of checking her out. *Schmuck! Get out of here before you do something really stupid.*

He put on his coat and threw away the cold coffee and unread newspaper. As he reached to push open the glass door, he found long, pale fingers wrapped around his wrist. Startled, he looked into the gaze of the woman who had tilted his world on its axis.

"Hello," she said. Her eyes sparkled with humor and intelligence and -- *oh shit* -- attraction. His gaze drifted down to the hand on his sleeve. Her nails were neatly trimmed and coated with clear polish. She liked all the wonderful feminine qualities of being a girl, but not in a way that showed off.

"I'm sorry," she said, her smile revealing a dimple near her right cheek. "I didn't realize you were mute."

"I'm not," he said. "But I am gay. Very gay."

"That's nice. Is stating your sexual preference part of introductions where you're from?" She had a Midwestern twang, which was softened by her honeyed voice.

"I... uh... what?"

She laughed. "My name is Leann Hayes. And you are?"

He cleared his throat and managed to say, "Jaron Dunmore."

Leann leaned close, and the floral scent of her perfume drifted around him. "Would you like to know my sexual preference?"

"I'd be thrilled if you told me you were a man in drag."

"I'm sorry," she said sincerely, "But I'm not even a man trapped in a woman's body. I'm pure female -- from my highlights to my pedicure."

"That's tragic." Jaron sighed.

"Would you be up for a little experiment?" she asked. "You've never been with a female. And I've never been with a werewolf."

Shocked, he stared at her. How had she known about his dual nature? "I'm not a werewolf."

"Oh, sugar, you don't have to lie to me. I know you're not a werewolf like those portrayed in movies. No full moons necessary. Guess that makes you a shape-shifter."

She spoke in the same tone one would use to discuss the weather. Jaron drew in her scent. Human. And, as she'd stated, pure female.

"Usually my gaydar works really well, even on non-humans." She shook her head. "I swear you were attracted to me."

"Leann." A tall man joined them, his mossy green gaze assessing Jaron.

Jaron's mouth went dry. *Hello, gorgeous.* His cock reacted accordingly to the man's frank assessment. He saw approval linger in those green eyes, and was that desire, too?

Jaron allowed his own gaze to go dark, to assess the guy with the same openness. He had silvery blond hair tied back in a leather thong. His skin was pale, almost luminescent. He was lean and dressed in the same casual way as the woman -- jeans, sweater, boots, and jacket. His light cologne teased Jaron's senses. He had no underlying scent. In fact, he had no heartbeat, no breath.

Vampire.

Jaron had never met one. Most paranormal beings stuck to their own kind, especially werewolves. Going off alone was unheard of, unless a young one went on a vision quest or if an adult was banned from the pack.

He hadn't been banned. Not officially.

"Oh, yeah. He's the one." The man extended his hand and Jaron took it, held it in a tight grip and pumped. "My name is Kirk Raynard."

"Jaron Dunmore."

As Kirk slipped his hand out from Jaron's, he allowed the tips of his fingers to coast down Jaron's palm. Jaron's heart stuttered at the electric touch.

"You said I'm the one?" asked Jaron. "The one what?"

Kirk smiled, letting his hot gaze sweep over Jaron.

Jaron knew an invitation when he saw one. *A one-night stand, whispered a naughty voice, Leann and Kirk and you all naked, sweaty and bumping hips.*

"I should probably go," he managed, his voice hoarse. "I'm only passing through town."

"We have a nice big house with a toasty bed," offered Leann. "Better than any ol' hotel."

Jaron suppressed the shudder of delight that accompanied Kirk's hand squeezing his shoulder. Then Kirk's fingers sifted through Jaron's hair. Jaron swallowed his sigh of happiness.

"C'mon," urged Kirk. "You know you wanna."

Yes! agreed his cock, *you really do wanna*. Jaron hadn't been in a long-term relationship for a while. Occasional lovers had been only sips of water in the desert of his love life. Still, he hesitated. There was an undercurrent of emotion here that he didn't understand. It rippled between the three of them -- a powerful, connective energy.

"Please." Leann's blue eyes were filled with naughty promises. "We won't bite."

Jaron leaned forward and bared his canines, letting a growl rumble out. "I can't make the same promise, sweetling."

\* \* \*

Jaron followed them to an older section of town where the houses were big and decrepit. They turned into a driveway with rusted iron gates hanging off their hinges and overgrown foliage creeping across the concrete. Billowing gray clouds covered the moon, hiding the mansion in shadows. None of the windows offered illumination. Not even the porch light was on. Jaron wondered if it was because the vampire liked the dark or because they wanted people to believe the house was unoccupied.

He stepped out of the rental car. His superior eyesight took in the stately columns fallen into disrepair, the crumbling brick, the porch with its rotting wood planks. The winter wind chased dead leaves across the pitted driveway then rattled the bare limbs of the trees lurking near the house.

"Creepy, ain't it?" asked Leann in a delighted voice as she took Jaron's hand and led him toward the steps. "I fell in love with it the first time Kirk brought me here. It



was his family's, you know, before they lost all their money. They've been gone a long time. He doesn't have a soul left in the world."

"Except for you," said Kirk fondly. "You're my family, darling."

She beamed at him then turned her devastating smile on Jaron. "Isn't he wonderful?"

Jaron caught Kirk's smoldering glance. His heart skipped a beat. He wasn't sure what he'd gotten himself into... a human female and her vampire lover? Anticipation thrummed through him as a simple, primal need overrode common sense and logic.

He wanted them.

\* \* \*

The master suite was the only room with heat and light, both given off by the crackling fire in the oversized hearth. As Jaron waited on his companions, he studied the huge four-poster bed, its wispy gold curtains pulled back to reveal the plush comforter and mountain of silk-covered pillows. Obviously Kirk and Leann spent a lot of time in here. Tonight, they would make room for him in their bed.

He couldn't help but wonder, just a little, if it were possible for them to make room for him in their lives. He was lonely. He didn't belong to a pack anymore. He tried not to think about the wolves he'd once called family. They'd made their choice. And he'd made his.

"What's done is done," said Kirk.

The vampire had sidled behind him so silently Jaron's wolf senses hadn't picked up his movements. Kirk molded his body to Jaron's and swept his long, tapered fingers down Jaron's arms.

"You're reading my mind," he accused softly.

"You're projecting your thoughts." The vampire made short work of the shirt's buttons. "You aren't with them anymore, Jaron. You're with us."

The shirt came off. Jaron's belly fluttered as Kirk explored the hard ridges of his bare chest. His heart tripled its beat, his skin sensitive to the vampire's light touches. He

leaned his head onto Kirk's shoulder, his breath hitching in his lungs as Kirk stroked his nipples into hardness.

He turned his head to kiss the pale column of Kirk's neck.

The vampire chuckled. "Necks are more my thing, don't you think?"

He swung Jaron around and kissed him. Fire raced through Jaron. His cock went hard, his balls got tight. Kirk's tongue dueled with his, their lips meeting and parting. Jaron couldn't get a breath. And Kirk didn't need one.

"Y'all started the fun without me," said Leann.

The men broke apart. Jaron felt unaccountably guilty, but Leann had nothing but a smile for him.

She was naked.

Her skin was golden in the firelight. Her long legs, small waist, and large breasts made his mouth water. Him. Attracted to a girl. Her hair swung like a chocolate waterfall over her shoulders. She winked. "What do you think, sugar?"

The growl that issued from his throat surprised them both. Her expression told him that she wasn't scared, just intrigued. He scooped her into his arms and strode to the bed, with Kirk following.

Jaron made short work of his clothes and noted that Kirk did the same. He wanted them both so badly he shook with hot, urgent need. He crawled onto the bed and covered Leann. His cock nestled against her warm pussy; her tight curls pressed softly against his length. She wrapped her legs around him and kissed him. Her tongue was small and soft and less intrusive than Kirk's. She teased without trying to possess.

He was drowning in her scent, her touch, her beauty.

"Go on," she said. "Have a go at them, honey."

He lightly bit her collarbone, licking his way to her breasts. They were large and soft, tipped in pink. He sucked on one delicious peak, lightly nipping her.

She moaned. That breathy little sound went right through him. He tormented her other breast, just so she'd do it again. He squeezed and licked and bit until she issued moan after moan.

"Jaron," she whispered. "My beautiful Jaron."

She shifted, adjusting her pussy so that his shaft teased her entrance.

Jaron hesitated.

"What's wrong, sugar?" Her blue eyes were luminous, filled with desire and need and... something else. It wasn't that being with Leann and Kirk felt wrong. They genuinely wanted him. But there was something else, too, and he couldn't pin it down.

The vampire pulled Jaron into the middle of the bed and kissed him. Jaron reached for Kirk's cock -- big, thick and uncircumcised. He stroked, on familiar ground now, and rolled into the vampire's embrace.

They touched each other, lust-driven desperation guiding their hands and mouths. Kirk was lean and muscled. He was without warmth himself, but knew how to ignite heat. Jaron trembled as Kirk made love to him, made him feel a thousand wonderful sensations.

Leann squeezed his ass. He felt her fingers worm between his buttocks, and she inserted something into his anus. The cold squirt of lubricant filled his ass.

Kirk cupped his face and kissed him. He wasn't so distracted by the vampire's talented lips that he couldn't feel Leann's finger wiggle inside. Then two fingers pierced him, stretching and widening, and pushing and stroking.

Anticipation made him quiver.

"Let me fuck you," said Kirk, his voice thick with lust.

Jaron rolled onto his side, his back to the vampire. Leann pressed against his chest, offering him more of her delicious kisses, her damp pussy rubbing his cock.

"You ready now?" she asked, her hands gripping his shoulders.

Jaron's throat was knotted. He'd never wanted one, much less two, people so much in his life. Leann seemed to understand. She gave him another luminous smile and took his cock inside her.

Kirk pulled apart his buttocks and fit the tip of his cock against his anus.

Jaron groaned, trying to remember to breathe. It had never been like this for him. Not with a man. And never with a woman. He had never wanted a woman.

Leann kissed him, her pussy squeezing him as Kirk slowly deepened his penetration until his luscious cock filled Jaron's ass. One of Kirk's hands gripped Jaron's hip and he started a slow rhythm that Jaron replicated as he stroked in and out of Leann. She moaned again and again as she rode him, gifting him with those delightful mewling sounds.

He felt Kirk's mouth on the side of his neck, then twin pinpoints of pain.

The vampire was biting him.

Sudden, intense pleasure cascaded through him, a drugging joy that made him want Kirk's bite as much as he wanted Kirk's cock. And sweet Leann, too.

Her breasts scraped against his chest as her pussy clenched with his every thrust. Dual ribbons of ecstasy twisted inside him, winding together, tightening, tightening... oh, God.

"Oh, yes," whispered Leann. "Come inside me, Jaron. Please."

The orgasm shattered him. It was like a bomb going off. Big, bright, overwhelming. He clutched Leann and rode the wave of it, his seed jetting inside her. Her lips found his, her tongue thrusting into his mouth hard and fast as she came, her pussy milking his cock with hard, slick pulses.

Kirk stiffened, his fingers clawing into Jaron's hip, and gave a final, single deep thrust into Jaron's raw ass as he orgasmed.

For a long, tender moment, they held each other. Leann was the first to move. She kissed Jaron as Kirk extracted himself. Leann and Kirk moved off the bed, but Jaron was too sated to attempt movement. He laid there, eyes closed and happily exhausted, until he heard Leann scream.

He saw Kirk and Leann standing in front of the hearth. Jaron leapt from the bed and got in between them before the vampire could blink.

"What are you doing?" asked Kirk.

"Protecting her."

"Oh, silly! He's not hurting me." She did a little dance. "You did it, Jaron. We knew you were the one!"

Confusion rioted. "What did I do?"

"You gave her what I could not," said Kirk, grinning broadly. "A child."

Jaron's eyes widened. "How could you possibly know that she's pregnant?"

"I'm a vampire," he said. "I know."

"It's why I wouldn't let him turn me," said Leann. "Because I wanted a baby. I wanted us to have a baby." She kissed Jaron and did another jig. "And now I'm gonna have one!"

Stunned, Jaron slumped into one of the wingbacks positioned in front of the fireplace. This was what he couldn't pinpoint -- the need Kirk and Leann had for him. Not just satiation of lust, but another purpose; to give them a child.

"It's not easy being a werewolf," he said bitterly. "Being different in the pack means you're weak. And weakness in any form is unwelcome." He'd lost his warrior status because the elders had ruled that his preference for male lovers interfered with his duties. Lies. Being openly gay in the pack had been a risk, but riskier still was refusing to breed with a female.

How ironic that he'd found one to breed with after all. He hadn't wanted to be forced to continue his family line, even though he was the last of his warrior clan. And now, his child was growing in the womb of a human.

"As a member of this family, any differences are welcome," said Leann. "Our baby will be fine. You'll see."

Jaron stared at her. "I will?"

"Of course. Kirk told you, didn't he? You're with us now."

He wanted to believe her. But he couldn't. It was too surreal. "We don't know anything about each other. Or if we're compatible or if we'll even like each other tomorrow."

"That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. We're three now, and that's that." Leann patted her tummy. "Well, until we're four. Oh, look!" She hurried to the balcony doors and flung them open. "It's snowing!"

She stood there, naked and shivering, and lifted her face to the falling snowflakes. Jaron and Kirk shared a look then they, too, went to the balcony and stood with her in the swirling snow, each man shielding her with his body.

Kirk's hand grasped Jaron's shoulder and Leann's head rested against his chest. Jaron felt the ache he'd carried with him for so long disappear, filled by the affection and acceptance of two strangers, who were now his family, his pack.

Jaron realized that somehow, some way, he'd found exactly where he belonged.

## **Riley Ashford**

Riley Ashford loves to write sensual love stories that explore unusual relationships and supernatural settings. She lives in the Midwest with her family, and enjoys reading, knitting, and watching action flicks.

Please drop by Riley's website anytime! [http://romance-the-night.com/Riley\\_Ashford/](http://romance-the-night.com/Riley_Ashford/).