



Lust Bites  
FERAL CRAVINGS  
*Jenika Snow*

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Feral Cravings

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**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

**Luecross Wolf**

# **FERAL CRAVINGS**

**Jenika Snow**

## *Dedication*

I want to thank everyone who believed in me, who gave me the courage to write what I love, and who supported me all the way. I also want to thank my editor, Liz, who has been awesome throughout this whole process. Thank you!

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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## Prologue

They all stood in a semicircle, the thick evergreens and blue spruces lending shade as well as protection from the outside world. Two alphas stepped forward, emitting their strength, power and dominance. Both males stood in their human forms, masculinity pouring off them in waves. The others sat on their haunches, their natural form that of the Luecross wolf. They were an ancient race, a society of shape-shifting creatures that, at will, could morph into humans or wolves. Humans saw them as a myth, as nothing more than creatures in horror movies. Werewolves they had been called, but they were so much more than that. They lent strength and power to each other, gave encouragement and knowledge.

Their hearts were untamed, but their souls were free. Always searching for their mate, they would do everything in their power to find that one being that would make them whole, that would complete them in a way that was unimaginable to mere mortals. For without that one person, they would forever be lost, submitting to their animal nature and letting the wildness consume them.

The two alpha males scanned their surroundings, knowing the time to find their mate had come. The Luecross knew there was nothing more important than finding that one person that could connect them in a way no other could. The alphas needed their mate, needed to find the female that could bring them together and further the line of their great species. She would be the one woman they loved, protected and cherished. She was the reason they were still here, forever searching for her until they finally possessed her and showed her pleasure the likes of which she had never experienced. Once they found her, they would never let her go.

## Chapter One

My name is Alice McKnight and I'm not who everyone thinks I am. There is something that hums deep within me, a slow burn that's just waiting for that right gasoline to ignite it. I want something wild and uninhibited, something that has me gasping for air. I guess it really wasn't *something* I wanted, but *someone* who could unleash those feelings inside of me. It's a craving that no matter what, I can't get control of.

I had the same routine every morning—slip on either black dress pants or a tweed skirt, pull my hair into a bun, stop at the local coffee shop and grab an espresso, and head towards the highlight of my life...work. I worked at Hawthorn Law, a small, but successful law firm in the small town of Crestview, Colorado. I was a secretary there—actually, the only secretary since it was a one-attorney business. The town itself was beautiful and quiet, very picturesque—the kind that would make Kodak envious.

My desk was made to look like oak, but actually it was just pressed wood. That's pretty much how everything was at Hawthorn Law—made to look expensive, but it was really just crap. My boss was a pompous ass, the kind of guy that got women only because he drove a BMW and had a set of porcelain veneers. He wouldn't be that bad looking if his foul attitude didn't overshadow everything else. I'd quit if I didn't need the job, but in a small town like Crestview, you took what you could get. My routine at work was pretty much the same as the rest of my life, boring and predictable.

I opened the office for the day—seven in the morning—even though Mr. Hawthorn didn't get in until eight. I made sure to finish my espresso before I even entered the building, because I was going to need that extra boost of caffeine to face the day. I hung up my coat and turned on my computer, waiting for it to warm up while I started a fresh brew of coffee and checked the messages. You'd be surprised how busy a law firm could be in a small town. The hour went by fairly quickly, and I saw Mr. Hawthorn's shiny new BMW pull into the prime parking spot...right in front of the building. I rolled my eyes and rose from my seat, because for whatever reason, Charlie—aka Mr. Hawthorn—thought it was professional. "Good morning, Mr. Hawthorn." I gave him the cup already prefilled with black coffee and smiled. His short blond hair was slicked back, his tailored designer suit pressed to perfection.

He slipped off his glasses because for some reason, he thought eight in the morning was too bright.

“Good morning, Alice.”

He took the coffee from my hand and took a test sip, and before he even finished it, I knew he was going to make a face. Sure enough, a slight grimace crossed his features and I knew it was because the coffee was pretty damn strong. He didn’t say anything, though, just continued to drink it even though he hated it. I made him coffee once that he claimed was “too weak,” and so every time after that, I made sure to make it as strong as possible. He didn’t complain because I had a sneaking suspicion he thought real men drank it that strong. He was the most metrosexual man I’d ever met, and yet he felt he had to put up a front. I didn’t care, though. I pretended I didn’t notice and started rambling off his messages and appointments for the day. I knew he wasn’t listening to me, but I went through the motions. Luckily, it was Friday and I wouldn’t have to deal with any of this for two whole days.

The day went by quickly and when he finally took off at one—which he did every Friday—I breathed a sigh of relief and started the process of closing up. I had to stay at the office for another two hours, but it was usually slow the last day of the week, so it wasn’t too bad. I leant back in my chair and signed onto the internet. My phone rang and I rolled my eyes, but quickly turned myself into the professional. “Hawthorn Law, may I help you?”

“Alice, it’s me, you can cut the professional crap.”

I smiled as Halle’s voice floated through the receiver. “Hey, what’s up?” Halle used to do the accounting at the law office, but when she ended up sleeping with Charlie, which I might add was because she was drunk, she felt too awkward to work with him and moved on. I didn’t fault her for her mistake, though; she did have her beer goggles on and when Charlie wants to be charming, he can be.

“What are you doing tonight?”

“What? You actually have a night off?” Halle worked in the neighbouring town of Forrest Haven, a town known for its wildlife preservation. It was forty-five minutes north of Crestview, but even though the distance wasn’t great, we didn’t get to see each other much. Halle was a big shot over there—well, as big as you could get in a small town, anyway. She was the head accountant at Wolf Lodge, a hotel and ski resort that catered to the wealthy and elite.

“The Wolf Lodge is hosting a banquet dinner for the *Luecross* black wolf on Friday, then Saturday they’re throwing a blow-out party. I thought if you didn’t have any plans, you could spend the weekend at my place.”

I didn’t even need to think about it. I needed to get away from Crestview, even if it were for only a weekend. “A wolf banquet dinner at Wolf Lodge?” I didn’t bothering hiding the humour in my voice.

“What better place to have it?”

“Where and when?” It wasn’t like I was going to go out on my own and find that kind of rush, but a wolf banquet dinner didn’t seem like much of a thrill. I guessed I would take what I could get.



## Chapter Two

I took the winding mountain road like an expert driver. The snow was starting to come down, a little harder than the weather man had predicted. The music from the radio was on low, the sounds of the Beatles' *Across the Universe* filling my car and having me singing along—badly, might I add—at the top of my lungs. I was only a few minutes from Forrest Haven, that little town that was so perfect, so quaint, it was even more picturesque than Crestview. The glowing lights of the town came into view and I concentrated on the roads, now getting slick from the snow. Halle lived in a ridiculously priced cabin, but you paid when lived in a town like Forest Haven. I passed the expensive shops and restaurants. Most of the residents of the town had property high in the mountains and away from 'reality'. I turned onto Mountain Spring Road, Halle's street, and made my way through the quaint and quiet neighbourhood. Every street in town had a cute and upbeat name, something that fit in with the surrounding mountains, or the lush vegetation.

I pulled into her driveway. Her house was on one of the only actual residential areas in the town. I grabbed my bag, everything I managed to snag when I rushed home before making the trip up here. I packed extra everything, my hopes of snagging a hottie at the banquet dinner phasing out some of the other boring aspects the night might hold. I didn't sleep around; the last time I had sex was over a year ago, and not even worth mentioning. I opened my door, the cold wind whipping past me and blowing flakes of snow in my face. I made my way quickly towards the front door and rang the bell. The door opened a few seconds later. Halle stood on the other side, curlers in her hair and a toothbrush in her mouth.

"Mum im."

I didn't understand a thing she said, but didn't bother asking her what she said when I saw toothpaste drip down her chin. I walked in and shut the door, her pale blond hair trailing behind her as she raced away.

"We have to hurry, I got the time wrong and we have only an hour to get ready," she yelled at me from the bathroom. I didn't bother reminding her I didn't need a lot of primp

time. She stuck her head around the corner, her hand in the process of taking her curlers out, her face a mask of panic.

"Okay, okay, I'll get ready in your bathroom." I took my stuff into her room and tossed them on the bed. Everything in her house was very modern and very expensive. It was essentially a log cabin, but once inside it looked like a posh apartment in New York City. I grabbed my curling iron and dress and headed into her bathroom, probably the biggest room in the house. I curled my hair. The long brown locks never held a curl, but it gave them a little bounce. I slipped on a simple black dress with crystal accents around the dipped collar and headed out. She stood by the front door, checking herself in her compact and snapping it closed once she saw me.

"Oh good, I was about to come in after you. You look nice."

Compared to her, I looked bland. Her blue floor-length gown was shimmery and gauzy, making her pale skin and blond hair glow with ethereal beauty. I snorted, completely unladylike, but her statement was funny. I slipped on my black peep-toe heels, my black wool coat and followed her out the door. I looked down at myself, my all-black ensemble suddenly making me feel more like I was going to a funeral than a banquet dinner. We slipped into her Land Rover, the heat blasting me in the face as she pulled out and headed to the lodge.

"Sorry I had to rush you. I thought the dinner was later, but when I double-checked the tickets, I realised it was an hour sooner. I have to be there a little early and go over a few things, but I'm sure there are people already there, so you won't be alone."

I should have known Halle would still be working even though she was technically off. "So how long is this thing supposed to last?"

"Eleven, but if you aren't enjoying yourself, we can leave earlier."

Wolf Lodge wasn't too far from Halle's, but it was up a pretty steep road that curved up the mountain. Her Land Rover handled it with ease and we pulled into the circular driveway in no time. I stared out the window in awe, the three-storey log building massive and elegant. A huge porch greeted us, intricately carved totem poles framing the wide double doors that two men in black suits held open for us.

"Snazzy." I heard Halle laugh beside me, but didn't bother turning around to look. My door swung open and a young man in a red valet uniform held out his hand for me. Halle

met me on the porch, the Land Rover leaving us as it made its way back down the driveway. I was speechless as she kept laughing and led the way in. I checked out the door attendants, already liking the selection. I thought the outside was impressive, but once we were inside, my jaw actually dropped. White marble and dark wood surrounded us, a magnificent chandelier hanging above us in opulent glory. I must have looked like an idiot just standing there, mouth hanging open and eyes wide. I had never seen such an extravagant place—well, not in person, that is. Halle motioned for me to follow her, a smile on her face as she no doubt took in my expression.

“It shouldn’t take me too long, I just have to tie up a few things. You can come with me or hang out in the lobby, it’s up to you.”

I stared at the room she was pointing to, where I saw people coming and going. I couldn’t really see much of the inside, but if it was anything like the rest of this place, it was probably a knockout. “I think I can manage on my own, just find me when you’re done.” She headed up the wide stairs, her heels clicking against the hardwood and echoing off the cathedral ceiling. I made my way into the banquet room, my eyes widening once again. Small circular tables were set up sporadically around the room, candles on top of them, the intimate glow of the flames putting everything in a romantic haze. A large stage was set off to the left with a large wood carving of a black wolf in the background. Its muzzle was open, its razor-sharp teeth poised to attack while a paw was suspended in mid-air. I looked around the room. Each table had a number on it. I had no idea what I was supposed to do.

“Can I be of assistance, Miss?”

I turned and looked at the man who spoke, an older man with grey hair and a kind smile. “I’m here with Halle Pennington.” I didn’t say anything else, because I didn’t want him to think I came to a banquet dinner and had no idea what to do—which was exactly my problem.

“Ahh, yes, I’ll show you to your table. Please follow me.”

I followed him to one of the tables right up front, knowing the only reason I was sitting in such a prime seat was because of Halle’s high rank.

“Would you like me to check your purse and coat, Miss?”

I nodded. I’d never been to a place where they catered to you so quickly. He took my purse and coat and headed out of the room. I felt so out of place. I mean, my weekends

usually consisted of me hanging out at home—alone—watching old black and white romance reruns and ordering takeout. Now, don't get me wrong, I enjoy doing that, but there was a burn inside of me, a craving that insisted I do something completely wild. I looked around. Many of the people in the room were dressed elegantly, laughing gently and drinking champagne out of long fluted glasses. I walked up to the podium and stared at the massive wooden wolf carving. It was beautiful and realistic, the kind of creation that took many hours of hard work.

"Would you like a glass of champagne?"

The deep voice behind me instantly had my skin prickling with awareness. Goosebumps popped out along my flesh and my heart started an erratic beat. It was a strange reaction, especially to a voice, but there was something in that voice—deep and low—that set something off inside of me. I turned around, my heart feeling as if it were going to explode through my chest. Like everything else at Wolf Lodge, the man in front of me was spectacular. He was tall, very tall actually and muscular, like a linebacker. He was the kind of man that made you instantly wet with just a look. His short dark hair was slightly dishevelled, but in a way that was completely stylish. His full lips pursed in a sexy smile as his dark blue eyes roamed over my body, making me feel completely feminine. I cleared my throat and took a step back—well, as far as the stage let me. He held two flutes in his hand, the contents yellow and bubbly. He held one out to me.

"Oh, thank you." I took the offered glass and stared at him, not able to help taking in the wide expanse of his shoulders under the finely tailored black tux.

"I don't think I've seen you before, is this your first time?"

The way he said 'first time' had all sorts of illicit thoughts running through my head, thoughts that had my pussy getting wet and my nipples tingling. I took a sip of my champagne, hoping the cold liquid would cool me down, but of course it didn't. "Uh, yes, this is my first time." I grimaced at my choice of words, noticing the wide smile that covered his lips, perfect, straight white teeth flashing in the dim lighting. I had hoped to get lucky tonight, had it all planned out in my head, but as I stared at the man in front of me, I instantly became shy and timid, not at all what I was going for.

"So, since you're not from Forrest Haven, where are you from?"

I cleared my throat again. "Crestview." He nodded, confirming he knew where my rinky-dink little town was. "Are you from Forrest Haven?" My voice was getting a little stronger, but I was drinking liquid courage, after all.

"I am, born and raised here."

"Do you live in town?" What was wrong with me? I didn't even get this guy's name and already I was asking him where he lived. Was I really that desperate?

"No, I have a cabin in the mountains."

Before anything else could be said, the lights brightened and everyone started to take their seats.

"It was a pleasure meeting you."

I stared in shock as he took my hand, so fast I hadn't even seen it coming, and brought it to his mouth. He kissed the back of my hand gently, his skin so hot it just about caught me on fire. He walked out of the room and I was unable to tear my eyes from his fleeting form. Absently, I went to my seat and sat down, downing the rest of my alcohol, thankful when a waitress brought me another one.

"Hey, took me no time at all."

I turned and looked at Halle. Her cheeks were flushed and she had a bright smile on her face. "What has you so happy?"

She shrugged, taking an offered flute and drinking half of it in a matter of seconds. I raised my eyebrows, and her soft laugh told more than she could ever say in words. "Oh. My. God. You just had sex!" Her expression was priceless, a truly special moment that made me wish I had my camera.

"What?" She looked around, leaning in closer and whispering in my ear, "Don't say stuff like that so loudly, I have a reputation to uphold."

I leant back, eyeing her as I took a sip of my own drink. "Well? Spill it."

"There's nothing to tell."

"You're such a bad liar." Several people made their way up on stage, each one of them impeccably dressed. The women were encrusted with jewels, which I didn't doubt were real. My breath caught as I saw my mystery man take the stage, his presence overpowering everyone else and actually leaving me breathless. I couldn't even begin to describe the effect he had on me, but it was all-consuming, to say the least. I leant into Halle and whispered,

"You see that guy up there, the one that's smokin'?" Everyone up there was really good looking, but as I turned and stared at her, I knew she knew exactly whom I spoke of. "I think I'm going to try for him tonight. Think it's too much of a challenge?" She looked at me with wide, shocked eyes. "What?"

"That's Killian St. James."

"The guy throwing the banquet dinner?" I didn't get what her point was; did she think he was too good for me? "You don't think I have a shot with him?" I didn't keep the annoyance out of my voice, irritated that she would say such a thing, even though she hadn't really said *anything* like that.

She shook her head and sighed. "Oh, stop, you know if anything, I think *you're* too good for him. It's just that, well, don't expect too much from him. His reputation is pretty legendary with the ladies.

"So he's a man-whore?" I've had worse, definitely, and I could see why he would have a lot of women. I mean, the man looked like a sex god.

"He's a generous and kind man, don't get me wrong, but he always has a slew of women around him."

Before I could respond, Killian walked up to the podium and started to speak. His smile was devastatingly handsome as he looked around the room, his eyes finally resting on mine.

"I want to thank everyone for attending the *Luecross* black wolf banquet dinner. It's imperative that we continue our fight to protect the natural habitat for this endangered species. There are pamphlets that will be distributed with more information, but tonight is about celebration and coming together, so everyone sit back, relax, and enjoy the food and champagne."

I watched as he made his way down the stage, women falling all over him, lust pouring off them in waves. And even though all those beautiful and perfect women were fawning over him, his attention was on me, his eyes burning straight into my soul. I turned away quickly and took a long drink of my champagne, needing to get my hormones under control and knowing alcohol would probably make it worse.

## Chapter Three

We finished dinner and I followed Halle around as she mingled with people I didn't know. The alcohol was going to my brain, making me light-headed and flushed. "I'm going to get some fresh air." I spoke into Halle's ear, but she didn't bother turning around, just nodded and continued talking with Troy, the owner of Wolf Lodge. It was clear Halle was interested in the guy, her full attention hanging on his every word. I couldn't take it any longer, and the heat in the room was starting to get to me. I set my empty glass on a passing waiter's tray and headed towards the French doors that led onto a balcony.

As soon as I stepped outside, the cold Colorado air hit me in the face and woke me up, taking the haze from my brain and cooling my body. I walked onto the stone balcony and leaned against the iron rails, gazing across the pristine snow-covered mountains, the moonlight casting a silvery glow across everything. I wrapped my arms around myself, the chill causing my skin to prickle with goose bumps. I sighed, my breath coming in white clouds around my face as I turned to head back inside. Before I turned fully around, a large, warm jacket covered my shoulders, the heat from its owner still clinging to the material. I gasped and spun around, the snow-slicked ground making me lose my balance and slip backwards. As I braced myself for the impact, strong arms wrapped themselves around my waist and pulled me into a rock-solid chest.

I stared into the dark blue eyes of Killian, his face so close to mine, I could feel his hot breath move over my skin and ignite my senses. I instantly became wet, my nipples stabbing through my dress having nothing to do with the cold air. "Thank you," I whispered, his arms still wrapped around me, his eyes still gazing down at me.

"You're very welcome. You should be careful; it can be dangerous out here at night. You know, I never did catch your name."

To my disappointment, he straightened me and let go of my waist. He stayed close to me, though, his body heat shooting towards me and warming me in more ways than I wanted to admit. "Alice McKnight, and yours?" I wasn't going to tell him I already knew his name, even if it was only because Halle told me.

"Killian St. James. It's a pleasure to meet you." He picked up my hand, encasing it in his much larger one, and brought it to his lips again for a soft kiss. "How long are you up here for?"

His voice was deep and inviting, his eyes roaming over my body and making me feel naked. If my intuitions were correct, and I'd never doubted them before, he wanted to know what I was doing tonight. I played it casual, though. "Just for the weekend." He smiled down at me, my hand still in his as he looked at the mountains.

"They're beautiful, aren't they?"

At that moment, a howl erupted throughout the night, a rising and falling sound that seemed so lonely. "Yes." I wasn't taking about the mountains, though, although those were magnificent. That lone wolf's cry pierced the sky and went straight into my heart, that sad, sad sound making everything else disappear.

"I don't ever do this, but what are you doing later?"

I turned and looked at him, his body still facing the mountains, the moon splashing its light across his profile. His expression seemed distant as that howl continued to erupt through the air. I could see how tense his jaw was, could see a kind of determination in his profile that made me shiver. As soon as the wolf's cry ended, he turned towards me, all seriousness gone as heated desire now covered his features.

"I don't mean to be presumptuous, and please don't take anything I say the wrong way, but if you want, we can head up to my room, have some wine and relax in the hot tub. It can't just be one way, Alice."

He stepped close to me, his chest touching mine as I gazed up at him. "What can't just be one way?" My heart pounded, my respirations picking up as I inhaled his scent, so wild and untamed — exactly what I wanted.

"This attraction, this connection we have, whatever you want to call it. I know I can't be the only one who feels it."

*Is this what he says to all the women he wants in his bed?*

"And no, I don't ever say this kind of thing, there's just something about you that...draws me."

I wasn't going to admit I felt the same strange, yet powerful connection — that his very presence drew me, also.



"Yes, you feel it too, I can sense it."

He dipped his head, his voice whispering against my ear as his hand snaked around my waist and pulled me close. I swallowed as I felt his erection press against my stomach. Even through the material of his tux, I could feel how big and thick he was. I closed my eyes as cream seeped out of my vagina and arousal shot through my every cell. Our breathing mingled, his mouth still by my ear as his hands gripped my waist.

"Let's go, just blow off the rest of this party. If all you want to do back in my suite is talk, I'll take what I can get. Just come with me."

The last sentence had me clenching my thighs together as lust charged through me like a freight train. I had a feeling he knew exactly what he was saying, and what his words did to me. I wanted, so very badly, to *come* with him. I turned my head towards him, his mouth mere inches from my own as I whispered, "Yes." I thought he was going to kiss me, just move his lips that last inch and do it, but he straightened and grabbed my hand and moved quickly, yet fluidly, through the banquet hall. I spotted Halle still talking with Troy, a fresh glass of champagne in her hand and a smile on her face. Her flirting was evident even from the distance, but I knew I at least had to tell her where I was going, that I most likely wasn't going to be home tonight.

"Wait." He stopped immediately, his thumb running small circles on the inside of my wrist as he stared down at me. "I have to tell Halle I'm leaving." He looked her way, obviously knowing who she was and nodding before bringing my hand to his mouth and kissing it.

"I'll wait here."

I walked quickly towards Halle, my panties soaked from my own arousal and rubbing against the folds of my sex. I bit the inside of my cheek at how erotic it felt and told my lust-filled brain to just wait a little bit longer, that I at least needed to appear unscathed. "Halle, can I speak with you for a minute?" She turned around, her cheeks flushed and her eyes glassy.

"Hey! What's up?"

I could smell the alcohol on her breath, but didn't comment on how she'd probably had enough. "I just wanted to let you know I'm leaving a little bit early and, um, I probably won't

be home tonight.” Her brows knitted together as she looked over my shoulder. I wasn’t surprised she knew I was leaving with Killian; she was very perceptive.

“Are you sure? I mean, you do remember what I told you, don’t you?”

I nodded, not about to tell her that maybe that’s what I wanted, what I needed. I wanted something random, something so completely wild and wanton, it left me speechless. “I know, but really, I’ll be fine.” She looked at me, knowing better than to start that whole conversation again. I was an adult and knew what I wanted, and even though I appreciated her concern, I knew what was best for me. She nodded, mouthing for me to be careful and gave me a hug.

## Chapter Four

Killian had a tight hold on my hand as he led us to a gold-framed elevator. We entered and he slid a key card into a slot. The elevator doors closed and we ascended until it finally stopped on the third level. My heart pounded something fierce in my chest and my palms were sweaty, excitement and anticipation racing through me at the thought of what was to come. The elevator doors opened soundlessly onto a large hallway with cream-coloured carpet accented with gold vines and deep red walls. He grabbed my hand and led us down the long hallway until it ended and we stood in front of a large carved wooden door. A wolf scene was carved into the dark wood, a hunting scene that showed a deer racing away for its life as a pack of fierce wolves ran towards it. It gave me chills. He opened the door and I followed him into a huge living room, probably bigger than my whole house. A fireplace was off to the side, the flames already licking through the wood as though it were starved. Killian moved behind me and slipped his tux jacket off my shoulders. His fingers lingered on my exposed skin, heating me in a way the fire could never do.

"Would you like something to drink? Maybe a glass of red wine, maybe something a little harder?"

My heart did a little patter at his last comment, my mind so much in the gutter, I was surprised I had any rational thought left. "Wine, please." My words were soft, not trusting myself to speak at a normal level when my throat was so dry. I watched him turn and walk over to a full-sized bar opposite the fire, his movements so fluid yet languid that he reminded me of a wild animal. He turned around, a glass of red wine in one hand and a crystal tumbler with amber-coloured liquid in the other. I took the offered glass, watching him as he watched me.

"Would you like to sit down? Or maybe go in the hot tub?"

He gestured towards the plush snow-white leather couches that looked inviting, then towards a set of French doors that led out onto a balcony. I could see the hot tub through the sheer white curtains and looked back at him. "I don't have a suit." His eyes raked over my body, my nipples instantly growing hard at the heated look he gave me.

"We're both adults, do we need suits?" He raised a brow and chuckled deep in his throat at my stunned expression.

"No, I guess we don't." I wasn't a shy person by nature, but the thought of getting naked in a hot tub with a man like Killian made my cheeks flame. "The hot tub sounds nice." His aura screamed male masculinity and power, and frankly, it had me so shy, it was as if this were my first time with a man. He held his hand out while his eyes held mine captive. He led me off to the side and pushed open a set of double doors, stepping inside an extravagant bedroom. A king-sized bed sat in the centre of the room, pushed against the wall and covered with black silk sheets. A small crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling, casting a cacophony of colours across the burgundy walls and cream-coloured carpet. He let go of my hand and walked into another room, turning the light on and walking into a bathroom. He came back a minute later, two black plush robes in his hand and a smile on his face. We walked out of the room and towards the French doors, the cool air washing over us as he opened them. The hot tub was already on, the water bubbling as steam rose into the crystalline sky.

"You can change in the bathroom if you like."

He smiled at me, his straight white teeth flashing against the dark sky and driving my pulse up. I stared at him as he started to undo the buttons of his white shirt, his eyes never leaving mine as he slid it off his shoulders and slung it across the back of a wrought iron chair. I stared at his chest, a chest that looked like it was carved of marble—all hard lines, rolling muscles, and smooth tanned skin. I could see a trail of dark hair that started beneath his belly button and disappeared below his pants—pants he was starting to unfasten. I should have felt ashamed for the way that I was blatantly staring at him, but I didn't care, his body was incredible. His pants fell to the ground, his boxers followed, and I could nothing but stare at the monster that sprang up and pointed right at me. The skin was stretched tight across his erection, the head dripping pre-cum right in front of my eyes.

"If you keep looking at it like that, I'm going to fucking come right now."

I snapped my eyes up, my face hot as he stared at me with half-closed eyes. His gaze worked its way down my body and I shivered, my hand going to the straps of my dress of their own accord and sliding them off. My dress pooled at my ankles, and I kicked it to the side and slid off my heels. I stood before him, the chill of the air moving across my body but

unable to cool me. I was on fire, everything inside of me so alive and bright, it was its own entity. I stood in only my lacy bra and matching thong, my nipples so hard, I knew he could see them through the black lace. He walked up to me and ran his hands gently over my arms, then gripped my hips. He let one hand move behind to my ass, his palm sliding over a cheek before running up and hooking his thumb under the material of my thong. He slid it down, his body so close to me, his mouth so close to mine, I could just lean forward and they would meet. The bra went next, his fingers working expertly on the back hook until he had it free and tossed it to the side. He stepped back, his eyes again coasting over my body and making me even wetter.

“God, you’re beautiful.”

He was in front of me in the next instant, one hand in my hair, the other behind my neck as he slanted his head and pressed his lips to mine. I gasped as shock waves travelled through me from the contact, his tongue gently probing my lips until I opened and let him in. His tongue stroked mine, teasing and tantalising until I wanted to beg him to fuck me right then and there. I could feel his erection slide against my stomach, the slick wetness of his precum driving my arousal to the breaking point. He broke the kiss as soon as he initiated it, our mingled breaths coming out in pants as he looked down at me.

“I have to stop or I won’t be able to control myself.”

“Maybe I don’t want you to control yourself.”

He growled deep in his throat, a sound that reminded me of a predator – untamed and wild. His jaw was clenched and sweat beaded his forehead. I was pleased and surprised I had this kind of effect on him. He held his hand out to me and I took it without hesitation. I wasn’t at all embarrassed that I had taunted him; in fact, I was pleased with myself for having the strength to do it. This is what I always wanted, a connection with someone that didn’t make sense, didn’t have any rhythm or reason. I wanted an experience with another person that would leave my mind blank and my body sated. I might have been shooting for the stars, but as I got in the tub with Killian and let him drape me over his lap, I knew I could find what I was looking for with him, even if it were just for one night.

I straddled his lap, our passion mingling together until it was one big circle of lust. Our mouths worked against each other, our hands running over each other other’s slick bodies until we were grinding our sexes together. His cock slid along the folds of my pussy, his cock

head nudging at my clit and making my inner walls quiver with need. He didn't push into me, though, to my disappointment. He moved his mouth to my neck, his teeth nipping at my flesh, his tongue lapping away the sting.

"Do you want to take this to the bedroom?"

I didn't answer him, just wrapped my arms around his neck and brought my lips back towards his, hoping he would know my answer from my actions. His hands moved to cradle my ass as he stood and lifted me. I wrapped my legs around his waist, our mouths staying connected, our tongues still duelling with each other. In the next instant, I was on my back on the silk sheets. I didn't know if he were just that fast or if I were so into him, I didn't see what was going on around me. The heavy weight of his body covered mine, our wet skin sliding against each other as he rolled onto his back. I lay on his chest, my legs straddling him, my pussy pressed against his dick. I slid along him, my vagina wet from the hot tub, but more so from my arousal. My pussy rubbed along his cock, my climax impressively close as he moved his hands to grip my breasts and roll them in his big palms. His thumb and forefinger tweaked my nipples until they were unbelievably puckered and aching.

"I want this to last, Alice. I want you to ride me slow and easy, because if I take control, I won't be able to hold off. Can you do that for me, baby?"

I moaned "Yes" and closed my eyes as my hips picked up their speed, my soaked pussy rubbing erotically along his rock-hard cock. He kissed my neck, his tongue moving up my flesh and leaving a trail of heat in its wake.

"Put me inside of you, baby, nice and easy. I want to feel every ripple of your pussy walls as you engulf me."

I moaned, his words driving me insane with desire. I moved my hand between our bodies and gripped his huge cock. He groaned as soon as my hand wrapped around his hot flesh, his erection like satin-covered steel. I moved my hand up and down its length, running my thumb over the thick crown, feeling every vein and ridge that made up his shaft. I brought the head to my entrance, my juices siding out of me and dripping onto him. He growled again, his hands tightly gripping my hips as he pushed slightly up. I nipped at his chin, raising up slightly and reminding him that I was in control. I slowly brought myself down on him, the tip of his erection stretching me wide and causing a delicious burn. I sank down another inch, throwing my head back as pleasure coursed through me with each inch

of him I took. His hands massaged my breasts, his fingers pulling at my engorged nipples. I sank the rest of the way down until our pelvises touched and we both moaned in ecstasy. I didn't move as my body adjusted to his size, feeling stuffed in the most erotic way.

"You feel so fucking good, Alice — so tight and hot, it's driving me crazy."

His words were erotic as hell, making me lift my hips and bring them back down. Soon, I was moving quickly, my climax so close I could taste it. Sweat coated our bodies and the sound of our wet sexes slapping together bounced off the walls. He gave me encouragement, telling me how beautiful I was, how good I felt, which made me wilder, made me ride him harder and faster until we were both panting. My climax was so close, I moved faster, harder. I slammed my pussy down on him until my orgasm peaked and washed through me. I arched my back and gripped his thighs, screaming as the most intense orgasm I've ever had crashed through me. He groaned loudly below me, his hands gripping my waist as his hips pushed upward, over and over again until I felt the first hard jet of his orgasm coat my womb. His climax lasted long, dragging mine out until finally I collapsed on top of him. We were both breathing hard, his hands sliding along my back, until I finally drifted off to sleep in his arms.

## Chapter Five

I slowly opened my eyes, the sun peeking through a crack in the drapes and shining right in my face. I turned on my back and stretched my body, sore in the most intimate places. A huge smile spread over my face. I rolled to my side, disappointed that Killian wasn't lying next to me. I ran my hand over the cold sheets, the evidence clear that he hadn't slept next to me for a while. I sat up and heard my phone ring from the other room. I slipped out of the bed and padded nude into the living room, where I found my clothes neatly folded on the couch, along with my coat and purse. I quickly slipped my clothing on, flipping my phone open and knowing it was Halle before I heard her muffled voice.

I stepped out of Killian's room, looking over my shoulder. The room was neat and tidy with no evidence of what we had done. I shut the door and made my way down the hallway, keeping the key in my hand and reminding myself I needed to return it to the front desk. I would be lying if I said I wasn't pissed over the fact that he had just left me in his room. I know I shouldn't be, knew this was just a one-night stand, but I still couldn't help remembering the connection I had felt with him, and how it had seemed like more than a one-night stand to me. I should have listened to Halle, although I didn't regret my pleasure-filled night with Killian; I regretted that I let myself feel something for him. When he said he felt a connection, I knew I too felt that same connection, that same magnetism towards him.

I was supposed to meet Halle in the main lobby, and I was thankful to be able to change and primp before the party tonight, which I fully intended to attend. I wasn't going to let Killian ruin my weekend, and I had every intention of proving that.

Halle and I stepped into the main lobby of Wolf Lodge, loud music blasting through the room as beautiful people walked around with alcohol-filled glasses in their hands. We gave our coats and purses to the coat check and headed into the ballroom. I was glad I decided to bring one of my more dressy gowns—a deep red satin empire waist gown that fell to my toes in soft waves. My shoes were the same red colour, strappy and tall, with Swarovski crystal accents on the straps—one of my more expensive splurges. I felt elegant and beautiful, like



one of the people that walked by me. A man approached us with a big smile and a stack of name tags in his hand.

"Evening, ladies. If you wouldn't mind, Mr. St. James would like everyone to wear a name tag so no one's a stranger."

We gave him our names and pressed the name tags to our dresses. It didn't match my ensemble, but everyone was wearing one, so I didn't worry about it.

The lights were low as we entered the ballroom. Candles decorated the tables again, and the wall sconces were on low, making the atmosphere dreamy. The dance floor was in the centre of the room, tables circling it, which at the moment happened to be the main attraction. Bodies ground together, a sight I wouldn't have expected to see from people who appeared so prim and proper. "I'm going to get us some drinks, go find us a table." Halle nodded as I made my way towards the bar. I ordered two martinis, one in each hand as I turned and scanned the room for Halle.

I looked up for the first time and saw a night scene, thousands of tiny lighted stars covering the ceiling, making it seem as if we were under the evening sky. I scanned the room again, almost dropping the glasses as my eyes stopped on the man I had desired all day. I hadn't been able to get him out of my head since leaving the lodge, and my body refused to extinguish the burn of arousal that clung to me from last night. He was seated at one of the tables, each chair around him taken by a woman more beautiful than the next. He looked the same, but even from this distance I could sense something different about him. He made sure to touch every woman, his body leaning into theirs as he whispered things into their ears. I wasn't going to lie, it made me jealous. I straightened my shoulders and finished scanning the room for Halle, spotting her at a table right next to his. I groaned, determined to make my outer appearance calm and collected, not at all affected by seeing him after he ditched me at his room. I had no right to care, anyway – it was a one-night stand. My anger returned tenfold, my eyes narrowing at him as I moved towards Halle and sat next to her.

From where I sat, I could see him clearly, and that just pissed me off even more. I drank my martini, surprised when I swallowed its contents in a matter of seconds.

"Whoa, slow down, the night's still young."

I glared at Halle, my face softening as I shook my head. I didn't know what my problem was, but just knowing all those other women were all over him had my hackles rising in

female jealousy. It was insane, but the truth was I really had felt *something* for Killian; an energy that passed between us had left me breathless.

"I'll go get us a couple more drinks."

I watched Halle get up and leave, my eyes going back to Killian and was surprised when I saw him staring at me, his brows knitted in confusion. *So what, he thought I wasn't going to come? Hardly.* I made sure my smile didn't show any of my unease as his eyes scanned my body—well, as much as he could see, given the fact I was sitting. And even though women's hands were disappearing beneath his tux jacket, and they were rubbing themselves on him, his eyes never left mine. And like the fool I am, I got lost in those dark depths, my body a traitor as it heated and became wet. He closed his eyes and inhaled. It was the strangest thing to see, but it did something to me, made me hotter. His eyes slowly opened, his primal look had a shiver racing down my spine. He stood, brushing the other women off, and walked towards me. My heart pounded as he slid into the seat next to me, pulling his chair so close, our knees touched. As I stared into his eyes, the colour no longer seemed blue but a deep green, and his whole aura screamed of something different. He looked like Killian—exactly—but he seemed so different, more wild and reckless.

"Hi."

His word flittered through me, the gasoline starting that slow burn I had been fighting all day. "Hi. I didn't know where you went this morning. Why didn't you stay, or at least leave a note?" His hand moved to my knee, slowly moving up until it rested on my thigh, under my dress, and burned straight through my skin.

"I didn't go anywhere. I'm right here, baby." He leaned in close and I felt his hand run over my hair, heard his inhale as he brought a lock of it to his nose. "I've never smelled anything as good as you, you're positively mouth-watering."

I sucked in a breath when I felt his hot, moist tongue slide up the side of my neck, his teeth nipping gently at the area right below my ear. I didn't care that there were people all around us, no doubt seeing everything he was doing. This small act of exhibitionism had my clit throbbing with demand. My body was so wet and ready for him that all I wanted to do was go up to his room. I stayed strong, though, determined not to let him see how he affected me, even though I was doing a pretty shitty job at that. As much as I wanted to hate him for abandoning me without a single word, to be angry for the desire and lust he started in me, I

was helpless against his powerful presence and his pure male sexuality. A slow song started and I turned my head, spotting Halle at the bar, her full attention on Troy. I guess that explained why she hadn't returned yet.

"Will you dance with me, Alice?"

I looked back at him, staring at his outstretched hand. I didn't hesitate, just slid my hand into his as we rose and moved onto the dance floor. His hand slid to my lower back, pulling me close so I could feel his monster erection press against my belly. His other hand snaked up my back until it was buried in my hair, both of our bodies moving sensuously to the music. His head dipped by my ear, his hot breath caressing my skin. I closed my eyes.

"I want you, Alice, so badly. I can smell how much you want me—all you have to do is say the words and we can be in my suite."

I turned my head, his voice making my brain short-circuit as I stared at his full lips and moved to his eyes—eyes that were definitely green and not blue like last night. I didn't think much of it, though; the lights were low, and maybe he wore contacts. His face moved in closer, his lips a breath away. Our eyes were locked as he closed that last space between our mouths and brought his lips to mine. The kiss was slow, no tongue coming into play, but so hot it had me panting.

He pulled away and trailed his finger down my cheek. "You're so beautiful."

He had said something similar last night and the words caused my chest to ache. I didn't believe at love at first sight, but there was definitely something going on between us on a whole different level.

"Do you want me as much as I want you, Alice?"

His lips trailed along my neck again and I gripped his arms as I shivered from the sensation. I did want him desperately, a feeling that pissed me off, but that I was helpless to control. What was the harm, anyway? Isn't this what I wanted, a weekend that was wild and uninhibited—a weekend that left me breathless and had all my thoughts escaping me? I nodded, my breath coming in shallow pants.

"That's good, really good, baby."

The song merged into a faster one, but we still clung to each other, our bodies moving to a slow song that was no longer playing.

"We'll finish this later, Alice."

There was an unspoken promise in his words that made a fresh stream of moisture pool between my legs. He kissed my lips gently before pulling away and walking back to his table. I stood there as people danced all around me, staring at the floor as my body pulsed with lust.

## Chapter Six

“Will you be mad if I don’t go back to the house with you tonight?”

I stood by the bar as Halle asked me then took a sip of her drink, her eyes watching me over the rim of her glass. I noticed her eyes kept jumping behind me and I turned to see Troy standing a few feet away, her coat in his hand and excitement clear on his face. I looked back at her, not bothering to hide the smile on my lips, “As long as you don’t care if I don’t go back to the house tonight – well, again.” She raised a brow at me, and then outright laughed.

“Killian, right? I saw the way you two were dancing; I was going to tell you to get a room.”

I laughed at her statement, agreeing that he was getting a little hot on the dance floor, “Is it serious with you two?” I tilted my head back towards Troy, her eyes going behind me as a look of longing crossed her face. *Oh yes, definitely serious.* I didn’t wait for her to answer me because her expressions spoke a thousand words. “So, how long?”

“A few months, but tonight is the first night we’re, well, you know.”

I could now see why Troy had that look on his face, like a kid on Christmas morning. “Have fun and be careful.” I repeated the warning she gave me last night, giving her a hug as she walked towards Troy and the two of them left. I stayed there, watching everyone as I finished my drink.

“Hello, Alice.”

Killian’s deep voice sounded in my ear and I choked on my drink. I had no idea how he snuck up on me, but he stood so close to me, I could smell his intoxicating cologne.

“How ‘bout we leave the party and relax upstairs?”

I was more than ready to follow him anywhere, my body humming with pleasure at the thought of being pinned beneath him. I didn’t speak, just nodded and followed him out, grabbing my coat and purse before following him into the gold-framed elevator. As soon as the doors closed, he pressed my body against the cold, smooth wall and claimed my mouth in a searing kiss. His tongue invaded my mouth, running over mine as he pressed his hips into me, his erection so hard I moaned. I don’t know what had gotten into him, because just

last night he was slow and gentle, yet still fierce in the way he took me. Tonight, though, he was truly wild, as if he couldn't wait to have me in his bed. The thought excited me and I wrapped my arms around his neck.

He broke away, his mouth trailing hot kisses down my neck and nipping at my collar bone. "I've wanted to do that since the moment I saw you."

I arched my back, pressing my oversensitive breasts against his chest and loving how my nipples hardened further at the feeling. "Me, too." My breathing was ragged, but so was his, and the combination made a heady concoction. The elevator chimed at our destination and I followed him out, going down the same hallway and stopping at the same door as last night. We stepped in soundlessly. He closed the door behind me and I gasped when he pushed me against it. His hands framed my face, his lips taking mine as we slanted our heads and deepened the kiss. I heard a distant rustling and pulled away. "Did you hear that?"

His hands slid down my front, his palms rasping over my nipples, making me close my eyes and moan. "I only hear the beating of our hearts, Alice."

"I bet you say that to all the girls you bring up here." I was teasing, but only on a certain level. I remembered what Halle said about Killian having a flock of women by him all the time. I didn't want to be one of those women, one of his 'groupies.'

He pulled back and stared at me intently. "I don't say that to anyone, Alice, and I don't bring women home, ever. All that is just for show."

I was surprised at how intense and serious he had gotten, and the longer I stared at him, the more I knew he was telling the truth. How I knew that I didn't know, but I just did. I nodded, our small detour not stopping the arousal that still pulsed inside me. He smiled, just a tilt of his lips that was so sexy, it made my toes curl. He moved his hands to my ass, gripping each cheek and pulling me close to him. He rolled his hips against mine as he lifted me easily, my legs wrapping around his waist as he carried me to the bedroom. There was passion and determination on his features, his eyes set hard as his hands clenched and unclenched on my ass. He carried me into the bedroom, shutting the door with his foot and claiming my mouth once again. We fell to the bed, his hands removing my clothes with expert precision as he looked down at me.

He rose and stood at the foot of the bed, quickly taking off his clothes and throwing them across the room. He was just as glorious as I remembered—his massive cock standing at full attention, so ready to slide inside me. I felt wild and wanton, so wicked that I wanted to tease him like he was teasing me—even if he wasn't aware he was doing it. I leaned on my elbows and gave him what I hoped was a sexy smile, opening my legs wide so he could see how wet he made me. I felt my moisture seeping out of me, coating my pussy folds and heightening my desire. His eyes zeroed in on my sex, his tongue darted out and he licked his lips. He dropped to his knees and gripped my calves, dragging me down the bed and throwing my legs over his shoulders. I tossed my head back and moaned at the first touch of his tongue to my clit. His thumbs spread my labias wide while his tongue dipped into my channel and pierced it. I moved my hips up, needing my vagina as close to his face as I could get as my climax crept slowly towards the surface. He continued to fuck my pussy hole with his tongue, his thumb moving up to my clit and rolling the engorged bead. I gripped the sheets, my orgasm crashing through me so forcefully, I screamed in abandon. I gripped my hair and thrashed my head back and forth, not even able to suck air into my lungs from all of the pleasure that claimed me. He didn't let up his ministrations until I no longer had the strength to keep my legs on his shoulders.

He gently set my legs on the bed and flipped me onto my belly, my arousal coming back in full force at his dominance. He ran his tongue up my back and gently bit my shoulder, his tongue lathering away the pleasure/pain he created. I could feel the hot, wet tip of his cock nudging at my ass as his hands gripped my waist and pulled me up. I balanced on my hands and knees and looked over my shoulder at him. He pressed his hand in the middle of my back, his other one sliding over my ass and slapping the cheek hard enough to sound through the room. I moaned, not from pain, but surprisingly, from the pleasure it caused. He slapped my ass a few more times, alternating between cheeks until they felt heated and I didn't doubt they were rosy. I lifted my ass, wanting—no—needing more of this dominance he hadn't displayed earlier. I spread my legs wide in invitation and watched as he gripped himself and brought his organ to my entrance, the head popping inside with ease. He stayed still a minute, staring down at where my pussy engulfed his cock head, his breathing fast.

"I'm going to fuck you so good, so hard."

I opened my mouth at his erotic words, my eyes closing in bliss as he slammed into me in one swift thrust. We both moaned, his hands gripping my waist as he pounded into me in fast, sure strokes. He pulled out until just the head of his penis was lodged inside of me then slammed back inside, my pussy making a sucking noise with each push of his hips. His forceful strokes had me gripping the sheets and screaming out in pleasure, my orgasm crashing through me with force, my pussy tightening around him as he tensed above me.

"Oh, fuck, yeah baby, you feel so damn good. Milk my cock; squeeze that tight little pussy of yours around me."

He growled above me, his body covering mine as I felt his hot cum spill inside of me. Jet after hot jet pulsed out of him and into me until I could no longer hold myself up. I collapsed on the bed, his body slowly pulling out of mine. We groaned. Breathing hard, he ran his hand along my back and down to my ass where he gave it a squeeze. I was exhausted, so utterly tired that I couldn't even keep my eyes open. He was definitely different tonight, not better, just—different. Yesterday he was gentle, letting me control everything the first time, but tonight he took full charge, displaying his dominance and making me submit to him completely. I felt our combined juices slide out of me and closed my eyes, letting sleep claim me.

\* \* \* \*

"Alice."

I opened my eyes as I heard my name spoken softly. I was still on my belly, a smile on my lips as Killian knelt in front of me, his finger brushing down my cheek.

"Hey, baby."

"Hey," I whispered to him as I rolled onto my back. I looked at him as he stood, fully dressed. "Are you going somewhere?" I know disappointment coated my words, but I was still sleepy from my pleasure-induced coma and wasn't going to worry about it.

"No, I just got in."

I stared at him, confusion slowly sinking into my hazy brain. His deep blue eyes stared at me as I sat up. "You just got in?" Had he left while I slept? I rubbed my eyes and watched as he started to slip off his clothes. I didn't think my body could handle anymore ecstasy, but



as he undressed, I was surprised when I became wet. "Where did you go this morning? I woke up and you weren't here." I needed to know, even if I might not like the answer.

He breathed out roughly and pulled the covers over both of us. "I stepped out to get us something to eat, but when I returned, you had left. I hadn't gotten your number and didn't know how to contact you. I was hoping you'd show up at the party tonight because there's something I have to tell you, Alice."

Uh oh, the famous last words. I dragged the sheet across my breasts, suddenly feeling shy. Maybe it wasn't going to be bad. I mean, I knew this was a one-night stand – well, more like a two-night stand, but still, what could he possibly say to me?

"I'm not who you think I am."

Oh great, *so* not what I thought he was going to say. "What do you mean? You're not Killian St. James?" He shook his head and sighed, and I just wished he would get it over with.

"Do you believe in the ability to shift forms?"

Okay, this had suddenly changed from awkward to just plain weird. I eyed the door, gripping the sheets as I looked back at him. How did I always end up getting involved with weird guys? "What do you mean?" I decided the best thing for me to do was play along, because obviously he was insane and the last thing I wanted to do was piss him off. He shook his head and looked at the ceiling, his throat working as he swallowed.

"I mean, do you believe people can change forms, say, into a wolf?"

I stared at him, so disappointed that the hottest guy I had ever snagged was insane.

"I'm not crazy, just humour me, please?"

"I—no, I don't believe it, it isn't possible." He eyed me as he slipped out of bed and stood at the foot, doing nothing but staring at me. I looked around the room, knowing there was no way I could escape without him catching me.

"Kale, come out."

I looked around panicked, drawing the sheets to my chin as an exact copy of Killian emerged from the bathroom, a towel in his hands as he dried them and smiled at me. They stood side by side, exact replicas of one another except one had deep blue eyes, and the other had green. "Oh. My. God." I didn't know what to say or how to feel, but scared shitless fell into the appropriate category. *They're going to rape you, Alice, you idiot, look what you've got*

*yourself into.* As the thought crossed my mind, I suddenly became furious. “You deceived me, both of you.” I made it a point to look each of them in the eyes, my gaze narrowed in irritation. It probably wasn’t the smartest move, but if they were going to hurt me, then I was sure as hell going to put up a fight.

“Come on, baby; don’t look at us like that.” Kale took a step forward, but Killian gripped his arm and shook his head.

“Don’t, Kale, she’s scared out of her mind, and rightly so. Listen to us, Alice; we would never hurt you. We both care deeply for you.”

“We just met. I mean, how can you say that to me?” I think after everything that had just transpired, the thing that made me the angriest was that I’d slept with both of them, not knowing they were twins.

Killian shook his head, sadness in his eyes as he breathed out. “Alice, we’re going to show you something, but you have to stay where you are, okay, baby? Don’t be scared, we would never hurt you. Can you do that for us, baby, just stay and watch?”

What was I supposed to say to that? I admitted to myself that his words terrified me to a point, but I thought that if I played along with whatever they had in mind, they might relax their guard and I would be able to escape.

## Chapter Seven

I eyed both of them, some of my fear diffusing as I thought about the times they could have hurt me while I slept. I didn't know what they planned to show me, but I nodded anyway, knowing I was probably going to regret it. I looked around suddenly as the air became charged, electricity pulsing through the confines and spearing into me. The hair on my arms stood up as Kale and Killian shimmered, their forms growing wavy and transparent. My eyes grew wide as the two human male forms changed right in front of my eyes into two large black wolves. A scream bubbled up in my throat, but I bit my tongue, determined to stay calm even though a set of wolves stared at me, their blue and green eyes looking at me with intelligence and recognition. Each one padded to a side of the bed and I folded into myself, not knowing what they planned. This wasn't possible, but then again, here I sat, the two men whom I'd grown close to over the past two days staring at me as *wolves*.

They laid their massive heads on the bed, their cold, wet noses nudging at me. My heart felt like it was going to explode in my chest as I tentatively reached my hands to them and stroked their heads. I don't know what possessed me to do it, I should have been screaming and running in the other direction, but I knew from the very beginning there was something powerful and dangerous about them. They whimpered and jumped on the bed. At my squeak of fright, they lay down with their heads on their paws. "This is so not happening," I whispered to myself, looking at the door again as whimpers and whines came from Killian and Kale. I ran my hand through their soft yet thick fur. "Is this for real?" I breathed the words, not trusting my voice to confirm how frightened I truly was.

I closed my eyes, struggling with myself to try to grasp what was going on. All my life, I had believed anything that couldn't be logically explained was nonexistent, yet sitting beside me were two huge animals that just a second ago were humans. How could I deny this was all real? I had seen their transformation with my own eyes, and couldn't that be considered logical? Then again, how could I dispute what I didn't understand? How could I

say something didn't exist just because I had never seen it? I opened my eyes and stared at them again, their eyes watching with uncertainty as I continued to stroke their fur.

I gasped as the air became charged again, feeling thick and full. It was the weirdest sensation. Their wolf forms shimmered and waved until sitting on each side of me was Killian and Kale. "How is this possible?" I looked between them, their expressions showing sympathy and remorse. "I don't understand." I seemed to be repeating myself, but my brain had shut down and I was running on autopilot.

"I know how hard this is for you to understand, but we can explain everything if you just give us the chance." Killian held his hands out as if I were a spooked animal he was trying to placate—maybe I was.

I pushed myself closer to the headboard, which had them frowning in my direction.

"We never meant to hurt you, Alice. We recognised you as our mate from the beginning, the one female that could truly make us whole. I wanted to move into this slowly, get you acquainted with everything, but you and Kale met sooner than I expected, and well, you know the rest."

"Mate? What are you talking about?"

Kale ran a hand through his hair, the locks becoming more dishevelled in the process. "We're the alphas of the *Luecross* black wolf pack. The mountains are our home, have been for generations. If you let us, maybe sometime we can tell you about our history." Killian and Kale each grabbed one of my hands and brought it to their mouths, their firm, identical lips brushing soft kisses over my skin. "What you just saw is real, and what we have together, what we feel for you, is real also. Don't you see we're meant to be together?"

My mind was reeling with what I was hearing. *Werewolves*? Could their fantastic story be true? How could I dispute it when I had watched their forms change in that of an animal? I felt like I was in the Twilight Zone, my whole life turning upside down as myth and fable now became reality. Killian ran his hand over my cheek, his affection so clear on his face, it broke my heart.

I looked between the two of them, knowing my eyes were big and my mouth was hanging open in shock. "I don't know what to do or how to respond." I breathed out heavily. "I don't understand any of this, how this is even possible."

They both gave me a sympathetic look as they sidled closer. “We have plenty of time for that, baby. Will you give us that, the time to explain everything?”

I looked down at the black silk sheet that covered me. This was all so crazy—so insane. But they *had* changed shapes right before my eyes, and how could I dispute that kind of proof? I knew with certainty I felt something deep for these two males, something that wouldn’t let me leave them. I brought my head up, knowing this was where I belonged, even if it didn’t make any sense.

It was at that moment as my initial shock wore off that my anger surfaced. “You tricked me, both of you. *You*,” I stabbed a finger at Kale, “led me to believe you were Killian, and *you*,” I glared at Killian, “should have told me—something, anything. I’m not a plaything you can pass between the two of you.” Even though I should have gotten up and left and never looked back, I couldn’t bring myself to do it. Because the truth was, I felt something for these two men, something that quenched a need inside of me, a connection that made me question if this were really reality.

“I didn’t know you thought I was Killian. You never spoke his name, and I just thought you felt the same pull towards me as I did towards you”

I had felt something, emotions that were so deep and intense they sucked the air right out of my lungs.

“We know how hard all of this is to believe, but we promise to explain everything.” They looked at each other before looking back at me. “Let us make you feel good, Alice. Let us help you forget everything and just *feel*.”

Already my heart was beating frantically as their bodies moved closer to mine. My body was preparing, becoming warmer, wetter, readying itself for their possession. I didn’t want to fight it, didn’t want to give up what they could offer. I was a selfish woman, I could admit that. I might be living in a fairytale, but I was going to the ball, damn the consequences. I nodded, not trusting my voice as I looked between them.

They grinned, identical straight white teeth flashing in the dim lighting. Killian leaned in and kissed me gently on the cheek, Kale doing the same on the other side. Those two small touches made me grow wet and all my fear vanished. They inhaled deeply, their twin growls spearing my clit with pleasure.

“We can smell your sweet nectar that spills from that tight little pussy of yours.”

Kale's hot breath wafted across my ear as Killian pushed my hair off my shoulder and kissed my exposed skin. Each of them grabbed an edge of the sheet and dragged it down until it pooled at my waist.

"Is this okay, baby?" Killian's soft words brushed along my neck.

"Can we touch you, Alice?" Kale licked up the side of my neck and nipped at my ear, their actions causing me to shiver with awareness. I nodded, not having the strength to deny them what we all wanted. They groaned against my skin, each taking one of my breasts and squeezing gently.

"You're ours, Alice." Killian stared at me, his voice deep and filled with an emotion I couldn't distinguish.

His lips pressed against mine as I felt Kale's lips by my ear. "And this is ours." Kale slipped his hand under the sheet, his fingers sliding down each side of my clit as he pinched it gently. I moaned into Killian's mouth as he pulled at my nipple until it stood erect. Kale took the opportunity to dip his head down and wrap his tongue around my nipple, his teeth tugging at it until shots of sensation travelled to my clit. Kale's fingers worked on my other nipple, while Killian moved down my body. He threw the sheet away, exposing me and spreading my legs as he pulled me down flat on the bed and settled between them. Kale sat up and turned my head towards his as he stole the gasp out of my mouth with a searing kiss. Our tongues played along each other's as Killian sucked my clit into his mouth, his finger dipping into my clenching hole and pumping in and out.

"We want you so fucking bad."

Killian growled the words against my clit, and my climax rushed to the surface with force. I moaned into Kale's mouth as he tweaked my nipple, Killian working feverishly at my clit and hole. My pussy tightened around Killian's finger until the pleasure washed through me, leaving a warm glow behind. They pulled away at the same time, moving to either side of me, their eyes roaming over my body as they stroked their hard cocks. I stared at them, watching as their hands stroked from root of base, each of their slits seeping shiny, clear fluid that slid down the length. I realised as I looked at both of them with pleasure-filled eyes that I wanted them inside of me – at the same time.

I wanted to feel them moving within me until we all climaxed so hard, we didn't know where one ended and the next began. Killian slipped into bed next to me, his hands pulling

me close to him as he kissed me sweetly. The kiss wasn't rushed—our mouths moved together until the desire was so strong, I had to scissor my legs together to control the pressure that was building. He rolled onto his back, taking me with him as I straddled his waist and felt the hot head of him move against my slick core. He thrust his hips up, his cock sliding into me until I was fully seated on him. He filled me completely, every inch of my pussy stretched to the max as he lay there, not moving, just continuing to kiss me. My pussy clenched automatically, my head fell back and my eyes closed as I moaned.

"Fuck, baby, you can't do that or I won't last."

The bed dipped and I felt Kale move behind me, his finger running down my spine to the crack of my ass where he took both hands and gently spread my cheeks. I broke the kiss and looked over my shoulder, a little bit embarrassed as I watched him stare down at the hole that had never been breached by a man. His finger slid down until it rested at the tight hole, a spot that seemed so taboo, I blushed.

"I want to be here, Alice. I want to fuck your ass while Killian fucks that sweet pussy of yours. Will you let us, baby?" Kale's eyes were heated as he looked down at where his finger teased my hole.

"It's okay if you don't want to," Killian added. "We can go as slow as you want, as slow as you need."

I looked at Killian, his eyes so soft and caring, the gentler of the two beasts. I looked over my shoulder at Kale again. His expression let me know whatever I decided was fine, even though I knew what he really wanted—what we all wanted. The two of them were the same on the outside, yet so different on the inside. While Kale screamed dominance and power, Killian was soft and gentle, letting me dominate, even though power and strength poured out of him. "I want you both, even though none of this makes sense." They let out a collective sigh as Killian brought my head towards his and kissed me again. I felt something cool and wet coat my backside, but didn't stop the kiss. Kale's fingers moved the lubricant along my anus, his fingers teasing the hole until I wiggled with anticipation. His finger slowly worked its way in, stretching me until he had two thick fingers lodged inside of me. I finally broke the kiss and squeezed my eyes shut from the pleasure/pain it caused. I had never thought that area to be an erogenous zone, but as Kale moved his fingers in and out, scissoring his fingers and stretching me for what was to come, I was surprised at how good it

felt. They whispered encouragements to me, and that alone gave me the courage and strength to continue. I felt Kale slip his fingers from me, the hot head of his erection taking their place and pressing against my back entrance. He slowly pushed in, his hands gripping my waist tightly, both of them breathing raggedly.

"Relax for me." Kale's words were low and right next to my ear and I relaxed, the head of his penis slipping easily in now that there was no resistance. At first, it was uncomfortable with a slight burn, but as the head popped in and he gently pushed all his thick, hard inches into me, a pleasure unlike anything I ever felt coursed through me. I knew what it meant to be completely filled.

"Fuck, baby, you're so tight. You feel so fucking good."

"Lay on me and let us do all the work."

I rested my upper body on Killian, his mouth immediately kissing the area where my shoulder and neck met. Kale let go of my waist, his hands moving to my lower back where the heavy weight of them rested. Killian gripped my waist and lifted me up, my pussy clenching his cock in protest. He slowly brought me back down, at the same time Kale pulled his cock almost all the way out of my ass. All three of us groaned in unison as the rhythm started out slow and easy, but soon became frantic. Every time Killian slammed me down on his cock, Kale pulled almost all the way out, his cock head poised at my entrance, waiting patiently for his turn to slam into my ass. Killian lifted me up again, and as Kale pushed his thickness into me, I gasped for breath. Kale's hands crept from behind to take hold of both my breasts. Killian leaned up and popped them in his mouth as Kale offered them up like a meal. Killian alternated between nipples while his hands took Kale's place and squeezed them until they felt engorged and sensitive. Kale slid his hands along my sides and to my ass, where he gripped both cheeks and spread them wide. I could feel cool air waft across my intimate spots, aroused further when Kale slapped my ass cheek. The sound of our sex bounced off the walls, sweat coating our bodies as we all moved as one. I felt my orgasm start in my back and move through me until I didn't know where the pleasure began or ended. My pussy and ass clenched down hard on their cocks, their groans deep and loud as I moaned out my release. I collapsed on top of Killian, too tired to do anything as they both continued their onslaught of pleasure.

"Fuck, I'm gonna come."



“So am I. Shit, baby, you feel so good.”

They both tensed, one in front of me, one behind, their mouths finding either side of my shoulder and biting down gently as I felt their semen shoot out of them and fill me. Their climaxes went on and on, their bodies thrusting into me as their hot seed coated my womb and my ass. I was slick with perspiration; my eyes closed as they finally ceased thrusting and lay on top of me. Their heat covered me entirely, their sweat mixing with mine and our breath mingling. Kale pulled out of my ass and rolled off me, gently taking me with him so my back was to his front. I suddenly felt so hollow, my ass and pussy still clenching in aftershocks of pleasure.

Kale licked at the spot he bit, his dick still hard and pressing against the crease of my ass. Killian rolled onto his side so we stared at each other, his eyes caring as he kissed the tip of my nose and moved closer to me.

“You did so good, baby,” Kale mumbled behind me, his voice becoming sleepy as he slid his hand between my legs, resting it by my slit. Killian slid his hand into mine, our fingers curving together as he smiled at me.

I felt protected and cherished, surrounded in a cocoon of emotion I wasn’t really sure how to handle. “I could get used to this,” and I could, truly, because what I knew for sure was that even though these men changed into wolves right in front of me, we were all connected on another level that didn’t make any sense, yet felt so right. I felt bound to them now, and it was the most intense feeling in the world.

\* \* \* \*

I woke the next morning with the sun shining in my face. I smiled and stretched, opening my eyes when two sets of hands immediately started to caress my body.

“Morning, baby.” Kale’s deep voice speared right through me and had my pussy growing wet with need.

“How about a nice bath?”

I turned and looked at Killian, moving up to kiss him gently on the lips then doing the same to Kale. “That sounds heavenly.” I stretched my arms above my head, gasping in delight when they latched their mouths onto my breasts. They pulled and sucked at my

nipples, their movements in perfect unison as they brought my body to a fever pitch. I could have taken them right then and there, and was disappointed when they stopped and pulled away.

Killian got off the bed first and held his hand out to me. I slipped my hand into his, letting him pull me up and squeaking in surprise when Kale gave my ass a playful slap. I looked over my shoulder, a fresh gush of fluid slipped from my pussy as he gripped his big cock and started to stroke it right in front of me. "You're bad." He gave me a wink and continued to move his hand up and down his cock as Killian led me into the bathroom.

Killian dropped my hand as he turned and ran a bath, pouring heavenly-smelling bubble bath into the water. I looked at myself in the mirror, my eyes straying to Killian's reflection and zoning in on his perfectly honed body. His muscles moved and flexed beneath his bronzed skin and my nipples beaded up tightly. I turned around and moved towards him, running my hands along his toned back and loving the feral growl that erupted from him. He was turned around and had me wrapped in his arms in the next second, his lips moving along my forehead, my nose, and finally resting on my lips.

I heard Kale's moan behind me and felt his hands land on my shoulders, slowly moving down to rest on my waist. His lips skimmed along the side of my neck as Killian moved his tongue in and out of my mouth. Killian broke the kiss and stared down at me with unadulterated lust, his look matching what was raging inside of me. He stepped into the gargantuan tub, turning off the water and leaning back with his arms slung over the edge of the porcelain. Kale continued to suck and nip at my exposed flesh, and I shivered in delight. He gripped my waist tighter and lifted me into the tub, Killian guiding me down so I rested between his legs. Kale was next to step in, the tub as big as a Jacuzzi and easily fitting all three of us.

Kale knelt in front of me, grabbing my legs and draping them over Killian's so I was spread wide. The bubbles hid my pussy, but I was very aware of the warm water moving in between my labia and teasing my clit. Kale grabbed a sponge and dipped it in the water, moving it over my foot, my calf, and finally stopping at my inner thigh. I was breathing heavily by now, feeling Killian's hard-as-steel cock pressing against my back and loving the look of wild abandon that filled Kale's face. Killian moved his hands to my breasts, tweaking my nipples until they were hard and elongated. Kale moved the sponge further in, gently

moving it against my pussy lips and over my other thigh, only to repeat the process over and over again.

I closed my eyes when I felt Killian lick the side of my neck, his hot breath wafting over my skin and making my pussy tingle with pleasure.

“Will you stay with us, Alice? Be the woman that can truly make us whole?”

I turned my head and stared into Killian’s eyes, happiness and joy filling every cell in my body, but those same joyous feelings confusing me completely. I looked back at Kale. His movements stopped as he waited for my answer. I didn’t know if any of this was real or logical, but did it really matter? I knew I cared about these two men—these two *were*wolves so deeply, it couldn’t be described with words.

“We want you, baby, for as long as you’ll have us.”

Kale’s words were whispered against my cheek, his movements so fast and fluid, he was there before I realised it. I closed my eyes and let their scent, their touch, and their essence wash through me. I was connected to these two men, and though I didn’t understand it, though it was definitely frightening, I couldn’t lie about my emotions. I wanted them with a passion that blinded me. “I want you both, for however long that may be.” I let my body sink against Killian’s, letting their wicked and expert hands dance over my flesh and bring me to a pleasure I had never felt before. This was what I’d been waiting for, what I’d been missing, and now that I had it, I wasn’t going to let it go.

## About the Author

Who is Jenika? Nobody special, just a girl who loves to read and write. She is a free spirit that thinks outside of the box and wants to break the mould. Don't believe that? Just take a look in one of her stories to find out the truth. You might be surprised, you will probably be shocked, but it's okay to like the unusual...it's only natural.

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