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Sanctuary Moon

Third Howl

A Paranormal Anthology



Torn to Pieces
Sascha Illyvich



Torn to Pieces

By

Sascha Illyvich

Dedication

To my Beautiful Cynnara, Domme and owner.

*You asked me to do this, to push harder and
deeper as a writer. Between You, Morgan,
Stephanie and Nik, I owe a debt of gratitude I
will gladly repay.*



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Prologue

Cold wind whipped around her shoulders, biting into her flesh so that she shivered. Iolite pulled the shawl tighter around her, smoothing her hair against her pale skin to keep it out of her face. She stared out on her balcony into the mountain ranges beyond the parking lot as the wind died down and seemed to kiss her cheek. “You’ve come early,” she whispered softly to the wind.

It answered carefully, blowing against her gently.

“Why?” she whispered.

The breeze stopped, providing no answer.

Words could be heard on the wind if she listened carefully. Iolite smoothed a hand through her purple hair and set a hand on her hip. Things were certainly getting interesting around Albuquerque, especially with the two warring wolf packs. Both were trying to outdo each other and end the centuries-old feud by committing the worst offense possible, murder. Casualties had occurred on both sides, so many deaths that it became unfathomable to her how they could be so callous towards each other.

Of course the side that made the biggest noise would emerge the victor and become the predator, eradicating the lesser pack.

Why did it have to end this way? The feud was truly over a stupid issue that happened many moons ago. Why couldn't they let the issue burn away?

Even worse, the two men she was in love with were from the warring packs. Both swore vengeance upon the other, would kill the other on sight.

But she couldn't allow that.

Not if the universe was to remain in constant balance. She sensed a great secret from both men but wasn't sure what it was. Too much time had passed since she'd seen either of them. One had a job that kept him far from home, where she was. The other was a busy pack alpha, dealing with wolf politics. With an ache in her heart, she pressed her hands over her bosom and closed her eyes. Drawing in a deep breath, Iolite opened her eyes and realization hit her.

It was definitely time to bring her lovers to her.

Looking over her balcony, she glanced down at the few pedestrians walking down Central Avenue. It was December. The cold wind whipped furiously again at her flesh, sending prickles along her skin and forcing her back inside.

Iolite closed the glass doors and headed to the kitchen area in her spacious loft. She reached for a glass and poured herself a whiskey before adding ice and lemon. The drink would soothe her parched throat and warm her before she kicked on the heat.

Closing her eyes, she patted her stomach and took a sip of the drink she'd just made. Something was up, she sensed it.

Steeping out onto the patio, she looked at the sky. Calling forth healing energy and protection, Iolite envisioned herself surrounded by white protective light that blocked out all negativity. Warmth filled her body so much that the blanket of protection engulfed her, warming her.

Raising her arms high above her head, Iolite felt the wind whip around her in a slow buildup into a vortex. Power spilled into her body in a silent display of energy transference—though her body grew warmer as white, healing energy filled her.

Her hair spilled around her, blanketing her. Her dress rippled around her legs, exposing her ankles and calves to the cold wind, though she still held the warmth of the wind's energy.

"I call my two lovers to me, bring them to me so I can share my love with them. Let them know my needs call them. This is my message on the wind. With the power of the Goddess, I call Jakob and Kerian, come hither to know my touch!"

Within seconds, the wind died down and natural balance returned to her body. The wind would pass along the message to her two lovers and bring them to her.

That was a good start. She needed to see them both, needed to feel them both under her, over her, in her. Her heart ached for both men even though it seemed odd that a woman would have two suitors. Polygamy was an idea as old as time, but something new for Iolite.

Her last relationship had left her thinking she was barren. The bastard was a demon who preferred drugs to her company. When she let him go, she showed him a portion of her true power, sending him screaming into the night.

She hit him with enough magical force that he didn't think twice about whether he was hallucinating or not.

Meeting Jakob and hearing that he wasn't an overly possessive wolf was a godsend for her at the time. Then she met Kerian and found someone with which she had a lot in common. Jakob seemed to be the logical aspect of her; always questioning her heart and making sure she's okay.

Kerian seemed to be the emotional part of their relationship. But...

The two were from warring packs. The feud was something she didn't understand either. It was over land and legal rights to hunt. The problem was, this was Albuquerque and hunting was scarce. Land was plenty. The coyotes were starving at this point, as were the ravens.

She'd heard on the wind that times were going to be tough but she hadn't imagined that they'd be this tough. The wolves were starving as it was, but the

packs in question were getting sick. Both of the alphas from the warring packs had come to her on separate occasions, both expressing great concerns over the dying members of their packs.

And the numbers were creeping up slowly. It was disturbing to find out that the great packs of Albuquerque, which had once claimed most of the land before the Indians had taken control, had died off due to sickness that could possibly be cured with simple magick.

Still, her spell was not something she could work without lupine help to guide the energy to the proper parties. DNA was a new addition to her studies. She'd discovered just what differences magical and non magical beings had when she'd seen DNA strands beneath a microscope at the University of New Mexico. It wasn't a noticeable thing at first, but the magical beings had an extra unidentified chromosome. Iolite neglected to tell anyone at the moment, it would cause alarm she was not equipped to deal with.

Although people in Albuquerque believed somewhat in Indian rituals, the town had grown into a city that had become populated with crime, thus breaking away from tradition.

Magick is good when it's used for the right purpose, but it is better when guided by those in need.

With a sigh, Iolite shoved herself away from the rail and walked back inside her loft. Pouring herself another drink, she sat down and closed her eyes. The sensation of the Dubonnet's alcoholic burn slid down her throat, warming her. She focused her attention on the air, on the energy softly swirling around her.

Kerian would come first; he'd be here within a day or two. She knew he was much closer than Jakob. Kerian's energy was near, the familiar scent of sweet flowers and love was faint, but in the air. That much she was certain of. His energy circled around her head, around her heart, filling her with a warmth she hadn't felt in quite some time.

Jakob would come next; his beast would run the hills and valleys to get to her. Hopefully he wouldn't intrude on Kieran's visit. Though if he did, she'd have to deal with it right then.

Or maybe he would invade and she could have her way with both men. Her heart skipped a beat in anticipation of the idea.

She licked her lips at the thought. His delicious body could pin her to the bed and drive itself inside her until she screamed for mercy while another pounded her ass...

Though a tremor ran through her at the thought. Neither wolf was jealous of the other man, but neither of them knew each other, either.

The fact was that both were from warring packs. Iolite had no idea what started the feud over land but she didn't care. Feuds like this were often long, drawn out and pointless. Once the generation that started the feud died out, Iolite felt that the feud should die with them.

Except that these two generations of wolves had been tearing each other apart for centuries. And for what? Dirt.

Land in Albuquerque was plentiful for both packs, though they'd both be better off in Colorado or somewhere more western where there was more forest.

Albuquerque was known for dry climates, hot summers and very cold, yet dry winters.

Though Iolite had lived in Albuquerque all her life, a move could do her some good. Change was welcome in her world, even if it was initially upsetting.

Still, she needed to see her lovers. Needed to feel the balance each brought to her, needed to give to them a part of her that would heal them.

Chapter One

Cold wind bit at Kerian, forcing him to pull his jacket tighter around his body. Snow had been falling for the past few days off and on, an odd thing for Albuquerque. Snow fell maybe every ten years or so. The sun was high in the sky at this point, warming him slightly but doing very little to dissipate the cold chill brought on by the wind.

Kerian stood in the bed of his truck, surveying the work his men had done for the day. The house before them had been demolished from the inside out, leaving the bare studs and some electrical wiring running through it along with the roof intact. The plumbing had been pulled and the back yard stripped of extraneous debris.

Flipping open a clipboard, he looked down the list of things they had to accomplish by the end of this week. Hauling debris and trash off had taken two days longer than expected and they were already behind schedule due to the sickness infecting his pack.

Wolves didn't catch human diseases, but whatever was going through his pack was causing a major ruckus. Traveling packs that once stopped here to give

the town badly needed business now avoided Albuquerque and headed north towards the mountains.

Even worse, the pack he was at war with was choosing to strike when news hit that a number of Kerian's wolves had gotten sick, attacking when defenses were down.

Pleading for help from the few remaining packs was no good. They all avoided him as well since the infection began to spread.

With a sigh, Kerian wiped his brow. Moving strands of dark hair from his forehead, he hopped off the truck and walked up the front lawn into the house. Shoving the large wooden door open, he looked around at two of his pack mates. "Hey, take the rest of the day off. We're out of here." He tapped his watch for emphasis.

"But boss," Marco, a dark skinned Indian with long, shiny black hair turned to face him, "We're almost done."

"I know." Kerian nodded, "But I don't want to risk you two getting sick because you overworked yourselves." His voice was firm.

Sanchez lifted his head and set the pry bar down with a clang against the concrete. "We're stronger than that."

Kerian knew this. These two he'd chosen for lead contractors because they were workhorses. Both well over their forties, Kerian hated the fact that they

needed jobs so badly, but they had families outside the pack. When he found them both, they hadn't been with any pack, so adopting them in was a logical step to him.

“Shit, you two are the strongest in this pack. It's why I have you out here helping me on rehabs. But go home. You both have families who need to see you tonight.”

Marcus and Sanchez nodded. Taking their tools with them, they headed out of the house and loaded up into Sanchez's beat-up old truck.

Kerian surveyed the house. They'd need to reroute plumbing just slightly in the kitchen to accommodate repositioning of the sink. They'd have to reroute the gas line too, just six inches. Easy stuff once materials arrived.

He wiped his brow again. Even as the cold wind dug into his skin painfully, making any exposed limbs feel frostbitten, the fur in his beast kept him warm. Plus, helping out on the demo had blood pumping through his body. Pulling out a bandana from his right back pocket, he slipped the black rag around his head, pulling strands of dark hair out from the knot he'd tied.

Slipping a pair of sunglasses over his eyes, he grabbed the keys from his pocket and locked up the two doors in the kitchen before exiting the house. Locking the front door, he gave it a tug to make sure it was secure. Tomorrow was a holiday for humans, but the wolves didn't celebrate.

In Albuquerque, with a sick pack, there was nothing to be thankful for.

Not with the rival packs vying for dominance, anyway.

With a sigh, Kerian straddled his motorcycle, slipped fingerless gloves on and revved the engine. Pulling back out of the driveway, he darted into the street and raced off down the highway towards I-40.

Something inside his gut made him feel the need to see his girlfriend.

The drive downtown wasn't bad, just filled with the usual pre-holiday traffic. Wind blew against his face, whipping his hair about this way and that. Kerian weaved in and out of traffic until he came upon the exit that would lead him to downtown.

Turning off the freeway, he slowed for the light, feeling his heart race faster as he neared Lolite's.

She'd been a beacon of light in his otherwise bleak life. With his parents dying off from whatever disease had been ravaging the packs and their old alpha succumbing to old age, the pack had suffered a great deal. Karl had been like a father to Kerian, teaching him leadership skills until he passed.

The others in his pack accepted Kerian's rule without question. They knew he'd been next in line as ruler and were okay with the decision.

But the loss of his lover Jakob hit him the hardest. Unable to tell anyone in his pack that he swung both ways and preferred having a mate of each gender to just one female would cause any wolf a lot of problems out in Albuquerque.

With humans, being bisexual was one thing. Most humans had no real pride or sense of self worth. But those who were comfortable with themselves still didn't possess the begrudging pride of the wolf.

Jakob sought him out one night four years ago. Truly, his first gay experience, Jakob had been kind with him. He'd been the one to show Kerian how to have safe anal sex that rocked his world.

He'd taught him things about the human body most sex experts didn't know.

In short, he'd been a stellar lover.

Until Kerian discovered that Jakob's pack had been the one who recently raided several banks downtown.

Jakob swore he had nothing to do with it, but Kerian had suspicions.

Jakob's inability to answer questions with anything other than word games irritated Kerian.

Fucker. After a year, Kerian could not look the other way.

Hell, his heart still ached at the thought of his missing lover. He knew Jakob would absolutely adore Iolite. She'd been the most forgiving woman in his

life, ever. Even his mother, whom he loved deeply, had scarred him with her treatment of him until she found out he was to become alpha. Then she said her treatment had been to prepare him for the rough life ahead.

It'd been way too long since he'd seen Iolite. Jobs and pack business had kept him away even though they lived within an hour of each other. His house in Rio Rancho was a straight shot down I-25 that took up too much time, but the pack needed to be closer to the mountains.

Turning down Central Ave, Kerian pulled onto 6th street around the large stone building that had been recently converted to condos. Iolite's unit was on the third floor and had a great view of downtown. What she was doing here was beyond him, the music from numerous clubs and bars often kept her awake at night. But she felt safe knowing her wolf wasn't that far away, she'd said.

Kerian parked the bike and hopped off, rounding the corner onto Central. He cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted, "Hey, Iolite!"

She'd been standing on the balcony apparently. Her doors were open, letting in the cold.

Odd that.

"Iolite," he smiled as she appeared at the rail.

She waved a hand in the air. "Here I am, Kerian! Come on up!"

He grinned and, with a salute, walked to the front door of the building. Once inside, he headed towards the elevator, ignoring the brown and orange color scheme that had been chosen for the interior.

Once upstairs, the doors opened and before he could step out, a pair of arms clasped around his waist. Flinging into him, Iolite's body was warmth against his. Her hair smelled of patchouli and sandalwood, her underlying scent, rose.

"Hey now," he laughed, pulling her tighter into his body. The doors started to shut on them.

Dressed in hip-hugging jeans and a gray sweater, her hair flowed like a large soft blanket behind her. Her silvery hazel eyes sparkled. Ruby red lips puckered together and blew him a kiss. "This could be like that book I read," she winked.

He arched an eyebrow. "What book?"

Hands slid down his back and around his chest. "*Goin' Down Anthology*. Four sexy authors writing hot romances."

With a grin, he held her hands in his, the softness of her skin a complement to his roughness. "I like where this could go."

Her mouth seized his. Soft, pliant lips caressed his mouth, her sweet lips opening to invite him in.

Kerian's tongue swirled around her mouth, tasting lush honey and wine as it explored her, stroking her tongue along with the rest of her.

Her tongue matched his stroke for stroke before wrapping around his and sucking.

Hands clasped his shoulders, tugging desperately at his shirt.

Kerian cupped Iolite's face in his hands, caressing her mouth with his before plundering her with his tongue. Exploring every inch of her mouth brought a hardness to his cock he hadn't felt in a long time, and the warmth of her body pressing against his sent shudders through him.

"Mmm," she pulled back from the kiss and hit a button on the elevator. The doors shut again. Dragging her mouth down his skin, she inhaled deeply and sank to her knees.

Clutching a fistful of hair, he heard the zipper on his jeans being yanked down. His cock sprang free into tiny little fingers that gripped him.

Velvet heat engulfed him before he had a chance to respond, Iolite had taken him all the way into her mouth.

Flames raced up his body from his cock as her tongue swirled around his shaft. Sliding along the underside, she slipped him out of her mouth oh so slowly.

Kerian clenched his fists. "You're killing me, babe."

She nodded, bobbing up and down on his cock. Fingers slid beneath his balls, cupping him.

Gods, how he wanted to possess her! The desire to fill her was strong, calling out to the wolf inside to protect and claim its mate.

Kerian jerked his hips against her mouth, apologizing silently for thrusting harder than he intended.

His cock slid out of her mouth with a loud pop. "It's okay, silly." She kissed the tip of his cock, smiling wide as it jumped in her fingers.

She sank her mouth down on him again.

Kerian hissed. "I want inside you," he begged.

She shook her head, swirling her tongue up the length of his shaft again before letting him slide out of her.

Pumping his now slicked cock up and down, Iolite licked the head like a lollipop before taking it deep within her mouth again.

Kerian sucked in a breath. "Goddess you're hot, your fucking mouth is so hot, Iolite!" His balls drew up against his body. She had the kind of mouth that could make a man or wolf forget all about his duties or cares.

She sucked and slurped harder, faster.

Tension built within him like a tight coil.

Iolite jerked him out of her mouth. Lowering her sweater, she exposed creamy globes to his delight.

"Come on me," she begged.

Before he had a chance to respond, she began sucking him harder, faster, her tongue working the tip of his head.

Gripping her shoulders, he felt the spasms start low in him, his knees growing weak. A hand gripped his thigh, digging nails into exposed flesh.

Kerian shuddered, releasing his seed in spurts.

Iolite pulled him out of her mouth and took him in hand, catching most of his seed on her breasts and neck before sucking him in deep again.

Sweat trickled down his brow. Kerian yelled out her name, gripping her shoulders tightly.

She sucked every last drop from him, making him weak in the knees.

Spent, he pulled his cock out of her mouth and knelt before her, taking her face in his hands. Sinking his tongue between parted lips, he tasted his spilled seed on her along with the sweet juiciness of her mouth.

“Goddess,” Iolite murmured against his mouth.

“Yes?” He pulled back to survey the beautiful sight of her on her knees with his seed covering her perfectly round breasts before the elevator dinged. It began to move.

Laughing, she scrambled to her feet, helping shove him back into his jeans.

Kerian pushed full breasts together and licked cum off them before letting the sweater cover her.

The doors opened a second later and the couple that entered found Kerian and Iolite embracing, his hair spilling over her shoulders while her fingers worked out tension from his neck. Her scent wafted around his nostrils, hardening him further. It took all he had not to ignore the couple and fuck her against the wall.

“Hi,” he smiled as heat crept up his neck.

The couple nodded.

Iolite turned and tugged his hand out, walking him to her unit in the far corner of the building.

Once inside her loft, he shut the door and leaned against the wall, taking her in his arms. She was lithe compared to him, small, delicate but not so that she couldn’t hold her own.

With a kiss, both began laughing hysterically at their near miss of being caught.

“I love you, Iolite. Damn, how I’ve missed you.” He breathed in her intoxicating scent, the sandalwood and rose from earlier, though the patchouli scent picked up.

“I love you too, sweet Kerian.” Her hands cupped his face and she tossed her head back in rich laughter.

He smoothed a hand through her hair. Looking down the hall, Kerian saw the large row of windows that gave a view of the now built Anasazi luxury

Condos. “Those are beautiful. What if I got a place there, and we traded this one in?”

She smirked. “I thought you loved my place.”

“I do. But I’d like to fuck you up against the highest window in one of those units,” he spoke with a wry grin.

She wriggled her hips against his. “Maybe someday. Now,” she took his hand and led him into the open space. His boots clacked against the stone floor. She had a sparsely furnished loft, but the view was magnificent. Facing the north was an empty parking lot and Central Ave before the lofts, but in the distance, the majestic mountain ranges lay ahead. Downtown was just a few feet away.

“We have business,” she trailed a finger along his chest before walking into the kitchen space.

A stone countertop sat atop cabinets made of the same material, both painted in off shades of orange. “We do?” Kerian kept his eyes on her hips, the tight jeans hugging sweet curves as she bent over to retrieve a bottle of wine from the rack on the floor.

He licked his lips.

She turned to face him, her expression all of a sudden sullen. “Yes, dear.”

Iolite let out a sigh. “The alphas from many of the local packs have been contacting me in hopes that I could cure the disease that’s sweeping through them.

I assume you've been keeping yourself away from me," she frowned, "because of pack matters?"

He huffed. Setting a hand on his hip, he nodded. Narrowing his gaze, he took the glass of wine she offered him. "Yeah. Things are getting real bad." Leaning against the counter, he took a long sip. "Marcus and Sanchez are my two strongest, my right hand men on and off the job. They're about the only ones who have not developed symptoms yet."

"What have you seen developing?" Iolite frowned.

"Extreme fever, inability to maintain body heat. Something else is going on inside the wolf body, the spirit. I can't sense auras anymore. It's just...blackness."

Iolite nodded. "The symptoms are all the same from what the other alphas tell me. How come you haven't come to seek my help? Or is that why you're here today?" She pressed her lips together.

Kerian's body hardened at the sight of her ruby red lips around the edge of the glass. "No, I haven't had much free time, babe. I was hoping that what I lacked, your other lover would have made up for."

Iolite coughed, her eyes widening. "You knew?"

"Of course." He smiled. "I'm not around enough right now to satisfy you. Just tell me he's not as good as I am." Kerian winked.

"Odd that a wolf would be so possessive." She smirked.

“In these times, I’m not sure I can afford to be. I’d love to have children with you, Iolite. You know that. But alphas get their run of the pack women.”

Iolite sat down at the small table beside the kitchen space, crossing long legs. “Except in your case where your women are getting sicker faster than the men.”

He nodded. “That’s the problem. We don’t know what to do. Any ideas?”

Iolite looked away.

Kerian caught the scent of cinnamon mixed with her normal scent. “Iolite, you’re hiding something from me.” His voice became stern.

Any other woman would have shrunk back from him. Hell, half of his pack knew he was the strongest out of them, had a record for taking the most brutality. They figured once he’d assumed leadership that he’d carry out revenge. But that wasn’t his style. His admiration for Iolite went up another notch.

Setting his wine down on the counter, he knelt before Iolite. Taking her hands in his, he smoothed the pad of his thumb over her wrists. He sent a little push of tranquility into her, knowing she’d pick up on it.

Her features softened, her lips curling into a tiny smile. “Well, one of the alphas is on his way here today. I wanted you two to meet in hopes that the three of us can come up with some sort of solution. I really want to find a safe haven for the sick while we work out a magical cure.”

Kerian stiffened. “Is this alpha also your lover?”

She nodded slowly.

Something in his stomach began dancing. Butterflies, were they? “Iolite, my heart goes out to you, you know that. And I’m glad you were able to find another alpha when I’m not here.” He paused. The scent in the air changed. Looking out the row of windows, Kerian saw the sky cloud over as the sun set. He swallowed hard. “Who is this other alpha?”

Her weak smile grew. “I think you’d like him. He’s tall and rugged, just your type.”

He still had to get used to the idea that Iolite shared herself with another. Yeah, it was one sided that he’d get to have his share of women, but Kerian was working on tampering down jealousy. “Is he the only other?”

She nodded.

That was a plus. Kerian understood the finer points of juggling relationships, some of the bitches in his pack had struggled for dominance until they forced him to choose one of them as mate. Rules were set into place to establish order as to whom he would mate with and for how long in order to produce puppies, but the list had dwindled down so much due to the disease that Kerian had to look to outside sources for satisfaction.

Except that in Jakob's absence, Iolite had slipped into his heart and captured a part of him that didn't belong to any of the women in his pack.

"It's not unusual out here to mate with a human witch."

She nodded. "Lots of alphas consider me a catch but some of them, ew!"

He chuckled. "I know what you mean. Some of us are a pretty rough bunch."

"Rough doesn't begin to cover it." She ran her hand over his five o'clock shadow. "Speaking of which, are you staying the night?"

"Depends." His smirk returned.

Iolite frowned. "Please? I haven't seen you in a few months and I miss you."

He hated when she pulled that trick. It wasn't untrue, it'd been a few months. But...the new lover was coming over? Surely she couldn't...well they could talk about it after they met.

"Baby, please?" She pouted. "Getting pregnant by one of you could be a lot of fun." She winked. A tongue snaked out and licked a pair of very full, kissable lips.

His body hardened as his heart melted right there. For a woman in her late thirties, Iolite knew all sorts of tricks to make men beg.

"Dirty pool, Iolite!" His raised voice made her laugh.

"Good, you're staying. Now, Jakob will be here in the next—"

His heart stopped. Jerking his head upwards, he glared at her. "What did you say?"

A knock on the door interrupted them both.

“That’s probably Jakob.” She offered a weak smile.

“Iolite,” he sighed, setting his head in his hands. “Why him?”

“I don’t understand,” she rose and rushed down the hallway to answer the door.

Upon opening it, he heard her respond to the sound of what were probably leather steel toed boots against the concrete floor. “Iolite, good to see you again. How’ve you—wait.”

Kerian looked up at the very same moment that Jakob rounded the corner.

“You.” Angry eyes narrowed at Kerian, piercing icicles in beautiful steel blue eyes. Jakob pointed a long, well-muscled arm in Kerian’s direction.

Kerian rose. His mouth went dry at the sight of Jakob, dressed in standard leather pants, knee-high boots that he *knew* had more than blood on them and a leather vest that showed off his very handsome, smooth and oh so muscular body. A year ago, Kerian would have begged to lick a trail of kisses down that washboard stomach. Long dark hair cascaded down both sides of his face with those icy blue eyes glancing at Kerian.

For a moment, neither of them seemed to breathe.

In an instant, Jakob crouched and lunged forward.

“Jakob, no! Freeze!” Iolite threw her hand at Jakob.

Just as Kerian watched Jakob fly through the air, something hit the other wolf. Instantly he stood, frozen almost in mid air except for the toe of his boot still connected to the concrete by a sliver of ice.

“What did you do?” Kerian’s eyes widened. He’d never actually seen Iolite use her power.

Her gaze turned towards Kerian. “I froze him. I can’t have the two of you fighting in here.”

It wouldn’t be much of a fight. Kerian knew that. Jakob was relentless, the boy lacked the sense of fairness that Kerian possessed.

Chapter Two

Even as he knew Jakob could slaughter him, rage still consumed him. Rage at Iolite's choice in wolves. If she'd have brought in any other alpha, any other wolf, Kerian would be willing to be understanding. "But that fucking prick is your other lover?" Kerian stammered against the wall, setting a hand out for balance.

Iolite strode forward, ire in her eyes.

Kerian could smell the cayenne pepper and chili spice off her, indicating her level of anger.

"I wanted to ease you into the idea at first before springing the announcement that Jakob was my other lover."

His groin tightened at the sight of Jakob in mid air, hovering like a predator with that gaze in his eyes. "But he's a thief!" *And my former boyfriend.*

"No. That *prick* is my other lover." She crossed her arms over her ample chest and leaned back against the wall.

Kerian pushed himself away from the opposite wall. "I see." He glared at her. "And you think you'll be having a baby by one of us?"

The rise and fall of his chest matched hers almost perfectly. She stared hard at him, the steady resolve in her eyes emphasizing her point. This baby was important to her, to a newly formed pack. “I do.”

Kerian drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly. Closing his eyes, he put a thumb to his chin. “I see. Does Jakob know? Can he hear us?”

She nodded her head. “Yeah he can hear us. I thought I’d tell you first since you’re the level headed of the two.” The words came out as more of a spat, rather than in sincerity.

He nodded. Hands out to his sides, he stepped back from Iolite, her apparent need for breathing room almost strangled him. “But this assho—guy’s a thief. He’d rob his own mother and sell her blood for cash.”

“How do you know?” She stepped forward, poking a fingernail into his chest, punctuating every word that followed. “How do you know he’s the alpha of the thieving pack? I’ve seen the news and do you honestly think I’d be with a brute like that guy?”

He coughed. “I uh, well no!” Kerian glanced at the frozen Jakob. He was still so lovely. With his hair spread out behind him in a fashion that reminded Kerian of too many things from the past that had died.

Or so he thought. Jakob still had beautiful lips. He remembered kissing them many a time after work, first thing in the morning. First thing before bed. They weren't as soft as Iolite's, but still very inviting nonetheless.

"Then what's the deal, Kerian? Why the instant hostility?"

"Hey, he attacked me." Kerian crossed his arms over his chest. "So ask him."
Kerian turned away.

Iolite huffed. "Fine. Jakob, I'm going to unfreeze your head. You will answer me?"

Kerian looked at Jakob and saw him blink.

Iolite snapped her fingers. Instantly, ice disappeared from Jakob's head.
"What the fuck, Iolite? Why did you—"

She raised a hand and pointed a finger in his direction.

Jakob shut up.

"Now," she stepped over to him. "You're my beautiful lover too. A gorgeous alpha any would be proud to have as their leader, just like Kerian. Why the attack on him and disrespect in my home?" Her voice dropped a few notches.

Jakob snickered. "He probably didn't tell you, did he?"

She nodded. "About the stealing, yes. And I defended you."

Kerian couldn't believe Iolite was using her seductress voice on him at a time like this.

Jackob tried to move but peered down at his body, still frozen in ice. Rolling his eyes, he looked back at Iolite. “No, silly. Don’t you wonder why we know each other, *intimately*?”

“No,” she shook her head and looked at Kerian. “What is he talking about?”

Kerian bit his bottom lip.

“Tell him, Kerian. Or are you ashamed of our past still?” Jackob spat the words out.

With a clenched fist, Kerian stepped towards Jackob. “I was never ashamed of us!” Kerian growled.

“Hah,” Jacob scowled. “You never told your pack about us. You never came out of the closet.” Jackob’s words loomed in the air for a moment. Kerian swallowed the lump that had formed in his throat.

Jackob lowered his head. “At least some of my pack knew that we had been lovers. They didn’t give me shit about it.”

Kerian slumped his shoulders. “You don’t understand. I don’t have the—”

Jackob scoffed. “Same moral fibers I have. Or the same pride. Right. Iolite, let me go from this ice.”

Arching a curious eyebrow, Iolite bit her bottom lip. “Promise you’ll behave?”

Jackob nodded.

With a wave of her hand, the ice from Jakob's body melted and disappeared as though it were never present.

He landed, bending down on one knee. Bowing his head low, he swept up the mess of hair that fell in front of him as he stood to his full height.

Kerian's breath caught in his throat. Iolite watched Jakob with serious intent.

Jakob strode across the room and stopped in front of Iolite. Placing his mouth on hers, he nibbled her bottom lip while circling her waist with his large arm and pulling her to him.

Damn him! Kerian felt ire surge through him at the sight. He knew he'd have to accept this, but...the kiss dragged on. After a moment of watching Jakob devour her mouth, Kerian tapped his foot. "Ahem," he announced.

Jakob broke from the kiss. "Oh yeah. I haven't forgotten you, my proud wolf." Crossing the distance in two steps, Jakob stood before Kerian, so close that one wolf could scent the other.

Jakob's nostrils flared. "You haven't changed, babe."

Surprised at the statement, Kerian arched an eyebrow. Before he could react, Jakob reached for his head, yanking his mouth against his.

Jakob's mouth was hot, hungry and demanding. His lips pressed hard against Kerian's. Sucking in a breath, Kerian started to protest, setting his hands

on Jakob's well-chiseled chest, but the moment he made contact, his protests died.

His cock hardened.

Jakob's hips bumped against his, pressing his rather large cock against Kerian's hip.

His mouth began doing wonderful things to Kerian's, capturing his lower lip and nibbling with just his lips before he dragged his teeth across the other man's tongue.

Kerian tasted darkness, wild suggestive things that still remained between them. His mind warred with his hardened body, cock throbbing, heaving between his legs.

Jakob seemed to surround Kerian's body with his own massive size. The pad of Jakob's tongue slid over Kerian's lip, tracing a pattern down his jaw as fingers tangled in his hair and tugged him into the kiss.

Knees weak, Kerian didn't have to be dragged, really. Not now anyway.

Sucking in a breath, Kerian set his hands on Jakob's shoulders and enjoyed the feeling of Jakob's canines working a path of heat down his neck and over his clavicle.

Iolite stood off in the distance, her hands wandering over her body. Kerian could see her hands caressing her breasts, knew her nipples were hardening beneath the material.

God, what he wouldn't do to have those breasts in his mouth while Jakob fucked him from behind.

Kerian squeaked, feeling a pair of teeth drag across his taut nipple.

Jakob straightened and looked him in the eye. "I thought so." He smiled, stepped back and took a bow. Turning to face Iolite, he nodded. "Babe, I'll see you tonight. Bring the pup if you want and we'll talk about this stupid disease and how your wolf's blood can help us."

"What?" Kerian remained frozen though his heart thudded loudly in his chest as he drew in a deep breath.

Jakob's oh-so-rich masculine scent remained very close to his nose, his clothes now smelling like a combination of earth and patchouli. Iolite and Jakob...

Fuck.

"Yeah, I've got to get something to eat and I only came to see Iolite. But she's busy I see. I know when to back off. By the way," he flashed a toothy grin, dropped his human illusion and darted off towards the open door to the balcony. "*I didn't do what you think I did, Kerian.*" In one leap, Jakob cleared the balcony.

Both Iolite and Kerian rushed to see if he landed on his feet from the third story up, but Jakob was nowhere to be found.

“I hate when he does that,” she gripped the rail, scanning for signs of him. “Makes me worry.”

Kerian nodded though his face held no emotion. He felt Iolite’s soft fingers dig into his shoulder as his body faced hers. A wind whipped up around them, causing a shiver to race through him.

“Kerian, are you okay? You look pale, which for you is saying something.”

She’d alluded to his normal fearlessness. He nodded slowly. His mouth opened but no words came out. The kiss still registered in his mind, his body tingling as his cock remained hard.

“Kerian,” she waved her hand in front of his face. “Kerian!”

He shook his head. “Wha—oh, Iolite. I’m...” His voice trailed off.

“How come you didn’t tell me you two were lovers? I would have found another way to break this to you and deal with this. What happened?”

Kerian took a step back from her. He needed space. Needed to run. But he couldn’t jump from the balcony and land like Jakob could and always had. Hell, he’d seen the other wolf leap from much higher places and land perfectly before disappearing into seemingly nothingness.

It wasn’t a talent per se, it was a learned skill rare among wolves.

It kind of unnerved him, but not like the kiss had.

Yeah, his body still wanted Jakob's. Did his heart?

He swallowed the lump in his throat.

Iolite took a tentative step towards him. "Are you okay?" She reached out with her hand, touching his shoulder.

The connection between them helped to bring him back to his senses. Jakob had kissed him. He swore he didn't do what he was accused of, and his body still molded perfectly to Kerian's. "Yeah," he nodded. "Yeah I'm fine. Can I get a drink, Iolite?"

"Sure. She ran inside and fetched his empty wine glass. "Wine okay or do you need something stronger?"

"Stronger, please." Wolves didn't get drunk nearly as fast as humans, especially powerful ones like Kerian or Jakob. But the liquor would help calm his nerves.

Iolite appeared a moment later with a glass of something that smelled of sweet vermouth on ice. He took the drink and swirled the ice around, knocking back a large portion of the semi-bitter drink in one sip. Warmth filled his body even as the colder wind blew harder, sending his hair flying about.

"Thank you," he handed her the near-empty glass.

"Now talk to me," she took his hands in hers.

Her fingers were soft against his skin. Massaging his palms, he looked down at her hands then back at her, studying her face. Her features were delicate, the way the lowering sunlight hit her cast shadows across her eyes. Still, in the darkness they sparkled bright.

Sighing heavily, he slouched into one of the wicker chairs. Iolite knelt before him, looking up at his face.

“I could get distracted with you on your knees with your head between my thighs.”

She smirked. “Later, big boy.”

He started to protest, but stopped short. Iolite wouldn’t tolerate him slamming her choice in other lovers, especially after just revealing that her other lover was one of his former lovers.

“Did you love him?” She stroked his thighs casually.

A shiver ran up his spine. “I did. Or,” he turned away. “I thought I did.”

“Seeing him again must have been hard for you. I’m terribly sorry, Kerian, I didn’t know.”

“No,” he ran his fingers through her silken strands, “you didn’t know. I probably should have told you, or maybe....hell, I don’t know.”

“Can you share?”

The question seemed to come out of nowhere, though part of him expected it. She seemed to truly want Jakob. “Do you still want me?”

“You’re coming to bed with me tonight, right?”

He licked his lips unconsciously.

She smiled.

“I want you very much, Iolite.” He paused.

Her eyebrows knit together. “You want Jakob too.”

Nodding, “Yeah. Goddamnit!” His voice sounded gruff. Kerian looked at the ground. “You two have...slept together?” A vice grip squeezed around his heart at the mere mention of Iolite being with the bane of his existence.

She nodded. “I won’t lie, Kerian. We have. And it’s good. Reminds me of aspects of you.”

He didn’t expect that response. “How?”

Hands caressed his thighs, fingers skittering along the inner part of his leg.

His cock hardened further. Hell, the erection he had earlier hadn’t died down yet. “Fuck.”

She shook her head. “What?”

Kerian waved a hand dismissively. “Tell me how he reminds you of me.”

She settled herself between his thighs, resting her head on his leg.

Looking down at her hair spilled over his thighs, Kerian stroked silken tangles of purple and silver. “Aren’t you cold?”

Without looking up, Iolite snapped her fingers. Heaters hooked into outlets clicked on, the metal mesh glowing bright red. Heat filled the tiny space even as the sun disappeared below the horizon. “Better? The room I teach in at the university is constantly cold so I bring my own heaters. But before winter hit this year, I had these installed.”

Threading his fingers through her hair, he tugged playfully at the loose strands. “Yeah. Now, tell me?” He realized his expression must have looked pained as he looked into her sweet eyes, the sparkle still dancing vibrantly.

“He’s sweet like you, gentle at first. When it’s my turn to climax, he always makes sure I get mine.”

Kerian nodded. Jakob hadn’t changed at bit. He always made sure Kerian came first from anal sex. Made sure to give him the reach around as he pummeled his ass, his cock brushing against that one sweet spot just below his balls that felt so good, so...just wow!

“And when it’s his turn, he gives me a second orgasm and is a very attentive lover.” She reached for his hand.

Kerian felt her fingers slip into his. He clasped her hand tightly, lolling his head back. Closing his eyes, he remembered just how Jakob used to fuck him

slowly, taking his time to stimulate that sweet spot, the male g-spot. Then, when Kerian had come into Jakob's hand, he'd swallow the load, kiss him full on and proceed to fuck him senseless until Jakob shot deep inside of him. The way his tongue worked over his asshole... "Just like he was with me."

Iolite looked up, staring into Kerian's eyes. "I'm not surprised. He's talked about no other former lover other than one who held his heart. I'm assuming that was you."

Sighing, Kerian nodded. "We had something special."

Her thumb stroked his palm. "What drove you apart?"

Kerian didn't want to think about this, didn't want to discuss it. But, like any good alpha, he had to face reality. Conquering the problem would make it easier in the future to deal with, right?

Shrugging his shoulders, he looked down at Iolite. The wind had shifted, dissipating somewhat. "Do you do that?"

"What?" She arched an eyebrow.

"Control the wind." He motioned with his head.

She nodded. "Yes I do. It's my element to control. It took me a long time to learn control as a little girl, but I practiced daily with exercises to help strengthen the magical abilities I was given in this lifetime. Wolves are mine to call as are pumas."

He groaned.

She cocked her head to the side. "What?"

Frowning, Kerian tilted his head. "Pumas and wolves are natural enemies."

She snickered. "Not if you find the right balance."

"You sound like you know."

"No," she shook her head. "I don't know with a wolf and a puma. I have yet to find pumas in this territory. But I do know one thing, Kerian. You are a part of my balance. It seems that Jakob is as well. I'd like for you two to become permanent staples in my life."

He nodded. The thought of being with Jakob again...the lies, the deceit.

"You know he's a liar, right?"

Perfect lips formed a straight line. "I know no such thing. I know what he's told me to be true. He would never lie to me. Why do you say such things of Jakob?"

"Because I know him, Iolite. I know what his type is like. I also know his pack is responsible for numerous deaths of my members. He has strategically planned my demise since we broke up."

She stiffened, her fingers digging into his thighs.

He let out a breath through clenched teeth.

"Hurts, huh?"

He nodded. Looking down at her, his heart swelled for her strength. As tiny as she was, the fact remained that he could crush her if he ever chose.

He'd never do that to her.

"You have proof?" The questioning look on her face said it all. She doubted Jakob was the kind who could seriously rob and murder the poor and weak.

"No," he swore aloud. "Not of him being a thief. But I do know he is responsible for the war on my land. But..."

"But what, Kerian? He's a bad boy. I trust him. Are you afraid he'll break my heart? Or if you allow us to be a full threesome that he'll break your heart again?"

He felt a sucker punch hit him square in the chest. Air whooshed out of him and he panted. "I don't want to discuss it." He couldn't discuss it. That would require knowledge he didn't have. All Kerian knew was that the land being fought over belonged to his pack, that's what the elders told him all his life.

He supposed Jakob's pack had told him it was their land too. It only made sense.

"Too bad." She rose. "I need you both, Kerian. I want you both. I find you both sexy, deviously delicious and I want you both to fuck me, and hopefully to love me full on. I'd hope you of all wolves would realize that and not be petty."

He winced. She hit him directly with a harsh blow. She was playing for blood. Could his heart withstand another let down? Could he take a chance and

risk losing his heart to Jakob again, and in turn give in to Iolite? Fists balled, he looked up at the sky, then back at her. “Will you tell me about the wolf’s blood in you?”

She smiled. “Sure. After you tell me how he broke your heart.”

“I’ll need another drink.”

She yawned. “Skip it.”

“Please?” He wriggled his eyebrows.

“Fine,” she heaved a sigh. Leaving, she returned a moment later with another vermouth on the rocks, this time a double.

Taking a slower sip, he inhaled the floral scent of the sweet beverage before cradling the glass in both his hands. Iolite knelt before him on a soft outdoor rug, waiting patiently.

Looking up into his eyes, she grinned. “Whenever you’re ready.”

“Geez you’re pushy.”

She snorted. “I don’t have time to be patient with some things, Kerian. This is important to me and we need to work through it. If we’re to cure your pack and the others we must act now and with clear heads.”

Kerian possessed that desire to cure the packs of this sickness. It tore into him that he had to work with his former lover, memories so clear still. Even after four years of not seeing Jakob except for the TV portrayals that blamed him and

his pack for various crimes affiliated with the human thugs and gangs in Albuquerque, the memories of their breakup still stung.

“I left him. He’d said he wasn’t responsible for any of the murders. He also said it wasn’t his orders to attack me and mine. I came home to find him, blood on his hands and muzzle. He’d somehow ended up with a large amount of money very quickly. Before he had a chance to say anything, I threw him out and told him it was over. He yelled back at me about my lack of pride in our relationship.”

“Which he spoke of earlier.” She tilted her head.

He nodded. Lifting his chin up, he looked into eyes that begged to understand. “I couldn’t...I couldn’t tell my pack that I’m bisexual. They wouldn’t understand.”

Her eyes drooped. “But they’re dying now. Wouldn’t they want a cure more importantly than a straight alpha?”

The question hit him in the gut. He had his loyalty to his pack, but remembering the way they’d treated a former bisexual alpha...they were so cruel. Kerian wanted to think that this would be different, the two together could ensure some sort of change, he knew this. Still, he shook his head. “I don’t know. Honestly, I’d hoped to sway them into the idea eventually. I know there are a few others who are gay, who are bisexual. But they hide it well. I have yet to confront them.”

“Then you need to. And you need to tell them it’s okay, identify with them maybe?”

Kerian shook his head adamantly. “Not if you’re a wolf, Iolite. Our stupid sense of pride tends to get in the way. It sucks. I...” He choked out the words as tears stung the backs of his eyes. He would not cry. Not over Jakob. “I tried to tell Jakob. I tried to be okay with everything but...”

Her hand cupped his face. “It’s okay. We’ll figure that part out. It’s not quintessential is it?”

“For Jakob it is.” He shrugged. “He lacks the typical wolf pride.”

“I doubt that very much. I’ve seen him swagger around. He’s got plenty of pride.”

“Bravado and pride are similar, but not the same, dear.” He spoke dryly.

Iolite made an undignified noise. “Could have fooled me.”

Silence passed between them for a few moments. Iolite rested her hand on his thigh.

“It doesn’t matter. Fact is, his pack has been at war with mine and I’m not even sure why anymore. I don’t think anyone knows.”

“Then,” she heaved a sigh, throwing her arms up, “Drop the war. End the fight.”

He slouched against the wicker chair, drink in hand while stroking Iolite's cheek. "I wish it were that simple."

She sighed again.

Kerian loved the simple things. No pack bullshit over him loving cock and pussy, no sickness to deal with. Just Iolite and her love for him.

And the looming fact that her other lover was his former lover and a member of the pack that is responsible for attacking his pack.

And that she wanted them to be a threesome.

He groaned.

She offered her hand to him. "Come inside, my baby wolf. Come to me and let's snuggle for the next few hours. Let's just be together. See how it feels to be with another who probably loves you as much as I do. Will you do this for me?"

His body tightened. He wanted Iolite, needed her like he needed air.

Hell, Jakob seemed to balance a part of him that he hadn't realized was out of whack.

"Okay. I'll give this a try."

She smiled. Leading him into the loft, she shut the door behind them and turned the lock. "I love you, Kerian."

Before he could respond, her lips sealed over his, pressing the sweet taste of wine into him. Her scent mixed with the tannic merlot filled his nostrils. Fingers

stroked his hair, caressing his neck before a pair of fingernails pinched his nipples into taut peaks. He pulled her body into his, feeling the softness of her against him. Drawing air into his lungs, he let her push her mouth into his, her tongue slipping past his lips to explore his mouth.

Kerian reacted by deepening their kiss, his tongue probing the outside of her mouth. Sweeping over her lower lip, he captured it with his teeth, suckling on her tender flesh.

Hands pressed against his chest, breaking the kiss. “Not now, lover. Wait a little.”

Even though her mouth and eyes were half open, Kerian grunted. “Fine.”

“Oh, don’t be like that.” She teased with a wicked grin. “I have bigger plans for us.”

Snorting, Kerian sank down on the couch, clasping his hands behind his head before throwing one leg over the other. “So I told you my sob story. Now tell me how you think that having our blood in you will help cure the packs of the disease?”

Iolite slid in beside him, resting her head on his shoulders. “It’s simple really. Jakob thinks the virus infecting the wolves is a mutant strain of an ordinary human virus. My DNA is magically altered, giving me the ability to heal myself as long as I’m not too tapped out of power.”

There was a pause as a thought hit him. Reaching around her shoulder, he stroked her tender flesh. He cocked his head to one side. “You’d need to be around your mates constantly?”

“Not so constant that you couldn’t continue to work all over New Mexico.”

“Good.” She’d still have Jakob...he gritted his teeth.

“Now Kerian,” she nuzzled his neck. “What did we just talk about not more than ten minutes ago?”

He shrugged his shoulders.

A hand slapped him upside the head.

Again, soft, silvery hazel eyes looked at him, tugging at his heart.

He huffed. “Balance.”

“Yes. And I need both of you for balance in my life. So yes, when you’re gone, he’ll be here. But—”

“But Jakob’s very possessive.”

She lowered her gaze. “Indeed. And I already told him you’re mine.”

Kerian started to speak, but closed his eyes and mouth instead.

“Now,” she patted his thigh, “both of you are having pack issues?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know about Jakob’s pack issues outside of the disease and feud.”

She nodded. "His problems are the same as any other alpha in this territory. A weakening, dying pack that needs vitality and a solution. Lack of food, a need to relocate...the usual."

"So how do we do this?"

Again, another long pause. "I don't know. The pack needs an answer though. We're hoping Jakob has that answer."

Kerian let out a long sigh. Jakob was very intelligent but often used his intellect towards malicious things such as thievery, or so he'd thought.

"You're thinking," she teased.

Shifting his weight against the couch, he pulled her into his lap and threw his arms around her. She was soft, feminine. His.

"Talk to me, Kerian. Tell me?" She raised an eyebrow.

"Just..." Kerian looked away. "Let it go for now. Okay?"

"Fine." Huffing, she shifted against him, settling her ass against his crotch, no doubt in an attempt to distract him.

"Are you sure we can't," his hands ran up the length of her ribcage, cupping the soft weight of her breasts.

She smirked. "No, lover. Later."

Heaving a sigh, he threw his head against the back of the couch and closed his eyes. Iolite was going to drive him crazy, this much he knew.

But did she have plans to make sure Jakob helped her into his insanity?

Fuck it all...

Chapter Three

Sitting in a booth in Lindy's, Christmas music blared on the speakers from the local radio station. Smells of steak and fried things wafted from the kitchen, keeping the place warm along with the holiday feel from stockings and other decorations that hung on the wall.

Kerian sat across the table from Iolite, her hand in his. They'd both ordered steak with fries and two beers. He needed the drink to calm his nerves in Jakob's presence.

"Wolf's blood has been present in me since I can remember. Though I'm not sure why." Iolite continued, "My mother said it's in our blood line. She said that her grandparents were a mated pair, one human, and one wolf. I don't remember since they died when I was a little girl."

"How will this help us cure the disease?" Kerian took a swallow from his beer. Between the yeast and hops from the beer and the scent of so much perfume, it was obvious Iolite possessed the blood of the wolf and was trying to conceal it. Scanning the crowd, he wondered how many of them knew they were technically in danger. A live wolf sat amongst them.

Normally he didn't focus on such things, but the fact that Jakob had called his cell and let him know he was running late had unnerved him.

The bastard still remembered Kerian's cell number.

"Relax. Jakob won't attack you again. He promised me. Besides," she winked, "with the display he gave me earlier, I doubt attacking you is on his mind."

He groaned. Oh yeah, Jakob was all bark at first, but once he had gotten close, he'd revealed himself to be the kind of bite any lover would become addicted to. "So what's the connection with the wolf's blood in your body and the disease?"

He smelled rather than felt a hand on his shoulder. Earthen and sandy mixed with leather and masculinity. Kerian looked over his shoulder to see Jakob standing behind him. Powerful thighs filled out leather pants so well that they appeared to be a second skin on Jakob. His shirt was black, tucked in and tight to show off a well-muscled frame. His straight hair had been combed back over his shoulders, exposing those icy blue eyes that held Kerian's attention on more than one occasion.

Kerian swallowed hard.

"The fact is, her blood is linked to the cure. We don't know how it differs from humans, our own. But it does in the DNA makeup."

Kerian raised a brow. "How do you know?"

“What?” Jakob smirked, “Not even a hello from either of you? Lamel!” He snickered.

Kerian scooted over even as his heart thudded at the thought of having Jakob sit next to him. But he was damned if he and Iolite would sit together. At least not now...

“Hi,” Iolite waved, taking his hand in hers.

Jakob’s large hand left Kerian’s shoulder. “I knew we’d need drinks so after we’re done here, there’s a booth reserved for us at the old hotel near I-40. It’s a classy place so Iolite will be happy. And if the pup,” he jerked a thumb in Kerian’s direction, “is agreeable, we can go as a trio.”

Kerian swallowed. Ire filled his veins. “I’m not a pup anymore, Jakob.”

“I know,” he waved a hand. “But you’re still fun to fuck.” He winked.

Iolite grinned.

Kerian’s body responded to Jakob’s last statement along with the electricity arcing between them at the briefest of contact.

“I—” Two fingers pressed against Kerian’s mouth. His gaze met Iolite’s.

“You promised you’d stay the night.” She frowned.

Slowly, her fingers withdrew from his mouth, though the pull on his groin had yet to be dealt with.

Of course having his two hottest obsessions near him probably had something to do with that.

“Ahem,” Jakob coughed.

Both turned their eyes on him.

“I don’t have much time right now. My pack is really going through a hard time without me so it’s a stretch for me to be here.”

“If you didn’t steal from people...or attack those in need...” Kerian let the words hang in the air between them.

Jakob turned his full, penetrating gaze on Kerian. “You don’t know what you’re talking about. I see I was right about you.” His voice had become harsh. He shrugged and hung his head.

Even as his heart screamed for his mouth to shut up, his mind argued that suspicion was too strong. “What? If you—”

“If you,” Jakob’s voice had risen, “would have ever let me speak to you about that day, we’d have been past it. You,” his eyes narrowed, pressing cold daggers into Kerian’s flesh with each vehement word, “could never let go of those superior morals. I’m fine with that,” Jakob stood.

Jakob’s body now loomed largely over Kerian’s, blocking his view of any escape route. Adrenaline pumped through his body. The scent of cinnamon and

earth had mixed and Kerian was treated to an eyeful of that glorious piece of meat between Jakob's thighs pressing against tight leather.

Still Kerian stiffened, waiting for the challenge from one alpha to another.

Jakob's eyes lowered. Pools of soft blue swam in his irises, a complete opposite of the normal icy steel blue gaze he used to intimidate. "But can't you put aside past differences and help me? Help your own?" The harsh tone had dissipated from his voice.

The pleading look in Jakob's eyes wasn't lost on Kerian. His heart sank. Suddenly, he felt Iolite's hand on his arm.

Turning to face her, he saw the begging look in her eyes that pulled at his heart and made him feel things he hadn't thought of in months. Compassion for Jakob filled him. Waves of calmness poured off her and down her arm through his, their touch reaffirming what his heart needed.

Jakob set a hand on the back of Kerian's shoulder, his palms up, fingers spread open. "You could never let go of the past. And it's hurting you, Kerian. It's hurting all of us."

Kerian jerked his head towards Jakob. His skin felt flushed with anger. "What do you mean by that?"

“Boys,” Iolite reached for Jakob’s hand. “Please? We need to be figuring out what to do about the disease killing the packs. You two can deal with past histories later.”

Kerian and Jakob stiffened. Turning to face Iolite, both saw her sullen expression.

After their talk about balance earlier, Kerian had to shove down his anger for Jakob’s accusatory behavior and focus on the conflict at hand first.

Balance was key, she’d said. Right?

“No, Iolite. In your blood lies the key to saving all the wolves in this area. In your blood, mixed with ours, we can figure out with our doctors how to come up with something that can fight this. But my pack is starving. None of us have energy to steal at this point,” he glowered at Kerian.

Kerian snorted.

“Why can’t it be two others?” Kerian covered his mouth as soon as the words left his lips.

Jakob clapped a hand on Kerian’s shoulder. “Moron.”

Kerian looked up, then back at Iolite.

Iolite sucked in a breath. She frowned. “You two are the strongest in the area. You two possess strength to rebuild. Neither one of you are selfish, greedy or

dishonest. Doubt may be present in your hearts, but it is not overwhelming.” Her frown turned into a glower as she spoke. “Kerian, you’re being an ass.”

Kerian started to stand, but the hand on his shoulder held him fast.

“Your air of superiority will cost us all, Kerian. Do you want that blood on your hands?”

His pulse sped and hands began to shake.

Jackob sneered. “I didn’t think so.”

Kerian hung his head. “You don’t have to look so smug.”

“But you like smug, Kerian.” He snorted.

Kerian felt heat creep up his neck.

“Boys?”

Jackob huffed. “You’re right.” His hair fell over his shoulders. With one hand, he brushed it back, exposing his neck.

“What’s that scratch?” Kerian pointed to Jackob’s neck. “It wasn’t there earlier.”

“That’s right, you did examine me up close and personal,” he grinned wickedly.

Kerian scoffed. “Never again.”

“Oh, we’ll see. Anyway,” he set his hands on his hips. “I ended up having to discipline one of my pack. I found out some things I didn’t want to know, things I don’t approve of and was challenged on the spot. You know how that goes.”

Kerian nodded. Wolves challenged others for authority, to prove superiority. Loser usually died, except in his pack. The loser got kicked out. It was a much harsher punishment to be banished and have your pack taken from you than it was to end suffering the quick way.

“Anyway, the little fucker got in a good shot before I changed to a man and threw him off the balcony.”

The look of disgust must have registered on Kerian’s face because Jakob glowered.

Blue-gray eyes glowed deep red. “Don’t look at me that way. You’d have done the same thing. It wasn’t my choice to kill him.”

“Really?” Kerian wanted to believe Jakob. Wanted to believe in Iolite’s dream of balance and harmony. Right now it would have helped him tremendously. Feelings swam around his heart like butterflies in his stomach. He picked up his fork and began playing with his food, slowly moving meat around.

“He was the one stealing and blaming our pack. He was the one responsible for issuing the order to attack you.” Jakob made a disgusted sound.

The fork dropped from Kerian's hand, clanging loudly against the plate. His head jerked up to face Jakob's. "Seriously?"

There was a pause between the two wolves before Jakob nodded. The motion was slight, but noticeable if one paid close attention. "You'd better eat, Kerian." Jakob sat down beside Kerian, cutting into the steak that had been brought to him earlier. He forked a piece and offered it to Kerian. "You were always the workhorse of the two of us."

Kerian slumped in the booth, opening his mouth to accept the bite. Sealing his lips around the lukewarm, bloody piece of meat, he inhaled before chewing.

Jakob glanced at Iolite. "One thing you'll find about this wolf is that he's a fuckin' workaholic. His commitment to righteousness and saving the lives of others, particularly his pack, is one I've always admired." He spoke low.

Startled, Kerian nearly choked on what he'd just heard. "You," his voice was a faint whisper.

Jakob waved a hand dismissively. "Relax, little pup. I give credit where it's due."

A smile had returned to Iolite's lips. "I know. Why does he call you little pup?" Her smile both annoyed and amused him.

Kerian set his hands on the table, accepting another bite from Jakob. The amused expression on Iolite's face spoke volumes about her desires. The twinkle in

her eyes sparkled brightly. Her full cheeks puffed and her lips puckered, hardening Kerian's groin.

As though it needed help with his former lover sitting beside him feeding him steak.

Kerian chewed and wiped his mouth. "This was the nature of our relationship, Iolite. He always took care of me. Ever the warrior on the battlefield, at home he was Mr. Mom."

Jackob chuckled. "I know it seems out of character for me, but I have better personal time management skills." He cut another piece of meat.

Kerian opened his mouth to take the bite, but Jackob closed his own lips around the fork.

An image of Jackob's plump lips around his cock surfaced, sending a shudder through Kerian.

A grin reached Jackob's lips before he'd pulled the fork from his mouth. "Aroused?" he swallowed the bite.

"Very," Iolite's eyes lit up.

Kerian gulped.

"If you'd hear me out," Jackob was suddenly too close for Kerian. Air between them became thick with promise of more than just the truth about that one night when Kerian discovered Jackob with money and blood on his muzzle.

The other wolf's whisper against his ear excited something low in Kerian's belly. His cock hardened painfully now, stretching against the seam of his already tight pants.

Jackob leaned in closer, his lips now mere millimeters from Kerian's ear. "I know we can't do this here. Let's go back to Iolite's and...finish what you started earlier."

Kerian choked, taking a sip from the glass of water before him. "What I started?"

"Yeah." Jackob's voice dropped another notch. "What you started."

His fingers tousled Kerian's hair, digging into his scalp and massaging him. Somehow, even through the arousal, calmness that came not from Iolite, but from Jackob eased past Kerian's natural defenses. The other wolf slumped against the booth, setting one arm over Kerian's shoulder, legs spread.

Eyes traveled down the length of his body. The plain black t-shirt did nothing to hide his well-muscled frame. His hair had been pulled back and his face shaven.

Iolite had finished her meal and taken the check up to the register. Returning, she didn't bother sitting. "Are we ready, boys?"

A pink tongue darted out and licked plump lips. Kerian sniffed the air, her arousal was a musky scent that overpowered the grease and fried foods. Kerian stood, keeping an eye on Jakob.

Iolite extended a hand to both wolves. Jakob took one with a grin.

Reluctantly, Kerian took the other. The threesome walked out of the restaurant and onto the street, butterflies swarming like mad in Kerian's stomach. He'd never been with more than one mate at a time; the need to impregnate was too desperate. He'd fantasized about two women. Or this. Sweat broke out on his forehead with each step closer to Iolite's loft, two blocks away.

Even as the wind blew past them, it mostly seemed to freeze the onlookers who saw Iolite with two men, rather than two wolves and a woman whose aura was bright and colorful. Kerian wondered if that was more of her magick or if Jakob was using tricks to manipulate people's vision. Sort of like, slight of hand. If you looked casually at an image, you'd never notice the nuances, but if you studied it, you'd see hair, whiskers, tails, and fangs.

Fingers caressed his arm, nudging the tender spot in his waist. Iolite giggled and looked up at the sky.

Through the scattered cloud cover numerous stars flickered in the Christmas sky.

Fingers crept up Kerian's back, power flowing steadily into him, calming his nerves. A slow tension built low in his stomach, muscles clenching as a pair of lips pressed against the nape of his neck.

He hadn't realized that the three of them were standing in front of the Quickel building while Iolite searched her pockets for her keycard. Jakob had slid up behind him and pressed soft lips against his neck, sending a shiver down Kerian's spine.

"Still so smooth, so rich your scent." Jakob spoke in the lightest of whispers.

"Got it." Holding up a keycard, Iolite faced the two of them with a grin.

Kerian resisted the urge to fall into the arms that circled his waist and aimed him towards the door. Instead, he pulled away and ushered Iolite and Jakob inside.

Iolite let out a giggle. "You know what's coming next, Kerian." She batted her eyelashes at him.

Turning to see Jakob, Kerian noted the other wolf's scent, pure and masculine. Rich like his own, of earth and gravel, only more gritty. Hair fell over Jakob's eyes, casting a shadow in the light that spoke volumes of what his eyes hinted at.

Pure pleasure.

“Remember the elevator, Kerian?” Iolite’s soft voice fluttered over his ears. Excitement flooded his cock, his body hardening against hands that settled in the small of his back.

Were they both out to get him? With a groan, Kerian nodded. Jakob did not need to know about their sex life! The enemy...oh fuck it was already too late at this point to consider Jakob the enemy.

“Do tell,” Jakob’s cockiness returned. “What did happen with you and Iolite?”

Iolite tapped her chest and her lips.

Kerian’s eyes went straight to her groin, the warm spot he’d begged to come in earlier. It had been too long since he’d been in her softness.

Of course it’d also been a long time since he’d had something hard to fill him.

“We’ll talk about the pack problem,” she promised. “But first something has to be done about this little problem.” She patted his cock.

He groaned. Coughing, “It’s far from little.”

Jakob nodded. “Last I recall, it was almost as big as mine.”

“Humph.” Kerian snorted.

“It tastes just as nice.” Iolite giggled.

A few minutes later, all three were sitting on her couch, drinks in hand. Jakob sat on one side, Kerian on the other. Iolite remained in the middle.

Her eyes sparkled with lust, Jakob's with raw desire.

"You're going to have to let down your guard, Kerian. I..." Jakob took a sip from his beer. "I never stopped wanting you."

Kerian stiffened. He took a long, slow pull on his beer before setting it on the table beside him. Hands rubbed together, calling forth power Kieran could sense before they skittered along the tops of his arms.

Iolite took his hand in hers, soothing energy filling him. There was a scent in the air, a new one. Purple?

"What scent is that, Iolite?" Jakob's nostrils flared.

She kept a heated gaze on Kerian. "It's the combination of our lust. The color purple is a royal color I conjured just recently, seeing as how I'm dating the two most powerful alphas in the territory.

The scent held undertones of earth, musk. Femininity.

Iolite turned to face Kerian full on. Her visage hadn't changed. Soft eyes begged him to lean forward and kiss plump lips. The swell of her breast rose and lowered with each breath.

Something inside pulled hard at his groin. Lust. No. It was more powerful than pure lust.

Hunger.

Intense hunger burned in her eyes. Blinking, Kerian shifted his weight to face Iolite. Suddenly, Jakob was behind her, arms wrapping around her waist.

“I’ll play nice or naughty.” Jakob laughed, a rich, throaty sound.

“But,” Kerian leaned hard against the edge of the couch. “You’re...”

Lips closed over his, hot and moist.

His eyes widened as a tongue snaked past his lips and began exploring him. The tannic taste of wine mixed with his beer and the steak she had earlier.

The wolf inside Kerian wagged its tail, wanting more.

Kerian gripped Iolite’s hand tighter. A second pair of hands caught Kerian’s forearms, fingers digging in.

Hissing in a breath, Kerian looked at his former male lover. Jakob remembered that Kerian enjoyed a little pain. Did Iolite feel the same now that...

Kerian broke away from the kiss and shook his head. She let him give her a *pearl necklace* earlier in the elevator! She wasn’t your average woman!

“We want this, Kerian.” Jakob’s voice dropped another notch.

Kerian’s cock throbbed painfully in his pants. So many thoughts filled his mind that it became tough to distinguish one from another.

Iolite shifted, sliding closer to Kerian. Jakob moved off the couch and knelt before Kerian. Tenderness lay in oval shaped mocha eyes. Hair fell just over the front of Jakob's face, hiding it from view.

Kerian reached for the tendrils, moving them behind Jakob's ear. Skin brushed against skin and an electric spark arced between them. "Please," Jakob mouthed.

Eyes shifted from Jakob to Iolite and back to Jakob. "I promise I'll explain everything later. But now, my body, my cock wants this. Wants something that completes me."

Kerian swallowed the lump in his throat. Flames of desire danced in Jakob's eyes.

Lips parted.

Kerian leaned forward and pressed his mouth to Jakob's. The kiss wasn't rushed as Kerian intended it to be. It was slow and burning. A hand tangled in his hair, holding his mouth to Jakob's while teeth nibbled his lower lip.

A hand cupped his cock and gave it a squeeze.

Kerian moaned into the kiss, letting teeth bite painfully along his jaw.

Magic flowed into him at an incredible speed. His mind eased, thoughts stopped racing. All concentration became centered on Jakob's mouth, lips so plump and pliant. His masculine scent washed through Kerian's nose.

Sucking in a breath, Kerian pulled back and dove in for another kiss, this time becoming the aggressor.

“That’s my little pup,” Jakob murmured against Kerian’s mouth.

Kerian growled. Standing, he gripped Jakob by the shoulders and pushed the other wolf back. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Iolite strip off her top, breasts bobbing freely. Her nipples were already hard.

Kerian broke from the kiss and looked at Iolite.

She cupped her breasts, brought one to her mouth and kissed it. “You came right here earlier,” she licked the top of her round breast just above the hardened nipple.

Jakob chuckled.

Kerian sucked in a breath. Jakob’s hand was still mashed to his cock, only it began to fumble with the zipper.

“I want this.” Jakob knelt before him and freed his cock.

Kerian stiffened and let his jaw drop.

Jakob took his swollen member into his mouth. Flames surrounded his cock, now slick and wet from Jakob’s tongue.

Kerian bucked his hips against Jakob’s face.

Jakob brought both hands to Kerian’s hips and dug his fingernails into his skin, holding him in place.

Pulling back on Kerian's cock, he popped the head out of his mouth before smiling. "I love that you're so reactive to me still."

Kerian braced himself on Jakob's shoulders, his knees growing weak when his lover sucked him in again, all the way to the hilt. He turned his head to see Iolite, her fingers smoothing down her round belly and into her pants. A snap popped and a zipper slid down, revealing creamy skin.

"Goddess," Kerian licked his lips.

Kisses brushed his stomach, making him quiver.

Fingers skittered through thick strands of hair before gripping them and forcing more of his cock inside Jakob's hot, molten velvet opening.

Jakob made sucking noises with each stroke, his tongue sliding along the sensitive underside of Kerian's cock.

Kerian moaned. "If you don't stop..."

His cock slid out of Jakob's mouth. "You'll give me that facial you kept threatening. I know." Jakob snickered.

Chapter Four

“Boys,” Iolite called.

Both men turned their attention to Iolite, who lay on the couch, spread legged. One hand caressed a breast, another was between her legs.

Kerian licked his lips. Taking Jakob’s hand in his, their fingers interlocked.

“Are you sure you want this, Iolite?” Kerian spoke low, his voice quivering.

She nodded. Throwing her head back, she plunged two fingers deep inside her slit. “Oh Goddess, I’d have you both in me!”

Kerian and Jakob exchanged looks. A slow smile crept over Kerian’s mouth. Jakob’s tongue snaked out over his lips. “Yum.” Both men spoke at the same time.

They looked at each other and laughed.

Iolite’s mouth hung open. “I’d love you both inside me. Please,” she begged, the rise and fall of her chest made Kerian’s breath catch in his throat.

His mouth was suddenly dry.

Muscles in Jakob’s throat worked hard as he swallowed. “Both of us?”

“You mean one in each hole.” Kerian’s gaze traveled down the line of Iolite’s body. Her pants had slid off and fallen on the floor in a pile at the couch, leaving

her in just a pair of socks. Her ruffled hair was a beautiful mess. She shook her head. “No. The same one.” She tossed her head back and patted her pussy before plunging three fingers deep inside.

Kerian and Jakob looked at each other, then at the bed just behind them. “There.” Jakob pointed.

Standing, Jakob unlaced his boots and slid out of his pants. His cock jutted forward, giving Kerian something to admire.

Gone now was the fear of earlier, though it had been replaced by something entirely different. A heightened sense of arousal filled the air, the purple mixed with Iolite’s patchouli and Jakob’s earthy, masculine scent. Inhaling rich smells, his body hardened further. Kerian watched Jakob stride over to the bed, long, bronze legs crossed the distance as dark hair swept over the delicious curve of his taut ass.

Kerian licked his lips before turning his attention to Iolite. He crouched before her, inhaling the pungent smell of her pussy.

“Need to keep you wet if we’re going to do this without hurting you, love.” He gave her a grin and placed his hands just under her spread legs.

She sat up, throwing her arms around his neck.

Lifting her up in one fluid motion, Kerian brought her pussy to his face and dove in tongue first. Licking, sucking at her folds, he heard her groans. Her

stomach pressed against the top of his head while hands steadied herself on his shoulders and legs clamped around his head.

She tasted succulent all right, plenty wet! Teeth brushed against pink lips before his tongue flicked her swollen clit.

Her lips parted and formed an O while slender fingers tangled in his hair, tugging on him as he walked backwards towards the bed.

Keeping his mouth on her pussy, he licked and sucked, pulling moans and sighs from her as he felt her legs clench around his head—the sign of nearing orgasm.

Goddess, he wanted her. He wanted the thick cock that belonged to Jakob to drive itself deep inside his ass at the same time.

Needed them both.

It was then he realized he was in this with both of them. His heart wanted what it wanted, because it needed. His head had no say, his face was buried in a very beautiful pussy that belonged to a woman who made him forget about any secrets, the pack, the issue of a bisexual alpha.

All he cared about at this moment was pleasure.

Feet brushed against the backs of his knees. Lowering himself onto the bed, Kerian sat down with Iolite's legs thrown over his shoulders.

Laughter broke out, her stomach muscles clenching against his head.

Lowering her in front of him, he saw she'd come, her hair blanketing the smooth skin of her back and shoulders. She didn't look tiny until she'd slid down the length of his body and took his cock in her hands. "In me. Both of you."

Iolite reached behind Kerian and climbed astride his thighs. Gripping Jakob's cock in her other hand, she began pumping both men.

Jakob shifted and moved closer to Kerian.

Fingers gripped a handful of Kerian's hair and tugged, lowering his mouth to Jakob's. The wolf kissed him hard, thrusting his tongue deep inside Kerian's mouth, swirling, exploring. Invading.

Kerian drew in a breath, pumping his hips into Iolite's fist. He reached for her with one hand, steadying himself with the other as Jakob's thigh brushed against his.

Jakob withdrew from the kiss and grinned. Devilish flames danced wildly in those dangerous eyes.

Fingernails raked along Kerian's inner thigh, causing a moan to slip from his mouth. He looked down to see Iolite, teeth nibbling at his calf. Her tongue licked a trail of fire over his thigh.

"I love your powerful legs, Kerian." She giggled and dipped her head in for another lick and bite.

Kerian quivered. Lust was becoming something he could get accustomed to. The wolf inside certainly enjoyed it.

Fingers tangled in Iolite's hair. A bright white aura surrounded the threesome.

Both wolves reached for Iolite, dragging her onto the bed between them. Kerian lay on one side, Jakob on the other.

Mouths covered her neck, breasts and hips. Hands brushed against each other while Kerian's fingers interlocked with Jakob's. Both wolves drew their hands down the front of her body, lifting her thighs.

Iolite laughed, her body beginning to shake again. "Please, one of you, both of you," she reached for them both.

Kerian looked at Jakob. "You're the more experienced one. How does this work?"

"Same way it does normally. We plunge in."

Iolite threw her hands up in protest. "No! Gently at first!"

Kerian gave her a wicked grin. "I think she likes a little pain, Jakob." The beast had taken over, letting lust ride his thoughts into the more devious side of him that hadn't been around in a while. Kerian didn't get out much, never took other lovers since Iolite, not even other men.

But here she was, spread open for his pleasure. And Jakob...

“Looks like we’d better do this, instead.” Jakob seized Iolite by the waist and pulled her over his lap. “You get the front, Kerian.”

“How considerate,” he smirked.

Iolite’s hands roamed up the length of her body and down again, cupping her breasts. She locked gazes with Kerian.

Her heated glare on his body sent his blood racing downward.

Iolite reached for Kerian’s cock and gave it a tug.

Her grip was tight, hot. Her hand slicked up and down the length of him. Jakob scooted back and pushed Iolite forward so she fell on her hands and knees. “Need to prepare this hole.” His voice was gravelly, gruff.

Iolite’s mouth fell on Kerian’s chest, lips sucking at his flesh. She caught a nipple between her lips and suckled on it.

Kerian yanked in a breath and set his hands on her shoulders, arching his body into hers.

Hands smoothed over her shoulders, down her back and beneath her, cupping her breasts in his palms. Squeezing them made her groan against his skin.

Over the top of her head, Kerian saw Jakob’s face buried beneath her plump cheeks, his tongue no doubt working in and out of her puckered asshole.

Iolite wriggled her hips up and down against Jakob’s mouth while one hand traveled down the length of her body towards her pussy.

Her hips jerked upwards, her breath hitching in her throat. By now, her skin was covered in a thin sheen of sweat, as was Kerian's.

Her tongue laved from one nipple to the other, leaving him panting and sweaty. His cock jutted out beneath her.

She cupped his sac and tugged lightly. "I want you both in me!"

The aura had grown brighter around them, producing a warming effect that began to sink into Kerian's body. He wondered through the haze of lust if Jakob and Iolite could feel it too.

Jakob pulled Iolite up against him, his cock dangling between her spread thighs.

Iolite parted her pussy lips and nodded for Kerian to come closer.

Kerian stood up on his knees and moved forward, cock in hand. He pumped himself a few times, caressing her slick lips with the head of his cock at first.

Iolite stiffened before she sank down on two fingers that slid knuckle deep inside her ass. Letting out a loud sigh, she moaned and spread her lips open. "Come inside, Kerian," her breathy voice dropped several notches. "It's part of our—oh Goddess! Solution!"

He didn't understand. Didn't care either. With one hand cupping his balls and holding his cock, he pressed into her. Searing heat scorched his cock and raced

throughout his body, spreading up and out. Gritting his teeth, he let out a hiss before a pair of lips sealed around his neck.

The aura burned brighter, energy flowing between the threesome comforted the man inside the body that asked too many unimportant questions.

The beast inside grew hard and eager. Primed for mounting, it rose up to take its mate.

Closing his eyes, rough lips brushed against Kerian's.

Iolite squealed beneath Kerian, moaning, "Oh fuck Kerian! Fuck Jakob!"

Eyes flew open to see Jakob's mouth on Iolite's shoulder. His cock brushed against Kerian's even through the thin wall between her openings.

Iolite shuddered between them.

Jakob's cock rubbing against her, against his with each pulse sent shivers down Kerian's spine.

Nails dug into flesh as both men developed a slow, agonizing pace designed to torture Iolite and make her beg for orgasm.

Kerian recognized Jakob's slow, painfully slow, thrusting. Fingers clutched his hips and pulled him into Iolite's welcoming body. Her breasts crushed against Kerian's chest. Another pair of hands gripped Kerian's hips, nails digging in.

Iolite's mouth fell onto his, claiming him, ravaging him with forceful kisses as the echo of skin slapping against skin became the only audible sound in the room.

She moaned into his mouth before throwing her head and an arm back around to brace herself against Jakob.

Jakob planted little kisses on her neck and shoulders, cupping a breast and giving it another squeeze. Hands roamed up Iolite's body before meeting her mouth.

She suckled one finger and popped it out of her mouth before offering it to Kerian.

Kerian took the other wolf's fingers and licked, suckled as though it were a fat cock, moving up and down on the pair of digits that tasted like Iolite. Her scent wafted to his nose.

"Oh Goddess...the feel of the both of you inside me," Iolite cried aloud as both wolves fed their shafts inside her. Her body tightened as their paces picked up.

Jakob's rhythm built from a slow roar to a loud hammering against her round ass.

Kerian's mouth mashed to Jakob's and then to Iolite's, their tastes becoming indistinguishable amongst the heady smell of sex. Power filled Kerian

and his balls drew closer to his body, the coil of tightening orgasm forcing his stomach muscles to clench.

With a growl, Jakob's fingers bit into Kerian's hips, causing him to lose it then and there.

All self-control went out the window as both wolves grunted and pumped into Iolite, filling her with an incredible amount of cum.

Squeezing her muscles, both holes milked the wolves with each thrust back and forth. Lips pressed against sweaty body parts, other lips, skin, anything until Jakob and Kerian stopped thrusting.

Both wolves were panting as was Iolite. The three fell sideways in a tangled mess of limbs and sticky sweat. The aura around them disappeared.

"So sweet." Jakob's voice brought Kerian back to reality. A hand caressed Kerian's face. His eyes blinked open. He wasn't even aware that he'd closed them. Rough knuckles brushed delicately against his cheek while a hand caressed his chest.

"I never stopped loving you," Jakob spoke hoarsely. He'd shifted his weight, pulling out of Iolite. He lay behind her with a pillow under his arm and his head propped up.

She lay between them, staring up at Kerian.

Kerian let out a long, slow breath. It was time obviously to ask questions.
“What happened that night, Jakob?”

Without missing a beat, Jakob smiled. “Why don’t you ask Iolite? Along with what she tells you next, she’ll reveal the possible cure for our problem.”

Why didn’t Kerian like where this was headed?

Iolite stroked his chin, brushing tendrils of light hair out of the way. She offered him a smile.

Kerian cocked his head to the side. “What happened, Iolite? What’s he talking about?”

Shifting her weight forward, Iolite narrowed her eyes. “You have to listen to all of what I have to say, Kerian.”

He stiffened. Pulling back from the two of them, he started to slide off the bed.

“You promised you’d stay the night!”

There was a hint of sadness in her voice that made him freeze in his tracks. Kerian turned his back to them. “If this was somehow a sick setup, I’m not interested.”

“That’s the problem, Kerian. It wasn’t a sick setup. It was my doing.”
Jakob’s voice rang out loud even as he spoke quietly, calm.

Kerian jerked his head to see Jakob. The other wolf's eyes held sadness. The lack of pride in them was obvious at this point. Hell, tears had begun to form that slid down Jakob's angular cheeks.

"I don't understand." His voice was barely a whisper.

"Our packs are dying, Ker. Our power as alphas are limited by what gifts we have, as you well know. My pack is not responsible for those robberies from last year. A rogue pack was. That's the truth." His lips pursed.

Iolite rested a hand on Kerian's. "I was responsible for the break-ins. I used to work at one of the banks when the rogue pack came in and robbed the place. Sensing I was a witch, they kidnapped me and forced me to help them. Their members were dying too, but those who were not infected yet had this crazy idea that money could buy them treatment through human care."

Kerian scoffed. "That's a laugh. Every wolf knows we're not to be treated by human doctors."

"They didn't care, Kerian." Jakob let out a long sigh. "They were prepared to sell us out to the humans who would hunt us and make us bow down like common dogs. I couldn't chance that. We're not animals, Ker."

Kerian nodded. "I hate when you call me that."

Jakob grinned. "Then I'll do it more often, little pup."

Kerian growled.

Iolite laughed weakly. “Boys, back to our conversation.”

Kerian nodded. “So how did we end up from your pack allegedly performing a heist to the two of you roping me in for part of a cure that’s supposedly going to help our packs?”

“That’s the part you missed. I found Iolite first. I don’t know what drew me to her, or why. But I remembered enough about our last conversation where you suggested we introduce a female into things to help us both keep up the appearance of being straight. I wasn’t interested in maintaining an image. I’m alpha and so are you.”

“That’s the diff—” A pair of fingers pressed against his lips. He looked down to see Iolite’s eyes begging, pleading for him to listen.

“Fine.” He crossed his arms over his chest.

“Not all of my pack is okay with my bisexuality. Most of yours wouldn’t care, they’re a little more forgiving than mine. I tend to run with—”

“Rogues,” Iolite blurted out.

“Cute.” Jakob slapped her ass.

Iolite yipped.

Kerian’s cock grew hard again at the sight of her ass being spanked. He licked his lips.

“But in the end, we’re who we are, Kerian. I’m not ashamed of that. Are you?”

“Uncompromising until the end.” Kerian nodded. He’d remembered Jakob’s saying, it was part of what drew him to the slightly older wolf in the first place. Jakob just was. He couldn’t be explained by anything other than that phrase.

“Right. When my pack swarmed in and took care of the rogue pack, I had a ton of money to deal with. I found Iolite, as I said earlier. We were drawn together and after remembering our last conversation before you left, I knew what needed to be done next.”

“You needed to find someone to balance both of you,” Iolite offered. Her hand stroked down Kerian’s cheek.

“I love you, Ker. I’m not ashamed or afraid of that. But we had a situation that needed to be dealt with before authorities became involved and wolves were discovered as we were. I wouldn’t blame some human for the rogue pack and I knew you wouldn’t accept that if I did it.”

“So you took the money and ran back to our house.”

Jakob nodded. “I needed you to help me figure out how to return it. I’m a damn good thief, Kerian. But—”

“Returning things isn’t your style.” Kerian’s tone was dry at best.

“You know me so well.” He gave Kerian a sheepish grin. “I never stole from those banks. I did return every bloody cent that was taken.”

Kerian sighed. In the last two minutes he’d just had a negative ideal shattered and had his former lover confess his ulterior motives for his actions. This was heavy.

“I need a drink.”

“Get me one too?” Iolite batted long eyelashes at Kerian, her teasing smile pulling at his heart.

With a shrug, he slid off the bed and padded towards the kitchen.

“Bastards.”

“I’ll take a beer if you’re getting one.” Jakob snickered.

Kerian shot him a wry glance. “Fucker.”

“Later. I’m tired.” Jakob yawned.

Iolite elbowed Jakob in the ribs.

Realization hit him. Kerian hadn’t been played. He’d been guided. That was what had to happen for him to be successful on his own and with his pack. Guidance.

Not blatant distrust.

Jakob had done what he had out of love.

The thought was sobering considering Jakob didn't seem to come off that way around other wolves.

Coming back with three beers, Kerian handed one to Iolite and Jakob before taking a long sip of his own brew. "Now," he set the beer down on the table by the couch, aware that two pairs of eyes had locked gazes with his semi-hard cock. "How does our balance as a threesome help our packs?"

"You already know my ultimate goal was to promote relationships and unity amongst the members of your pack, right?" Iolite sipped from her drink. Jakob's hand snaked around her waist.

Kerian nodded. "And that would help strengthen the magickal tie for us, our love."

"Right. But that's just us. We'd need to get Iolite pregnant. There is a process by which we can get a DNA sample from the newborn and test it out as a vaccine. The medical research facilities at the University of New Mexico have a department you're probably not aware of." Jakob's voice trailed off.

"Department of Woven Studies. That's the division set up to study what makes us shifters." Kerian nodded. "I have a few pack members who are studying there."

"Good. This is good news." Iolite reached for Kerian.

He took her hand and let her pull him onto the bed. Lying beside her, he stretched out and felt two hands grip his hips.

“It’s not a sure thing. But it’s the first link we have to go on. And I need both of you to work with me on this. I’m the department head.” Iolite’s fingers played lightly over Kerian’s skin.

“I’d love to help, Iolite. You know that.”

“You’d love to be part of us?” This came from Jakob. “After all of our initial tests? You’d be with me again?”

“And me?” Iolite’s eyes begged for a positive answer, but Kerian smelled the anticipation of a letdown if he refused.

Kerian studied the other wolf’s face. To be with Jakob again was to have part of him, another portion of him. To have Iolite would make him feel complete.

Letting out a long, deep breath, Kerian nodded. “I love you, Iolite. And Jakob, I never stopped loving you.”

“You’re my man and woman.” Jakob stared at Iolite and Kerian.

The three clinked bottles and embraced. They’d shifted positions so that Iolite fit between the two men. Anyone looking in would see the fine puzzle the trio formed in perfection.

Jakob yawned and stroked Kerian’s thigh before falling asleep.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Kerian woke to use the bathroom. He returned and saw the space between Iolite and Jakob, along with empty hands as though they shifted positions to accommodate his needs.

Kerian crawled back in bed between them, gripping their hands, fingers interlocked, and felt two pairs of lips breathe warm air against his skin.

One mouth nuzzled his ear, the other, his neck, sending shivers down his spine. There was so much to think about, but Kerian let his mind drift off to sleep, peacefully for the first time in a long while.

Things would be hard for a while, but he could face the world, his pack and anything else that might present problems with the help of his two lovers.

His balance.

The End

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Sascha first started writing seven years ago, first releasing poetry and an occasional short erotica story. Sascha's books have been listed under the Road to Romance's Recommended read list, as well nominated for the CAPPAs. Sascha also is a regular radio host for e-net radio show [Radio Dentata](#)