



LUST BITES

CARNAL

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Carnal

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

Luecross Wolves

CARNAL

Jenika Snow

Dedication

“Appetite, a universal wolf.”

-William Shakespeare

I want to say thank you to everyone who helped make this book and series possible and, of course, my readers. I can't possibly name everyone who helped with this book, but I do want to give a special thanks to Stacey, my editor, who is super fast and efficient.
Thank you everyone!

Chapter One

Alexander Dumont wasn't human, and he had known what he was from the very moment he could speak. His adoptive parents hadn't been secretive about it, but although they were honest, they were zealots as well. Alex had been taken from his home, hidden amongst humans so he could never be found.

His adoptive parents had kidnapped him.

Granted, they thought they were doing the right thing, but the fact remained that all his life, Alexander knew he had been missing something.

He was a shifter, a wolf. He knew nothing of his heritage, only what his parents had deemed appropriate for him to know. He had heard the story of his "rescue" hundreds of times. Over the years, he had grown to wonder what his kind was really like. Margareta and Henry had taken him as a baby. Although Alex could feel something inside of him growing, becoming more powerful, he couldn't chance it breaking free and harming someone he cared about. It had been what he was taught all his life—'Keep the beast at bay'.

Not only had Margareta and Henry explained what he was, they also told him that shape shifters were feral, carnivorous beasts that preyed on the innocent. He was told if he ever let it free, it would not only take over his very soul, but hurt anyone who got in its way. There was no way Alex could chance that. His parents may have been fanatics, but they had also taken care of him and given him love. They were all he had ever known.

It wasn't until they passed away last summer that he decided to find out who and what he really was. He just hoped this wasn't all an enormous mistake.

* * * *

Alex adjusted his backpack as he trudged up the steep incline. He had since abandoned the hiking trail, knowing he would never find the answers he needed if he stayed on it. He had been walking for more than four hours and, although the canopy of branches blocked the sun, he could still feel the heat seeping into his skin.

It was now a daily struggle to hold back the beast that dwelled inside of him. All his life, he had wanted nothing more than to be normal, to not have to worry that his other half would claw its way free and tear people limb from limb. Of course he had only what his parents said to go by, never actually having experienced it for himself, but still, there was no way he could risk it. Not even for the sake of curiosity.

He stopped, took his pack off and sat on a boulder. He wiped the sweat from his brow and listened to the noises around him. All was quiet, not even the sound of a bird chirping in the distance or a squirrel scurrying on the ground broke the silence. He inhaled deeply, smelling the sweet, yet potent aroma of the wilderness that surrounded him. Since his twenty-fifth birthday, he had noticed his senses, as well as his strength, increasing. Not only could he hear a conversation through a stone wall, he could also smell the apple pie from the bakery a mile away. He hadn't dared tell his parents about what was happening to him, not after the last time he had revealed his changes and they had tried to 'bleed' the evil out.

He still had the scars on his wrists and neck from their attempts to exorcise the demon that lived within him. It was a miracle he was even alive to remember it today.

He heard twigs snapping behind him and stood up quickly. He grabbed his pack and dug out the hunting knife he'd brought with him. He inhaled, furrowing his brow as he tried to distinguish the scents. He smelled two male animals, both not more than fifty feet from him. He gingerly edged forward, keeping a tight grip on the knife as he moved towards the sound. His feet glided over the brush, his movements stealthy and quiet as he stopped behind a large oak and watched in rapt awe the scene before him.

Two male wolves sat facing each other in the clearing. They were massive beasts, their size and muscle mass far more impressive than wolves should be. One had a coat as dark as the night, the others as light as the day. If Alex hadn't seen their chests slowly rising and falling, he would have assumed them to be statues, they stood so still. As he watched the two magnificent creatures, he suddenly felt the air become charged with electricity. He pushed back from the tree he was leaning against and looked around. His skin became tight, the beast inside of him snapping and growling to be free.

He closed his eyes and fought with his inner self. He could not let it loose, not after controlling it for so long. What had set it off? The two wolves? The wilderness? He clenched his fists and squeezed his eyes shut. Sweat broke out over his skin, his whole body shaking

with the force of trying to restrain himself. A breeze rolled through, brushing along his skin and cooling his body. He felt the beast retreat, felt himself go back to normal, and breathed a sigh of relief. He turned his attention back to the wolves, his eyes growing wide as he saw they were watching him. The one with the black coat had eyes so blue they seemed eerie, and the one with the light coat had eyes so green it was like looking at a freshly cut lime. They made no move to attack, didn't even appear to feel threatened by him.

Alex willed himself to be calm, knowing the creatures before him could tear him apart with just a snap of their massive jaws. The air became electrically charged once again, and Alex gritted his teeth and dug his nails into the tree. He looked at his hands, fear coursing through him when he saw his nails growing long, becoming claws. He started to hyperventilate and looked back to the two wolves.

He squinted, watching in horror as the animals forms wavered. The air crackled, popped, and within seconds the wolves were gone. In their place stood two gloriously naked men, big and strong, packing muscle and sinew. Alex was so stunned, he couldn't move. Their bodies were honed to perfection. The cocks hanging between their legs were long and thick, the twin weights below huge and full. They both had a nest of hair surrounding their erections, a line of hair trailing up to their navel, and a light sprinkling along the wide expanse of their chests.

Alex swallowed and flicked his eyes to the two sets that stared at him. They were what he was—creatures, beasts. Glorious and beautiful as they may be, they were monsters, most likely ready to kill him. Alex took off, zigzagging between trees, branches slapping him in the face, arms and legs. He could feel them behind him, knew they were following him. His heart pumped harder, faster, his blood coursing through his veins, adrenaline pumping through his body. He panted hard, swinging his arms and legs as fast as he could until he felt as though he hit a brick wall. He was a coward. The trip to Forrest Haven was the whole reason he had come, had decided to visit the small mountain town. He had come so far, and what had he done the moment he had found what he was looking for? He ran. Like a wimp.

He started to slow down, his body growing tired, the wall he'd hit making him feel like his limbs were made of cement. He chanced a look behind his shoulder and didn't see anything, but knew he was being watched. He tossed his bag on the ground, the weight not helping his escape.

"This was a mistake," he whispered to himself, turning around in circles as he looked at every angle of the forest that surrounded him. He turned and started running again, sensing humans close by, and knowing he must be near town. The closer he got to Forrest Haven, the more he felt like he could control himself and what was happening.

He tore through the tree line, seeing the massive structure of Wolf Lodge, where he was staying. He breathed out roughly, sweat dripping down his face as he looked again over his shoulder. Nothing. He wasn't a fool, though. He knew they were close even if he couldn't see them.

He ran towards the lodge, slowing his pace when the ground beneath him became soft, spongy. He looked down, the manicured grass beneath his feet thick and green. He briskly walked towards the entrance, taking a deep breath and pulling the front doors open. *How could I have been so stupid? I shouldn't have come.* He felt lucky to have gotten out with his life still intact.

Even though his mind was telling him he needed to leave, his body was shouting a different tune. He untucked his shirt from his pants, hoping to hide his massive erection. Not only was fear coursing through him, but there was also excitement and arousal. He shook his head, knowing he had to leave before things got any more out of hand.

Chapter Two

Alex closed his eyes and opened his mouth, the hot water from the spray of the showerhead sliding along his body and doing nothing to help the arousal which seemed to have increased since his forest encounter. His cock was hard and aching, but no matter what he thought or did to try and lessen his desire, his erection seemed to grow, throb. All he could keep thinking about was those two men—wolves—in the forest, stark naked. He could remember every dip and hollow, every muscle and tendon. Just the thought alone had his cock seeping with the need to explode.

Even though his parents had been crazed, zealous maniacs at times, they didn't discriminate over the fact he was gay. They'd be damned if he were to explore his true heritage. Letting the beast free to roam wild was something that could and would never happen, but being gay? They could have cared less, and even encouraged him to bring dates home.

He gripped his cock, squeezing his fist around the shaft until the pleasure and pain mixed as one. He started to slowly pump his fist up and down, the water splashing on his cock head and driving him mad with lust. He knew he should be better able to control himself, but there was something about this place. The sights, the sounds, the smells—all of it was triggering his primal self and driving the beast closer to the surface.

He stroked his shaft faster, bracing his palm on the wall and dropping his head, the water sliding down his back and across his shoulders. He pumped harder, feeling his climax rush to the surface before it exploded out of him. His come shot out of the tip of his cock and sprayed against the tile. He would have felt ashamed by his actions, but the fact remained that he couldn't seem to control himself, didn't even want to at that point.

Jacking off should have made him feel better, but all it did was make him hotter, harder. His shaft was still like stone, throbbing and pulsing with need. He shut the water off and stepped out of the shower, drying off quickly but making sure to steer clear of his aching dick. He slipped on a white tee and a pair of shorts, grimacing as he pulled the material over his crotch.

He paced the floor, continuing to look out the bay window at the thick line of trees. His skin was tight, his whole body itching. Nothing seemed to appease him, nothing seemed to calm him down. He considered leaving Forrest Haven, but the truth remained—he hadn't come any closer to finding out answers. It didn't help that he had ran away back in the forest, but what he'd witnessed scared the shit out of him. Although he had technically known what he was, he had never come across one of his own kind and had never actually seen a human shift into a wolf.

Alex whipped his head towards the front door, inhaling deeply, suddenly knowing there were two males right behind it. Since coming to Forrest Haven, every sense he had was heightened to the point of sensory overload. He held his breath when he heard two distinct raps on the door. He swallowed, knowing the excitement he felt was completely out of place. Two shape shifters were just beyond the wood. He could smell their musky male scents, a heady combination that had his blood rushing through his veins.

He walked towards the door, gripped the smooth brass knob and wrenched it open. On the other side stood the two males, the ones from the clearing, now fully dressed. Alex had to admit to himself they looked just as good with clothes on as they did with them off. No one spoke, all of them watchful for a suspended moment.

"Alexander."

The male with the coal-coloured hair spoke, his voice a raspy baritone that had Alex's skin prickling with awareness. Alex gripped the doorknob harder, feeling his heart pound faster as he thought of all the wicked things that would make the males in front of him call out his name in pleasure. He shook his head, fear washing through him at the uninhibited and unwanted thoughts bombarding his brain. Never had he been so brazen or thought so wantonly. He had always been known as the shy and quiet one. He kept to himself, liked to stay out of everyone's way. But since taking this trip and smelling that first inhalation of pine, moss, and dew, something had changed in him, turned on something feral inside of him.

He didn't speak, just nodded and swallowed roughly. His throat was dry, and his cock so hard that he wondered idly if they could see it throbbing beneath the thin layer of material.

"We've been looking for you, Alexander."

He turned his head and looked at the fair-haired male. His voice was just as deep as the other but was softer-spoken, less gruff. His green eyes scanned his face before dipping down to Alex's chest and still lower. Alex could tell when he noticed the raging hard on behind his shorts, could see the lift of his lips when he flicked his gaze back up to Alex's.

"Have you?" Was that his voice, so throaty and raspy? Like he was just begging to be fucked? He wanted answers, he wanted to run—but most of all he wanted to be screwed so hard by the two men in front of him that he couldn't breathe.

Control yourself!

"For a long time. May we come in?"

He knew he shouldn't, but he stepped aside, letting them in and inhaling their masculine scents into his lungs as they passed. He shut the door, leaning against it, his heart slamming so hard against his ribs he could feel it.

"We've come to answer some of your questions and take you to meet your parents who will answer the rest." The light-haired one spoke without turning around.

"My parents died last summer." Alex murmured, unable to help himself as he ran his eyes over the wide expanse of their chiselled backs and down their taut asses.

"We've come to take you to your parents." The dark-haired one turned to face Alex, his voice dropping into a rougher growl. "You have questions, so ask."

"My parents are dead."

"We speak of your *true* parents, not the ones that stole you from your home." The dark haired one held a brooding look, one that would have shrank a lesser man.

Alex didn't respond, just pushed everything else aside and focused on the present. The first question that came to Alex's mind hurtled out of his mouth. "Why am I feeling like this?" He was starting to sweat. They were too close, their scents too inviting. Never had he felt so out of control. He was slipping, he could feel it, could feel the beast slowly start to rise to the surface.

"You are in your prime, as are we. The mating heat affects all of the *Luecross*. It is only natural for our species to feel arousal when in such close proximity to others of our kind." The dark-haired one then snapped his teeth together, his gaze raking over Alex's body and causing him to shiver. The light-haired one placed a hand on his friend's chest, holding him back just as he began to take a step towards Alex.

Although Alex could have interpreted the movement and act as threatening, he knew better. Alex could sense the arousal that pounded through the men in front of him, could feel it beat as strongly as his own. "This isn't natural. I feel like I'm losing control."

"I'm Landon, and this is Merrick." The blond one, Landon, pointed to the dark-haired man. "We were sent out many years ago by your parents to find you. We've been searching for you relentlessly, but every time we thought we were close, you would elude us."

Alex thought that over, remembering the countless times his parents pulled him out of school and moved him to another state. He never thought much of it, always hearing it was his father's work that kept them on the move. He eyed the two men uneasily, knowing that if they wanted to hurt him they could have many times before, but unable to stop hearing his mother's and father's warnings in his head. "What do you want from me? Do you plan on harming me?"

The two men looked at each other, their brows furrowing, before the one named Merrick spoke. "Why in the hell would we want to do that? You're one of us, a *Luecross*. We don't hurt our own." Merrick started pacing and Alex pressed himself against the door, feeling the air in the room change, thicken. "Those fucking lunatics brainwashed you. Can't you see the insanity of it all? You were taken from your cradle when you were only a month old, snatched from right under your parents' noses." He continued to pace, running a hand through his hair and letting out an exasperated sound.

"Calm down, Merrick."

"Don't tell me to calm the fuck down, Landon. You know how many years we have been searching for him, to bring him home—for more than one reason. They twisted his mind, told him lies and warped his perception of us, of *his* kind." Merrick stopped and turned to fully face Alex. "To top it off, he is in his mating heat, his prime. He won't last ten minutes when we take him to the pack. The testosterone alone will drive him to the point of madness."

"What do you suggest?" Landon's voice was a deep growl as he turned his attention and looked at Alex as well.

"I think he needs to be broken in. I think he needs to be so well sated that the power within the pack won't eat him alive. Look at him—he can hardly stand, and that erection he's

sporting looks like it's about to split his pants in two." Merrick smirked, his words deep and low as his eyes roamed over Alex's body, stopping at said member.

Alex covered his crotch with his hands, his face heating as he tried in vain to press himself more firmly against the door.

"What do you think, Lan? Think Alexander wants us to show him what a real wolf can do?"

"I think you're pushing it, Merrick. We should just slow down."

Alex stared at the two men, his blood pumping and heating, his cock straining and throbbing. Everything Merrick said sounded so heavenly, so delicious. He really shouldn't be tempted by them, shouldn't allow his thoughts to turn so erotic and sexual.

"Yeah, you want it, don't you, Alex?" Merrick stepped closer, so close that Alex could smell the purely wild scent that encompassed him. "Maybe we should show you what we have to offer? Let you decide what you want?" Merrick moved back until he was standing beside Landon. Merrick and Landon looked at each other, both of them seeming more intense, powerful.

He could see the desire in Merrick's face, could see a hint of trepidation in Landon's expression. It was like looking at a demon and an angel, both standing before him and offering two completely different experiences. Alex knew one would be wild, animalistic, while the other would be gentle and compassionate. He wanted them both, wanted both experiences more than he wanted to breathe.

What came next happened so fast, Alex's mind couldn't quite grasp it. Alex watched in fascination as their lips slanted over one another's, their mouths opening, their tongues stroking. The sight of Landon's soft pink tongue touching Merrick's lips was enough to bring semen dripping from the tip of Alex's cock.

Alex started to breathe heavily as he watched Landon and Merrick's hands move on each other, gripping, stroking, caressing. Every time their mouths opened, Alex got a tantalising view of their tongues moving along each other's. It was erotic as hell to watch. Alex's hands were still covering his crotch, pressing against the erection Merrick had so bluntly pointed it out. He gripped himself, tugging at his shaft through the material of his shorts. He knew what he was doing was inappropriate, but he was unable to stop himself. Never had he wanted anything more than he wanted Landon and Merrick.

Landon started to unbutton Merrick's shirt, slipping the material off his broad shoulders so it fell to the ground. Merrick did the same to Landon, and then both men were embracing, their hard bodies pressed together, perspiration starting to coat the taut muscles. Their hands went to the other's pants, the sounds of popping buttons and zippers sliding down loud and enticing. Once the pants fell to the floor and were kicked off, Alex sucked in a breath at the sight of all the glorious, tanned skin. They wore no underwear and their dicks were long and thick, flushed red and pressing against one another. The sight of hard, hairy male flesh was enough to have Alex groaning out loud and gripping his cock almost painfully. Alex wanted to rip his shorts off and pump his cock in his fist, but he still possessed a little part of his sanity and held firm that he would not succumb to his baser urges.

They continued to kiss as they slowly started to thrust their hips towards each other, their shafts sliding back and forth together. Even though they were pressed tightly together, Alex could see the slide of their cocks along each other and the pre-come that seeped from the slits at their cock heads. Their combined semen coated their swollen erections, mixing into the hair on their lower abdomens and creating a visual orgasm for Alex.

Landon pulled slightly back, looking at Alex as Merrick licked and nipped at the hollow of his neck. "Come here, Alex. Let us show you how much pleasure can be found." Merrick continued to lick and nip at Landon's flesh. He dipped his head and pulled Landon's nipple into his mouth. Alex could see Merrick's straight white teeth take the copper-coloured nub between his teeth and gently tug, causing Landon to grunt in pleasure.

Despite Alex's inhibitions, he couldn't hold himself back. He took a step forward, then another, until he was standing right before them, smelling their arousal, smelling their combined come. This experience could very well be the death of him, but wouldn't it be a lovely way to die?

Chapter Three

Merrick and Landon removed Alex's clothing slowly and precisely. Despite the heat their combined bodies produced, Alex still shivered.

"Shhh, we're going to take real good care of you, baby." Merrick's voice was right by Alex's ear, tightening his skin and sending goose bumps along his flesh. "Close your eyes, just feel what we're doing to you."

Alex obeyed and immediately hands began to caress him. They stroked along his shoulders, his arms and chest, before finally stopping right below his navel. He could sense someone stepping back but didn't open his eyes to see who it was. The animal within him was so close to the surface, he could taste the wild power it exuded. It was only when he felt hot, moist breath then a firm, large hand gripping his cock that he snapped his eyes open and looked down.

Landon was on his knees before him, his hand around Alex's shaft, his mouth poised at the tip. Landon looked up into his eyes, watching him intently as he slowly brought his tongue out and touched it to the slit at the tip of Alex's cock. Pre-come was already dripping from it, and when Landon pulled his tongue away, a string of the fluid followed. It was erotic as hell, and before the contact was lost, Landon's mouth covered the tip of his shaft. Alex could feel his tongue probing the hole of his cock, pressing gently in until a bit of resistance was met.

Alex wanted to throw his head back and groan in pleasure, but his sight was riveted on what Landon was doing to him. He felt Merrick move behind him, his big hands running along his back before cupping his ass. Merrick spread his ass cheeks, sliding his finger between the mounds and teasing his anus. Alex tensed and looked over his shoulder. Merrick was looking at him as he continued to tease the hole, adding a minimal amount of pressure and driving Alex higher to abandon. His entrance clenched in anticipation, his whole body heating further at what these two men were doing to him.

Before he could utter a word, Merrick slanted his mouth along Alex's, his lips firm and demanding. The kiss was crushing, dominant and possessive. His tongue swept along the

seam of Alex's mouth, enticing and urging him to open. Alex obeyed without complaint, groaning both at the taste of Merrick and from what Landon was doing to his dick. Merrick removed his finger and spread Alex's ass cheeks wide, the cool air chilling the sensitive area that was revealed. Merrick started slowly pumping his hips forward until his thick cock became wedged between Alex's cheeks. He released Alex's ass so that his cock was sandwiched between them. Again, Merrick started to thrust his hips forward, their mouths never unlocking as he moved his hands to tweak Alex's stiff nipples.

Alex moaned at the sensations both men were conjuring up inside of him. The feel of Landon's tongue along his shaft, moving up and down and teasing his slit, the delicious sensations of Merrick's huge shaft pressing against his anus. Alex imagined what it would feel like to have that monster of a cock in his ass, thrusting in and out, giving him pleasure until he came so hard he passed out. He knew these men could give it to him, all of it.

Merrick took Alex's tongue in his mouth, sucking on it in time with how Landon was sucking on his erection. The pleasure was intense and exquisite. Merrick's hands started to knead Alex's ass, pulling the mounds apart and slipping a finger into the crack. A spark of reality crashed in Alex's mind and he tensed, pulling back from the kiss and pushing Landon away.

He held up his hands as he stepped back, fighting the arousal that demanded attention. "Wait. This isn't right." He shook his head, trying to clear the fog that his arousal caused. "I don't even know you guys."

"You act like you want to get to know us." There was teasing note in Landon's voice when he raised himself off the ground to stand before Alex. He grabbed his massive erection and started idly stroking it, never taking his eyes off Alex.

Merrick watched Alex as well, his cock hanging between his muscular thighs—big, thick and long. Alex swallowed, his eyes darting between Merrick and Landon. It took all of Alex's willpower to drag his gaze off the two men's cocks and look them both in the eyes.

"Listen. I came here for answers, not to fuck." Alex looked down and closed his eyes momentarily. He ran an unsteady hand over his face and breathed out deeply. "I don't know what's happening to me. I feel like my control is on the verge of shattering." He opened his eyes and glanced back at the two men when only silence greeted him.

“We shouldn’t have pushed you like we did. We have plenty of time to get to know each other. Let us take you somewhere where you can get all the answers to your questions.” Landon spoke as he bent down and started putting his clothes on. Merrick did the same and soon the only one still standing naked and erect was Alex.

He quickly donned his clothes, knowing he needed to find out everything and anything he could about his past and what he was. Maybe when this was all said and done, he could relieve the sexual tension building inside of him. He knew deep down, though, no one would be able to satisfy him the way Landon and Merrick would. How he knew that, he didn’t know, but something inside of him was irrevocably drawn to the two men.

* * * *

Alex followed Merrick and Landon as they led him through the forest. He should have thought this was a bad idea, but his instincts were sure he had nothing to fear from them. All his life he had relied on his acute inner senses to let him know what was happening around him. He might have always kept whatever was inside of him at bay, but there were so many times when he just wanted to let it free. He wanted to run wild, but without the fear of harming anyone in the process or turning into a crazed beast.

He knew when he took this trip that there was a possibility he wouldn’t survive. He knew nothing about shape shifters, had never met anyone like him before until now. All he had to go from were the stories he was told about the slaughter, blood and gore his parents had witnessed. That was why they had taken him. At least, that was what they had said.

After spending time with Merrick and Landon, Alex was really starting to doubt everything his parents had told him. Not only had he not been harmed, they had opened his eyes to a pleasure beyond words. When he was with them, Alex felt like the beast was almost tamed. He felt like he would almost be able to sate the creature if he just let himself be free and submit to the two men.

He didn’t doubt for a moment that the two men in front of him had power beyond anything he had ever known. The air around them was charged with strength, determination, but most of all, compassion. He knew they were taking him to meet others

like him, knew—at least from what they had said—they had been searching for him for years. He could sense the truth in their words, could smell it as they spoke.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't frightened of what was to come. For years he had wanted to know the truth, but the fear of what his parents would do if he pursued it was not worth bearing. He had to keep his composure at all times. He never showed his fear, anger, or any other emotion that fuelled him in his quest to learn the truth.

He hated to admit it, felt guilty as hell, but it was almost a relief when his parents finally passed. A stroke had taken his mother, followed by a heart attack claiming his father a year later, Alex had finally felt...free.

The silence was horrendous, making the trek up the mountain even more strenuous. He couldn't stop from flicking his glance towards the two well-rounded asses a yard from him. The way their jeans pulled over the mounds with every step they took had Alex's cock jerking in excitement.

"If you don't control your lust, pup, I will be tempted to press you against an oak and fuck you senseless."

Alex faltered, tripping over a stone as Merrick's deep words penetrated his brain. He looked up, startled and embarrassed that he had been caught in the act. Neither Landon nor Merrick had stopped, their attention still focused forward.

"We can smell your arousal. It's thick, sweet on the palate."

Alex's face heated at Landon's words and the blond casted a glance over his shoulder and winked at Alex. He kept his mouth shut, not even bothering to deny it since he knew they would be able to smell the lie.

They walked for another mile before Alex heard loud laughter, crude language, and could smell lust coat the air. Instantly Alex's interest was piqued, the thought of actually seeing more of his kind causing excitement and trepidation to course within him.

Soon they broke through the trees into a clearing and a spacious camp was revealed. The altitude was so high, Alex had to control his breathing to make sure he got enough oxygen. While Merrick and Landon walked ahead, Alex found himself rooted to the spot, his gaze travelling over everyone and everything.

Men and woman roamed around and if he didn't know they were wolves, he would have assumed them to be campers. Modest sized cabins inconspicuously dotted the area,

some hidden behind trees, others out in the open. It was like a community—a well-knit, shape-shifting community.

As if they sensed him, all noise ceased and everyone turned to stare at him. Merrick looked over his shoulder, gesturing for Alex to follow. He tentatively did so, not wanting to make eye contact with anyone he passed. He didn't know them, didn't know what they were capable of.

He caught up with Landon and Merrick, falling in step beside them and instantly feeling at ease knowing they were close. It was strange given the fact he'd just met them, but he couldn't help his mind's or his body's reaction to the two men.

"Can you smell the mating heat of the others? They can smell the lust and anticipation in the air, especially yours, little wolf."

Alex looked over at Landon. "Is that why I feel the way I do?"

"Yes and no. During certain times of the season, just like with any other animal, our inner wolves demand to be free. We are animals, Alex, pure and simple. We may look like men, but those wolves you saw in the forest, those are who and what we truly are." Landon smiled gently. "You have never let yourself change, that much is clear. Because of that, coupled with the mating heat rising in the pack and some other factors, your wolf is dying to get out." Landon threw an arm around Alex's shoulder. "It won't take long for your control to completely snap, now being surrounded by so many of your kind. It's the same feeling you'll get during the full moon, total and complete loss of control. I actually thought you would snap back at the lodge. I was surprised by your strength, though."

Landon didn't know the half of it. It was taking everything Alex had to keep himself in check. Even the simple act of Landon's arm over his shoulder was causing Alex's skin to tighten. His underwear was becoming soaked from all the pre-come seeping out of his cock. He glanced down, noticed Landon and Merrick's tented pants, and knew they were in the same boat as him, as everyone was in the camp. Being in such close proximity to his kind, finally seeing them and watching how they acted towards one another, brought Alex closer to the truth.

They acted so...normal. It was a stark contrast from the way Alex had always assumed, and had been told, his kind would behave. He was starting to realise how wrong his parents had been. Shape shifters weren't evil creatures. Landon and Merrick could have easily

harmed him at any given point. Instead they had showed him pleasure, kindness, and acceptance.

They reached an impressive looking cabin, much bigger than the rest. There were two men standing beside the closed front door, and Alex knew exactly what they were...guards protecting something very precious. He followed Landon and Merrick up the stairs, both men nodding at the guards before rapping lightly on the door and opening it. Alex's heart was hammering so hard he could hear it in his ears. He knew as soon as he walked through that door his whole life would change.

Chapter Four

The front door shut behind Alex and he jumped slightly. Merrick and Landon were blocking his view, but Alex could easily smell the other people in the room. There were three men and two women, all of them shape shifters. Merrick and Landon moved to the side and Alex took in the five people who stood no more than a few feet from him. Two men, twins, were standing behind a woman who was seated, the air around them charged with power and authority.

Although Alex had never been around anyone of his own kind, the animal inside of him instantly recognised the twins as the alphas of the pack. The woman was human and although she appeared small and fragile, Alex could smell the love and devotion the two alphas had towards her, and also the power she wielded over them.

The sensations were blinding to him. He was used to his increased smell, sight and hearing, but the things he was suddenly capable of knowing, realising who people were and what rank they held, frightened him on a whole new level.

The other man and woman were both seated on a couch. They held each other tightly, the woman crying heavily into the man's chest. The man sitting next to her drew Alex's attention when he shifted. It was like looking into a mirror. Alex was speechless, staring at a slightly older version of himself just a few feet away.

"Oh my God. It's you, Cole, it's really you." The woman jumped up and began to take a step towards him but the man stopped her. She cried harder, reaching a hand out to Alex.

Cole? Everyone stayed quiet, no one moving as they watched him.

"They named him Alexander." Merrick's voice was a gruff growl as he leaned against the wall, big arms crossed over an equally big chest.

Alex looked back at the woman who started crying harder, her whole body shaking with the force of her sobs. Alex wasn't stupid, he knew that the man and woman were his biological parents. Hell, he could smell the bloodline—it matched his own. He wanted to comfort her, even though he didn't know them. He wasn't a bastard. He stayed where he

was, though. He was starting to put some trust into Merrick and Landon, but the other people... He couldn't get a clear determination of what their ultimate goal was.

"I am Killian St. James. This is my brother, Kale, and our mate, Alice. We are the alphas of this pack. Please, have a seat." Killian gestured for Alex to sit down, the authority in his voice clear. "We know you must have many questions. I know I can speak for everyone when I say we have some as well."

"Okay." Alex looked between everyone, his gaze going back repeatedly to the crying woman.

"I assume you know what you are or you wouldn't be here, in Forrest Haven that is."

Alex swallowed. "I can only tell you what I was told." Both twins nodded for him to continue. Alex went into detail about what his parents told him, about the inner beast, the feral desires that freeing it would invoke. That got a lot of low murmurs and raised eyebrows, but he continued, realising he couldn't stop even if he wanted to. Telling his story, about what he had learned, what he had bottled up for so long inside of him, made him feel...alive, awakened even.

When he was done, everyone stayed silent. "So, you were told we are nothing but wild animals that feed and tear apart woman and children?" There was an exasperated note in Kale's voice. The twins looked at each other then at Merrick and Landon.

"I guess, to an extent. My adoptive parents may have been fanatics, but they took care of me." He felt the need to defend his dead parents, even knowing they had told him lies.

"We are known as the *Luecross*. We are shape shifting wolves that reside in Forrest Haven," his biological father spoke up. Alex didn't miss how he tightened his grip on the woman who had grown quieter. "You were taken when you were only a month old. Your mo...Helan and I," the man stammered, audibly swallowing before continuing, "should have watched over you better. We were just so tired that night, we didn't even realise someone had come into our home until it was too late."

The woman sniffed before pushing away from the man. "We can't start off this way." The woman rose and smacked his hand away when he meant to pull her back down. She held her hand out and Alex noticed how it shook. He stared into her eyes—eyes the same amber colour as his. He embraced her hand, hearing her breath catch before she threw herself into his arms and squeezed tightly. All the men were by her in an instant, not

attempting to remove her, but there just in case. Alex felt slightly offended they thought he would harm her, but then, they didn't know him any better than he knew them.

She pulled back, her eyes swollen and red as she tentatively lifted her hand and stroked it down his cheek. "I named you Cole." She was quiet for an instant, just staring at him before she spoke again. "Alexander suites you nicely, though." She smiled and stepped back, smoothing her hand down her skirt in the process. "Please sit next to me, Alex. I want to explain everything."

She led him towards an empty seat and sat beside him. She wiped away at the tears that fell down her cheeks. "I don't know where to start."

"How about at the beginning?"

She smiled up at him, nodding almost absently before she took a deep breath and began, "When you were born..." Her voice caught a little, as if the tale she was telling brought back too many memories. Alex placed a hand atop hers, trying to express comfort and give her strength. She smiled and continued, "When you were born, Edward and I were ecstatic. It took us years to conceive, but when it finally happened we were so happy."

Helan started crying again and Alex looked around almost frantically. He didn't know what to do, what to say. A little voice inside his head urged him to comfort her, hold her and tell her everything would be okay. He listened to that voice, moving closer and embracing her. She didn't stiffen or pull away, but instead wrapped her thin arms around him and held him tight as she cried harder.

"You smell just as I remember." Her voice was muffled against his chest, but she didn't pull back. He admitted, holding her felt nice—comforting, like he had been missing something his whole life.

"Seeing you for the first time was like looking into a mirror," Edward said as he stood. "I had never cried in my life, but when I saw and held you for the first time, I couldn't hold back the tears." He smiled absently, as if he were picturing that moment in his mind.

Helan pulled away then, wiping her face in an embarrassed fashion before staring into Alex's face. "We have so much time to make up for. You must know we never lost hope that we would find you. We had search parties out for you, and when Merrick and Landon told us they had a lead on your whereabouts, I thought I would die with happiness right then." Her hand grabbed his, her eyes seeming to memorise his features.

“We have all the time in the world now.” Alex spoke softly, happiness welling up in his heart as he spoke the words. This was the start of a new future—he could feel it in his heart.

* * * *

Alex followed Landon as he opened up the cabin door and ushered him in. By the time he had finished speaking with Helan, the sun had set and he hadn’t felt like making the trek back to the lodge. Landon offered up his spare room and Alex had gratefully accepted. He still couldn’t believe what he had been told tonight. Not only had he found out that his adoptive parents had kidnapped him—not rescued him—but he also realised the *Luecross* wolves were not crazed beasts that attacked unsuspecting victims.

They had families and friends. They might be able to change into a wolf, but they also did mundane things such as go to the grocery store, or plant gardens behind their houses. They were the same as he.

He had known all his life what he was, but the people who raised him had warped his mind, moulding it so it was exactly what they wanted it to be, what they wanted *him* to be. He had so much time to make up for. After speaking with Helan and Edward, Alex wanted to know so much more about them. He could sense how much they cared for him, and he felt guilty—albeit, it wasn’t his fault—that he wasn’t able to give them the son they so desperately craved. He could, however, let their adult relationship grow into a close bond, and maybe he could show them the love they deserved?

“I’ll show you to your room. I have some spare clothes for you and you can wash up if you like. I know it’s been a long day.” Landon led him into a spacious guest room, gave him a change of clothes, and showed him where the bathroom was.

When Alex was done with the shower, he slipped on the lounge pants and stepped out of the bathroom. He didn’t bother wearing a shirt. His skin was too sensitive, too hot to have clothing rubbing against it.

Steam cascaded around him, like a halo of vapour. He made his way towards the living room, Landon’s intoxicating scent pulling him in like a fish on a line. The lights were off but the television was on, the glow from the screen lightly illuminating everything in a multitude of colours. Alex rounded the corner and saw Landon leaning back against the couch, a long-

necked bottle in his hand, wearing nothing but a pair of jeans. He swallowed at the sight. All those hard muscles, flexing and rippling with even the smallest of breaths. The top button was undone and Alex could see the trail of blond hair that started below Landon's navel and disappeared beneath the material. Alex adjusted his cock so it wasn't tenting the bottoms he wore.

He stepped out from the shadows and quickly made his way towards the love seat. The way it was positioned was awkward, but it hid his erection.

"You can sit over here. The way that chair is situated there's no way you can see the TV." Landon moved over and patted the seat next to him. He kept his eyes on Alex as he took a long pull from the bottle he held.

Alex mentally cursed and got up, shielding his erection as he sat next to Landon. He pressed himself as far against the side of the couch as he could, but it was no use, he could still smell Landon's thick, male aroma. It was driving him mad. He cleared his throat. "So where's Merrick?"

Landon glanced over at him. "Beer run," he murmured and took another drink from his bottle before tipping it towards him. "Want one?"

Alex wasn't much of a drinker, but he hoped the alcohol would dull some of his senses, including his arousal. "Sure." He watched Landon get up, his jeans hanging so low on his hips that he saw that perfect V of muscle on his abdomen flex with each step he took. His erection throbbed and he felt wetness coat his thigh. He adjusted himself again and nearly groaned from the contact. Landon came back and handed him a bottle. Thanking him, Alex quickly took a long drink.

"You want to watch a movie or something?"

"Okay." Alex took another drink of his beer and watched as Landon flipped through the channels. They both decided on a scary movie. Alex leant back against the couch, unable to keep his focus on the show. The female screams and groaning zombies did little to distract him from who sat right beside him.

He refused to look over though, needing to keep some kind of self-control over his body. When he couldn't take it anymore, he stole a glance at Landon. What he saw had his heart slamming in his chest and his cock throbbing in excitement.

Chapter Five

Landon was staring at him with his erection in hand as he slowly stroked it. Alex's mouth went dry, and he knew he wouldn't be able to resist any longer. He took another drink, the alcohol sliding down his throat seeming to make his arousal thicker, more noticeable. He felt a stab of courage wash through him. He moved closer to Landon, feeling his shaft bob with every shift of his body, his semen smearing across his inner thigh. He sat so close to Landon, he could smell the honey-sweet beer on his breath as it caressed his senses.

"It's too hard."

"What is?" Alex whispered, his eyes on Landon's mouth as he spoke.

"Not touching my mate."

Alex snapped his gaze up to Landon's eyes, furrowing his brow in the process. "What?"

"My mate, or more so, *our* mate."

"Our?"

"Merrick and I." Landon moved closer, lifting a hand and touching Alex's lips. "From the first moment we saw you, all those years ago, we knew what you were to us."

"I don't understand." Alex's mind was reeling. He knew what a mate was to a Luecross, Helan and Edward had explained as much. To be a mate of a *Luecross* wolf meant to be forever bonded to them.

"You're our mate, Alex. We have been searching for you our whole lives." Landon leant forward and pressed his lips to Alex's.

They were warm and smooth, firm and gentle. Landon brought his hand up and cupped his head, stroking his tongue along his lips until Alex opened for him. They both groaned when their tongues touched.

Landon pulled back slightly, his lips still lightly pressing against Alex's as he spoke. "That's why your arousal is so high, why *our* arousal is so high. Mates can't keep their hands off each other on a normal day, but when the mating season is coming, nothing can keep them away." He kissed Alex passionately again, dragging his tongue across Alex's lips

before pulling back once more. "Your body and animal know who we are, and it's time you did too." Landon stabbed his hands through Alex's hair, tilting his head to the side and slanting his mouth against his.

The kiss intensified, their tongues pressing, rubbing, dancing against each other and bringing Alex closer to orgasm. He could feel it in his very bones, the promise of pleasure just a touch away. Alex lifted his hands and started stroking Landon's arms, pectorals and abdomen. The muscles and sinew were hard, strong. Alex sifted his hands through the light smattering of hair covering Landon's chest. They explored each other, tweaking nipples, biting lips.

Landon suddenly pulled away and stood, helping Alex up as he resumed the kiss. Landon's hands went to Alex's waistband, tugging his pants down until they were pooled at his feet. Landon removed his own jeans and grabbed Alex's shaft, stroking it as he trailed kisses across his jaw and neck.

"Your cock is so perfect, Alex." Landon breathed against his collar bone.

Alex groaned and closed his eyes as he felt Landon's thumb tease the slit at the tip of his cock. He spread the pre-come around before bringing his fingers to his own lips and licking the glistening fluid off. Alex watched in erotic awe as Landon's tongue worked the clear fluid from his fingers. Then he slanted his mouth against his again. Alex could taste the saltiness of himself and it spurred him on.

He slipped his hand between their bodies and gripped Landon's cock. He was so thick that Alex couldn't wrap his fingers around the shaft. Alex's anus clenched, the need to be filled growing to the point of being unbearable.

"Merrick will be home soon," Landon whispered against his lips, gasping when Alex squeezed his erection.

The nude image of Merrick jumped into Alex's mind and his cock jerked in excitement. Alex could image the three of them together, naked bodies entwined, sweating, panting, and thrusting. The front door suddenly opened, a light breeze wafting into the living room and caressing his naked skin.

They broke the kiss and turned to see Merrick standing in the doorway with a case of beer in his arms. His eyes were heated as his gaze travelled down their naked bodies. Alex

didn't move, just watched as Merrick set the beer down and got undressed, his eyes never leaving his.

Merrick slowly walked towards them, his clothes now a heap on the floor, his cock bobbing with every step he took. He stopped next to Landon and lifted his hand to trail a finger across Alex's sensitive lips. Then the two men turned towards each other and embraced, hands reaching for each other's stiff erections as their mouths worked feverishly against one another's. As Merrick kissed Landon, his eyes stayed on Alex, heated and glazed over. Alex's body was on fire, every cell and electrode firing in rapid succession. He felt like his brain would short circuit, but he was somehow finding it easier to control the beast.

They kissed and touched, fondled and caressed. Merrick broke the kiss with Landon and crooked his finger for Alex to come forward. He did so without hesitation. Merrick pulled him close and Landon moved in behind him. He felt hands stroking every inch of him. The feel of his shaft rubbing along Merrick's had him on the precipice of orgasm. Merrick was hairy than Landon—a dark inverted triangle gracing his chest and trailing down to his erection.

Merrick slipped a hand between their bodies and grabbed both of their cocks in his huge palm. He started stroking them at the same time, gathering their pre-come as lube as he worked his fist.

Up and down.

Faster and harder.

The feeling was like nothing Alex had ever felt before. It was strange, but the newness only added to the erotic excitement that filled him.

Landon's hands were on his ass, his warm breath caressing the skin at the back of his neck. He squeezed the mounds, pulling them slightly apart. There was movement behind him then Alex gasped when he felt Landon's hot, moist mouth cover his balls. Landon licked and teased, his hands still massaging his ass cheeks as Merrick stroked his cock in time with the sucking. He felt the gentle scrape of teeth against the sensitive skin of his testicles. The slight pain blurred into pleasure when Landon sucked at the skin. Alex panted, feeling like he was on the verge of exploding, but wanting to make this last.

Merrick captured his mouth just as Landon slipped a moist finger between his ass cheeks and probed his anus. His entrance clenched, greedily trying to draw the digit in. He needed something thicker and harder thrusting into him, filling him with come.

As if they sensed him nearing completion, they both backed off. They each took a hand and lead him into the master bedroom. The three of them fell onto bed, their mouths working on each other, their hands touching every exposed piece of flesh. Alex was no virgin, but he had never had two men at the same time, and the thought of doing so made him a little apprehensive.

The room was filled with their heavy panting. Alex was sandwiched between the two men, their cocks pressing into his lower back and belly. He grabbed Merrick's erection, stroking it and thumbing the slick hole at the tip. He spread the sticky wetness around, reaching down with his other hand and groping the heavy sack that lay beneath. Merrick thrust into his hand, his mouth licking and nipping at Alex's earlobe.

"We're going to fuck you so good, baby. We're going to make you feel so good."

Alex didn't doubt Merrick's words, not when they could make him feel this way without even penetration. They moved him into the position they wanted, Alex on his side while Merrick was behind him and Landon was in front. Landon was also laying on his side, his cock right in front of Alex's face, hard and thick. Alex threw his head back as he felt Landon latch onto his shaft and suck hard. He had done the sixty-nine position before, but it had never seemed this intense before. Merrick gently bit Alex's shoulder as he lifted Alex's top leg over his thigh. Alex felt spread, exposed. It was hot as hell. Cool air wafted over his heated hole, teasing him, tantalising him.

Landon cupped Alex's balls, rolling them in his palm as he bobbed his head faster. Alex gripped Landon's thigh and ran his tongue over the tip of his cock, tasting the intoxicating saltiness of his semen. He timed his motions with Landon and soon their grunts filled the air. Every time Landon's mouth engulfed Alex's cock, Alex would pull his dick out of his mouth, his tongue pressing into the slit, his hands squeezing the balls in his palm harder.

Alex was vaguely aware the bed dipping and the shuffling of material. A second later Alex felt Merrick press a thick finger against his asshole. Alex felt cool lube on his anus and his excitement escalated. He sucked Landon's cock with more fervour as he felt Merrick's large finger rub circles around the hole, gently pushing in and retreating. He did this over

and over until soon he had two thick fingers lodged inside of him, alternately scissoring them and pumping them in and out.

Alex wantonly thrust his ass back, needing something more substantial filling him, stretching him. Merrick didn't waste any more time. His fingers disappeared and Alex felt the tip of a thick cock head press against his hole.

"Bear down for me, baby."

Alex groaned as Merrick slowly started to push in, the tight ring of muscles resisting the thick intrusion. Alex bore down, trying to relax the muscles and accept Merrick's huge penis. When the head finally slipped in, Alex grunted in pleasure. Merrick gripped his hip as he slowly worked all of his hard, big length into his ass.

"Fuck, baby! You are so hot and tight. I'm not gonna last long." More grunts and groans, then Merrick was buried to the hilt inside of him.

Alex let go of Landon's shaft and breathed out roughly. A muffled noise came from Landon as he thrust his cock against Alex's mouth. Merrick started to move with slow pumps of his hips before he picked up speed thrusting inside of Alex's ass. Alex sucked Landon's erection back into his mouth, moving his head up and down and wrapping his tongue around the silky flesh.

Their bodies were sweat-slicked and moving sensuously against each other as they pleased one another. Alex felt Landon's cock twitch and anticipated the explosion of come in his mouth, but then Landon was pulling away. He laid next Alex, his back to Alex's chest as he reached back and gripped Alex's cock, rubbing it along the crack of his ass and thrusting back.

"I want you to fuck me, Alex. I want to feel your cock inside of me as Merrick fucks you."

Alex let out another long breath, his dick seeping with lust at Landon's words. This was an encounter he had only seen in movies or read about. He had never thought he'd actually get to experience it first hand. The thought was thrilling.

Merrick handed him a small bottle of lube and Alex liberally coated his cock and Landon's anus. Merrick stopped thrusting into his ass, but continued kissing and nibbling on Alex's flesh. It wasn't helping Alex stay in control. His hands shook as he aligned the tip of his penis with the Landon's opening. He slowly pushed in and gritted his teeth at the

resistance he met. Sweat dotted his forehead as ecstasy washed over him. The pleasure was insurmountable. Once Alex was finally fully lodged inside, he leaned his head against Landon's back and breathed out roughly.

Alex didn't move. Landon's inner muscles gripped his shaft, quivering and milking his cock until Alex was on the verge of coming. The dual sensation of being inside someone and being filled was a heady combination. Alex began to slowly move in and out, realising that by doing so Merrick wouldn't even have to move. Alex's own motions caused him to impale himself on the cock in his ass with every retreat he made from Landon's.

"Is this okay?" he whispered to Landon as he continued to work his erection into his ass.

Landon's groan of affirmation was answer enough and he started to really thrust, throwing his hips forward harder and faster.

"That's it, baby. Fuck him good."

Alex gasped at Merrick's gruff words whispered right by his ear. He turned his head, capturing Merrick's mouth in a searing kiss as he gripped Landon's waist and pounded into him. Their moans increased until soon all that was heard was the sound of sweat-soaked skin slapping together, and deep, male grunts filling the air.

"Oh, yeah, that's it." Merrick had a bruising grip on Alex as he started to lift his hips, deepening the penetration.

Alex was so close. His balls tightened up and he squeezed his eyes shut.

"Come for us, Alex." Landon and Merrick both spoke in unison and Alex groaned, throwing his head back and letting the pleasure and pain mix into one. Alex's orgasm exploded out of him, pumping into Landon's ass with such force it left him breathless. He had enough strength to reach over Landon's chest and grab his cock, pumping it quickly as he gently bit his earlobe. Landon gave a strangled cry before he got off, his semen pumping out of him in hot ribbons and coating Alex's hand. Landon's inner muscles milked his cock, squeezing and contracting as they both came.

Merrick stiffened behind him, biting Alex where his neck met his shoulder, and shuddered out his release. He could feel the hot ejaculation of Merrick's release filling him. It was forceful and hot and prolonged Alex's own climax. When all three were sated and wrung dry, they lay there, the only thing breaking the silence their combined breathing.

“Do you know what you are to us, Alex?” Merrick’s lazy drawl roused him from his near stupor, and he looked over his shoulder. He knew what Landon had meant when he said Alex was their mate. He also had listened to everything Helan and Edward had explained about that particular aspect of the Luecross life.

He may have learned what it meant in theory, but he didn’t fully understand what it was to be a mate—to be the person they had been searching for their entire lives. They hadn’t only been searching for him because his biological parents had dispatched them, but because they had the instinct to find the one person that would complete them, to make the three of them whole. It was a strange concept, one Alex didn’t know if he would ever fully grasp.

He nodded and licked his suddenly dry lips, not knowing what to say. Nothing more was said, but the stark determination on both Landon and Merrick’s faces spoke volumes.

Alex let himself slip into the blissful darkness, his cock still within Landon, and Merrick still buried within him. It was a wonderful way to fall asleep.

Chapter Six

Alex woke early the following day, untangling himself from the two sleeping men on either side of him, and made his way into the kitchen. He hadn't bothered putting any clothes on, and when he stretched the warm glow of the morning sun bathed his skin in warmth. Grabbing a glass and pouring some orange juice, he sat at the table and listened to the sounds around him. He could hear the slow and even breathing of Merrick and Landon in the next room, the rustle of a mouse in the forest behind the cabin, and the distant laughter coming from the camp surrounding him.

His life had changed dramatically, and although he had loved his adoptive parents dearly, he now knew they kept the most important part of his life away from him. He had left everything behind him when he'd come on his quest. It wasn't as if he had friends who would miss him anyway. Alex had always been somewhat of a recluse, his parents drilling into his brain that everyone was out to harm him and would trigger the beast within him.

Now, looking back on it all, Alex knew he'd had blinders on. And the screen which had shielded his vision from the world would take more than a weekend in Forrest Haven to remove. For now, he wanted to learn more about this strange and fascinating world he was a part of. He may not know much, but he did know he had no desire to leave.

The whole revelation that he was Landon's and Merrick's mate was still a shock to him. His body, the animal he'd kept hidden, had instantly recognised them for what they were—two men that could make him the most happy. He wasn't ready to give up everything and blindly accept what they had to offer, but he was willing to start from the beginning and learn what he could.

He took another long drink and realised he had been so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he hadn't heard until now the low groans coming from the bedroom. He set his cup down and padded naked towards the sounds. He stopped in the doorway and watched the scene on the bed. Landon was on his hands and knees, Merrick behind him as he pumped his hips forward and back. Sweat was starting to glisten on their skin, the morning sun breaking through the window and kissing their flesh.

They both turned and looked at him, their breathing rough and laboured. They both slowly smiled before Landon crooked a finger. "It's about time, baby. Come here. We've been waiting for you."

Alex swallowed and stepped in, shutting the door behind him. His cock was already standing erect, and as he made his way onto the bed, Landon and Merrick separated, their huge cocks straining and glistening with pent up need. Alex stopped by the foot of the bed, his eyes riveted to the naked male forms before him. Images slammed in his head, erotic and naughty things he had never seen done in person. He licked his lips, his cock pulsing and throbbing with what he was about to say.

"I want to see you fuck Landon." He swallowed again, his throat so dry it felt like he'd drank sand. Both men stared at him before wicked smiles covered their features.

"Come closer, baby."

Alex obeyed Merrick's deep and dark words, climbing onto the bed so he got a clear shot of Landon's ass. Merrick's large hands had Landon's cheeks spread open, the crack and hole glistening from lube. Merrick's condom-sheathed shaft was pressing temptingly against the hole, his hands clenching and unclenching on Landon's creamy flesh. Alex glanced between the two men. Landon's eyes were closed and his jaw was tense. Merrick's focus was completely on Alex. Alex looked back down at where Landon and Merrick's bodies met. Ever so slowly, Merrick started to push into Landon's anus, the ring of muscles stretching and widening as his fat cock head slipped inside.

Their groans and grunts started off slow, but with every inch Merrick shoved into Landon, the noise increased. Once Merrick was fully seated inside Landon, the only thing that could be seen was the root of his cock. He started to pump in and out, in and out. His pace picked up, his hips slamming into Landon's ass faster and harder. It took all of Alex's willpower not to come from the sight alone.

A hand grabbed his thigh, pulling him to the side and then a hot mouth was sucking on his cock. His mind went blank, his hormones out of control at what he was watching and feeling. He glanced down and saw Landon's lips wrapped around his cock, his cheeks hollowed out. The sound of wet skin and sucking caused Alex's balls to draw up tight with his impending orgasm.

The pleasure was so intense it had him gasping for air. He stared at Merrick's thrusting hips as his orgasm washed through him. Alex roared out his release, his come shooting out of him and going down Landon's throat. Landon sucked hard, drawing out every last drop of his semen until he was panting and pulling away. He collapsed on the bed and a second later, both men groaned their own releases.

They spent the rest of the morning in bed, the only sound any of them making that of deep groans and grunts of pleasure. Alex had to admit, it certainly was a wonderful way to spend the day.

* * * *

Alex stood at the cliff's edge, the wind whipping by him with such force it rocked his body. He stared over the rocky ledge, the lake below seeming calm and serene. Every *Luecross* from the camp stood behind him, the anticipation and excitement thick in the open air. They had all come to watch, had all come to support him while he did one of the biggest things in his life.

Let his inner animal free for the first time.

He turned around, his hair whipping across his face as he stared at each and every *Luecross* member. Helan and Edward stood beside Merrick and Landon. All four of their faces showed happiness and acceptance. He was scared and nervous, but excitement was the strongest emotion he was feeling. After spending even the short amount of time with Landon, Merrick, and the other members of the pack, Alex had grown to realise that there was so much more to life, to *his* life, than he had ever imagined.

He followed everyone as they made their way into a clearing. Flowers bloomed all around them. Purple, pinks and yellows painting the ground like an artist's masterpiece. The trees formed a perfect circle around them and the sun shone high above them. The day was sublime.

He stood in the centre, everyone forming a loose circle around him. He knew what the plan was, knew exactly how the next few moments would play out. The air suddenly charged with electricity, everything around him coming alive and powerful. It was like nothing he had ever felt before. The bodies around him started to waver. Their forms became

hazy, like tiny little shocks of lightening travelling through each of them and spearing into his own body. He felt his inner animal start to rise, slowly growing with the need to be free. Human forms started to disappear, the bodies being replaced with large wolves. He smelt the wilderness, the musky scent of the wolves' fur all around him. He heard the sound of the wind whistling through the tress and of the low whine of the animals surrounding him. He saw everything with such clarity, it was astounding, breathtaking.

For the first time in his life, he went with his instinct and let the beast inside of him out. He was aware of bones breaking, skin tearing. There was no pain, only a sense of abandon that washed through him. He held his arms out and closed his eyes, letting the change fully take over. The wolf in him howled with triumph, growled and snapped with eagerness.

Alex fell on four legs, his body no longer human, but something much more primal and powerful. He shook, his thick, dark coat moving against his skin. His ears twitched and his eyes adjusted as he looked at each wolf in front of him. They slowly walked towards him, smelling him, nuzzling him, howling to the heavens. He was aware of Landon and Merrick flanking him, their massive heads nudging him to move, to run.

They smelt so good, so masculine and wild. It was exhilarating. He may not have been a human, but he could still think rationally and remember who and what these men were to him. The three of them took off, the rest of the pack going in the other direction as if they knew Alex wanted to be alone with Landon and Merrick. They let Alex take the lead, weaving in and out of trees, the thick limbs and trunks no more than blurs as he rushed by him.

Alex ran for hours, soaking in everything around him, feeling the power and strength beneath his coat, under his muscles, and down to his bones. He scented the air, could smell the fresh, crisp water of the lake only feet away. He broke through the tree line, the crystalline water sparking like tiny little diamonds scattered across a table of glass. He stopped, his stomach hollowing in and out, his breathing fast but steady. He turned around and stared at Merrick and Landon, both so patient as they waited for him to make the next move.

What was in his body, the animal always right below his skin, was not something to fear, but something to revel in. It was the first time in his life he felt like himself. The first time he felt like he wasn't hiding anything. The first time he was without the fear that he

would hurt someone. He looked around, mindful to confirm that no humans were nearby to inadvertently witness what would happen next. He closed his eyes and willed himself to change, feeling his body shift and elongate as fur became skin, paws became hands and feet. He stood before the two men who had helped open his eyes to what he truly was—what it truly meant to be a wolf.

Their forms shimmered and wavered, their bodies growing large and long.

Wolves turning into men.

It was fascinating to watch and Alex didn't know if he would ever get used to it. They stepped forward, their naked forms aroused and straining towards him. They both stood in front of him, not touching or speaking. He took a deep breath, everything so clear, so precise.

"I don't know if I'll ever get used to this, but I know that I want to try." He studied them, watching for any emotion that might flicker through their expressions. They stood tall, neither speaking, but the acceptance they emitted was strong. "I know that I want to experience this new life with both of you."

It was then that he saw them visibly relax. Their breath left them, as if they had been holding it in. They smiled at him, both men leaning in and kissing him softly on the lips.

"We will stand by you no matter what. You are our mate, the man we have been waiting for our entire lives." Landon spoke softly.

"We have all the time in the world," Merrick said as he caressed Alex's bare arm.

"What if I can't ever be comfortable with," Alex waved his arm, gesturing towards the wilderness around him then towards himself, "all of this?" Alex held his breath, speaking the truth and hoping they could understand. He did want to be with them, to learn from them and experience all that being a *Luexross* entailed. He wouldn't lie to himself or them, though, because although he would try to accept this, he didn't know if he ever fully would.

Merrick and Landon looked at each other before turning their attention back to him. "You're our mate. Whether you accept us or not, we accept you and will be there no matter what." Merrick spoke, his voice a deep rumble that seemed to vibrate into Alex's core. They each took one of his hands, giving him their strength.

Nothing more was said as the three of them made their way back into the woods. They shifted forms before the trees engulfed them, blurs of fur racing across the leaf-laden ground and towards a future that promised not only pleasure and acceptance, but love as well.

About the Author

Jenika is just your average woman. She lives in the too hot northeast with her husband and their young daughter. Thankfully, he shares her unusual sense of humour and naughty nature.

Along with taking care of their daughter, they have to keep an eye on Milo and Otis, their spunky cats. When not writing, Jenika works at a hospital and attends nursing school. Writing is Jenika's number one passion, but since life gets in the way, she isn't able to write full-time (at least not yet.)

Jenika started writing at a very young age when her first story consisted of a young girl who travelled to an exotic island and found a magical doll. That story has long since disappeared, but her passion for writing has stayed strong.

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