



Changeling Encounters

Frost Thaw 2
Emily Carrington

Encounter -- Frost Thaw 2 (A Pack of His Own)

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Frost Thaw. For werewolves, it's the most sexually charged night of the year. But this year, the ceremonies include incorporating the former Rowan Pack into the Tilthos. Which means Ethan's greeting Jeremy's ex-lover for the first time. Jeremy knows there's only one way to convince Ethan he's the only man Jeremy will ever love...

Ethan and Jeremy

Frost Thaw. The most sexually charged night of the year for werewolves. And here Ethan was, greeting Jeremy's ex-lover. Ethan couldn't believe his own reaction. *I'm jealous. When's the last time that happened?*

With Jeremy? Never. He and Jeremy had been together seven months, which was a special number in the werewolf belief system -- it meant "over half a year."

Ethan had known Garrett Redpath was coming, of course, but he hadn't expected the Night Wanderer to show up tonight. He did his best to bury his feelings as the evening wore on. He'd always prided himself on having a rather good "inscrutable Asian" face, though he suspected, from the looks his mate cast his way, he wasn't entirely successful. He didn't like that, preferring to keep his feelings hidden from Jeremy's ex-lover. Luckily, Garrett seemed preoccupied with watching another member of the newly combined pack.

Midnight came and went. Finally, at around one, everyone went home. Ethan and Jeremy rode together, as they often did, but they had their alpha, Tilthos Charles, in the car with them. Hardly a time to talk.

Still, Jeremy tried. "Are you all right?" He reached over and touched Ethan's hand tentatively.

In the rearview mirror, Ethan saw his alpha slip on a pair of headphones. Soon, the strains of something heavy metal was thrumming distantly from the backseat.

Jeremy smirked. "Our alpha has discretion to match yours and outdistance mine by miles." He squeezed Ethan's hand. "What's wrong?"

Ethan fidgeted, something he'd never done until baring his soul to Jeremy.

"Is it about Garrett?"

Oh hell. I didn't think I was that transparent. Or maybe Jeremy was just guessing, since most people would have trouble with the presence of an ex-lover. With that realization under his belt, Ethan relaxed minutely. "You caught me."

Jeremy didn't speak any platitudes. He squeezed Ethan's hand before lifting it to his lips and kissing it. "When we're home, let me show you how important you are to me."

* * *

Jeremy admired Ethan's silhouette as his mate stood before the window in their bedroom, looking out across the fields. Or maybe Ethan wasn't actually enjoying the view. He might be thinking about Jeremy's ex-lover.

Crossing the room, Jeremy pulled Ethan back against him. He inhaled the scent that was his lover's alone, made of sandalwood as well as the musk that belonged to all werewolves. Turning his head, he buried his nose in Ethan's ebony hair and just stood there for a moment while his body woke. When he was sure Ethan could feel the boner against the small of his back, Jeremy grasped him by the shoulders and turned him so they were face to face.

He didn't say it had been over seventy years since he'd last seen Garrett. He didn't tell Ethan he loved him, and only him. Instead he cupped his mate's cheek and bent his head so they could kiss. He explored Ethan's mouth thoroughly, nipping the narrow lower lip that he so loved. "I've dreamed about your mouth," he confided when the kiss ended. "It's so beautiful."

Not giving Ethan a chance to respond, he resumed the kiss until they were breathless. Then he pulled back a little and stripped out of his shirt. His black hair, confined in its braid, slapped his shoulder.

"You're beautiful," Ethan said earnestly.

Jeremy didn't intend for his lover to talk just yet. He didn't want to discuss why he was no longer in love with Garrett. He wrapped his arms around Ethan's back and nipped his shoulder through the light fabric of his boat neck shirt. "I need you naked."

Ethan complied, which was unusual. Maybe he was hoping to see Jeremy in the same state. Operating on that assumption, Jeremy took everything off. When they were both naked, Jeremy smiled at Ethan's half aroused cock. Then he went in search of the cock ring.

The moment Ethan saw it, his eyes widened and he licked his lips. "For you? Or for me?"

They'd only just started playing with this particular toy and they'd enjoyed it equally. "Your choice." Jeremy gestured at his own fully erect member. "Although I think I need it more than you do."

Ethan took the toy and closed it around Jeremy's cock. "All right, I'll take you at your word." He flushed a little. "I guess you'll have to get me aroused."

Jeremy smiled wickedly. "I can do that." He didn't touch Ethan, though. Instead, he began playing with himself, pinching his right nipple and toying with his balls. "When I look at you, I see the desert in full bloom just after a miracle rain."

"What's a miracle rain?"

"*Any* rain in the desert."

Ethan smiled. "But that doesn't happen often."

"I've lived for almost a century," Jeremy answered. "And I had to wait all this time to find someone to love. That's both not often, and a miracle."

But Ethan frowned even as his cock swelled. "You loved Garrett once."

Jeremy nodded. "Yeah, but that was a child's love. But now, my heart is an adult's heart. It understands that love is a daily battle with tremendous spoils to be gained." He shuddered with need as his cock pressed against the cock ring.

"You need some help there," Ethan murmured. He circled Jeremy and touched his ass lightly. "Bend over the bed. Or kneel on it."

Jeremy did the second, giving Ethan plenty of room on the bed behind him. He was painfully hard now, but he felt Ethan's fully erect cock pressing against him at last.

"You're saying you love me," Ethan murmured. "That I'm your true love."

"Exactly."

Ethan cupped Jeremy's balls even as he spat on his other hand and coated his cock. "You don't think about him?"

"Not unless I'm in maudlin mood where I dredge up all my regrets."

"What do you regret? Leaving him?"

Jeremy barked a laugh. "Never. I regret that I couldn't get him to leave his con artist ways sooner."

Ethan entered him in one slow, painful-pleasurable movement.

Jeremy bowed his head. "You're so eloquent," he whispered.

Ethan laughed. "I'm claiming you, Jeremy Redpath. You're mine."

"I am," Jeremy answered as his need began to build past the discomfort. He took off the cock ring. "Fuck me, Ethan. Make me yours."

Ethan rode him like a stallion, although Jeremy didn't know if stallions bit the mares they rode. He groaned each time Ethan's teeth scraped his skin. "Make me yours," he repeated.

"And I belong to you," Ethan assured him as he pushed in deeper, moving faster. Jeremy howled his pleasure as Ethan scraped that secret place inside him. He came, crying out Ethan's name over and over, whispering it as Ethan orgasmed too.

When they lay together, spent and exhausted on the sticky sheets, Jeremy said, "I love you. You're my mate."

Ethan rested his head on Jeremy's chest. "I love you too." Then he chuckled. "Maybe I should get jealous more often."

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