

The book cover features a close-up of a woman's face on the right and a wolf's face on the left. The woman has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a black, form-fitting, sleeveless top. The wolf's face is partially visible, showing its eye and nose. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Solstice Secret

A Tiltos Pack Encounter

ENCOUNTERS

Emily Carrington

Changeling Press

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As the winter solstice approaches Amaruq, a ftm transgender werewolf, has a secret -- and it's going to take all of Nootaikok's persuasive power to convince his lover to tell.

Solstice Secret

It was the night of the winter solstice and their house in Anchorage, Alaska, was decorated for the season as werewolves celebrated it, with silver and blue, and for Christmas the way Nootaikok loved the holiday, with red and green. Nooktaikok carried a cup of steaming hot chocolate and peanut butter candies into the bedroom.

Amaruq wasn't there. Confused -- only ten minutes ago he'd promised to bring his husband and mate his favorite drink -- Nootaikok closed his eyes and listened to the subtle sounds of the house they'd shared for the last three years, ever since Amaruq had graduated from SearchLight Academy and Nootaikok had reestablished himself as a tracker.

Nootaikok glanced at a shuttered window, knowing the darkness and cold pressed on the house in the frigid Alaskan winter. It wasn't as cold as it had been even thirty years ago, but it could still nip at your nose if you were foolish enough to go out without proper protection. Even though he was a narwhal shifter, and could withstand cold better than most, Nootaikok respected the power of winter.

He prowled around their small house, seeking Amaruq. He didn't have a werewolf's strong sense of smell, but his hearing was top notch. He heard the creak of Amaruq's favorite rocking chair and went into the tiny living room that was equipped with a pellet stove as well as central heating. His beloved was knitting -- a skill Nootaikok's older sister had taught him. But when Amaruq sensed Nootaikok, he quickly dumped the project into a basket.

"You'll lose some of your stitches if you don't put it away carefully."

Amaruq grinned sheepishly. It was such an unusual look that Nootaikok approached, dropped to one knee, and took his husband's hands.

The werewolf, male in every way that truly mattered, looked solemn for a moment. Then a sparkle flickered in his dark eyes. "Shall we celebrate?"

It was lust Nootaikok was seeing in Amaruq's gaze now. Nootaikok instantly hardening in response. "Here or in our bedroom?"

"Right here." And that sheepish look was back.

"Because you can't stand to wait or because you're hiding something and hope I don't notice?" Nootaikok said it in a teasing tone but he also searched his husband's face for an answer. He trusted Amaruq implicitly but a tracker's instincts were rarely wrong.

"Both," Amaruq admitted. "Can I tell you after we make love?"

"Will you tell me then?"

"If I don't lose my nerve, yeah."

Nootaikok drew Amaruq down to the floor, tugging him to the carpet nearest the pellet stove, which wasn't running at the moment.

They stripped slowly, leisurely, Nootaikok returning Amaruq's heated glances. He trailed his fingers over Amaruq's nipples until they peaked and had the pleasure of watching his lips part in obvious arousal.

Amaruq's breasts were small, A cups, and he usually kept them hidden under thick shirts. Werewolves, and most other shifters, couldn't change their physical gender. Science for the magical community hadn't advanced that far. Nootaikok knew Amaruq disliked his female genitals and his teacup-sized breasts. But he'd managed to make peace with the fact that he would probably never get to have gender reassignment surgery.

Nootaikok loved him just as he was. Gently, he helped Amaruq onto his knees. His husband loved it from behind and parted his thighs, offering himself. He flashed Nootaikok a flirty smile, his eyes shining.

Lacking lube, Nootaikok spit in his hand and covered his bare cock with saliva. Then he slipped two fingers partially into Amaruq's waiting heat and grinned when his husband immediately began to rock on the digits. "Not yet," he murmured. "Let me get slick first." He collected fingerfuls of Amaruq's wetness and used this to coat his cock, as well. Amaruq moved his thighs apart even more.

Nootaikok slipped easily inside and Amaruq moaned. Reaching down between them, Nootaikok found his husband's clitoris, which Amaruq sometimes called "my tiny cock" and rubbed circles around it.

Amaruq moaned again and began to move. Nootaikok was buried balls deep when Amaruq asked, in a breathless voice, "Do you want children?"

They'd had that discussion before. "Only when you're ready," Nootaikok answered as he had the first time they'd bantered the question back and forth.

Amaruq said no more but set a feverish pace that Nootaikok, distracted by the question, fought to match. But once he did, he rode Amaruq hard, pushing as deep inside as he could manage with each thrust.

Amaruq pushed back against him, moaning his name. Nootaikok swirled his finger even faster around Amaruq's tiny cock. "Coming," Amaruq panted. "Deeper. Please."

Nootaikok pushed in faster and faster. As Amaruq shuddered through his first orgasm, Nootaikok's balls began to tighten. "Close," he whispered. "So close."

"Me too. Keep going."

They came one after the other, and Amaruq collapsed on the rug, groaning. "Fuck," he whispered. Then he started to giggle.

Nootaikok pulled out slowly, relishing the heat of Amaruq's body. Then he flopped down beside his husband and touched the side of Amaruq's face. He waited until his lover looked at him and most of the giggles had passed. "What is it?"

"Soon, in about ten months, I won't be able to say 'fuck' anymore. At least not without discretion."

Ten months...

"Or maybe it will be less," Amaruq continued. "Werewolf gestation isn't as long as it is for narwhals. I wonder what our baby will be able to shift into?"

And finally Nootaikok understood. He closed his eyes, pulled Amaruq close, and kissed him. Amaruq snuggled in, wrapping an arm around Nootaikok's waist. "Maybe I'll even have twins." He began to giggle again.

Nootaikok blinked back happy tears. Then he rolled over, drawing Amaruq with him until his husband was on top. "This deserves a celebrating," he said huskily.

Amaruq grinned impishly down at him and that odd sheepish look was completely gone. "Whatever could you mean, sir?" He wriggled his hips.

And Nootaikok, already half erect again, kissed his husband until they were both breathless.

Wolf Schooled
A Searchlight Paranormal Romance
Emily Carrington

Three werewolf couples face their demons -- and their futures - together at Searchlight Academy.

Midnight Sons: Amaruq, a transgender Inupiat werewolf, is confident in his own body. Still, he runs up against challenges living and loving in a small town college. Nootaikok, a former tracker, finds solace in Amaruq's peaceful nature, but when they're threatened by terrorists, Nootaikok must reclaim his past, despite his demons.

Tainted Son: David's history doesn't stop him from lusting after Liam, but biting is central to werewolf society. When he falls for Liam, a wolf who longs to bite him, David must overcome his past or spend the rest of his life alone.

Outcast Son: Cast out of his pack because of his psychic abilities, lone wolf Seiji yearns for love. Will Nicholas' capacity for loving kindness help Seiji find himself and what his heart desires most?

Read More in [Wolf Schooled](#) (Also available in print)

Publisher's Note: Amaruq and Nootaikok's story begins in [Wolf Schooled](#), and continues in [Tilthos Pack](#).

Emily Carrington

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