Shifters

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A young gay shape shifter gets more than he bargained for when he has a run in with another shifter.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/shifters.aspx

Compel.

A young gay shape-shifter has a run in with a member from the local pack.

"Hey."

I glance up from my desk and see a tall guy standing in front of me. He looks like a movie star, with his dark blonde hair, green eyes and tan skin.

"Can I help you?" I ask, going back to my drawing. It's a swan, gliding on the lake surface, but I can't get the feathers right.

"Are you Hayden Grant?" His voice is deep and smooth.

"Yes." I look up, now. He has my interest, since I've never met him and he knows my name.

"Well, I guess you're who I'm looking for, then." He sits at the picnic table across from me. "You're a member of my pack now." He says, picking up one of my copic markers and twirling it in his hand.

"Your pack?" I raise an eyebrow.

"Every shifter in Los Angeles is a member of my pack." He says, setting down my marker.

I sigh. "I'm not sure what you're talking about." I brush a strand of my curly black hair out of my face and start packing up my markers. I'm lying, of course, I know exactly what he's talking about. Shifters. Shape-shifters. I can change form at will. Not into a wolf or anything, that would be super-corny. I can turn into a blue-jay. I've met others, and I've been in packs before, but it never ends well. Packs fight with each other a lot -territory wars and power hungry shifters warring with each other, it's not my cup of tea.

"Yes, you do." He grabs my wrist and pulls me back down. I sit reluctantly. "You've never been in a pack longer than a month have you?" He shrugs. "How do you survive?"

I duck my head. "I was born into a Nevada pack. We lived in the desert, like animals. Most of us were either coyotes or birds - I'm a blue-jay- but we got in a turf war with a bunch of reptiles and wolves. They won. My mother died, and I flew away." I meet his green eyes and see my own blue irises reflected in his pupils. "I've joined three packs before - when I'm lonely or in trouble, groups can help. But I prefer to be by myself."

I stand and grab my sketch book and shove it in my bag. "Thanks for the offer, but I'll be out of the city by tomorrow."

"Wait!" He jogs after me. "If you're leaving anyway, at least come clubbing with us." He hands me a scrap of paper and theirs an address on it.

"You go clubbing, like, your entire pack goes clubbing?"

"Well, no not all of us, but a few, yeah." He smiles at me. "Please come, meet a few of us, have fun - reconsider."

I shake my head and tuck the paper into my pocket. "Fine, but, um, what are you?"

He laughs. "You aren't the only one that can fly. join the pack and you might see."

"I never got your name." I tell him.

"Alex Saunders."

We shake hands.

"See you tonight, maybe." I say. I turn and shift before he can reply, and I fly away, my blue and white wings trailing out on either side of my body. Flying feels amazing.

I glance down at my outfit, wondering if I look any good. I thought about wearing something black, but combined with my black hair and pale skin, I thought it would make me look like a ghost. I decided on a blue T-shirt that matches my eyes and a pair of white skinny jeans and blue converse.

I get in without trouble, the bouncer doesn't even ask for an I. D. As soon as I'm in Alex is there, grabbing my arm and pulling me across the huge club, under the blaring rainbow lights to a secluded area, behind a gauzy curtain. The area is filled with three couches, which are occupied by four teenagers.

"You're all so young." I observe.

"The older members of the pack usually stick to headquarters, or they stay home - they're no fun." A tall girl with long blonde hair stands and shakes me hand. "I'm candy, and I'm a hoarse." She looks too pretty to be a hoarse, but I smile and shake her hand.

"I'm Hayden, I'm a blue-jay."

"Megan, I'm a cat." A Hispanic girl with cropped pink hair smiles at me from her seat. I wave.

"Harry, and I'm a bull." A massive guy with broad shoulders glances at me before looking back down at his iphone. "Never met a bull before, I raise an eyebrow.

"They're rare." Megan explains.

" I'm Rob , just a rabbit, I'm afraid."

I smile. "I love rabbits!" I realize what I've just said and blush, but Alex just laughs and pats me on the back.

"Everyone loves Rabbits." He says with a grin. "Now, since you've met everybody, let's dance!" He holds out a hand to me, and I blush.

I wasn't aware until now that Alex likes boys, and I'm not entirely sure how he knows that I do. But I'm not complaining- he's hot, and I'll be gone tomorrow anyway, what can a dance or two hurt?

As we dance the DJ plays a song with a great beat, I'm not exactly sure what the chick singing is saying- it's hard to here in the club with people shouting, but I hear the words swag, bad reputation and Joan-jett.

We start off dancing normally, I'm facing away from him, curving and swaying and just having a good

time dancing. And then Alex puts his hand on my waist and literally pulls me against him.

I don't pull away. Alex lets his hands drift, rubbing up and down my sides while I grind on him. After grinding for a while I can feel his erection rubbing against my hip.

"how old are you?" He whispers.

"I turned eighteen throw weeks ago. You?"

"Twenty-one." He wraps his arms around me, his hands rubbing down my hips. "I'm glad you're eighteen." He tells me.

"Why?" I let me head rest against his chest.

"Because, I'm gong to do some things to you, that would be illegal if you were a few years younger."

I turn and wrap my hands around his neck as a slightly slower song comes on. "Are you?" I let my lips brush his throat.

"I am." His hands travel down to cup my ass cheeks. "You're mine." He chews on my ear-lobe lightly.

"Not yet." I pull away and wrap a hand around his wrist. "Come on." I drag him to the bar and tell him to surprise me.

He leans over and whispers something to the bartender, who, in turn place two shot glasses on the bar and fills them from an unmarked bottle.

I reach over and grab a drink.

"On three?"

I nod. It burns. It burns a lot. And it's good, and bitter and I ask for another. It doesn't burn as much the second time.

"I'm tired, come with me?" He grabs my wrist and pulls me closer to him, so our bodies are rubbing together again. His erection grounds against mine and I let loose a small whimper.

"Yes." Our eyes lock and he grins.

Alex is a hawk. We shifted to get to his apartment, where he had left the balcony doors open, so he could fly right in. It's a good thing we're both birds-public transportation sucks.

As soon as we get in we shift again. Alex's blonde hair is a mess and I'm sure mine is too, but in this moment, he's the sexiest thing I've ever seen, and I know it isn't the alcohol talking.

Alex grabs me around the waist and pulls me to him. It takes mere seconds for his lips to find mine, and then we're crashing together in bliss. I slip my lounge into his mouth and he returns thefavour. His hands grasp my ass and I moan lightly as he pulls me even closer.

I wrap my arms around his neck and whisper in his ear. "Take me."

He shoves me onto the bed, and I watch in pure want as he rips off his shirt. He is so perfect; his tan skin, his light pink nipples, the trail of blonde hair that goes from his belly button and disappears under his waistband, his muscular frame. I want him so bad. No. I need him.

"Hurry." I whisper. "Please."

"You're mine." He says, grinning.

"What?" I writhe in lust, my erection pushing against the crotch of my jeans.

"You're mine. Tell me you're mine and I'll take you."

I thrash from the sensitivity. "I'm yours!" I whimper. "I'm only yours. Now please . . . "

He grins again and leans over my, propping himself up on his elbows. He slides my shirt up and when it bunches at my wrists I expect him to take it off, instead he reaches up behind me and uses it to tie my hands to the headboard.

"What are you doing?" I flail as he runs his tongue across my ear-lobe.

"I'm giving you what you want." He whispers.

He slides a hand down my side before leaning over me and letting his tongue glide across my nipple. I thrash. I want him inside me. Now.

"Please." I whimper.

"Don't worry baby, we're going to get to that, I know it's what you want." He licks my nipple again and I cry out in pleasure and want. He bites it, lightly and his hand come up and grasps my other nipple, rubbing and pinching it. Our erections rub together and I cry out again, louder this time.

He sits up, abruptly and I cry out. "shush, Babe, I'm gonna make you feel good now." His voice is deep and husky and I want him so much it hurts. He stands and pulls kicks off his shoes and socks before pulling off his pants. I cry out. I want him so badly. His legs are muscled and tanned just like the rest of him, lined with dark blonde hairs. He takes off his boxers and his erection bounces up. He's rock hard and he's so huge. At least eight inches, but probably more. I nearly scream in frustration - why won't he fuck me already?

I'm lying here like a little bitch- hell, I am a bitch -his bitch. I don't really care though, I just want him.

He takes off my shoes and socks slowly, before biting my big toe lightly. I scream. He grins and licks my instep.

"ah, Alex, please, Alex. Fuck me." My voice comes out panting, breathless

The sound of his name on my lips does something to him. His eyes flash and he smiles- a real genuine, horny smile. "I will baby, I'll fuck your brains out."

He pulls off my pants, at an appropriate speed this time and rubs my erection through my underwear.

"Briefs." He smiles and lick my dick through the thin fabric.

"Please!" I scream again.

"Please what?" He licks my member again, harder with his tongue this time. I've never had pre-cum before, but, then again, I've never had sex before, (I've only masturbated), and if I had, I wouldn't be doing it now- shifters can only mate with one person, and after that, the bond is near unbreakable between them. Right now, I don't even care, I want him more than I've ever wanted anything.

"Please Alex! Fuck me!" I scream.

He rips off my underwear and my dick springs up and hits his face, leaving a small pool of pre-cum there, next to his mouth. He smiles and licks it off and I loose it. I'm thrashing and tugging, trying to free my arms from above my head and get closer to him.

He frowns and reaches up to pinch my nipple. The pain is pleasurable and I look down at him.

"If you try to get free I'll have to punish you." He tells me.

I stay still.

Alex grabs my dick and pumps it, once, twice and a third time. I thrust into his hand and moan loudly. "Is that what you like?" He mummers. I scream out loud, now unable to even comprehend speech, and he shoves my cock into his mouth.

His tongue swirls around the shaft and head as he bobs up and down. He let's it fall from his mouth and licks all the way up the back of the shaft. He licks my balls lightly, and sniffs around my cock. His nose brushes my skin and I moan loudly.

He sits up and crawls up to my face. "Suck it." He tells me, shoving his huge cock in my face.

I lick the tip lightly and he moans. A huge drop of pre-cum slides out of his slit and onto my tongue. I swallow it and he moans as he watches. I lick the tip again before opening my mouth wide so he can slide the entire thing in. His cock is huge. I wrap my lips around it and he thrusts in and out of my mouth, fucking my face.

"Yeah, take it, like a bitch." He moans and another glob of pre-cum slides down my throat as he thrusts in and out of my mouth.

By now my erection is hurting. I need release so badly, but I'm still feeling more pleasure than I ever had. His cock is amazing, fucking my throat so deeply.

He pulls out, abruptly and I cry out in protest. "Shush, I'm gonna fuck you now, baby." He tells me, with a grin.

He scoots down the bed and reaches a hand underneath me. Within seconds his finger is rubbing my hole. I scream from the lust.

"Suck it." He tells me, withdrawing his finger and places three of them in front of my mouth. I do it, gladly, knowing why he's asking. Lube. His digits taste like heaven, his tan skin is so perfect, I could suck on his body for eternity and never get tired of it.

Soon he's pulling his fingers from my mouth and rubbing my hole again. This time, though, he slides

a finger in. It's amazing. I scream, again, and again. He begins to slide the finger in and out and in and out. I cry out. It must be the best thing I've ever felt. He soon slides in another finger and begins thrusting anew. I'm so dazed I can barely think. It's only me and him, we're the only things in the universe. After a while his third finger joins in and I scream and thrust wildly.

"Okay." He pants. "I'm going to fuck you now, baby." He lifts my legs up, so that they rest on his shoulders and then I feel his cock rubbing against my hole. I scream and try to push myself down onto him. He laughs and begins to ease himself into me. I moan loudly as the head of his cock pops into me, and moan again when the shaft follows it. When he gets his huge girth all the way in he hits my prostate. I'm sure that what it is, because it's the best and most intense feeling I've ever felt.

He begins to thrust. His cock goes in and out of me while me moans. "Yeah, take my cock baby, you're doing so well . . ." He fuck's me with his huge dick, he's so hard inside me. I feel something stirring at the base of my cock as he fuck's me.

"I . . . I think I'm coming!" I feel my entire body tighten as I shoot the biggest load of my life all over my stomach and the bed. "Yes!" I cry out.

As my ass tightens Alex moans loudly and shouts. "Fuck! Me too!" I tense as I feel his cock explode inside me. His cum fills my hole and it feels amazing.

"Yes!" I scream.

We lie there, panting for a while, before Alex drags himself out of me and unties me. He warps his arms around me and we lay there, my head in his chest, his chin on my head, our arms wrapped around each other.

"welcome to the pack," He whispers.

I pass out.

(Chapter two coming soon!)

(note the song playing in the club scene is hip hop joan-jett by Justina. The slower song that plays after that is Another mans treausre, by Justina, they're both from the album 'route 80' I find music makes it easier to write, and I like to work songs into certain scenes, like the club one.)