

Chapter Nine

Destiny stood in front of Jaxon and Parker, naked. They both sat on Jaxon's bed, also naked. She felt suddenly shy and uncertain around them, though she'd already been with them both.

Jaxon lifted a finger to beckon her over. She approached the bed and sat between them, with her hands between her knees. Parker tilted her chin to kiss her and Jaxon moved in front of her to suck on her nipple. Parker leaned her back so she was lying on the bed, and continued to kiss her. He let his hand fall to her other breast and played with her nipple as Jaxon continued to suck her other breast.

She reached her hand down and thought she grabbed Parker's dick, but when she squeezed and Jaxon moaned, she realized he was much closer than she thought. This was all beginning to feel surreal. There were hands and body parts everywhere.

She continued to stroke Jaxon as Parker slipped a finger inside her. Every inch of her felt lit up with desire. Once she settled into it and just went along with kissing whoever kissed her and touching whoever was closest, she relaxed and enjoyed it more.

Jaxon spread her legs to suck and lick her clit, and Parker moved so that she could suck his dick. She was stroking and sucking him while moaning in the pleasure of Jaxon eating her out. Parker at the same time caressed her breast and ran his fingers along her neck, sending chills through her.

Jaxon pushed her legs farther apart and climbed over her. She almost choked as he entered her, causing her to moan deeply with Parker still in her mouth. Parker pulled back and for a moment, she lay there with Jaxon over her, as he moved in and out of her. She moaned in pleasure and he turned her so that they lay on their sides.

Jaxon brought her leg over his waist and pulled her close, and Parker slid into place behind her. He kissed along her neck, trailed his fingers along her back, then pushed a finger into her ass.

The feeling of having both Jaxon inside her vagina and Parker's finger in her ass felt, incredibly, even better than it had felt when Parker and her had gone anal earlier. She thought back to that feeling and how good this felt.

She turned her head to kiss him, and said, "I want you to fuck me, too."

He kissed her once, then slid his finger from her. He couldn't use her juices to wet her this time since Jaxon was in the way. Instead, he licked his hand, then his dick, and when he pressed the tip of his cock to her ass, it slipped along effortlessly. He moved slowly, using the rhythm Jaxon set to press in a little deeper each time Jaxon thrust.

Parker made a final thrust to fill her completely. They all paused for a second. She let out a shaking breath as she came, crying out, "Oh yes!"

They both resumed pushing in and out of her. She was caught between their motions, like a ball bouncing from one point of pleasure to the other. Parker thrust deeper, sending her clit rubbing against Jaxon. Then Jaxon slammed in harder, making her ass tingle with the pressure of Parker.

Three more times, she came. She was warm between them, comforted by both presences, feeling more alive with desire and pleasure than she ever had in her life. Could she really have them both? Have them like this for at least a while? She was so full of them, so full of desire, that she came one more time.

She didn't think she could move after that. She remembered one time when she was a teen, taking her first vibrator to her clit and seeing how many times in a row she could make herself come. After six or seven, she thought she'd never move again. And she felt like that now. Like her body had no choice but to keep coming in the intense pleasure they were giving her.

Jaxon finished first, thrusting a few times hard and fast as he came, then withdrawing. Parker held her tight from behind and did the same. She lay, empty and spent, on the bed. One of them covered her with a blanket. They both climbed into bed beside her and she wasn't sure who kissed her cheek as she drifted off to sleep.

When she woke, Parker's arm was draped over her chest and Jaxon's leg over her legs. Like they were both trying to claim her for their own. She carefully moved them and slid out the bed, finding her clothes in the dim light of the moon. She had no idea what time it was, but she had to get home to clear her mind. She shut the door quietly behind her and went outside to her car.

She drove home, feeling the soreness of far too much sex in two days' time. Her mind raced. Every second of being with them both had felt so good. Everything physical with both of them was so easy. So, why did she feel so bad emotionally? She felt guilty and sad, and somehow, lonely. As if by being with them both, she'd lost them both. And maybe she had.

One thing was clear, though. She couldn't be with either of them again, and certainly not with both of them again. She had to decide, and she had to do it away from them. She needed some time.

When she woke in her own bed, she knew what she had to do. She picked her phone and texted them both the same thing. "Last night was absolutely incredible. I'll need a day or two to recover, I think. Gonna have a girl's night out! :)"

She didn't really want them to know that she was going to try to decide in a day which of them to be with. By the time she got to work, she had responses from them both.

Jaxon said, "Glad to know I have that effect on you ;) have fun hot stuff!"

Parker said, "Are you okay? I hope it wasn't too much. Be safe!"

That seemed to be a good picture of what things were like with each of them. Jaxon excited her, but Parker made her feel cared for. Which was more important? A thrilling relationship, full of hot sex and adventure, or a caring relationship with just as hot sex, but maybe a little less raw excitement?

She wished she could mash them together into one. But then, hadn't she kind of done that last night? And that hadn't felt great, either. Well, physically it had. It'd been the best sex she'd ever had by far. But emotionally, it was a messy tangled bunch of anxiety and confusion and sadness all mixed together. And she really needed a girl's night.

She decided there was only one thing left to do. She texted Ava. "Hey, this is stupid. Can we please talk?"

It took a while, but Ava texted back, "Wanna come over tonight?"

"Yes!"

She felt so relieved about possibly making up with Ava that she almost didn't hear the snide remark one of the paralegals made as she walked back to the reception desk after dropping off some copies.

"Wonder if she screws all animals or only ones who turn into people."

Her face went hot and she spun around. She marched back to the cube where Ryan sat with Michelle, both of them looking at her with amusement.

"Are you talking about me?" she demanded.

"What do you mean?" Michelle asked sweetly. "Why would we talk about you?"

“I heard what you said.”

“About the game last night?” Ryan asked. “I said it was a real beast.”

He held back his laughter and Michelle kicked him.

“Just remember,” Destiny said, “shifters are much more deadly than any human.”

She turned to walk away. She heard Michelle say, “I’m sure Caleb and Joshua wouldn’t be happy to know she’s threatening to send her bear boyfriends after us.”

She ignored her and sat down hard at her desk. What was she going to do about this? Would it just settle down eventually?

She made it through the rest of the day, then stopped on her way to Ava’s to get a bottle of wine. She walked to the register, then thought better of it and went back for a second bottle. One might not be enough for tonight.

Ava was ready with the wine glasses when she arrived. They had a long hug and apologized to each other.

“I hate fighting with you,” Destiny said.

“Me too. Let’s not.” Ava poured them wine and they toasted to no more fights.

“What have you been up to?” Destiny asked.

“Not much. Trying not to piss off my loser boss.”

“Pfft. I hear that.” Destiny told her what had happened at work that day and with her boss when they found out she was dating shifters.

“Wait, so you’re still dating them?” Ava asked.

“Yeah.”

“Both of them.”

“Yup.” For now at least. “I need to decide, though.”

“Des. You should end it with both of them. This isn’t worth it. Now your job is in danger because of them?”

“It’s a crap job anyway and I hate it. They’re both exactly what I want.”

Ava raised an eyebrow and drank more wine. “It might be a crap job, but it pays. Do not go throwing your life away for some bear boys.”

“You really think that’s what I’m doing?”

“Sounds like it.”

“I’m not.”

“Okay,” Ava said. “Think whatever you want, but those boys are nothing but trouble and you need to move on.”

“I need you to help me pick one, though.”

“I did. Neither. Moving on.”

“Ava!”

“I’m serious. I don’t want to talk about them anymore. You’re nuts for wanting to be with shifters and put up with all that hate.”

By the end of the night, Destiny felt worse than she had before going. Her phone rang as she was driving home.

“Hey Jax,” she said.

“Hey, hotness, you with your girls?”

“No. Not anymore. Just left.”

“You don’t sound too happy about it.”

“I’m not,” she said.

“What happened?”

“Ava is just being stupid. She thinks being with a shifter isn’t worth it.”

“Oh.” He was quiet for a long while. “Is it?”

“I think so.”

“I know it can’t be easy.”

“You don’t know the half of it,” she said. “Work is getting worse.” She recounted the story yet again of what she overheard Ryan and Michelle saying.

“There’s an easy way to fix this.”

“How? Don’t date shifters?”

“Don’t be friends with people who hate shifters and quit, then sue your bosses for specism.”

“I wish.”

“No really,” he said. “If you’re going to be with one of us, it’ll get worse. But there are plenty of people who are supportive. You can’t be around those who aren’t. It’ll stress you out.”

“Well, it certainly is doing that.”

Chapter Ten

Every time Destiny thought she'd made up her mind, something changed. She was sure it was Jaxon, then she'd talk to Parker and was sure it was him. But then she'd see Jaxon again and change her mind all over. She was sitting at work, reviewing texts and messages she'd exchanged with them both, trying to see if that helped her settle on any feeling. She looked up when the door opened and saw Parker standing there, holding flowers.

She exclaimed and dashed around the desk to hug him. "You brought me flowers!"

"I thought it might cheer up your workspace."

She grinned and reached over the desk to set them by her computer. When she looked up, she saw Michelle peeking around the corner. When Destiny saw her, she vanished.

She turned back to Parker with a sad face. "Michelle just saw us."

"Is that going to be a problem? I can wait in the car."

"No, I'm almost done. Let me just finish up one thing." She kissed him, then returned to her seat to close the projects she was working on, including the tab of the Wild Hearts messages she had been rereading.

"Are you being helped, sir?"

Destiny spun at the sound of Caleb's voice behind her. The lawyers never came out to help clients in the reception area. They were always called, then came up to meet them. She glanced at Parker, then turned to Caleb.

"He's just waiting for me to finish up," she said.

"You know we don't allow special visitors during working hours," Caleb said.

"Special?" Parker asked. He stood up straight and fell into a slightly defensive stance.

Uh oh. This could be bad.

"Boyfriends, I mean." Caleb gave him a patronizing smile.

"I thought for a second you meant shifters. You wouldn't have a problem with that now, would you?"

“Well, we don’t allow animals in the building.”

Destiny tried to breathe slow to keep herself calm. But the rage was already trying to break free. She shut down her computer, grabbed her purse and stood.

“We were just leaving anyway,” she said.

Then Joshua came out from the back office and stood beside his brother. “What’s the problem, here?”

“No problem,” Destiny said, then, with a challenging look at Caleb. “Right?”

“This is Destiny’s bear friend—I mean, boyfriend,” Caleb said.

She went to Parker’s side and set her feet. They better let this go fast or someone was going to get hurt.

Joshua nodded. “Guess we’ll have to call the game control to get the wild animals out of the office.”

“You think that’s cute?” Parker asked. “Do you know anything about shifters or even bears in general?”

“I know they taste good when you cook them right,” Joshua said, narrowing his eyes.

“I would think lawyers would have more knowledge on the prejudice laws. You know, the ones that say you can’t discriminate against other races or species or it’s a hate crime.”

“People eat bear meat all the time,” Caleb said. “Didn’t you know?”

“Like that’s what you meant,” Destiny said.

“What else could I have possibly meant?” Joshua asked.

“What exactly is your problem with shifters?” Parker asked. “I genuinely want to know. Are you afraid? Curious? Think we’re strange or dangerous somehow?”

Caleb huffed. “You’re all a danger to society and should be kept in cages. All you hear about is shifter attacks.”

“You must watch a different news than I do then,” Parker said. “Because all I see is humans attacking each other and shifters. With guns, knives, fists, words.”

Caleb shifted his weight but said nothing.

“We’re in complete control when we shift. I might be stronger and faster as a bear, but I’m not going to hurt anyone I wouldn’t hurt in human form.”

“Unless you get mad enough to turn brutal,” Joshua said.

“That doesn’t happen,” Parker said. “Let me know show you what a shifter is really like.” In a matter of seconds, he had pulled off his shirt and slipped out of his pants and shoes, then changed.

Destiny was impressed at his speed. But then, he’d had years to perfect it.

Parker sat in the reception area in bear form, looking at them. The Greene’s shared glances, both looking horrified. Destiny petted behind his ear and rubbed her shoulder against him.

“He’s perfectly tame and gentle,” Destiny said. “Nothing like a wild bear. And you’ve both pissed him off, so you’d know if he weren’t capable of controlling himself while mad.”

They exchanged looks again and Parker shifted back, then dressed quickly. “It’s usually better once you’ve seen it. You know that we’re no more a danger than any other human with a weapon.”

The lawyers stared in silence for a moment, then a collection of whispers at the edge of the office caught their attention.

Joshua spoke first. “I’ll admit I’ve never seen that before.”

“It did seem very... calm,” Caleb added.

“I know we’re different,” Parker said. “And that can cause people to be uncomfortable. But there’s no reason to be cruel to Destiny because of it. She’s showing her compassion and ability to see past race and species. I’d think that would be a valuable asset in an employee. Unless you value things like racism, sexism, and specism.”

“No, we don’t,” Caleb said. “And you’ve made your point.”

“I hope so.”

“We better get back to that deposition,” Joshua said.

“Right,” Caleb said. “Nice to meet you... what was it?”

“Parker.” He stepped forward to shake his hand. “Parker Hartman.”

Caleb shook his hand, then Joshua did and nodded to him before leaving the reception area.

Destiny grinned at Parker. "That was very impressive. And effective." She pressed her mouth to his. "Now let's get out of here."

They walked out of the building, and Parker took her hand as they passed the rows of cars. "I hope things get better for you now."

"Me too."

Destiny turned to kiss him, but a movement by one of the cars caught her eye. A man stood up from between two cars and rushed at them.

She saw the glint of metal in his hand and cried out, "Parker!"

He turned, but not fast enough. The man reached them and she heard the sick sucking sound of the knife being pulled out of Parker's gut. He stumbled back, holding his stomach, then fell to the ground. Before he could land on his knees, his clothing exploded around him and he was on all fours in bear form.

Destiny was in such shock that he'd been stabbed, she didn't even see that the man was running at her. Parker jumped up and pushed him out of the way, knocking the man to the hard cement.

Parker whacked the man with his paw and he grunted like he'd been punched. Parker kicked him, then swiped at him, tearing the front of his shirt and sending trickles of blood to the ground.

The man pushed himself to his feet, clutching his chest, and took off at a loping run. He vanished out of sight and Destiny ran to Parker.

"Are you okay? We need to get you to the hospital!"

She picked up her purse from where it'd fallen beside her. Parker shifted back, and leaned against her, naked and human.

Her mind was super focused on the next thing she needed to do. Get him in the car. He has to be in the car to get to the hospital.

She helped him slide in the back seat, then pressed hard on the gas. Turn left at this light, then it's a quick right. She kept her eyes on the road, watching for cars and people and anything that might get in her way. She ignored the sounds of agony coming from the backseat. If she let her mind go there for even a second, the panic welled in her chest and fogged her brain.

She pulled up to the doors of the ER and left the car running as she ran inside to get a nurse and a wheelchair. They got him into the wheelchair and she parked the car in the first spot she saw, then ran at full speed back to the ER waiting room. Parker was sitting in the chair, talking to someone behind a desk in grunts and stilted words.

“What’s going on? Why aren’t you helping him?” Destiny said, looking around frantically at the stares they were receiving.

“I don’t know that we can do much,” the nurse behind the desk said. “We don’t usually treat shifters here.”

“What?” Her words came out like a shocking accusation. Here, at the hospital, where they were supposed to get the help they needed, even here, they were facing discrimination.

“Shifters’ bodies are different than humans,” the nurse said. “They require special care.”

“It’s just a stab wound! He needs stitches!”

Destiny couldn’t sit there watching any longer. She took off running. She passed the nurse’s desk, despite the voices calling to her, telling her she couldn’t go down the hall she was now charging down. She saw a woman in scrubs and ran to her.

“Do you have a problem with shifters?” Destiny demanded.

“With what?”

“Shifters?”

The woman looked around, horrified. “Is there one loose?”

Destiny pushed her out of the way and continued. She saw a doctor and nurse wearing pink scrubs up ahead and ran at them.

“Whoa, slow down,” the doctor said.

“Do you have a problem with shifters?” Destiny asked.

“They require special care,” the doctor said.

Destiny looked at the other nurse. The nurse said, “My brother is a shifter. He’s adopted, obviously, but I certainly have no problem with him.”

Destiny grabbed the woman's hand and pulled her back, ignoring her protests and questions, to where Parker waited. "He's been stabbed and they won't help him."

The nurse looked at the other nurse behind the desk, then at Parker. "He's got a deep penetrating trauma. You need to get him to a trauma room now!"

The nurse behind the desk didn't move. "We don't have anyone to treat him."

The nurse in pink shook her head. She pushed the wheelchair through a set of double doors and glanced in a room. "Here. Help me."

They got Parker onto the table and the nurse pulled off his shirt. She started rifling through the supplies in the cabinets.

"Don't you know where things are?" Destiny asked, panicking fully now that Parker looked so pale and this nurse seemed clueless.

"I'm a maternity nurse, not an ER nurse! This isn't my department." She pulled out a bottle of some brown liquid and squirted it on Parker's stomach.

She worked hard, taking his vital signs, injecting him with things, putting pressure on the wound. The bleeding slowed, and she got his wound wrapped. Some of his color started to come back.

The nurse wiped the sweat from her forehead. "He'll heal fast. We got it cleaned and that's the most important thing so that infection doesn't set in." She handed Destiny a bottle of pills. "These are antibiotics so he doesn't get an infection. Have him take one a day until they're gone. I would take him home now."

"Now? He doesn't need to stay?"

"What I've just done might cost me my job. It'll be better if you're not here, and trust me, he'll be fine tomorrow."

Destiny threw her arms around her in a tight hug. "Thank you."

"Don't take him out through the ER."

Destiny nodded and slid herself under Parker's arm as the nurse left the room. She helped him along, but already he did seem a little better. They got many strange and nasty looks, but once she got him outside of the hospital, she went to get the car and then helped him in.