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For
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Bonus

Shiloh

The sun is just breaking over the horizon when I coax Riley out of bed. He whines, going so far as to pout as I pour him a cup of coffee before shoving him out of the front door.

Our parents, and most of the pack are still asleep and I want to be gone before they wake and begin their day so I have zero regrets as he gulps down his coffee while I push him towards the forest.

It's been ages since we've run as wolves—really let loose without danger looming on the horizon. I want to run and hunt with my mate, get lost in each other and the forest. As much as Riley is grumbling I can feel his excitement through our bond. He wants to do the same thing.

Maybe just not at the crack of dawn.

"If you don't hurry, I won't give you a head start," I tease as I shove my sweatpants down my hips and leave them behind.

"I'm going." He slurps his coffee down.

I press against his back and nip at his ear. "Sooner you shift and run, the sooner I can catch and fuck you. Put you under my wolf, take you that way. You want my knot, big brother?"

"I'm running. I'm running." He drops his coffee cup and yanks his shirt over his head. It barely touches the ground before he's in fur, running towards the forest. I laugh under my breath, and give him a head start before letting the shifter heat consume me.

When my paws hit the dirt, I gave chase.

The bond is alive between us, dancing with joy and excitement. The scent of his desire is thick in my nose, a beacon leading the way. Yeah. I knew teasing him with the idea of being trapped under my wolf would get him moving.

My mouth waters as I follow, but not too fast.

Like so many times in the past I slow enough to stay a few steps behind him, lunging forward from time to time to nip at his tail. He yips and veers around trees, under bushes and over fallen logs.

I bark in response and check Riley with my shoulder as I race past him. He yips again, the sound more playful than outraged, and I spin, skidding across the grass. He tries to stop; I'll give him that. But he's going too fast and plows into me. We tip over, rolling through the fallen leaves and early morning dew, panting for breath as my chest rumbles with what passes as laughter.

Riley lands under me and tips his head back, baring his throat with an excited gleam in his eyes. I clamp my teeth around his throat and give a soft shake. He chuffs, his amusement as high as his desire, and digs his hind legs into my stomach. I let go before nuzzling his neck, breathing in the scent of him and the forest all around us.

Mate. My mate.

My love for him is all-consuming.

Does he know I live and die for him?

I lick his nose, his jaw and nip at his ear.

He whines deep in his throat. "*Shiloh.*"

I step back, giving him the space to roll over.

It's not as complicated as I thought it would be, taking Riley when we are both wolves. I've had him several times like that, but when we are alone, deep in the forest, surrendering to our instincts, our preferred method is a twisted mix of man and beast. There is one way I've never had him though. One way he's shown interest in but I've hesitated because the last thing I want to do is hurt him because I have no control. But my only goal in life, aside from taking good care of my pack, is giving Riley everything he desires.

Who am I to decide what he can and cannot handle?

Riley's fur ripples before receding and he is kneeling on all fours underneath me, his elbows planted in the dirt, ass high in the air, slick running between his thighs.

I nose at his neck, and lick his ear. He tips his head to the side with a soft moan. “Are you going to shift?”

No. I’m not. Not this time. But I can’t tell him that as I make my way down his spine and eventually between his slick cheeks where he’s soft and sweetest, leaking enough to let me know how turned on he is by our current dynamic.

“Shiloh?” His voice quivers. My name is more of a question than anything.

I swipe my tongue over his hole, lapping up the taste of his desire. Riley trembles and moans as I force my tongue into his tight body. The rich taste of him urges me on. I lick deeper, taste more. My cock throbs and I’m not sure how much longer I can hold back my wolf. He’s clawing for freedom.

We are one and the same—him and I—but sometimes my desires outweigh his. Or his desires outweigh mine. And right now, as badly as I want my mate, he does too.

To fuck and claim his mate—our mate, not just as a man but as a wolf.

“Shiloh.” Riley arches his back, rocking his hips and I pull back before mounting him. I can’t be sure if it’s what I want, or what my wolf wants. My weight forces his upper body further down as I search for just the right angle. “Oh, fuck. Are you—”

The tapered head of my thin cock nudges his hole and I thrust forward before I lose balance. Riley chokes on a breath as I slam deep inside of him. The bond we share snaps tight as he bows his head and pants for breath.

“Shiloh. You—” His dripping hole clenches around my cock, squeezing me so tightly it’s almost impossible to pull back but I manage. “Fuck. Gonna breed me, Alpha?” His voice cracks and he gushes slick. It wets my fur as I grind against his ass.

When I rock into him again, I can feel my knot forming.

We’ve learned that when I’m shifted, my knot forms while we’re having sex, to keep me deep inside of him, as if he’s a she-wolf in need of impregnation—long before I’ve filled him with my cum. Neither of us mind, not when I enjoy how tight his hole feels, and he enjoys being stretched wide open on my knot.

If I could, I would breed him. Make him swell with my seed, fuck him on all fours as man and beast while he is heavy with my pups.

“Alpha.” Riley whines when I sink into him, and gasps when I withdraw but my knot tugs at his hole, keeping us locked together. His pleasure echoes mine as he thrust his hips back, riding my knot.

A growl vibrates my throat, and I clamp my teeth over his shoulder as we move together. Riley struggles under me before shoving his hand beneath his body and grasping his cock.

I can’t stand not being able to fuck him harder, deeper, until I can’t tell where I end and he begins. I need more; I need my mate to hang off my cock like a Christmas ornament as I breed him.

Shoving into him, I grunt as my spine arches and elongates. He whimpers. Our pain and pleasure twist together as he continues to pump his cock and fuck himself on my knot. I can smell his blood, taste it on my tongue as my jaw cracks, and my teeth pierced his skin. Digging my hind legs into the forest floor, I slam my knot deep as even my cock grows and stretches him.

No place inside of him is left empty.

Riley shouts, his body jerking. I can smell his cum as he falls forward and I follow him down, pushing him into the dirt as I ride him hard and fast, pinning him between his shoulder blades with my disfigured hands. He doesn’t care as I plow into him, my knot yanking on his puffy hole each time I withdraw. He’s a boneless pile of satisfaction under me, *nothing more than a hole to breed* as I watch my thick cock sink into his tiny hole.

My balls draw tight against my body. A howl vibrates my throat and reverberates around us as I plunge into him. My cock jerks and knot swells to twice its normal size as I collapse on top of him with a quiet grunt.

We pant for breath as aftershocks of pleasure roll through both of us.

A shiver works its way down my spine and I shift, still buried inside of him, but a man once more.

“Okay?” I rasp against his ear when I catch my breath.

Riley’s laugh is shaky. “Nothing more than a hole to breed, huh?”

I grunt. As of late, because our bond is so strong, Riley has heard me even when he's not shifted, but I am.

Alpha Carbondale says it's nothing to worry about. As the future Alpha of Carbondale pack, my connection with all the members will allow some form of communication whether they are shifted or not. And with Riley more so than others because he's my mate. But there are some things I'd rather him not hear. Like how badly my wolf wants to breed him.

"It's your fault for planting the idea." I tuck my face into his neck, and lick over the fresh bite on his shoulder. "Now it's all my wolf can think about when I'm shifted. You fat with our pups."

Riley turns his head, pressing his nose against my jaw. "You going to keep me trapped on your knot all day, alpha? Keep trying to breed me, little brother?"

As tempting as the idea is . . . the both of us have responsibilities. At some point, we'll need to go home, shower and get dressed.

For the moment. I'm content to lie with him in the early morning sunlight.

And if I decide to breed him one more time before we go home, well . . . he is my mate so who can really blame me?

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