

Hunting for the Right One

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Fandom: American Idol S8 RPS

Pairing: Adam Lambert/Kris Allen/Katy Allen

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: threesome, werewolves

Summary: Als8 AU - Adam is a werewolf, he was born that way and uses hunting criminals as an outlet for his wolfish tendencies. When he saves a young man from muggers he knows he will see him again, but the last place he expects to do it is during Hollywood Week of American Idol.

Author's Notes: Finally drawn in by the Lambert charm, and who could I possibly pair him with but the Allens? Talk about begging for a threesome ;). This was inspired by kradamadness Round Six, prompt Game, but I don't have the patience to wait for the 14th to post it. It's my first Kratam fic and I just have to share it. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Adam crouched low beside the dumpster and waited for the game to come to him. The order of the day was lowlifes and he was very definitely going to enjoy chasing them and taking them down. He had never killed anyone, but he needed to hunt, it was part of his genetic makeup, so he did what his dad had taught him; he went after criminals. West Hollywood wasn't a place anyone would expect to find a werewolf, but it was actually perfect. So many strange things went unnoticed and the street crime gave Adam a chance to channel his hunting instincts. He was pretty sure he'd scared at least one mugger straight over the years and he'd stopped quite a few crimes.

Contrary to popular myth, a werewolf could not transmit their condition via a bite, not without very specific and deliberate circumstances, so he'd taken chunks out of a few members of the criminal element in his time. He remembered fondly the one evil thug who was never going to be waving a gun at an old lady ever again, at least not with his right hand.

When he was human Adam was very much a talker, not a fighter, but as a wolf he was much more fundamental in his approach. If they were in his territory doing bad things they deserved everything they got.

He wasn't far from one of the main bus stops and he knew that the lowlifes like to prey on the poor bastards just off the bus from the ass end of nowhere. Little did they know that in the dark something was waiting to stop them.

He had only been in his favourite hunting place for ten minutes when he heard the startled cry of someone who definitely wasn't local.

"Look, I don't have any money," he heard as a young guy was pushed into the alley way.

The kid (he didn't look big enough from the back to be anything else) had a southern twang to his voice and he sounded very scared. He was only carrying a backpack and a guitar case and Adam was pretty sure he was telling the truth.

"Then give us everything you have," one of the two men herding the kid backwards said.

Adam never liked to see people being victimised, but something really got him about this one and he found himself growling loudly. Both men had knives and looked startled at the sound and the guy with the guitar did the same thing. There was no point in hiding anymore, so he slunk out of his dark corner, hackles bristling and teeth bared.

"What the fuck is that?" one of the men said, but their attention was off their victim and on him, so Adam didn't really care what else they were doing.

"Is it rabid?" the other said, moving just behind his companion.

Adam gave another growl and stepped forward, snarling his best 'i am going to eat you' snarl.

"Fuck this," the lowlife who was furthest away said and turned and ran.

The other one went to try and grab their victim's bag, but Adam shot forward and put himself between the thug and the guy with the guitar. That made the lowlife lose his nerve as well.

"Nice doggy," was the pathetic utterance before the man turned and ran just like his partner.

Normally Adam would have chased after them, after all it was about the hunt, but something held him back. He found himself turning and looking at the frozen and scared kid he had just saved. From the front the guy actually looked older than he had done from the back. He was small, but not as young as Adam had thought from behind and he really shouldn't have been wandering round West Hollywood at night. He kind of screamed 'mug me'.

They stared at each other for a while and he watched as the young guy slowly relaxed a bit as he realised Adam was not about to attack him. The tableau held until Adam sensed that his stray was about to step forward.

[Go home, pretty boy,] he projected into the young guy's mind, [go home and be safe.]

He broke his first rule by revealing that he was not simply a wolf, but if felt like the right thing to do. It felt strangely like destiny and Adam never argued with that. The man blinked at him and then very slowly picked up his guitar case.

"Okay."

No panic, no trying to run, just a simple 'okay'.

"Thank you," was what came next and was even more surprising. Adam didn't expect people to thank him, they were usually too busy being shit scared.

[You're welcome,] Adam replied and then turned and loped off down the alley.

He had the strangest feeling he was going to be meeting his little stray again someday.

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Adam recognised the smell first. It was something that seemed to have imprinted on his memory, something he sometimes woke up having dreamed about and he knew who he was going to see when he turned to the person about to sit next to him. The same big brown eyes, the same open expression and this time a huge smile.

"Hi," said his rescued stray and stuck out his hand, "I'm Kris."

"Adam," he replied and shook on it.

It had been over two years, but he'd never forgotten the young man he'd trailed back to the bus station to make sure he got safely on the bus home. Hollywood week of American Idol was definitely not where Adam had expected to see him again.

Kris made himself comfortable while Adam tried not to stare. His little stray had buffed up a bit since their brief meeting and Kris filled his shirt very nicely. Adam had to physically make himself look away as he got a hold of himself. His wolf was puffing out his chest and trying to look impressive while wagging his tail madly and he had to control himself so it didn't show on the outside. "Idol contestant turns into vicious beast on first day of Hollywood week" wasn't exactly how he wanted to be remembered.

"Exciting isn't it," Kris said cheerfully. "I'm from Arkansas, how about you?"

Adam kicked his brain back into gear.

"Oh, I'm local," he replied with a smile; "how're you finding the big bad city?"

Kris laughed at that and Adam almost sighed happily. It wasn't until later he noticed the wedding ring and he told his libido to behave. He couldn't help flirting a little though; that's why cute straight southern boys had been put on the planet, he was sure.

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Adam put his bag down on the bed and watched Kris unpacking. They'd both made it through to the top thirteen and they were sharing a room; he was beginning to believe that the whole destiny thing was a real possibility.

"Remember when you went to Hollywood?" he asked suddenly and Kris looked over at him.

There was an adorable frown on Kris' face and it was obvious Kris had no clue what he was getting at.

"You mean Hollywood week?" Kris asked, delightfully perplexed.

"Before that," Adam said, holding himself still and just watching, "when you climbed off the bus, got mugged and climbed straight back on it again."

Kris' mouth fell open in shock.

"How did you know about that?" He appeared honestly flabbergasted. "I never told anyone about that, not even Katy."

"Maybe not," Adam said and sat down on the bed, "but there was one person you spoke to."

Kris appeared even more shocked and slowly sat down as well.

"The wolf," Kris said, as if afraid Adam would think he was crazy, "you know about the wolf."

Adam nodded.

"Do you ... do you know him?" Kris asked hesitantly, still unsure.

"You could say that."

Kris frowned again.

"Friend?"

"More obvious than that," Adam said with a small smile.

He didn't think Kris was going to freak out, after all Kris hadn't freaked out at a telepathic wolf, but it was difficult to be sure.

"Oh my ..." Kris trailed off and just stared at him for a while. "Your eyes, I knew I knew your eyes."

His eyes were the one bit of him that stayed the same colour when he changed. They very occasionally glowed yellow if he was really, really annoyed, but they were always normally blue.

[And I knew I'd see you again,] Adam projected directly into Kris' mind, "I just never guessed where," he finished aloud.

Kris started at him for a while longer and then finally blinked.

"How ... why?" It was obvious Kris didn't really know what he wanted to ask first.

"Family thing, I was born this way," Adam said, knowing what all of the questions would be.

He'd had the same conversation with Brad, the only other person he had ever told the truth, and he knew what was coming.

"It has nothing to do with the moon, well mostly not, I can change at will. I need to hunt or I get moody and difficult to live with, so I seek out criminals and prevent them from committing crime. They become the game I hunt, but I don't kill them, just chase them down. I'm faster and stronger than a normal human, I heal fast and my senses are sharper, but mostly, like this, I'm just like you. Does that about cover your questions?"

Kris just nodded mutely.

"Look," he said, lounging in his best casual manner, "I don't bite and I don't bay at the moon. I'm just a guy, honest, but I wanted you to know. I might occasionally need to sneak out and I think you might notice."

With a reason for the confession Kris actually appeared to relax a bit.

"To hunt?" Kris asked carefully.

"Or to have sex," Adam replied with a grin; "werewolves don't do horny and frustrated well."

Kris actually produced a smile at that.

"Neither do the rest of us," was the dry response.

Adam had to laugh at that.

"Yeah, but do you chew the furniture?"

That made Kris laugh as well and for a while they fell into a companionable silence. It was surprisingly not awkward, which made Adam very happy.

"The telepathy thing," Kris finally let out some of the curiosity Adam could see bubbling under his skin, "can all werewolves do it?"

"All the ones I know can," Adam replied with a nod, "an adaptation for when we can't talk I guess. With other wolves like my dad and brother I can send pictures and feelings as well, but that doesn't work so well with humans."

For the first time Kris appeared fascinated.

"So your whole family are werewolves?" Kris asked, sitting forward a little and looking delightfully attentive.

"All of my dad's side are," Adam explained, quite happy for Kris to know his secrets for no good reason he could fathom, "but my mom is human. She refused to let dad turn her, she couldn't quite handle that, which is part of the reason they split up I think. Funny, I never understood why, because she's never had a problem with the rest of us running around like great big puppies."

Kris smiled at him sympathetically.

"So you can create werewolves then, like the movies?" was the next question.

"Not like the movies," he replied with an easy grin; "it's hard, really hard, but, yeah, it can be done. It has more to do with sex than biting."

He wiggled his eyebrows in a suggestive manner and Kris blushed beautifully.

"Never thought I'd have a gay werewolf for a roommate," Kris said and grinned. "Do you shed?"

Adam almost fell off his bed laughing.

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Sometimes Adam's instincts moved faster than his human brain; it was one of the few disadvantages of being a werewolf. When someone entered the room behind him his instincts screamed, 'Bitch. Fertile. Alpha. Rival.' and he reacted on several levels.

He was gay, he'd known this since he was a teenager, but his wolf didn't always agree. Mostly they were in tune and attracted to the same type, but just occasionally his wolf was prey to the basic instinct to reproduce. Usually only when it came to other wolves, which was why he really wasn't prepared for it.

Mixing that with the fact that Kris was with the person who had just walked in had him totally at the mercy of his instincts in all their confusing glory. He turned and growled, eyes zeroing in on what turned out to be an all too familiar, petite blonde. Kris was always showing people pictures of his beloved wife, but this was the first time she had visited the mansion.

Katy Allen was a werewolf and a little voice at the back of Adam's mind told him he was so completely screwed. With Kris he could pretend he just had a little crush, that they had a bromance going on, but what he was really feeling was going to be completely obvious to another wolf. He was bristling at her in a way only a rival would and he was trying to look impressive and mate worthy at the same time; he was so royally fucked.

"Adam?" Kris sounded incredibly perplexed and not in the least bit scared, which was sweet, but right at that moment Adam was incredibly dangerous.

For her part Katy looked shocked, but then hardened her gaze and stared him down. She put up a hand to silence Kris and then she and Adam glared at each other. Werewolves were very much family orientated; their family was their pack and they were rare enough that meetings outside the pack didn't often happen. When they did they were usually set up well in advance so everyone could size everyone else up. Adam was an alpha, had been ever since puberty had finally finished with him and his wolf had settled down, and alphas tended to be very careful how they mixed.

Katy might have been a tiny woman, but she was radiating alpha as well, which left them on very dodgy ground. If they remained in conflict the best case scenario was that he or Kris would be leaving the mansion quite rapidly and permanently, because there was no way Katy could leave the situation as it was. The worst case scenario involved either him or Katy ending up injured or dead. Katy was petite, but that didn't say anything about what her wolf would look like. Adam was big in his human form and utterly huge as a wolf, but he had seen other werewolves whose forms were not so in line.

[He's mine,] Katy's mental voice was loud, direct and authoritative.

There was no way Adam could deny that. Now he knew why Katy's scent was all over everything Kris owned; she had probably marked it all deliberately before letting him out of her sight. It would have been a very wolfish thing to do.

[I...] he tried to grab a hold of his instincts, but it was difficult.

When the words wouldn't form, he threw mental images at Katy instead. The alley all that time ago, the fight and the strange connection he felt to Kris. Somehow he had to make sure she realised he wasn't quite in control. There were rules to being a werewolf; he should have been leaving, walking out and never coming back, Katy had prior claim, but he just couldn't make himself do it. His whole body was one huge knot of tension as he glared at her.

The images that Katy threw back were of a much younger Kris and he realised with a start she had felt almost the same things he had as she found herself drawn to Kris. It was strange, but it calmed him a little. He didn't know what was

going on, but his wolf went from furious and possessive to curious and possessive. His eyes flicked to Kris and then back to Katy. There was something fundamental here, something he knew he wasn't quite getting, at least not on a human level. His wolf seemed to understand it perfectly.

[Mate,] Katy said simply.

Adam felt like a complete idiot; it had been staring him in the face, he just hadn't recognised it for what it was. When his dad had explained all about the birds and the bees he had mentioned that sometimes werewolves found themselves drawn to certain members of the opposite sex in a much stronger way than usual. It was one of those nature over nurture things that had mostly been eradicated by civilisation. He had never considered that because he was gay he might feel the same thing for another man. It was supposed to be about producing more little werewolves and it had honestly never popped into his head that it might happen to him.

[Fuck,] was about the only thing he could come up with for that.

Mates were one of those things that were very complicated, because the wolf ruled. Even if Adam left there was no guarantee he'd stay away. He could scent Kris from miles away; he'd have to leave the city, possibly the state to stop himself being drawn back. He'd never lost control to his wolf, but he'd heard about people who had.

It was when Katy sniffed at him that his attention snapped back from his predicament to her. She stepped towards him, head held high, eyes still boring into his own and then she very deliberately looked him up and down. It was definitely not a challenging thing to do. In a fight you stared and you took in your opponent in a glance; Katy had not glanced, she had taken her time. That was what you did with a prospective partner, not a rival to be chased away.

Adam felt his wolf shifting and demanding certain things of him and he sniffed back. His human half was not attracted to Katy at all, but his wolf certainly was and he took a step closer as well. They weren't touching, but they were less than a foot apart now and Adam let his eyes roam. When their eyes met again, as one they turned and looked at Kris.

Kris was still standing next to the door looking adorable and lost and confused and Adam felt every protective instinct in him fire at the same time. It took his breath away and made him look back at Katy again.

[Once in a lifetime,] Katy said looking into his eyes, [that is what I was taught. Once in a lifetime and never to be wasted.]

[He's yours,] Adam replied, feeling much saner even though he knew he had been completely fucked over by nature.

[Not just mine,] Katy replied, [not anymore. I can smell it, he's adjusted to you just like he did to me. I can sense it now; it's all over both of you.]

[But we never...], Adam needed Katy to know Kris had never so much as looked at him.

Surprisingly Katy smiled at that.

[Of course not, this is Kris we're talking about,] she replied and he could tell she was relaxing.

It was hard to fathom why she wasn't trying to rip his throat out. Katy was mated to Kris, plain and simple; she should have been running him off.

[Why aren't you trying to kill me?] he was honestly confused.

[Because I like you and so does Kris,] was the surprising response, [and my wolf wants to have sex with you and we both want to have sex with Kris and protect him and love him and keep him safe forever.]

It was a succinct description of the situation.

[Yeah, my wolf wants to have sex with you too,] Adam admitted even though he knew Katy could tell, [but for the record, the human me is gay.]

[Kris told me,] Katy replied and smiled again, blushing gently, [although unless you have something large in your pocket, I don't think that's going to be much of a problem.]

Adam looked down; he was as hard as a rock and he hadn't even noticed. His wolf was too busy doing a happy dance to care, but as a human he felt his cheeks heating up. Not exactly how he had thought meeting Kris' wife would go.

"What ... are you two ... someone tell me what's going on, please."

Kris sounded kind of desperate.

[Together then,] Katy said resolutely and then turned to her husband.

Bits of Adam's brain were kind of stunned, but he was in no way about to object. There were practicalities and consequences to be thought through, but they really didn't seem to have much sway at the moment.

"Kris, sweetheart," Katy said, reaching out and taking Kris' hand, "there's something I haven't told you."

Kris looked at Adam and then back at Katy and Adam could see the penny dropping.

"You're a werewolf?" Kris said as if he didn't really believe it, but it was the only logical conclusion.

Katy seemed surprised that Kris knew what that was, but she recovered quickly eyes flicking to Adam clearly wondering how much he had revealed.

[I told him exactly what I am,] Adam let her know quickly; [I had to.]

Katy nodded and turned her attention back to Kris.

"Sort of," Katy said, drawing Kris to her with a little tug, "my grandpa is a full blood, I'm only a quarter and I can't change into a wolf, but I have one on the inside. It's why I never told you; I didn't want you to have to deal with that whole part of my family."

That rather shocked Adam, Katy had seemed so alpha and in control that he had just assumed she was like him.

"I would never have known you weren't a shifter," Adam said, since he felt he needed to say something.

Katy gave him a little smile for that.

"When I was a kid I gave off such strong signals Grandpa wasn't sure if I would be or wouldn't be," she told him, "but I never changed. Are both your parents ..?"

"Just my dad," he replied with a small shrug, "but he comes from an old line; it always breeds true. Both Neil and I were shifting by the time we were eleven."

Adam had actually first shifted at age four, but he wasn't about to admit to that yet. Werewolves usually only became able to shift at the onset of puberty. He'd been a little on the unusual side his entire life.

"So, um," Kris still seemed to be very confused, "what was with all the glaring and sniffing?"

"We're both alpha," was what Adam chose to say; he didn't think he had the right to go further. That was up to Katy.

"Come and sit down," Katy said, drawing Kris across to the bed and gently pushing him into sitting on it, "we need to have a little talk."

Kris was sending him confused looks, but Adam crossed to his own bed and sat down as well. He was perched on the corner so he could stay as close as possible without actually being in their space. Honestly, he had no idea how Kris was going to react.

"Remember when I told you I knew we were going to be together forever just after our first date?" Katy said in a very gentle tone.

Adam would have been amazed that Kris hadn't run a mile at that revelation, if he hadn't known Kris.

"Of course," Kris replied, giving his whole attention to his wife now.

"Well it was because I had a reaction to you, I felt something inside of me change when we really got to know each other," Katy explained gently. "Werewolves can have mates. It doesn't happen often, but when it does it's a deep and abiding love, forever. A werewolf will do anything for their mate, anything at all."

"And we're mates," Kris said and then smiled a little; "I think I like that."

A wave of jealousy threatened when Adam saw that; he couldn't help it, especially when Katy smiled back.

"Me too," Katy replied and Adam sat on his hands before he could reach out and do something stupid, "but this is where it gets complicated."

Kris' expression went serious again.

"Okay," Kris said with a nod, "tell me."

Katy patted his hand gently.

"Werewolves are rare," she explained in a very gentle tone, "and mates are rarer still and I was taught that its one of the most precious things that can ever happen."

The adorable, slightly confused look was back on Kris' face.

"That doesn't sound complicated," Kris commented and just made Adam want to hug him.

"No, that part's not," Katy assured her husband, "but I need you to understand everything."

Another nod acknowledged that.

"I've always known you're special and unique," Katy continued and smiled as Kris blushed, "but it seems you're like catnip for werewolves. Adam's had the same reaction to you I did."

It took a couple of seconds for that to sink in as far as Adam could tell and then Kris was looking at him with wide, shocked eyes.

"I didn't know what it was," he said, feeling foolish and very, very vulnerable; "I just thought I was attracted to the cute little straight boy."

"You told me it was a little crush," Kris said, sounding a little betrayed.

"Sweetheart," Katy said, squeezing Kris' hand, "I don't think Adam realised quite how strong it was until today. We're both alphas and that would have meant a little posturing under normal circumstances, but I don't think you realise quite how close we were to attacking each other."

Adam tried to imagine how Katy could possibly have taken him on, what with not being able to become a wolf, but he didn't doubt that she would have.

"Attacking?" Kris asked and looked between them both.

"It's that important, Kris," Katy told him gently; "it makes us a little irrational."

Not quite how Adam would have put it, 'a lot irrational' might have been better.

"Now I need to ask you something," Katy continued, while Adam just sat there and tried not to shy away from the looks Kris kept sending him, "and it's very important you tell me the whole truth okay? I know you love me and always will, so don't worry about that."

Now Kris looked worried, but gave his consent anyway.

"How do you feel about Adam," Katy asked as soon as she had permission, "emotionally and physically?"

That clearly shocked Kris.

"I ... he ... we're ..."

Shocked and not overly coherent.

"Sweetheart, I need to know the whole truth."

Kris looked at Adam kind of helplessly and then said: "Oh damn."

It looked like the reality had snuck up on Kris as well.

"But I never would have ..." Kris started to say.

"I know, Kris," Katy said very seriously, "I know, you don't have to tell me that."

Adam felt incredibly guilty about all the times he had had to stop himself jumping his roommate, because Kris appeared so appalled by the idea he might cheat.

"The thing is," Katy told Kris, taking his face in her hands and making him look at her, "this isn't going to go away."

Kris frowned at that. "What are you trying to say?"

"Adam," Katy said quietly and Adam found himself with Kris' attention again; "you, me and Adam."

It was suddenly hard to breathe as Kris looked at him and then at Katy and then at him and puzzled that very short explanation out.

"Drake?" Kris asked and of course Kris would think of someone other than himself.

"We're on a timeout," Adam said, revealing what he had told no one so far; "he felt I was drifting away from him. Now I know why."

Kris looked back at Katy.

"But ..."

"No ifs, no buts," Katy said before Kris could say anymore, "just what is. This is the most precious thing, Kris, the most precious and you're it for both of us."

Adam's throat felt tight and his whole chest seemed to ache as he waited to find out how Kris would react.

"What about you?" Kris whispered to Katy, but of course Adam's sharp ears caught it.

"I'm not going to lose you," Katy told him seriously, "I'm gaining Adam."

"But Adam's gay," was the second whispered comment.

"The man is," Katy replied and smiled, which made Adam breathe just a tiny bit easier, "but his wolf is kind of bi."

That made him the centre of attention again and he did his best not to squirm.

"It's a breeding thing," he said with a small shrug.

Kris sat there in silence for a while just staring at him and then Katy.

"So you both want to ..?"

"Fuck you senseless."

Even Adam sat there with his mouth open when Katy said that and Kris looked utterly stunned.

"Now," Katy added for good measure and the hard-on that Adam had been trying his damndest to will away jumped right back to attention.

"Oh god," he said as just about all the blood attempted to rush out of his brain at the same time.

The fact that his wolf was demanding he rip his clothes off right at that moment and then Kris' or possibly the other way around, actually made him shake. He was about two seconds away from taking Kris' choice away and he stood up very rapidly and fled to the bathroom. Slamming the door, he put his back against it and slid down, breathing hard and trying to get a hold of himself. He was lightheaded and achingly hard and he was absolutely sure he had never wanted someone this much in his life. It kind of underlined the whole mate things in big red pen for him.

Earlier that morning he would have said he was well adjusted and dealing with his borderline infatuation with Kris, now, post Katy, he knew he so wasn't. Up until then Kris had been happy to hug him and goof about with him and be a generally great guy, which had quietly fed his need without him really noticing. However, he was all too aware that if Kris rejected him now he was likely to just fall apart. It was quite a revelation to come to.

"Adam, are you okay?" it was Katy from the other side of the door.

"Having control issues," he replied, putting his head in his hands and trying to get his breathing back to normal.

He hadn't had to run away and hide because of his wolf in a lot of years; it was very disconcerting.

"It's not my fault if you wreck those pants," that was from Kris and he actually sounded worried.

That made Adam laugh, which actually loosened the tightness in his chest a little, but it wasn't shifting into a wolf he was worried about.

"I'm not bursting out of them because I'm furry," he shot back, just because that's what he did with Kris.

There was silence for a while and he suspected there was a married couple, body language conversation going on that he remembered all too well from when his parents had been together.

"Maybe you should come out here and let us help you with that," Kris said eventually and Adam slammed his head back against the door at the stab of arousal that caused.

"You better mean that," he said, feeling what was left of his self control slipping away.

"I wouldn't have said it if I didn't," Kris said and sounded surprisingly calm.

Very slowly Adam stood up and turned, opening the door and trying to prepare himself for what he was going to see. What he found was Kris and Katy, arm in arm, both looking directly at him. All his preparation was for shit as he felt himself tremble and then Katy pushed Kris towards him. He didn't need any more encouragement and, as Kris took a step closer he moved in, taking Kris' face in his hands and kissing Kris kind of desperately.

For someone who had purportedly never kissed another guy before, Kris joined in surprisingly enthusiastically and very rapidly. Before Adam's brain caught up with the sensory overload that occurred the moment Kris' lips touched him, they were all but wrapped around each other and Kris was apparently trying to find his tonsils. It was amazing and hot and just about mind blowing, but also didn't give them much space to breathe in their enthusiasm. Hence, they eventually had to break apart for air, gasping and staring at each other as the reality slowly sunk in.

Adam had never felt anything like it, not even with Brad and he knew instinctively he could never give this up. He needed Kris more than he needed oxygen, which his aching chest illustrated.

"Wow," Katy said in an almost reverent whisper, "I never thought seeing Kris kiss anyone else would be that hot."

At that comment Adam actually managed a smile and reached out a hand to her. When he bent down to catch her lips with his own, it wasn't as amazing as kissing Kris, but a warmth spread through his body that felt very close to what he might call love. He didn't know Katy except through her husband's words and pictures, but he was beginning to realise he knew enough to care very deeply.

The situation was mind boggling really. Katy had never met him before and yet, because of what they both shared with Kris, she was willing to bring him into her and Kris' life. Several times in his life he had thought he was blessed, but now he knew it and he couldn't help but love Katy as well as Kris.

Kris made an interestingly incoherent sound as Adam kissed Katy just as thoroughly as he had kissed Kris. It probably helped that Adam still had a hand very definitely on Kris' ass.

"I think," Katy said, sounding more than a little breathless when they broke apart, "we should take this to one of the beds before one of us falls down."

Adam was more than happy to go with that. He hadn't been wearing shoes when Katy and Kris walked in, because he had still been getting ready, so he climbed onto the bed first, but Kris kicked off his shoes and followed him very quickly. They ended up kissing again, but lying down this time, which made body contact even easier and Adam kind of lost track. He noticed when Katy joined them, and he noticed when Kris and Katy were kissing over him, because they were unspeakably hot, but other than that he just kissed and touched the closest person, or a mixture of both, and failed to pay any attention to anything else.

It had been quite a long time since making out had been quite so involving.

He finally started paying attention again when someone attacked his belt and fly in an effort to help him out of his pants. As soon as he realised what was

happening he did attempt to help by lifting his hips and wiggling as Kris began pulling. The little cry of delight Kris gave after managing to strip him of his jeans made him alternately want to hug Kris and pet him and kiss him senseless some more. Clearly Kris had decided to just get on with things, because Kris went for his briefs next, whipping them off in no time at all.

Kris' directness was a little surprising, but what was even more surprising was the look of pure hunger that crossed Kris' face as his new lover stared at his crotch. He tried to think of something to say, possibly to point out where his stash of condoms was, but all words were taken from him when Kris decided to just dive in. It was instantly clear that Kris didn't really know what he was doing when it came to a blow job, but there was a lot to be said for enthusiasm.

"Oh shit," Adam said and made a grab for the sheets, because he had to use every trick he knew just to stop from coming.

Katy had the gall to giggle at him and then she ran her hands up under his shirt, which was so unfair. He was being tag-teamed by Allens and he didn't stand a chance.

"Please stop," he finally had to beg several minutes later, just before he was about to come apart completely and both his bed fellows instantly drew back. "Sorry," he apologised with a grin, "I don't want to come yet."

Kris had appeared a little worried for a moment, but brightened immediately at that.

"Yeah, it would be a shame if we had to wait for half an hour before you could fuck me," Kris said, his eyes glinting with mischief.

For a moment Adam just heard white noise.

"You're trying to kill me," he whined as his body all but screamed at him to take up that offer; "it's a plot to get me out of the competition."

Adam had had many, many hours to think up fantasies about fucking Kris, each one hotter than the next, but he hadn't actually thought he would get to do it. Even with what was being offered now he hadn't really figured he'd be the one topping, since he was more than willing to let Kris have a go at that first if he wanted. After all Kris was, or rather, had been straight and being penetrated was very different from penetrating. That all his fantasies were coming true just about melted his brain.

"Going to put that dick you're so proud of to the test?" Kris said in a challenging tone and then stepped off the bed.

As Adam watched, Kris very deliberately stripped. Then Kris held his hand out to Katy, who went to him and he helped her strip as well. Adam felt suddenly over dressed and he was only wearing a shirt. It took him a couple of seconds to wrench it over his head.

"One second," he said and he sounded desperate even to himself as he rolled off the bed and dug around in the bag under his bed.

He came back with lube and condoms as fast as physically possible and dumped them on the bed. For the second time Katy pushed Kris and Kris stumbled face first onto the bed with a little squawk.

"Don't break him, Lambert," Katy said and gave him a devilish grin, "I'm going to watch from over here."

Then she languidly spread herself onto the other bed so she had a perfect view.

"Well you heard the lady," Kris said when Adam looked down at his friend on the bed, "how do you want me?"

"Get comfy," is what Adam chose to say, finally demanding some sense from his brain, "this is going to take a while."

He was big; it wasn't a boast, just a fact and he had no intention of damaging Kris, so preparation was going to take some time. He intended to enjoy it a lot.

"Relax," he said, rubbing his hands over Kris' back; "you're going to enjoy this."

The fact that his first time had been less than good made him want to make sure that Kris' was amazing. It was going to hurt a little, of that there was no doubt, but Adam was determined to make it that kind of hurt that just made things more intense.

He started simply by massaging Kris' lower back and ass to get rid of any residue tension and only then did he reach for the lube. Eyes flicking over to Katy he poured some of the slippery substance on his fingers and carefully slid then down the crack of Kris' ass. Kris moaned instantly, hips moving as Adam brushed over his hole and when Adam looked over, Katy's eyes were full of desire and watching him intently.

For a while he teased with his finger tips, but when he pushed the first finger in, Kris tightened a little, but there was surprisingly little resistance. It was more the sound of surprise and the way Kris' hips moved that gave away Kris' complete innocence to what was happening rather than any difficulty in taking what Adam was doing.

"Just relax, Kristopher," he said in his best soothing tone, "I won't hurt you."

The moan that Kris let out at that sent messages straight to Adam's cock and various centres in his brain. It spoke of need and trust and so many other things that Adam felt his whole body respond. Yet he was very aware of his promise and so he worked slowly. He gently moved one finger in and out for a while and then introduced Kris to his prostate. From the way Kris' hips bucked quite wildly, Adam decided Kris was quite sensitive in that area and made careful note of exactly how Kris reacted when he did it again.

Slowly, ever so slowly, one finger became two which became four until Adam finally decided Kris was ready for him. It was going to be tight and it was going to take some very gently handling, but he was sure Kris was ready.

"Time for me, Kristopher," he said, finding Kris' full name surprisingly erotic for some reason he couldn't fathom, "still willing and eager?"

"Yes, please, yes," was the rather desperate response.

Adam reached over to where he had put the condoms.

[No!] sounded in his head.

He looked up at Katy and she shook her head to emphasise her point.

[What?] he asked, unsure of what was going on.

The possibility of Katy changing her mind made him go cold.

[Take him as you are,] Katy replied, never taking her eyes off him; [claim him like you need to. If any of us were diseased we would know.]

Adam was more than a little stunned, but he knew that was true. Animals were very good at sensing disease and werewolves were gifted that from their canine selves. They were all clean.

"Up, Kris," he said, pulling his lover to his hands and knees, "and to the side; I think your wife deserves a show."

There were certain behaviours that were ingrained in him from his lifestyle and it felt very weird being with someone the first time without protection, but it wasn't going to stop him. His wolf positively loved the idea and he slicked himself with a lot of lube, ignoring the condoms. Lining up his dick he carefully pushed against Kris' hole and it very slowly opened for him.

A startled gasp made him still and he felt Kris tense around him, so he just waited, rubbing Kris' back in slow circles. His instinct was to push forward, but he was focused far more on Kris than he was on his own needs, so he held fast. When he felt Kris beginning to relax again he moved a little more, rocking his hips a very small amount, easing the pressure and then increasing it again without really moving. Bit by bit, gasp by gasp, Kris let him in and he eventually started to thrust very carefully.

Every push and pull drew moans from Kris, but they weren't startled or signs of pain anymore, they were pure pleasure. For a while Adam lost himself in making sure he could hear as much of those moans as possible as Kris surrendered to him. He could have gone on for hours, even though his own need clawed at him; listening to Kris was simply amazing. It was better than any fantasy he had had, because Kris was not quite like anything he had imagined. Kris couldn't even be anything but genuine during sex and it made it just that much more intense. There was no play acting about this, no pretending to please a partner, just genuine feeling. Of course he couldn't keep Kris to himself forever.

Pushing into Kris he flattened himself against Kris' back, moulding their bodies together as closely as he could. He kissed along the back of Kris' neck as his lover moaned and then ever so gently bit the pliable flesh of Kris' shoulder. He didn't dare mark Kris, but he so wanted to and he lifted his eyes, looking at Katy who was watching them.

Slowly he pulled Kris up from his hands and knees, keeping their bodies flush as he supported most of Kris' weight. Then he made a small sound in the back of his throat, an invitation as he ran his hands over Kris' well defined chest. Kris might have been small in height, but Kris was built and Adam shuddered at the pure eroticism of touching such a perfect body.

He watched every move as Katy came closer, and he pulled out a little and thrust back into Kris so that Kris moaned long and loud just as Katy touched her husband.

"Oh," was about the most coherent thing Kris seemed to be able to say as Katy began to kiss across his jaw and then down his neck and chest while Adam started to lazily fuck him.

By now Kris was taking him easily and a slow, even thrust was all Adam needed to open Kris up over and over again. It felt so damn good and he began to move in time with Katy's kisses for maximum effect. Kris made the most enticing noises, but it turned out they were nothing compared to the obscene sounds Kris made when Katy reached his cock.

"That's it, sweetheart," Adam said in a coaxing tone, "we've got you."

With Katy's mouth on his cock and Adam's dick up his ass, Kris went completely non-verbal and surrendered to them as if it was the only thing he could possibly do.

The whole thing made Adam's wolf howl in delight and he tightened his hold as all the emotions he felt for Kris crashed down on him at the same time. How he hadn't seen what this was he would never know, because his nerves were raw with it. Every touch seemed to bring him closer to perfection and he couldn't help moving just a little faster and harder. He changed his angle slightly by spreading his legs further, and his thighs burned, but it was so worth it for the way Kris cried out with pleasure.

It made his blood sing and he could feel his orgasm building. Kris was driving him insane, tight and hot even though Kris was taking everything he was offering without resistance and just the fact that it was Kris was testing his control. There was no way he was letting go before Kris came apart for them, but it was so hard to hold on. When Kris finally came, bucking forward into Katy's mouth and clenching around Adam's cock it was like it connected directly to the sexual centres of his brain. He all but felt Kris' orgasm rip through him as well and it threw him over the edge right into his own.

He held Kris as gently as he could as they rode out their individual physical pleasure, but he was pretty sure he left finger prints. It was too all encompassing not to. He wanted to hold on and never let go, but he also knew Kris was going to feel incredibly sensitive any second, so he pulled out as gently as he could. Kris groaned and was definitely a little on the clumsy side, seemingly dazed, which made Adam grin at Katy as they helped their little southern boy lie down.

"Do you think we broke him?" Adam asked, his eyes taking in Katy's naked body as he spoke.

Kris made a half-assed squawk of protest at the suggestion.

"Wait 'til he gets his second wind," Katy said, giving Adam a very slow once over as well; "you won't know what hit you."

"I look forward to it," he replied, leaning forward and claiming a kiss from her full, pink lips.

It was bizarre being torn over what he was feeling, but there was enough sex in the air to overcome any doubt he might be feeling. The taste of Kris' come on Katy's lips just egged him on. Katy met him move for move, brushing his mouth with her tongue and demanding entrance. He opened up for her, tasting her mouth properly as they moved closer together.

Soft breasts and gentle curves felt strange under his hands, but they didn't turn him off and he ran his finger tips down her body. He was not completely innocent of the female form; he had had a very persuasive female friend when he had toured with Wicked and she had insisted he find out what he was missing. He'd even gone back for more once and she had been a good teacher, although he knew it was the male of the species that did it for him. He knew what he was doing when he gently slid his fingers between Katy's wet folds. She moaned into his mouth and flicked her hips so his fingers went deeper. He took the hint and slid two fingers into her properly as she spread her legs.

The angle was awkward; they were kneeling either side of Kris and Katy was so much smaller than Adam that things were just plain not right. In a split second decision Adam removed his fingers and promptly picked Katy up and deposited her on the bed on his side of Kris.

"Ooh, big strong alpha," Katy said and her eyes flashed in challenge.

Adam grinned and pushed her back onto the bed so she was lying down and then went back to what he had been doing. Katy must have really liked what she had seen, because she was very wet and Adam was pretty sure he could get more fingers in easily if he wanted to, and he had big hands.

When Kris moved, Adam looked up and Kris' eyes were dark with arousal. Those eyes still appeared a little dazed, but it was more than clear that Kris wanted back into the action and moved down the bed.

"Turnaround is only fair," Kris said, before crawling between Katy's legs and Adam pulled his hand away.

He had never been down on or seen anyone go down on a woman in personal proximity before, but the way Katy threw her arms up beside her head and moaned seemed to indicate that Kris was good at it. For a few moments Adam was distracted by memories of that tongue on his cock, but was dragged back on track by Katy moaning again. He wasn't letting Kris do all the work and so he decided to go back to the kissing. Since Katy had her head thrown back he went for her neck instead of her mouth and then moved on as he felt like it. Breasts were not his forte, but nipples were nipples after all and he knew how to tease them quite well, so when he got there he just tried things to see what Katy liked.

The one thing Adam remembered very well from his very short foray into girls was that women were not quite so hard wired as guys and Katy definitely proved that. She took everything they were doing, clearly enjoying it, and kept demanding more. It wasn't until Kris suddenly rose up, pushed Katy's legs further apart and shoved his, once again, hard cock straight into his wife that Katy deigned to come.

Adam couldn't help watching in fascination. It started small, but as Kris thrust into Katy hard several times, her orgasm built and she seemed to shudder from head to foot, over and over again. Adam didn't mind admitting that he was a little jealous of quite how long she seemed to come for as aftershock followed by aftershock rolled through her petite body. When Katy smiled up at him contentedly after finally opening her eyes again, he just had to kiss her and she purred into his mouth.

Kris withdrew as soon as Katy relaxed and lay back down, cock hard and glistening from what he had been doing. As soon as he saw it, Adam wanted that

cock and he crawled carefully over Katy to get it. They had lots more experimenting to do yet.

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Adam was sprawled bonelessly across half the bed with Kris and Katy lying half over him and half on the other side of the bed, just dozing, when there was a knock on the door.

"Yeah?" he called, very glad that the door was locked.

"Are you guys ever coming outside?" Allison asked through the door. "Y'know there's food and everything."

Adam lifted his head and looked at his bed companions.

"We better," Kris said quietly and moved and then made a face.

"We'll be out in a few minutes," Adam called back; "we're talking about grown-up things."

"Hey, I can be a grown-up," was Allison's petulant response.

"You're not the problem, Darling," he replied with a grin, "I was worried about Danny."

That made Allison laugh, which had been the entire point.

"Okay," she replied through the door, "but you better be out soon or I'm sending in the heavy artillery."

"Been out for years, sweetheart," was Adam's instant comeback.

Of course there was more giggling from the other side of the door.

"Ten minutes," Kris promised and gently hit him on the arm.

"Half an hour," Adam countered; after all they needed to shower and everything that entailed.

Katy just giggled at the half glare Adam exchanged with Kris.

"Fine, see ya," was the response and then Adam heard Allison walking away.

"If we go down in ten minutes they'll know what we've been doing in under the same again," Adam said as he slowly sat up and shook off the lethargy of very good sex. "I think we ought to plan everyone finding out a little better than that."

It was only as he stood up that he realised what he had said and looked anxiously at Kris and Katy. He was used to being open about who he was and who he loved, but Kris and Katy were from a much more conservative background, he expected them to be horrified. What he saw was the pair of them looking at each other thoughtfully.

"We should let our parents know first," Katy was saying very seriously; "I think we're going to have to tell yours about the whole werewolf situation, I don't think they'll understand otherwise."

"Yeah," Kris agreed with a nod, "but I don't think we should tell anyone else until after Idol. They'd probably kick us out."

When they looked back at him, Adam knew he had a look of shock on his face.

"You don't mind everyone knowing?" he asked, since he was still a little stunned.

He wasn't sure how he would have dealt with it if they had wanted to keep it secret, but his mind was still blown that they didn't.

"Oh please," Kris said, standing up and grimacing as he stretched, "no matter who wins this thing, you're going to be the next hottest rock star on the face of the planet. If you think we're going to let anyone else think they can get their hands on you, you have another think coming."

Then Kris slapped him, actually slapped him on the ass and sauntered towards the bathroom.

"That's so mine," were his parting words.

Adam looked at Katy who was grinning at him.

"We've created a monster," he said and Katy burst out laughing.

The End