

Soul Familiar, "Well, you see..."

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"Well, you see..."

I got bored.

My name is Alex Layton and in addition to boredom, I was also frustrated. That's actually how it started. I was upstairs in the loft working on one of my sculpting projects and I just couldn't get the look I wanted on my centaur's face. He was supposed to look defiant as he roared his battle cry, but for some reason, to my mind, it looked like he was in the throes of a bout of diarrhea.

Giving up, I at first thought I'd give my new potter's wheel a spin. I discovered I liked the mesmerizing feeling I got when throwing a pot or some other spherical, cylindrical-type object. I liked it so much I'd actually gifted Tyler with a new set of dishes for the kitchen that included matching cups, saucers and bowls. I don't mind saying that I shamelessly preened under the praise he heaped on me but then that's only natural. He's my soul mate, light of my life and as I sat here thinking about it, the means to which I intended to alleviate my boredom.

As I'd hoped when I went to the window to look out into the backyard, Tyler was there. He was putting new mulch in some of the garden plots and I figured he wouldn't mind a little distraction.

“Hey!” I called out, getting his attention. “How’d you like to drop what you’re doing for a little bit and come here? There’s a project I want to do and I need your help.”

“What project?” Tyler replied and I could see the small furrow between his brows as he looked up at me. After numerous adventures involving my convoluted imagination, Tyler has learned to be suspicious when I propose a new *project*.

“Just come up and I’ll show you.” I left it there and walked away, knowing his curiosity would get the better of him. Returning to my potter’s wheel, I had a vague notion of doing a scene from the movie, *Ghost*, when an even better idea came to mind. Making a quick trip to the bathroom, I came back with a jar of Vaseline in hand just as Tyler made an appearance at the top of the stairs.

He took a long look at me and what I had in my possession. One brow rose, his wry amusement clearly broadcast. “What the fuck are you up to?”

Tyler is one gorgeous hunk of man, not to mention one of the sweetest guys I’ve ever met. He’s got many wonderful traits, two of which are adventurous and accommodating. I was counting on those two kicking in when I made my request. “No need to look so suspicious. I just want to immortalize you.”

“Immortalize me. And what does this immortalization entail?”

“Come over here and I tell you,” I wheedled, leading the way toward my work area.

“No thanks. I think I’ll stay right here in case I need to make a quick getaway.”

“Aw, come on. You’ll like it. I promise. And I’ll make it a really, really rewarding experience for you.”

I could see the wheels turning in his head and I was sure I had him. Tyler’s never been dissatisfied with one of my rewards. I mean seriously, how could he be? They usually involve sex and I’ve had two hundred years to practice my technique.

I pulled up an extra chair to my work table, took my usual seat and waited. Sure enough, like cat to catnip he came to me with a soft-footed saunter that would have done any self-respecting feline proud.

“All right. You’ve got me here, now what?” he growled.

He was trying to act all cool, unconcerned and a little disgruntled but I could see through the act. There was a twinkle of anticipation in those violet blue eyes of his and it was hard for me to suppress my smile at the sight of it.

“Stand right here,” I directed, positioning him in front of me.

Tyler was wearing an untucked, light denim button-down shirt and beginning at the bottom, I started unbuttoning it. I glanced up at him. His eyes were intently fixed on me and unbidden he leaned down, slanting his mouth over mine.

My arousal, which up to now had been a low-key buzz, burst free in a wave that engulfed me. My heart sped and my lungs labored as they seemed suddenly starved for oxygen. I pushed a throaty moan into Tyler’s mouth along with my tongue which he met with his own and together they engaged in a lustful, lascivious dance.

Taking just enough time to get me completely stirred up, he eased free of our kiss, winked at me and smiled, “Is this part of the project?”

“Oh yeah,” I breathed. I leaned back a bit and, noting the firming erection under his jeans, I slid my fingers over it. “This is exactly what I need to work with.”

Uttering a half chuckle, half groan, Tyler stood quiescent and let me finish unbuttoning his shirt. After which, I opened his jeans, lowered them and bade him take a seat in front of me. Used to my flights of fancy, he cooperated without comment until I reached for the Vaseline.

“And just what do you intend to do with that?” he asked.

“I’m going to coat your cock with it.”

“Why?”

“I’m going to make a mold of you.”

“You’re going to make a mold of my cock. What the hell for?”

“I told you. I want to immortalize you. Haven’t you ever seen those dildos that are supposed to be an exact replica of some porn star’s penis?”

“Well, yeah.”

“Well, I want one. But I want yours.”

“Again, why?”

“You’re like a little kid. Why, why, why. Just because, okay? And just think. The next time I tell you to go fuck yourself, if we have a dildo shaped like you, you can,” I said, laughing.

“You fucking idiot,” Tyler laughed in return. “Fine. Do what you want. Far be it from me to deny you, but keep in mind, if anybody gets fucked with that thing it’ll probably be you.”

“Not a problem,” I assured him. “Now get rid of your pants, sit on the edge of the chair and spread your legs for me.”

Tyler mournfully shook his head. “I cannot believe I’m doing this,” he complained, but kindly obeyed me to the letter.

I opened the jar of Vaseline and scooped out a big dollop. Gleefully rubbing my hands together I was just about to apply it when Tyler voiced another protest.

“My cock better not be greasy for the next week. You know how hard it is to get that stuff off.”

“You’re exaggerating. A little soap, a little water, it’ll be fine and your skin will be silky soft. I’ll tenderly wash it myself.”

“I’m holding you to that.”

“It’ll be my pleasure,” I assured him and leaning down, I kissed the plump, curved of the crown. “You really do have a beautiful dick,” I murmured, breathing against it.

Tyler squirmed. “You don’t have to flatter me. I’ve already agreed to this, remember?”

“It’s not flattery, babe, it’s the truth,” I declared, then laid my slick hands on him.

Tyler gave a slight jump then relaxed as I conscientiously laved the Vaseline over the now fully erect thickness of his cock. As I did, I noticed that not only did my breaths start to come in slightly faster, slightly more audible puffs, but Tyler’s did as well. He settled himself against the chair back, eyes closed, mouth marginally open and when the first moan slid past those luscious lips of his, I felt a punch of lust right in the gut.

His expression was amazing. I could see every subtle nuance that reflected the change in sensation he experienced as I touched him. With traveling hands and exploring fingers I anointed every millimeter of firm flesh I touched, even drifting down to cup his balls. Tyler's groan made me draw in a harsh breath and I diligently delved further, wanting to draw more pleasure from him.

The slick fingertips of one hand glided over the silky strip of his perineum while the other began stroking him in a steady, sure rhythm. Tyler's hips arched up into the glide and before I knew it we were caught in the soul mate bond. It blew away the barriers between our senses and I was completely engulfed. Suddenly it felt like my cock was being jacked and it felt so good I couldn't stop.

Tyler thrust himself into my hands, my own hips jerked and both of us cried out as orgasm swept us away. With the pleasure rushing through my veins like liquid fire, I shuddered, my hands falling away to rest on Tyler's thighs. I managed to hold myself upright for a few seconds then fell back in my chair.

"Fuck," I gasped. "That wasn't supposed to happen."

Tyler's chuckle was lazy and breathless. "You should have known better. Now what?" he asked, indicating our current condition.

Our Vaseline covered parts -- hands, cock, balls and thighs -- all glistened and were overlaid with splashes of pearly white semen. Not only that, I'd creamed my jeans. Squirming a bit, I glanced at Tyler. Earlier I likened him to a cat. Now he was gazing at me like I was a caged canary. That look caused my gut to tighten.

"Fuck it, or maybe I should say, fuck me. Come on, I'm taking you to bed." I rose from my chair, grabbed his hand and pulled him after me.

"What about your me-shaped dildo?"

"Later. Maybe. Right now I need the real thing."

Looking back and seeing his grin, I once more thanked my lucky stars for sending me such an open-minded mate who so willingly indulged me.

"Whatever you want, babe," he said. "Whatever you want."

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