

Encounter -- Dawg Town: If You Can't Stand the Heat...

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If You Can't Stand the Heat...

In human shape or his natural prairie dog form, Edison was normally the most laid-back of males, except when his mate, Reba, crossed the lines they'd established at the beginning of their relationship. One of which she'd done this afternoon by sharing confidential information with Puppy's new mate, Carly.

He stood in the doorway of the Bakery's kitchen, belt dangling from his hand, watching his mate of forty years bustle about preparing refreshments for the library shindig about later that evening. As always, the sight of her had his heart doing that funny leap in his chest, his cock echoing the movement behind the zipper of his jeans. After all this time, it still only took a look, a whiff of his female's scent to have him hard as a cactus spike.

Along with his surging lust came a powerful burst of love and he knew if prairie dogs didn't mate for life, he'd still never let this woman go. He'd die without her. However, that didn't mean he was blind to her faults.

His Reba was an incorrigible busybody, continually putting her finger in other folk's pies. He understood her interfering tendencies were part of her caring nature and that would have been fine as long as she contained her meddling within the family.

She didn't.

He wasn't mad at her. Edison's smile was full of masculine anticipation. The punishment of her infraction was going to be intensely pleasurable for both of them.

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Heat from the tray of kitchen-sink cookies radiated through her oven mitts as Reba pushed the door of the oven closed with a bump of her plump behind. Humming, she carried her burden to the cooling racks and began sliding this last batch off the pan onto the wire trays. Inhaling deeply, loving the smells of fresh baking that meant home to her, the buxom baker couldn't help smiling. She loved the holidays. All of them, but this season, Reba had plenty to celebrate.

For the first time in years, all her children would be coming home to Barkus. Even better, Puppy -- the younger brother who was like another son since she'd raised him from the time their parents died in a car accident -- would be introducing his new mate to the family. Reba sighed happily, making a mental note to look up information on the Kwanzaa rituals as Carly was Afro-American. She didn't want the newest member of the pack to feel slighted.

"Reba!"

Startled, Reba jumped, the last cookie flying off her spatula to explode into warm gooey crumbs on the stainless steel counter. She turned toward the door and her mate, ready to blast him for sneaking up on her, only to jerk to a halt, heart skidding around inside her chest until it came to rest in the pit of her belly at the sight of her broad shouldered mate -- brown eyes alight with mayhem -- brandishing his wide leather belt.

Hot damn, I'm about to get spanked.

"Edison, what are you doing here in the middle of the afternoon? I thought you were at the bar, hanging with all your old coots." She was proud her voice didn't shake.

"I was. Spoke to Bucky. He was a mite upset."

She knew exactly what that old dawg was upset about and she wasn't a bit ashamed of what she'd done. Huffing, she folded her arms over her full chest. Her tone was belligerent. "Served him right. He had no business trying to back out of his promise to Carly."

Edison sighed. "And you had no business sharing something I told you in confidence."

"He asked for it."

The glint in his eyes belied the sorrowful expression on his face and Reba shivered, knowing what was coming before Edison got the words out his mouth. "Well, you've asked for this." He gestured toward the door leading to the next room. "March yourself into the pantry while I go flip the open sign and lock the door." He headed out the kitchen but paused to turn and spear her with a warning glare. "If you're not ready when I get back, I'll be adding to your punishment."

Yippee!

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Edison jolted to a stop, caught his bottom lip between his teeth to stop himself from groaning. Reba did a lot of the work associated with running the bakery in her working pantry, which housed a walk-in freezer as well as copious shelves and storage bins. On any given day, the long table she used as a work desk was strewn with orders and grocery lists, invoices and lading slips. Right now, it was strewn with Reba.

His mate was a lot of woman, and she'd obediently placed every naked inch of her body on display for his delectation, stretched across the broad surface with her hands clasping the far edge, plump round ass in the perfect position for spanking. Her heavy breasts were smashed between her upper body and the table top. Fleshy thighs were slightly parted, only half concealing her pussy winking pinkly at the apex of her legs. She was already wet.

Unable to resist, he stepped up to her, dropping the belt so he could massage his hands across her shoulders and down her back, trailing along the deep indentation of her spine before he sank his fingers into the round curves of her ass and pulled the cheeks apart. Breathing in deeply, he filled his lungs with her intimate aroma, re-familiarizing himself with the hot, honeyed scent of her juicing pussy.

"You know what happens when you're naughty."

“Yessir.” She moaned, wriggling her full ass under his cupped palms in an unspoken plea.

Feeling feral and horny as hell, Edison raised one hand high and brought it down on the taut skin of her buttocks. His palm landed with a loud crack and the receiving cheek went hot pink. Reba yelped, tightening her muscles to counteract the sting of the blow, earning another swat.

Grunting, he administered two more in quick succession, cock rearing as the plump flesh bounced under his hands. Now both cheeks burned with hot color and he rubbed his palms over the abundant curves, rubbing the heat in. God, he wanted to push her thighs further apart and slam into her welcoming heat but it was way too soon for that.

“Relax your ass and take your punishment without rebellion or I’ll use something heavier than my hand.”

He would, anyway, but he knew Reba relished the verbal interplay, the growled threats. Right on cue, her scent spiked, telling him her pussy had just gone awash with a flood of liquid desire. She wriggled her ass in defiance of his edict, practically pushing it in his face. Oh yeah, she was asking for it, all right.

“All right, that’s it. You’re about to get it, now!”

Ignoring her low-voiced disgruntled, “About time...” Edison reached for the belt he’d set aside earlier and began to spank her in earnest, careful not to mar the sensitive flesh he loved so well, until he could feel the heat radiating off her ass.

Writhing beneath the blows, Reba moaned and mewled, shuddering as each lash painted her buttocks with a dark rose. She came up on her extended arms, heavy breasts swaying as she rocked under the whipping, arching into the blows.

“Yes! Oh, Eddie, yes...” She shuddered. “Please... I need you to fuck me now. Fuck me hard, Edison!”

He loved hearing her beg for his cock, loved that she needed him as much as he needed her.

The belt went flying. Edison fumbled his button open, dealt with his straining zipper... sighed when his cock sprang out, aching and hard. He pumped it twice, ran his thumb over the seeping eye to smear his pre-cum down the barrel. He placed the bulbous tip at her dripping entry, pressed in until the knob of his cock lodged in the ring of her opening.

"You know what you did. Are you going to do it again?"

Reba stilled. She'd crossed the line, betrayed his standards when she divulged privileged information. Her voice low and filled with contrition told him she knew it. "I'm sorry, Edison. I got carried away. I'll apologize to Bucky."

Satisfied, he harrumphed. "I don't want you anywhere near that horny bastard. I'll take care of it."

"Take care of me, first." Fire erupted in her right cheek and she grinned, moaning. She'd sassed him on purpose.

Reba held her breath as Edison eased his cock into her tight sheath. After forty years, he still had to go slow at first and it wasn't so much that she was tight, but he was that large. Pint-sized herself, Reba loved his height, loved that his cock was proportionate. She never got over the thrill of looking up to her mate... or fucking him.

"Grass and high water, Eddie, your cock is splitting me in two."

"You love it," he grunted, determinately working his thick erection in and out of her greedy pussy. "You love me drilling this hungry little mouth, filling it with my meat."

She couldn't deny that. "I do, I do!"

With a snarling moan, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked, pulling her backwards, pulling her torso up so he could pinch and tug at her nipples with his free hand while his hips sawed back and forth, driving her mad. "Eddie. Eddie."

He lifted her from the table, held her aloft in a feat of shifter strength as he began to fuck her hard, slamming her down to meet the upward thrusts of his cock. Holding on for dear life, Reba let her head drop back on her mate's shoulder, feeling petite and protected in his arms.

Sweat from his exertions coated his body, made them slide as they came together in a carnal dance that had her panting and crying. Her pussy sucked at his cock, released it reluctantly as he shuttled faster and faster in and out of her shuddering body. One hand dropped down to tug the hair on her mound and her mouth opened in a soundless scream. The scream became verbal when Edison captured her clit between two fingers and squeezed, rubbing hard where his cock met her stretched entry.

"Aiiiiiii! Aiiiiiii!" Reba yipped as she fell apart, coming like a blustery spring storm as her mate's cock speared through her like a conquering battering ram. Her toes curled against his thighs.

With a loud shout, Edison pumped into her with sharp staccato stabs, his sperm boiling up his shaft to shoot into her already streaming pussy. He fell forward, mashing her between him and the unforgiving slab of table top.

After eons of catching their breath, she nudged him off her.

With a final swat to her buttocks, he pulled out of her, turned her over and plastered his mouth to hers. His fingers curled into her ass, pulling her up on her toes as he deepened the kiss.

With a hiss of discomfort, she drew back, tugging on his wrists to loosen his grip. *"Damn, baby, watch what you're grabbing. My ass is burning."*

Edison chuckled, tightening his hold before taking pity on her. *"If you can't stand the heat..."*

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Camille Anthony's Kitchen Sink Cookies

Ingredients:

- * Two and one fourth cups flour (all purpose works well)**
- * One teaspoon of salt**
- * One teaspoon of baking soda**
- * One teaspoon of vanilla flavoring or vanilla extract**
- * Three fourths cup of white sugar (granulated)**
- * Three fourths cup of brown sugar (packed)**
- * One cup (or two sticks) of unsalted butter (softened)**
- * Two large eggs**
- * One cup chocolate chips (or carob, which is what I use)**
- * One cup raw old-fashioned oats**

- * One cup butterscotch chips
- * One cup white chocolate chips
- * One cup chopped walnuts
- * One cup coconut flakes
- * One cup pecans

Directions:

Preheat your oven to 375 degrees Fahrenheit. While the oven is pre-heating, mix the baking soda, salt, and flour together in a small bowl. In a large bowl, beat together the softened unsalted butter, white sugar, brown sugar and the vanilla flavoring (or extract). Beat the ingredients together until they are creamy. Once you have made a creamy mixture add the eggs one at a time and make sure they get beaten in thoroughly before adding in the flour mixture. Slowly add in the dry mixture until you have formed a slightly firm and smooth cookie dough. Stir in the other ingredients one at a time or all at once. It is fun to use your hands to mix as the dough will be thick and hard to stir. (Make sure you wash hands before working the dough.) This is also a great supervised activity for children. Next, use a tablespoon to drop blobs of cookie dough onto cookie sheets. Make sure the drops are a couple of inches apart and then bake each sheet for 9 to 10 minutes or until cookies spread and turn a golden brown. Do not overcook. Cool the cookies for five to ten minutes after they are taken out of the oven. Enjoy!

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