

Encounter: Pride and Groom

Kate Hill

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Pride and Groom

“You don’t mind if I look through your stuff?” Patricia asked, though she’d already opened the leather pouch filled with her mate-to-be’s belongings.

They sat in her private cave on her tribe’s territory in Colorado. This was a rare occasion for them. They’d been together -- without kissing or touching -- for nearly fifteen minutes and hadn’t argued.

Well maybe that was an exaggeration, but not by much. It amazed her that two people who found each other sexually irresistible could be so opposite.

She continued searching through his pouch while he sat nearby, his blue eyes searing her. Already she felt weak and needy. She longed to feel his firm, moist lips on hers again and she wanted him to touch her intimately as he had just a short time ago.

Demitri was absolutely gorgeous. Tall, with a body of hard, lean muscle, he emanated the most delicious, masculine scent. He had strong, handsome features, though she found his eyes most compelling. They were wide set and clear blue. When they fixed on her she wanted to melt into his arms.

Other than his human clothing and ID, he’d taken few things with him on his trip from Russia.

Prowleryns, an ancient race of shapeshifting cats, had learned how to hide and survive in the modern world. That meant fitting in. While most accepted the occasional need to mingle with humans, some rare Prowleryns, like Patricia, thoroughly enjoyed the human world. She knew better than to trust humans. Their kind had driven hers to near extinction, but she appreciated their culture.

She feared her new mate, Demetri, would never share her love of the human world. He was the epitome of a Prowleryn warrior -- stern, traditional and --

Wait. What was this in his bag? Beneath his rolled up socks and the photo of herself that she'd sent him upon acceptance of his proposal was... a pet brush? An oval-shaped black brush like the ones humans used to groom their cats and dogs.

She wrinkled her nose. "What's this?"

"It's nothing." He snatched the brush from her hand and actually hid it behind his back.

Grinning, she placed his bag aside and tried to retrieve the brush. "Let me see it."

"No, Patricia." Each time she tried to grab the brush, he held it out of her reach.

"Give it," she teased and leapt on him. Her strong legs wrapped around his lean waist. One arm clung to his powerful shoulders while her free hand tried to yank the brush away from him. "It's a pet brush. A human thing. What do you need a pet brush for? Do you have a puppy you haven't told me about?"

"No. I just... Patricia, obey me and step away," he ordered as she clung to him with both hands, covering his face and neck with kisses. His growls of annoyance turned to purrs of pleasure and he slid his arms around her.

"What's the brush for?" she asked between kisses. Taking his face in her hands, she caressed his sharp cheekbones and gazed into his eyes. Another grin tugged at her lips. "Do you use it?"

"Yes," he muttered and for the first time ever, he looked a bit self-conscious.

His answer surprised and fascinated her. She hadn't expected that, but why else would he carry a pet brush?

"Really?" She chuckled.

"It's not funny."

"Yes it is. Who knew such a big, tough Prowleryn warrior would appreciate his creature comforts?"

"That's enough, Patricia." He grasped her waist and pushed her off him. He was about to drop the brush back in the bag, but she placed her hand over his.

"I don't blame you. Being groomed feels good. Let me." She held out her hand for the brush.

He studied her through narrowed eyes, as if trying to decide if she was serious or mocking. After a moment's hesitation, he gave her the brush and shifted to his half-cat, half-man form.

Drawing a deep breath, she gazed at him. Heavens he was magnificent. A thick pelt of dark gold with muted brown tiger stripes covered him from head to toe. His tall, broad shouldered, long legged body looked so sexy in his Prowleryn coat. Even the sheath partially concealing his semi-erect cock was covered with small brownish stripes. His blue eyes stared at her from his feline face and he growled softly.

"Come here." She sat on the ground and beckoned him to join her.

Demitri stretched out with his head on her lap. She lightly ran the brush over his furred chest and after a few moments his eyes slipped shut and he purred, a look of utter contentment on his face.

She couldn't help smiling. Not only was he sexy, but too cute for words. She'd never dreamed he'd have a soft side like this and she loved it. He was so strong and proud that she'd never imagined him having a cat brush fetish.

While running the brush over his coat with one hand, she caressed him with her other. She loved the feel of his gorgeous body and touched him any chance she got.

After a few moments, he rolled over and guided her onto her back.

"That felt so good," he said, nuzzling her neck. "But touching you feels even better."

She closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around him as he kissed her throat and the tops of her breasts. Patricia also wore her half cat form, covered in her leopard

pelt. His long fingers trailed between her breasts, then he swept the pads of his thumbs over the dark pink nipples poking through her sleek coat. They stiffened and strained as he teased them relentlessly, then bent and flicked his tongue over one.

Patricia gasped and arched against him. She dropped the brush and clutched his head, pressing him closer to her breast. He flicked his tongue over the nub and when it became almost painfully sensitive, he turned his attention to her other nipple.

Her heartbeat quickened and her clit tingled. She wanted him so badly, but she knew that even if she begged he wouldn't fill her with his thick, hard cock. Demitri had made it clear that he'd only penetrate her after they mated for life, but he had ways of compensating.

He kissed his way down her belly until his mouth hovered over her clit. His warm breath teased the sensitive flesh and she waited, tense with anticipation.

Oh heavens, he had ways of compensating! He lapped her clit with slow, teasing strokes, then trilled his tongue over the swollen nub.

Patricia moaned and gripped his head. Her legs draped over his broad shoulders and she closed her eyes, lost in the wonderful sensations created by his skilled tongue.

While he lapped, his hands slid beneath her and lifted her ass. He kneaded and caressed while relentless flicks of his tongue hurled her into a quivering, mind-blowing orgasm. He didn't pause for a second while she throbbed, panted and writhed. His strong hands held her steady and he drew out every last bit of pleasure from her climax.

Finally she relaxed and sighed deeply. She met his gaze and he knelt beside her, purring softly, a smoldering look in his eyes.

"Recovered, Patricia?"

She groaned and stretched. Then she sat up and embraced him. She ran her claws lightly down his back and her tail swept around him. His tail did the same to her and they stared at each other. Patricia smiled and his solemn lips tilted upward the slightest bit.

His stiff cock pressed against her and she slid her hand down his taut belly, feeling the muscles quiver beneath her tickling touch. She curled her fist around his thick, velvety cock and slid his foreskin back from the head.

“Brushes are nice, but there’s nothing like grooming the traditional way,” she purred. “With your tongue.”

“I quite agree,” he breathed as she slid lower and took his cock head between her lips.

Closing her eyes, she concentrated fully on him. She loved his fresh, masculine scent and the feel of his silken flesh against her lips and tongue.

Demitri clutched her head, every muscle in his big body tense. She lapped and sucked his cock head, then flicked her tongue relentlessly along the underside.

Deep growls of pleasure rumbled in his chest and he came hard. A roar of ecstasy erupted from his throat. She moved slightly aside, but used her hand to hold and stroke him until he finished. Then he took her in his arms and leaned back in the furs. He nuzzled her neck, his body pressed close to hers.

“Let’s groom again soon,” she murmured.

“Give me a few minutes,” he whispered in her ear.

Patricia chuckled and snuggled closer. Maybe, just maybe, this marriage would work out after all

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