

Encounter -- Italian Shifter: A Cat's Curse

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A Cat's Curse

Jenny closed her front door, slipped out of her high heeled shoes and stepped lightly across her carpeted floor. *Maybe I can make it to bed without waking him up.*

Halfway across her living room, Jenny let out a startled shriek when soft fur brushed her bare calf. She froze. When the cat did nothing more than weave through her legs, she relaxed and bent over to stroke the soft black and white fur.

"Hi, Tom. I tried not to wake you." Getting no response other than a deep purr, Jenny sighed and stood up. "It's late so I'm going to bed. Um, why don't you take the night off?" Not needing to be quiet now, she stepped away from Tom. She'd not taken two steps when the air at her back vibrated and a strong arm wrapped around her waist, yanking her back against a warm, muscled chest.

"You're late, love," the man whispered before stroking his sandpaper rough tongue across her ear. "And you know better than to suggest a night off."

Chills of desire and anticipation, as well as sheer anxiety, raised goose bumps across her flesh. "I... well... you know..." Words completely escaped her. They always escaped her when Tom went from Tom-cat to Tom-man.

He chuckled and the sound sent shivers across her skin. "Yes love, I know. I smell him all over you." He buried his nose in her shoulder-length auburn hair and inhaled. "I know you've been with him."

"You do?"

"You forget, my sense of smell is so much more acute than yours."

"Tom, it's not what you think," she began.

"It's exactly what I think, love. You found your man. Do you think I am angry? No, I am thrilled." As Tom, her housecat-cum-shifter lover, spoke against her ear, his hands busily stripped her out of her clothes until she stood against all his hard, naked flesh clad only in her blue bikini underwear. He rubbed rough palms over her nipples until they stood hard and erect. One hand dipped over her underwear and he rubbed her pussy until her panties grew damp from her own juices. To cap the sensations, his rough tongue and sharp teeth nipped and licked over her neck and shoulders.

"I know you've been with him. I've known since the day you first kissed him."

Tom fisted his hand in her hair and pulled her head back roughly to capture her mouth with his own. The sure stroke of his cat's tongue scraped along her own and she moaned at the pained feel. "I can taste him on your tongue," he said. "He will be yours forever, Jenny. But for tonight, you will be mine. Consider this my farewell."

"You're leaving?"

"Ah, darling, from the first day I made myself known to you, I told you I would be temporary, until you found your love. Now it is time for me to move on."

Turning to face him, she gazed up into his golden cat's eyes. "I don't know what I'll do without you."

"You will be fine." He leaned down and nibbled his way across her jaw and down her neck. Guiding her, he brought them to the couch where he sat down and pulled her to stand between his legs. Her breasts offered an irresistible temptation as his mouth unerringly covered a nipple.

"I'll never get over you," she moaned.

He chuckled and dragged his sandpaper tongue lazily across her nipples' rigid tips, then the plump flesh of her breasts. Knowing he would leave and desperate to have something to remember him by, she asked for his real name.

"The name you gave me is fine, love."

Jenny snorted, then shrieked when sharp teeth nipped at her.

"I've told you, part of my curse is to never reveal my given name. I can only go by the name my," he paused and flexed his hands around her waist, "... owner grants me."

"Damn it, you aren't a *Tom*. I gave you that name because I thought you were a stray, but no. You're Italian. You're amazing. You're a damn shifter."

Tom pulled away from her, his dark hands encircling her waist. Looking solemnly up into her eyes, he told her, "I am here to please you until you find your true love. You found him, and I am not yours to keep."

She believed him. She also knew talking was over as he emitted a soft growl and the slit in his cat eyes narrowed. Without moving his gaze from hers, he gripped her panties at the bottom seam and tore the flimsy material apart. The band at her hips stayed in place, but the rest of the material hung in tatters. He asked for her left foot which he proceeded to place on the upraised arm of the couch, then he tilted her hips, opening her completely, and ran his gritty tongue across her wet labia.

Grabbing her ass, he buried his face against her pussy, lapping across her folds before running his tongue deep into her channel. The coarse texture made her cry out, yet she'd become used to the pleasure-pain so she ground herself against him that much more.

Her right knee wavered and threatened to buckle. She grabbed his head. Urging her hips into a dance, he lapped at her until she spasmed hard, coming in a flood across his mouth, then she sagged bonelessly into his arms. "Enough," she panted.

"Ah, I have only begun," he warned, wicked amusement laced through his words. Her body already exhausted, Jenny willingly remained limp as he arranged her to his liking.

He laid her on the couch on her stomach, with her knees on the carpeted floor. Dropping behind her, he pushed her legs farther apart. He stroked a finger down the spine of her back, making her arch into his touch before he grabbed her hips with both hands. "That's it," he encouraged, as he raised her up so her knees barely touched the carpet and, nudging his cock along her wet, swollen folds, he slipped through to her entrance and shoved hard to drive himself deep into her.

Even though he always took her swiftly, the sudden intrusion made her gasp. Her mind whirled as she felt him thick inside her, strong behind her, bracing his own knees open for purchase before he let go and pounded himself into her relentlessly, constantly, hardly giving Jenny time to catch her breath as she scrabbled to stay on the couch.

"More, love. Give me more," he urged, lifting one of her legs and pushing her knee onto the couch, allowing him deeper access.

The musky scent of their loving filled the air, as did the wet, slapping sound of his cock tunneling through her pussy. His grunts mingled with her pants and moans. Sweat poured off them both and she lost track of how long he pounded into her. She whimpered and even though he didn't stop, he slowed down and eased the strength with which he fucked her.

Bending over her back, he soothed his hands over her body and reached around to caress her nipples. "Have you had enough, love?"

"Never," she whispered. Her cheek lay against the couch and her eyes closed as she welcomed the pause.

"That's my Jenny."

Always, without warning, he bit down where her neck and shoulder met, and, holding her still, he wrapped one hand around a breast and rubbed her clit with his other. Then he started to purr. She quivered in his tight embrace, the vibrations from his purring rumbling into her body where his mouth clamped on her, where his hands stroked her and where he worked his cock deep inside her. She became consumed by her shifter and in no time her body gave over to the orgasm he'd built in her. Still he

didn't stop touching her, and when he came, he growled through his release, his come pumping into her channel for endless moments. His release triggered her to come again and she gloried in the raw, primal sensations he drew from her.

Later, Jenny woke up naked in her bed, sated beyond belief. She stumbled through her apartment on wobbly legs, softly calling for her lover, in either form. When she spied the kitchen window open, she stared into the blackened night, sending a silent prayer out to her Tomcat, that one day soon his curse would be lifted and that he, too, could find someone to love.

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