

Familiar Strangers: Scene One

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Make Your Move

“Well, Azriel, looks like we’re stuck with the afternoon soaps.” Lauren tossed the mail on the kitchen table with a discouraged sigh. She’d hoped for a movie to break up the monotony, but MailVids had failed her again.

Azriel meowed and rubbed against her leg as if he sensed her frustration. Unemployment didn’t sit well with Lauren. She had résumés out all over town, and she’d registered with Monster.com, but there hadn’t been so much as a nibble yet. That’s what she got for allowing a man to talk her into moving. If Stephen’s new job hadn’t paid so well, and if she didn’t love him like crazy, she never would have agreed to relocate.

She had to admit the new house was beautiful, but she’d never felt so isolated in her life.

Snatching the remote off the coffee table, she curled up in her favorite corner of the couch and flipped on the television. Azriel jumped up beside her and nudged her thigh with his shiny black head. She automatically started petting the needy feline as she searched the onscreen guide for something to watch.

You don't have to be alone. Say the words and I'll come to you.

Okay, that was weird. She looked around the sun-drenched living room, unable to quail the impulse to make sure she was still alone. No one here but Azriel. She shrugged and released her pent-up breath, blaming the incident on a vivid imagination.

Punching the pillow behind her, she snuggled into a more comfortable position and selected a random channel. Azriel climbed onto her lap and began to knead her thigh. Why did her eyes feel so heavy? The drama unfolding on the television wasn't worth the effort it took to keep her eyes open, so she relaxed into the cool leather sofa.

Reality blurred. She listened to Azriel's rhythmic purr and surrendered to the intoxicating pull of fantasy...

Sunlight bathed her naked body, warm and caressing. Hands stroked one of her calves, while lips tickled her knee. She smiled and started to open her eyes.

No, the same deep male voice cautioned. Leave them closed. Feel me. Know my touch. I will reveal more as you learn to trust me.

She didn't know what that last part meant, but it didn't matter when his firm massage felt so divine. His hands preceded his lips now, easing her legs apart as he ascended. Feather light caresses and hot little nips, soon had her tingling and restless.

Arching her back, she bent her knees, making more room for her unseen lover. His warm breath wafted across her feminine curls, then his tongue traced her crease. Tension spiraled deep into her body, making her pussy ache. Oh, that felt wonderful. She murmured her appreciation and he licked her again, pressing deeper between her folds.

His deep voice hummed, vibrated her clit with a familiar, undulating rhythm. She knew that sound, yet she couldn't quite identify the similarity. Unconsciously her hands reached down to draw him closer and his silky hair sifted through her fingers. So soft, like...

He lifted one of her legs to his shoulder and her thoughts scattered. His tongue pushed into her throbbing core, while his lips moved against her sensitive clit.

Come for me, Lauren. Let me taste your cream.

Her inner muscles pulsed, bathing his tongue in liquid release. She trembled and moaned, savoring each firm ripple.

He stroked her breasts and belly as he feasted on her pussy. She'd never had a lover who took such obvious pleasure in her... cream. The sensations receded and she opened her eyes, unwilling to let the fantasy dissipate without a glimpse of her mystery lover.

Sleek black hair framed a face both masculine and graceful. He licked his lips and rubbed his cheek against her thigh. Recognition slammed into Lauren. Her gaze shot to his glowing amber eyes and his image began to waver.

"Azriel?" The fantasy faded and reality returned. She was on the sofa, alone in her living room.

With an annoyed meow, Azriel reminded her she wasn't entirely alone. She stared into his unblinking eyes and swore he looked amused. Glad no one had been there to witness her insanity she lowered the cat to the carpet and sat up.

Did you enjoy that, Lauren? Azriel jumped back into her lap and rubbed the underside of her breast with his head. What shall we do next?

She had either lost her mind or there was something mighty unusual about this cat. Hardly believing she was giving in to a delusion, she leaned in close and whispered, "What the hell are you?"

To be continued...

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