

A Meal and More

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“Damn, I’m hungry.” Mumbling to myself was definitely not cool but with the noise coming from the traffic and crowds on this strip of Las Olas Boulevard I figured no one would hear me anyway. It had been awhile since my last meal so I decided to cruise around to see what kind of tender tidbits this part of town had to offer. Lots of restaurants and stores attracted lots of people which meant lots of opportunities and it wasn’t long before I found the perfect one.

“You bastard!”

Attracted by that forceful yet quietly voiced curse, I altered my course to steer in its direction. What I found in a relatively quiet alleyway was a tableau fraught with tension. Three young men, one a slim and rather pale androgynous beauty with silky dark hair and sad eyes, and one tanned and muscled surfer type blond with an arrogant expression and a smile twisted by cruelty who had his arm around the waist of a chestnut-haired twink.

“You said you loved me,” the dark-haired lovely said.

“Guys say whatever’s necessary to get a piece of ass. Even a little wuss like you should know that.”

“But... but we... made love.”

“Made love? Babe, we fucked, and you should appreciate all the effort I went to, to loosen up your tight little virgin ass.”

To the sound of his companion’s derisive laughter, Blondie reached out and gripped the smaller man’s chin. “I’d be willing to give you another go, but you are way too needy. I’m not looking for a wife. Now why don’t you run home to mama.”

With tears welling in his eyes, the distressed beauty fled. As he passed by me, I caught his scent. Sweet and yummy with hints of vanilla, cream, and cassis, like fine French pastry. Impulsively I reached out and gently gripped his arm. Startled by my touch, those wide dark eyes turned in my direction and my breath caught. He was truly lovely, so much so that even my dusty and derelict heart skipped a beat.

“Don’t cry,” I murmured, my gaze trapping his as I closed the space between us until his chest brushed mine. Despite being low on fuel, the contact caused my cock to thicken. “A man like that is beneath your concern.”

With a finger beneath his chin, I tilted his head up, gently brushing my thumb over the red mark left by his erstwhile lover. Leaning down, I brushed his lips with mine. His were delicate, warm and soft. Timidly they parted for me, allowing our breaths to mingle. I was totally enchanted and nearly dazed by the unexpected treasure I’d discovered. “What’s your name, sweet?”

“Kyle.”

“Charming. It suits you.” Putting one of my special skills to use, I ensured that my newly discovered mate would not disappear on me. “Kyle, tomorrow at this same time, I’d like you to meet me right here. You’ll do that won’t you? I promise you won’t regret it.”

Frowning slightly as though unsure why he would even consider such a request, Kyle finally replied. “Yes.”

Relief filled me. Soon my powers would have no influence over him whatsoever, as in the fashion of true mates. Tomorrow would be my one chance to bind him to me, not with the deceptions practiced by those of my kind but with kindness, love, desire. Anticipation, the like of which I’d not felt for centuries filled me.

"I look forward to it." To my delight, he smiled. "On your way then -- and Kyle?"

"Yes?"

"No sad thoughts tonight, only sweet dreams."

"Thank you," he replied, again gifting me with his shy smile. Turning away, he was soon swallowed by the crowd.

"Well that about made me want to puke, but that's quite a technique you've got there, man. It took me weeks to get into that little prude's pants. Looks like you'll be nailing him tomorrow thanks to me breaking him in for you."

Despite the disgust, loathing and utter hostility I felt welling inside me towards the blond cretin who now approached, I kept myself under strict control. I could see the pulse at his throat and hear the blood, copper-rich and warm, rushing through his veins. My hunger returned with a vengeance and I was looking forward to slaking it.

"Tell me," I said addressing him, "are you the pitcher or the catcher?"

He snorted. "You gotta be shittin me. Do I look like the kind of guy who takes it up the ass?"

Capturing his gaze with mine, I took the reins of his will, holding him in thrall with just enough control to keep him controlled, but still aware. "Your companion wishes to top you." Turning my attention to his friend, I exerted my influence over him as well. "Don't you?"

Mesmerized, he gazed back at me. "I'd definitely fuck him, but no way he's gonna let me."

Indulgently, I grinned, baring my fangs to them. Two sets of frightened eyes stared in appalled fascination. "Oh, he'll definitely let you. I'll even hold him for you." Chuckling in appreciation, I led them to a place where we'd have complete privacy...

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