

Single Shots



Lost and Found
by Kay Derwydd

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Chapter One

"Don't go." The plea was followed by an arm, the slender but muscular limb curling around Nikky's middle, tugging him closer to the warm, nuzzling body beside him.

"I have to."

Rolling over, golden eyes met red, his own hunger mirrored back to him. At this rate, he'd never get out of bed. He needed a job, he told himself, even as Danny rocked against him, cock hard and ruby eyes pleading. Nikky slipped an arm around the lean body rubbing against his and pulled Danny close, breaths catching, disappearing as they came together, mouths hot and hungry, bodies rocking. Danny shuddered as Nikky gripped his ass, pulling Danny's right leg over his hip, finger probing the quivering bit of puckered flesh, easing into the heat of Danny's body.

"Nikky," Danny breathed into his mouth, Nikky's name mingling with soft gasps and moans. "Please, baby. Need you. Hungry."

Nikky rolled them both until he was on top, sprawled between Danny's legs, kisses growing hungrier and harder. With a shift of his hips, the head of his cock brushed his wrist as he fucked Danny with his fingers, curling them forward to stroke once over his lover's gland. Danny arched into him, cry swallowed by their kiss, body shaking until Nikky was sure he would see tears.

"Shh," Nikky purred, mouth drifting over Danny's face, tongue rasping, licking away the pale red, salty tears. "I've got you." Then he pulled his fingers out and pushed in, his

lover's body swallowing his cock, squeezing it in tight velvet. Head falling to Danny's shoulder, Nikky shuddered. It always felt like the first time. Always.

Danny clung, fingers digging into Nikky's shoulders as he took Nikky in deep. "Oh, Nikky..."

A soft kiss followed, then another. Nikky lifted his head and met Danny's lips, their tongues toying, twisting, moans pushing into their mouths, their breaths one. When he started moving, Danny was right there with him, fingers sliding through his hair, holding it away from their faces as they made love.

"My Nikky," Danny whispered on his lips. "My precious kitten."

Nikky moaned and one hand dropped to Danny's hip, gripping the slender body as they moved together. He could get lost in this, had been lost for so long that it seemed like lifetimes. Danny was always ready, always wanting him, no matter how many years it had been.

"Don't stop, Nikky." Danny's mouth moved over his lips, his nose, brushed his cheek. "Don't ever stop."

"Never." Nikky shook his head and took another kiss, hips increasing their rhythm. Danny's gasp went straight to his soul, slipping through him as he coaxed Danny toward the edge. "Come for me..."

"Oh!" Danny cried out, body shuddering on cue as he came, red sweetness spreading between them.

Nikky came crashing down, tongue probing Danny's mouth deep, moans turning feral as he neared release. When he

came, the sound that escaped was half-cry, half-purr, echoing in their kiss as he filled Danny's body with his seed.

Movements slowing, their kiss eased into something light and drifting, more lips than tongue. Nikky finally pulled out and rolled off, collapsing onto his back and panting. Danny curled around him, their bodies molding perfectly to each other. Maybe another hour wouldn't hurt. Nikky reached over and set the clock with only a cursory glance. Then he pulled the blankets back over them, tucked them around Danny, and drifted back off to sleep.

When the alarm went off, he was already up, half dressed when Danny's hand came down on the clock, smashing the snooze button. Nikky chuckled and leaned over, kissing his lover's head. From under a mass of unruly red curls, Danny pouted.

"It's too fucking early."

Nikky just shook his head. "Danny, it's always too early for you. We can't live in bed."

The predictable "why not" drifted up from the mountain of pillows, Danny's hips slowly humping the mattress.

"Because," Nikky whispered, lips brushing one shoulder as he teased Danny's spine with his fingertips, "I have to work. Pay bills, have money, that sort of thing." Danny gasped and his hips rose, legs spreading as Nikky pressed a finger to his hole. "Be good, love." He gave Danny a swat on the ass and left, laughing as frustrated groans followed him down the hall and out the front door.

Ten in the morning. Nikky had seriously hoped to get out and about earlier than this, but ... well ... his resistance when

it came to Danny was essentially nonexistent. He smiled as he took the elevator down to the ground floor of Harborside Apartments. Having an apartment on the eighth floor afforded them an extraordinary view of Baltimore's Inner Harbor and he had said to Danny, just last night as they were sitting on their balcony, that he wanted a job somewhere close by. He liked the idea of being able to look up and across the street to see Danny on the balcony.

As he stepped out onto the sidewalk, Nikky made a beeline for the mall along the harbor. It was a sprawling complex of shops, restaurants, and other such tourist traps, and he was certain he could find a job. It was autumn and a lot of the college students were back in school, leaving a healthy bit of job openings for the rest of the city. Besides, a new restaurant had opened two weeks ago; they would definitely need people. His mind made up, Nikky walked through the door of Harbor Eatery.

"Welcome to Harbor Eatery," a waitress near the door said. She picked up a wrapped set of silverware and a menu, then beamed a smile at Nikky. "This way, please." She led him to one of the tables looking out over the harbor and set the menu and silverware down in front of him. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Actually, I'd like a job application," Nikky said. "But a Coke is good, too."

She gave him another bright smile and Nikky caught her name just before she walked away. Serina. Different, but pretty. And her smile! Lord, the woman's smile could light up the entire city in the event of a blackout. When she returned

a few minutes later, Coke in one hand and a folded application in the other, Nikky met her gaze for a brief moment. For those few seconds, time seemed to stand still. There was a sort of familiarity in her golden eyes, in the way her breath caught the slightest bit. Then the moment was over and it was just the two of them, in a restaurant along Baltimore's Inner Harbor.

"Thanks," Nikky said quietly.

The waitress nodded and started back toward the kitchen, throwing another glance over shoulder at Nikky. With considerable effort, he turned his attention to the paper in front of him.

Full Name: Nikolis Michael Faulkner

Birthdate: June 8, 1976

Marital status? Now how the Hell was he supposed to answer that one? They certainly weren't married, at least not by the government. Nikky stared out at the water in the harbor, wondering what exactly to call Danny. Six years. Six years had passed and they had never said anything about love. It was almost as if they didn't have to. Yet something inside him stirred at the thought of hearing three little words from Danny, three little words that he knew would mirror Danny's actions. Shaking his head, Nikky returned to the task of filling out the application.

"Is there someone I can speak to now?" he asked Serina when she came back. He handed the application to her, watching her face closely when she glanced over it quickly. A single twitch of her mouth, but nothing more.

"The hiring manager won't be in until tomorrow," she said, looking up at him. "I'll make sure he gets this, even if I have to hand to him myself."

Nikky blinked. "Um, thanks!" When he handed her ten dollars, she started to walk for his change. "Don't worry about the change," he said. Her smile was more than enough for him.

As he headed for home, Nikky knew, just *knew*, he had the job. Something in his gut told him. He was practically on cloud nine when he stepped into the apartment, and the sight that greeted him sent him soaring even higher.

Danny was bent over the bar, reaching for something in the kitchen sink. His faded blue jeans hugged his body, snug around muscular thighs, shaped calves, and the sweetest ass in the world. The added advantage of him cleaning? He did it shirtless.

Muscles slid under smooth, pale skin. Every one outlined perfectly, hard from working out on the bench. Hair the color of rich flames fell halfway down his back, loose and silky to the touch.

Nikky reached out and wrapped a hand in the red silk, tugging Danny's head back. An arm came up to circle his neck, holding him close as Nikky nipped at his lover's neck. On the way home, sex had been the furthest from his mind, but pressed tight up against Danny's tight, denim-covered ass? He was hard as a rock. The fact that Danny was grinding back against him and making needy little noises wasn't helping.

"Wow. Guess the job hunt went well?" Danny asked him, gasping as Nikky slipped a hand around to grip his cock through his jeans.

"I think so." He turned Danny's head just enough to lick at those lips. "I have a good feeling."

"So do I," Danny whispered, "but it has absolutely nothing to do with job hunting." He pushed back against Nikky, emphasizing his point. "Where?"

"Right here."

Nikky covered Danny's mouth with his, tongue probing the cinnamon-tinted heat. The man lived off of cinnamon candies and Nikky wasn't about to complain. Danny's kisses were sweet and moist, purely mouth-watering. Moving his hand slightly, he had Danny's jeans open and down within seconds. He then made quick work of his own, pushing them down just enough to free his cock.

"Don't move," he whispered into Danny's mouth.

Dropping to his knees, Nikky kneaded the fleshy globes before him, spreading them slowly, catching glimpses of pink puckered skin. He gripped Danny's hips and pulled him back just enough, then spread Danny wide open. His cock jumped with the first taste.

Musky, sweet, all Danny.

Nikky moaned as he rimmed Danny's ass, tongue pushing deep. Danny gasped and groaned, hips rocking, fucking his tongue slowly. Nikky felt the muscular thighs quiver beneath his hands, Danny's breathing turning quick and labored. He gave the puckered hole a sucking kiss, then stood.

"Please," Danny pleaded breathlessly. "Fuck me, Nikky."

Nikky rubbed the head of his cock over his lover's hole, bit his lip, and pushed. Tight heat drew him in, pulling him deep inside Danny's body until his hips were flush with the sweet ass. He held Danny still, not daring to move a single muscle as he fought to steady himself. Being inside this man was the most incredible, most intense feeling in the world. Only thing better was tasting his seed.

"God, you're so fucking tight," he groaned, resting his head against Danny's shoulder blade. "Every time. Doesn't matter how long it's been."

"Less talk," Danny panted. "More fucking."

Nikky chuckled and kissed Danny's back, then straightened himself back up. Holding Danny's hips tight, he began fucking, long, deep strokes, both of them gasping with every slide in. Nikky reached around and fisted his lover's cock, matching his strokes. A few seconds later, one hand joined his, their fingers locking together, stroking and sliding.

"Oh, shit..." Danny's strokes sped up on his cock and he started meeting Nikky's thrusts, hips coming back with every push in. "Nikky!"

"Shit!" Nikky jerked hard and buried his cock deep, groaning as he came. Danny's body milked every last drop out of him as the cock in their hands throbbed, coating their fists.

Collapsing, Nikky brushed his lips over the sweat-slick skin, licking and moaning softly. Even Danny's sweat tasted like cinnamon. He eased out and turned him around, meeting Danny in a kiss before dropping to his knees once more.

Danny's fingers slid through his hair, holding it back as Nikky licked him clean.

Danny's semen was unusual, but then, so was Danny. It was sticky and sweet, pearlescent red in color, and utterly addictive. It was like a drug, one that Nikky was certifiably hooked on. As he cleaned Danny's cock and both of their hands, he shivered at the sweet taste sliding down his throat—hot cinnamon.

"You look really good down there," Danny teased.

"Hungry." Nikky stood and gave Danny another kiss, sharing the lingering come on his tongue with his lover.

"Mm," Danny murmured. "Yummy."

Nikky chuckled and slapped Danny on the ass. "Get dressed. Need food and I have got to tell you about the waitress at Harbor Eatery. Was really fucking weird."

As Danny dressed, Nikky made his way to the kitchen. "You hungry for food?" he asked. He opened the refrigerator and stared at the contents. An arm snaked around his waist and Danny leaned past him, plucking a red grape from the bunch sitting in a bowl on the first shelf.

"A little," Danny said. He released Nikky and put his back to the counter, then jumped up to sit on it. "Now what's this about a waitress?"

Nikky took out a plate of leftover hamburgers and the bottle of ketchup. He unwrapped the plate and put it in the microwave. "I swear she looked familiar." As the hamburgers warmed, he turned around. "I don't know why. Something in her eyes."

Danny lifted a copper eyebrow. "Familiar how?"

Nikky stared at him in silence for a moment, then said, "Familiar. Like family."

"You think it's possible that you two might be related?"

The microwave dinged and Nikky took the plate out. He took out two plates and two forks, not quite ignoring Danny's question, but not quite sure how to answer. When his hair was brushed from his neck, he sighed as Danny kissed his neck softly.

"I don't know," Nikky said quietly. "But..."

"But?" Danny turned him around slowly, a calm, easy smile on his lips. "What?"

"You'd think I was nuts," Nikky laughed.

Danny grinned. "I already do, but that's beside the point."

"I'm not so sure my parents were my birth parents," Nikky sighed. "How else could I have been born with the ability to change into a cat at will? How likely is it really to find someone else like myself; whose eyes make me feel like I'm staring into a mirror?"

"A twin?"

Danny gave him a quick kiss and took the plates and forks, and walked over to the dining room table. As he set the table, Nikky filled two glasses with water. Danny came back for the glasses and stopped, holding Nikky's gaze.

"You didn't answer me, Nikky."

Nikky shook his head. "It's because a part of me is afraid you might be right."

Setting the glasses on the counter, Danny slid his fingers through Nikky's hair, pulling him close for a kiss. Nikky practically melted into his arms, letting the magic and energy

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seep into him, giving him a bit of peace from the thoughts racing through his mind.

A twin? Could it be possible?

Chapter Two

"Too early," Danny grumbled, even as he answered the phone that rang shrilly by his head. "Hello?"

"Nikolis Faulkner?"

Danny blinked, more awake now. "Yeah. Just a minute." He covered the mouthpiece and nudged Nikky with his elbow.

"What?" Nikky mumbled, head buried in the pillow.

Danny thrust the phone at him, purposely ignoring a spike of hunger as Nikky rolled over, the sheet slipping just enough ... Yeah, right the fuck there.

"Guy asking for Nikolis," Danny said, arching an eyebrow. That seemed to wake Nikky up a bit and he grabbed the phone.

"This is Nikolis."

Danny barely heard anything else. His attention was on a flat stomach, long legs, and a thick, half-hard cock just begging to be swallowed right down. Oh, yeah.

Slinking down Nikky's body, Danny had to give the man credit. Even as long fingers caught in his hair and those muscular thighs spread wide open, Nikky never lost a beat in the conversation on the phone, although some of responses degenerated to half-groaned "yes's" as Danny stroked the hard length of Nikky's shaft with his fingers.

Oh. This had potential.

Danny lowered his head and drew his tongue up the length of Nikky's cock, drinking in the almost inaudible gasp, loving the way Nikky's prick jumped against his lips. The sweet drops at the tip were a nectar to be savored—his lifeblood—

and Danny lapped them up, shivering through sweet and salt and Nikky. Fuck, he was hungry. He hadn't even realized the conversation had ended until he felt hands slide over his head and through his hair.

"Hungry, love?"

Hungry? Nikky really *had* to ask?

"Fuck, yes," Danny growled around the prick in his mouth, lips sliding down the shaft as Nikky thrust up. A hand on either hip, Danny held him down, determined to milk every fucking sweet drop out of Nikky that he could.

"Shit. Danny, don't fucking tease me." Nikky tried fucking his mouth, fingers tighter in his hair.

Danny chuckled, then relaxed his throat, swallowing Nikky's cock to the root. Relinquishing the hold on the werecat's hips, he let Nikky fuck his mouth, hips snapping as Danny sucked him down. Something landed on the bed beside him and without skipping a beat, he reached over, fingers touching the bottle of lube. He managed to get some on two fingers, then stroked them over his lover's hole before pushing inside.

"Danny!" Nikky jerked, thrusting hard and deep into Danny's mouth as Danny brushed several quick strokes over the smooth gland inside him. "Oh, fuck!"

Danny moaned around the twitching cock in his mouth, drinking every last drop, feeling the rush hit him, wash through his body, his soul. Salty-sweet, thick, life-sustaining. Nikky was his—his life, his lover, his soul. Danny gasped and shuddered, wet heat spreading beneath him as he came

without a single touch. Just knowing Nikky was inside him, giving him life, was enough.

"Mm," Nikky purred, softly stroking Danny's hair.

"Morning, love."

It was the second time that word had been used. Danny looked up, wondering if a being like him was even worthy, or if the word had been nothing more than an endearment. He must've looked quite pensive because Nikky's brow creased. Slipping his hands under Danny's arms, Nikky pulled him up until he was hovering over a rather concerned-looking werecat.

"What's wrong?" Nikky asked him, tracing his jaw with a finger.

Danny bit at his lip for a moment, wondering how to even ask. "Do you?" he finally said.

"Do I...?"

Shit.

"Do you ... love me?" Danny asked tentatively.

Nikky's laughter caught him completely off-guard, but then, so did the breathless, soul-stealing kiss that followed. And somehow in all of that, Danny found himself pinned on the bed, Nikky straddling his hips.

"You really doubted that?" Nikky asked, not so much serious as amused.

Danny narrowed his eyes at him. "Well, hell, Nikky. It's never been mentioned." He shrugged, trying to appear casual when he was near bursting on the inside. Nikky *loved* him!

Nikky brushed a soft kiss to his lips, then whispered, "I love you, Danny. I always have."

Danny gasped and smiled against Nikky's mouth. "Love you, too, Nikky."

"Shower?"

"Shower."

Danny stole one more kiss and groaned when Nikky got up, leaving his lap lonely. When he heard the shower come on, though, the thought of Nikky's body—soapy, slick, and hard—had him out of bed within seconds. He stopped in the doorway of the bathroom and leaned against the frame, just drinking in the silhouette of Nikky's body through the transparent red curtain. Then Nikky turned just enough to flash him a wicked grin before turning around and planting his hands flat on the wall. It was all the invitation he needed.

As he stepped into the shower, Danny slid his hands over Nikky's shoulders, then slowly down his spine, loving the way the muscles moved under the smooth skin, reacting to his touch. Slipping his hands around a trim waist, Danny pulled him back, peppering his left shoulder with kisses, sucking the water from his skin. Nikky's head fell back against his shoulder, exposing a tantalizing expanse of sensitive skin. Danny knew it was one of his kitten's sweet spots; the nape of his neck had a direct line to his cock, Danny was sure.

Fastening his lips to a point just where Nikky's shoulder met his neck, Danny sucked, letting his teeth graze the skin, just enough to entice but not to break the skin. Whatever Fates had designed Danny, they had given him the addition of tiny but sharp canines. He'd always supposed there was a reason; now, he was simply too intrigued with the idea to stop. A soft gasp met his ears as he bit down, breaking the

surface of Nikky's skin just enough to lap at the tiny droplets of blood. A hand snaked through his hair, pressing him closer, encouraging.

"Danny." Nikky shuddered in his arms and Danny reached down with the hand that wasn't wrapped to the front of Nikky's neck. When his fingers found hardened flesh, he curled them around it, stroking Nikky's cock slowly from base to tip.

Taking the soft moans and the press of Nikky's hand to his head as further encouragement, Danny closed his eyes and sank his teeth in. Rich blood flowed into his mouth, slid over his tongue, and blazed its way down his throat.

Sweet and metallic. Danny could taste everything in it: what Nikky had for dinner, the last bit of beer he'd had before bed, the sweet tang of his arousal. Danny pulled away slowly, almost reluctantly. This ... could become an addiction.

Focusing his attention on something equally addictive, Danny slid down Nikky's body until he was on his knees, face level with his ass. Releasing Nikky's cock, he spread his kitten open, mouth suddenly watering at the sight of a puckered hole just screaming for attention. Not one to turn down such a tempting sight, Danny dove in, his tongue piercing his werecat's body.

"Oh, fuck," Nikky groaned.

Danny moaned his agreement, his mouth full of musk, lips and tongue working the tender opening until Nikky was shaking in his hands. He pulled away slowly and wet two fingers in his mouth. As he stood, he slid them in, nipping at one shoulder as his hand rested against Nikky's ass. A few

good strokes and Nikky was crying out, sobbing as Danny fucked him, stroking his fingertips over Nikky's prostate.

"Ready for me, Nikky baby?" Danny murmured, lips brushing Nikky's shoulder.

"Please!" One hand dropped and Danny chuckled as Nikky began stroking his own cock, pulling hard from base to tip.

Pulling his fingers out, Danny lined the head of his cock up with Nikky's hole and pushed. Searing heat squeezed around him, pulling him in like a velvet-lined glove. Hips flush with that ass, Danny rested his forehead against Nikky's back, already panting as he willed away the urge to come.

"Feel so good," Nikky purred. "Oh, Danny, you feel so good inside me."

"Yeah" was all Danny could manage. The tight heat of Nikky's ass was almost too much; always was. Every breath his lover took, Danny could feel, Nikky's body tightening around him, holding him.

"Fuck me, Danny. Make me scream." Nikky looked over his shoulder and Danny met his gaze, golden eyes pleading.

Straightening himself back up, Danny gripped Nikky's hips tightly and did just that.

He pulled out until only the head was left, then he thrust back inside, pulling a growl from deep within his chest. Nikky shuddered and gasped, hand resuming its strokes, arm working furiously. Danny grit his teeth and slammed inside him again, and this time, Nikky did scream, Danny's name ringing out in the large bathroom. Bracing his feet firmly on the shower floor, Danny put aside the gentleness in favor of hearing that sound again.

With every hard driving thrust inside Nikky, Danny let out a growl that vibrated them both. His fingers dug into Nikky's hips and when his kitten began to shift, Danny drove into him that much harder. The cries turned to desperate purrs as his lover's head tipped back, hair falling over pointed ears. Claws grated over the tiles where Nikky's hand held him up. Danny leaned forward and sank his teeth deep into one shoulder, piercing through flesh and the light dusting of black fur to get to the rich elixir beneath.

"Danny!"

Nikky screamed again and jerked hard as he came. Danny felt it down to the soles of his feet, Nikky's body tightening around him like a vice. Then he was spiraling over the edge, white-hot light flashing behind his eyelids as he slammed inside Nikky and came with a growl.

When the world returned to normal, Danny had already slipped out and was leaning against Nikky's chest. He didn't even remember Nikky moving and he looked up, blinking through the water raining down on them to see Nikky's head tilted back, eyes closed and a soft, sated smile on his face.

"Hey."

Nikky's eyes opened and the smile widened. "Hi."

"I didn't..." Danny bit his lip. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Nikky's laughter was warm, unlike the water. "Not in the least," Nikky whispered. He tilted his head down and Danny sighed into his mouth, the kiss slow and easy. "Water's getting cold."

Danny nodded. "Yeah. Hungry?"

"Mm..." Nikky hummed softly, eyes still closed, nose rubbing alongside Danny's. "A little."

Danny kissed him on the nose, then leaned over to turn off the water. "Come on, baby." He stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel, wrapping it around his waist before wrapping another one around Nikky as he stepped out. They met in another kiss, tasting and exploring.

"Love you, Danny."

Danny smiled and kissed Nikky again. "Love you, too."

Following his lover down the hall, Danny took the time to admire the terrycloth-covered butt, the trim waist, the muscled back. There was a pale red mark on the left side of Nikky's neck, but it was already fading. Danny shivered and licked his lips, remembering the taste of Nikky's blood, the way Nikky trembled in his arms.

Fuck. He was hard. Again.

As he stretched out on his stomach on the sofa, he rested his chin on the arm to watch Nikky.

A few minutes later, two beer bottles in his hand, Nikky grabbed one of the dining room chairs and pulled it over to the end of the couch. He handed Danny one of the bottles and twisted the chair around, straddling it just as easy as he pleased. Danny's throat went dry.

"See? Now this is why *I'm* the one working," Nikky chuckled. "You can't keep your eyes off of a man's crotch."

Danny's gaze shifted immediately from the patch of darkness between Nikky's legs, up to his face. "Can, too." He bit the corner of his lip, eyes lowering once more. "Just hard to when you're eye-level with a man's cock."

A low laugh sounded and those thighs spread, the towel riding up just enough for Danny to catch a glimpse of silky flesh.

"What's the matter, Danny boy?" Nikky teased. "Cat got your tongue?"

Danny growled, eyes never leaving their target, hips slowly beginning to rock into the sofa cushions. "Shut up."

Leaning back in the chair, Nikky put a foot up on the couch on either side of Danny's head. Thighs parted, shoulders against the bar, one tug on the towel revealed Nikky's cock, hard and painting clear, slick lines over his rippled stomach. Danny's breath caught as one of Nikky's hands slid over hardened flesh, fingers wrapping around as his kitten began to stroke.

"Danny."

Danny shivered, the whisper of his name loud as an explosion in his brain, short-circuiting everything but the need to watch, to feel. He gasped as he rocked against the couch, cock digging into the cushion, balls drawing tight to his body. Nikky's head fell back with a soft moan, strokes growing in speed, thumb rolling over the slit. Nikky's thigh jerked and with a gasp, he came, stomach muscles rippling as they were covered in white.

"Oh, fuck. Nikky!" Danny bit the arm of the couch, growling around the material as he humped the cushion, heat spreading beneath him. "Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck," he panted.

Nikky chuckled. "Feel better, baby?"

A groan was all Danny could manage. A soft kiss touched his head, Nikky's laugh soft and teasing.

"Beer's getting warm."

"And I'm in the wet spot." Danny rolled off of the sofa, grimacing at the mess. Nikky left and returned a minute later, handing him a towel. "Thanks."

"Got an interview," Nikky said, wiping his stomach with a washcloth.

Danny looked up, grinning widely. "When?"

"Three." Nikky tossed the towel and rag down the hall. They missed the open door of the laundry area entirely, dropping to the floor outside the bedroom. "Wanna go there for lunch?"

"Lunch?" Danny laughed. "Or to see this waitress and tell you that you're not losing your mind?"

Nikky chewed on his thumb and nodded, golden eyes reflecting the easy smile. Danny stood and reached out, tugging Nikky close, hands on Nikky's hips.

"Yeah. We can do that," he whispered across those sweet lips. Nikky purred softly.

Chapter Three

As a young woman led them to a table, Danny noticed Nikky looking around, searching for this 'familiar' waitress most likely. They sat down at a table with a great view of the Baltimore Aquarium and the waitress placed menus and silverware rolled in white napkins in front of them.

"Serina will be your server and she'll be with you shortly," the woman said with a bright smile.

"Thank you," Nikky said, looking to Danny. "Well? What do you think? Nice, huh?"

Danny nodded. "Oh, yeah. Definitely nice." He opened the menu, getting an idea of the price range. "Not bad prices either."

"Hello, I'm Serina and I'll be your server this afternoon."

Looking up at the woman by their table, Danny suddenly found himself staring into familiar golden eyes. He blinked and jumped when Nikky's foot connected with his shin under the table.

"Um, hi there." Oh, yeah. Real smooth, Danny boy. Nikky chuckled.

"Hi, Serina," Nikky said, smiling up at her. "Beer?" He looked to Danny and Danny nodded slowly.

"Killian's?" Danny asked, looking back up into those eyes. Lord. She looked just fucking like Nikky. So much so that Danny was dumb-struck again.

"Sure!" She gave him a brilliant smile, those eyes sparkling. Just like Nikky's did. "And for you?" She looked to

Nikky, smile just as bright and easy, but a bit softer, like family.

"Same."

After she walked away, Danny looked to Nikky, jaw dropping to the table. Nikky sat back and laughed.

"I told you," Nikky said, finally getting himself under control.

"No shit." Danny leaned over the table, lowering his voice to a whisper. "You really could be twins, Nikky."

A serious calm settled over Nikky's face and he nodded.

Serina returned a few minutes later and set two ice-cold bottles in front of them. "You guys know what you want?"

Danny felt himself smile, could see the flicker of happiness in Nikky's eyes. The casual exchange of what was good on the menu dulled into the background as Danny studied them both, looking from Nikky to Serina, and back to Nikky. Uncanny. Fucking uncanny how many subtle similarities there were between them.

The slight crinkle at the edges of their eyes when they laughed; the way they both chewed their right thumb while thinking; the way their eyes sparkled, as if each iris had been sprinkled with gold dust. Little things like that. Little details that Danny knew like the back of his hand, like he knew every fucking inch of Nikky's body. He was looking at twins; separated at some point early on, but definitely twins.

"Danny?"

Nikky's voice pulled him out of his thoughts and Danny shook the fog from his brain. "Uh, yeah. Sorry. Zoned out for a bit."

Nikky lifted an eyebrow, a smile teased Danny from those lips. Danny was suddenly thinking of other things concerning those lips, things that didn't include anything fried, broiled, or baked. However, they were here so they might as well eat. Besides, it would give them a chance to tip Serina.

"What do you want to eat?" Nikky asked him, a foot sliding up Danny's shin, inching toward his thigh. Danny swallowed hard. 'Besides me' was the look in Nikky's eyes. "Appetizer?"

Danny bit back a groan as Nikky's boot pressed hard against his crotch. Clearing his throat, he finally managed to get something coherent out that didn't sound like 'fuck me' or 'suck my cock.' "Shrimp cocktail sounds good."

Nikky's eyes lit up, sparkled that much more. Danny smiled. Just like his kitten: all about the seafood.

"Two shrimp cocktails to start," Nikky said. "And then for lunch, I'll have the Maryland Crab Cakes. Danny?"

"Same," Danny said, never taking his eyes off of Nikky, hand dropping beneath the table to slide over Nikky's leg.

"I'll have the shrimp out to you in a few minutes," Serina said.

Danny nodded, all else forgotten but the soft rumbling purr coming from across the table as he leaned forward, hand inching up Nikky's thigh.

"Know what tomorrow is?" Nikky asked him, body shifting, sliding just a bit lower in his chair. Thank whatever geniuses had designed this place that long tablecloths were seen as fashionable.

"I do." Danny took advantage of the situation, took a quick glance around, then leaned forward just a bit more to knead

his palm into the hard bulge in Nikky's jeans. Nikky purred softly, eyes fluttering for a moment.

No sooner had Danny sat back up than Serina returned with two shrimp cocktails, the cold, clammy sea creatures ringing large cocktail glasses filled with sauce. Serina set some extra napkins on the table, flashed them both a smile, and hurried off to another newly-seated table of guests.

"Oh, yes."

Nikky's purr was something tangible, sliding straight down Danny's spine, from his ears to his cock. Golden eyes held him captive as Nikky proceeded to suck some of the red cocktail sauce off of a shrimp like he was sucking come off of a cock. Oh, dear God.

* * * *

The front door barely had time to close before Danny slammed Nikky against it, crushing their mouths together, his fingers gripping Nikky's shoulders tightly, Nikky's hands fisted in his hair so hard it hurt. One leg curled around Danny's hip, that long, muscular body rocking and grinding, rumbling purrs sliding into his mouth. He could feel Nikky's heart beating frantically against his chest, the rhythm matching the thrusts he was making, half-convincing himself that he would fuck his lover through the door if they didn't move.

Nikky's head fell back and Danny growled as a long, smooth expanse of flesh was presented to him. Looking up, he saw his world, his soul, reflected with those golden eyes. He struck then, Nikky crying out as Danny sank his teeth into the soft flesh, body desperate for skin, heat, everything Nikky

would give him. He growled as claws tore through the back of his shirt, scratching down his back and leaving burning trails in their wake.

Closing his lips around the wounds he'd made, Danny sucked hard, shuddering and growling as blood flowed over his tongue, setting his throat on fire. Nikky screamed and bucked, body shaking as heat spread between them, soaking their jeans.

As he licked the bite marks, the hands eased in his hair, petting and stroking. Danny nuzzled a warm neck, kissed his way over Nikky's jaw, finding those sweet lips parted for him. Nikky sucked on his tongue, pulling strong and steady, his kitten's hips beginning to rock again, nearly driving Danny out of his fucking mind.

"Want to suck you," Nikky whispered, lips wrapping around Danny's tongue again, pulling and sucking. "Want to swallow your cock, Danny."

Danny made a sound somewhere between a groan and a whimper, hands pushing Nikky to his knees. Nikky worked his jeans open, then those long fingers pushed inside, tugging Danny's cock out. Golden eyes rolled up to stare at him, watched him as Nikky's lips parted, tongue slipping out to taste the clear drops on the tip. Danny braced himself, palms flat on the door as he leaned slightly over Nikky, looking down.

"Tastes good," Nikky purred, nibbling down one side of Danny's cock, then back up the other side, lips working over his heated skin.

"More." Danny dropped a hand to Nikky's head and Nikky opened for him, throat, lips, and tongue working as he was swallowed right down to the fucking root. "Oh, fuck."

Nikky nodded and hummed and whimpered, each sound and movement vibrating Danny's cock in that sweet mouth. The flat of a rough tongue stroked along his shaft, Nikky pulling back just enough to tongue the slit before swallowing him down again. Danny's forehead hit the door, thighs trembling as his kitten worked him over good, pulling him close to the edge and then letting him back again.

Nikky's fingers stroked his balls and Danny's eyes rolled back into his skull, every tug felt from the soles of his feet to the ends of his hair. Nikky hummed and bobbed, tongue rolling and lips sucking, cheeks hollowed as Danny looked down to see his eyes.

So fucking pretty.

"Kitten." Danny stroked Nikky's hair softly, gasping as his slit was tongued again, nipping at the tip, lips working the foreskin until Danny was nearly on his goddamned knees. "Nikky," he warned, growl starting low in his belly.

A wicked grin flashed around his cock and then he was balls-deep, Nikky's throat contracting around his cock. Danny's fingers tightened in Nikky's hair and he started fucking that hot mouth, body shaking as he got closer. Two fingers slid in alongside his cock, then disappeared, both pushing into his ass. Nikky pushed them deep and curled them. One good stroke on his gland and Danny shouted, cock jumping and shooting a load down Nikky's throat.

Nikky swallowed and cleaned him, tongue stroking, never letting him go completely soft. Soft purrs slid around his sensitive flesh and Danny shuddered.

"Fuck me?" Nikky looked up, eyes wide and hungry, pink tongue sliding across swollen lips.

Like he really had to be asked.

Danny tugged Nikky to his feet and his arms were suddenly full of hot, horny male, or maybe kitten, if the hungry purrs along his throat were anything to go by. Hands under Nikky's ass, Danny lifted him. Legs curled around his waist and their mouths met in another heart-stopping kiss. He stepped carefully out of his jeans and walked them to the bedroom, Nikky never stopping those kisses over his jaw and neck.

When they reached the bed, Danny turned and fell, Nikky still quite attached as they met in another kiss. As he worked Nikky's jeans open, his lover's tongue fucked his mouth, teasing and stroking, plunging deep as Nikky rubbed against him.

"Get naked and you can ride me." Nikky was off of him in a flash, stripping faster than Danny had seen him do in a while.

Nikky reached over to grab the lube and squirted some on two fingers. Then he crawled on top of Danny, grin wide and wicked.

"Get yourself ready for me, Kitten." Danny slid his hands up Nikky's chest, tweaking his nipples sharply.

"Fuck!" Nikky arched, pushing toward Danny's hands as he pushed his fingers deep inside himself.

"That's the idea," Danny groaned, cock hard and leaking and rubbing along the crack of Nikky's ass. "Enough."

Danny pulled the hand away and as Nikky fell forward, Danny spread him open and pushed inside. His lover's head fell onto his shoulder, teeth biting as Danny pushed deep, lifting his hips as he pulled Nikky down.

"Danny. Oh, fuck..." Nikky worked back over to Danny's mouth, tongue forcing its way in. Danny growled and jerked, shoving his cock the rest of the way in.

Nikky's ass gripped his cock tight, slick heat working his shaft as he started making long, deep strokes. Nikky fucked his mouth, tongue toying with Danny's, exploring and tasting, purrs vibrating every inch of Danny's body.

"Don't stop, Danny," Nikky pleaded, stealing Danny's breath as he rode his cock, hips pushing and sliding.

"Never." Danny let go of one hip and grabbed the back of Nikky's head, pulling him down for another deep kiss as he rolled Nikky onto the mattress. Hooking Nikky's legs over his arms, he shifted and thrust in.

"Oh, fuck!" Nikky reached up and braced himself against the headboard. Danny grinned and dropped another kiss to those swollen lips, Nikky's gold eyes wide and pleading.

Another thrust and Nikky screamed again, hips lifting as his body curled around Danny. Danny pushed his tongue into Nikky's mouth, swallowing more screams as he pounded Nikky into the bed, cock hitting his lover's gland on every stroke.

"Close, Danny. So fucking close."

Danny pulled back to see his lover's face as he curled a fist around Nikky's cock. It only took two strokes and Nikky shuddered hard, heat splashing over Danny's fist. The look in his kitten's eyes and the way his body clamped down like a vice on Danny's cock sent Danny clear over the edge. He buried himself deep inside and shoved his tongue down Nikky's throat, growling as he came. Nikky clung tightly to him, arms coming down to wrap around his shoulders, legs locked behind Danny's thighs.

When he finally stopped shaking, Danny rolled them over onto their sides, slipping out of Nikky slowly and pulling him close. Nikky purred and rumbled, nuzzling Danny's side.

"Don't let me go to sleep, Danny. Interview at three."

Danny chuckled and kissed Nikky's head softly. "Won't. Just don't want to get up right now." Nikky nodded and snuggled closer. "Love you, Kitten."

"Love you."

Chapter Four

The interview was flawless. Nikky was grinning from ear to ear as he headed for home. He had the job and now, all he wanted to do was celebrate. Besides, tomorrow marked six years; six years since they'd met. It was one of those moments when a man felt like he was King of the World.

"Danny?" Nikky called as he closed the front door.

"In the bedroom," Danny called. A head of tousled red hair appeared around the edge of the doorway. "How'd it go?"

"I got it!"

Danny shot out of the bedroom, grabbing Nikky by the waist and tugging him close. "Congratulations, babe," he said. Then their lips met.

Nikky moaned softly and wrapped his arms around Danny's neck, tongue pushing deep into Danny's mouth. He purred as Danny moved over his neck; lips, tongue, and teeth teasing his throat. Danny pressed him against the wall, hips grinding as they rocked together. Nikky gasped and groaned, practically crawling up Danny's body as his legs locked around Danny's waist. Danny thrust up hard, growling against his neck.

"Danny. Please." Nikky's head fell back and Danny's fangs pierced his throat, every sharp pull sending another spark of fire down Nikky's spine. He could get used to this: Danny's new addiction.

"Off," Danny growled suddenly, tugging at the waistband of Nikky's jeans. He let Nikky down slowly and dropped his own pants, red gaze sharp as Nikky quickly undressed.

Then Nikky was caught again, Danny lifting him up as Nikky wrapped his legs back around Danny's waist. As Nikky sank down on Danny's cock, he met Danny in another kiss, breathless as Danny pinned him tightly against the wall, thrusting and rocking, cock pushing deeper.

"Danny." Nikky groaned, arms tightening around Danny's neck, breathing ragged and labored as Danny pounded him into the wall. "Don't stop. Oh, fuck..."

"Come for me," Danny whispered on his throat, nipping lightly at the soft skin just below Nikky's ear. Danny's fingers curled around that cock and Nikky cried out, body jerking as he fucked Danny's fist.

"Danny!" Nikky fisted his hands in Danny's hair and bucked against him, heat spilling over his fist. Danny groaned and brought his hand up, licking it clean. Nikky watched breathlessly as red eyes darkened and then he saw nothing but a flash as Danny roared, coming hard and fast inside him.

When Nikky opened his eyes, he was in bed. Danny was still beside him, arms wrapped tight, eyes closed. Nikky smiled and snuggled close, just relishing the warmth of Danny's body against his own.

* * * *

May 3rd. Six years ago they'd met. Six years ago, they were two very different ... people?

Danny laughed to himself as he put the finishing touches on the dinner he'd made. It was a shrimp and wild rice casserole Nikky had found online, and it had quickly become a

favorite. Danny set the candles out as he waited for Nikky to come home from his first day of orientation.

"Damn. Something smells awesome!"

The door closed and then two muscular arms slid around Danny's waist and a soft kiss was pressed to his left ear.

"Happy anniversary, love," Nikky whispered.

Danny smiled and turned, getting out a 'Happy Anniversary' seconds before Nikky's mouth covered his. He hummed softly, fingers sliding through Nikky's hair to tip his head at just the right angle. Nikky moaned and pressed closer, and Danny could feel him growing hard beneath the khaki pants. When Nikky pulled away, his golden eyes sparkled.

"Have a good day?"

Nikky nodded. "But I missed you. Not used to being gone like that."

"I know, love, but the savings only last so long." Danny smiled and took Nikky's hand. "Come on, let's have our celebratory dinner."

"And dessert?" Oh. Nikky's grin was positively wicked.

Danny winked. "Oh, I'm sure we could come up with something."

Dinner was quick and casual, Nikky talking about his first day at work and Danny listening patiently. When they both finished, Danny sat back in the chair, opening his arms as Nikky slid onto his lap, straddling his thighs. Nikky's lips drifted over his throat, purrs chasing the soft kisses. Danny groaned as Nikky zeroed in on the nape of his neck, sucking the skin, marking him. His hands rested at the small of

Nikky's back, petting and stroking, drawing out more of those sweet sounds, those hungry purrs made just for him.

"Everything I could ever want," he whispered against Nikky's hair. "Right in the palm of my hand."

Nikky went completely still then, mouth still plastered to Danny's neck. "Danny."

Danny leaned his head back enough to see Nikky's face, golden eyes sparkling with his kitten's arousal. Then it hit him: the implication of what he'd said. Without looking away, he slid his right hand lower, fingers teasing. He curled his fingers in, making a fist just under Nikky. Those eyes turned the color of molten gold.

"Danny..."

Danny cupped the back of Nikky's head, bringing him in for a kiss. Nikky moaned into his mouth, tongue pushing deep as his lover ground against his fist. Danny knew how to do it—he'd seen pictures and videos online—but they'd never discussed it. As the movements sped up, hips rocking and grinding, Danny dropped his other hand to Nikky's pants, popping them open.

"Take the edge off."

Nikky nodded frantically, mouth moving to Danny's ear. "Please, Danny." Nikky gasped as Danny circled the head of his cock with a fingertip. "Oh."

"Yes," Danny growled, rubbing his fist under Nikky's ass as he began stroking Nikky's cock, thumbing the slit on every upstroke.

"Oh. Danny ... Please!" Nikky shuddered in Danny's arms, ass moving, pressing down.

"Look at me, Nikky." When those eyes met his, Danny growled. "Now come for me." He pressed his thumb hard into the tip of Nikky's cock.

"Danny!" Nikky's eyes went wide, body jerking as he shot. Danny continued to stroke, drawing out every last shudder, every purring moan Nikky gave him. Collapsing against him finally, Nikky whimpered, body slowing but still rocking on Danny's fist.

"You want to get cleaned up first?" Danny asked, eyes closing as Nikky's hair caressed his cheek. He lifted his hand from Nikky's cock, a shudder sliding through him as the scent of need and male and Nikky slammed into him, making him ache. A low growl rumbled in his chest as he licked his hand clean, dulling the twist of hunger but sharpening the burning ache inside.

"Yeah." Nikky's purrs tickled Danny's throat, that sweet tongue stroking Danny's skin softly, just tasting and petting. "I think the hot water bottle has ... attachments."

Danny bit his lip, swallowing the chuckle that wanted out. His kitten was positively adorable when he blushed and Danny could feel the warmth spreading through Nikky. "Need help?"

Nikky nodded after a few minutes. "Would you? I mean ... I've never done that."

"You know I will, love." Danny let Nikky back down to sit on his thighs and slid his fingers through Nikky's hair, raising Nikky's head. "There isn't an inch of your body I don't know, Nikky. And soon? Soon, I'll know what it's like to hold you in the palm of my hand."

A gasp met his words, Nikky whimpering and shuddering in his arms. "Please." The word was whispered on Danny's lips and then Nikky's tongue was in his mouth, the kiss slow but deep, sultry. Purrs, rumbly and happy, filled Danny's mouth, Nikky's fingers sliding through his hair, tilting his head just enough to deepen the kiss. When they broke away, Nikky stroked his fingers down Danny's cheek, smiling.

"Ready?" Danny asked him. Nikky nodded slowly and slid off of his lap, bottom lip caught in his teeth. It was so cute. "Come on, Kitten. Let's go play." With a wink, Danny took Nikky's hand and led him into the bedroom. "Get undressed. I'll get things set up."

As Nikky started undressing, Danny went into the bathroom to get things ready. It took some digging in the top shelf of the linen closet, but he finally managed to find the box for the hot water bottle. Sure enough, there was a hose and two different nozzles included. He grinned as he pulled everything out. Another one of those moments when he was grateful for late night 'Net surfing because he couldn't sleep. It was amazing what could be found online.

He got the water running until it was just on the warm side of lukewarm, then he started filling the water bottle. Following the directions on the box, he attached everything—hose, nozzle, hanging clip—and hung the bag from a low towel bar on the wall near the toilet. Now all he needed was a little lube; the nervous kitten was already waiting in the doorway.

"You sure about this?" he asked Nikky, sliding his hands up and down Nikky's arms, wanting to get rid of that nervous look and replace it with something much better.

"Yeah." Nikky looked from the bag to Danny, then smiled. "Yeah. I'm ready." He handed Danny the small bottle of lube. "Thought you'd need this."

Danny took the bottle and dropped a soft but quick kiss to Nikky's lips. After spreading out a couple of towels on the cold tile floor, he stepped aside. "Hands and knees, rest your forehead on your arms. Gives gravity a chance to work its magic."

He could practically feel the nervous energy bouncing off of Nikky, but there was a strong touch of excitement there as well, of need and want and love ... and trust. Once Nikky was in position, Danny knelt behind him, stroking his hands over Nikky's back, sides, that beautiful round ass. Nikky purred softly, a sure sound that the excitement and pleasure were winning over the nervousness.

"You need to take the edge off again?" he asked softly, brushing a kiss to Nikky's left buttock.

"I'm okay for now. Just do it slow, yeah?"

"Always, love." Danny popped open the bottle and slicked up two fingers. No way in hell would he hurt his Kitten. "Just my fingers, babe," he whispered. He touched Nikky's hole, rubbing the outside slowly, adding a bit of pressure without penetration. No one ever said that he couldn't make the cleaning up a bit of fun, too. And if the whimpering purrs were any indication, Nikky agreed with that sentiment.

"More, Danny."

Danny eased both fingers in, unable to stifle the groan as he sank into tight heat. Nikky gasped, then backed up, driving Danny's fingers completely inside him. Good God. Nikky might not need to take the edge off, but as his cock practically throbbed in his jeans, Danny thought he might need to. He popped the button on his pants as he stroked his fingers in and out of Nikky, hissing as his other hand touched his heated flesh.

"Danny. Please." Nikky's thighs were shaking and he was rocking slightly, just enough to drive Danny mad if he wasn't careful.

Pulling his fingers out slowly, Danny released himself as well and picked up the nozzle. "This is just the nozzle." The tremors in Nikky's body picked up once more as Danny slid the nozzle inside him. The sight was more erotic than Danny had expected. As the nozzle was finally rested inside Nikky, Danny lost it, body shaking as he came without a single touch to his cock.

"Oh, fuck," Nikky groaned. "You came..."

After he managed to catch his breath, Danny chuckled. "Um. Yeah." He kept his left hand on the small of Nikky's back as he reached for the clamp on the hose. "Ready to start?"

Nikky blew out a slow breath. "Yeah."

Danny released the clamp just a bit, allowing a slow stream of water through. He kept his hand on Nikky's back, stroking and petting slowly. "Tell me when you can handle more." Nikky nodded and shifted slightly, settling his upper body lower to the floor.

"Okay. More."

Releasing the clamp, Danny slid his hand under Nikky, massaging his belly with light strokes. Nikky groaned, tiny tremors sliding through him as the water filled his body. When Nikky began to tense, Danny stopped the flow of water, never ceasing the movement of his hand on Nikky's stomach.

"I'll help you up, then start the shower." He slid the nozzle out slowly and helped Nikky up to the toilet.

A few minutes later, Nikky was practically curled against him, the warm spray of the shower soothing and easy. Danny slid his hands over slick, warm skin, soaping and petting and rinsing. Nikky's hands weren't still either, moving over Danny, slow and sure. When they were done, Danny got out and wrapped a towel around Nikky, walking him into the bedroom. He eased Nikky back onto the bed, stretching over him as they came together for a kiss, Nikky's purrs pouring into his mouth, setting Danny on fire from the inside out.

Danny pulled back slowly and stood, undressing as quickly as possible. He got the lube from the bathroom and crawled onto the bed, sliding up to steal another kiss. After getting his fingers slick, he slid down a bit, circling a nipple with his tongue as he rolled Nikky's balls in his palm. Nikky gasped and shifted his hips, right leg coming up to drape over Danny as his fingers tangled in Danny's hair.

"Danny. Oh, fuck, yes," Nikky purred, hips rocking as Danny kneaded his sac carefully, tugging and stroking the soft skin. "Need your touch. Need you inside me."

"Yes. God, yes."

Danny flicked his tongue across one tight nipple, teasing as Nikky groaned. He slid his hand further, behind Nikky's

balls to dip the tip of one finger in. Closing his mouth over Nikky's nipple, Danny slid his finger deeper inside. Then he pulled it out and pushed two in, moaning softly around the nipple in his mouth as Nikky's body closed tight around his fingers.

"Danny..." The sound was almost a whisper, floating down around Danny as sucked and nibbled, scissoring his fingers. Nikky's hips left the bed, the sweet purring whimpers like a caress all their own. "More, Danny. Please."

Never one to leave his kitten wanting, Danny added a third finger, stretching Nikky open as he fucked him slowly. Nikky's cry was sweet and wanton, his body bowing as his hips rocked, fucking himself on Danny's fingers. When Danny added a fourth, Nikky's body jerked, a desperate cry filling the bedroom.

"So good," Danny murmured on Nikky's skin. "So sweet. My sweet kitten."

"Please, Danny," Nikky begged, fingers tight in Danny's hair, tugging him back up for a deep, drugging kiss.

For a brief moment, Danny's movements stuttered, fingers stilling as Nikky sucked on his tongue, damn near making him come right then. With Nikky's attention focused on the kiss, Danny had only to tuck his thumb in and push. The hold Nikky had on his hair was painful, but all coherent thought fled from Danny's mind as Nikky's body sucked him right in, ring closing tight around his wrist. Nikky's eyes flew open and the world simply stopped.

Nikky opened his mouth, but nothing came out but a broken, desperate sound. Danny never took his eyes away

from Nikky's; he was too awestruck to do anything but *feel*. Nikky was hot and tight, searing silk enveloping Danny's hand. Blazing red locked onto molten gold, they simply stared at each other, breathing erratic, pulses racing. It only took a slight shift, a tiny experimental twist of Danny's hand, and Nikky's eyes turned feral.

"Kitten."

One word. One word and Nikky screamed, his entire body tightening around Danny's hand as he came, Danny's name melding into purrs. Danny was speechless, heart caught in his throat as Nikky rode his hand, bucking and grinding. When Nikky shot, Danny was right behind him, breath stopping altogether as he came all over Nikky's side.

Nikky slumped onto the bed, limp and trembling. Danny started kissing him softly, distracting him enough so he could ease his hand out. He tugged a towel close and wiped them both off, then pulled Nikky into arms, murmuring and kissing, letting his kitten come down slowly.

Chapter Five

"Nikky?"

Nikky tossed the towel on the metal table just inside the kitchen and followed Serina into the employees' break area. "Everything okay?"

"Can you and Danny come over this evening? There's something I want to show you."

"Sure. What time?"

Serina glanced over at the schedule and pursed her lips in thought. "You get off at five. How about five-thirty? That okay? Or too soon?"

Nikky shook his head. "Five-thirty is good. You sure everything's okay?"

Serina smiled and nodded. "Yeah, I think so." Then she surprised him with a kiss to his cheek. "I'll see you both then. I'm outta here."

"Later." Nikky watched her go, almost too stunned to move for a moment.

The rest of his shift flew by once the dinner crowd drifted in. By five, he was ready to get out. He clocked out and hurried home, mind racing with thoughts of what Serina had to show them. Danny met him at the front door.

"Serina called," Danny said as they started for the car. "She said she wanted us there at five-thirty, but thought I might like a heads-up. Any idea what this is about?"

"Not a damn clue." Nikky chuckled as he got in the car.

Twenty minutes of dodging Baltimore traffic and they finally made it to Serina's apartment. She waved from her

second-story balcony. Danny waved back and slid his other arm around Nikky's waist. Serina buzzed them in and met them at her front door.

"Thanks for coming, guys," she said as she stepped to the side. "Have a seat. You want something to drink?"

"Um, water?" Danny asked, glancing at Nikky. Nikky nodded. "Make that two."

"Sure thing." Serina went into the kitchen and continued talking. "I knew you looked familiar, Nikky, but I just couldn't figure out why." She came back in and handed them both a glass of ice-cold water. "Now I know."

"I don't understand," Nikky said quietly, taking the water.

"Open the photo album." Serina pointed to a spiral-bound album on the coffee table.

Nikky looked at it and wondered if he really dared. What would he find? Cautiously, he picked it up and took a deep breath before opening it.

"Oh, my God."

Danny's whisper reflected Nikky's thoughts perfectly.

Staring back at him was a pair of golden eyes he hadn't seen but in a mirror. He almost dropped the album, but Danny caught it—caught him, arm sliding around Nikky's shoulder.

"I..." Nikky shook his head and looked up at Serina. "I don't understand."

"We lost you after a winter storm," Serina said. A tear rolled down her cheek and she closed her eyes. "You were three. We thought you were dead, Nikky."

"But how...?"

"Apparently you were found and since there was no record of you anywhere, you were given a new identity," Serina explained. "Your birth name was Lorith."

Nikky stared down at the picture looking back up at him. With a shaking hand, he turned the page and saw, for the first time, his real parents. "They were like me..."

"Like us," Serina said.

Nikky looked up and watched, eyes widening, as the woman became a big, russet-colored cat. A moment later, the woman returned. "Oh, my God..."

Serina reached out and Nikky took her hand, pulling her into his arms. Danny's arms encircled them both.

"I've missed you so much," Serina whispered through her tears. "So much."

Nikky could only nod. He had a family ... a *family*!

"I love you," Danny whispered.

"We both do," Serina added. She pulled back and kissed Nikky's forehead.

"And our parents?" Nikky looked up at her, hopeful.

Serina smiled. "They live here, in town." She looked down at her lap and fiddled with her hands. "I ... asked them ... to come over, Nikky."

Nikky opened his mouth, but the sound of a doorbell stopped all thought processes. He started shaking as Serina got up to answer the door. Danny tugged on him and Nikky curled into a ball in Danny's arms, shoulders trembling as the tears flowed nonstop. This was too much, but he needed to know. Somehow, he'd always been suspicious of his origins, but no one ever confirmed a single thing when he asked.

"He's here," he heard Serina say. Then he heard the sound of a woman crying—someone other than Serina. When he looked up, shock registered on two faces: a man's and a woman's. Both looked younger than they should have been, but he knew, somewhere deep inside, he *knew* them.

All it took was the woman holding out her hand and Nikky bolted off the couch, nearly knocking his mother over as he flew into her arms. Another set of arms held them both, a kiss placed on his head.

"I can't believe it," the woman said. "Oh, my God, I can't believe it. You're alive!"

Nikky nodded and clung tighter, afraid to let go. "I didn't know," he murmured.

"Shh," his mother purred, stroking his hair. "We're together again. That's all that matters. But who is the handsome young man with you?"

Nikky laughed and wiped the tears away. He turned back to look at Danny. Holding out his hand, he said, "This is Danny. We've been together for six years, and I love him with everything I am."

Danny stood up and walked over to them, hand sliding into Nikky's. "Nice to meet you both."

"You're not human." It was the first time Nikky's father had spoken. He seemed genuinely happy to see Nikky, but he was quieter, more stoic.

"No, I'm not," Danny said. For the first time in two years, he revealed his true form. It never failed to leave Nikky awestruck to see the illusion drop.

Two large, leathery wings unfolded from Danny's back and his skin took on its real crimson hue. When he smiled, it was startling—two razor sharp but small canines readily visible. And then there were his eyes: two rubies of fathomless depths. Nikky silently cursed the day that Danny decided to use illusion and live as a mortal.

"A demon?" Nikky's mother asked, sounding quite awestruck herself.

"An incubus," Nikky corrected with a smile. "My incubus."

"Are you happy?"

Nikky looked up at his father and nodded without hesitation. "I could never live without him."

His father smiled then. "Then it was meant to be. Welcome home, my son."

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