



## **Wicked Shift**

Book One of the Jaguar Pride series

Celia Kyle

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## Chapter One

*Tick tock tick tock...*

Was Paige the only one who heard the infernal ticking? The constant reminder that her 'so called' biological clock was winding down, faster and faster as each day passed. The annoying sound, with its steadily increasing tick, screamed at her that she wasn't getting any younger.

At twenty-nine...*No, I'm thirty-eight. I may lie to the rest of the world, but I need to stop lying to myself. That's how I ended up like this. Thirty-eight, no husband, no romantic interests, and no children.*

Paige had grown up dreaming of having her own large family, yet here she was, old and alone. Okay, maybe old was relative and alone wasn't exactly accurate either. She did have her best friend, Steven, on the other side of the gay bar, chatting up another guy.

Taking another sip of her apple martini, she sighed and sat the glass down. Toying with the stem of the cherry, she zoned out.

"Come here often?"

Startled by the velvety voice invading her thoughts, Paige shot the stranger a 'fuck off' look. She didn't need some man invading her pity party when it was getting good. She started to tell him just that, but when she locked eyes with the stranger all thoughts left her brain.

Paige looked up into a set of golden, sunlight colored eyes. Couple those eyes with his midnight black hair that touched the top of his collar and he was breathtaking. His skin was deeply tanned and made her think he was from some Mediterranean country. When she let her eyes take in his face, her suspicions were confirmed. The strong features she saw in his face could only come from being born into a long line of Greeks. With his chiseled jaw and strong nose, he looked like a Greek god fresh from the pages of some of her favorite myths. Appearing to be in his mid-twenties with a body that was muscled in all the right places, Paige thought he was the kind of man that could go all night. Too bad he'd be going all night with another man. Why was he sitting next to her instead of scoping out the fresh meat scattered throughout the bar? Could he be the lone straight man in the building? *Never.*

Internally slapping herself for being attracted to a man that must be gay, she narrowed her eyes on him again. She was determined to get him to leave her to her self-inflicted pity party. Let's be realistic, a woman sitting alone in a gay bar and he was going to sit next to her and ask 'come here often?' *Please.*

Continuing to stare at the man, her mind rolled through the reasons why he'd decided to sit next to her. Why would he start up a conversation with her?

*Holy shit! He thinks I'm a transvestite! Oh my god, do I look like a man dressed as a woman?*

While getting dressed for her evening out with Steven, Paige had put effort into her appearance and thought she looked pretty good. While admittedly she was pleasantly plump, she did her best to dress for her size.

Her size was a nice rounded sixteen, *rounded* being the operative word. She donned her favorite pair of worn hip hugging jeans that managed to hug not only her hips, but her

curvaceous ass as well. She had examined said ass in the mirror for fifteen minutes, making sure it looked just right.

Her rear end and her 'sometimes bigger than she wished they were' breasts were Paige's best assets. Even if she was going to a gay bar, they were going to look their finest.

Pairing her favorite jeans with a chiffon low cut top in the palest of pinks, she left the house feeling pretty, almost gorgeous. Now she was sitting next to a man who thought she was a transvestite. What a way to end the night.

"No."

Paige refused to make this easy on him. If he wanted to hit on the only obviously female individual in the bar, let him fight to hit on her. Then she'd rip him a new one. She'd worked herself into a damn good pissed off mood and now had the perfect outlet for her frustrations. For some reason he smiled when he heard her curt answer, and didn't seem fazed one bit.

"I didn't think so. Can I buy you another drink?"

*Fine. Let him spend his money on the wrong flavor.* Did he not see that her breasts were real? *Hello? These are a gift from Mother Nature, not the pharmaceutical company!* She was all woman. When he was done trying to buy her every drink in the bar, he'd get the disappointing news.

"Sure."

She flashed the bartender a small smile in thanks when he placed another apple martini in front of her. Taking a sip, she leaned forward, resting her forearms on the bar and waited for Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Dumb to pick up the conversation. Turning her head slightly to look at him, she could've sworn she caught him looking at her breasts. He smiled at her and she saw a light blush highlighting his cheeks.

That smile and those pearly whites he was flashing made her squeeze her legs together. Her pussy began to ache and beg for attention. How good would it feel if he buried his smiling face between her spread thighs and started licking and nipping her bare...She didn't have time to finish that thought. Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Dumb decided to pick up their conversation.

"I'm Vincent. I don't usually come here that often either. I came tonight as a sort of moral support for..."

Oh, god. She did not need some convoluted made-up story from this guy now. He was hot, but he was here for a reason, and it wasn't to pick up a woman. She needed to nip this in the bud before he got the idea she was the flavor he was looking for.

"Look. I'm not sure what type of impression you have, but I'm a woman. As in, all-natural, no-need-to-consult-your-pharmacist-if-you-have-any-questions, woman. Thank you for the drink. Now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go find my friend. Have a good evening."

Throwing back the last of her drink, she swiveled on the barstool and prepped herself to hop off the stool. Yes, hop. Being just shy of five feet meant she generally had to hop to get off or on a standard barstool. Pressing the toe of her shoes on the stool rungs she was just ready to push off, when she felt a large warm hand wrap around her upper arm. Paige fought hard against the shiver and electricity she felt jolt through her body at his touch. No man, especially a gay one, should have that kind of effect on a woman.

Whirling on him, she met a pair of eyes that were filled with a fire she hadn't seen

earlier. His pulse was visible via a ticking vein along his jaw and he was clenching his teeth. Vincent opened his mouth to speak, but a tap on her shoulder had her tearing her attention away from him. She turned to see Steven and his new companion, standing just behind him. Yanking her arm from Vincent's hold, she smiled at her best friend.

"Steven, what's up?"

He motioned her to lean close and she tuned out the rest of the bar to focus on his whispered words. "Look, I hate to do this to you, Paige, but this guy is *so* freaking hot. I'm going to split. His brother, Vincent, the guy next to you, is going to make sure you get home all right. Okay?"

Apparently she wasn't the only one attracted to young meat tonight. Looking over Steven's shoulder, Paige sized up the guy waiting for her best friend. He looked handsome, but she didn't feel the pull she was feeling towards the hunk behind her. Keeping her eyes on the man taking Steven home, she whispered her own warning. "You're awfully old to be taking home a young pup for the night. But have fun. I'll call a cab to get home. Thanks for worrying about me. And be *safe*."

She thought Steven was a little old for taking some kid home for a one-night stand. They were both starting to feel their ages, and maybe Steven just needed to feel young again, if only for a night. Placing a soft kiss on Steven's cheek she settled back on the stool and smiled as he walked out of the bar, arm-in-arm with his man for the night. Searching out the busy bartender, she waved to get his attention and waited for him to make his way towards her.

"Are you having another drink before we go?"

It was that velvety voice again. Washing over her and fluttering along her pussy. *Damn, he said we*. Not looking at him when she spoke, too afraid of her body's reaction, she answered him. "No, I'm going to get the bartender to call me a cab. Look, Steven may be going home with your brother, but that doesn't mean I have to trust you. For all I know, you could be some psychotic serial killer that's just waiting to have my brains with Chianti and Fava beans."

"If I was just a regular everyday serial killer that had a craving for liver, would that make you feel better?"

Paige tried to give him her best laughter-quelling look, but it didn't work. She couldn't help herself and laughed at his audacity.

He also was like a dog with a damn bone and wouldn't give up. "Come on. Let me drive you home. You don't really know the cab driver either and you would be paying him money to take you home. For all you know, you could be paying the guy that was going to kill you. At least with me, you'd keep your money."

It was that smile again and she couldn't keep herself from saying yes.

"Okay."

Hopping off the stool as gracefully as she could, her heart nearly stopped when Vincent stood next to her.

When they sat next to each other at the bar, Paige had been able to look Vincent in the eye. Now that they were standing, she felt over powered by his presence. He had to be at least six feet tall with a set of broad shoulders that could hold the weight of the world. For the first time in her life Paige felt small and fragile, and she ached to be swept up into Vincent's strong arms. *Snap out of it, girl! He thinks you're a transvestite for goodness sake!* Fortified by that thought, she squared her shoulders and allowed him to escort her

towards the door.

The large hand that had gripped her arm in agitation earlier in the evening was now a soft touch on her lower back. She sucked in a breath when she felt his hand slide over the fabric of her shirt. Up and down in a repeated caress. *Caress*? If she didn't know better, that's what she'd call it. Vincent was caressing and stroking her back, seducing her with soft, gentle touches.

God, she was pitiful. Walking through a gay bar, escorted by a gay man, and she wanted nothing more than to throw him down and fuck him cross-eyed. Okay, maybe throwing him down was overestimating her abilities a little. She'd politely ask him if he could strip and lay down so she could fuck him cross-eyed.

Stepping through the entrance, they were met with a torrential down pour, common in south Florida that time of year. Heck, any time of year. Paige looked up at Vincent to ask him where his car was, but she didn't get the chance. He leaned down and his lips fluttered along her ear as he whispered to her.

"Stand here, sweets. I'll bring the car around."

With that he was gone, leaving her cold and horny as hell. Paige wrapped her arms around her waist and prayed Vincent would hurry. Even in sunny Florida, it was chilly when it rained. She could feel her nipples bead and harden under her flimsy excuse for a shirt. Cursing herself for her choice for the evening, she rubbed her arms as she continued to wait for Vincent.

Standing near the door she was able to watch as men entered and exited the club, completely oblivious to her presence. Then again, why should they care? Even if they weren't gay, men generally didn't notice the short, plump girl standing off to the side. It was the story of her life.

Growing impatient and colder by the minute, Paige glanced at her watch. Someone chose that moment to bump into her, causing her to stumble off of the steps and out into the rain. As her body was about to hit the ground, two strong arms wrapped around her and she was pulled up against a muscled chest. The scents of cinnamon and male musk surrounded her. Her eyes traveled from the hard chest in front of her to meet the golden eyes she was becoming too familiar with. She didn't have time to think or react. One moment she was standing in the rain being held by a man who was too hot for his own good, and the next she was ensconced in a warm car complete with leather seats toasting her tush.

Sighing, Paige relaxed into the warm leather seat and let her eyes drift close, just resting them for a minute. After four apple martinis, she needed a nap.

## Chapter Two

Vincent looked over at the woman passed out next to him and bit his lip to hold back a groan. She was going to drive him crazy.

He had spotted her across the room and approached. Not because she was the only woman in the strictly gay bar, but because something about her called to his beast. Her scent reached out for him from across the room and he had grown hard instantly. It had taken all of his self-control not to stride over, throw her on the bar, and dive between her lush thighs.

From his position he could see that her body curved in all of the right places.

When he sat next to her, the sight of her full breasts almost had him drooling.

*Drooling!* Like a dog! He was a cat, for goodness sake! The alpha of pride Manos and this woman, this female human, had him panting like a pup. She'd all but told him to fuck off and he couldn't get enough of the sight of her. Vincent didn't need that type of woman in his life. Squaring his shoulders, he decided he'd drop her off at home and never see her again.

But she felt so sweet and soft in his arms. When the fellow *were* had knocked her off balance, Vincent caught her with ease and growled at the man. Expressing his displeasure, no man would treat his woman that way. *His woman?* No, not his woman, simply the woman he was taking home as a favor to his brother. Holding her in his arms, her breasts pressed against his body, he was thankful that she seemed to drift off to sleep as he held her. She passed out instead of noticing his cock standing at attention and straining to get closer. Her pebbled nipples pressed into his chest. What he wouldn't give to have those tight berries in his mouth. Looking over at her, he groaned aloud at the sight that met his eyes.

Their brief moment in the rain had soaked them both. Paige was asleep on her side as she reclined on the seat. With her hands placed under her head as a pillow, her breasts were forced together. Almost as if she was offering them to him. The filmy, flimsy material of her shirt was now see-through and clinging to every curve of her body. Vincent could just make out the berry red, hardened nipples that had been pressed against his chest only moments ago.

It suddenly dawned on him that he was driving her home, but he had no idea where home was. Pulling into a nearby parking lot, he stopped the car and reached to retrieve her purse.

His mother had taught him a woman's purse was sacred territory and even if she gave him permission to go through it, he never should. Saying a silent apology to his mother, he opened Paige's purse and pulled out her wallet. Opening her wallet, he willed himself not to snoop and zeroed in on her driver's license.

Scanning it quickly, he saw that she was only 4'11". So tiny compared to his six feet. Today was also her thirty-eighth birthday, no wonder she was a little stand-offish in the bar. Her friend had dragged her out, seeking his own enjoyment, instead of celebrating her birthday properly. Well, that wouldn't ever happen again. No woman of his...No, not his woman, he needed to remember that.

His mother had ordered him to claim a woman from a respected pride and secure a

‘marriage of power’, as she called it. She wanted him to enter into a marriage that would strengthen their pride’s status in the world. It wasn’t enough for her that the Manos pride held one of three seats on the *Scisco Concilium* and ruled on the future of all prides regularly.

After his father’s death, Vincent inherited the alpha position and worked hard to raise his pride’s status among the big cats. He had proved himself to the other prides and had been voted into the *Concilium*, the youngest *were* in the *Concilium*’s history. Yet, because he wasn’t Rector, the leader of the *Concilium*, his mother balked at his accomplishment. If only he could convince his mother that power wasn’t the path to happiness. She would never forgive him if he came home with a human, but looking at Paige’s sleeping form, Vincent was having a hard time controlling his beast.

It clawed and strained against his control, begging to be released so that it could claim the woman it had identified as its mate. *His mate?* She couldn’t be his mate. Paige was so small and fragile lying on the car seat, looking like a rain kissed angel. Her black hair pooled on the seat, framing her pale round face with its button nose and rosy lips. They looked so kissable now, soft and full. How would they taste?

As he gazed at her and his eyes drank in her presence, he saw a shiver roll through her body and he realized she was freezing. Vincent had the benefit of his inner beast for warmth, but even with the car’s heaters and seat warmers she was cold from the rain. Calling on the magic he inherited from his father, he brought forth a blanket from his home. Enchanted, it would always ensure the temperature was perfect whenever it covered her body. Laying it over her, he smiled as she pulled it tightly around her body and snuggled into the seat.

Glancing at her driver’s license again he saw that she lived in Boynton Beach. Pulling into traffic, he weaved his way onto I-95 and began his journey northward. Driving late at night on an almost empty road gave Vincent time to organize his thoughts, truly think on what his body was saying about the woman sleeping next to him. Paige was beautiful, perfect in his eyes. But what about *her*? She was loyal and kind. That showed in her sacrificing her birthday for her friend. Paige also didn’t seem like one to mince words, if her small rant in the bar was any indication. Obviously there was some confusion on her part, which Vincent would be clearing up the moment she awoke. How she could think he’d think she was anything but a natural woman he didn’t know, but he’d be voicing his appreciation for her body soon enough.

Pulling into the apartment complex Vincent began searching for her building. Finding it easily, he pulled into a space not far from her apartment and evaluated his options. He could wake her and help her stumble into her apartment, which would give her a chance to slam the door in his face. Or he could carefully carry her into her apartment without waking her. Carrying her in and staying had an underhanded feel, but she couldn’t feel well after so many drinks. Staying with her was the only option for him, right? If he simply left her alone, God only knew what would happen. Deciding he’d stay with her for the evening to make sure she was okay, he climbed out of his Jag and walked to her side of the car.

Begging his beast to remain calm he fished her keys out of her purse and scooped her into his arms. He had never felt skin so soft; it rivaled the finest silks of the world. The moon’s soft light illuminated her body giving her an ethereal glow. His angel.

Still sleeping, she burrowed into his hold and laid her head on his shoulder, placing



her hand over his heart. Looking down into her face he couldn't resist the urge to taste those sweet lips. Bending down he brushed his lips across hers, once, twice, before pulling back to look at her again. The kiss, as chaste as it was, brought his cock to attention and left him craving for more. Vincent's beast began screeching and roaring for him to take her and make her his. But he wouldn't, not yet. Not until he'd gotten to know this sweet angel in his arms.

Unlocking her front door, he was met with three hungry and very protective housecats. All of them hissed at him with backs raised and hair on end. Speaking to them through his mind, another gift from his father, he quieted them.

*Quiet, noble beasts. I mean your mistress no harm. I mean only to care for her as she deserves.*

All three cats turned from him in unison and padded through the apartment with no further regard for him. *They must be appeased. Ballsy little creatures.* Locking the door behind him, he walked through the apartment with Paige in his arms. His steps halted when he spotted a small tabby seated on the dining room table.

*Where is your mistress's room?*

He didn't receive a direct answer, and didn't expect one. Housecats in general tended to be what his mother called 'snooty'. Which is why he never had a pet growing up. The small tabby leapt from the table and began walking down the hall. She paused outside the door and lowered her head as a sign of respect he recognized. Bowing his head in return, she walked back down the hall, leaving him alone with Paige in what he guessed was her bedroom.

Laying her gently on the bed he almost laughed at her whines and sniffles when she lost his body heat. She curled into a small ball under the blanket he brought from the car, and sighed as she settled back into sleep. Pressing a soft kiss to her temple he turned and was met by three pairs of eyes.

*Yes?*

He didn't know if he was expecting an answer or not. Vincent had never really communicated with anything smaller than a member of his family or fellow pride. He was a little surprised when the small tabby stepped forward with a request.

*Hungrrrrrrry.*

*I see. Let us see what your mistress has for you.*

Walking through the darkened apartment once again Vincent found the cat food easily with the help of the three cats, and filled their bowls. The two black cats began eating right away, but the small tabby simply sat there and stared at him as he put the food away.

*Yes?*

*Treatsieeeessss.*

Treatsies? What the hell are treatsies? Seeming to read his mind the small tabby jumped onto the counter and scratched at one of the cabinet doors. Opening it he found the treats the cat demanded and placed two in each of their bowls. Leaving the cats to their late night snack, he walked back through the apartment to stand at Paige's side.

Gorgeous didn't even begin to describe the sleeping woman before him. While he stared, transfixed by her beauty, she threw the blanket off of her body and turned to face away from him.

*Gods, her ass!* Easily a handful, it was big and round, absolutely perfect. He couldn't

wait to come while buried deep in her ass.

Adjusting his aching cock, he stood there a moment, trying to figure out what to do. Did he leave her fully clothed and simply crawl into bed next to her or did he remove some of her clothing so she would be more comfortable? Leaving her clothed would be best for his beast, but he didn't think she'd get a good night's sleep in rain-soaked jeans. Okay. He'd take off her top and jeans, leaving her in her bra and panties.

*Mmmm...Panties...Focus, idiot.*

Reaching forward, Vincent unbuttoned and removed her jeans in slow cock-aching movements. Removing her shoes, he slid her jeans free and took several deep breaths to calm his body. God, how his beast pulled and clawed at him! Urging, fighting, and trying to cajole him into claiming what was his. Her hips were wide, full, and inviting. Damn, how he wanted to dive between her thighs. Staring at the apex of her thighs, he didn't see the telltale darkening where her thatch of midnight black hair would be. Was she bare beneath her pale pink panties? Was she smooth and soft beneath the silk hiding her from his eyes? Taking a deep breath, he bent down and removed her flimsy top, being as gentle as he could. Lifting her into his arms once again, he pulled the comforter down and deposited her under the covers. The drinks she'd had earlier in the evening must have hit her hard; she didn't stir through the entire process.

Turning his back on her sleeping form he walked towards what he hoped was the bathroom. A cold shower was definitely needed before he could slide into bed next to her. And next to her was exactly where he was going to be sleeping, his beast wouldn't have it any other way. Since his control was held by a thread, he figured giving in to his beast this much was the least he could do. If Paige had a choice between waking up next to a half naked man or an agitated Jaguar, Vincent figured she'd choose the man.

Stepping under the lukewarm spray, he let the water sluice over his body. It covered him in wet warmth and eased some of the tension from his shoulders. Being so close to Paige, knowing she was his mate and not acting on it had taken all of his control.

His cock, still hard and aching from all of the time spent with her, was demanding attention. Leaning against the back wall of the shower he let the spray play over his body. One hand reached to cup his balls while the other gripped the base of his cock. Squeezing and rolling his balls he tugged on them, forcing a piercing pleasure to race up his spine. He was already so close. Using water and soap as a lubricant, he began sliding his hand up and down his erection in slow, even strokes. He imagined it was her hand, her mouth, enveloping his cock. He began purring, a sound coming from deep within his body and spreading until he felt it thrumming through his veins. He couldn't remember a woman, or even the thought of a woman, forcing his body to purr, but he couldn't help it now.

Tightening his hold, he increased his pace. Paige would swallow his cock whole. Her warm, wet heat would welcome him entirely. She would nip and suck him while fondling his balls. Her tongue would play and flick the crown of his penis before swallowing him once again.

Speeding up his rhythm he imagined her mouth rising and falling over his cock as he drew closer. He'd urge her to rise from him as he balanced on the edge, but she wouldn't. Paige would drink down every drop as he came. Then Vincent came hard, seed shot from the tip of his cock and fell to the shower floor, only to be swept away by the water.

Rinsing off after one of the most amazing orgasms of his life, Vincent vowed that the next time he came it would be buried deep within Paige.

Finishing his shower he slid into bed next to Paige and smiled when she turned to him and snuggled up to his body. Curving her body to his, she rested her head on his shoulder and settled back into a deep sleep.

### Chapter Three

Paige woke with a pounding headache and loud purring in her ear. *Ugh! Katie O'Meghan!* Katie, her little tabby, loved to wake Paige up each morning by purring near her ear.

Paige sat up. Clutching her rolling stomach with one hand she rubbed her pounding temple with the other. She rose from the bed, steadying herself with a hand on the bedside table before stumbling towards the bathroom. Feeling her stomach heave, she rushed the last few steps to the toilet. Worshipping the porcelain god was not how she wanted to start today.

Her appointment with the fertility clinic was this morning. Paige had hoped to look her best when she walked through their doors. It was bad enough she was thirty-eight, single, and planning on getting pregnant with the help of a fertility clinic, the least she could do was look nice when she arrived. Nice enough for people to think she was going through the process by choice, not because she couldn't find a man. Paige refused to be on the receiving end of those 'poor dear' looks people gave out.

Resting her head on the toilet, her eyes drifted closed as she fought another tumble of her stomach. Unable to fight it, she heaved into the toilet again. Then a cool washcloth bathed her forehead while a warm hand stroked her neck, pulling her hair out of her face. From the electricity accompanying the touch, she knew it was Vincent taking care of her. But why? Why was he in her apartment? That's when she noticed how she was dressed, or rather, wasn't. Did they sleep together last night? *Please, dear God, tell me I didn't sleep with him. If I'm going to rob the cradle, I'd at least like to remember it.* Sensing her stomach had finally settled, she felt self-conscious at being so underdressed with her head in the toilet.

"Can you please get me my robe or something?"

He didn't say a word. He placed the cold washcloth in her hand and moved away from her. She opened her eyes and admired his jean-clad ass as he walked towards the door and stared down at Katie O'Meghan. After staring at the cat for several moments he moved to the closet and took out her favorite pink fluffy robe.

He still hadn't spoken to her. He held the robe open for her and averted his eyes as she rose from the ground. Paige felt the blood rush into her cheeks as she blushed and slid her arms into the sleeves of her robe. Instead of letting it go and allowing her to tie it, he ran his hands up her arms and then down the front of her body to tie the robe snugly around her waist. He held her there for a moment, immobile. His chin rested on the top of her head as his arms circled her, making her feel cherished and protected. Closing her eyes she stifled the moan building in her chest. Taking a deep breath she pulled away from his embrace and turned to face him, cheeks burning.

"Did we, um...ya know, last night?"

God, could she sound any more like some adolescent teenager? Asking the hottest man on earth if they'd 'done it'. *Prize for the biggest dork goes to Paige Woods, ladies and gentlemen.*

"No. Much to my sorrow, we didn't. I brought you home and tucked you into bed. We slept together, but nothing happened. I only stayed to make sure you were okay."

Thank God? Paige didn't really know if she was happy they hadn't had sex. *Wait a minute! He thinks I'm a transvestite! Why would he be sad that we didn't have sex? Lord, don't tell me that after undressing me he still thinks I'm a man!*

"Look, I'm not going there. If you're not sure I'm a woman now, there's no hope for you. If you'll excuse me..."

Moving to push past Vincent, Paige was hit with a wave of dizziness and grabbed his forearm for support. Shocks ran through her fingertips the moment she touched him and she sucked in a breath.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, just a little dizzy." Glancing at the clock, she realized that if she didn't leave soon she'd miss the appointment. Pulling the forearm under her hand, she turned him around and pushed him towards the bathroom door. "I've got an appointment this morning that I can't miss. So, if you'll excuse me. I really need to get ready."

Paige needed to shower and get cleaned up and she wasn't doing that with Mr. Fuckable in the room.

"I'm really sorry to rush you off after everything you've done, but I've got to run or I'll miss my appointment. Can you just let yourself out? Thanks."

Closing the door, she prayed he'd listen and be gone before she got out of the shower. There was no way she could face him after he'd seen her half naked and puking in the toilet. *Do I really want him gone? He thinks I'm a man! Of course I want him gone!*

With that fortifying thought, she stepped into the warm shower and began washing her hangover away while thinking of her appointment to come.

Paige had waited six months, six long agonizing months, for this appointment. Dr. Richards was the most well-known fertility doctor in south Florida, and at her age she wanted the best. She had some idea of what was in store for her, and she was comforted knowing the doctor she'd chosen had a high success rate in helping older women conceive. Old. Was she too old to go through with this?

This was the same conversation she'd been having with herself since Steven had mentioned the idea. She could become a mother like she'd always dreamed, without having to make sure she was picking Mr. Right to have a family with. Mr. Right could take a flying leap. Paige had the miracle of modern medicine to give her a baby, *thankyouverymuch*. Modern medicine and the support of her family and friends was all Paige needed. She'd start her own family, without a man who would eventually disappear or cheat on her.

Stepping out of the shower, Paige wrapped herself in her robe and opened the bathroom door only to be confronted with a waiting Vincent. Damn, it was a sight to behold. Still dressed in his jeans and nothing else, her three cats were practically making love to the man. They were rubbing their bodies on his arm and legs. Even Katie, who never liked anyone, was getting in on the action. *Damn girl, I know how you feel.*

"Um, I thought you were leaving?"

"No. You asked me to leave and I didn't listen." The corner of his mouth quirked up in a half smile. "There are a few things we need to discuss."

"You said we didn't...ya know." *God, strike me down now.*

"And we didn't, but that doesn't mean we don't have a couple of things to discuss. Mainly, how much I wanted to, but resisted."

*Dude! I'm a woman! Do I have to spell it out for you?* Was it absolutely necessary for her to throw open her robe and scream 'this pussy is God given dammit!'?

"Vincent. I realize that we met in a gay bar, but I'm not a man and I'm not a transvestite. I'm not *into* whatever it is you're thinking about, so let's just leave it at that. If you could leave and let me get ready for my doctor's appointment, I'd appreciate it."

She was caught by his eyes. Paige couldn't force her body to move as his hand reached forward and cupped her cheek. He rubbed his thumb across her lower lip and she let her tongue snake out for a quick taste. What was she doing? This man thought she was a man and she was licking him. Lowering her eyes she took a step back.

Turning, she held the bedroom door open for him, silently begging him to just leave.

"Very well. I'll be waiting in the living room, but this conversation is far from over."

He stalked from the room, all three cats following in his footsteps. Great, even her own cats had turned against her today. Closing the door with a firm snap she faced the bed and stopped in her tracks.

Spread across the bed was her favorite dress along with the matching sandals. It was her 'pretty' outfit. The one outfit in her wardrobe that was sure to make her feel beautiful the moment she put it on, and he'd chosen it for her. Not allowing the 'creepy' thoughts stirring in the back of her mind to take hold, she pulled out a matching thong and bra set and threw them on.

Holding the dress in front of her, she enjoyed the silky feeling of the fabric against her skin. She stepped into the dress and zipped it. Slipping her feet into the sandals, she glided into the bathroom to finish getting ready. Then again, getting ready didn't involve much more than running a brush through her wet hair and applying mascara and lip-gloss. She always preferred a more natural look to being made up with more makeup than skin showing. Placing the finishing touches on her appearance, she took one last look in the mirror.

*Wow!* The dress did exactly what it did every time she slipped it on. She felt beautiful, almost desirable. The dress was a soft mauve and hugged every curvy inch of her body and the hem stopped a couple of inches above her knees. Showing enough leg to tease, but who was she trying to tease? *Vincent*. He said their conversation wasn't over. What else could he possibly tell her? Running her hands down her hips she made sure the dress was straight.

Paige made her way out of her bedroom to confront Vincent. She needed to make this fast, she had a forty-five minute drive to the doctor's office and she was already running late.

Vincent stood as she walked towards him and she had to stop to catch her breath. This man was literally breathtaking. Last night she had thought he was gorgeous, but this morning, without the cloud of alcohol, he was the most beautifully rugged man she had ever seen. Masculinity and sex rolled off of his body in waves that wrapped around her body and tickled her pussy. What would it be like to actually make love to him? *Get over it, girl! He thinks you're a man!* Clearing her throat, she was the first to speak.

"You need to make it fast. I've got an appointment I can't afford to miss."

She arched her brow and portrayed her best 'bitch' as she waited for him to get his spiel over with.

"Since you're in such a hurry, why don't you let me drive you to your appointment? I don't have anywhere to be and I really don't think you should be driving."

He had a point. She hated that he had a point, but that didn't change the fact that he had one. Standing in front of him and looking up into his eyes made her dizzy. How the hell did she think she'd actually make it all the way to Boca Raton in one piece? Forget dealing with getting pregnant once she got there, she'd never get there. *You're jumping the gun... They're not impregnating you today, they're evaluating you. Cart before the horse and all that crap.*

With a big sigh she answered him. "Fine. Let's go." Stomping towards the door she stopped in the doorway and nearly fell when he barreled into her. "Sorry! I forgot to feed the cats. Hold on one sec."

Turning around she was brought up against the solid chest she remembered from last night.

"I fed them. Let's get you to your appointment."

She didn't know why she was letting this man drive her to her doctor's appointment, she barely knew him. But for some reason his presence made her feel safe. His hand settled on her lower back and those now familiar shocks coursed through her body as he escorted her to his car. *His car!*

"You drive a Jag!"

"Yes. It's a sort of family joke."

Vincent opened the passenger door and waited for her to get settled before closing it. *At least his mother taught him some manners, that'll keep me from having to teach... I'm not doing anything remember? You do not rob the cradle! Even if it is filled with a hot hunk of 'fuck me hard' man like him.* Clicking her seat belt into place she waited for him to join her.

## Chapter Four

Vincent walked behind the car, hiding from Paige's view for a moment. Those few seconds gave him time to rearrange his erection. He didn't know how he'd make it to her appointment without going crazy, but he needed to control himself. She was still acting wary of him and who could blame her? He'd damn near stripped her last night and then slept next to her. He was a first class pervert!

Vincent needed to take a deep breath and step back from the situation if he hoped to make it any further than spending time with her today. First thing on the agenda though would be to clear up whatever misconception she had. Paige kept telling him she was a 'real woman', how could he not see that? Women. Shaking his head he settled into the driver's seat and started the engine.

"Where to?"

"Boca Medical Center."

*Okay.* Paige was going to the Boca Medical Center. Was something wrong with her? It was too soon for Vincent to start questioning her about her appointment, so he tucked the information into the back of his mind to bring up later. Pulling onto I-95 he merged with the early morning rush-hour traffic with ease and flicked on the stereo. They listened to his favorite soft jazz as they drove down the road. After a few minutes of traveling Paige seemed to relax into her seat and Vincent thought now was as good a time as any to straighten out her ideas about him.

"Paige, why do you keep telling me you're a natural woman?"

*Smooth, real smooth. Dump the preliminaries. Forget about being subtle dumbass and ask her outright. Real smooth.* Vincent couldn't understand what it was about Paige that threw him off-kilter. He wasn't normally so inept when it came to women, but with Paige he felt like a prepubescent teen begging a girl for a quick feel.

"We met at a gay bar." She said it as if that statement alone should explain everything.

"Yes, we did. What does that have to do with you being a natural woman?"

He'd never figure women out. Out of the corner of his eye he saw her look at him through narrowed eyes.

"A gay bar."

"Yes, a gay bar. I tried to tell you last night. I was there with my brother. He met a guy there a couple of weeks ago and he was going to make a move, but since he hasn't really been 'out' for long he was nervous. He asked me to be there for him if the guy shot him down. He didn't, and I ended up meeting you. I still don't understand what all of that has to do with you being a 'natural woman'."

He turned his head to look at her, still keeping one eye on the road. Paige met his eyes before staring out the window, and he smiled when he saw color climbing her face. Even her ears blushed. He had the biggest urge to nip those cute little ears.

"Paige?"

She still wouldn't look at him, and he started to doubt if he'd ever get an answer.

"This is our exit! You're gonna miss it!"

Swerving onto the off ramp, he cursed under his breath. He had cut someone off



because of her yelled order. While physically he could handle a mere human with road rage, he didn't want Paige being in any danger. Stopping at a red light at the end of the off-ramp, he turned and fixed her with a glare.

"Woman! Quit being a back seat driver. You'll get to your damn appointment."

She bowed her head and her fingers tangled and played with the hem of her skirt. He felt like a total heel. Here he was trying to weasel his way into Paige's life and he was behaving like an ass. Opening his mouth to apologize, her words made him bite his tongue.

"I can't be a back seat driver. I'm in the passenger seat."

He took this time to look at her, really look at her. Her face was red and flushed, but not from embarrassment. It was from holding in her laughter. The moment she saw his shocked face she burst into a fit of giggles and it wasn't long before he joined her. Pulling into the medical center's parking lot he stopped the car in front of the building to let her out. She reached for the door handle, but he stopped her with a brush of his fingertips against her arm.

"Paige, we may have met in a gay bar, but I'm sure as hell not gay. I was there to back up my brother. I know, believe me, I *know* that you are an all natural honest-to-God-woman." The red in her face seemed to deepen, spreading down her neck and across her chest when he took her hand in his and squeezed. "I'll park the car and meet you here. We can go up..."

"I'm a big girl and I'm feeling much better. I appreciate you bringing me here, but I'll just call..."

"Paige." He used the tone usually reserved for his sister, Lily, when she was trying to work her way into disobeying him. "If you don't want me to go up with you, fine, but I will be here when you're done and I *will* be driving you home. Understood?" She climbed from the car and swung around, mouth agape, eyes narrowed. She was a little spitfire, his kitten.

Vincent had a better view of her body now that she was standing outside the car. Paige was bending down so she could look into his eyes as he spoke, which gave Vincent a perfect view of the breasts he had seen last night. *Was it only last night?* He felt a purr building deep in his body and he fought with his beast to keep it under control. Purring while staring at a woman's breasts was not going to win him any brownie points. And it would most certainly freak her out. He almost lost his fight when she sucked her lower lip into her mouth before answering him.

"Okay. I shouldn't be long."

She glanced at her watch and paled.

"Shit. I'm late already! I'll see you in a bit."

She slammed the door in his face and rushed into the building, leaving him to admire her swinging backside as she scurried away. What he wouldn't give to nibble on that ass.

Sighing, he pulled through the lot and parked in a space near the door, giving him a perfect view of the front entry to the building. Relaxing back into the seat he closed his eyes for a brief rest, but left his senses open. He'd hear and sense Paige the moment she stepped out of the building without having to actually see her come through the doors.

He didn't have to wait long. Looking at his watch he noticed she'd only been gone for fifteen minutes. There had to be something wrong, no doctor's appointment took less than a couple of hours.

Stepping out of the car he walked towards her and he could see tears streaming down her face. Paige spotted him when he was ten feet away and she turned her back to him, wiping the tears from her face. Slowing his approach, he gave her a moment to collect herself. His hands itched to embrace her, wrap his arms around her, and tell her that everything would be ok, but he resisted. After a few moments, Paige turned to face him, a forced smile on her face. Tears still threatened to spill from her eyes.

“Paige?”

It was as if his voice, his tone, gave her permission to let the remaining tears loose. Paige took the last few steps remaining between them and leaned into his body. She wrapped her arms around his waist as she sobbed and shook. Stroking her hair, Vincent murmured the comforting words his mother often whispered when he was upset.

“Shhh... little one. It’ll be okay, sweets. Don’t cry... shhhh.”

Something or someone had upset his Paige, and she was his now, whether she accepted it or not. Continuing to stroke her hair, he placed a kiss on the top of her head and then laid his head on top of hers. They stood there in the early morning sun, holding each other, until Paige calmed.

Vincent felt her grip loosen and she moved to step back out of his arms. Releasing her, he looked down into her eyes. They were tear-reddened and puffy, but the deep despair he had seen earlier had lessened to an ache. Reaching out, he cupped her cheek in his hand and stroked her lips with his thumb. Her tongue didn’t snake out for a taste like it had earlier, but he was happy with simply touching her.

“Paige?”

Tears started building in her eyes again. Vincent didn’t know if he’d be getting the answers he was looking for right now, but he had to try. If someone inside the medical center had harmed her, he was going to find out and then tear him apart. His Paige shouldn’t suffer like this, ever. Still sniffing, she finally gave him a small smile and answered him.

“I’m sorry. I was late and they wouldn’t see me. The next appointment isn’t for another six months. I thought I’d be...never mind. I don’t need to dump this all on you. Why don’t you just take me home? You’ve already done so much for me and I really just need to go home and take a nap. Please.”

Vincent could be a patient man. He wasn’t going to push her for an answer yet. It was obvious she was riding the line and barely keeping it together. Nodding, he placed his hand on her back and urged her towards the car. Waiting for her to get settled, he closed the door and got behind the driver’s seat once again. Starting the car he began their journey back to her apartment. At some point he stopped resisting the urge to touch her, stroke her, and offer what comfort her could.

Grasping her hand in his he entwined their fingers and stroked her thumb with his own. He didn’t push her further. He just needed to have his hand on her in some way, to comfort her. Eventually she calmed enough to speak to him, but there was no way he was prepared for what she told him.

“I...God, this is embarrassing and I don’t know why I’m dumping this on you.”

*Because you’re my mate and you know I’ll take care of you.* Those were his thoughts anyway. He didn’t voice them. Vincent didn’t want to scare her away. Instead he gave her hand a soft squeeze.

“I went to see Dr. Richards. He’s a fertility specialist and has a high success rate

with impregnating women that are *advanced* in their years. I waited six months for that appointment and now I'll have to wait another six. It'll be a year before I get pregnant and that's if he's successful. I'll be forty before I have a child."

She fell silent after dropping all of that into his lap. *What the fuck?* He'd thought she was unattached. Nothing in her apartment indicated there was a man in her life and here she was going to a fertility specialist by herself. Where was her boyfriend? How could he leave her to do this by herself? If she did have a man in her life he'd soon be leaving. He didn't deserve her. Still holding her hand he relaxed his grip on her hand though his entire body was tense. Forcing his voice to at least sound calm even if he didn't feel it, he asked the question burning his heart and mind.

"I didn't realize you had a *significant other*. Where was he last night, today?"

Now she blushed. The color started slowly creeping up her neck to her face and ears, staining her pale skin a brilliant red.

"I don't have one. I was going to choose a donor out of a book or computer, whatever they use to catalogue their donors." She pulled her hand out of his and he let her go reluctantly. "I'm thirty-eight and alone. I've established a successful career without ever finding Mr. Right. That shouldn't keep me from having the child I've always dreamt of."

Vincent kept one eye on her as he navigated the drive to her apartment. She wouldn't look at him. Instead, she pretended to be interested in the landscape, keeping her eyes fixed on the grass as they drove.

She wanted a child, and was willing to pay some doctor to impregnate her with a stranger's seed, just to have one. Paige wasn't going to get pregnant with the help of some doctor. If anyone was getting her pregnant, it was him. Didn't she realize they were meant to be together? No, she wasn't a *werejaguar*. She didn't have a beast clawing at her soul, screaming for her to claim her mate, like he did. The moment they got to her apartment he'd start convincing her he was going to be the father of her children, all of her children, from now until the end of time. *Werejaguars* were immortal like all other shifters, and he planned on having as many children as he could with Paige, for as long as he could.

Parking the car at her apartment, he looked over to find her sleeping. She had to be exhausted. Paige was still feeling the effects of her drinking when they had left her apartment that morning. Her cry must have taken what energy she had left. Carrying her into her apartment for the second time in less than twelve hours, he was met by the same three cats lined up near the door.

*Your mistress is fine.* Assuming Paige's pets knew of their mistress's plan he decided to fill them in on her distress. *They would not see her, she must wait again.* The audacious tabby he now knew as Katie stepped forward, a look of concern in her small eyes.

*No. She is devastated. She will need her robe and comfort. You will stay.*

With her last order she turned away from him and padded down the hallway towards the bedroom. The tiny kitten directed him, Vincent Manos, alpha of the Manos pride, on how to take care of his woman! Grumbling he followed the small feline to the bedroom and found her waiting on the end of the bed.

*Yes?*

*You will care for her.*

*Yes.*

Apparently that was all she needed to hear. After confirming he'd take care of Paige, Katie left him to do just that. Laying her on the bed, he unzipped her dress and worked it off of her body. Damn she was beautiful. Wearing only a tiny pink bra and poor excuse for panties, all of her glorious pale skin was exposed to his gaze. She curled onto her side and sniffled into the pillow. Even in her sleep she was still upset. How could he convince her that he was meant to be the Mr. Right she'd been looking for? Crawling into bed next to her, he pulled a blanket over their bodies and drifted to sleep with her in his arms.

## Chapter Five

Paige woke with the sound of purring in her ear for the second time that day. *Damn Katie!* But she didn't feel Katie pressed against her like she usually did. In fact, she didn't feel any of her cats close to her, just a hard...chest under her head. Slitting her eyes, she saw she was using Vincent's chest as a pillow. The purring sound was coming from him. *His snore sounds like a kitten purring!*

Paige smiled and decided she wasn't going to question being in his arms for the moment. She wanted to enjoy the closeness for as long as she could. Who knew how long it would be before she had a chance to be held in a hot young hunk's arms again? With any luck she'd be big, fat, and pregnant within the next year. Well, she was already big and fat, but at least she'd be pregnant.

*Pregnant.* Paige would have a child of her own, a small bundle of joy to care and nurture into an adult. She didn't know why she had started crying when the receptionist told her that the doctor wouldn't see her. Actually she did know. The age of forty seemed like such an *old* age, even if it was still two years off. Long ago she had decided that forty was just too old to have a child. Thirty-eight was much better.

Sighing, she snuggled closer to Vincent and his snore/purr grew louder. Then it suddenly stopped. Turning her head, she was met with the golden eyes she was beginning to love. *Stop it.*

"Your snore sounds like a purr."

"So I've been told."

Tearing her eyes away from his she focused on his nearly hairless chest and she couldn't stop herself from stroking his pecs. Running her hand across his chest she traced small circles and watched goose bumps pop up all over the skin she touched. She was enjoying herself, until his hand covered hers and stopped all movement.

"Don't."

Squeezing her eyes shut, fighting tears, she turned away from him. She moved towards the edge of the bed when his hand snaked around her waist and hauled her against his body. Paige's back was pressed tight against the well-muscled chest she admired moments ago and her ass was cradled by his groin. Was that an erection poking her?

"I didn't tell you to stop because I didn't like your touch. I told you to stop because once you started, I'd finish and I don't want to rush things."

Vincent's teeth nipped the side of her neck followed by a sweet soothing kiss. How did he know just where to touch her? How did he know how to get her hot and bothered?

"Why? You've got to be no more than twenty-five and I'm thirty-eight. I'm old and fat. What is there for you to be attracted to? Why are you doing this to me?"

She didn't know if she wanted to hear the answer, but she had to ask. Was this some joke or prank? His grip tightened on her waist after she asked her questions and she felt his chest expand and contract against her back as he took deep breaths. Vincent finally let out one big breath before answering her questions.

"I think you're beautiful and gorgeous and so much more. How you can't see your own beauty astounds me." He pressed another kiss to her neck before continuing. "I

wanted to wait, to get to know one another before we discussed this, but you're bound and determined to talk about this now, so we will. I like you, Paige, a lot. I know why you're going to the doctor and I can understand your need, but I'd like you to consider an alternative."

His hand moved lower to cup her lower stomach, inches from her now aching sex. His talk about her beauty and liking her made her heart race and pussy weep with joy. Maybe her age didn't matter to him. Hell, maybe her size didn't matter either. Vincent's lips continued to rain kisses across the back of her neck, sending shivers down her spine. *Couldn't he just slip his hand a little lower?* She'd probably go to hell for trying to seduce a man so young, but she'd settle for a lifetime in hell if she could have a little bit of heaven with him.

Breathless, she asked the question burning in her mind. "What kind of alternative?"

Paige almost didn't want to ask, but she was too curious a creature not to. She felt him take another big breath and clear his throat before he answered her. She wished she could see his eyes to see if they held a teasing light or if they were serious.

"Let me give you the child you want. I'm healthy, intelligent, and good looking...if I do say so myself. My family doesn't have any history of heart disease, cancer, or any other major disease. You would've chosen an utter stranger out of a book, choose me. If you aren't pregnant by the time your appointment rolls around, then let the doctor give you what you crave. In the meantime, let me try."

*Let me try? As in...* She pinched his arm and ignored his muffled 'ow' as she flipped around to face him. This was definitely an eye-to-eye conversation.

"You mean you'd have sex with me? Try to get me pregnant? I don't want some man feeling obligated to me. I don't want anyone but Mr. Right in my life and he hasn't come along yet. I don't want you getting me pregnant and then deciding you want to be in the baby's life and making my life hell. I don't need child support and I don't need a man."

Paige held her breath and waited for his response. It was too good to be true. This hot hunk-of-man was saying he'd make love to her and give her the family she craved. Could he do it and walk away though, that was the question. She wasn't interested in raising a baby and a boy. Vincent looked so young. He couldn't be more than twenty-five. There was no way he could want to tie himself to a woman as old as her. Was she really considering this? She'd just met this man, and here she was half naked with an almost stranger thinking of having a child with him. Closing her eyes she sent a silent prayer and thank-you up to God.

Could she let this just be about sex and getting pregnant? Probably not, but at least she'd have the most precious gift from her time with him. There was no real future between them, their age difference would see to that. But damn, she wanted as much as she could have. His warm hand cupped her cheek in a gesture she was becoming all too familiar with and she opened her eyes to stare into his.

"I wouldn't have sex with you. I'd make love to this luscious body. And *when* you get pregnant, I'll walk away, if you want me to. But know this; I'm going to do everything in my power to convince you to let me stay."

He leaned forward and Paige's eyes fluttered close as his lips gently brushed hers. She whispered her response against his lips. She was probably crazy, but she didn't care. She couldn't think of anything but the soft lips touching hers and how wonderful they'd feel all over her body.

“Yes.”

With her whispered reply Vincent tried to deepen the kiss. Pressing kisses and nips along the seam of her lips as his tongue begged for entrance. Paige was all for getting to know each other better, but there were a few other things to settle first.

“Whoa, speedracer, hold your horses.”

Pushing on his shoulders, he eased up and pressed his forehead against hers as they both panted for breath.

“Sorry. You said yes and...God, I need you.”

They both laughed at his admission. Little did he know that she needed him just as much. Her pussy pulsed and begged to welcome him into her warm core, but she needed to hold off a little longer. In today's world, with incurable diseases spreading through sex, Paige wanted to be safe.

“And I need you, but I need peace of mind more. I need you to get tested. When I'm sure you're clean, we can fuck like bunnies. In the meantime, as we wait for your results, why don't we try and get to know one another a little better? I thought this process was going to be clinical and impersonal. I've never...” She closed her eyes, she was an adult, she could say it, “Made love with someone I didn't care deeply for and this is going to be difficult for me.”

He closed the space between their lips and gave her another sweet seductive kiss before pulling away.

“That sounds perfect. I told you I wanted more than just sex, so why don't we amend our arrangement? We'll only have sex after every second date. It'll give us a chance to get to know one another while still working towards your goal.”

She stared at him for what could have been seconds or minutes, she didn't know. Vincent sounded like he genuinely wanted to get to know her and she didn't quite know how to respond to that. Here was a young hot-as-sin man and he was volunteering to spend time with her. Hell, he was insisting on it. She couldn't think of a reply and barely managed to nod her agreement.

“Good. Let's start with dinner tonight. Come to my place, I'll cook for you. Better yet, let's have dinner here. We can run to the grocery store up the street and I'll cook for you. We can stay in bed most of the day until we get hungry. How does that sound?”

Men were so damned dense. Didn't she just say she wanted to wait until he got tested *and* that they wouldn't have sex until after every second date? Yet, here he was saying they were going to stay in bed all day. This was not going to work.

“Maybe you weren't listening or maybe you didn't understand your own proposal...”

“And maybe you have a dirty mind. I said we were going to stay in bed. I didn't say I was going to make love to you. I respect our agreement, Paige. I can't help it that I would love to spend the day talking and holding you. Okay, and maybe some heavy petting, but only if you're game. There are plenty of things two people can do together that isn't the text-book definition of sex.”

Paige punched him in the stomach and laughed out loud at his audacity. The nerve of this man! He'd wormed his way into her life in less than twenty-four hours and soon he'd be sharing her bed. Well, he was already sharing her bed, but soon he'd be *sharing* her bed.

She almost recommended picking up condoms during their outing, but stopped herself. They should start as they planned to continue, sex after every second date. And

there was no need to waste precious baby-making juice for no reason. Smiling she pressed a kiss to his lips. It was the first time she initiated contact between them. He seemed surprised that she made a move, but quickly relaxed into her kiss. Pulling away she bit her lip, could she be as audacious as he was?

“We’ll see about the heavy petting. But no promises and no pressure?”

“Of course.”

“Even though I’m old...”

“You’re not old, you’re perfect.”

“I’m old, and it’s been a while. I know what our goal is, but I’m glad we’ll be taking it a little slow at first.”

“Whatever you want, beautiful.”

God, when he said it she almost believed it. That velvety voice telling her she was attractive, beautiful. She wanted to believe it so bad.

“What I want is to wash up, take a shower and wash my face. My eyes feel gritty from crying and I need to wash the sadness away.”

“I could help...”

“But you won’t because we’ve agreed there won’t be any of that until after each second date.”

“Can I watch?”

*Could he watch?* How wicked could she truly be? Should she let him watch, see her for the first time through the clear glass of her shower and watch as she washed herself? Maybe even pleasure herself, just for him. It’d be a fairly safe start to their physical relationship and it wasn’t sex exactly, right? It was just a little bit of self-loving.

“Yes.”

“Let’s get you showered then.”



## Chapter Six

*Deep breath in, deep breath out. I can do this.* Okay, taking a shower in front of Vincent sounded like a good idea. At least until she realized she was already half naked and had to climb from the bed and walk to the bathroom with him watching. Biting her lip, she felt blood rush to her cheeks as she looked down at their near naked bodies. Taking a deep breath she pulled at the blanket covering them, intending to use it for cover as she walked the few feet to the bathroom. Her movement was stopped when his hand grabbed the blanket.

“Paige, sweets, I already told you I thought you were beautiful and I’ve already seen you nearly naked twice now. How do you think you ended up dressed in only a bra and panties?”

“Magic?” *Because the thought of you seeing me naked, without being able to suck in this gut, is unbearable.*

“No. I peeled that delectable dress, which I love by the way, off of your body inch-by-agonizing-inch. Somehow I managed not to ravage you, but if you don’t get that hot ass into the shower, I won’t make any promises.”

His hand had been sliding down her hip as he talked and she bit her lip when he stroked her ass through the blanket. This man knew her body all too well already.

Paige loved to have her ass stroked, squeezed, and fucked. Okay, she’d only had it fucked once in her entire life, but that one time was amazing. Vincent was going to be fucking her with the goal of getting her pregnant, but would he take a small detour now and again and give her ass a little loving? He seemed to be as fond of touching her ass as she was. His hand petted and stroked as he eased her hips forward until their hips aligned. Vincent’s erection pressed against the apex of her thighs. Closing her eyes she forced herself to stay quiet, but couldn’t hold back her yelp of surprise when he brought his hand down hard and smacked her ass.

“Hey!”

“Hey yourself. You feel what you’re doing to me, so get this ass of yours in the shower or we’ll start and finish right here. I’m holding on by a thread, sweets.”

Grumbling and rubbing her abused butt cheek, Paige rolled out of bed and stomped into the bathroom, Vincent hot on her heels. Reaching into the shower, she turned on the water. Keeping her back to him, she reached for the clasp of her bra. He wouldn’t have it though. His hands replaced hers and he made short work of undoing the clasp. Large hands came to her shoulders and slid the straps down her arms before returning to cup her breasts. She leaned back into his body for support as his hands lifted the full weight of her breasts.

She didn’t understand his fascination with them, but the twins definitely appreciated the attention. At her age the girls pointed a little farther south than she would like, but she loved how big they were.

As a 38DD they seemed to fit perfectly in the palms of his large hands. When his fingertips found her nipples and he pinched then twisted them, she arched into his touch. No man had ever given such care to her breasts. Most men, okay, the few men she had been with, were more interested in gaining their own release than working towards hers.

When his hands drifted lower, to the waist of her panties, she whimpered aloud. Vincent's thumbs hooked the waistband of her thong while his fingertips played across the mound of her pussy, playfully pressing in and teasing her aching lips. He finally pulled down her thong revealing her fully.

With a pat on her left cheek, he urged her towards the shower. "Step into the shower, sweets."

*Wait, things were getting good here, get back to petting my pussy! No, I made an agreement with him and I told him I wanted to wait, so I need to take care of it my damn self in the shower. Maybe he'll do it too and I can watch.* Running with that idea she turned in his arms. He was still kneeling from removing her thong, which left his face at breast level. She smiled wickedly when he licked his lips as he eyed her breasts. Cupping them in her own small hands she waited for his attention to rise to her eyes. She was going to be so very wicked. Licking her lips she took a deep breath and told him her plan in a whisper soft voice.

"You got me hot. I'm going to love myself for you while I shower. Will you return the favor?"

Paige felt like a damn teenager, but what else could she say? 'Jack-off for me?' Yeah, that was real romantic. She bit her lip and waited for his answer.

"I'd rather I was buried deep inside this pretty kitten of yours, but I'll make do with watching you for now."

God, him calling her pussy 'kitten' had *her* feeling the need to purr. Smiling, she turned from him and stepped into the warm shower before she lost her nerve. Paige moved under the spray. She closed her eyes as the water rushed over her, and took a moment to try and calm her nerves. Sudsing her hands with soap, she rubbed and caressed her entire body with her back turned to him. Letting her fingers dance across her hardened nipples as the warm water relaxed her body. Stealing a peek over her shoulder she saw that Vincent had moved her vanity chair into the bathroom and placed it directly in front of the shower door. *Talk about a front row seat!* What she was most interested in though lay, or rather stood, between his out stretched legs.

His cock stood erect in his hand. It looked to be eight inches of hard Greek-God-goodness and it was all for her. He was circumcised, and his mushroom shaped head beckoned for her to get on her knees for a taste. She was mesmerized as he stroked his staff from root to tip, pausing long enough to gather the tiny bit of pre-cum and use it for lube as he continued his strokes. The sight of him pleasuring himself for her made her ache to her core and she wished she could throw open the shower door and ride him to completion.

Paige took comfort in his arousal, knowing he was just as turned on as she was. She let her hand drift and stroke its way down her body to just above her bare mounds. Tweaking her nipple with her other hand she let one finger slip between her folds and tap her aching clit. She was already so close. It wouldn't take much to send her over the edge. Widening her stance she realized he'd get the best view, and she'd get better access, if she used the built in seat in the shower. It was actually a small ledge, but she could prop her body against it and give him a real show.

Flashing him another wicked smile she pulled her finger from her clit and licked it clean before stepping back to ease her body down to the ledge. He'd given her a confused look and then one of pure desire at her actions. Vincent was as close to coming as she

was. Paige could tell by the way he began roughly stroking and squeezing his cock.

Spreading her legs, her hand snaked down her body and found her clit with practiced ease. Circling her clit with her finger she teased her body with her feather light strokes and quick fleeting touches. She could either come hard and fast or make this experience sweeter by coming hard and slow. Scratching her clit with her fingernail she groaned aloud at the contact. Paige needed to come so badly, her poor pussy was weeping juices down her legs as she toyed with herself. Needing to come, she locked eyes with Vincent as she began stroking her blood-engorged clit in earnest. Circling and pressing the tiny nub, she pushed herself closer and closer to the edge. She was in awe as Vincent seemed to sense her intent. He sped up his strokes to match her motions.

Pressing harder, making smaller and smaller circles, she was right on the edge, but her pussy needed more. Moving her other hand from her breast, she brought it between her legs and rimmed her core with two fingers. Sensing the fall was near she plunged her fingers into her pussy, pushing her body over the edge. She cried out as she came, pussy convulsing and clamping down on her fingers as she continued to press and rub her clit. Her pussy calmed after a minute and she stopped stroking herself. Vincent had come with her. Looking at him now, breathing heavy and covered in his own juices, she had the biggest urge to lick his hands and abs clean. Sighing, she pulled her fingers free from her pussy and just before she stuck them under the spray of water to wash them off, Vincent beckoned to her.

Carefully walking the few feet to the door, she opened it slowly and shot him a confused look. Paige gasped as his hand shot forward and grabbed her wrist, but she nearly came again when he sucked her fingers into his mouth. Vincent's tongue swirled and licked her juice-coated fingers, flicking his tongue between them. He was showing her what he could do with his agile tongue. Sliding her fingers free of his mouth he pressed a kiss to her palm.

"Delicious. You were magnificent. Thank you."

With a few words he managed to turn her into a young inexperienced woman instead of an overweight old maid. Blushing, she pulled her hand free of his and stepped back into the shower to continue bathing. The entire time she kept an eye on Vincent, not wanting to miss one moment with him. Who knew how long he'd be around?

By the time Paige emerged from the shower, clean and relaxed, Vincent had washed his come off of his abs and donned his shirt again. Wrapped in a towel she realized she was really underdressed, but that thought flitted from her mind as he leaned down for a kiss.

"Sweets, I'm gonna go. I should be back in a couple of hours, okay?"

No, not okay. They'd just shared... *something* in the shower and now he was leaving? Vincent had agreed to fuck her senseless and get her pregnant, damnit, he couldn't leave now. He must have sensed her confusion and hurt because his explanation was quick to follow. His hand drifted low down her body to cup her pussy.

"You won't let me near this sweet kitten until I get tested and we have a date or two. Plus, somebody needs to buy the makings for dinner tonight. I'm going to stop by my family physician's office and then the grocery store on the way back. I'm coming back, sweets, nothing can keep me away."

"Oh, okay. I just..."

"I know and someday you'll accept that I think you're the most beautiful woman in

the world, until then, I'll enjoy telling you everyday."

Vincent leaned in for another soft kiss, but Paige wanted him to leave with the memory of an amazing kiss burned into his brain. Dropping the towel covering her body she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his body closer to hers. This time it was she that did the licking and nipping at his lips, begging for entry. When he opened for her, she slipped her tongue into his warmth. The smell of cinnamon and musk that seemed to hover around him constantly materialized in his mouth and tasted like heaven. She wanted more of his flavor as her tongue discovered every inch of his mouth. Tongues dueling for dominance, she relented control of the kiss and let him enjoy her. His tongue swept into her with slow soft movements that made her knees weak. When he pulled away she made a soft sound of protest and Vincent placed a soft kiss on her nose.

"How could I not come back with you waiting for me?"

He reached down and helped her wrap the towel back around her body. Smiling, hand-in-hand, they walked to her apartment door and said good-bye with another toe curling kiss. Closing and locking the door behind him, Paige went about straightening her apartment and preparing for her man's return. Because he was her man now, and if he was going to convince her to let him stick around, she'd let him.

## Chapter Seven

Hopping back into his car, Vincent navigated the south Florida streets with ease. He was unfazed by the honking horns of the agitated drivers as he made his way towards his physician's office. His mind completely focused on the woman he'd left wrapped in a towel with a satisfied glow.

Her timid nature coupled with her bursts of daring made an intriguing combination. Vincent couldn't wait to spend more time with her. He wanted to learn her mind and her body both, though he was more concerned about learning her body at the moment. Pulling into the parking lot at Dr. Harris, Mitch's, office, he took a deep breath. Vincent would have a lot of explaining to do considering his stance on Mitch's relationship with Mia, but better to get it over and done with as soon as he could.

Mitch recently mated to a member of his pride, Mia. Vincent had been the strongest opponent to their relationship. The turning of a human—the conversion—wasn't an easy process for the human body to take, but they both resisted and went against his wishes. *Thank God*. Mitch was now nearly as strong as the 'pure born' members of the pride and one of the greatest assets to their group as a whole. While *werejaguars* didn't have many health problems there were times when something came up. Having a doctor dedicated to his pride's care was something he appreciated.

Stepping from his car he was hit with the scent instantly. A nearby *werejaguar* was in heat and his beast surged forth with the intent to mate. It had to be Mia. Only she would choose to be out while she was in heat, risking her life *and* the life of her mate.

Mitch's office was housed not far from the medical center he had visited earlier that morning. No one knew what type of work Mitch did or what type of patients he saw. Walking through the door to the office his suspicions were confirmed.

The scent of Mia's heat wrapped around him and forced his cock to attention. He didn't want her, not really, she wasn't Paige. But his beast had other ideas and a certain amount of control over his body. By some blessing the waiting room was empty and Mia sat completely still at the receptionist desk behind a wall of bulletproof glass. Taking a moment to gain some semblance of control, Vincent stalked towards her. Even though she was secure behind the glass, she backed away from him.

"Mia."

"Vincent."

"You're in heat, Mia. You should be home. Not here with Mitch, working. What are you doing here?"

That pissed her off. She stood from her seat and faced him. Their angry faces inches from each other, separated only by the glass.

"I am a grown woman, Vincent. Just because the men of the pride can't control themselves when I go into heat every month-and-a-freaking-half doesn't mean I should go into hiding. Maybe they should!"

Vincent stared at her, willing his body to calm and his irrational thoughts to cease. Taking a deep breath he was assaulted with her scent again and he closed his eyes.

In a sense she was right. It wasn't a woman's fault the men couldn't control themselves. Women shouldn't be hidden away just because the men got a raging hard-on

when they caught a woman's scent. Opening his eyes he gave her a small smile and backed away.

"You're right, Mia. I'm sorry. Is Mitch available?"

She was stunned speechless at his change in attitude and it took her a moment to speak. Finally finding her voice she answered him.

"Yes, go on through. I'll buzz him and let him know you're on your way."

Walking through the door he noticed that the bulletproof glass now encased her entire workspace, effectively keeping her safe from any out of control *weres* that may come to see Mitch. Striding past the exam rooms towards Mitch's office, Vincent was surprised at how empty the place was.

While they may not get sick often, there were always worried pregnant *weres* that came to Mitch for assurance their pregnancies were progressing well. Whether they were on their first litter or their tenth, the females always flocked to Mitch, now that he was dedicated to the pride.

Mitch's office in sight, he could see his friend pacing the floor as he mumbled under his breath. Knocking on the open door, Vincent waited to be acknowledged. He may be the alpha of their pride, but he treated everyone with the respect he expected from them. He didn't have to wait long, Mitch was eager to have someone share in his pain and take his frustrations out on.

"What are you doing here? Don't you know she's in heat? All the other *weres* were smart enough to stay away. Why are you here?"

His friend was breathing deep, borderline panting and drooling with the need to mate with Mia. Vincent felt for him.

"Mitch, I'll cut to the chase and then leave you to handle her. I need test results that say I'm clean. That I don't have any STD's."

"You don't have any STD's. The wonder of the *weres* is that you guys don't catch any 'human' diseases."

"Yeah, I get that, but I still need it. She..."

Vincent saw the light flick on in Mitch's eyes and he groaned inside. Now that Mitch knew what Vincent was after he'd tease him mercilessly.

"You've fallen for a human and she wants to make sure you're clean so you can go at it without gloves. Ha!"

His rant was halted as a strong wave of heat ran through them. Vincent felt his cock harden further. Mia had stepped out of her glass cage; that was the only explanation for the strengthening scent. Mitch responded with a roar before raising his voice to a yell.

"Mia! Woman! Your ass better be back in that glass cage before I get up there or so help me God woman, I will fuck you in front of all the damn patients! You're testing my control!"

Both of them were breathing heavy. Mitch was leaning against his desk while Vincent braced his weight on a nearby chair. Getting his body under control first Mitch resumed his tirade.

"Do you know why there's no one here today? Because she is. The men of the pride are so afraid of getting hard in front of their pregnant mates that they *all* cancelled their appointments the moment they heard Mia was here. She's interrupting my practice!" Mitch took several more deep breaths to calm himself before he got his anger under control and went back to teasing Vincent. "So, a female has finally brought you down

and it's a human? I didn't think I'd ever see the day. Your mother won't be pleased, but if you give her the cubs I think you're after that should smooth things over pretty quickly. I'll give you what you'll need to soothe her mind, but you know that pregnancies between a *were* and a human are far and few between. Don't you?"

Vincent knew that, but he didn't care. He had six months to either get Paige pregnant and convince her to stay with him or six months to convince her to change and stay with him. Neither option would be easy to accomplish, but she was his mate. He'd never give up his fight for her.

"I know, but I have to try. Give me what I need and I'll lock the door on my way out so you can deal with Mia."

Mitch went to his computer and after hitting several keys handed him an official looking printout showing him to have a clean bill of health. Thanking his friend, Vincent walked back through the office. Waving to Mia on his way out, he locked the door behind him. Mia was in for a wild ride and she and Mitch didn't need to be interrupted. *Next stop, grocery store.*

\* \* \* \*

Pacing her apartment, Paige checked the wall clock again. It had been three hours since Vincent left and she was becoming worried. There was no reason to worry, he hadn't been gone a long period of time, but she worried anyway. Worried that he'd run across a younger woman and decided she was too old. Worried that he'd run across a thinner woman and decided she was too fat. Worried that he'd suddenly come to his senses and never come back. Just worried. When the phone rang she raced to the kitchen and snatched it off the hook.

"Hello?"

Why was she expecting Vincent to be on the other end? Why was she hoping for it? She hadn't given him her number before he left. It couldn't be him. Yet, she held onto the hope until the caller spoke.

"Hey babes."

Blowing out the breath she had been holding, she answered the caller. "Hey Steven."

Her voice sounded disappointed because she was, she couldn't help it. It wasn't Steven's fault she'd fallen head over heels for Vincent and wanted to hear *his* voice.

"Expecting some hot young stud?"

"Actually, yes. Vincent, your *friend's* brother. He... I dunno, Steven. There's just something about him that makes me weak in the knees."

"I know the feeling."

Steven sounded happy, almost excited, and that was something she hadn't heard in his voice in a long time.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I'm in the same boat as you, it seems."

"That's great, Steven. I'm so happy...Shit! That's the door, I think he's back. Can I call you back later?"

Walking towards the door, Paige couldn't wait to see Vincent again. She was giddy with excitement.

"Of course babes. Love ya, hon, take care of yourself."

"Love you too."

Turning the phone off, she sat it on the hall table and opened the door to reveal a *very* pissed off Vincent. He stood there, holding a bag of groceries in one arm and bouquet of red tulips in the other. Turning on her smile, she said nothing and stepped aside to let him into her apartment. His face remained stony as he passed her. He didn't say a word when he stepped into the kitchen and sat the groceries on the counter. It was obvious something had upset him, but what? Had she done something? He couldn't be upset with her. She hadn't seen him for hours. Who was he to barge in to her home and be all big-cranky-man?

"Vincent?"

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath in, expelling it slowly before he locked his golden eyes on hers.

"I want the truth. I asked you if you had someone else and you said no. Were you telling me the truth?"

"Of course."

"Then what man were you saying *I love you* to?"

*Okay, that's just freaky. There's no way he could've heard me talking to Steven through the door. Could he?* Vincent must have seen something in her expression that made him doubt her because his voice turned ice cold.

"Paige. Who were you talking to? I'll be here. Do as you ask. But I don't want lies or deception between us."

This is why she didn't want a man involved in the baby making process. Assuming he did hear the end of her conversation, she didn't need a man and his ego jumping to conclusions and making her life a mess. Even if he could possibly be the greatest fuck ever, she didn't need it. Gritting her teeth she laid into him.

"For your *information*, I was speaking to Steven, my best friend that went home with your brother. This..." She waved her hand in the air between them, "is exactly why I was going to a damn clinic to get pregnant. I *do not* need some *man* jumping to conclusions and making innuendos in relation to my behavior." She walked up to him until she was inches from his body and poked her finger into his chest. "I am too damn old to play the fucking games you're assuming I'm playing. I don't need you and I don't need this. Take your shit and your attitude and leave."

She spun on her heel and stomped to her bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Pacing her room, she felt like a caged animal. Her fury simmered without an outlet. Paige couldn't believe him! The gall of that man, to come into her home and damn near accuse her of...of philandering!

Taking deep breaths she willed her racing heartbeat to slow, but it sped up again when there was a knock on her bedroom door. She hadn't locked it when she slammed it and she was thankful Vincent wasn't barging in to continue their conversation.

"Paige?"

"I thought I asked you to leave."

Paige kept her voice level, emotionless. She had to be strong. No amount of good sex or the potential for a beautiful child was worth being suspected of leading someone on. Paige closed her eyes and fought the tears building behind them. The old saying was right, if something seemed too good to be true, it usually was. Vincent seemed perfect. He thought she was beautiful and he was willing to give her what she wanted most without attaching strings. Sure he'd said he would try and convince her to let him stick



around, and she probably would have let him stay in her life. That is, until his little performance today in the kitchen. She just needed to accept that the little pitter-patter of little feet would begin six months from now inside a test tube.

Hearing the front door open and then close, Paige breathed sigh of relief. Vincent had finally left. Walking back through her apartment Paige was surprised to see that he had left the tulips he'd brought with him. Leaning against the vase was a small hand written note simply stating 'I'm sorry'. Moving closer to the flowers she picked up the note and discovered it was actually a folded piece of paper. Unfolding it, Paige saw that it was Vincent's test results. He was clean. Too bad he fucked it up.

## Chapter Eight

Vincent had fucked up. Big. He stood outside Paige's front door, gripping the doorframe with both hands as he listened to her move around her apartment. He should be in there with her. Instead, he was standing outside her door with hands that ached to hold her. Why did he have to be such a jealous, possessive bastard? Paige wasn't his. He hadn't claimed her. Hell, he hadn't even convinced her to let him stick around past getting her pregnant. Yet he'd acted like they were already mated. He knew he should leave, drive as far as he could away from Paige and sate his lust with some other woman, but he couldn't do it. There were any number of other women in the pride that would accept him in their beds, but he only wanted Paige.

Pushing away from her door he walked back to his car. If he couldn't sleep with her, he'd sleep as close to her as he could. Well, at least until he could sneak into her apartment after she went to sleep. Yeah, it was an underhanded plan, but Vincent didn't care. Laying back his front seat, he called forth a pillow and blanket from home and settled in for a quick *catnap*. It was still early in the evening and hours from when he'd normally go to sleep, but he refused to leave her until they had worked out what was going on between them. Closing his eyes he left his senses open to listen for any danger that may approach. Seconds after relaxing into the seat his cell phone rang. Glancing at the caller ID, his stomach clenched. His mother was calling. Flipping open his cell phone, he answered.

"Mother."

"Vincent, love. How are you? Or should I say, *where* are you?"

"I'm out, Mother." *She is your mother, treat her with respect. Just because she's a prying woman doesn't mean you should be rude.* "I'm out with friends, Mother."

"Really? Interesting. Since when did you need your pillow and blanket while out with friends?"

Vincent leaned forward and rested his head on the steering wheel. That explained the reason for his mother's call. His entire family had moved to his parents' estate after his father's death and his mother had made the rounds. Searching through the house for one of her children to check-up on, as always, and she'd noticed his blanket and pillow missing. *Great, just great.*

"Since now?" It was a question, not a statement. Whenever his mother took that tone with him he was reduced to a five-year-old cub instead of the one hundred eighteen *were* he was now.

"Vincent."

"Mother."

"Vincent Andreas Manos, you will tell me what you are doing this instant!"

Vincent barely contained his chuckle. He could imagine his mother standing in his room next to his bed. Her hair perfect, manicured nails, dressed in an expensive white skirt suit and stomping her Manolo Blahniks into the carpet as she spoke to him.

Sighing, he answered her. "I'm going to say this once and the matter won't be discussed again." He paused, giving her a chance to object. When she didn't, he continued. "I have found my mate. She doesn't know it yet and she doesn't know what I

am. It's...complicated. I needed my pillow and blanket because she kicked me out of her apartment. She's perfect, Mother, you'd love her."

"She doesn't know you're her mate and doesn't know what you are? What do you mean she doesn't know what you are? She's...she's human, isn't she?" Vincent didn't have to answer. His mother was breaking into her stride with a Grade-A-Prime tirade. He could probably lay the phone down and let her yell herself out without having to listen, but he couldn't do that to her.

"Oh my God! My son, the alpha of our pack, is going to mate with a...a *human*. You know what happened with your twin, Victoria. Your grandparents say it was because your father was originally human. It's bad enough that I have to deal with this business with your brother, Lukas."

*This business* was the fact that Lukas had recently 'come out' to the family. Vincent was proud of his brother and didn't see him any differently, but his mother was another story.

"If your father were alive now..."

That was going too far. No matter what happened to his twin when they were born, his father would be happy he had found his mate. Vincent would listen to what his mother had to say out of respect, but he wouldn't let her mar the memory of his father.

"Mother. If Father were alive now he'd be proud that I found someone that made me happy. He wouldn't have been pressuring me to secure a marriage of convenience. Are you forgetting, *Mother*, that Father was a human before you changed him, or is that something you conveniently forgot?"

His tone said unmistakably, 'continue at your own peril'.

"I'm sorry, Vincent. I am. I'm your mother, I worry for my children and my future grandchildren. The purists are dangerous, even more so than when your father and I mated. Not to mention the health dangers to your cubs. And your father wasn't just a human, he was a powerful mage. He could defend himself. Being on the *Scisco Concilium* isn't enough of a threat for them to leave her alone."

"I'll protect her, Mother, and she won't always be human. Once she accepts me, accepts us, I'll change her. I love her. Our cubs will be fine."

The memory, or lack of memories, of Victoria haunted him to this day. Ninety-nine percent of all *werejaguar* pregnancies resulted in multiple births and his mother's first pregnancy was no different. Unfortunately, when his mother gave birth to him and Victoria, Victoria never made it past a day. His grandparents had always said it was because his father was human when his mother conceived. The reason didn't matter to Vincent, growing up without the bond Lily and Lukas shared hurt him enough. He knew that any cubs he had with Paige wouldn't suffer the same fate. He'd make sure of it.

"Very well, Vincent. I'm happy for you. Will you...will you bring her by for dinner tomorrow? We always have dinner with family on Saturdays. Let the rest of your family meet her."

Rubbing his hand over his face, Vincent tried to find an excuse not to bring Paige to his home. Their agreement, if it still stood, was for sex and sex alone with occasional dates. Would she see it as him pushing too hard and too fast for something more by bringing her to his home?

"We'll see, Mother. I'll talk with you tomorrow. Bye."

"Bye Vincent, I love you."

“Love you too, Mom.”

Resting his head against the seat he closed his eyes and tried to rest while the beast within him kept its senses open. His beast was clawing at him for a run, but that would have to wait until he was home. At some point he must’ve fallen asleep because he was awakened by a familiar female voice.

*Sir?*

*Katie?*

*You made her cry.*

*Yes, but I’ll fix it, little one. She is my mate.*

Katie didn’t speak to him for several moments. Vincent had begun to think she’d decided he wasn’t worth the effort. Then she was back.

*The door is unlocked for your return. She took magic and sleeps.*

*Thank you, little one.*

Magic. His sweet Paige had taken something to help her sleep because she was so upset with him. Vincent truly was lower than low.

Making his way to her front door he eased it open without a sound and stepped into the darkened apartment. For the third time he was met by Paige’s three cats.

*Yes?*

*You will love her? Care for her? For us?*

Ah. They had come to the heart of the matter now. The three cats recognized him as her mate and their eventual master. They were worried over their fate as well as Paige’s. Dropping to his haunches, Vincent held out his hand and waited for Katie to pad forward. Rubbing her nose, he gave them the reassurance they needed.

*I will love her and make her as us. I will love you all.*

Stepping back from him, the three of them turned as one and went to find their beds, just as he soon would.

Standing next to her bed he stripped down to his boxers. Sliding in next to Paige’s sleeping body, he smiled when she turned towards him and snuggled under his arm. She fit his body perfectly, like she was always meant to sleep by his side. Kissing her forehead he allowed himself to drift off to sleep. Who knew what tomorrow would bring?

\* \* \* \*

*There’s that damn purring again!* Slitting her eyes, Paige saw that for the third time in two days she had awoken with her head on Vincent’s chest. *How’d he get in here? Never mind. I’m not going to scream at him yet, I’m going to enjoy the snuggle until I have to kick him out. Again.* Pressing closer to his body, she moved her leg to rest across his and her knee came into contact with his hard cock. The touch, the naughtiness of feeling him hard in his sleep, sent the too familiar ache into her pussy. Paige was still pissed at him, furious over the conclusions he had jumped to, but there was no denying this man had a cock women would kill for. Closing her eyes for a few more minutes of sleep, they popped open again when the purring stopped.

Golden eyes met hers and Vincent smiled. Smiled! *The bastard.* How could he smile when he’d broken into her apartment and crawled into her bed after she’d kicked him out? She narrowed her eyes at him and he simply widened his smile.

“Good morning.”

It was a whisper that carried with it the long forgotten smell of...

“Morning breath. Ew!” Knowing that her breath probably wasn’t any better she turned her head away from him and finished yelling. “I’m not going to even address the fact that you’re in my apartment half-naked after I kicked you out last night. But for the love of all that is holy, do not talk to me until you’ve brushed your teeth!”

His chest started shaking until he finally laughed out loud at her ‘good morning’. Paige didn’t care. The man’s breath stank. She knew hers wasn’t much better, but she didn’t go around talking to people until she’d brushed her teeth. The least he could do was the same. She rolled away from him and reached for her robe lying across a chair near the bed. Her movement was stopped by his hand grabbing her arm. Paige almost melted into the bed when he kissed her neck, just below her ear and whispered his next words.

“Let’s go get cleaned up, but then we’re talking.”

“Fine. There’s an extra toothbrush under the sink. I’m going to sleep a little longer. Wake me when you’re done.”

Rolling over she closed her eyes and willed herself to go to sleep. She heard the shower turn on and knew he was stripping down. Paige hadn’t heard the bathroom door close, so it had to still be open. The temptation to roll over and stare at Vincent as he showered was great, but she resisted. Staying strong was imperative at this point. He’d already managed to get back into her home and she needed to stand her ground and get him back out again. She did *not* need a man in her life, especially one that liked to jump to conclusions.

Paige woke to the sounds of Vincent cooking in her kitchen. The scent of bacon and eggs wafted through the small apartment and made Paige’s stomach growl. Jumping from bed she made quick work of brushing her teeth and getting decently dressed.

Tip-toeing down the hall, she found him cooking shirtless at the stove with all three cats sitting nearby. Paige appreciated a good breakfast just as much as the next woman, but it wasn’t enough of an apology for his behavior.

“I was pretty clear last night.”

She had been as quiet as she could and he didn’t even jump at the sound of her voice, it was as if he was expecting her.

“Yes. You were.”

“My feelings haven’t changed. Breakfast will not change my mind.”

“This isn’t an apology, Paige. It’s breakfast.” He turned to face her then and she thought she saw tears in his eyes. *It’s the onions. Don’t let him get to you, girl.*

“Sit down, have something to eat and we’ll talk. Please.”

It was those eyes, those golden sun on a misty morning eyes, that did it. She couldn’t say no and everything in her body begged her to let him stay.

“Fine.”

Why did she have to make this so difficult for him? She wanted him. Why not just accept his little apology and move on to the good stuff? *Because you’ve had men that doubted you before and you’re better than that. Even if it is for a short period of time.* Paige would eat the breakfast he made for her, but he’d be going...as soon as the dishes were done.

## Chapter Nine

Sitting on the couch with her morning cup of coffee, Paige had to admit that this was kinda nice. Vincent in the kitchen washing the dishes, while she got to relax and watch the sun rise through her living room window felt right. She thought about keeping him around for his dish-washing capabilities, but decided not to when she heard a dish break followed by a quiet '*damn it*'.

Setting her cup on the coffee table, Paige rushed into the kitchen to check on Vincent. Her breath caught at the picture he made. Crouched down his jeans were pulled snugly against him, outlining the perfect curves of his ass. She was such an ass woman. She had the urge to make him strip and bare it, just to see if it was as beautiful as she imagined. Breaking out of her fantasy she noticed he was picking up the pieces of a broken plate, fingers bleeding.

"What do you think you're doing? Your hands are bleeding. Stop that!" Yanking on his arm she got him to his feet and pushed him towards the sink. After rinsing his hands she could see that his cuts weren't deep, they were just bleeding a lot.

"Paige. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..."

"Hush. It doesn't matter. It was a plate, Vincent. Not a Ming vase."

He looked just like a little boy. Sweet and cute, cheeks blushing and biting his lip as she poured hydrogen peroxide on his cuts. Blowing on his hands after disinfecting them, she had a perfect view of his cock growing and expanding in his pants.

The blush in his face deepened. "I, um, I'll buy you another one. I'm usually not that clumsy but...I'll buy you another one."

Closing her eyes to hold back tears, she answered him. "You can't. The plates were my grandmother's. I believe she got them from her mother. They're so old now, there's no way you'd find one. I appreciate it, but it's okay."

Sticking on the last band-aid she pressed a soft kiss on to his cut palm and went about cleaning up the mess. When he tried to help her she shooed him into the living room with his own cup of coffee. She didn't want him standing next to her if the tears in her eyes managed to streak down her face.

Paige lied to him. These plates were the only thing she had left of her beloved grandmother and she looked forward to the day she'd pass them on to her own child. They weren't fine china, but they were something to pass on. She shouldn't be as upset as she was, but she couldn't help it. *It's a plate. Get over it already. It's just a plate!* But it wasn't just a plate. These plates represented her dreams of having a family and now one of them was broken.

Wiping away her tears with a paper towel Paige dumped the last of the pieces in the garbage and went to join Vincent in the living room. He wanted to talk, so she'd let him talk.

\* \* \* \*

*'Oh, is that a family heirloom? Why don't you give it to me so I can break it?' I am such a dumbass. As if things weren't bad enough. I had to break an heirloom and make*

*her cry.*

Resting his head in his hands Vincent sat in the living room, listening to Paige sniffle as she cleaned up his mess. He already had one foot out the door and now he'd just pushed the rest of his ass out behind it.

He looked up when she started walking towards him. Paige may have tried to be quiet, but his senses were tuned to her now. She'd never be able to sneak up or hide from him.

Paige still hadn't gotten dressed when she came out this morning and the sight of her all bed-rumpled in a long t-shirt was part of the reason he broke the plate. The too small and too short t-shirt clung to her breasts. Paige didn't sleep in a bra and hadn't yet put one on. The lack of a bra gave her breasts freedom to move, and let him see her hardened nipples. Vincent wondered if she was wearing a cute little thong like she had worn the day before. He ached to lift the edge of her nightshirt those last few inches to see just what covered her bare pussy. When she was within reaching distance he fisted his hands and held them on his knees. The need to reach out and grab her was almost irresistible.

"You wanted to talk. So, talk."

His body reacted as if it had been dumped in cold water. His cock shriveled with her icy tone. Paige sounded so angry. Could he blame her? He'd all but accused her of lying and then practically broke into her home. Rubbing his hand over his face he took a deep breath before beginning his apology.

"I'm sorry. I jumped to conclusions and made assumptions that I had no right to make. You asked for someone to give you a child with no strings and I tried to attach them before we got started. I'd still like to try. I'd like to give you what you want most in the world while trying to convince you to let me stay. But I won't pressure you. We don't have to talk about what else goes on in your life or who else you talk to. Not...not while we're doing this."

His beast raged and screamed. Tearing, clawing, and biting at him as he spoke, but he willed it to calm. *This* was what Paige thought she wanted, needed. And *this* was what Vincent was willing to do to get her. If he had to accept her terms and play the meek man waiting for a crumb from his mistress, he would. He didn't like the idea, but he'd do it to be near her. Vincent needed to get his jealousy and need to dominate under control if he was ever going to have a chance at winning Paige over long enough to win her heart.

She narrowed her eyes at him, not her mistrust obvious. "I am too old to play games, Vincent. I don't need some load of jealousy crap in my life."

Vincent reached out to cup her cheek and she didn't pull away. "I know you don't need my jealousy, sweets. I know you don't need it and you won't be getting any more of it. Not if you give me another chance. Now as to whether you're old, keep talking like that and you'll end up over my knee. Haven't I already told you how beautiful you are to me?"

Her eyes softened as he spoke and their color darkened with the mention of being brought over his knee. Did his little Paige like the idea of a spanking? How good it would be to bend her over his knees and slap her ass until it glowed red. Did she like a little sting as she was fucked and loved from behind? Vincent hoped he'd soon find out.

"I know what you've told me, I just have a hard time believing it. Vincent, you're so young..." His thumb pressing against her lips stopped whatever she was about to say. He didn't need her bringing up his age again. She hadn't yet asked him how old he was, she

just assumed. He didn't feel like lying to her when she finally did ask. He'd either have to tell her the truth or lie. Vincent didn't think she'd take the fact that he was a one hundred eighteen year old *werejaguar* too well. It was best to avoid the subject if he could.

"Are you going to give me another chance?" He held his breath and waited for her answer.

"Are you going to go all jealous-cave-man on me again?"

Chuckling he answered her. "No." Growing serious he addressed an issue his beast was growling over. "But, I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't *entertain* other men during this time. Obviously you will live your own life when we're not together. If that's not acceptable to you then..."

"It's acceptable." She interrupted him with the brightest smile he'd ever seen. Even after crying, she was the most beautiful woman in the world to him and soon she'd be his.

He needed to make sure she understood before they began their almost-relationship. "I'm serious, Paige, I want to be..."

She rose from her seat on the couch, pushed on his chest to make him lay back, and straddled him. "You want to be the only man that lick, sucks, and fucks me. Is that right?"

Paige lowered her hips to press against his straining erection and he groaned out his response. "Yes."

She rotated her hips on his lap as she leaned forward and whispered in his ear. "I want the same. Will I be the only woman you lick, suck, and fuck?" Pressing down harder, she rocked her hips against him. "Hmmm?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, since you were such an ass, why don't you give me a little 'good faith' deposit?"

This is what the beast in him wanted, craved. His woman riding his lap. Skimming his hands along her thighs he curved them behind her to settle on her ass. Vincent's hands kneaded the plump cheeks as she placed tentative kisses on his jaw. She was wearing another small thong, which gave him the access he needed. He loved a woman's pussy just as much as the next man, but he craved conquering a woman's ass. Bringing one hand to his mouth, he wet the tips of his fingers before placing them back on her butt. Using his other hand he moved the string of her thong, giving his wet fingertips space to play.

Vincent easily found Paige's dark hole and rimmed the area with his fingers. She puckered and contracted under his touch and her breath came out in small pants against his neck. Continuing his assault with small circles, he loved that she began pushing back and begging for his touch. Her hips rocked and rotated against him.

"Yes. Vincent, God, yes."

Pushing his finger past the first outer ring of muscle, her body froze and Vincent wondered if maybe he'd read her wrong. He held his breath while he waited to see what she'd say.

"Don't stop. It's been a long time, but don't stop."

He let his breath out with a groan. To prove she meant what she said she pushed back on his hand hard, forcing his finger fully into her dark passage. Stroking in and out of her, she began rocking her hips and grinding her panty clad pussy against his jean covered erection. He was close to coming with the dry hump she was giving him.



Apparently so was she. Her breath was coming in soft pants and mewls as Paige rode his hand and humped his cock. He wanted to watch her come from his touch this first time and encouraged her.

“Come for me, sweets. You like my finger up your ass? Want my cock there instead? You need to come for me. I’m going to fuck your sweet kitten and this tight ass, but first you need to come for me.”

Her breath was coming out in pants as she drew closer. Her pussy’s juices had soaked through his jeans and he felt their warmth and wetness sink into his cock. Giving her more, he added a second finger to join the first, filling her near-virgin hole. Reaching up with his free hand, Vincent gripped her hair and pulled her face away from his neck. Staring into her lust filled eyes as she continued to ride him he ordered her to give him what he wanted.

“Come for me, Paige. Come for me, now.”

He pushed his fingers deeper as he stroked her and pressed his hips up into hers. The added stimulation was all she needed. Paige came in breathless pants and screamed his name as she was pushed over the edge. Vincent nearly came from Paige’s own ecstasy. Seeing and feeling her fall apart from his touch almost sent him over the edge with her. Her body’s trembling subsided and she pressed her head against his shoulder, her voice muffled by his shirt.

“Oh. My. God. That was amazing.”

“You’re amazing.”

“I want to do that again. Give me one sec, and I’ll be ready. I can’t move just yet, but I will.”

Vincent laughed out loud at how tired one orgasm seemed to have left her. Didn’t she realize she’d be coming for the rest of the day and night if he had the choice? They had all weekend together before she went to work on Monday and he planned to spend all of it in bed with her. Kissing her neck, he removed his fingers from her ass and moved to lift her from his lap.

“Hey!”

Chuckling, he explained his actions. “I’m moving you, sweets, so that I can wash my hand and then I’m going to carry you into the bedroom and ravish you for the rest of the day. That okay with you?”

With a yawn, she answered him. “Yeah. Okay. I’m gonna stay here for now.”

Still laughing, he went into the kitchen and washed up. Returning, he found her curled on the couch asleep. *She’s one of those women that falls asleep after they come.* Vincent would have plenty of fun waking her. Lifting her from the couch he carried her back to her bedroom and laid her on the bed.

## Chapter Ten

This had to be the most amazing dream ever. Paige was laid back on the bed, while the most amazing tongue went to work on her pussy. This wasn't any ordinary tongue either. This tongue had a wonderfully roughened texture that almost reminded her of super fine sandpaper. Not scratchy enough to sting, but just enough to give that extra bit of friction that was sure to give her a screaming orgasm. Soon.

The tongue swirled and flicked her clit, making it ache for more. She whimpered as it moved away from her clit. This was her dream, she wanted more! The tongue traveled down her slit to thrust in and out of her weeping core. Giving her crying pussy the attention it craved. *Would the tongue keep traveling south?* It would. It traveled further south to her dark entrance and rimmed her hole. She brought her knees up and spread her legs wider, begging for more. The tongue didn't disappoint. It delved further between her cheeks for a deeper taste.

Paige had to express her appreciation. "Yesssss."

Voicing her thoughts brought her out of what she thought was a dream. Opening her eyes she saw she was lying in her bed in her bedroom. Vincent's head positioned between her outstretched thighs. His eyes looked up from their task and locked with hers for a moment. He had given her one of the best orgasms of her life in the living room and he was working on a repeat performance. Eyes drifting closed Paige concentrated on the sensations his tongue created. Vincent's hands skimmed her inner thighs until his fingers found her southern lips. He grabbed them gently with his fingers and pulled them apart exposing her clit the air.

His tongue retreated when his hands touched her nether lips and she opened her eyes to see him staring intently at her. He spoke to her, mouth inches from her clit.

"What do you want?"

"You." He quirked an eyebrow at her. Apparently her answer wasn't enough. She tried again. "Your tongue on my clit. Your fingers in my..." She couldn't say it. She'd never spoken so bluntly with a lover before and here Vincent was dragging her out of her shell. He finished her sentence for her.

"Kitten."

"Yes."

"You only want my fingers there?"

Why was he teasing her like this? She had been so close to heaven again and now he was teasing her. His hot breath puffed against her clit. Maybe if he breathed a little harder she could come. No, she needed more.

"I want your fingers. I want your cock. Whatever you'll give me, I want it all."

She prayed that was the answer he was waiting on and nearly shouted with joy when his tongue swept forward to tease her clit again. His fingers came forward with his tongue and circled the core of her kitten. He made gentle sweeping motions matching his tongue until they plunged home into her heat. Paige's back arched off the bed and her hips bucked with the sensation. Vincent's fingers filled her so well, how would she manage to take his impressive cock? His fingers didn't thrust in and out of her body as she expected. They made soft circling motions inside her channel as if searching for something.

His tongue continued its assault, alternating between slow circles and fast, hard flicks. Vincent's lips encircled her aching clit and sucked. At the same moment his searching fingers found what they were looking for. Paige had always thought that a woman's G-spot was a myth told by evil multi-orgasmic women. She was wrong.

Vincent's fingers found her G-spot deep within her core and stroked it with a soft 'come here' motion. Oh, she was coming all right. The combination of his fingers and tongue assaulting her kitten brought her higher than she had ever been, and then she fell. Her pussy began milking Vincent's fingers as her body shuddered through its release. Vincent continued to lick and stroke her as she came down, making the float back to earth much more enjoyable. She'd closed her eyes when she came and opened them to look directly into Vincent's.

"Thank you." He smiled against her pussy and propped himself up on his elbows. She moaned at the loss of his fingers in her core.

"You're welcome. This little kitten is still hungry though. Isn't it?"

"Yes." Paige opened her legs wider in invitation. She wanted this man so buried inside her he'd never find his way out. "Very hungry."

In a breath he was over her, supporting his body with his arms. The head of Vincent's cock probed her dripping core. Paige thought he'd plunge home without hesitation, but he didn't move. He stared at her for a moment and then slowly lowered his face to hers. She opened for him and tasted herself on his lips. She had never tasted her own feminine musk, but on Vincent's lips, the taste was divine. His tongue and mouth tasted of juices mixed with the cinnamon flavor she'd forever associate with him. Their tongues dueled and stroked one another in an imitation of what was seconds away. Paige brought her knees up, opening herself as much as she could, begging for him to enter her. He tore his mouth from hers when she moved.

His words came out as puffs of breath against her mouth. "I won't last long. I need you so badly. I'm already close."

She panted response. "Need you now."

Vincent's hips began rocking slowly against her body. He teased her, pushing his cock inches into her pussy only to retreat seconds later. With just the crown of his cock inside her, Paige felt stretched. He was so big and she didn't know how she would eventually take him all. He didn't give her much of a chance to wonder. Sitting up he grasped Paige's hips as he slid home in a slow deliberate movement. Both of them groaned aloud when he was seated fully. Vincent didn't move at first, giving Paige a chance to grow accustomed to his size. When the feeling of utter fullness was replaced by the need for more pleasure Paige wrapped her legs around Vincent's waist and squeezed. She needed more from him.

"Ready for more?" He accentuated his question by pulling his cock half out and thrusting home into her core.

Groaning. "Yes. Much more."

Vincent gripped her hips and tilted them up for better penetration. She had thought he was fully seated before, but tipping her hips caused him to sink another inch into her pussy. She said his name on a hiss. "Vincent."

"Like that?"

"Yes, God, yes. Fuck me. Love me. Anything. Just move."

Vincent slid out of her slowly, letting her feel every inch of his hard cock pull from

her body. Then he thrust forward with a force that shook the whole bed. She arched her back and screamed his name. He did the same thing, over and over again. Pulling out of her core with infinite tenderness, only to drive himself home with a strength she'd never known. She loved every minute of it. When he thrust, his body pressed against her well-worked clit and she could feel her body climbing again. It was reaching for another orgasm, and Vincent was going to hand it to her on a well-fucked platter.

"Please." Her pussy was begging for it. Tremors were working through her body. She could feel her kitten clamping down on his cock with every thrust. "Please, Vincent."

He must have been waiting for her to beg, plead with him. He leaned forward and widened his legs, pushing her thighs further apart. Vincent began thrusting in and out of her pussy with short, quick, hard strokes. He pressed his pelvis against her clit with every drive into her body. Paige planted her feet on the bed and raised her hips to meet his every thrust. She needed more of his punishing ride. Rising to meet him it took her moments to climb closer to the edge, but she didn't want to fall alone.

"Coming... so, close... coming soon." It must have been what he was waiting for.

"Come with me, sweets. Come now!" He stiffened above her with a bone jarring thrust and she came apart beneath him. Her body shuddered and shook as her pussy milked his pulsing cock. Breathing heavy, Vincent continued to move in and out of Paige's kitten as their orgasms subsided. He leaned forward and rested his body on hers, their mouths barely touching, panting into one another.

Vincent tried to speak, but could only manage one word between breaths. "That... Was... amazing... sweets."

Paige arched her back, enjoying Vincent's semi-hard cock still residing within her. "Yes, it was." She reached up and pulled his mouth onto hers. She gave him a slow sweet kiss. A meager 'thank you' for the amazing fuck he'd just given her.

Vincent groaned into her mouth. He moved his hands beneath her back and rolled over, pulling her on top of him. She felt like she was too heavy to be on top and wanted to climb off of him as quickly as she could. Before she could move his hands were on her hips, sealing her to him as he pressed up. He forced his cock further into her channel.

*Talk about recovery time.*

"What?"

"Ride me, sweets."

She rocked her hips, trying to dislodge his hands. "But you just..." his groan cut her off.

"And I'm going to again, if you ride me."

*He couldn't be ready again, could he?*

"I'm going to come in this sweet kitten again and I want to toy with these breasts while I do. Ride me, love."

Her pussy clenched at his endearment. She felt it. He felt it too if his widening smile was any indication.

"I've never..." She wanted to cry. Cry! In the middle of hot-younger-man sex, she was ready to cry. She had never ridden during sex because she always thought she was too fat to be on top of anyone. So, here she sat at thirty-eight, on top of the hottest man to walk the earth, and she didn't know what to do. Pathetic was not the word to describe her at this moment.

"Oh, sweets. You just rise up and down on my cock, baby. It loves your sweet kitten."

You do whatever feels good to you. You're in control now. This is what you want."

Oh, she liked the sound of that. Bringing her knees closer to his hips she lifted a few inches before settling back down on him. She felt, rather than heard, his groan. She liked the sound of *that* a lot. Continuing to try different rhythms, Paige found she liked short quick strokes followed by grinding her clit against his body. Vincent's groans told her that he liked it too.

Paige kept up her pace of rising and falling. She loved circling her hips and grinding her *kitten* against Vincent. Riding him got her close to her orgasm again within minutes. Paige was never a multi-orgasm kind of gal, but with Vincent's magic hands, tongue, and cock it felt like she'd come for the fourth time today, soon.

"Close, Vincent."

His hands slid up her outer thighs and grabbed onto her hips. Vincent started raising his body up to meet hers with every fall of her body. Increasing the pressure and pleasure as their bodies met. He was driving her closer and closer to that moment of ecstasy she craved. Losing the rest of her self-consciousness, Paige brought her hands up to squeeze and fondle her breasts. Pinching her nipples as Vincent pounded her from below was what she needed to fall, but he needed to fall with her.

"Coming, Vincent. Please."

She didn't know what she was asking for. Was she asking for his permission, or for him to come with her?

When he hissed his order through gritted teeth she knew the answer. "Yes, come now. Come with me!"

Again they came together with trembles traveling between their bodies. Paige's body milked Vincent's cock of its life giving seed and she wondered if perhaps she had become pregnant. They'd fucked, made love, twice this morning and as her body milked Vincent's dry she hoped a baby had already begun forming. She pressed her hips down harder against his still pulsing cock. She didn't want to risk losing any of what he was giving her. He groaned when she pressed down hard.

Suddenly afraid she had hurt him with her size she shifted her knees, prepared to move. His gripping hands stopped her.

"Where do you think you're going?"

*I'm squishing you, hello?* "Um, off of you."

"No." His hands rose to her shoulders and he pulled her body down on top of his. His deflating cock slid free of her body and they both moaned at the loss. Paige shifted her legs to get more comfortable until she was lying completely on top of him. "You're staying just like this. We're going to nap and when I wake up, I'll make love to you again."

Paige liked the sound of that.

## Chapter Eleven

Vincent woke to a scent filling his nostrils that surprised him. *Pregnant human*. The sensitive nose of his beast could sense the change in Paige and he almost didn't resist the urge to roar in pride. Something so rare and wonderful had happened to him and he couldn't wait to share it with the world. But first, he should probably share something else with Paige. Should he share it with just yet?

The average gestational cycle for a *werejaguar* was one hundred days. What about a human pregnant with *werejaguar* cubs? Would the gestational cycle be the same? If it was, they needed to have their chat soon, but if it wasn't, he had several months to convince her to welcome him with open arms.

If she went to full human term her first sonogram wouldn't be until she was three or four months along. He could convince her they belonged together by then, couldn't he? *Shit*. This was something he should've discussed with Mitch.

Looking down into Paige's face, he was filled with a happiness he had never known. She was pregnant with his cubs. *His cubs!* Kissing her forehead he gently moved her off of his body and onto the bed. He needed to talk with Mitch and form a new game plan. He hadn't expected her to become pregnant so soon and now he didn't know what to do. Kissing her once more, he grabbed his cell phone and left the room.

Flipping it open he dialed Mitch's number.

"Harris residence."

"Hey Mia, it's Vincent. Is Mitch around?"

He could hear muffled giggles and conversation as she covered the phone.

"I'm sorry, Vincent. Mitch is *indisposed* at the moment."

"Mia. I don't care if he's buried balls deep in your pu... Put him on the damn phone." He shouldn't have gone there with her. He knew why Mitch was indisposed, but he was worried over what was going on inside Paige's body. Fucking could wait. He needed answers now.

"Vincent. Why is my mate near feral right now?"

"Because your alpha called and she didn't put you on the damn phone. Instead she thought it was appropriate to joke and waste my time." He was breathing heavily through his nose. His breath coming out in great puffs.

"What's wrong?" The accusatory tone left Mitch's voice and he became concerned.

"She's pregnant. I have questions."

"That quickly?" Mitch sounded amazed at his announcement.

"Yes. How long will it be? Do I have to tell her about me now? Or do I have time?"

He heard Mitch breathe heavily into the phone before answering. "You don't have much time. She'll have the same gestational period as a *werejaguar* and will have at least two cubs, possibly four. I'd get to the telling, Vincent. *Soon*."

"Damn."

He'd have to tell her soon. Vincent wanted to give her more time. Seduce and convince Paige of the rightness of their union, but he wouldn't have that now. He had fucked up so much in the last forty-eight hours, he was afraid this news would push her away for good. She couldn't push him away though, could she? Not after what they'd

shared. Coming deep within her kitten was the closest to heaven he had ever been. He couldn't lose her now. She was sweet and kind, forgiving, and sexy as hell. His beast started raging at him for his stupidity and his animalistic urge was to rush in there and claim her. He couldn't do that though. Not without her knowing what it meant. He could make love to her, but a claiming was something else entirely. Vincent would mark her forever as his when she was claimed. It was definitely not something you did to an unsuspecting pregnant woman.

"Vincent?" He had forgotten he was on the phone with Mitch.

"Yeah. Thanks. I'll... I'll talk to you later. Apologize to Mia for me. Will ya?"

"She won't think anything of it when I tell her the news. We'll keep it quiet for now. Call me. Let me know how it goes. She'll need to come in and see me as soon as she can, Vincent. Regular *weres* don't need medical treatment, but if you claim her before she gives birth, she'll be going through the change while pregnant. She and the cubs should be fine, but I want to give her a physical to make sure. Okay?"

More things he hadn't thought about. How could he be such a selfish bastard? He'd just put Paige in the middle of his world without a second thought to her physical well-being. He was a sad excuse for a man, let alone alpha to his pride. He should crawl into a hole and die for what he was going to put Paige through.

"Yeah, okay."

Snapping his phone shut he put it on the coffee table and flopped down onto the couch. Covering his face with his hands he let his mind process everything fucked up in his world.

Paige would hate him. Hell, he hated him. Mitch assured him that she would be fine going through the change while pregnant, but what if something happened. He'd never forgive himself if something happened to Paige or the cubs. What should he do? Vincent had already fucked everything up. How could he make it right? He needed to come clean with Paige, but could he hold out a little while? Maybe tell her in a week, two even? No. If she pushed him away after he came clean he'd deal with it. That was what he'd told her in the beginning and he needed to follow that promise now. As soon as he grew some brass balls, he'd do it.

Apparently God had other ideas because Paige's voice broke through the silence of the apartment. "Vincent?"

*Shit.*

He didn't look up, maybe if he pretended she wasn't there, she wouldn't be. Shifting his fingers so he could look between them he saw her. She was standing in the hallway, completely nude, as he had left her. Her long black hair mussed, cheeks flushed, looking incredibly well fucked. Or loved. Was that the burning in his chest? Love for this woman? Is that why his beast was at ease and he didn't sense her presence?

Rubbing his hands across his face he looked at her and felt his cock twitch in response. *Down, boy. That's what got us into this mess in the first place.* Taking a deep breath he held his hand out to her. Vincent beckoned her to come to him. She left the hallway taking small slow steps, giving him a skeptical look. Had she heard his conversation with Mitch? Grabbing her hand he placed a kiss in her palm before pulling her into his lap. He felt his cock twitch again, but willed it to calm.

He whispered against her hair. "Hey love."

Paige nuzzled his neck and rested her head on his shoulder. "You don't have to say

that.”

“Say what?”

“Love. I’m not some teenage girl you have to lie to. What we shared was beautiful, but I don’t want lies between us to ruin it.”

Okay, this was his chance. Paige was giving him a perfect opening to talk about his feelings, if he didn’t fuck it up. *Deep breath in, deep breath out.*

“What if it’s not a lie?”

Her body stiffened on his lap and he cringed inside. Sending up a prayer, he hoped he hadn’t fucked it up already. He’d only said six words.

“I don’t need it, Vincent.”

*You can do this!*

“I understand. I’m just asking. What if it’s not a lie?”

Her head was still pressed against his shoulder so he couldn’t see her face. But he knew the look she held, could see it in his mind. Her brow would be furrowed and he wanted to kiss her worry away. She’d suck her bottom lip into her mouth and nibble at it with her teeth. He wanted to suck it into his own. Since she was confused and worried over his feelings, a blush would climb into her cheeks giving her a rosy glow. He wanted to love all of those reactions away, but couldn’t. Not until he knew some of her feelings.

“Is it?”

She didn’t answer his question. Why did he have to be the one to bare his soul? *Because I got her pregnant, dumbass.* Sighing, her he gave her his best slightly-cryptic-yet-somewhat-revealing-answer. “Not if you don’t want it to be.”

There. He’d basically bared his soul, right? All should be well in the world, and they can move on to the *I love you* make up sex. He wished.

“That wasn’t an answer. Is it a lie? I don’t need it. I don’t want you to say it if you don’t mean it.”

Can’t the woman give a guy a break? Didn’t she know what it was like to hold her in his arms and not fuck her?

Sighing, her cupped her cheek in his hand and lifted her head so that she looked into his eyes. The woman wanted to hear his feelings; he’d give them to her.

“I don’t *ever* say anything I don’t mean, but I also don’t want to scare you away. I would rather bottle up my feelings than risk losing you. What we’ve already shared means too much to me to throw away so quickly. I’ll say it if you need to hear it. *I love you.* You were made to spend your life with me and I don’t want to spend another moment without you in my life. Now, I can be dressed and out of here in a few minutes if I’ve scared you. I can give you space if you need it. I know this is fast, but...”

Her kiss ended his confession. It was sweet and hot at the same time and it brought his semi-hard cock to attention beneath Paige’s thighs.

“Oh!”

“I can’t help it. It’s what you do to me, love. So, am I leaving?”

“No.”

“Okay then.”

He wouldn’t push her to say it in return. Not before he confessed the rest of the secrets he was holding in his heart. Those secrets were hard to remember as she continued to press kisses to his jaw and neck. Holding her shoulders he gently pulled her away from his body. “Paige...”



"I love you too...Let's not let *not so little Vincent* go to waste. I want babies. Your babies."

He chuckled at her enthusiasm, but her wandering hands were about to drive him crazy and break his control. Lifting her off of his lap he sat her next to him on the couch. At least her biggest concern was taken care of. She'd be having his babies. In ninety-nine days to be exact.

"That's the other thing we need to talk about, love. You already are pregnant."

She stopped trying to touch him and stared at him with a skeptical expression. "How? We only...and you can't know that quickly. Are you trying to get out of making...That's cruel. I never thought anyone could be so hateful."

Vincent watched helplessly as tears formed in Paige's eyes. Reaching for her, he felt like he'd been slapped when she pulled away.

"Paige, stop. Your mind's going a mile a minute in the wrong direction." She turned her head, not meeting his eyes. He let some of his growl come into his voice, "Look at me." She turned her head to stare at him, wide eyed. "I. Love. You. I know that you're pregnant, because of what I am. I had hoped to ease you into this, but it's too late now. I honestly hadn't expected you to become pregnant this soon. You need to know the truth, but it's going to shock you. I'm sorry."

Her chest was rising and falling with her quick breaths from her near cry and she took a moment to compose herself before asking her question. "What truth? How can you know I'm pregnant?"

Releasing her hands he rubbed his hands over his face. Telling her would either bring them closer together or drive her away forever.

"I'm a *werejaguar*."

"A were-what?" Paige's confusion showed on her face.

"A *werejaguar*. I am the alpha of my pride, though jaguars in nature don't form prides. They are generally solitary creatures. My mother believes it's our human side that drives us to form families and a pride when our jaguars would abandon it all for a solitary life." Chuckling ruefully Vincent got back on topic. "In my *shifted* form I am a typical jaguar. I measure six feet just as I do now. It's just all *redistributed* when I shift. I'm sure you have questions..."

"Yeah, like did you take your medication today? Better yet, where's your comfy white coat? Maybe it's time to put it back on."

He knew it would come to this. He'd have to shift. Prove to her what he was. Rising from the couch he went to the center of the living room. His beast hadn't been out to play in a while and he wasn't sure how smooth the transition would be. He didn't want to fall on anything as he made the change.

"What are you doing?"

Taking a deep breath he looked at her as he let his beast take control.

"Proving to you what I am."

## Chapter Twelve

By the time Vincent rose from the couch, Paige was convinced he was crazy. She'd have to change her opinion of men now. The hot ones weren't just gay. They were either gay or nuts. He rose from the couch and stood in the middle of the living room, telling her he was going to prove to her what he was. What he was was a semi-aroused man taking a trip on the crazy bus in her living room. He needed to leave.

"Vincent. I think you should..."

Her words trailed off. Vincent was...changing. His deeply tanned skin was lightening in some places and darkening in others. Did he slip her acid when she wasn't looking? The shape of his face seemed to contort and change. His nose and mouth lengthened to almost form a...snout. His head broadened and ears began elongating. Within seconds he had dropped to all fours and that's when Paige noticed his hands. They weren't hands anymore, they were paws. Great big, holy-shit-he's-turning-into-a-jaguar, paws. It happened so quickly. One moment Vincent was standing before her, telling her he was a *werejaguar* and the next he was a jaguar.

*No, he slipped me drugs. That's it. Amazing, new, high tech, make me think I'm crazy, drugs. Deep breath in, deep breath out.*

Vincent didn't move after he shifted. He sat on his haunches and licked his paw before rubbing it across his face. He was cleaning himself. In her living room. Vincent couldn't be a *werejaguar*, could he? Those types of creatures didn't exist. Her mother didn't raise a fool and she had been taught that things like *him* just weren't real. If he wasn't real, he wasn't in her living room. And he most assuredly was sitting in her living room.

While she sat there and pondered whether he was real or not, Katie came waltzing in. She didn't hesitate to walk up to *the big cat* and rub up against him.

"Katie. Katie, git. Katie! Quit rubbing on my...I don't know what he is, but he's mine until I come down off this acid. So, git!" With her yelled order, Katie ran from the living room. Deciding that Katie couldn't be on acid too, Paige rose from the couch and inched towards *the big cat*. She couldn't call it Vincent. Even though it had his eyes, it wasn't him.

Standing a few feet away from *the big cat* Paige held out her hand for it to smell with a typical 'here kitty' greeting. "Here kitty, kitty. Good kitty. You're not going to bite me, right. I hear cats have all kinds of nasty germs in their mouths. I mean, you guys *clean* yourselves with your tongue. Ew!" She jumped when it made a sound she could only describe as a laugh.

"Are you laughing at me?" It tried to look contrite, but failed miserably. Maybe this was Vincent. There were stranger things in the world and legends had to come from somewhere. Right? Okay, if she suspended everyone's assumptions regarding reality for a moment, she could see Vincent in *the big cat*. Stepping closer, only a foot separated them, she reached out to pet his head. She had approached him from the side. The moment her hand touched his head and drifted to his neck he leaned his body into hers. His coat was smooth and rough at the same time, but she loved touching him. Stroking his neck she was rewarded with a low, deep, rumbling purr.

She gasped. "You! You're the purring I've woken up to the last two days. It was you, wasn't it?"

She didn't really expect an answer. Vincent, she thought of *the big cat* as Vincent now, just rubbed his face on her stomach. He was so tall and she was so short that when sitting his head came up to her belly button. She moved her other hand to pet and stroke him. Paige had become comfortable with what Vincent was, sort of.

Standing so close to him, petting him, felt right. It felt comfortable. He was still her Vincent, right? He was still surrounded by the smell of cinnamon and male musk. In his cat form he also had another earthy smell she couldn't identify. But it didn't matter, it was Vincent. Continuing to stroke his head and neck, Paige enjoyed Vincent rubbing his face across her naked stomach. If he was right, she was carrying his...babies? Or were they kittens? She almost laughed, but Vincent did something completely unexpected.

His long *big cat* tongue snaked out and licked her nipple. The sensations weren't bad, just surprising. Causing her to shriek. "Vincent!"

Paige had always thought her own housecats would give her those 'who me?' expressions and Vincent was another cat to add to that list. His eyes twinkled with mischief as she looked down at him. He was enjoying this. She had covered her breasts with her hands when his tongue caught her by surprise. Lowering them, she stroked his head with one hand, giving him permission to continue.

His purr grew noticeably louder as his tongue darted out for another taste. The sandpapery feel of his tongue on her sensitive nipple made her pussy wet. She must be crazy! She was getting wet from a cat! Okay, not really a cat per se, it was still Vincent deep inside. Paige pushed those thoughts to the back of her mind when that magic tongue stroked her nether lips. She rested her weight on his shoulders as she gripped his fur. Oh yes. This is the tongue she remembered. It had a cold nose connected to the face that made her giggle, but the tongue she remembered. It swiped her lips and burrowed through her folds to find her clit. When that sandpaper tongue swiped it again and again she hissed his name. "Vincent."

His head pulled back from its ministrations and he licked his chops as he looked into her eyes. She wanted to make love to her Vincent. She wanted her Vincent to make her come with his tongue, not the cat. Hugging him, she whispered into his neck. "Change back for me. I love you. Just change back."

His purring grew louder for a moment before it lessened and then disappeared. Her arms were still around his neck, but this neck was definitely human.

"Vincent!"

"Hey love. Why don't you loosen that hold you've got on my neck? I may live forever, but I'm not immortal."

What? Live forever? That was *not* something he mentioned before. How could she live a love filled life with a man that would never die? Paige would grow old and he'd stay young and *hot. Exactly how old...*

"What do you mean live forever? How old are you?" It was the guiltiest face she'd ever seen. He had a secret and he was going to tell her. Now.

"Um..."

"No ums. Spit it out. I just watched you change into a jaguar and you licked my, my...Ugh! Get it out. I deserve the truth."

He better get to the truth or Paige would figure out how to turn into a lion and eat his

ass.

"I'll live forever, but I *can* die. It's hard to kill me, but I am half human. I just celebrated my hundred and eighteenth birthday last month."

He visibly winced as he told her his age. She had sat in this apartment and fretted over how much older than him she was and he had eighty years on her. But that wasn't the issue, was it? Paige's real problem is how much longer he'd live than her. They were still sitting on the floor where *kitty Vincent* had been. Pulling out of his embrace, Paige walked back to the couch and sat down. Tears were forming in her eyes.

"Paige, love. What's wrong? You're okay me being a *werejaguar*. What is it?"

"I'm going to grow old, wrinkly, and fat. Well, fatter. I know all that is a long way off, but it makes me sad."

He rose from the floor in a fluid movement that could only be described as cat like. Vincent came and sat on the couch next to her, pulling her into his arms. He kissed her head and spoke into her hair. "Paige, love. You don't have to do all that if you don't want to. You won't grow old and wrinkly. And I don't think you are fat now. I think I owe you a spanking for that one."

Paige trembled with desire at his promise of a spanking. How good would it feel to have his hand redden her ass? She needed to focus on the rest of what he said. She didn't have to grow old?

"How?"

"I could claim you."

"You already fucked me unconscious and gave me a baby. If I'm not claimed now, what more could you do?"

His moved to rest on her lower belly as if to protect and cradle the growing life within. "Babies."

"Babies?"

"Yes. I heard them when I shifted. They're spirited. Strong. They're very *special* children, our cubs. They actually yelled at me for upsetting you." He chuckled. "And they were arguing. I can't wait until they're born."

"You could... You could hear them?"

Okay, maybe it was time to revisit the *he slipped me acid* hypothesis. Him hearing hours ago conceived children was just too freaking weird.

"That's part of the gift of being a *werejaguar*. We can communicate telepathically with other cats and our families. Though, I've never heard of communicating with cubs before they were born. If you let me claim you, you will be able to shift like I do as well as communicate with the children and I in shifted form. The older, stronger, you become, you'll be able to communicate while in your human form as well."

*You've already taken the crazy train this far. Might as well take it to the end.*

"Describe this claiming."

"We would make love. At the time of our mutual climax I would bite you here." His hand stroked the juncture of her neck and shoulder. "I would break the skin, releasing enzymes within my saliva into your bloodstream. It must be done during climax. The enzyme to create another is highest at that moment and your body's resistance is at its lowest."

She listened as he spoke and she cradled her stomach with her hands.

"What about the babies?"

“Nothing would happen to them. Mitch, our pride’s doctor, assured me that you all would be fine. He did say that he’d like to see you soon. He wants to track the babies’ progress through your pregnancy. He doesn’t think anything’s wrong, he just takes care of all the pregnant females in the pride.”

It was a lot of information to digest in such a short time, but Paige trusted Vincent. Trusted what she saw with her own two eyes moments before.

“If I...If you did this. I’d become what you are? I’d *shift* and live forever like you?”

“Yes.”

That’s all Paige needed to hear. She wanted to be with this man for the rest of her life and if that meant being claimed by him, then that’s what it meant.

“Okay then. Let’s get on with the claiming.” Laughing she grabbed Vincent’s hand and drew him towards her bedroom. She was ready to start the rest of her immortal life, right now.

## Chapter Thirteen

Releasing Paige's hand and watching her swaying ass saunter towards the bedroom, Vincent was dumbfounded. He thought this was going to be a lot harder, possibly involve buckets of tears. He had even expected to be thrown out, but Paige's love flowed deeper than that.

Vincent had shifted for her. The only true way to make her believe him was to shift. It had been painful for those few seconds when his body moved from two legs to four. His bones contorted and reshaped themselves into the form of his beast, but his beast had been happy. It had been let free to view its mate and the two halves of his mind rejoiced in her acceptance of them. Paige consented to the claiming. While her consent was of no consequence to his beast, the human part of his body needed it. He refused to claim her without it.

And his children. He'd heard his children still in her womb. Vincent had told a small lie to Paige about the cubs growing in her belly. After being conceived only hours before they were cognizant of what went on around them. Their cubs wouldn't be like any other normal cubs. He could feel the magiks emanating from Paige's body, from their children. Those two cubs would take the *were* community by storm, if they could stop fighting. They were fighting over who would 'kick his ass' first for upsetting their mother. Kick his ass! They were no bigger than a pea and yet they were active, thinking, communicating with him. Vincent only hoped Paige would have that same connection with them.

"Vincent!"

Hearing her call for him brought him out of his thoughts and put him into action. Striding down the hall he was thankful for his nakedness. Paige lay sprawled on the bed, ready and waiting for him. He noticed something different in the room. His senses picked up a new scent among the lingering smells of sex and Paige. *Strawberries*. Looking around the room he spotted the gift his woman had taken out for him. Strawberry flavored lube. Walking to the nightstand he picked up the bottle, holding it up to his nose he inhaled its scent. *Definitely a gift*.

"Is this for me?"

"For us. If you want it."

Paige worried her lip. Vincent leaned over and sucked her lower lip into his mouth. Releasing it he licked away the redness and sting. His love wanted him deep in her dark passage and he wanted to be in there just as bad, but he had to make sure.

He purred his question against her lips. "You want me in your tight ass. Won't your kitten get jealous?"

"She's pregnant and now my ass is jealous."

Exactly what he needed to hear. Tossing the lube onto the bed he joined Paige. He laid his body down between her outstretched thighs.

Apparently that's not what Paige had in mind. "What are you doing?"

"Giving your kitten a kiss. If you'll let me."

"The big cat took care of that. I could really use... If you want to that is..."

"The big cat?" Oh, this would be good.

“Yeah. That’s what I call you in my head, ya know. When you’re *the big cat*. He licked me and got me all hot and now I’d like...”

Oh, his beast did have some fun. When he was shifted Vincent remembered most things, but it had been so long that the initial pain overshadowed a lot of what happened during that short time. It seems *the big cat* got a taste of Paige after all.

“If that’s what you want, love. Go ahead and flip this sweet ass over. I’ve been dying to get a hold of it from the moment I saw you.”

She flashed him the wicked smile he loved to see and seemed all too eager to comply. Before he could take a breath she was flipped over, ass in the air. She rested her chest, shoulders, and head on the bed, presenting her body to him. Damn, he liked that. His beast liked it too.

Leaning over her, he let his hand trail down the line of her back to the crack of her ass. Goose bumps followed his fingers down her body. Dripping some of the lube on his hands he spread it around, warming it before he touched her. Using one finger he rimmed her hole with tiny touches that sent a shiver through her spine.

“Yes,” she hissed.

He eased one finger into her hole and she moaned her appreciation. She was tight from not having anyone touch her ass for so long, but she was eager. Paige pushed back onto his hand, begging for more. He’d give it to her. Removing his finger he replaced it by easing two into her with slow motions. She didn’t want that. Again she pushed back on his hand. His woman wasn’t going to let him go slow.

“Paige.” His voice held a warning, but she didn’t listen. She was too hot and turned on to listen to him. He brought his hand down and the cheek of her ass to get her attention, but all she did was moan and beg.

“Please, Vincent. It’s so good. Need more.”

His little Paige didn’t mind the sting, but he’d feel horrible if he hurt her while taking his pleasure. He left his two fingers buried in her and leaned forward to speak against her neck. “Baby, I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t hurt me. Just, please.”

He couldn’t hold back. With her soft ass pressed against him he needed more. Taking a deep breath he forced himself to calm down and continue preparing her for him. Adding a little more lube he slipped a third finger into her tight passage. It gripped him so tight he knew that sliding his cock into her would be like heaven. He worked her hole as she thrust back against him, in time with his hand. She was moaning and begging him to take her. To make her his. He was ready to do as she wished.

Coating his cock in the strawberry flavored lube he lined the head of his penis up with her stretched hole. He took a moment to make sure she was ready. “You sure, love? You ready for this cock to drill into your ass? Ready for me to claim what’s mine?”

“Yes.” She hissed.

Sliding the head of his cock into her hole to his crown he paused and took a breath. She was so tight he nearly came from that little bit of contact. But Paige was impatient. She pushed back onto him forcing several more inches into her forbidden passage. Vincent brought his hand down hard on her ass and she yelped. As he eased a little more of his cock into her, he rubbed and soothed the stung cheek.

“Don’t push me, love. I told you you’d get a spanking.”

“Who says I didn’t like it?” It was that wicked smile he loved again. The one that

told him his little Paige had her own set of kinks up her sleeve.

Continuing to press forward her hole stretched to accommodate his cock. Her passage gripped and tugged at his cock as he sunk into her heat. Once fully seated he gave her a moment to stretch around him. When she began to squirm, he moved. Pulling out slowly he reentered her with the same amount of care. She was the mother of his cubs. He didn't want to hurt her. Paige had other ideas. The next time he withdrew from her body, leaving only the head of his cock in her heat, she pushed back roughly against him. Causing them both to groan and hiss. The way her ass gripped him was going to make him come, soon. But he didn't want to abuse her the way she seemed intent. Her words confirmed that he wasn't.

"Do it right or don't do it at all, Vincent."

She wanted it harder, he'd give her harder. Pulling out almost fully again he forced his cock back into her hole, jarring the bed and her body. He repeated the movement, slamming in and out of her. Pausing long enough to thrust into her ass and grind his body against hers. Paige's body would shudder at the contact. She was close. He continued to thrust in and out of her, listening to her whimpers and pleas. He was close and he needed to come.

"Please, Vincent."

"Yes," he hissed.

Leaning over her body he shortened his strokes and reached beneath her to find her clit. Flicking, rubbing and pinching brought her to the brink, but they needed to fall over together. He was close. He needed her to come...

"Come with me, love. Come now!" At his order her body responded and clamped down on his cock, pushing him over the edge. Baring his teeth he latched onto her shoulder and sunk into her warm flesh and he spent himself in her ass. This was the moment. The time when his body would give hers what it needed to transform. Within hours the change would be complete.

Bodies quaking and trembling with their shared release Vincent held onto her shoulder until he felt his cock go limp. Removing his teeth from her skin he lapped and cleaned the wound. Once again his love had fallen asleep after coming. Smiling he settled onto the bed next to her for a few moments of rest.

Moments, possibly hours later, Vincent was woken by a tentative sandpapery tongue licking its way across his jaw.

*Katie.*

*No, Paige.*

Eyes flying open he locked onto Paige's eyes. Paige's golden amber eyes. He had to have been asleep for hours for the change to be this far along.

Smiling her sexy wicked smile, Paige shifted into the most beautiful black jaguar Vincent had ever seen. She was sleek, stunning, and *his*.

He shifted to join her. They nuzzled and loved one another as only true werejaguar mates could. Licking and cleaning Paige's silken black coat, Vincent could barely contain his joy.

*I love you, Paige. Are you okay? Did you have any pain? What about the cu...*

*Vincent! I'm fine. They're fine. I love you.*

Vincent's licks and nudges became more insistent as he became more aroused. With his beast free, it wanted the same opportunity Vincent had in his human form, a chance to



claim its mate. Shifting his body, Vincent moved to cover Paige.

*Vincent?*

He didn't answer. The animal no longer within had taken control and needed Paige's submission. He continued to lick and stroke, positioning his body to take her in his jaguar form.

*Vincent? What are you doing?*

His nose dipped to Paige's rear to test her readiness and it was at this point she reacted. Whirling on him, she struck the side of his head, claws sheathed.

*Vincent!*

The beast was stunned for a moment, allowing Vincent to wrench control away and shift back to his human form. Naked, crouched on the bed, he stared into Paige's angry amber eyes as she growled low. He'd upset her, scared her, and he deserved everything she had to dish out.

"Paige..." He reached out a hand to stroke her head, but it hit some sort of invisible barrier. Frowning, he pulled his hand back slowly and reached forward again, only to encounter the same barrier. Paige ceased her growling, sitting on her haunches he watched in awe as narrowed jaguar eyes were replaced with the angry visage of an irate human.

"Don't you ever. Ever." An unseen force pushed him backwards off the bed. He landed in a heap on the floor. Looking up into her fiery eyes, she continued to yell. "Pull that shit on me again. I understand your beast's need. But what it *needs*, to do is get its *urges* under control. Is that understood?"

Vincent had never seen a more beautiful sight than his woman in all of her pregnant *werejaguar* fury. If he wasn't sure she'd castrate him, he would've tried to cajole another round of 'human' lovemaking.

Vincent valued his manhood too much to approach her, though. Instead, he locked eyes with Paige and rose to his feet. Not making any sudden movements. Somehow she had managed to gain magikal abilities with her pregnancy and he didn't want to spook her into turning him into a toad.

## Chapter Fourteen

*The nerve of some men! Trying to get a round of sex in just after I shifted!  
Shit! I shifted!*

Paige almost let a smile form on her face until she realized Vincent stood before her in all of his naked, still-aroused glory. *Men*. She knew almost nothing could get a man's mind off sex.

When Vincent had tried to mount her in her jaguar form she had been shocked. Shock gave way to anger and unequaled fury when it became clear that he wasn't going to give up. Thank heaven the twins came to her rescue. Even now they were bickering over whether they should expand the bubble around her just enough to knock their father on his ass again. Placing her hand on her belly she asked the twins to be quiet so that she could speak with their father without interruption. When all arguing ceased, a serene smile tugged at her lips and she couldn't keep it from forming into a grin.

"Paige?"

*Oh, him again.*

"I'm still pissed at you." She narrowed her eyes. Okay, maybe she wasn't *really* still pissed at him, but he couldn't just get away with acting like that. Now that she had her own inner beast to deal with, she understood his need a little better. His need to claim his mate had to be similar to her need to protect herself and her cubs. Accepting that she wasn't really mad at him any longer, just annoyed, she rose from the bed and padded to the bathroom.

Feeling empowered by her beast, her hips swayed with a hint of sexual invitation. She didn't really want Vincent getting all lovey, but she could tease him as long as the twins backed her up with the cool 'Protect Mom' barrier they created. Pausing in the doorway, she called her next words over her shoulder.

"I'm taking a bath and I'd rather not be disturbed. Though Kiernan and Kaylen will make sure you don't make it past the doorway, I'd rather you didn't test them while they're still so angry. It took a lot to convince them not to knock you further than off the bed."

His gaping mouth was enough of a reaction to satisfy her. There would be a list of questions a mile long when she was done with her bath, she was sure, but she needed these next thirty minutes to herself.

\* \* \* \*

Sliding into the warm bathwater, Paige let her muscles relax as her mind pondered the events of the past few hours.

The conversion hadn't been painful exactly. It was more an achy uncomfortable feeling that reminded her of PMS. A general ache consumed her body when she shifted from human to animal the first time, but Paige knew the pain she felt was lessened by the two rambunctious babies in her womb.

More extraordinary than shifting and becoming a Jaguar for the first time in her life had been the ability to hear her children, her babies. Through their link she could speak

with them through her mind. The power she felt coming from the two pea sized cubs staggered her. In her Jaguar form it was as if their thoughts and hers became one. They sensed her unease during her confrontation with Vincent and responded before she could blink. The cubs, already a force to be reckoned with, would be the most powerful *werejaguars* in existence. Paige was sure of it. And the thought frightened her. Not because she felt her cubs would use their abilities to harm others, but because of the other evil people in the world that would want to harm them. Humans disliked anything they deemed “different,” how would *weres* react?

Pushing her negative thoughts aside, she refocused on the new sensations coursing through her body. Nothing could have prepared her for the changes her life had gone through in the past twenty-four hours. She had gone from being a single, lonely human, to a newly turned and mated werejaguar. *Wow! What a difference a day makes!*

The turning from human to *were* had heightened all of her senses. The water caressing and lapping her skin sent tingles and shivers through her entire body. She felt more alive and electrified, submerged in her tub than she ever had in her life.

But once again, Vincent intruded on her much needed quiet time. He knocked softly at the door. *Poor guy. The cubs and I must have really sent him for a loop.*

Taking pity on him, she rubbed her stomach to reassure the twins and called to him to come in. His apologies started the moment his foot crossed the threshold.

“Paige, I’m so...”

Holding her hand up, she stopped his words.

“Vincent, there are a lot of adjustments to be made for both of us. I understand your behavior. I don’t like it, but I understand it. Besides, the twins have my back.” She smiled, letting him know without words that he was forgiven for his beast’s behavior.

He walked forward slowly, almost as if he was waiting to be thrown on his ass again. When he was a foot from the tub, Paige used her new-found strength and speed to pull him into the tub before he could blink.

Water splashed and flooded the bathroom, but she didn’t care. Laughing, they embraced in the warm water.

“Now, where were we before the twins knocked you on your ass?”

She maneuvered them until she straddled his hips. Something about being nude while he was still fully clothed in the water made this all the more wicked and arousing to her. She nipped, licked and kissed along his jaw while her hands roamed over his chest then slipped under his shirt. *Jackpot.*

She couldn’t believe that the rippling muscles of his hard abs were hers, all hers. She moved her hands up his body until she found his nipples, teasing him a little. She gave him a soft pinch. Now that got a reaction.

“Paige!”

She pulled back and gave him her practiced ‘innocent’ look.

“What?”

Laughing, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her tightly to his chest. He rested his chin on the top of her head while his hands caressed her back.

“What am I going to do with you?” He chuckled.

She could think of a hundred things he could do *to* her, but only one thing she wanted him to do with her.

“Love me.”

“Oh, sweets, I’m already doing that. Though, after we talk a bit more, I’m not so sure how you’ll feel...”

She didn’t like the sound of that. Pushing away from his chest, she sat up and looked him in the eye.

“What are you talking about?”

He blushed. Her six foot of hunkiness that had done unimaginable things to her body in the last twenty-four hours, blushed.

He cleared his throat. “My, uh, mother wants to meet you. She wants me to bring you over for dinner. Tonight.”

She suddenly felt light headed as the blood drained from her face. There was no way she could learn she was pregnant, change into a *werejaguar*, and meet her mate’s mother, all in one day. *Nope, nothing doing.* Vincent must have noticed the sudden stillness of her body and her pallid complexion. He rushed to reassure her.

“We don’t have to go today, love. We can go whenever you’re ready.” He ran a hand through his damp hair. “I’m really messing this up again, aren’t I?”

She knew she’d have to meet his mother eventually, just not *today* of all days.

“Tomorrow, Vincent. I’ll meet her tomorrow.”

They had a lifetime of tomorrows, after all.

## **The End**

### **About the Author:**

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn’t know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you’re asking yourself, “Who is this?” I am Cali, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She’s worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn’t even make it into one of her books by name! That damn kitten, Katie O’Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don’t. I’d like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you must contact her, her website is at [www.celiakyle.com](http://www.celiakyle.com) or you can send an email to [celia.kyle @ gmail.com](mailto:celia.kyle@gmail.com). But when I go hungry, I’ll blame you all!

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