

# Christmas Cookies



*Rowan's Men*  
JADE BUCHANAN

Changeling Press

# **Christmas Cookies: Rowan's Men**

## **Jade Buchanan**

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The holidays are approaching and Rowan's feeling a little homesick. The Felidae don't have anything remotely similar to Christmas, so she's decided to go all out for Laithe and Fahd. Homemade presents, Christmas baking and a heck of a surprise are going to keep her men on their toes this year.

## Christmas Cookie: Rowan's Men

Rowan Gatti hummed happily, wandering around the abode. Her fingers moved over the decorations she'd set up. This wasn't exactly quite what she was used to, but all the more beautiful because they came from her new home. It was almost unreal how her life had changed over the past months with her new family. Sometimes she woke up in the middle of the night afraid it was all a dream.

It hadn't been that long ago that she'd been living on Earth, minding her own business, when a pride of cat-like men had come to capture her, thinking they were saving her from torture. Riiight, because the dentist was so scary. What *was* scary was being taken by a race of men she'd never thought to encounter before. Even more horrifying, at least at first, was the instant attraction she'd had for the big bruiser running things.

Their leader, Laithe, had told her she belonged to him, that they were mated. As if that wasn't enough of a shock, there was that whole business with his childhood friend, Fahd, who had apparently been in love with Laithe for years. If she was going to accept Laithe in her life, she'd had to accept Fahd too. Once she'd gotten to know them, she still hadn't been sure she even wanted to stay with them. Now, she couldn't imagine leaving them. It was so hard to believe it had all happened the way it did. Definitely seemed like a dream some days.

But then she'd smell the spicy sweet scent of her men, feel their fur as it caressed her body, feel the pleasant burn between her thighs -- a constant reminder of the pleasure she found in their arms. It was times like those she thanked her lucky stars she wasn't back on Earth anymore. She wouldn't change it for anything.

Now she was about to share something of herself with them. A taste of her life back on Earth. By her reckoning it was almost Christmas, and she couldn't wait to teach

her men all about the holidays. Laithe and Fahd had been intrigued when she'd talked about it. Rowan hadn't been aware of the wistfulness in her tone, but apparently her men had been. Laithe had taken her aside later and confessed they were anxious to learn as much as possible about her old life and how much they were looking forward to creating more traditions that blended their lives together.

She couldn't disappoint them. Not when Laithe and Fahd had done everything possible to make sure she was accepted and brought into their massive family. Everyone had done whatever they could to make her feel comfortable. She'd never been happier. And if she had the occasional twinge of homesickness, well, it didn't last long.

Rowan hummed a few bars of "Ode to Joy," smoothing her palm over her belly. She couldn't wait for Christmas morning. Waking up in bed with Laithe and Fahd, and then jumping out to open all the presents. It'd be better if Lev, Morgan and Aaron were here, but she understood why they went back to Earth to visit Aaron's family. Her new family was split up this year, but she was bound and determined that this was the last year they'd be separated. She'd learned something from Ariel, Laithe's mother, over the last few months. What Ariel wanted, Ariel got. Her mates would do anything for her, and Rowan definitely intended to follow in her footsteps. She wanted her pride together, and she was going to *get* her pride together if it killed her. Or more likely, if it killed *them*.

The smell of cinnamon and gingerbread filled the room. Okay, fine, it wasn't cinnamon *or* gingerbread, but it was close enough. Heck, it wasn't as if the men knew what it was supposed to smell like anyway. She'd slaved all day making bread, and she just hoped it was edible. Rowan was desperate to make gingerbread houses, and she'd had to beg Ariel for help in creating the right consistency for the dough. Ariel had given her the strangest look, and Rowan just knew she was thinking the little human was insane, but she hadn't said anything. Ariel was probably humoring her, but it really didn't matter. The gingerbread houses had been made, and were now gracing the small table where they normally ate. Lopsided and green -- and not exactly the right shape either -- the houses were just perfect.

Snorting softly, Rowan rocked back and forth in front of the small tree. It wasn't exactly the evergreen tree she was used to, but she'd had fun guiding her men into picking just the right one. They'd spent almost two hours outside among the vegetation surrounding their home, with her first discarding one tree and then another before she was content. It listed to one side, haphazardly pulled up by the string connecting it to the wall. Hell, at least it was green.

"Definitely looks like a *Charlie Brown* tree, but I like it."

"I'm glad to hear that, Nawra. It took us forever to pick it out."

Strong arms enfolded her from behind, tawny fur brushed against her stomach. Rowan leaned back gratefully, lifting one hand to pet along the muscular forearm.

Giggling, she tilted her head to look up at his beloved features. "It wasn't that bad, Laithe. You know you liked it."

He nuzzled her neck, tickling her with the chocolate brown mane that caressed the tops of her shoulders. "Mmmm, I liked the payment after much better."

"I bet you did, perv boy."

Thrusting his hips against her backside, Laithe let her know exactly how much he'd like a repeat performance. Geez, her men were insatiable sometimes.

"Where's Fahd?" she asked, settling more of her weight against Laithe, letting him support her body from behind. It was one thing she loved about them, they were both so damn strong she never had to worry about her weight around them. She wasn't exactly a delicate flower, no matter what Laithe nicknamed her. Heck, she could probably gain fifty more pounds and they wouldn't complain about it. A mental image of herself waddling around the abode, like a pudgy dough boy, caused her to giggle again.

"I'm glad you are so happy, Nawra. Fahd and I were worried about you."

Rowan turned in Laithe's arms, frowning up at him. "What're you talking about?"

His face was troubled, his brow furrowed as he studied her just as intently as she was studying him.

"We were worried you didn't want to go to Earth. When Aaron said he was going back, you didn't say anything. When we asked you if you wanted to accompany him, you refused to leave. We were worried. I wasn't sure why you refused to go back."

Smiling up at her fierce warrior -- looking so worried -- Rowan smoothed her palm along his furred cheek. "Laithe, I didn't want to go back because there's no reason for me to go. My life isn't there anymore. It's here with the two of you."

"You are certain? That you don't want to even visit? Are you not sick for your home? For something familiar to you?"

"Of course I am. I'm not going to lie to you and pretend that everything's always okay and all. I get homesick sometimes. I'd kill for coffee, and you don't even want to know what all I'd do for a tampon or two, but that's nothing compared to how much I want to stay with you."

"It's not as if we are asking you to stay there. We just thought you would like to visit. So much has happened to you, it might be good for you to be in familiar surroundings." Fahd's deep tones came from the doorway behind her.

Rowan turned in Laithe's arms, spying her black devil leaning against the doorframe, his burly arms crossed over his chest. She licked her lips, loving the serious expression on his face. She always had the most intense need to chase it away every time she saw it. And there was no better way to chase away his frown than with a bit of loving.

She crooked her finger, motioning Fahd closer. With a shake of his head, he complied, pacing toward her like the big, bad jungle animal he resembled. Fahd stopped in front of her, bringing up both arms to cup her cheeks in his massive hands. Nuzzling the black strands of fur, Rowan closed her eyes, tilting her head back until it rested against Laithe's chest.

Breathing deeply, she relaxed deeper into their embrace.

"Why won't you go back? This isn't normal. We don't want you to stay there, we would never let you stay there, but just a visit? We can go whenever you'd like and come back right away."

Rowan huffed, blinking open her eyes to stare up at Fahd. Spying the concerned look on his face, she relented. "Look, it doesn't matter, does it? Let's just say I have my reasons."

"You will not keep secrets from us." Laithe's voice came out in a rumbling growl, vibrating her body where it rested against his.

"Oh yeah, fur ball? Whatcha going to do about it?"

"Rowan, this isn't a joke."

"I know that, Laithe, and I'm not joking. Much."

She grinned, sticking her tongue out at Fahd. He inhaled sharply, pressing his big body closer to hers. Suddenly she was airborne, held up in Laithe's arms, Fahd's hands falling away. Laithe strode from the room, heading toward their chambers set at the back of the abode. Rowan curled into him, nuzzling her cheek against his shoulder.

"Do not try to get out of this. You will tell us why you don't want to go home."

"Yeah? How exactly are you going to make me?"

"We have our ways."

Hiding her smile against his shoulder, Rowan hummed noncommittally.

Striding into their room, Laithe dropped her onto the bed. She bounced, coming to rest in the center of the massive piece of furniture. The two men stood to her left, staring down at her. Laithe was frowning, but Fahd looked thoughtful, almost as if he knew she was up to something and he was close to figuring it out.

Rowan sprawled back on the bed, curling her fingers in the silky fabric tied around her breasts. Keeping her gaze on theirs, she slowly untied the knot holding it together, parting the turquoise fabric and revealing herself to them. Fahd curled his lip, flashing a glimpse of his fangs. Smiling to herself, Rowan let the fabric drop to the sheets beside her. With the same careful, controlled movements, she reached for the knot at her hip, parting the material to showcase every creamy curve of her body.

She stretched, loving the feel of the soft fabric beneath her back and the heat of her men gazing upon her breasts. It wasn't quite enough, though. She wanted their fur, their teeth and their claws. They were all the elements of ferocity, but packaged up in

such gentleness whenever they touched her. The two men treated her like glass, something fragile and beautiful. Something cherished.

It was hard to believe this had all happened to her. What had she done to deserve such happiness? With a seductive smile, she admitted to herself that it was only going to get better. She had many years ahead of her with these sexpots.

Giggling, Rowan tilted her head when the bed dipped under Laithe's weight. Fahd stood back behind him, letting Laithe take the lead. He was always letting Laithe take the lead. It was ingrained in him from years of serving his friend and pride leader. Fahd was Laithe's second, the man charged with protecting his life.

Rowan understood it, and normally it didn't bother her, but it wasn't going to work tonight. She wanted them both, needed them both at the same time. She wouldn't let either of them hold back.

Laithe ran the back of his hand along her hip, drawing her attention back to him. She shook her head. "Fahd..."

"What is it, gorgeous?"

"I need you."

Fahd drew in a breath, letting it out in a noisy exhale. The bed dipped again with his weight when he kneeled up beside them. He wrapped both arms around the tawny man, leaning in to nuzzle Laithe's neck. His fangs flashed when he dragged his teeth along Laithe's skin. Laithe shivered, his body bucking in Fahd's hold and his eyelids fluttering closed.

Rowan grinned, locking gazes with Fahd. She absolutely loved seeing Laithe come apart, and Fahd knew it.

He released Laithe, licking his lips seductively. "Why wouldn't you go back?"

"You're going to have to do better than that if you want to get answers out of me."

Fahd growled, tightening his grip on Laithe. His hands fisted in the fur on Laithe's chest before he relaxed his fingers, caressing the other man. One hand stayed where it was, the palm sure and steady, holding Laithe still. The other hand smoothed

along his defined belly, over the dips and curves of steely muscle. Down and down it went until he reached Laithe's shaft -- long and hard, the head flushed almost purple with need. Fahd gripped it, pulling firmly before running the center of his palm over the tip.

Laithe groaned, tilting his head back, thrusting his hips into Fahd's hand. Rowan panted, the heat of arousal flushing her body. Her core pulsed, throbbing in time to every stroke of Fahd's hand. It almost felt like he was touching her. His grip was steady, he knew exactly how to touch Laithe just right to drive him mad. They were so comfortable together by this point that all three knew each other's bodies better than they knew their own.

"Gorgeous, I want answers."

"Oh, God, no... I-I can't," she wailed, her core spasming once more.

Laithe's cock was weeping readily now, his balls drawing up tight to his body. His chest was heaving, his cheeks flushed under his fur. This was torture, and Fahd wasn't even touching her. How was it possible for him to drive her mad without touching her?

"You'll tell me, Gorgeous."

"Fahd, not yet," Laithe groaned. "I want to be in her when I come."

Fahd flicked his thumb over the head of Laithe's cock, drawing one more heated gasp from the man's throat. Releasing his hold on Laithe, Fahd pushed him down until Laithe's body blanketed hers.

Rowan squirmed, feeling Laithe's fur along the front side of her. He was so soft, so silky.

"Turn over."

They both tilted their heads, glancing up at Fahd. He was breathing hard, his gaze intent on them.

"Turn over, now."

Laithe grinned, flashing fang. He complied, grabbing hold of Rowan and turning them both until he lay on his back with her draped over him. She propped her hands on

his chest, attempting to lever herself up. Fahd pressed one hand to the space between her shoulder blades, moving her back to settle against Laithe.

Deserting them for a moment, Fahd left the bed. She could hear movements behind them, and the scent of nawra flowers filled the room. Rowan moaned, her pussy clenching just from that damn scent. She knew what was coming.

Laithe moved, inserting one big thigh between her legs. He pushed up, giving her something to rub against. With a happy sigh, she undulated her hips, the soft fur brushing the insides of her thighs.

"Take her, Laithe."

Laithe wrapped his big hands around her waist, levering her up until the head of his cock bumped the opening of her pussy. She shifted to a more comfortable position, squeezing her knees tight around his hips. Sinking backward, she engulfed his cock, loving the burn accompanying her stretching flesh. No matter how many times they did this, that initial feeling of being dominated still undid her. He was almost too big, too everything. But, she loved the feeling.

Her muscles reluctantly gave way, allowing his velvet entrance until she had sunk completely, her pelvis butting up against his. Rowan moaned, dropping her head to his chest. Laithe smoothed his palms up her back, soothing her with his touch. He filled her almost unbearably, he was so big.

She clenched her thighs when she felt the brush of fur against the backs of her knees. Fahd maneuvered himself behind her, sliding his legs between hers. He blanketed her back, surrounding her with satiny fur. It caressed her skin, inflaming her every nerve ending. There was nothing quite like the feeling. Every time she felt their bodies she was reminded of making love on a great big bearskin rug. She'd once thought that was the height of decadence. She knew better now. If a bearskin rug was great, then making love to two furry men was out of this world amazing.

Laithe remained still inside her, unmoving. Their hold on her was firm enough that she couldn't move, so she contented herself with clenching her inner muscles. With

every clench, Laithe shifted under her, groaning softly. His cock was hard inside her, throbbing.

Fahd grasped her ass in both hands, kneading the flesh gently. "Is this what you want, Rowan? You want me here, inside you?"

She mewled, tilting her hips as much as he'd let her. "Please, Fahd..."

"What do you want, precious? Say the words."

"Oh, God, fuck me. Please, fuck me."

Laithe thrust his hips, jerking once. He groaned, stilling. "Enough, Fahd. Fuck her already. I can't hold on much longer."

"Tsk, ts, you really need to work on your lasting power."

Laithe growled, low in his throat.

Chuckling, Fahd drifted lower with the fingers of one hand, circling the bud of her anus with deliberate strokes. He removed his fingers briefly, the scent of nawra flowers getting stronger. His fingers were wet when they returned to her ass, one thick finger thrusting gently into her backside. She sighed, nuzzling Laithe's chest under her cheek. Tilting her hips again, she thrust back and forth between Fahd's finger in her ass and Laithe's cock.

Fahd withdrew his digit, returning with another, scissoring his fingers until she was panting with need. "Please..."

Suddenly, there was a greater pressure against her opening. Fahd pressed insistently, the head of his cock parting flesh and making her almost unbearably tight. She tossed her head, wailing. Oh, God, it was so big, the pressure in her ass almost too much.

"Breathe, Rowan, breathe."

Gasping for breath, Rowan clung to Laithe, holding tightly to him. He was crooning to her, whispering something that she couldn't quite catch. It didn't matter, she felt like she was going deaf anyway. All her senses shattered, her eyesight, her hearing, her sense of smell. They all focused on that one part of her body. The stretching of her flesh to make way for both men inside her, the stunned nerve endings trying to

make sense of her submission. The thin piece of tissue separating the two men, the only thing preventing them from becoming one.

Crying out, she almost couldn't feel the throbbing pulses of her orgasm. Her vision faded to black, and Fahd finally bottomed out inside her body. Rowan gasped, shuddering in their hold. Her body felt uber-sensitized, as if a single movement might set her off to a level of pleasure she'd never felt before.

Fahd and Laithe both moved at the same time, their movement coordinated, almost like it was them that shared a mate bond and not Laithe and Rowan. She blinked, feeling the teasing strokes of Laithe entering her mind. She let him in, opening the door between their minds, connecting to him in a way she'd never thought possible before meeting these two men.

If she had one regret it was that she would never be able to connect with Fahd this way. She'd never see through his eyes, never feel that overwhelming connection, like they were one person instead of two. Tears filled her eyes, and she blinked them away. It didn't matter. Fahd knew how she felt about him anyway. And she knew how he felt about her.

As if he'd read her mind, he whispered to her, "I love you, Gorgeous. Now and forever. We belong together, you and Laithe and I."

Rowan gasped, his words driving her to another crushing orgasm, her muscles tightening and releasing around their driving flesh. Laithe groaned, thrusting hard before finding his own release. She felt his seed enter her womb in pulsing jets, filling her. Fahd hissed, his claws pressing into her hips gently enough for her to feel the sharpness, but not enough to draw blood. At least, she didn't think he was drawing blood, but frankly, she didn't give a shit right now. They could tear her to ribbons and she'd still have a smile on her face.

With a roar, Fahd came, jerking his hips erratically.

"That's it, baby, come for us." Laithe lifted one hand off Rowan, and she was sure he was caressing Fahd with it. If she wasn't borderline comatose, she'd tilt her head to verify that, but it didn't really matter.

They lay still for what seemed like hours, but was probably only minutes. They were panting harshly, Rowan almost crushed between the two bodies. With a groan, Fahd shifted off her, landing heavily beside them. Laithe guided Rowan until she was lying between them on her side.

"Will you tell us now?" Laithe's voice was thready, exhaustion evident.

Rowan sighed, feigning reluctance. In truth, she couldn't wait to tell them, although she was a little nervous. She didn't know if she was prepared for this, but it wasn't as if she'd be alone. She had the biggest family she'd ever seen before. Her men would take care of everything.

"I didn't want to be on a ship when I had your child."

The shocked look on Laithe's face would have been comical, but Rowan couldn't make light of it right now. They'd never really mentioned children after she first met him and he'd explained all the reasons he wanted her in the pride, so she didn't know what to expect.

"You are with child?" His voice was a whisper, soft and light.

Rowan nodded, smiling tremulously.

Fahd let out a war whoop, startling her into jumping. He grabbed her from behind, hugging Rowan tight to his chest. She giggled, unable to help herself.

Laithe sat, looking very stunned, in front of them. "A child. My child."

"Our child. All of ours." Rowan lifted her right hand to smooth along Fahd's cheek.

Fahd nuzzled her hand. When she turned her head to the side she noticed him staring intently at Laithe.

"What will it look like, do you think?" Fahd asked.

Rowan paused. "Does it matter?"

Laithe shook his head. "It does not matter. Although..."

"What?"

"If it's a girl, I want her to look like her mother. The most beautiful woman I've ever set eyes upon." He leaned forward, embracing both her and Fahd within his hold.

Rowan sniffed, tears filling her eyes.

"Thanks a lot, Laithe. Now I'll have to come up with something better or be forced to sound like the unromantic one among us." Fahd shook his head, winking at Rowan.

She laughed, burrowing deeper in their arms. Secretly, she hoped their child looked like one of its fathers. It wouldn't matter which one of them was the birth father, although it would probably be obvious the minute the baby was born and the fur was either black or tawny. Would it even be born with fur? So many questions, and she couldn't wait to find out.

Rowan placed her hand on her belly, humming happily. Laithe and Fahd placed their joined hands overtop hers, all three protecting the precious bundle within.

She couldn't wait to meet her child. Their child.

## **Jade Buchanan**

Jade Buchanan was born in the summer of 2006, out of a slightly shy but definitely warped mind. Jade's alter-ego spends her days working in the world of safety management consulting, but at night she lets Jade out to play. Preferring to live in the world of fiction in which she was born, Jade can be found wandering through fields of words whenever she can. Now if only she can find her dream man -- a time-traveling Scottish laird who was born a werewolf that became a vampire and lived on a pirate ship, only to make his way to the new world and work on a ranch in Montana (with a brief foray in the Navy SEALs), before conquering the space time continuum and becoming a space marauding pirate and ruling the galaxy -- she'd be a very happy lady.

Jade would love to hear from you. She can be reached at [jade.buchanan@yahoo.com](mailto:jade.buchanan@yahoo.com) or <http://www.jadebuchananbooks.com>