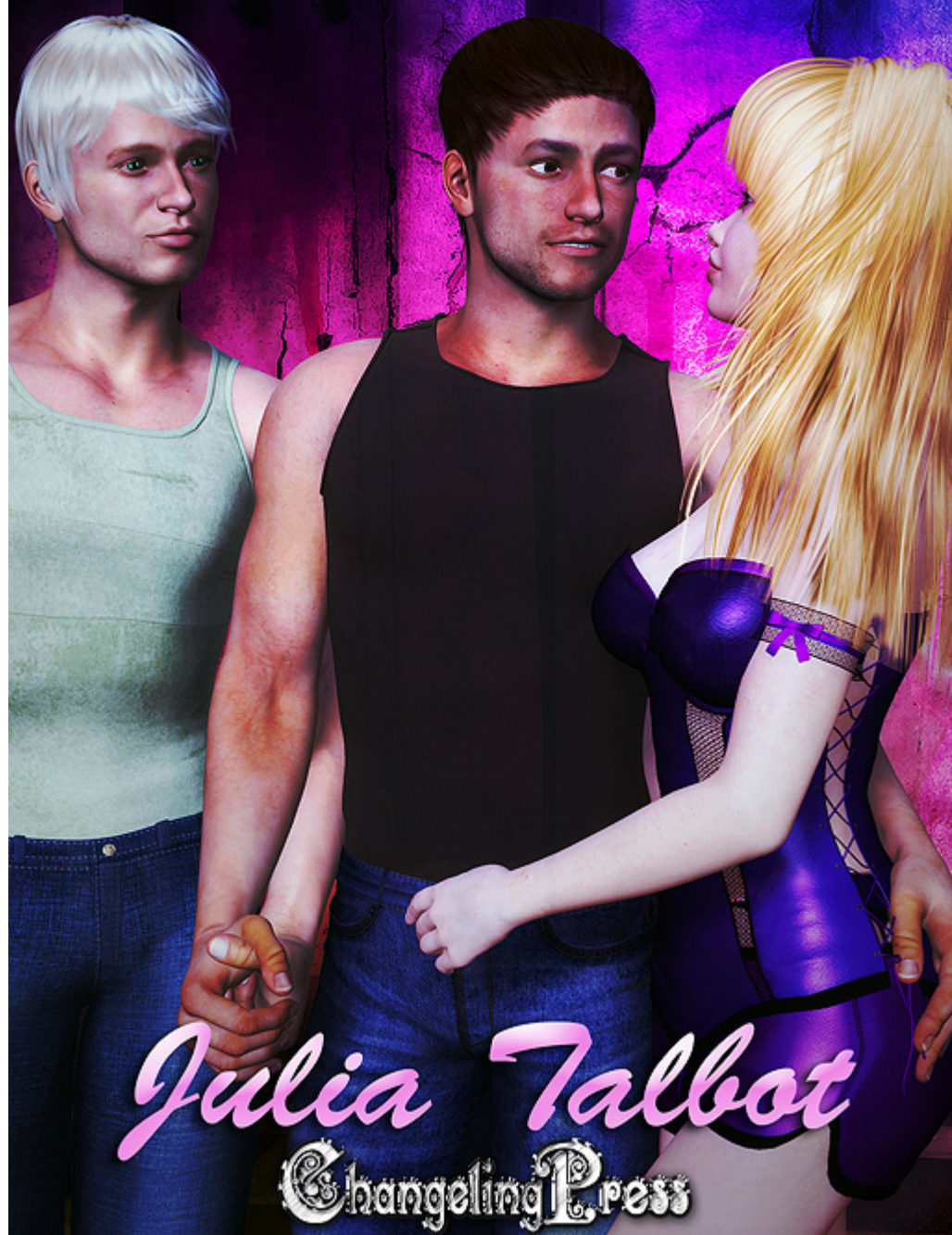


Cat Fancy



The Cat House: Cat Fancy

Julia Talbot

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The Cat House: Cat Fancy

Julia Talbot

Layla is great at matchmaking among her friends and with the patrons at the Cat House, but she's not so good at finding someone to call her own. Now she has two big male werecats doing renovations on her club, and she thinks she has an embarrassment of riches.

Aaron and Jamie have a good thing going, but they believe that sharing makes it even better. They think Layla might be just the kind of pleasure they want to mix with their business, and they're ready to take what they want. Can Layla choose between them, or will she even have to?

Chapter One

"I think the pink leopard print for the new sofas, don't you?" What was her little assistant's name? Candy? Corrine? Cathy? It was so hard to keep girls at the club these days. There was a whole back-to-nature movement among the werewolf right now, and that was not only costing her employees, it was costing her money.

She was trying to spruce up the club a little in response, making everything old new again. Cole had given her a budget to upgrade the front room and one of the private party suites. Layla couldn't wait.

"Are you sure, boss? You said you wanted to appeal to both men and women."

"Yes, well, the only men who have the disposable income to come and buy lots of drinks right now are the gay ones." Damned recession. God, she hated tightening the belt. Hated it. She much preferred to support herself in the manner to which she hoped to be accustomed by the time she retired.

"Whatever you say, boss. You sure you want the tassels?"

"I am. Cats love danglies." She loved them too. She could play when the club was closed.

"She's hard on them, but she loves them." Her business partner Cole walked in, smiling, batting at one of her earrings when he went by.

Asshole. Good thing he was cute. "I want to get a couple of guys in to demo the temporary part of the bar and make it match, babe. Is that okay?"

"Sure. Just don't go over budget."

"Well, is there anyone around who's family, who might give me a discount?" Cole knew everyone in the cat/wolf/whatever community. If Cole didn't know someone, his cop boyfriend would. All those manly types stuck together.

"Yeah. I think I know a couple of guys who are hungry enough to work for someone as demanding as you."

"Jerk."

"Catty bitch."

"Get out of my office." She winked, blowing him a kiss. "But don't forget to call a contractor."

"Yeah, yeah." Cole walked out, patting her ass when he passed by, heading for his own office. Really, he was such an attractive man, and he walked with a lovely prowl to his steps.

"So, do you want me to order the leopard?"

Chloe! That was her name. "Yes, please. Order some of the scratching posts too. I really don't want the damned sofas to get shredded."

Really, the things you had to do when you dealt with kitties.

* * *

"You think we'll actually get paid on this job, man?" Jamie nudged Aaron out of his way with one sharp elbow.

"Ow, Jesus." Aaron rubbed his ribs, resisting the urge to pop Jamie one right on the ass. "I think so. Cole is a stand-up guy, even if he is a tomcat."

"Oh, from what I hear, he's all taken and shit now."

"Too bad." Aaron added a grin that Jamie knew and loved, mischievous and a little horny. "We could have played."

"Shee-it." Aaron shook his head, letting Jamie knock on the door of the Cat House. The club was locked up and looked a little sad at this time of day. "He's too much man for both of us combined. Now, from what I hear, he's got a pretty partner."

"Right. Business partner, you mean. She's supposed to be here." Jamie checked his watch. "Yeah?"

"Yep."

The door opened just about the time Jamie was going to get impatient, the line of his shoulders tensing up. Aaron was a little lost in contemplating the nape of Jamie's

neck, right where the black hairline and the rise of shoulders met, so he missed what must have been dramatic posing.

He just looked up in time to see the effect.

Cole's business partner was a pretty lady. She was a little on what his momma would call the trashy side, with a tight pink bustier and big old hair, but she was kind of adorable. Not to mention the fact that she had amazing boobs.

"Hey, there. Are you, um, Layla?" Jamie was squinting at the card he'd written the information down on, and Aaron knew it wasn't bad eyesight, just bad handwriting.

"I am. Aren't you boys cute? Come on in, and I'll show you what I want done." She turned, and her hips swung when she walked like she was doing some kind of fancy cha-cha.

Lord. At least they'd have something good to look at on this job. Besides each other.

"Um. What exactly did you want us to do, ma'am?" Aaron finally asked, pulling out his metal clipboard. He had a little estimate form that he'd made up. Jamie laughed at him, but Aaron thought it made them look more like professionals and less like a couple of yahoos.

"Through here."

The place was a crazy mix of cat toy and sophisticated club. There were mirror balls and pink and green fabric, set against one of the prettiest antique wooden bars he'd ever seen. Aaron knew his wood.

She led them to the far end of the main room of the club. "I want to do something back here. New booths, some interesting architectural features. Something really fun."

Her arms waved when she talked, which made her tits bounce. Aaron glanced at Jamie, who was watching, fascinated. He pinched Jamie's butt, just to get him back in the game.

"Eep. We can sure do that. We'll have to work with you for a bit, make sure we have a clear idea of what you want us to mock up."

Oh, good answer. He might never have been able to come up with that. He would have looked at her and gone, "Uh..." Or maybe he would have drooled. She was really kind of hot. She got hotter the longer he looked. There was something in the way she stood, something almost dangerous, like there was way more to her than met the eye.

Aaron loved that. It was like Jamie. The guy put a lot of thought into things before he spoke, which made people think he was slow. Far from it. The man was smart as a whip.

"I like the idea of working closely with you two." She winked, her eyelashes so long he would have thought they were fake, except they didn't smell fake. He had a pretty sensitive sniffer.

"Yeah? Well, good." Jamie was blushing. That was cute as all hell.

"I have no doubt that you boys could make it good." Her painted fingernails wiggled at them, making them glance at each other and grin.

"Lady," Jamie said, moving close enough to her that Aaron could hardly see daylight between them. "You have no idea."

Chapter Two

How exciting! Layla just loved the two little boys who were coming in during the days to do her construction. Jamie was dark and lean and serious, and Aaron was blond and surfer-like and watched everything with those big blue eyes of his.

She just wanted to rub them together and see if they made sparks. Heck, she wanted to rub against them herself and see if she could start a fire. They were just what the doctor ordered for her budget woes, and for her flagging confidence about her looks.

The bad thing about playing matchmaker for all of her friends was that eventually she had to wonder why she couldn't find someone herself.

"Hey, babe, you want to hand me the level?" Jamie was asking Aaron, who unclipped a little tool from his belt and tossed it over.

Babe. Jamie called Aaron babe. How absolutely adorable.

The boys were still measuring and fixing to start their demolition, which would mean she'd have to block off the area and keep the customers out. She had no intention of closing for the renovation. In fact, she was going to make a promotional thing out of it. A spring cleaning party.

Layla pretended to work, sitting at a booth up front with the overhead light on and a ledger before her. She was really watching two masculine, tight butts in even tighter jeans, licking her lips and trying not to think about how hard her nipples were.

Really, she must need to get laid in the worst way.

She got up, going to the break room and pouring a cup of coffee for herself, filling a couple of paper cups for the boys too. "Cream and sugar?" she called, waiting for the curious kitties to come to her.

"Sorry, ma'am, but what was that?" Jamie, the dark one with the golden brown eyes, poked his head into the break room.

"Do y'all take cream or sugar?"

"That's real sweet of you. I take two sugars. Aaron likes a lot of cream and a little sugar."

"Ah, then Aaron is a man after my own heart. I'm addicted to the cream."

Jamie blinked, then laughed, the sound deep and surprising and delightful. "I thought that was your business partner, Kitty."

Now it was her turn to laugh out loud, thinking how Cole and Alan both would kick this little boy's ass. Not that Jamie and Aaron were little, or even boys. Compared to Cole Lee, though, just about everyone looked like they still had milk teeth.

"He likes his cream too, I admit. You're not his type, though."

"Am I your type?"

She raised a brow, knowing they were perfectly groomed to arch over her eye sardonically. "I thought you were Aaron's type."

"I am." This time there was no blush, no laughter, just dead certainty. "We play some."

"Well, I like to play too." She forced her hands not to shake, making his coffee up and handing it over before she went to work on Aaron's.

"Do you mix business with pleasure?" Aaron came to stand beside Jamie, one hand on Jamie's hip.

Pretty. Pretty, pretty, pretty. Heat bloomed between her legs, her nipples so hard now that they could cut glass. Oh, she wanted to, for sure. Cole would kill her. "Can we wait for you to break for lunch? You're not in the budget."

"Mmm. We can take a break off the clock anytime."

That was Aaron, his voice a low growl, and suddenly she was rethinking calling these two little boys. They had an amazing amount of focus, and that double trouble look was enough to make her fan herself a little. "Give me an hour, and you're on."

Jamie pulled out his cell phone and punched a few buttons. "There. I set an alarm."

God. That stare was smoking hot. Layla was just about to throw caution to the wind when the back door buzzer rang, telling her she had a delivery. Damn it.

"Be right back, boys. Enjoy your coffee break." She went to answer the door, wishing her damned assistant hadn't disappeared so fast. It would have been nice to stay and play.

* * *

"She's hot, huh?" Jamie grinned back over his shoulder at Aaron and leaned against Aaron's broad chest. They'd been working with Layla now for almost a week, and she was a terrible flirt. Terrible in the unrepentant way, not in the no-good-at-it way.

"She's kind of amazing. Too bad she was saved by the bell, huh?"

"You know better. She's not saved from anything. We'll get her."

"Uh-huh." Jamie popped his butt against Aaron's crotch. "You could get me now. We got a fifteen-minute coffee break."

Aaron moaned for him a little, breath hot on the back of his neck. Aaron had a real thing about his neck, especially the nape. Loved to bite it until he screamed, until he wiggled and panted and begged to get fucked. Just thinking about it made Jamie want to go and get at it right now.

"This is a break room. Better than the bathroom and the door locks."

"Inside then."

Layla was still nowhere in sight when Aaron tugged him into the break room, pushing him up against the wall just around from the door.

"Lock the door, babe," Jamie said, hands reaching for Aaron's belt.

"On it." The lock snicked into place and Aaron slammed up against him, kissing him like there was no tomorrow.

God Almighty, that man could kiss. Aaron took him to a whole other world when they were like this, when that hard mouth took his. Aaron's tongue pushed between his lips, tasting him, demanding his response.

Jamie gave it, kissing right back, his hands sliding down to push into the back pockets of Aaron's jeans. He used his grip to pull Aaron up against him, rubbing up and down a little, letting Aaron feel how hard he was.

"Babe. More. Need... Will you suck me?" Aaron moaned.

"Been hard, watching her, haven't you? Thinking about her."

"Thinking about you with her." Aaron growled it a little, licking at Jamie's skin again, this time just under his jaw. "Want to see you do her."

"Right now you just wanna see me on my knees." Not that Jamie minded. Not one bit. He sank right down and undid Aaron's jeans, pulling them and the boxers underneath down. Hoo, yeah. Aaron's cock popped out, hard and hot, the heavy balls beneath drawing up.

"Oh. Babe. Look at you."

"Rather look at you, man. So fucking hot for me." Jamie leaned over and licked the head of Aaron's prick, his tongue pushing against the slit. The deep, earthy flavor flowed over his tongue, making him moan.

"More." Pushing into his mouth, Aaron begged him with every motion of those lean hips, so hot that there was no slow buildup. Just a firestorm of now and yes and come on and suck me.

So he did. He sealed his lips around Aaron's cock and sucked hard. Closing his eyes, he let Aaron fuck his mouth, his tongue moving along the underside, feeling the vein there pulse. Jesus.

"Uhn." Aaron rocked, hands on Jamie's head, the scent at his crotch strong, full of the cat that lay just under Aaron's human skin.

Jamie wanted more. He wanted everything. Wanted Aaron to come for him. Reaching up, he stroked the underside of Aaron's balls, pushing them back and forth, fingers moving them in their sac.

"Babe! Oh, damn. Gonna."

Uh-huh. Yeah. He wanted that bad. So he just sucked like a vacuum, squeezing Aaron's balls a tiny bit.

That was all it took. Aaron humped against him two, maybe three more times, and came in his mouth, filling him up, making him swallow convulsively to keep it all in.

"Jeez, babe. That was fucking amazing."

"As opposed to amazing fucking, right?" Jamie pulled away and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Right. That will have to wait until we get home. We only got ten more minutes, after all." Aaron dropped to the floor in front of him, pulling at Jamie's jeans. "I got time to give you a hand, though."

He spread his thighs and let those fingers dip under his waistband. Jamie's cock was pushing up, eager and damp, and he didn't have the extra layer of underwear to protect him.

"Like that, lover?" Aaron asked him, and he nodded, biting at his lower lip hard enough to keep the cry inside. It tried to burst out anyway, making this weird "nghhh" noise that would be embarrassing if it was anyone doing this to him but Aaron. God, that felt good.

It felt even better when Aaron undid his button and zipper and got his cock in a firm grip, palm warm and damp against the base, thumb rubbing just under the head.

"Love it," Jamie finally choked out, his hips working the air in short, punchy bursts. He needed to come in the worst way, just like that. Really, Aaron had barely gotten started good and Jamie was grunting, his knees digging into the floor, his ass clenching tight. He came all over Aaron's hand, his breath heaving in his chest. "Love it, babe."

"Then we had a good break, huh?"

"You bet. We even have time for the coffee."

Chapter Three

Damned delivery men. Gary, the guy who delivered the liquor shipment, had kept her from seeing what the boys had gotten up to. Gary liked to chat with her, bless him. With anyone else she would call it flirting, but he was so painfully shy that it couldn't even come close to actual give and take.

When Layla got back to the break room, the boys were hard at work. She could smell the evidence that someone had taken some serious cream with their coffee, but there was nothing left for her, damn it.

Sighing, Layla went back to work, trying to ignore the boys. In fact, she moved back to her office, knowing she had a lot to get done before Cole came in to open up.

Time passed lightning fast, so it was a shock when Cole rapped on her door. "Are you feeling all right? You're in here working while your two hot stud contractors are out there sweating away for you."

"I know. What's wrong with me?" The back of her hand smacked against her forehead in a terribly dramatic gesture, and she winked.

"Brat. You might have earned the night off."

Huh? She tilted her head. "Are you trying to get rid of me?"

"Nope." Reaching out, he rubbed a lock of her hair between his fingers. "Just giving you the means to say yes when they ask. Ah. Perfect timing."

"When they ask what?" She turned when someone cleared their throat behind her, meeting Aaron's blue eyes. Layla smiled. "Well, hey, honey. Are you done for the day?"

"Yes, ma'am. Looks like you'll need to open soon."

"Well, you boys have a good night. Behave yourselves."

"As to that, ma'am..." Jamie appeared next to Aaron, and they looked like nothing so much as the two Siamese cats in that Disney dog movie.

"What's that?"

"We were wondering if you'd like to go to supper with us."

"Mr. Lee here says you love sushi, and we know a great place."

"Mr. Lee says that, does he?" Rolling her eyes at Cole, Layla whapped him on the arm. Still, it would be fun, and there would be no delivery men to interrupt. "Sure. As long as you don't need me, Cole."

"Nah. Jenny is tending bar tonight, and Alan is stopping by later. Why don't you head out?"

He didn't have to tell her twice. Layla grabbed her jacket and her purse, going to put her arms through one of Aaron's and Jamie's. "Lead me to the sushi, boys."

"We have to stop by our place and clean up a little, if that's all right," Aaron replied. Jamie's cheeks were pink, but Aaron brazened it out, grinning at her, blue eyes shining.

"Ah, so you do live together. You're a thing, huh?" Like they weren't so obvious it hurt.

"We sure haven't hid it from you. I think we did tell you we like to play." Aaron's arm pressed against her breast, making her tingle all over.

"You did. I want to be sure I'm not mistaking what you mean, though."

"Nope. Not a bit." They led her to a pickup truck out in the lot, and Layla waved at Jenny who was just pulling in. Aaron caught her attention again by hoisting her up in the front where an old-fashioned bench seat promised some snuggling on the way to the boys' place.

Jamie crowded in, Aaron going around to drive, and suddenly she could barely breathe she was so overheated. "Good? I mean, yay. I... whew, you boys are good at the overwhelming thing."

"Hopefully you don't mean our BO, huh?" Laughing, Jamie changed the radio station over from country to something R&B, the sound sultry and soulful.

Humming along, Layla wiggled, wondering what it would be like to dance with these two. She would have to find out when the club was redone. She'd have to show them off on the dance floor, getting all slinky and hot.

Jamie's hand landed on her thigh. "So, we never got to ask if you liked to play too."

"When I have two guys who are like catnip made human? Hell, yes."

It would be disingenuous of her to deny it, and she was never one for false modesty, or whatever it was called these days. She was a full-grown werecat. She could do who, and what, she wanted.

"Excellent." Grabbing her hand, Jamie pulled it up and kissed her knuckles. "We were hoping you'd say that."

"Were you? You got started without me today," she teased, pressing the back of her hand to his lips.

"We got a little overheated ourselves," Aaron agreed, stealing glances at them while he drove. "Just a warm up for the main event. Here we are."

They only lived about five minutes from the Cat House, which was convenient and also a relief. Their building was firmly urban, with no sign that the boys were back-to-nature enthusiasts. Maybe they'd stick around for a bit.

"Come on, lady. You need to see our bathroom."

"Yeah, when we took over the loft, we really splurged."

Eager as kids, they dragged her along until they got her inside and up three flights of stairs. The loft was worth it once they got inside, even if it was on the sterile side. Layla liked explosions of color and knick-knacks. The boys liked dark wood floors and sleek modern furniture.

The bed loft looked a little bit like a cat condominium, though, which gave her another surge of hope. They had some whimsy in them, judging from the tubes and ropes and stuff dangling around.

"Like it?" Aaron chuckled. "Jamie needs to be able to work out, in all of his forms."

"I do, actually. Show me this amazing bathroom."

"Sure," Jamie agreed, stripping off his shirt while he walked across to the back of the loft. The little kitchen was all stainless and granite, but the bathroom...

Oh, it was lush. Like a jungle of malachite green tiles, plants, and natural marble sinks and tubs and showers...

The shower was huge, with six adjustable showerheads in the walls, and Layla was so fascinated that she almost missed Jamie's jeans thumping down on the floor.

Almost, because Aaron's happy moan alerted her.

"Wow." She couldn't help it. Jamie was well-made, with lean muscles and pretty, tanned skin, and he had these carpenter's arms, like you usually only saw on the Home and Garden channel. Beautiful. She had to touch that. Immediately. She reached out, watching her pink-painted nails slide along one pectoral.

Jamie gasped, his nipple drawing right up for her. "Y'all are awfully not naked." He shifted from foot to foot, nostrils flaring while he scented them.

"We'll have to fix that." Aaron came to stand so close that the heat from his body sank into hers, even through their clothes.

"We will." She agreed. She really did. It was just hard to think about taking off clothes when she had a hand on Jamie's skin. He was surprisingly smooth, not fuzzy like she would have thought.

"I'll start." Aaron backed off and stripped off his T-shirt and jeans, kicking out of his boots, just like that. "See? Done. Your turn."

"Well, I'm not nearly that easy. You boys will have to help me." She pushed out one leg, holding up her foot, which was encased in a buckled bootie with three-inch heels. "Who wants to undo me?"

They scrambled to help her out of her boots, muscles flexing, cocks bouncing, and if it wasn't so fine it might have been funny. Good thing she staved off the giggles by grabbing herself a handful of both of them. "Such pretty distractions." She stroked Jamie's cock, thumbing Aaron's with her other hand.

They both gasped, jumping, staring at her a moment. Then they grinned like Cheshire cats and moved so close that all she could feel was heat.

"Glad you like, Kitty." Jamie leaned in to kiss her shoulder.

"Look and touch all you want." Aaron chuckled, the sound throaty and rich. "We'll just finish getting you naked."

"Naked good." Somehow she didn't even have to let go of their cocks in order for them to slide off her jeans and panties. Her jacket and tank top required a little more ingenuity, and it ended up being like a little dance.

"Naked very good." Panting a little, Jamie got her bra undone, letting it slide down her arms while he turned her to face him and bent to kiss her hard. His mouth tasted like mint, and it felt like heaven.

Aaron moved up behind her, rubbing against her ass, and oh, it had been too long. Too long. She loved the feel of skin on skin, loved how wet it made her right in her most secret place.

Jamie's cock pressed against her belly, and his fingers slipped between her legs. He spread her, the rough pads of his fingers finding her clit and tugging at it, plucking until she wanted to scream that she wasn't a harp or a banjo. Not that she would ever say that, because as maddening as it was, it felt too good.

"Can we have you, Kitty?" Aaron's breath was hot on her ear as he asked.

"I'm here, aren't I?" Why were they making her think?

"For a shower. We want a whole lot more. We'll be careful."

Careful. No. She was tired of careful. Layla knew she looked a little on the loose side, but she hadn't let go in too long. Her nails scored Jamie's chest, dragging down along his belly. "Careful is overrated, honey. I need it now."

Jamie's breath hitched, his dark gaze meeting hers for a long, serious moment. Then he nodded, jerking his head toward the shower. "There's a bench."

"Well, who gets to sit while I ride?"

Aaron bit her nape for a brief moment, then moved away, the shower door clicking when he opened it. He went and sat on the bench, patting his thighs. "Come and get me."

God, he was pretty. His cock was going to feel amazing inside her.

Jamie chuckled and led her into the shower, handing her off to Aaron before turning the water on. Steam poured out immediately, the hot water almost stinging her skin. Her toes curled against the tile floor, her body doing an automatic stretch.

"Come and sit, honey." Aaron held out a hand, and Layla went to him, the excitement really starting to boil in her belly. They were going to do this. Not just make out or have soapy rubbing. They were going to fuck.

Yes, please.

She walked over and took Aaron's hand, but when he would have pulled her down to straddle his thighs, Jamie stopped him. "No. Turn her to face out, babe."

"That's a great idea." That jutting cock actually jumped, visibly. Then Aaron turned her around and drew her down backward, his cock pushing at her wet folds. He slid into her cunt like he belonged there, no delicate preparation needed.

The position felt a little awkward, like she might fall forward, and her breasts swung free, gravity not her friend here. Layla would have protested, except Aaron was moving her up and down with an iron grip on her hips, and Jamie was kneeling in front of her, his wet hair plastered to his head.

When his hands pushed up under her breasts, she gave up her worry altogether. It all felt too good to ruin it with vanity.

Grinning, Jamie licked his lips. "This is going to feel so good." Then he bent and licked at first one nipple, then the other, making it sting with a little bit of a bite. His thumbs worked the skin just beneath her breasts, and his mouth closed around her left nipple, sucking hard.

Her legs spread wider, her ass sank back against Aaron, and Layla was flying all of a sudden, her breath heaving in her chest. "Boys. Boys. Gonna fly apart here."

"No, ma'am. We'll hold you together," Aaron panted.

They moved with perfect timing. Aaron's hips started to punch up against her, cock inside her growing bigger, harder, and Jamie moved his head down, licking her belly, tongue tickling the top of her mound. His fingers found the place where she and Aaron joined together, pushing against Aaron's cock, seating it more firmly inside her.

She damned near screamed when his lips found her clit, working it hard and fast with little flicks of his tongue.

Layla dug her fingers into Jamie's hair and closed her eyes against the shower spray, letting sensation take her over completely. So hot. So good. She could do this forever.

Well, she'd like to think she could, but there was no way she'd make it more than a few more minutes at the rate they were going. Jamie's tongue was damned talented, pushing against her clit, moving down to slide along Aaron's cock when it moved in and out of her. His fingers worked her too, and Aaron's hands moved up to play with her breasts, the nipples getting pulled and pinched.

"Please. Boys, please."

"Jamie." Aaron sounded just as desperate as she felt. "Come on, Jamie. Help her out."

"I got this." The words vibrated against her, making her cry out with every little push against her clit. Jamie nuzzled in even deeper, lips closing around her little nub so he could suck. Hard.

She did scream then, her whole body like a live wire, crackling with energy when she came. And came. She hadn't had an orgasm like that since she'd bought her first vibrator.

Aaron grunted. "Layla. Hot damn." Then he shot deep inside her, his come spattering against her inner walls.

"Jesus." Jamie sat back on his heels, stroking himself, and Layla didn't remember opening her eyes at all, but she was glad she did. That had to be the most amazing thing she'd ever seen. His arm swung up and down, his cock appearing and disappearing between his fingers.

“Come for us, lover,” Aaron said, and Jamie did. Just like that. He came, his seed splashing against the shower floor.

“Wow.” Layla couldn’t think what else to say. Wow summed it up.

“Uh-huh.” The rough laughter didn’t offend her a bit. It seemed like a very male response to a good fuck.

“You want to skip the sushi and order a pizza?” Jamie pushed wet hair out of his eyes.

“Sure.” Layla shook her own sopping wet, and now flat, hair back on her shoulders. “As long as there’s anchovies, I’m all over it.”

Fish was fish, after all. A girl needed her protein.

Chapter Four

Layla made a beautiful cat.

Aaron woke up snuggled against Jamie, who was all leopard-colored, his dark fur dotted with even darker spots. One paw was thrown over Jamie's legs, and their tails were all twined together.

They often went to bed as humans and woke up as kitties, but it was a pleasant surprise that their cats had called to Layla. She had golden fur, which was the best proof that she was a natural blonde. Slinky, on the small side, she had great claws that slid in and out while she purred in her sleep. Sweet.

Jamie was kind of amazing too, all lean muscle and twitching tail. It made Aaron want to groom them both. They'd had an amazing night. Too damned bad it was almost eight in the morning and time for them to get up and get moving. They had another job to get to at nine, then Layla's club at three. They could work up until late in the evening, as the club was closed on Tuesday nights.

Aaron leaped off the bed and padded to the kitchen, nosing around for something that might be edible. Nothing that he didn't have to cook, like a leftover pizza, so he just let the cat go, summoning his human form.

Man, sometimes it sucked to end up on your ass on a cold tile floor.

"Hey, babe. Anything good to eat?" Jamie came in, scratching his balls, sniffing the air.

"I dunno. I just changed. She's pretty, huh?"

"Fuck, yes. We might have to keep her, as hot as she is."

"I like that idea, huh?" He really did. At least for a while. He thought the lady might be lonely, even as pretty and social as she was. She needed them.

"Cool. We got time to make some coffee?"

"We do. I'll do that if you make eggs."

"Done deal."

They moved around the kitchen, Jamie tying on an apron to keep his important bits from getting singed.

Layla came out just about the time they finished making breakfast, wearing Aaron's ancient terrycloth robe. "Got enough for me, boys?" She pushed her hair back off her face.

Dude. She looked amazing. Not that she didn't always look amazing, but with no make-up and her hair all down and wild, she looked both younger and kind of timeless. Hot.

"Sure," Jamie said, sliding eggs onto a plate. "There's coffee. We know you like it with cream."

That got a laugh, deep and true. "I do. Thanks."

It seemed a little odd to sit down to breakfast with someone besides Jamie. They had played a lot over the last few years, male and female, but they'd never had someone stay all night. It was cool, though. Made him grin at Jamie and wiggle an eyebrow.

Dork, Jamie mouthed at him.

That was true enough, he guessed.

"So, what do you boys have planned for today?" Layla asked, nibbling a piece of toast.

"We have another job before we come see you, but then we're all yours." Aaron grinned.

"I imagine you'll get Cole tonight, guys. Sorry." Layla shrugged. "I have a few things to do this afternoon."

"Oh." Aaron tried not to let the disappointment show, but it must have, because she reached over and patted his hand.

"Don't worry, sweetie. I'm not trying to avoid you. I've had this hair appointment for weeks."

"You're not going to get it all cut off, are you?" Jamie sounded alarmed.

"God, no. It's one of my trademarks. Now, if you boys want to have that sushi you promised me after you get off work, I'll be happy to buy."

Hell, yes. That worked. That worked like a charm. "You just name the time, and where you want us to meet."

"How about we meet at Hayashi at nine. Do you know it?"

Oh, man, they were going to get way better sushi than they could afford on their own. "You bet. We'll make it worth your while."

"We so will," Jamie agreed, bouncing over to kiss Layla square on the mouth.

Layla just grinned when the kiss broke, patting Jamie on the cheek and winking at Aaron, making him chuckle. "Don't worry, boys. You already have."

* * *

Jamie hammered a piece of plywood into place, knowing he would need it to brace the fancy glass tile backsplash doolie that Layla wanted behind each of the four new booths. It fit nice and flush against the drywall, and would provide a place for them to spread the concrete bonding agent without ruining the existing structure.

They had an hour to go before they broke for their "lunch" break. It was damned near five o'clock, but they had hours to go before meeting Layla, and it was chafing.

"Stop fidgeting, lover." Aaron slid past him, trowel loaded with the concrete compound. "It won't make the time go faster."

"I know. I know. We might have to hit the break room on our lunch, though."

"Greedy." Aaron pinched his butt before moving on.

"What? I'm a healthy male cat in my prime."

"You're a turd, is what you are."

"Yeah, yeah. You like me a lot for a piece of shit."

"Howdy, boys." It was the same greeting they almost always got from Layla, but it came from Cole Lee, Layla's partner. The two of them had a lot in common. They were both sleek, a little dangerous, just a little trashy. Jamie figured it had to have something to do with the business they were in.

"Afternoon, Mr. Lee," Aaron said, giving him a sidelong glance.

"I wanted to thank you boys for your very reasonable estimate. And for the good work you're doing. These days you can't be too careful with your money."

"I hear that." A white grin split Aaron's face, and he looked like he was relaxing, so Jamie grinned and nodded too.

Which was when Lee struck like a snake. "So, are you boys fucking my business partner?"

Aaron sputtered, and Jamie just forced out a choked, "*Whut?*"

"You heard me. It's no skin off my nose if you are, as long as you don't plan to fuck her over, too."

Puffing up like a big old frog, Aaron glowered at the man. "We got no plans to do her dirty."

"Got no plans at all, really." Jamie figured they could tell the truth. "We're just having fun."

"Well, if I know Layla, so is she, so good on you. But if you break her heart..."

"Excuse me." They all whirled around, staring at the guy who stood there. The UPS man, wearing his little brown shorts and a sheepish grin. "Sorry. No one answered the bell, but the door was propped open."

Jamie gave him a guilty glance. They'd left it open to haul supplies in and out.

"No problem." Lee took the overnight envelope and the clipboard, signing off on it for the guy.

"Miss Layla's not in today?"

"Sorry, son. She's having a girly day. Must be due to her new love life."

Jamie bristled, and he heard the low growl Aaron let out. The UPS guy didn't seem to notice, but Cole Lee sure did. He smiled, looking like a damned shark.

"Oh, I didn't mean to pry." The guy looked at them all curiously, but backed off pretty quick. "Thanks, Mr. Lee."

"You bet." Cole waited until the delivery guy left before spreading his hands. "Sorry, boys. It was a good way to find out how you felt. I approve."

“Well, whoop-dee-doo.” Jamie couldn’t help it. Shit like that made him belligerent. “You got anything else you want to know, you can just ask.”

“No, I can’t. Sometimes you have to go with instinct.” Waving, Lee headed back to his office, and his tail would be waving like a flag if it was out. “Have a good one, boys.”

“Man, we just got played by an expert,” Aaron muttered, finally slopping the concrete paste on the board.

“You know it,” Jamie agreed. “I just hope Layla ain’t playing us.” He really did, too. If she was, well, that would just suck.

Chapter Five

Layla felt like a million bucks.

She was coiffed, manicured, and ready to go meet two handsome men for raw fish. Two men she was sleeping with. Life was pretty damned good.

She was about fifteen minutes from the sushi bar when her cell phone rang, the Toby Keith song she associated with Cole blaring loud.

"Hey, partner," she said, after flipping the phone open. "How's it hanging?"

"Good. It's fixing to get better soon as I get home to Alan. I like your boys, honey."

"Yeah?" It was ridiculous, but it made her smile. Cole was family.

"Yup. I mean, I still say you barely know them, but they've got all the right instincts."

She stiffened, her back going up a little. "What did you do?"

"Nothing! Not a damned thing. Your little delivery driver admirer was in, and they got all snarly, is all."

"Well, how nice." Urgh. Cole was family like an annoying older brother. "I'll have to let you go, honey. I'm at the restaurant."

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," he said before he hung up, not giving her a chance to tell him that left her open for just about anything.

The boys were waiting for her just outside, and their faces lit up with gratifying eagerness.

"Layla! How are you, darlin'?" Jamie was the cutest thing, graduating from ma'am to lady to darlin'.

"I am so good you can't believe." She winked, tilting her head to show off her sleek blow-dry. She'd gone for something less than jacked-to-Jesus hair tonight, just for them.

Aaron looked her over with a critical eye. "You cut it."

"Only a trim, dummy. I just had her blow it out smooth."

"I like it wild."

"Aaron!" Jamie whapped his partner, frowning. "That ain't a thing to say to a lady."

"If she's gonna be our lady, she needs to know what we think." Aaron unbent to kiss her cheek, real close to the corner of her mouth. "You still look beautiful."

"Thank you." Kissing his cheek in return, Layla held a hand out for Jamie, drawing him close. They shared a sort of hug and sway, then turned into the restaurant, which smelled like fish and sake, along with soy and wasabi. Yum. "What do y'all like here?"

"We like the huge sushi boat A with all of the trimmings. It comes with a couple of pieces of sashimi." Aaron lowered his voice. "Watching Jamie eat that is like sex."

"Stop that." Now Jamie's cheeks looked like they might burst into flame, they were so red. Absolutely delightful. These two had gotten under her skin so fast. Hopefully Cole was right, and she had gotten under theirs too.

"Three?" the hostess asked, raising one perfect black brow.

"Three," Layla agreed, feeling like she was being judged. That was probably her own paranoia talking, as well as her pride.

They ended up at a sweet little table back near the kitchen. The hostess chick was probably trying to hide them, but it worked. Hell, she could disappear beneath the table for some lipstick driving and no one would ever know.

"Sushi boat A, please, and a plum wine for me. Boys?" She cupped her chin with her palm and waited, watching them, enjoying the opportunity. One dark, one fair, it was like having the best of both worlds.

"We'll take a second sushi A and a bottle of sake, please." Aaron shrugged at her, spreading his hands. "We're hungry."

"Did you hear me complain, boys? I'm not one of those women who doesn't eat on dates."

"Oh, good." Jamie handed off his menu. "That's a drag."

They all laughed, and by the time the main course and nearly a bottle of plum wine was done, Layla had learned that Jamie really did make sex noises over sashimi, that she thought squid was kind of amazing, and that Aaron couldn't keep his hands to himself.

Those strong hands had moved over her thigh and Jamie's fingers, her arm and Jamie's upper leg. Aaron was an equal opportunity groper. It made her laugh, made her want to touch and love on him back.

"I'm not big on green tea ice cream, you know?" Her newly manicured nails tapped on the table. "How about we go to that little Italian place down the way and get coffee and dessert."

"I have a better idea," Jamie said, quiet as anything. "How about we get dessert to go, and Aaron can make us some good coffee at our place."

"Deal." She paid the bill so fast she wasn't sure the boys even noticed, and they were on their way. Chocolate chip cannoli and tiramisu, and they were out of the Italian place, too. Somehow she'd ended up in their big truck again, squished in between them.

It was quickly becoming one of her favorite positions. She hoped they could recreate it once they got to the boys' loft.

They dragged her inside, and she thought they would jump her as eagerly as she would them, but they pulled her to the soft couch and laid out dessert, Aaron actually going to heat up the espresso machine.

"He doesn't have to," she whispered to Jamie, moving to sit on the same cushion.

"We don't want you to think that's all we want, darlin'."

"Oh." Well, shoot. She liked to be wanted for her mind, but right now she had a powerful urge. "We could get you warmed up for the coffee, huh? Make you a nice dessert for Aaron."

"Wait..." He never got any more out, because Layla climbed right into Jamie's lap, kissing the fool man silly.

He moaned for her, hands sliding down her back to hold her ass tight, fingers digging into her soft flesh.

"Oh, you started without me." Aaron's voice came to her only seconds before his touch, his fingers tangling in her hair, roughing up her smooth waves. Apparently he really did like it a little bigger than it was now.

Bending her head back, Aaron kissed her, lips pressing down against hers, and Jamie moaned, the sound trapped in the little triangle of their bodies. The little sound went straight down to settle between Layla's legs, making her gasp and wiggle.

"You want her mouth, lover?" Aaron asked, and Jamie nodded, dark eyes huge.

"If he gets my mouth, what do you get, huh?"

Aaron smiled, like a cat licking cream. "I get your pussy, lady."

"Well, come and get me." She stood, stripping off her clothes, and she thought the boys might dislocate something getting naked too. Layla knelt on the floor in front of Jamie, her hands landing on his thighs, thick with blond fuzz. So pretty. His cock smelled like musk, and it was damp at the head, and she wanted it with a fierce need.

"Ready?" Aaron asked, kneeling behind her in turn.

Layla nodded, laughing when his hand clenched in her hair again. "I promise never to blow it out straight again."

"Never is a long time, darlin'." Jamie reached out to trace her lips. "Suck me?"

"Yes." Bracing herself, she leaned down and licked at the head of his cock, swirling her tongue around it.

Aaron stroked her from behind, dipping a finger into her cunt to test her readiness. She was ready. Oh, she was so ready. She had been since the tuna sashimi. All he had to do was muscle up behind her and sink inside, balls deep. She took Jamie

in as far as she could at the same time, and it was like there was an echo in the room, their moans followed so close on one another.

Lips sealed tight, Layla moved up and down, her hips starting to wag, taking Aaron in deep. Aaron fucked her hard and fast, and Jamie started humping her face, and all she could do was relax and breathe deep. She let them have her, just like they'd asked, let Aaron push her breasts up, let Jamie pinch her nipples.

She had no idea how long it went on. Her whole world became her mouth and her pussy, everything else fading to almost nothingness. They smelled so good together, and the taste of Jamie's cock was so salty, so bitter, that she knew she would taste it all night. In the best way.

"Jesus, darlin'." Jamie tugged her down as his hips rose up. "Love how you suck."

"She feels like wet silk," Aaron said, breathless as hell. "Kiss me, lover?"

Jamie bent down over her head, trapping her in his lap, and the wet sound of them kissing made her want to scream, made her pull up and lap at the slit at the head of his cock, fucking it with her tongue.

"Layla!" His body snapped back up, and Aaron jerked, almost toppling them over.

Grabbing Jamie's thighs, she righted them, and her teeth scraped against Jamie's cock. He shouted, his balls drawing up against her chin, and he came so hard and fast that she damned near choked on everything he gave her.

"God!" Aaron came for her too, deep inside her, his cock pushing and throbbing and feeling huge.

She hated to be a bitch, but she was still kind of teetering... "Boys. Please."

"Yes. Jamie, help me out." Aaron pulled out of her, pushing her flat on the floor, right on their pile of clothes. Before she could even blink, he had her legs spread and his lips were on her clit.

That was much more like it.

Jamie joined Aaron between her legs, licking, his tongue stabbing at her. He had to taste Aaron on her, but it didn't seem to bother him one bit. No, indeed. In fact, it seemed to drive him on.

Her hands landed on their heads, holding them against her mound, and Layla jerked and kicked while they pleased her. Oh, God. She might just explode.

Finally, she did have something of an explosion, her whole body shaking with it, her legs moving uncontrollably. "Oh. Oh, oh, oh. Boys. Good." She patted their hair, the strands of both twining around her fingers while Aaron and Jamie panted.

"Yeah, darlin'. A great way to start dessert."

"Mmmhmm. We can even have coffee." Aaron kissed her thigh, fingers stroking behind her knee.

She looked down and met Aaron's blue eyes, then Jamie's brown ones. "With lots of cream," they all said in unison, right before they burst out laughing.

Chapter Six

Layla tried not to think about what her hair looked like.

It had to be a rat's nest after the boys got through with it, not to mention the fact that she'd woken as her cat for the second time in a week, when she hardly ever gave in to the call of the wild.

Oh, it wasn't like she was going to move off to the country, but obviously the boys brought out her primal side.

"We'll go to Hayashi and get your car," Jamie was saying, coming close to kiss her swollen lips. "Then we'll come back and get to work."

They'd all woken up late, and Layla had convinced them to throw on clothes and go to the club, grabbing bacon and egg sandwiches from that darling place on Mirran Street on the way. She had to go to the bank in an hour, though, and the boys needed some part for their air compressor, so she would work while they ran and got her car.

"Thanks, honey." She kissed Jamie back, then took a peck on the lips and a pat on the butt from Aaron. "I'll see you boys in two shakes."

"Two shakes of what?" Aaron asked with a laugh.

"A kitty tail?"

"There you go. Back in a jiffy."

She watched them go, a goofy smile on her face. Well, it felt goofy, anyway, all wide and stretchy. She'd have to go to the bathroom to actually see it.

On the way to do just that, Layla nearly jumped out of her skin when a dark form appeared in front of her, standing in the back hall. "Oh!"

"Miss Layla? I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to scare you."

"Thad!" It was just the UPS delivery man. He was a dear. "Was the damned door open again?"

"It was. You might think about getting a new lock." He handed her a package, his eyes gleaming in the dark of the hall. "You smell like sex."

Her head snapped up, and she stared at him, her mouth hanging open. "Excuse me?"

"I said, you smell like sex." Thad growled, sounding just like Cole's friend Bay, who was a werewolf, not a cat at all. Was there anyone human left in this town?

"Well, that would be none of your business, Thad." She backed off a step, her hand going to her hair.

"You think so? Because I've been trying to get a piece of you for a year now, and you're giving it away to not one but two guys in like, a week?"

Now she was getting a little nervous. Layla backed off another step, heading for her office's locking door.

"No, I don't think so." He reached for her, a big paw slapping down on her arm, and suddenly a face she had seen every day for a year was threatening, different. Hard.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked, attempting a light laugh. "I'm sorry, hon, but I never realized."

"Well, now you do, and now I know how loose you are, so I'm taking what I want."

His grip on her arm tightened so much that she cried out, and she was about to summon her wildcat side when the door at the back of the hall opened.

"Kitty? I forgot to get your keys... What the fuck?" Aaron roared the last part, his body shrinking, then expanding, his claws and teeth coming out.

He was a fucking beautiful cat.

Aaron leaped at Thad, whose body crackled and shimmered, the wolf breaking free with a terrible wrenching sound. Jamie flew through the back door, his leopard spots already showing, and joined the fray, big paws batting at Thad so fast they were almost a blur.

Layla backed away, a hand over her mouth to keep her sounds in. No distracting her mates, and they had to be her mates, the way they protected her so instinctively. Cole always said some things had to be instinctive.

The fight was short, but brutal. Animal grunts and moans mixed with snarls and howls, and claws dug into fur. Layla thought it would go on forever, but it was really over in moments.

Her two boys might not measure up to her business partner in buff alpha maleness, but they made up for it in sheer balls.

"What do we do with him?" Layla looked down at Thad, who was still breathing, but down for the count.

Jamie changed back to his human form, dropping to his knees, chest heaving. "Call Cole. He'll know what to do."

"Oh, good idea." She would call Cole. He would have all the answers, including what kind of first aid the boys needed. Her boys. "You're my heroes, you know."

Jamie grinned, his head finally lifting. Aaron rolled to his side on the floor and shimmered, his human body scratched and bloody.

"Can't have our fancy kitty getting hurt," Aaron said, reaching out to let Jamie pull him up.

"Am I? Yours?" It had been such a short time, and she'd really only intended to play.

"You are, Kitty. All ours."

"Definitely," Jamie agreed.

Layla laughed with relief, going to give them both a careful kiss and check out their wounds.

Theirs. She liked the sound of that.

Julia Talbot

Julia Talbot has been assimilated by Texas, where there is hot and cold running rodeo, cowboys, and smoked brisket. A fulltime author, Julia has been published by Torquere Press, Suspect Thoughts, Pretty Things Press, and Changeling Press. She can most often be found in coffee shops and restaurants, scribbling in her notebook and entertaining other diners with her mutterings.