

The background of the cover is a digital illustration of two shirtless men in a bedroom. The man in the foreground has long black hair and is looking slightly to the right. The man behind him has short blonde hair and is looking towards the viewer. They are both wearing blue jeans. A window with a white frame is visible in the background, showing a dark night sky. The overall style is soft and romantic.

Brenda Bryce

KOFFEE
With Cream

Changeling Press

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Koffe with Cream

Brenda Bryce

The last thing Koffe Collins expected after moving to a strange town for a new job was to be fired for refusing to sleep with the boss's daughter. She can't get it through her head, she's just not his type. Things start to look up when he's approached by a golden god of a man and offered a new job.

Koffe finds himself not only working for Leo Deets, but also craving more than friendship with him. Can they manage a meaningful relationship while his former employers are doing everything in their power to discredit him? And what kind of secret is Leo keeping from him?

Koffe hopes he's brave enough to find out, and that the forces in play won't break his heart.

Chapter One

Koffe Collins stared gloomily down into his cooling black coffee.

“Need topping off, sweetie?”

Looking up, Koffe saw the waitress hovering over him with the coffeepot. “Yes, please.”

It was a busy Saturday morning and Koffe spent several minutes gazing around the dining room. An argument broke out at a table of older gentlemen about the size of a fish one of the men supposedly caught last summer.

Koffe smiled at their antics, but it soon fell from his face as he returned his attention to his cup. What was he going to do? He ran a hand through his long, black hair and sighed.

It fucking sucked being fired from a job you could barely tolerate because the boss’s daughter wouldn’t take the fucking hint that women weren’t your bag. But no, the bitch had run to daddy and accused him of hitting the till. He’d never stolen a thing in his life, but here he was, out on his ass. He’d have to find another job soon, before his former boss put out the word on him.

She’d told him she’d fix him for not sleeping with her. Well, she did. “Stupid cunt, as if I woulda slept with her anyway. I’m freaking gay for Christ’s sake.”

“That’s good to know.”

Koffe’s gaze shot up to the person who stood next to his table. The man towered over him like a golden god. Golden yellow hair spilled over his shoulders and golden tan-hued skin covered his face and bare arms. Even his eyes and mustache had gold in them.

Involuntarily, his attention dropped from the man’s face to his broad shoulders and flannel shirt-covered chest. A big, barrel-shaped chest. It tapered down into a small

waist and narrow hips and long, long legs covered in tight denim jeans. The pointy-toed cowboy boots looked well used and were probably very comfortable. Perfect was the word leaping into Koffe's mind.

Koffe was tanned, but it was the toasted bread brown of being out in the sun all the time, while this man had a lighter, more sun-kissed color of honey. Wondering what his own darker-hued skin would look like brushing against all that gold, Koffe nearly groaned. He agonized over what the man's skin would taste like.

Still caught in the spell of the stranger, Koffe's gaze traveled back up the man's legs and got trapped by the bulge growing behind the already straining zipper.

A deep chuckle jerked him out of his lust-induced stupor and he flushed as his gaze jumped back to the yellow-brown, twinkling eyes.

"Is this seat taken?"

Come on, Collins, snap out of it. His teeth clicked together when he closed his mouth and managed to shake his head no.

"You're not from around here, are you?" the golden man asked him as he raised his hand to the waitress. "Coffee, please."

"Sure thing, sugar." The waitress returned and headed their way with the pot.

Koffe frowned. "Moved to the area about a month ago. How could you tell?"

The man opened and poured three creamers into his cup, stirred it lightly, and lifted the cup to his lips, blowing on it while contemplating him. "Because you didn't know about Kimmy James. That's where you were working, right? The James' place?"

When Koffe nodded, the man continued. "Everyone except her daddy knows she does all the men who come through the feed store. If they put out, they can continue working. If not, they get shafted. It's why they import their labor. And why there's such a huge turnover rate."

"Sure wish I'd known before I took the job."

"I bet you do."

They shared a quiet moment as they drank their coffee. After a few minutes the man put his cup down and took a deep breath. "All right." Putting his palms flat on the

table, he seemed to have come to a hard-won decision. "My name's Leo Deets and I own the parts store just outside of town. I've got a position open and I wonder if you'd like to fill it."

Quietly, he lifted his cup and took another sip while Koffe stared at him, mouth agape. "A job? But you don't even know me." Not to mention, he'd been fired for stealing.

"Don't need to know you. If I know Miss James, and I do, you won't get a recommendation from them. What did she do? Say you tried to rape her?" Leo's eyes glinted with anger and his features hardened.

"Nope, theft."

Leo shook his head. "Doesn't surprise me at all. She'll say anything to get what she wants. Kimmy James makes it difficult for those of us who bat for the same team and don't want to play ball with anyone who has low testosterone levels."

Koffe stared at Leo in stunned silence, then burst out laughing, garnering the attention of several diners. Leaning forward, Koffe shook his head. "I'd like the job, but I don't know if I should take it."

"Why?" Leo's eyelids slid to half-mast as the men stared at each other.

"Well, because if I did, I'd want to take up baseball and round the bases with you." God, he couldn't believe he'd just said that. *Lame! Loser!* Now any chance he'd had of making a good impression had just shot out of a cannon into the stratosphere. He really wished he could climb into a hole and cover himself up, never to show his face again.

Deep, rumbling laughter washed over Koffe, which brought his head up to gaze in wonder at the man who sat across the table from him. His head was thrown back and his long throat exposed. The expression gracing his face was nearly orgasmic and damned if it didn't cause a twitch in Koffe's hardening cock.

Damn, the exposed length of warmly golden throat simply begged to be licked, and Koffe had to restrain himself from running his tongue over his lips in a huge case of

lust. He'd made a fool of himself already over this man, and he would try his hardest not to repeat that idiocy.

But not saying whatever popped into his head didn't mean he couldn't fantasize about running his tongue up the tendon stretching from his collarbone to just under his strong jaw line. Oh, no. He could dream about it all he wanted. And he did.

When Koffe realized Leo had finished laughing and was staring at him intently, he blushed and sat up straight in the booth. Thank God the table blocked Leo's view of Koffe's lap where his cock strained the seams of his zipper.

"I might consider it, except there's a job offer on the table which precedes your tempting offer. And since I don't want to face harassment charges this early in our acquaintance, I'll promise to consider your proposition, but not while the other bid is still out there."

"Fair enough. Tell me about the job." Koffe tried to relax when he realized Leo wasn't going to make a big deal out of his *faux pas*, but during the next half hour while they discussed salary, work schedules, and job responsibilities, he was unable to lose the hard-on which was turning into a throbbing ache.

"If you could come by the store tomorrow morning, around nine, we can get the paperwork filled out and I'll show you what needs to be done." Leo stood and held out his hand.

Koffe stood, fighting the shiver racing down his back at the contact of his palm to Leo's calloused one. "I'll be there. Count on it." Yeah, maybe if he spent the whole night jacking off he'd be able to manage a day at the parts store. Maybe. If he were really lucky.

"Good. See you then." Leo tossed a couple of dollars on the table to cover his coffee, and strode out of the diner with a long-legged, rolling gait. Koffe couldn't help his rapt attention being snagged by the tight, jeans-encased ass until the door shut behind it.

Shaking his head at his own folly, he tossed his own money down, waved to the waitress and headed home.

Chapter Two

Koffe needed relief. His cock ached because it had been hard so long. He'd tried to think of other things. In his attempt, he'd cleaned his apartment, watched a mindless comedy, cooked dinner, and cleaned up the kitchen, but nothing had provided any relief.

He'd have to take matters into his own hands. Luckily, he had the tools to accomplish that goal. Opening the drawer in the nightstand next to his bed, he pulled out the prostate massager and the lube, and lay on the bed. Once he was comfortable, he drew his knees up and let them fall outward. Taking the massager in hand, he popped open the lid to the lube and squirted the liquid on liberally. Ignoring his pulsing cock, he coated two fingers with the lube and pressed his slick fingertips against the flexing ring of his anus.

God, it felt good. Reaming himself, he imagined it was Leo's fingers widening him, and with a thrust and a grunt, inserted the two fingers deep. His cock throbbed and still he ignored it.

Separating his fingers to open himself, knowing Leo's fingers were larger than his, Koffe threw himself into the fantasy.

Leo would take control. He had an Alpha dominant vibe going that was hard to miss. Lost in his own fantasy, Koffe grinned. Yeah, he could stand a bit of dominance. Especially if it got him what he wanted.

Reaching for the prostate stimulator, he checked that it was still slick, and carefully inserted it. *Mm, right there.* He could feel the nudge of it against the walnut-sized gland, and when he pushed the arrow on the control, he groaned.

"Yes. Fuck me, Leo."

Finally, he took his cock in hand and stroked it from base to tip. Pressing the speed arrow on the massager again, his ass tightened around it, maximizing the vibration. In turn, he tightened his fist on his dick and pumped harder.

One final flick of the stimulator speed, and Koffe tensed. The sensation was too much. His balls drew up, his cock swelled, his spine tingled, and his ass clenched. His breath came out in a cursed shout and his cum flew in an arc to land on his stomach.

For several minutes, he was unable to move, the orgasm had taken so much out of him. However, the stimulator, still buzzing away happily against his prostate, began to resurrect the dead. Damned if he wanted to defeat the whole purpose of the exercise. He turned the hand-held control off and removed the massager, flinching at the soft scrape against sensitive tissues. Dropping bonelessly against the mattress, he sighed. Maybe that would tide him over.

When his cock twitched, he groaned. "Damn it, it's been two freaking minutes." His dick didn't listen to him and started to harden. "Jesus H. Fucking Christ."

Bitching the whole way, he grabbed his toy and headed for the shower.

* * *

Morning came all too soon, and his cock hurt. The three times he'd beaten off had done nothing to quell the persistent raging erection. Damn it, he'd yanked on his cock so many times the night before, he thought he'd pull the thing clean off. The image of Leo, naked, golden and hard for him, had kept him up most of the night. Simply the illusion of taking what had to be a monster cock into his empty orifice -- and at about midnight, any orifice would have done -- had contributed to the ache in his right arm. And damned if he wasn't still in agony.

Stepping through the glass partition doors at the front of the parts store, he tried to adjust so it wasn't too noticeable. Luckily, the store was empty and no one had seen his fruitless maneuver. However, where was his new boss?

"Leo? I'm here. Are you around?"

"Between the air filters and the oil pumps on aisle three behind the counter," came the muffled reply.

The signs on the sides of the floor to ceiling racking told him where aisle three was, so he rounded the counter and found Leo on a set of rolling stairs emptying a box onto a shelf.

"Hey. Glad you could make it." Leo glanced at his watch. "And on time too. Great start."

He descended the stairs and handed the box to Koffe. "Your first task. I rotate stock, so the new stuff goes in the back. Each item I stock in the store has a barcode, and if you use this redeye, it'll tell you where it goes. All the shelves are marked." He placed the hand-held laser scanner on top of the box.

"I'll be in my office doing paperwork. The store opens at ten and I'll be out when it does. Let me know if you need anything before then. I know this is sort of like throwing you to the sharks, but knowing James used scanners too, it should be old hat to you."

And before Koffe could blink, Leo was gone.

What the hell? Koffe stared at the empty pathway between the racking and picked his jaw up off the floor. His gaping mouth closed with a snap of his teeth. Peeling his stunned gaze from the aisle, he glanced down at the armload he'd been left with.

Shaking his head, he set the box on the bottom stair and picked up the scanner. He mused that it was a damned good thing the setup of James's store and Leo's were essentially the same, because otherwise, he'd be standing here with his thumb up his ass.

Seriously, what the hell? Had he done something to piss Leo off already? Shit, so not the best way to start out.

He scanned the box, read where the items went and, with the box in hand, climbed the stairs and began to put away the stock. When the box was empty, he knocked on Leo's office door. "That one is done, is there more to be stocked?"

Leo told him where to find the new shipment and he went to work in earnest. He wanted to get as much done as he could before ten when the customers would start arriving.

At precisely ten o'clock, Leo stepped out of his office and called Koffe to the counter.

Without the flirtation of the day before, Leo explained the register and the rest of the store. Again, pretty self-explanatory, and Koffe was sure he wouldn't have any problems getting the hang of it.

Finally, he could take it no longer. Looking up into the taller man's face, he leaned on the counter and confronted him. "Can I ask what's wrong? Yesterday you seemed to want me to work here, and now you're acting as if it's the very last thing you need. I don't mind if you've changed your mind, but I would prefer knowing for sure."

Leo glared for a minute, which felt like an hour, then sighed. "I'm not mad at you."

Yeah, heard it before. "Who are you mad at, if not me?"

"The James bitch talked the sheriff into visiting me this morning before you arrived. The word's already out I hired you, and he wanted to apprise me of your unsubstantiated guilt." Running his long, slender fingers through his mane of hair, he cursed. "I told him to mind his own business unless I called him. Hell, he knows what she's like, but her daddy's got him so entrenched in his back pocket the only thing the sheriff can smell is ass. It just pisses me off, and I'm sorry if I'm taking it out on you."

"She told the sheriff her bullshit about me stealing? Great. Now I'm going to get arrested for something I didn't do." Koffe pounded his fist on the counter, causing a pen to jump across the Formica. "Just what I need."

"He's not going to arrest you. Not enough evidence, he said. But he wants me to keep my eye on you to make sure you don't do it to me."

The grin growing across Leo's face fascinated Koffe. It looked playful, and the total opposite to what he'd been saying. Even his eyes flashed, seeming to change color in the overhead lighting. "What?"

"I was just thinking; I wouldn't mind a little 'doing it', but I'd rather we did it to each other."

"God!" Koffe laughed while he sputtered. "Damn, I wasn't expecting that and nearly swallowed my tongue." Leo's grin grew bigger. "Now what?"

"Well... I was just thinking; there are always better things to swallow. Not to mention things to do with your tongue."

The buzzer sounded, alerting them to a customer. "Don't start, Leo. I have to work, and from what I hear, the boss can be a real hard ass." Leo's grin grew Cheshire cat huge. "Don't tell me. I don't want to know." Koffe laughed as he turned to inquire whether the customer needed assistance.

The day went by quickly, and before he knew it, he was locking the doors and taking the cash drawer and tally back to Leo.

Knocking on the door, he heard a muted thump, like something heavy had hit the desk. Trying the knob, he found the door locked, so knocked again. "Leo? Are you okay in there?"

He heard a scuffling noise, then Leo answered. "Yeah. I'm fine. Give me a sec and I'll unlock the door."

Koffe wondered if he had someone in there with him. The thought hurt, but who was he to complain? He'd never even asked if Leo was involved before he'd built all sorts of fantasies around him.

The door opened and there stood Leo, sweaty, with his clothes and hair rumpled.

"I haven't interrupted anything, have I?" Crap. Now he sounded like a jealous skank. Jeeze, he just couldn't get his head out of his ass around this man.

"Nope. Just getting some exercise."

Deciding Leo was a terrible liar, Koffe only nodded. "Yeah, okay. Well, here. I have the day's cash out and I've locked up for the night. If you don't need anything else..."

"Don't go yet." Leo pushed the door open and, tugging on the cash drawer, pulled Koffe into the room. "You don't have anything you have to do right now, do you?"

"No. My only plans are for dinner and whatever's on the idiot box." Great, now he sounded like a lonely hermit. Surreptitiously glancing around the office, he wondered what Leo had really been doing. There wasn't anyone in the room, nor were there any other doors which would have provided an escape route for anyone Leo had been entertaining.

Strange. So, why all the sweating and heavy breathing?

Koffe fought a grin at a possible answer. Perhaps Leo had been taking his frustrations out the same way Koffe had the night before; with a self-manipulated crank yank.

"Good. Take a seat, and I'll get this counted up. I need you to fill out this paperwork so I can pay you and we can pay Uncle Sam. Afterward, I'll run this money to the bank's night deposit and maybe we can grab some dinner."

The offer was thrown in there so nonchalantly Koffe almost didn't catch it. Not to mention the distraction of the possibility of Leo jacking off -- which had his thoughts very scattered. When it finally registered that Leo wanted to spend time with him, he had to clench his fists to keep from raising his arm and punching the air in excitement.

"Great. I'm hungry."

Leo's golden gaze snapped up to his and his smile was slow. "Me too."

It didn't sound as if he were talking about food. Koffe thought he would pass out. All the blood in his head shot straight to his cock, leaving him feeling lightheaded. Opening his mouth to suggest forgetting about food, his stomach growled long and loud. He felt the blush rise on his face when Leo laughed heartily.

"Guess we need to get going before your stomach complains some more."

* * *

The restaurant wasn't crowded when they entered, and they were seated quickly. Once Koffe had ordered a soda and Leo a sweet tea, they settled in with their

menus and debated the offerings. Everything sounded good, and after changing his mind three times, Koffe settled on one dish. When the waitress came back, he ordered the meatloaf special with mashed potatoes and green beans. He hadn't had a proper home cooked meal in ages. Leo ordered simple as well. Chicken pot pie.

"The pot pie was my second choice. If it's any good, I'll have to order it next time I come here."

"I can't believe you have the nerve to show your face around law-abiding citizens."

Koffe closed his eyes for a moment before he looked up at his accuser. "I have nothing to be ashamed of, Kimmy. We both know the truth of what happened at the store, and it wasn't me stealing anything."

The young woman who stood over their table frowning at him was actually a pretty little thing, but vicious as a rattler. Her long, reddish-blond hair flowed over her shoulders and looked very soft. Her body was what all girls hope for, generous breasts, smallish waist, rounded hips, long legs. But for Koffe, she only inspired nausea. He would have been able to get along great with her if she hadn't tried to get into his pants and then lied about him.

The attempt at forcing him was the problem. That made her a bitch. He didn't hate females, but he didn't think of women sexually. They just weren't his cup of tea, and nothing he'd said to Kimmy had changed her ultimate goal.

"Well, young man, as soon as I can find the proof, you are going to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." Old Man James puffed up his chest in righteous indignation. "Nobody steals from me and gets away with it scot free."

"Mr. James, I didn't steal anything from you or your store. The only error in judgment I made was working in your store without a chastity belt." Okay, so his anger would get him in trouble, but heck, someone was going to have to tell the old man. Might as well be him. "Your daughter's story about me taking money isn't true and I'm not going to sit here and be maligned for her lies."

Kimmy's face turned red and her blue eyes flashed. "Lies? I've never told a lie in my life. I don't have to."

Koffe simply stared at her, willing her to tell the truth for once.

It didn't happen and Mr. James blustered about how he was going to see Koffe in jail if it were the last thing he did.

Glancing at Leo, who hadn't said a word, Koffe gasped. Leo's pupils seemed to be changing shape from round to... elongated like a cat's. Koffe blinked and Leo's eyes were back to normal, but Koffe continued to stare at him while Leo glared at the Jameses.

"Leave him alone, James." The words sounded as if they'd been pushed out of Leo after having passed over a cheese grater first. Rough and practically growled.

A scraping sound had Koffe glancing down at Leo's strong hand. Eyes growing wide, his breath caught in his chest. Four long furrows had been carved into the table by Leo's fingernails.

Something was up with Leo, and Koffe's only thought was to diffuse the situation immediately. Barely taking the time to glance at the Jameses, he sighed. "Mr. James. This isn't the time or the place for this kind of confrontation. If you want to have me arrested, give your proof to the sheriff. If not, leave us alone. This is a family establishment, and they don't need to be subjected to your daughter's antics."

Maybe it hadn't been the most diplomatic way to get rid of the Jameses, but after more sputtering from the both of them, they stomped off in anger.

Whatever. They were gone. That's what mattered.

"Leo, what's up, man?" Koffe'd been studying the scratches on the table, running his fingertips lightly over the grooves. When he looked up, Koffe expected to see the oblong irises he'd seen in Leo's eyes a moment ago. Instead, they were normal. Round irises, same golden color as before. Completely normal.

"She makes me so angry, and her father isn't any better."

The whole eye thing must have been his imagination. Yeah, a trick of the light. No way could pupils elongate. Koffe blinked several times and cleared his throat. "I'm

not so worried about them since I didn't steal anything. The only way they would be able to get proof is to manufacture it, and while Kimmy may lie and do whatever it takes to get her way, I think Mr. James is pretty straight up. Well, except when it comes to his daughter."

Leo barked out a laugh. "Yeah. She's the proverbial princess. I have always thought someone should lock her up in a tower somewhere far, far away."

Snorting out a laugh, Koffe took a drink of his soda. "Now there's a plan." Setting his cup down, he shook his head. "They're gone now, so let's forget about them and enjoy our dinner."

"Sounds good to me."

Chapter Three

Leaving the restaurant, Koffe wondered if he should just go home or if he could manage to finagle more time with Leo.

Leo answered his unspoken question when he reached for Koffe's hand. "I know it's sudden and we don't know each other very well, but would you like to come home with me?"

Ah, hell yes! His cock jumped to rock-hard instantly and his body tingled in excitement. Tempering his answer, he smiled into Leo's expectant face. "I would love to, Leo."

The trip to Leo's house was pleasant. To be precise, being in Leo's company was nice, but the walk was eternal. Koffe was trying to distract himself from the raging hard-on pressing against the zipper in his jeans. Gritting his teeth against the pain, he fought against the urge to grab Leo and force a kiss. That alone startled him because he wasn't normally a top. He didn't take the initiative in a relationship -- not that there had been many, but he'd always been the confirmed bottom.

But, shit! He wanted a taste of Leo's full lips and he wanted it now.

They turned up a sidewalk which led to a nice two-story house with a well-manicured yard. At least, it seemed that way in the moonlit darkness. Not that Koffe cared. He was focused in on only one thing. Getting himself a piece of his golden god.

Leo opened the door and stepped inside, flicking on the light switch beside the front door. "Shit."

Koffe glanced over at Leo. "Shit, what?"

Leo shook his head. "I just realized I'm pulling the same bullshit Kimmy did. Sex with an employee." He sighed. "Well, I hoped we were leading up to sex. But now that I think about it, I'm as scummy as Kimmy."

"The two things aren't the same." Koffe laid his hand on Leo's strong forearm. "One, you aren't threatening my job if I don't have sex with you. And two, you aren't female and I'm attracted to you. Those are two very distinct differences between you and Kimmy."

Laughing shakily, Leo took his hand and squeezed it. "If you're sure. I want you badly, but I don't want you to feel as if you don't have a choice."

"Oh?" Koffe slanted a wicked, teasing gaze toward Leo. "I get to have a choice?" As if pondering the available choices, Koffe tapped his lower lip with his index finger. "Hmm. Well, if I have my choice, I would choose..." Pausing dramatically, he waited until Leo's eyes slitted in near exasperation. He let out a small laugh, and gave in. "I would choose you to be on top and for me to get a chance to lick you all over. I've wanted to get a taste of you since I met you."

Leo's breath caught as he lifted their clasped hands and kissed Koffe's. "Does it matter which order they come in?"

"Absolutely not."

"Great." Leo gave a wicked grin as he reached for him.

The kiss was hard, wet, and lots of tongue was involved. Trying to keep his head, Koffe tried to pull back. Leo countered with a nip to Koffe's bottom lip.

Laughing, Koffe pushed him off. "What? You think I'm easy? Gonna do me against the wall?"

Leo dropped his arms and shook his head. "No. I would prefer seeing your hot body lying on my sheets when I take you. The bedroom is upstairs."

Koffe took it as an invitation and headed for the stairs.

"It's the door on the right."

Turning into the room, he tugged his shirt out of his pants and pulled it off over his head. Glancing around, he spied a chair and tossed his shirt on it and toed off his shoes.

"Stop."

His hand frozen on his belt, Koffe glanced back at Leo. "Stop?"

"I'll take off your pants. You'll take off mine."

Since undressing Leo was infinitely better than undressing himself, he released his hold on his own belt and reached for Leo's. After tugging the end of the belt free of the buckle, he abandoned it for Leo's shirt. He wanted to savor the unveiling and wasn't going to rush the good stuff. Without looking up from what he was doing, he fisted the shirt at the hem and lifted it. "Lift your arms."

When Leo did as he ordered, Koffe removed the shirt in one quick movement. Sucking in a long, harsh breath, he reached out a greedy hand, needing to touch the masterpiece he'd uncovered. Broad, well-defined shoulders, muscular arms with a light dusting of dark blond hair, and wide hands with long fingers were what he concentrated on first. Once he was sure he'd seen every millimeter of that portion of Leo, he promised himself he'd explore it in more detail later. He had to inspect the rest of his prize.

"Ah, damn. You're beautiful." And he was. Leo was even golden under his clothes. There was a light smattering of the same dark blond hair across one of the most lusciously buff chests he'd ever seen. The nipples were a dark caramel, and when the small nipples tightened into hard little nubs as he watched, he couldn't stop the Pavlovian response. Damned if his mouth didn't water.

Wrenching his fascinated stare from those tasty-looking nipples, he followed the light line of hair down past the six-pack of abdominal muscles, to the perfectly formed belly button resting just above the waistband of his pants.

Koffe knew his body wasn't anything to sneeze at since he kept it in pretty damned good shape, if he did say so himself, but, dayum, Leo was just plain... sculpted was the only word he could think of that would fit.

Unable to decide where he wanted to look first, he flicked his gaze from one gorgeous feature to another. He wanted to touch and taste it all. Where, oh where was he supposed to start?

"Koffe."

Startled out of his daze, he raised his head to meet Leo's twinkling eyes. "Yeah?"

"You need to take off my pants before we go any further."

"Oh, hell yeah."

Throwing Leo's shirt in the direction of the chair, he grasped the fastenings of Leo's pants. He had to see what caused the amazing bulge pressing so interestingly against the zipper.

Undoing the button posed no problem, but not wanting to damage anything important, he slid his hand into the pants along the zipper. It was for protection purposes only, but he couldn't be blamed if he had to adjust the placement and positioning of his hand a few times causing the back of his overly sensitive hand to rub tantalizingly against the -- holy fuck! Leo had gone to work commando! -- extraordinary feeling cock.

"Ahem!"

Koffe glanced up quickly, and ignored the blatant hint to move things along. He was in charge here, and he intended to do this at his speed, in his own time.

Who was he kidding?

Grasping the tab of the zipper, he wrenched it down and pulled the sides of the pants away and down to Leo's thighs. They got no farther because his attention was riveted on the impressive, long, wide, ridged...

He gave up trying to think and dropped to his knees. He had to taste this great cock.

Once he'd assumed a comfortable position, he took Leo's burgeoning erection in his hand and caressed it. Tip to base, he smoothed his calloused palm and fingers over the soft skin. The scent emanating from Leo drove him nuts and he had to get closer to it.

His tongue emerged from his mouth and touched the silky head to remove the small bead of pre-cum that had seeped out. A terrible need to engulf every centimeter of cock erupted within him and he wanted to take and take, and wallow in the scent and flavor.

Slow. He could do this slowly while enjoying himself and ensure Leo's enjoyment at the same time. Taking a deep, steadying breath, he looked up Leo's long body into his downturned face.

He smiled gently, as if he understood Koffe's dilemma. "Go ahead, Koffe, suck my cock."

Those few dominant words steadied him as nothing else could have. He wanted to savor Leo's body, and since it seemed as if Leo was definitely a dominant, well, he'd best get in what he could, while he could, before Leo decided to curtail his fun.

Keeping one hand on the hard shaft of Leo's cock, he slid the other hand up his smooth hip to his abdomen where the muscles rippled in expectation. "Mm. It's like silk-covered steel."

"What is? My stomach or my cock?"

Pretending to take the question seriously, Koffe tightened his grip and pumped once on Leo's cock, then rubbed his other hand over the tight abs as if comparing the two. "Tough one. I think my answer will have to be... both." He hummed curiously. "However, I would change the steel to marble. Marble heats the more you touch it, and your body is very hot."

Leo grinned as he slid his fingers into the soft strands of Koffe's hair. "I suppose the only way to hush your smart-assed mouth is to fill it."

He proceeded to do just that. With the grip he had on Koffe's hair, he pressed his cock against Koffe's watering mouth. Didn't he just know the minute he showed a little bit of inattention, Leo would take over? Yes, he had. So he parted his lips and took the silky head into his mouth.

The taste exploded on his tongue and he had to have more. Clamping his lips down, he sucked hard, drawing the full head into his mouth with a quiet pop. Laving it with his tongue, he sucked on it like a thick milkshake through a small straw. He wanted Leo to scream out his pleasure, and Koffe was the man to make him.

Taking him deeper, he ran his tongue along the shaft as it entered his mouth. "Mmm." He couldn't help the smile blossoming when Leo shivered from the vibration against his dick.

"Fuck, Koffe. You're going to make me come before I'm even close to being inside you. That would be a crime, so..." Tugging on Koffe's hair, he drew him off the tasty treat.

"But I just got started."

"No. I'll let you finish this another time, but right now I have to show you as much pleasure as you treated me to." Leo bent down and, with the hand still fisted in Koffe's hair, tilted his head up to kiss him fiercely. Tongue and teeth and lips...

Oh crap! It was going to be torture. He knew when he started he was going to end up paying, and it looked like the bill was due.

"Get on your back on the bed."

Yup... Payback time. "Pants on or off?"

Leo considered it for a moment, his golden eyes flashing. "That's right, I was supposed to strip you. Sorry, but you're going to have to do it this time. I don't trust myself to do it. Take them off so I can get my mouth on you faster."

Shit, shit, shit. Koffe had never wiggled out of his jeans and underwear as quickly as he did this time, and he lay on the bed. Closing his eyes to try to come down from the excitement building in him, he was shocked when he reopened them to see Leo standing at the foot of the bed staring at him raptly.

"Beautiful."

Beautiful? He didn't know how to take the growled comment, but... "For fuck's sake, can we get on with this? I'm dying here."

Leo laughed again. "You delight me, Koffe. And, as you so colorfully put it, for fuck's sake, reach into the top drawer in the nightstand to your right and get out the lube."

Lube, hell yeah! Time to get busy.

Pulling the drawer completely from the nightstand, he barely caught it in time to keep it from hitting the floor with a loud thump. Setting it down, he reached in and grabbed the tube of lubrication and tossed it onto the bed. Resuming the position he'd been instructed to take, he returned his needy gaze to Leo's heated one.

The bed dipped as Leo put his knee on it and lifted himself fully onto the mattress. He climbed toward the top between Koffe's legs until his head was level with Koffe's railroad spike of a hard-on. "Isn't that a pretty sight?"

Pretty? Sheesh. "Could you please stop critiquing it and do something about it? I'm on the verge of passing out from blood loss to the brain."

"Well, we can't have that." And damned if Leo didn't slide his hand up the inside of Koffe's thigh and across his balls until he was able to wrap those golden fucking fingers around his aching red cock.

"Fuck!" He had to clench his ass and fist his hands to keep from immediately going off. "Don't make me come yet."

"Wouldn't want to do that, would we?"

Leo's grip tightened around the base of Koffe's cock, keeping him from coming. It helped and Koffe was able to draw a deep breath in relief. His hips relaxed back onto the bed until Leo wrapped his hot lips around the head of his cock and drew him in deeply.

Koffe choked on his own saliva when he sucked in a strangled breath. Coughing, trying to breathe, he wrapped his hands around Leo's head and pumped his hips into him, pushing his cock in deeper. Choking to death wasn't going to keep him from fucking Leo's mouth. Not in this lifetime.

Leo's choked laughter didn't help, either. Koffe was practically out of control. Until he felt a cold finger touch his anus. Koffe stilled and waited to see what would happen next. Hell, it could only be something good at this point.

The finger slid in smoothly when Koffe relaxed his muscles. Leo apparently knew what he was doing because in no time he'd found Koffe's prostate and massaged it until Koffe wanted to scream.

"Augghh!" Okay, maybe he wasn't able to hold it in as well as he thought, but Leo was driving him crazy.

Sliding off Koffe's cock, Leo looked up his body, and when Koffe glared down at him, Leo kissed his hip. "Lift your knees. Feet flat on the bed."

He positioned himself as instructed and looked around his cock between his upraised thighs to where Leo was lubing up his fingers. Once they were slick, he pressed two of them against Koffe's tight entrance. The tingling shot right past his sac to his cock and he had to get a tighter grip on the base.

"You have to hurry it up, Leo, or I'm going to go off like a rocket before you even get inside me."

"Can't have that," he returned, voice gravelly.

The tips of the two fingers delved into his hole, and when his thighs tightened, his ass left the bed.

"Relax for me, babe." He waited until the muscles in Koffe's ass relaxed and pushed home with his fingers.

"God damn. Yes!" Koffe's eyes rolled back into his head.

"If you think that's good, wait until I get inside you. It'll be great for both of us."

"Well..." He glared down his body at Leo. "Fucking get on with it, you tease."

"Such a foul mouth on such a lovely man." Leo reached over the side of the bed and grabbed something out of the drawer still lying on the floor. When he came back up, he was applying a condom, and Koffe wanted to shout for joy.

Serious for the first time since they entered the room, Leo caught Koffe's gaze. "How do you want to do this? On your knees? Knees to chest? Your choice."

Koffe grasped his knees and pulled them to his chest. "Just hurry."

More lube was squirted into Koffe and rubbed onto the condom-wrapped dick. It was taking for freaking ever, but finally Leo fit the head of his cock to the flexing entrance of Koffe's body.

Koffe drew his knees even closer to his chest, lifting his ass just enough for Leo to come into him. Pressure and a feeling of perfect fullness made Koffe lift higher. "More."

"Don't be in such a hurry," Leo gasped out. "You'll get what you want in time."

Koffe yelled again, needing more, fast, now, but Leo was adamant about doing this slowly. Millimeter by millimeter, Leo filled him until Koffe could finally feel Leo's sac pressed up against his ass.

It felt as if his eyes were popping out, he was so damned full. Leo began to slide out, and Koffe lost all thought. Leo's return was harder and faster, just what Koffe needed, and he thrust his hips up at him. Over and over, fast then slow, hard then easy, time passed as nothing.

Koffe was so close. He let go of one knee and draped his ankle over Leo's shoulder. Grasping his own cock, he stroked it in time with Leo's plunges.

Fire shot up his balls and out of his cock as he spewed cum all over his own chest and abdomen. As he drew the last of the sperm from his throbbing cock, he felt Leo grow within him, and with two more pumps, he arched his back and came with a cry.

Moments later, Leo kissed him languidly as he pulled gently from him. He rolled to the side, curled around Koffe, and a low rumble purred from his chest like a contented cat. They were still both breathing heavily.

Koffe chuckled. "Could you do me a favor?"

Leo didn't even open his eyes. "Sure. What do you need?"

Turning his head to run his gaze over his lover's sweat-covered face, he smiled. "Could you look and see if the top of my head is still attached?"

Cracking one eye open, Leo examined him thoroughly. "It's still there." Then he smiled lazily. "I'll have to try harder next time."

Chapter Four

They settled into a nice routine over the next couple of weeks. They'd put in a full day of work, eat a good meal -- whether it was at Leo's, Koffe's, or at a local restaurant -- and spend the evening and night together. Koffe had never been in such an out-in-the-open relationship, and was still stunned the smallish town didn't condemn them for it.

Hell, even his own parents had disapproved of his lifestyle. And wasn't that making a molehill out of a mountain? They'd actually freaked out, called him a faggot, and told him to get the fuck out of their house and not come back until he got over his "stage." All this while smoking, drinking, and getting ready to leave for their respective lovers' houses. Jeezus. Freaking hypocrites.

Now, here, he had it good. Nobody hassled him about what he preferred -- as long as you discounted the James girl -- a great job, and a fabulous lover.

Yup, he had it all.

Just one thing put a damper on his enthusiasm. Leo had a secret. At least twice a week, late at night, after Koffe was supposedly asleep, Leo would go out and wouldn't come back for hours. Koffe didn't know where he went or why, and was afraid to rock the boat. But it tore him up inside, wondering and worrying about it.

Koffe stocked the newly arrived shipment of air filters while Leo rang up a customer. Okay, to be honest with himself, Koffe stared at Leo's ass while he stocked the shelves and Leo rung up the customer.

Once the customer had taken his package and gone, Leo pulled out the drawer and started to run the receipts ticket. "What do you want to do tonight?"

Koffe thought about it. "How about we have dinner at your house? I'll cook, and afterward we can go out for ice cream."

“Sounds good. It’s still hot out. The ice cream will be a nice cool treat to round off the day.” Plans set, Leo took the tray from the register and headed toward his office.

Hurrying now, Koffe grabbed the last box to be shelved and opened it.

A loud crashing and tinkling of glass came from the front of the building, causing Koffe to yell out. In a panic, his gaze darted toward Leo.

Eyes widening, heart thumping, he watched as Leo dropped the register tray. Money bounced out of the slots, rolling everywhere. But that wasn’t what had Koffe’s rapt attention.

Leo himself did.

Hands fisted, Leo’s face contorted in a teeth-baring scowl. The lights in his eyes flickered even though the lighting wasn’t very bright. The muscles under his skin started to ripple like waves on a lake.

Breath caught in his throat, practically strangling him, and Koffe watched in fascinated horror as light-colored hair began to sprout from Leo’s pores. Popping sounds, like bones breaking, echoed in the aisles. With his face contorted in what could only be described as agony, and terrible sounding screams emanating from a reshaping mouth, Leo’s entire body began to change.

Terrified, Koffe pressed against the shelving, hoping to disappear. Unable to tear his frightened gaze from Leo, he watched as Leo dropped onto his hands and with a yell which was closer to a roar, complete the change into a big cat.

Not just any big cat, a huge mountain lion. Gold fur completely covered him from his elongated snout, to his long, whipping tail.

“Holy fuck.” Koffe jerked at his own whispered comment.

The mountain lion’s attention immediately shifted to him. Mouth open, lips curled back away from those sabertooth tiger teeth, it drew in several big breaths as if tasting the air. Koffe wondered if he could faint as it took a step toward him. At least he wouldn’t see his own death coming.

Shaking like a leaf on a tree, clutching the box, he waited as the lion approached him. Holding on to his bladder control out of sheer will, Koffe didn’t move a muscle as

the lion sniffed him once, and ran his long, rough tongue along the leg of his jeans. A rumbling purring noise erupted from the cat's chest as it rubbed its head and cheeks along Koffe's hip in a petting-type manner.

"Holy fuck," Koffe repeated. He'd just watched Leo, his lover, change into a humongous cat, and now it was rubbing against him like a house cat. "Holy fucking fuck. Leo?"

The cat looked up at him and nodded.

"You can understand me?" What the hell was he thinking? This cat couldn't be...

The mountain lion nodded again.

Shit! Leo, golden god of the century, had just turned into a cat!

The squeal of tires on asphalt gained the cat's attention. With a roar, it leapt toward the broken window and continued on right through it. Landing lightly on the sidewalk outside the store, the cat ran into the street, glaring in the direction the speeding car had gone. A roar like no other burst from the cat, and Koffe, still standing against the shelving, was shocked the pissed-off cat didn't follow the car. Instead, he sniffed at the road, then turned his gaze back toward Koffe.

Slowly, the cat returned to the broken window, looked at it, snorted air out through its flaring nostrils, and leapt back into the store. Calmly, it padded across the floor until it stood in front of Koffe and sat back on its haunches.

"Leo?"

A small nod, and the cat started to change again. Everything Koffe had seen earlier, only in reverse. After only a moment, Leo stood in front of him.

"Are you all right?" Leo's rumbling voice knocked Koffe out of his trance.

"Y-yes." He shook his head in order to clear the fog permeating his entire head. "I'm fine."

"Good." Leo ran his hand over Koffe's hair and down his cheek in the same manner as before, and the simple caress calmed Koffe as nothing else could have done. Immediately, everything in him steadied.

This was Leo. He loved Leo. Hell yeah, he loved Leo. No matter what he was, or what he turned into. But how the heck could he do that?

Before he could ask any questions, Leo turned, crossed the room, bent over, and picked something up from the floor.

"What is it?" Koffe stepped forward, instinctively setting the box down and following Leo.

"A brick."

Koffe tried to process what he was being told. A brick? "Someone threw a brick through the window?"

"Looks like it. And they seemed to have something more to say."

Koffe stepped closer to Leo and watched as he pulled a piece of paper off the brick. "What's it say?"

"It says, *You suck!!!* Well, if that isn't grown up, I don't know what is."

Koffe frowned. "That's all it says? You suck? What the hell kind of threat is that?"

Leo's eyes lifted from the note and pinned Koffe where he stood. The rage glittering there would have terrified him if the anger had been turned on him. "Apparently, our little Miss James is still pissed at you." He shook his head. "Why don't you call the cops, babe? I'll have to hand this over to them so they can deal with it, no matter how badly I want to hunt her down and beat some sense into her."

Turning toward the phone, Koffe jumped when Leo cussed. "Fucking bitch."

"What?" Koffe pressed his hand to his chest. He really didn't think he could take any more stress on his heart.

"She bought this damned brick here. See, it has my mark on it. Of all the fucking gall."

"We have bricks?" Koffe asked, confused.

"Yeah. Bricks make good tire stops, so I keep them in stock. I can't believe she would use something she purchased from me to vandalize my store." Leo shook his

head, pissed off. Grumbling loudly about certain women who should be locked up, Leo glanced up at Koffe. "Have you called the cops yet, Koffe?"

"Um, not yet. I was distracted. Give me a minute." Koffe picked up the phone and dialed. When he got the dispatch operator, he explained what had happened.

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, just property damage." And the knowledge that cat shifters were real, which at this moment was beside the point.

"Okay. Police are on the way."

Koffe thanked the woman and hung up the phone. Slowly, he turned and rested his shocked gaze on Leo. "Yeah, so you're a cat?"

Leo's attention jerked to Koffe. His piercing gaze raked over him and, apparently seeing what he needed to see, he softened and sighed. "Mountain lion. I wanted you to know, but not like this. I would have told you when I thought you could handle it."

About a million questions popped into Koffe's mind, but before he could ask even one, he heard the sound of a car pulling up in front of the store.

"I'll answer all your questions later, all right?" Leo looked out at the cops who were stepping out of their cruiser, coming toward Koffe. "I promise."

"Okay. Later." Koffe could actually use a little time to consider the new development, so a chance to think would be beneficial.

Chapter Five

Dealing with the police was time-consuming and tiring.

Leo gave them the note and the brick, and his opinion on who had done it and why it had come hurtling through the window. When asked why they thought Kimmy James was the culprit, Leo pointed to the note. Sure enough, Kimmy's stylish "K" signature was there at the bottom. The girl was so stupid she'd signed the note.

With their statements and evidence in hand, the police eventually left, leaving Koffe and Leo to deal with the clean-up of all the glass. It took a while, since the glass had gotten everywhere, and they had to board up the window. Tired, Leo and Koffe eventually reached Leo's house, and it was all Koffe could do to make it to the couch before he collapsed in exhaustion. "What a day."

Koffe pursed his lips at Leo's droll comment. "Do you think they'll arrest Kimmy?"

Leo rolled his head to look at Koffe. "Yeah. I think they will. Her daddy's going to throw a fit."

"Maybe it'll open his eyes to her antics."

Shaking his head, Leo coughed out a laugh. "Don't bet on it. He's got blinders on when it comes to his little girl." He shrugged. "Oh well. I've got insurance on the store."

Koffe sat up, indignant. "You aren't going to let her get away with it, are you?"

"Of course not, but I'll let the police handle it. They said she's more than likely going to have to do at least community service for vandalism and her father is going to have to live with the shame. At first, I wanted to hunt her down and make her pay, but I've got more important things on my mind."

"Like what?"

Leo laid his hot hand on Koffe's thigh. "Like making sure you don't leave. I don't think I could stand it if you left me."

Heart lurching, Koffe stared at Leo. "So tell me about it."

While rubbing Koffe's thigh, Leo shook his head. "It's not like in the movies where you get bitten by a shapeshifter or anything like that. I was born this way from parents who were born this way. The ability to shift shape is genetic, and comes down the family tree."

"When did it start? The changing?" Koffe was fascinated. He'd read stories about shapeshifters, but Leo actually was one. All fear of what Leo was drained right out of him as his curiosity grew.

"As far back as anyone can remember. Stories of shifters are all throughout history, and they're all over the world."

Koffe considered it. "Why hasn't it been in the news? I know I would have remembered if evidence had been found that people could turn into cats."

"We're pretty secretive. Imagine what would happen if proof were found that we existed. Scientists would want to study us, townspeople would want to destroy us for being different. It's just the way it is and how it's always been. We keep our abilities to ourselves."

Leo's fingers slid to Koffe's inner thigh and Koffe felt his muscles tense. He was so susceptible to Leo's every touch. He had to clear his mind and throat before he could ask his next question. "You ran out into the middle of the road. Weren't you worried someone would see you?"

Shaking his head, Leo slid his fingertips toward Koffe's throbbing cock. "Not really. There aren't any strangers in town and everyone around knows about the shifters. Most everyone is a shifter or related to one in the area."

"No shit? Wow. Who would have thought it?" Not that Koffe could think anymore. Leo's hand was causing massive havoc to his equilibrium, and simply swallowing was getting hard.

Crap. Swallowing and hard...

He glanced down at Leo's lap and saw the bulge in his jeans. He couldn't take it anymore. He had to get his hands on him.

Twisting on the couch to get a better angle, Koffe reached for Leo's jeans. Undoing the button and slowly lowering the zipper, he inhaled sharply when he revealed the outline of Leo's straining cock against his tighty-whities. Oh, man. He looked sexy as hell lying back on the couch, legs spread, eyelids lowered but eyes laser-sharp.

Leo's hand slipped into Koffe's hair and his grip tightened, pulling Koffe's attention up to his flashing golden eyes. "Why aren't you afraid?"

That shocked Koffe. "Because you're you and I don't care what you can turn into. Damn it, Leo. I thought you knew I loved you."

Happiness broke out over Leo's face. "You do?"

He wanted to roll his eyes again. Damned man. "Yes, Leo. I love you so much I don't want to live without you."

"I feel the same way. Move in with me."

Koffe looked around the house. "What about the town?"

"They know and don't care what we do, Koffe. That's not how shifters work. Prejudice is something we fight against in our own minds every day being different than humans, which is why we have created our own communities separate from them. And sex in the animal kingdom is natural. No matter how it is expressed. We have the same lack of hang-ups."

Why was he arguing? There was nothing he'd like better than to move in with Leo and be his officially. "Yes. I'd like that."

"You'll move in here?"

"Yes."

Leo's smile grew. "Good. I love you, you know?"

"I love you too."

They shared a gentle kiss, confirming their feelings for one another. It was fabulous, but Koffe wanted more and he deepened the kiss. Tongues entwined, lips tasted, bodies heated.

Leaning away from Leo, Koffe caught his breath. "I need you, Leo."

"Honey, I need you too."

Insisting Leo raise his hips, Koffe tugged off his jeans and underwear. When he had him stripped below the waist, he spread Leo's knees and scooted between them. Knees on the floor, he leaned into Leo's body and tilted his face up for another of his drugging kisses.

When they parted, Koffe slid his hands up Leo's inner thighs. The lightly furred skin was soft to the touch, and Koffe grinned. Now he understood why Leo was as hairy as he was. Not too heavy, but definitely not sparsely. Just right, as the story goes.

Leo growled low in his chest and Koffe's gaze snapped to his face. "What was that?"

Leo blushed, catching Koffe off guard. "Yeah, well, all cats purr, you know?"

Blinking, Koffe had to process that statement. "Purr. Oh, my God, Leo, are you purring?"

Surprisingly, Leo became even redder. "Yes."

"That is the coolest thing." Koffe eyed Leo, wondering how loudly he could get him to purr. He was ready and willing to find out.

Leaning forward, he nipped at Leo's thigh, then reached up and tugged off his T-shirt. God, he was so gorgeous. He would never get used to the first stirring moment when Leo's body was revealed. It would always hit him right in the stomach, not to mention the groin.

With his pathway to Leo's body clear, he couldn't keep himself from pressing his mouth to Leo's furry chest. The soft hairs tickled his nose and lips, but that wasn't going to slow him down. He wanted to drive Leo insane before he was done.

Leo's body felt warm and his scent rose up to Koffe in a heated plume of masculine power. While there was no odor of cat, there was something about Leo's

personal essence which effervesced within Koffe's entire system like the finest champagne.

Wanting Leo to feel as heated and needy as he did, he trailed his lips over to a hardened nipple and nibbled on it lightly with his lips.

"Give me your teeth, Koffe." In order to urge Koffe to do what he expected, Leo slipped his long fingers into Koffe's hair and positioned him where he wanted him, and held him there, only able to move enough to do as instructed.

Koffe's laughter was muffled, but his thoughts ran along the same lines, so he didn't argue. Taking Leo's nipple between his sharp teeth, he nipped it. When Leo groaned, he bit down a little harder.

Leo arched into the sensation and clenched his fists in Koffe's hair. Chuckling, Koffe crossed to the other nipple and subjected it to the same treatment.

"God, babe, that's so good."

Koffe loved the raspy groan Leo used as he pleaded for more. He felt so powerful to be able to bring this fantastical humanish being to his knees -- metaphorically speaking.

Releasing his hold on Leo's nipple, he traced the line of hair running down the center of Leo's abdomen with his tongue. Dipping lightly into the bellybutton when he reached it, he snickered when he was bumped under his chin with what could only be a painfully hard cock.

"Are you knocking at the door, Leo honey?" Koffe teased. He grasped the straining cock and, with a firm grip, slid his hand from tip to base.

"Fuck yeah."

Hands still embedded in Koffe's hair, Leo positioned him so his mouth hovered over the red mushroom head. "Talking dirty might get you everything you want." And to prove it, Koffe dipped the tip of his tongue in the slit and savored the drop of pre-cum he found there. "Damn, your cream tastes good. I could eat it all day."

"Shit. I'll show you cream. Suck me, damn it."

Laughing, Koffe did just that. He drew Leo's cock into his mouth, running his tongue down the pulsating vein along the bottom. When it touched the back of his throat, he swallowed.

Leo gasped and lifted his hips into Koffe. Pulling back, Koffe took a deep breath and repeated the maneuver. He squeezed Leo's cock and slid his hand along the portion he didn't have in his mouth. With the other hand, he lightly fondled Leo's balls, tugging gently and rolling them around in his palm. When he felt Leo swell, he drew Leo's cock in deep and sucked hard.

Leo blew with a shout, and Koffe had difficulty swallowing all of his cum without losing any.

Eventually, Leo relaxed back into the cushions of the couch, petting Koffe's hair and smiling down at him. "God, baby. It's never been so good."

Lapping at the spent cock, making sure he didn't miss a drop, Koffe grinned and gazed up at Leo. "I love you. It makes the difference."

"Yes, it does." Leo's hands slid down Koffe's neck and over his shoulders, until they were under his arms. Koffe was surprised when Leo lifted him and kissed him hard. The man had so much strength, it jerked a startled yelp out of him.

When Leo stood, he drew Koffe with him easily and, still lip locked, carried him into the kitchen. Koffe felt as if he were floating as he hung nestled in Leo's strong arms. Combined with the kiss, the sensation felt magical.

His feet finally touched the floor next to the table and, when he felt steady, Leo stepped back from him. Leo's gaze was heated and raking over Koffe's aching body when Koffe finally pried his eyes open.

Warm hands undid his belt, and in only a few breathless moments Leo had stripped Koffe of every stitch he wore. "Climb up on the table, baby." He kissed him on the nose, then turned and headed for the fridge.

"What for?"

Leo was leaning over, head in the refrigerator, when he glared back over his shoulder at Koffe. "You'll find out, but only if you get your cute ass up on the table like I said."

"Okay. You're the boss now, apparently." Using a chair to boost himself up, Koffe put his "cute ass" on the table and waited impatiently to find out what Leo had planned.

When Leo straightened and turned to face him, Koffe flushed with excitement. Leo held a can of whipped cream.

"Wh-what are you going to do with that?" Koffe stammered, not believing his dominant Leo would really be planning to do what he was imagining.

"Well..." Leo sauntered to the table, shaking the can gently. "You know how I like my coffee, right?"

"Yeah." Koffe cleared his throat so he could speak around the excitement. "Hot and strong? Full bodied? Robust?"

Leo laughed, shaking his head. "Well, yeah, but I'm a cat, so I also like my Koffe with cream." And to prove it, he upended the whipped cream can and sprayed some of the cold concoction on the tip of Koffe's straining cock.

Koffe flinched, but didn't scoot away. "Gah! It's cold!"

"I can fix it." Leo bent over and took Koffe's aching cock into his hot mouth.

"Ah, fuck." Koffe's eyes closed at the difference between his icy cock and the melting inferno. His breath caught and his back arched, wanting to push deeper into Leo's suckling mouth.

He could already feel the tingling at the base of his spine, and he fought the need to come. "Not going to make it much longer," he panted out.

"You will make it until I say, Koffe. Do you understand me?"

Crap. Leo used his dominant voice. It signified he meant business. "Okay. I can hold it, but you'll have to hurry." The sound of the spraying can and the freezing cold of the whipped cream hit him simultaneously. "Shit!" His balls drew up close to his body in reaction to the chill as it hit his cock. "I'm not going to make it."

"You will. Just a little longer."

Leo's tongue lapped at the cream, and drew Koffe's dick deep into his mouth. Koffe felt his eyes roll to the back of his head and he gritted his teeth to keep from blowing his wad immediately.

"Almost there, baby. Just one... more... thing." Leo pushed Koffe so he lay flat on his back on the table, and pushed his knees up so his feet settled on the table as he stroked Koffe's cock. "You're going to wait until I say 'now,' aren't you, Koffe?"

Koffe wasn't going to be alive when Leo said "now." He was going to die right here on this table with the king of all hard-ons. "Yes. Anything."

"Good boy. I love you so much and seeing you spread out on this table, a banquet just for me, is everything I could have ever wished for."

Koffe was beyond words. He needed Leo. Now.

Once again, Koffe heard the spray of the can, but didn't feel the chill until it touched the tight pucker of his ass. Leo used it to assist in the insertion of two long fingers deep into Koffe's grasping ass. The cold penetrated him as the fingers did, and Koffe yelled out Leo's name.

The heat of Leo's mouth returned to his cock and Leo set up a rhythm which Koffe had to pant through so he didn't come out of turn. Fingers deep, mouth sucking, Leo had Koffe in his thrall.

"Please, Leo! I can't take any more."

"Now, baby. Come for me now."

Koffe saw stars sparkling behind his closed eyelids as he gave in to Leo's prompting. Never had he felt anything as body-clenching, heart-wrenching and mind-blowing as what Leo was putting him through.

The nudge of Leo's cock at his hole brought the kitchen back into focus.

"Yes, fuck me, Leo."

Koffe exhaled, pushing out, and Leo slid in deep. "Take it all, baby."

He felt the brush of Leo's balls against his ass, and grinned. "Now, do me hard."

Leo's grip tightened on Koffe's waist, and he thrust. Repeatedly, Leo pounded into him. The scrape of the legs of the table echoed in the kitchen. Koffe grabbed his own cock and thrust into his hand in time with Leo's deep plunges.

"I'm gonna come, Leo."

"Yes. Fucking come."

Koffe came, back bowing. Leo followed soon after with a shout.

It took several minutes for him to become aware of his surroundings. Leo had pulled him off the table and, sitting in a chair, had settled Koffe in his lap as he petted and soothed him.

"Leo?"

"Yeah, babe?"

Koffe ran his hand over Leo's biceps, returning the petting. "Don't ever leave me. I think I would go as loopy as Kimmy James and stalk you if you did."

Leo only laughed softly. "That would make two of us. I wouldn't like it if you tried to leave me."

"Okay, so pact. We don't leave each other or we'll have to face the consequences."

"Sounds good." Leo laid his cheek on the top of Koffe's head and hugged him to his chest.

The sensation of being surrounded by his hard body comforted him in a way in which Koffe had never experienced. It was one he never wanted to lose. As he drifted off to sleep in the arms of the man he loved with all his being, he chuckled at a random thought.

"What?" Leo queried.

"Well, I was just thinking. I always did want a pet cat. Now I have the biggest, baddest cat in the neighborhood. Although, I do wonder if you are kitty litter trained."

The smack on his ass had him leaping up from his comfy spot and running, laughing, toward the bedroom with a roaring Leo chasing after him threatening to "train" him.

Life couldn't get any better than this.

Brenda Bryce

Brenda Bryce resides in Alabama with her three college-age children (on and off, depending on whether classes are in or not) and her super, hot, sexy husband of over twenty years. She thinks of herself as a lucky to have a wonderful support system set up that allows her all the writing time she can fit into her busy schedule, as writing is one of the few things that keep her sane. Well, that and riding around on motorcycles, enjoying nature, that is. Having returned to school herself, she has opened an opportunity to potentially write even more stories. "Let the plot bunnies attack!" Brenda loves feedback from her readers, and hopes to hear from you at www.brendabryce.com.