

A muscular man is the central focus, his torso and arms adorned with vertical stripes of white body paint. He is being held from behind by a woman whose hands are visible on his shoulders and arms. The background is dark, making the man's physique stand out. The text 'Changeling Press' is at the top, and 'J. Hali Steele with extra CREAM' is at the bottom.

Changeling Press

**J. Hali Steele**

with extra

**CREAM**

**With Extra Cream**  
**J. Hali Steele**

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2009 J. Hali Steele

**WARNING:** The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this or any copyrighted work is illegal. File sharing is an International crime, prosecuted by the United States Department of Justice and the United States Border Patrol, Division of Cyber Crimes, in partnership with Interpol. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is punishable by seizure of computers, up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000 per reported instance.

ISBN: 978-1-60521-222-7  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)

Editor: Chrissie Henderson  
Cover Artist: Bryan Keller

**This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

## **With Extra Cream**

### **J. Hali Steele**

Getting enough cream is a problem for this cat...

Jag Arizon has a plan to correct that. A jaguar of the Kind species, big cats infected with vampyre blood, he walks in both worlds. Aside from blood, he's addicted to cream, and only one person can cure him. In convincing her to donate to his cause, Jag gets much more than he bargained for.

Barbara Dorsey, the uptight co-owner of the local coffee shop, has all the cream this cat needs. But she's only giving it away in dreams to the one man who not only opens the door to her every desire -- he can change her world forever.

## Chapter One

“No way! I’m not going to stop again, dude. Damn, show some control already.” Leron looked exasperated. “Jag, do you know what we are, man? You’re a jaguar and a vampyre. You’re a vampyre cat. The boogey man runs from us! We don’t drink fucking lattes.”

“I do, with lots of cream.” Jag really wanted to go back to Coffee Swirl. He needed to see her once more today. His cock bounced around in his pants like a Mexican jumping bean. His inner cat clawed at him. They both wanted to smell her again. “Leron, I need to see her one more time. Come on, it won’t take but a minute.”

“No. You’ve had two double-shot lattes already. You’re wired as hell. No more. We need to get back to the compound.”

“Please, man, one more,” Jag begged.

“Why don’t you ask her out already? Shit, at the rate you’re going, you could’ve bought a whole coffee plantation.”

“I could die of thirst over here, dude. You have to take me.” Jag saw him smile. He had him now. Leron, his best friend, knew he had a crush on Barbara.

“One more, that’s it. You got it?” Leron shook his head at him and turned the car around -- back to the coffee shop. “You know she’s going to chew your ass out, right?”

“She likes me. That’s why she does that.” Jag had a big shit-eating grin on his face. He could already taste the cream.

“She’s human, dude. If she ever goes out with you, how are you going to tell her what you are? And have you thought about what the Elders will say about it? You’re getting yourself in too deep, man.”

Jag Arizon belonged to the Reign, the Sovereign Kind, warriors appointed by the Council of Elders to protect his people and humans alike from the unruly night creatures that trolled the streets like vermin.

Jag didn't give a flying fuck what the Elder had to say. He was good at what he was -- a killing machine. They wouldn't be too quick in wanting to get rid of him.

Barbara would give him hell for the second time today, but he was hooked -- the Swirl had the best cream in town. And she always smelled so damned sweet. His cat purred in anticipation.

\* \* \*

Barbara Dorsey sat at the desk in her office trying to catch up on paperwork. She hadn't slept well the night before and her feet were dragging. All she could think about was the dream. She'd begun to look forward to them. All of her inhibitions disappeared during them and Barbara had become addicted to her nightly visitor.

This one started like all the rest. They always took place at the Swirl. What made it hard for her to concentrate today was the desk. That's where it happened last night. The memory washed over her in slow motion.

Her head barely hit the pillow and she went out like a light. Then she heard the swish of steam escaping the latte machine. It hissed as though a shot of espresso had just been pressed. Her eyes flew open and she found herself behind the counter in her shop. A door creaked open in back and she knew it was the office door.

Barbara passed through the swinging doors that led to the back. She reached her office and walked in. He sat on the edge of the desk in black leather pants and a black tee shirt. His chest rose and fell with each breath. It was as though he was pulling her scent into his lungs. Vivid green eyes sparkled and he smiled at her. Her body reacted like it always did to him. She got wet.

"Hey, beautiful. Come here."

She could never refuse him, nor did she want to. Cream slid from her body and moistened the hair that lightly dusted her pussy. She anticipated what would happen. He'd take her any way he wanted to.

He pulled her between his thick thighs and she ground her body against his huge erection. "You like that?" There was a smile of satisfaction in his whispered voice. "Tonight I want you to suck my cock for me, pet."

Barbara took his head in her hands and dug into the thick waves of multi-colored hair that hung past his broad shoulders. She brought him forward and captured his lips under her own. He tasted so good. She moaned when his tongue moved deep into her mouth. His hands went around her waist and captured her ass. Their kiss became volatile, igniting a fire only he could put out.

She moved her hands under his shirt. He inhaled sharply when they brushed across the rock-like planes of his stomach. Barbara reached the small hard nubs of nipple on his chest, and she stroked and squeezed them until he growled. It was a sound that came from his soul and excited her when it rumbled under her fingers. "I want you now," she rasped.

"Take it, pet. Take me like I want you to."

She unbuttoned the button and tore the zipper down. His cock fell out in her hand. It was hot and felt like velvet on steel. His musky scent rose up and made her whimper with desire.

Barbara dropped to her knees and began to run her hands along his shaft. Her fingertips brushed his balls which drew a hiss from his lips. Cupping the head of his penis, she smeared the moisture there and used her hand to masturbate him. The tight skin moved back and forth with her motions.

The teardrops of precum dribbled from the slit on his cock's broad head and called to her. She slowly descended and flicked her tongue across the tip to collect the fluid. "Mmmm," she moaned as she slipped her lips over him.

"Jesus, please," he begged her with his head thrown back.

Barbara swallowed his whole length and started a slow rhythm of back and forth. Her hair bounced around her head as she licked up and down and sucked his cock while his body quivered.

She had to catch her breath, and while she did, Barbara kissed and nibbled on his balls. She pulled one then the other into her warm mouth. Releasing them, she ran her tongue back up the tender underside of his erection and took him back into her mouth. He tried to shove it all down her throat. And she took it. Over and over. He was relentless.

His body bowed as he stabbed his cock into her mouth. "Come up here," he whispered.

She stood between his legs and pressed into him. The front of her skirt showed spots of his wetness. His hands dropped down and pulled at the hem until he ripped it right up the front. Barbara gasped in surprise. She felt so wild, so wanton. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm gonna take what I want."

Still trapped between his legs, she leaned into him. His cock jerked against her stomach and made her knees weak. Barbara trembled. He grabbed her full ass in his large hands, massaging and stroking her cheeks. Air locked in her throat as his fingers brushed over her puckered anus. Without entering her, he rubbed and played at the rim. She'd never been touched like that and it sent a taboo thrill racing through her body.

"What do you want?" Her eyes explored his and saw the need stamped in them.

"You know what I came for."

His hands spanned her waist, turned her and lifted her to the desk. Going down on his knees between her legs, he took deep breaths as though he was absorbing her scent into his body.

"You smell like heaven," he said, so softly she barely heard him. His tongue darted out and grazed her labia. Then long, slow strokes covered her pussy. He delved between the folds with his mouth and took everything. Fingers joined his tongue as he explored her cunt and made her drip more. "So damn good."

His tongue poked and stabbed her until Barbara couldn't hold back. She flooded his mouth with her desire. Wave after wave rushed from her.



He groaned. "Yeah... cream, sweet cream."

He stood and grasped her legs, wrapping them around his waist. His cock slipped noisily into her wet channel. He bent his knees and started to stroke inside of her. Barbara put her arms around his neck and she met each thrust he delivered. Her office was permeated with the scent of sex and it rapidly drove her to another orgasm as he thrust in and out of her pussy.

"I want to come, now," she cried out. Her cunt convulsed around him, and she began to squeeze and milk his cock. "Come with me."

He pummeled into her like a machine. He crammed his cock into her until she yelled, her release pouring from her. Barbara watched his eyes shut and his jaw tighten. His ejaculation was near. He captured her mouth and growled as his tongue tangled with hers.

His body tensed and he jabbed her with short fast strokes until she felt him explode inside of her. He stopped devouring her mouth and moved to the side of her neck where his tongue laved her pulse.

Barbara's head fell onto his shoulder. She was exhausted. "I --"

"Shh, pet," he crooned in her ear, "You gave me what I came for..."

\* \* \*

"You're in early," Crystal, her co-owner, said.

That brought her back to reality. Barbara hoped her friend hadn't noticed the stain of color on her cheeks. "Just catching up with paperwork." That had been two hours ago.

Now she watched out of the window as a black Mustang turned into the parking lot. Dang, he was back! This guy must like abuse or something. What could he want now? He'd already had two lattes this morning. With double shots. And always extra cream. He must be wired as hell. Maybe this time he'd go to Crystal's section. She couldn't take another round with him today. Her panties were already soaked.

He'd been coming twice a day for about a month now. He always sat at one of her tables, blatantly coming on to her. He was always polite, and he really did say the nicest things. Why didn't she give him a chance?

Barbara was comfortable in her skin. She was a big girl. Five-foot-ten inches tall and Rubenesque. She definitely had "junk-in-her-trunk." Healthy was what she liked to call herself. She wasn't pretty. Not like most of the women that came in from the office buildings in the area. She didn't have the model looks of Crystal. Still, none of that was a good reason not to at least flirt with him. If she put on makeup and fussed with her hair, she could compete with the best of them.

Barbara had been with a few men in her years. No relationship seemed to work, no matter how hard she tried. They couldn't compete with her lifelong desire to have her own business. She'd focused on classes and opening the shop. The Coffee Swirl was hers. She convinced Crystal to come in on the idea with her. Crystal Lewis and Barbara had grown up together and they made great partners. Their chic little coffee place did well.

She watched Jag get out of the car. He was gorgeous. Shit, he could have anybody he wanted, so why her? Barbara never reciprocated his advances. Sometimes she'd been downright mean to him. But she couldn't keep him out of her mind. And whenever he came in for coffee, her pussy literally dripped -- more than any pot percolating on the premises.

He stood at least six and a half feet tall because she had to look up at him. A girl could get lost in those green eyes. He probably held a lifetime membership in the Body by Jake athletic club. Big arms, big thighs and his abs, well, add a couple cans to that six-pack. And that butt, her favorite male body part, so tight and mmm... scrumptious. And then there was all that long brown hair streaked with blond.

Lord, she had run her hands through it many nights -- in her dreams. She wondered what the real thing would feel like. She got wet all over again thinking about it. What she wanted to do to that body was sinful, sinful as hell.

That was the real reason why she didn't flirt with him or like his coming on to her. Jag was the man she dreamed about.

She couldn't get back to sleep most nights after she'd woken up wet and breathless. The things they did to each other. Somehow, when Jag looked at her through those devilish green eyes, she believed the dreams were real. That was impossible, but something about them bothered her. Just like he did.

Control of her body slipped away whenever he got close. If Jag whispered her name, would he sound like the lover who came to her almost every night? Barbara had to avoid that at all costs or she'd know for sure she was losing her mind. She was too afraid to even tell her friend about it. The eerie feeling they were somehow more than just normal dreams stayed with her.

She'd grown up with her grandmother who read tarot cards and would tell Barbara she had psychic abilities too. Everyone said Grams was touched. Until recently, she had believed that. Now she wasn't so positive. *I'm the one who's touched.*

\* \* \*

Jag entered the shop and stopped. He stood silently and watched Barbara stare out of the window for a few minutes. He wanted to drink in her gorgeous body. She had curves that didn't stop. He'd never have to stoop far to taste those sweet come-and-get-me lips.

Why couldn't he forget this woman? His inner cat felt a connection to her, and he did too. How? The jaguar in him started to prowl back and forth. It grew harder and harder to bring it under control whenever he got near her. It mewled and growled for release.

She wore her pretty dark brown hair pulled back in a loose ponytail. Golden brown tendrils escaped the barrette she used. He wanted to reach out and push them behind her ears like he'd seen her do a hundred times. Jag thought about doing that, maybe while holding her head, watching her suck the life out of... *Whoa, big guy. Reality check.*

From behind, her apron strings topped a full, delicious-looking ass. He didn't need to see her voluptuous breasts to know they strained the little buttons on the front of her shirt. And Jag could stare into those violet-blue eyes all day long. The rest of his life, in fact. Barbara was all woman. And hot. Right now his body told him how much he wanted her. His erection throbbed. It had a life of its own as it moved around in his pants.

"Thinking about me, pet?" Jag whispered in her ear.

Barbara jumped at the sound of his voice. Her face was full of anxiety when she turned to look at him. "Well, if it isn't Juan Valdez." Jag could tell she tried to gather herself. "Sorry, my tables are all full. Go somewhere else."

"There's always one open for me." He smiled and pointed to the table where the office execs quickly vacated their seats. Leron had that effect on most people. All he did was stand there. They moved, and fast. His friend, the same size as Jag, got a kick out of flashing his cat's eyes at people. It scared the shit out of them, and when they looked again and found them normal, they were still freaked out. He was given a wide berth afterward.

"Look, Jag, this is a coffee bar, so I have the right to flag you. You're flagged. Now go away." Her body remained stiff with anger as she walked to the counter.

He called after her, "I'm a little thirsty. Don't turn me away. The Swirl has the best cream in town." He went to the table Leron had cleared, took a seat and waited for her to come take his order. Jag wanted to watch her big hips sway down the aisle between the tables.

Christ, he was going to have to strap his cock down if this kept up. He envisioned his hands on her hips, pulling her tight against his body so she could feel how aroused she made him. So what if she was human? Would she be repulsed by his cat? Let's not even deal with the vampyre part yet. His animal purred inside.

Hell, this could be a problem. He wasn't a cat most humans wanted sleeping beside them at night.

The Kind species consisted of big cats who had been infected with vampyre blood thousands of years ago. When they weren't cat, they were vampyre. Glorious fangs and all. He could change clothes in the blink of an eye and rip a human heart out with claws just as quick. He could become jaguar with a thought.

Jag watched Barbara walk toward his table. Maybe she'd be different. She owned a cat; he could smell it on her. He'd like to be her house cat. He should ask her out. What if she said no? He didn't know if his pride could take a blow like that. He'd never been turned down by a cat... uhh... a human. Hell, he'd never been turned down. Period. Did she have to know he was a jaguar? His primal beast protested against that thought and scratched at him. It wanted to know her intimately.

"Jag, I know what you want, a caramel swirl latte with two shots. Leron, what can I get for you?" She wouldn't even look at Jag.

"I'll take a black coffee."

Barbara turned to leave but Jag stopped her. "Barbie, I don't think I'll have my usual. I'd like one of those frozen things, kind of like a cappuccino, this time. But put the caramel in it."

She spun around and nailed Jag with a thunderous expression on her face. "Do I look like a Barbie to you? Do I?" she yelled, really pissed off. "My name is Barbara. Don't forget it, all right?"

"Okay. Could you put a squirt of orange syrup in it? And cream, extra cream."

"Sure, whatever." She stormed away from the table.

"Dude, what is your damn problem? Have you lost your fucking mind? Jesus, Jag, I've had enough of this." Leron's voice was tight. "You know what, Jag? When she gets back, I'm going to ask her out so you two will stop harassing each other and me. I can't take this anymore."

Jag went absolutely ballistic. "If you ask her out, or if you even look at her too long, I'll rip your heart out, Leron. I'll kill you. I mean it. In fact, don't even talk to her anymore." Jag was livid. "Do you hear me?"

"You're kidding me, right? You can't be serious. You're talking like she's your mate or something."

Jag stared at his friend, his jaw dropped open. Kind only got like this with their true mate. *Draga*. When a cat found his *draga*, stay out of the way.

"Shit, Jag, please say you're kidding?"

"Do you think... Oh hell, dude, could she be my *draga*? Because I'm serious. I don't want you or anybody else talking to her or looking at her. Ever. Christ. I found my true flame, and for hell's sake -- she's a human. What am I going to do now?"

## Chapter Two

“Hey, Barb, that guy is stuck on you. Why do you treat him so bad? He’s hot. Sizzling hot, in fact. I’d be all over him in a minute.” The shop had closed and Crystal cleaned up behind the counter.

“He gets on my nerves. He’s always saying...” Barb stopped and felt herself blushing two shades of red. “He doesn’t have a serious bone in his body.”

“Barb, look at me. Omigod! You’re blushing. You like him. Go for it, why don’t you?”

She needed to come up with something fast, or she’d have to tell the truth about the dreams. “Come on, Crys, look at me. He’s way out of my league, and I know it.” Barbara kept her eyes cast down as she told the lie. She didn’t want to have this conversation.

“What do you mean?”

“He should be with someone who looks like you.” Barbara had to escape before the situation got worse. “Look, I have to stock some stuff in the back. You finish up here.” Barbara picked up an empty box and headed to the storage area beside the office. She left the door open and still heard Crys’ voice.

“Are you crazy? Don’t you see how men look at you when they come in here? Heck, that’s why your side stays full. I wish I could get half of the men on mine that you do on yours.”

“I don’t want to hear it.” Barbara tried to inflect firmness in her voice.

“Well, you’re going to. You’re beautiful. You should take that damn ponytail out, though. You’re hot. Men want real women. Not those skinny little girls that hop in and out of here from that office complex.”

"Yeah, right. He's GQ wrapped in leather. I'm plain Jane." She sighed as she came back to the front. Her friend wasn't going to give up.

"Plain Jane, my ass." Crys grabbed her and turned her to face the mirror. "It doesn't lie. Look at those eyes. Those cheekbones." Barbara could have guessed what was coming next. "Barb, come and stay at my place tonight, we'll have a makeover. Bring that new green dress you got when we shopped last week."

"Crys, I'm really tired." Barbara didn't feel like staying out late but she wouldn't get out of this. She decided to nip it in the bud. "I have to go home and feed the cat. Tell you what, let's do it tomorrow. How's that?"

"I'm not taking no for an answer, but I guess it can wait one day." Crys' shoulders slumped.

They finished cleaning and were ready to close up. Barb had only delayed the inevitable. She'd think of something else tomorrow. "Let's go." She set the alarm and locked the door.

"Okay. See ya," Crys yelled before she got in her car. "We'll have fun, you'll see."

Barbara fell into her car and banged her head against the steering wheel. "Shit, shit, shit." Like a moron, she hoped tomorrow wouldn't come.

Then it hit her. Jag had called her "pet." Just like he did in her dreams.

\* \* \*

Jag couldn't believe the day he'd had after he left the Swirl. Patrik, the Reign leader, did chew him a new one and he worked his ass off. An Elder, Patrik had vampyre skills that came with age. He could dematerialize and read minds. The Kind council forbade what Jag's people called "taking of blood" unless you were a Reign warrior. He qualified, and soon he'd have the leader's abilities. Jag struggled all day to keep his thoughts to himself and it weakened him. Feeding would have eased his torment but there wasn't time. If he hadn't made the third trip to the coffee shop, he could have fed.



He lay in his bed and thought about how he'd handle tomorrow. He was going back. His cock twitched even now. Shit, Barbara was his *draga*. His cat paced and rubbed against his insides. It growled to be released. It had found a mate. One neither of them wanted to let go.

Jag couldn't get Barbara out of his mind. Her eyes, her body, haunted him. She was so beautiful. He wanted to touch every inch, taste all of her. Make sweet, sweet love to her. He fell asleep thinking about her luscious lips all over his body. Everywhere...

Jag opened his eyes and found himself back at Coffee Swirl. He turned and looked around the shop but didn't see anyone. The door to the office in the back opened with a bang. Barbara came through carrying a case of coffee.

He'd pulled her into his dream.

"What do you want tonight?" She smiled as if she'd expected him. That couldn't be possible and it caught him off guard.

"Uhh, I... I stopped by to see if you'd like to go out with me sometime?" Barbara would think this was a dream. Why did he feel as nervous as a cat up a tree? His mind skittered to a halt as he thought about what that phrase meant. He loved being up trees. He even took his kills... *Yikes! Stay focused.*

"Go out with you?" Barbara put the box down and walked around the counter. Now she looked confused.

Jag's jaw dropped. Her hair was all done in loose curls and she wore makeup that enhanced the beauty of her features. Gorgeous. His hard-on roared to life, strained against his pants and wept in pain. And her dress. Christ, it hugged every curve from top to bottom like a second skin. Not a panty or bra line in sight. She couldn't be wearing underwear. His heart skipped a beat. Barbara was a real babe. And those legs went on forever.

"Cat got your tongue?"

"You have no idea." Jag wondered why she put it that way. Did she know something? No, she couldn't. She didn't know true mates could meet in the dream

realm. It wasn't possible. But why the feeling he'd been here before? What the hell was happening to him?

Barbara smiled. She liked the way he looked at her. She supposed Crys' talk about the green dress was why she dreamed she wore it. It made her feel so sexy. This was the first time she'd appeared dressed up in her dreams. Her friend had been right. It felt good. Her blood raced double-time. Butterflies took flight in her stomach and the wetness between her legs appeared on cue.

She needed him to want her. Checking out the front of his pants, she saw he did. In a big way. Lord knows, she wanted him just as bad. Could you think in a dream? Barbara's brain worked overtime.

"Pet, you're so damn beautiful. You're a vision. I can't take my eyes off you."

"So where do you want to take me?" It was her dream, and she could be as sexy and as bad as she wanted to be. She could do all the things she'd thought about -- and had done most of them over the last month. She intended to enjoy every sleeping minute, as always.

"I want to take you here, right now."

"Good thing Coffee Swirl has takeout, huh?"

"Don't tease me."

"I'm not teasing, Jag. Did you want that with extra cream?" For the first time, she used his name in her dream. It felt real as it rolled from her mouth. Being dressed like this and seeing how much he liked it had given her the courage to really let go. Barbara felt bolder than usual.

"Oh yeah, with extra cream."

Barbara saw the desire scored on his face. "How much extra?" She enjoyed the dark look of lust in his heavy-lidded eyes.

"I'll show you."

She watched him walk slowly across the room. He reached her and pulled her into his arms. He touched his lips to hers and their tongues fought as usual. His kisses

were delicious. And his scent... Jag smelled like fresh cut cedar. The forest-fresh smell invaded her nostrils. It made her hungry for more. Much more.

Barbara had become addicted to her dreams. His cock pressed into her stomach, and set her on fire. *Lord*. She couldn't contain herself as she kissed him back. She felt like a wild animal, a cat in heat. A purr slipped through her open lips. "Jag, I'll never get enough of you." Her voice rasped with urgency.

"Let me make love to you, Barbara. I need you." His hard cock was going to burst and send seed down his leg any minute now. He wanted her that bad. With a hand behind her head, he held her still while he rained kisses down her neck and sucked gently at her pulse. He'd marked her. Shit, he didn't mean to do that. She'd wonder about it in the morning because it'd still be there.

The blood rushed through her veins and called to every one of his senses. He wanted to taste her. All of her. His cat roared for release. Jag growled against her throat, and her body shuddered in response to his primitive call. "Oh, please, I need you too," she whispered.

She ground her pelvis against his erection, which caused him to get even harder. His free hand played with her large breasts. He pinched her nipples hard through the dress's material. It wasn't enough.

Jag still couldn't believe this was happening. It seemed as though she'd expected him. He thought she'd be shocked, but damn, she wanted him just as much.

He stopped kissing her long enough to reach for the hem of the dress. As he removed it, Jag's eyes roamed over her voluptuous body and stopped at her nipples. He licked his lips in anticipation of his mouth covering the puckered nubs of her breasts. Then he sucked them into hard peaks.

Jag ran fingers between her thighs and felt the warmth there. She did have underwear on, and the crotch of the thong was soaked with her juices. Jag needed to feel her heat.

He inched her underwear down just enough for his hand to find her moist folds. He stroked back and forth across her labia and she moaned. He worked two fingers

inside and his thumb rubbed her clit, begging her body to come for him. Her pussy clenched and pulled his fingers even deeper.

He wouldn't let her come, not yet. He took his fingers from her and ripped her thong off. Her breath hitched in her throat.

Jag turned her toward the counter and bent her over. His eyes gloried in the sight of her luscious ass. Barbara's skin felt like silk beneath his hands. He rained kisses down her back, stopping just above her rounded butt. Jag caressed and squeezed her behind as his fingers explored between her ass cheeks.

He pushed his hand between her thighs and into her hot, wet cunt. Collecting the liquid there, he came back to the tight hole of her anus.

Her body jerked when she felt him touch it. "Please, I --"

"I won't hurt you, baby, trust me."

Jag slowly work one finger into the tiny hole. Her muscles relaxed and he went further. He felt her contract around his finger. He returned to kissing her back. She loosened up some more, letting Jag push in and out of her.

"You're so tight." He moved his free arm around her and found her pussy. Entering her with two fingers, he used the same rhythm as he did behind her. Soon Barbara's movements matched his push and pull. "I knew you would like it, pet."

"Yes, yes." She rocked back and forth on his hands and moaned. When she started to move faster, Jag stopped. He couldn't let her come yet.

The cream. Jag came for the cream.

He twisted her around to face him. The glow in her eyes thrilled Jag. His mouth moved down her body, lips playing across her stomach until he was eye-level with her pussy. *Ahh, the smell.* A fire raged out of control in him. He moved closer and his tongue darted out to touch and taste her. Soon he laved her crease with long, rough strokes. He stabbed at her clit before he entered her pussy.

His cock was pissed. It wanted to come out and play. The thick head pushed hard against the zipper of his pants and insisted on being released. Not yet. He couldn't get enough of the sweet cream.

“Ohh, Jag.” Barbara moaned as she threw her head back in abandon. Her cunt quivered under his lips, and cream dripped from her. He tasted it. She was so close now. She was ready to give him what he wanted. When she came and the warm wetness leaked from her pussy, Jag would be there to catch it.

That’s when it hit him -- her mind and soul opened and all of her past dreams washed over him. They rolled through him with a clarity that would have knocked him to his knees had he not already been on them. He latched onto the one with his penis in her mouth. The sight of her sucking his cock took his breath away. It practically made him come. Christ. He’d never felt anything like it.

That was why she expected him. She’d been seeing him in dreams all along. How the hell could that happen? Without a blood exchange, he shouldn’t be able to see in her mind. Who was she? Not feline. He’d have known that right away, tasted it. No way could she hide that from him. *What* was she?

“Barbara?” he murmured against her pussy. He didn’t know what to say. Shaken to his core, he kept on tasting her.

“I’m coming... Jag,” she cried out -- and then she was gone.

“Damn it.” Jag groaned, snatched from the dream. He’d been so close to coming himself. His hand strayed to his swollen cock. A drop of pearlescent liquid dripped from the tip. He could still smell her.

He grasped his cock firmly and started to pump. He needed to feel his release. He squeezed his balls hard with one hand and pushed the broad head of his penis through the fingers of the other. His hips lifted from the bed as he masturbated.

Jag’s breath whistled through stretched tight lips. Her smell enclosed him as he continued to punish his cock. He envisioned his tongue buried deep in her pussy.

“Fuck.” He groaned as the first spurt of hot come arced over his body. He milked his cock until it was drained. He drifted back into sleep, smelling the wonderful scent of Barbara.

\* \* \*

He woke with a painfully raging hard-on and the sound of Leron's voice bellowing up the stairs. "Yo, Jag. Let's go, dude."

"Give me a few minutes, man, and I'll be ready." Jag wanted to lie there and think about Barbara some more. He reached down and fondled himself, thinking about their dream. How had she been dreaming of him? He'd never heard of that before. Even between *draga*.

If she suspected it was real, she'd probably freak out. Barbara would still think they were only dreams. In a sense they were. But *draga* could taste, smell and feel with each other. What the hell was going on? He'd have to deal with it later.

Leron could be impatient, so he got moving. He jumped out of bed and dressed. He cleaned and clothed himself with magic, one of the benefits of being vampyre. Really made life easier. He couldn't wait for the ability to dematerialize and have the added benefit of telekinetic powers. Of course he could speed it all up by taking the blood of humans more often.

But Kind law forbade that pastime. He could only use what made him strong enough to protect his people. Their worst enemies were their Balkan cousins. They hated Jag's people with a vengeance. Vamps feared their creation. Kind had a distinct advantage over them because of their cat's blood. Kind could walk in the sunlight. None of this made him feel better. His mind lived in a fog.

God, he wished he could read her mind like he did in the dream. If only he had that ability. But that was something that should only come between mates during the female's change or the exchange of blood. Barbara was human, so there would be no change. Would she ever accept him for what he was? His morose thoughts ate at him as he came down the stairs. "Come on, Leron, I'm ready. We'll swing by the Swirl so I can..."

"No. No way. I'm not going through that shit today. You want a latte, or a cappuccino, whatever, go get it yourself. Take the fucking Lotus out of dry-dock why don't you, and go ahead? I'll meet you at the compound. I'm not going through this, Jag. Enough already."

“What got your drawers in a bunch this morning?” Jag didn’t think it was that big a deal.

“I ain’t wearing any, so there’s no bunching going on. I can’t do this with you every day. It’s crazy. She’s a human, Jag. What exactly are you planning to do? You going to show her your cat, and bare your fangs? Maybe even have a nip? She’s human, man.”

“You’re right, and it’s not your problem. I’ll catch you later. Lock up on your way out.” Jag had started toward the door when Leron’s voice stopped him.

“Jag, have you really thought this thing through?”

“Yeah, I have. I dreamed with her last night, Leron. We dreamed together. And...” He couldn’t tell his best friend what had happened. Not yet. He needed to figure some things out. “She’s my *draga*, my own. I have to see her.”

“Aww, hell, I’m sorry, real sorry.”

Jag heard the concern in his friend’s voice. Finding his flame was a good thing. But a human? He’d go through hell. For a cat, or vampyre for that matter, to find a true mate and not be able to have them... It was bad. It could tear his cat apart.

If things didn’t go right, he could transgress. Transgressors were Kind who became addicted to human blood, and they gorged themselves on flesh and blood. It was also thought that having no reason to live could push a cat over the edge. If that happened, the Reign would hunt him down like a rabid animal and disembowel him. They wouldn’t have a choice. *Damn it.*

Not all cats were Kind, but Jag’s ancestors had become trapped by fate in this web of horrific bloodlust. Today was the first time he wished he could have been just a cat. Jag didn’t know what to say to Leron. “Don’t worry about me. Somehow I’ll get through this. It’ll be okay.”

“Yeah, well, good luck, bro. I wish I could help you.”

“Hey, Leron, don’t tell the guys in the Reign or anyone until I work this thing out, okay?”

“Sure, Jag, you have my promise.”

## Chapter Three

Jag hadn't driven the Lotus for a while. The time had come to take it out for a spin. He loved his Esprit model. It needed to see some open road. He started the car and the engine purred like a cat. He backed out of his driveway and turned toward town.

By the time he arrived, the parking lot of Coffee Swirl was filling up. Someone backed out of a spot in front, and he swung into the space and shut off the engine. He'd almost forgotten how great the car handled.

Jag sat at his usual table so he could watch Barbara no matter where she went in the shop. As she moved from behind the counter, he could see she had a full apron on today covering a pretty green dress. The same one she had worn in their dream last night. Only she would be thinking it was her dream. Her hair hung loose in soft curls which reached her shoulders. She seemed nervous when she approached his table.

He noticed she wore makeup too. *Damn, she's beautiful.* She took his breath away. The last thing he needed right now was another hard-on, but he had one. It might as well have had a seat beside him. It had become a regular visitor to the Swirl too.

He wanted to taste her lips again. Jag tried to restrain himself. But the way her hips swayed when she walked toward him sent him into overdrive. Her legs were so long, and he remembered how they felt wrapped around him. All he could think about was running his hands up her thighs again.

Barbara had watched the low-slung sports car pull into the space. She'd wondered who drove a car like that and what it'd be like to drive it.

Her fingers absently massaged a sore spot on her neck. This morning, when she'd reached into the back of her closet, a shoebox had fallen and hit her shoulder. It had left a mark in the exact spot her dream lover kissed her last night.



She'd inhaled sharply when Jag stepped out of the car, and Crystal had come over to see what had grabbed her attention. "Holy cow! Barb, you better rethink your stand against him. He must be loaded."

"Money isn't everything."

"Yeah, but it helps things along the way." Crystal then went back behind the takeout counter.

Barbara watched Jag take a seat at his normal table before she walked over. She felt herself getting wet. Damn. What was it with this guy? Why did she feel pulled to him? Why was he in her dreams? "What can I get for you, Jag?"

"Hi, Barbara, I'll have the usual."

She surprised herself by liking the idea that he watched her walk to the counter. Everything would be okay. Her imagination was working overtime and that's all it was. The dreams weren't real.

Barbara returned with his caramel latte and sat a container of cream in the center of the table. "Extra cream in case I didn't use enough."

"Thanks." The smile that spread across his face tugged at her heartstrings. "You look lovely, Barbara." Then she swore she heard him whisper, "Like you did last night."

Barbara almost dropped the tray she held. Had she heard him right? The dream was real? *Oh God!* All those things she had said to him. What she'd done with him all those nights. He must think she was some kind of... Shit, what must he think of her?

Maybe she misunderstood. *There's no way in the world that's possible.* She gulped in air to calm herself. *Calm down. You're not crazy and the dreams aren't real.*

"Barbara, I want you," she heard him blurt out.

"What do you think I am? Some kind of slut or something?" Her cheeks flamed. Because of the dreams, he thought she was an easy lay? Shit, did she believe they were real now?

"Christ sakes! No. You're a beautiful, desirable woman. I want to take you out. I want to be with you."

"You want to take me out?" Barbara was confused now. "Or do you want me? Which is it?"

"No, I don't want you... well... I want you, but that's not all. I want to get to know you. I... oh hell, I don't know what I'm saying. Let me start over."

"That's okay, I think I get it. You want to take me out. Isn't that what you asked me last night?" Now Barbara was fishing. She had to see if she'd heard him right about last night. *Yeah, I'm touched.* The whole thing was nuts. Did she want to know the truth?

"Huh? Last night?"

"You know? The dream?" Barbara couldn't believe she'd asked the question outright. Did she really want to know? Things like that didn't happen.

"Uhh, what dream?"

"Cat got your tongue?" She watched his face to see if he reacted to what she'd said to him in the dream. Maybe she had lost it, but she needed to know now.

A buzz at the door drew her attention. It opened and a girl walked in followed by two guys that talked loud and acted cocky. They walked to the back and took a table near Jag's. Barbara composed herself and turned to take their order. "Good morning, what can I get for you?" she asked as she pulled her pad out.

The girl ordered a tea, one guy ordered a black coffee and the third ordered a coffee with cream and sugar. A loudmouth smartass, he added, "Any chance I can get you to come with that, beautiful?"

Barbara heard Jag growl and he started to stand up. She swiveled around and pierced him with her best warning look. *Shit, had he actually growled?* What the hell was going on with her today?

"Jag, I can handle this." She turned back to the table. "Mister, see the menu over the counter? That's all that's for sale here."

"Hey, I paid a compliment to a pretty lady. Don't take offense, okay?"

"Thank you for the compliment. I'll be right back with your order."

Barbara was glad to get away. She needed to collect herself. She wished her grandmother was still alive. There had to be a reason for what was happening to her. Barbara had the sinking sensation the dreams were real.

Jag watched her walk to the counter to place the order. *Jesus, that was close.* Everything had come out wrong and he didn't know how to fix it. He'd never felt this much need for someone before. He had to be really cool about the dream. Hopefully, he'd backpedaled enough to get out of the hole he'd damn near dug himself into. And the wise ass at the next table didn't help the situation any.

He turned to face the young man. "You say anything like that to her again, I'll tear your ass apart. Got it?" His jaguar ripped at his insides and roared to be let loose. He struggled to keep the fur from running up his arms. Baring his claws here wasn't an option.

"Hey, man, I apologized to the lady already."

When Jag stood to his full height and stepped closer to the man's table, he saw the guy realize he'd made a big mistake.

"Look, we're leaving. Come on, guys, we're out of here."

"Good idea. And you probably shouldn't come back again." His cat calmed down and purred.

They practically ran over Barbara, who'd come back with their order. "Jag, what happened?"

"Guess they decided to have coffee somewhere else." He still had the smile of satisfaction plastered on his face.

"You can't chase my customers away like that. This is how I make a living."

"The guy was a jerk."

"I can handle his type. It's yours that worries me."

"What do you mean?"

"The dream?"

Damn, she was back to that. *Think of something, jackass.* “The dream. Yeah. Tell you what, have dinner with me tonight and we can talk all about your dream. How’s that?”

“My dream? Jag, I don’t know...”

“Come on, dinner at my place. Nothing fancy. You won’t even have to change.”

“All right, but I want to get home early.”

“No problem. You close at seven, right?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be here.” Jag was on cloud nine. She’d said yes!

She’d said yes. Barbara was beside herself that she’d agreed to go out with him. There was only one word for that -- crazy. It had been the innocent little grin on his face. It turned her heart over, and he looked so damn hot she couldn’t stand it.

What was she thinking? She was having freaky dreams about the guy and she couldn’t stop fantasizing about how sexy he looked. Her temperature rose even now. Jeez! What was wrong with this picture?

She was absolutely nuts, but Barbara wanted to go out with him. He’d gotten under her skin. So she had some weird dreams. He couldn’t possibly know about them, right? *This is too funny.* The dreams had finally made her want to go out with him instead of stay away from him.

Barbara wanted to taste those lips, feel his cock pressed against her body. Buried in her body. Her nipples hardened as she thought about it. Would one night out be too bad? It might lead to another and another. She’d gotten way ahead of herself. Had she made the right decision?

She decided to tell Crys she’d be unable to go to her place because she was going to Jag’s for dinner. At least someone would know where she was in case something went wrong.

\* \* \*

Jag had everything ready. Wine, candlelight, music, and two steaks thawed, with all the fixings for a great salad. He'd make sure she didn't want to leave early. Damn, he hoped she'd want to stay. He could already see her brown hair spread across the pillow in his bed, her legs opened invitingly. He already tasted her. And now his new best friend, Mr. Hard-On, was back again.

"Great job, man, you have to pick her up in less than an hour and you can't walk straight." Now he talked to himself. He was as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof. What the fuck with all these crazy phrases? Any smart cat wouldn't be caught dead on a hot tin roof. It had to be her. She had him all mixed up and he couldn't even think straight.

"Yo, dude." Jag heard Leron come in and spun around so quickly he forgot about his swollen cock.

"Whoa, man, are you happy to see me or what? That's nasty, Jag."

"Shut up, Leron. I don't need your shit right now. I've got a date." Jag was unable to contain the smile that spread across his face.

"About time. I'm worried about you. I'll get out of your way then. I stopped by to tell you there's transgressor action in the area. It might be partnered up with a vamp. Keep your eyes and ears open, okay? Let Patrik know if you come across anything."

"Yeah, thanks, and I'll see you tomorrow." The last person Jag wanted to deal with right now was the lofty ass Reign leader. That lion was one crafty mother, and his vamp powers were deadly. Jag smiled at that thought. *A deadly vampyre.*

"Hey, Leron, can I ask you a question before you go?" Jag wasn't sure how much his friend would know about mating or *draga* dreams but he didn't know who else to turn to right now. Patrik wasn't top on his list even though his daughter had been one of the first to mate with a human.

"Sure, what's up?"

"You ever hear tell of... I'm not sure how to put this. But Barbara... she dreamed about me before we dreamed together. When we were together in our dream, her past dreams sort of all washed over me. She still thinks they're not real. I've never heard

anything like it." Jag didn't want to give away anything personal. Especially about his mate.

"Some weird shit, man. Never heard tell of that. She's human and no way should she have the connection without you. If she was Kind, you could enter her mind during the change. The only other way there should be a mental bond is if you've shared blood. Have you talked to Patrik?"

"Hell no, and don't mention it to anyone else."

Leron blinked in surprise. "I wouldn't do that, Jag."

"I know, I'm just concerned. It's probably nothing."

"You're not asking for advice but you need some. You're going to have to talk to an Elder sooner or later."

"Yeah, well, I'll see how things pan out. Anyway, I have to go pick her up from her shop."

\* \* \*

"Do you mind coming in while I feed the cat?"

"Not at all." Jag looked around. "Hey, this is a nice neighborhood. I like your house."

If she were asked, she'd say he didn't miss anything. Almost like he cased her place. "Thanks. Come on in and meet Big Guy." Barb hoped he liked cats because hers was part of any package deal. She couldn't be with anyone who had a dislike of cats. Ever. Big Guy's name should have been Picky. He didn't like anybody. What if Big didn't like him? What would she do? Damn. She couldn't believe the path her mind had jumped on. Package deal. It was highly unlikely things would move in that direction. Barbara had too many questions.

She unlocked the door and had to push her way in. Big Guy would hear her come home and sit right there. He'd wait for her to nudge the door a couple times before he moved, after which he'd beeline right to the kitchen for his meal. Barbara knew Jag watched her use her hip to give it a couple of pushes. He probably wondered what the hell was in there. He followed her in and she closed the door.

"Big Guy," she called. "Come here, I want you to meet somebody."

Barbara saw Jag's eyes grow large as BG bounded around the corner and jumped smack dab into his arms. He was tabby gray and weighed about twenty-five pounds. Her cat purred and rubbed his facial musk glands all over Jag's chest.

She was shocked. BG never liked anybody. But he sure liked Jag. "He's never done that before. I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I love cats." He nuzzled her cat with his chin.

He seemed to be a real animal lover and that made Barbara like him more. Thank God. Maybe Jag was the right guy for her. Big Guy sure liked him. "Let me feed him and we can be on our way."

"Sure, take your time." He put the cat down to go and be fed. The cat hopped right back in Jag's arms.

"Come on, Big," Barbara called. BG wouldn't budge. "I don't know what's wrong with him. He's always famished by now." She didn't know what to do.

"I have an idea. Why don't we take him with us? He can eat at my place."

"I don't know..."

"He'll be fine. Since he's stuck to me, you drive my car. I've got lots of cream at my house." Barbara swore she heard Jag purr.

"What?" She was shocked. "Drive your car?" Men never let a first date drive their car, especially one as nice as his.

"Sure. Can you drive a stick?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, let's go. I'm hungry and there are a couple of steaks with our names on them."

"Well, I guess... let me grab his dinner." Barbara remembered her dreams and how his mouth had felt on hers. That helped the decision. His hands had made her weak with desire. She got wet thinking about it.

And she might learn something about her dreams.

\* \* \*

"You're a good driver." Jag unlocked his door to let them in.

"Wow, Jag, I've never driven anything like that. It was great. Thank you."

He closed the door and sat Big Guy on the floor. He shot off and flashed by them seconds later in another direction. Jag had wanted to hurry home to have Barbara to himself. He was hungry for more than steak, and no little kitty would stand in his way. "Guess he'll explore for a bit. Let me show you the kitchen. We can feed him there."

"I like your home." He saw Barbara look around the room. Her eyes lit on two prints on the wall. "What do you do for a living?" Barbara asked as she examined the prints closer.

He'd spared no expense in his comfort. Money was no object. The Kind took care of their protectors. Jag had the best of everything.

What should he say? "I'm in protective services. I'm a bodyguard." That was believable. He was Reign, his Kind's protector, so Jag didn't lie.

"That must be pretty exciting stuff."

"Not really, you get used to it." She'd run like hell if she really knew what he did, what he was. But tonight he'd court her. Make her see what a good cat he was. The vamp thing -- they could deal with that later.

They reached the kitchen and he stood against the butcher's block in the center of the floor. She was his *draga*. She would have to understand. Her dreams meant she felt something. He couldn't be feeling this way all by himself. Jag's cock nudged his zipper in anticipation. He decided to get started now.

He reached out and pulled her into his arms, positioning her between his thighs. He kissed her softly at first. It wasn't long before his tongue delved deep into the recess of her mouth.

She leaned into him and kissed him back. Her breath came in short puffs of warm air. Damn, she smelled good. Jag wanted more. She must feel his erection against her. The way she kissed him said she had the same dilemma. Her smell wafted around his head.



"You taste so good," he said as he lifted his mouth from hers. "I've dreamed of this for so long. I can't believe you're finally here." He leaned down and trailed kisses down her neck. Something rubbed against his leg. *Damn it.* "Hey, Big, finished exploring, have you? You feed the cat. I'll grill the steaks. I've got salad fixings too." Jag grabbed the steaks out of the fridge. He loved grilling. The kitchen was the only other room he used a lot besides the bedroom. He opened the door to go start the grill. Before he could close it, BG streaked by him into the yard.

"Aww hell, Barbara, the cat ran out." Jag was pissed. This would ruin the evening. The damn cat didn't know the area and he'd wander around out there forever, unless... Shit, he'd have to go get him.

"Jag, we have to find him." She glanced around and called for her cat. "Big Guy, Big? Where are you, boy? Come on, BG."

This could not be happening. "You wait here in case he comes back and I'll go look for him." *Damn cat.* He'd show him a thing or two as soon as he found him. Jag disappeared into the woods. As soon as he was out of sight, his clothes vanished and he released his jaguar.

Rosette-spotted fur moved up his arms and down his legs. His chest became covered with thick, soft fur. His ears twitched at every foreign sound. His whiskers twitched back and forth beside a downturned mouth that hung open, scenting the air around him.

Jag's body folded over to accommodate his beast. Large paws hit the ground with a thump and he was already in full stride. He hoped Barbara stayed by the door. If she saw this, she would freak out.

He followed BG's scent through the woods. Jeez, he must not get out much. The little cat marked everything in his path. Poor guy. Jag quickly picked up his trail and shot off after him.

When he caught up to him, BG leaned against his jaguar's legs and purred. He recognized Jag in his true form. To let the cat know who was alpha, Jag rubbed his musk glands all along the cat's body.

*Get your ass back to the house, kitty cat, and fast,* Jag hissed. BG took off in the right direction. When Jag got to the tree line, he saw Barbara holding her cat. Thank God. The hair receded from his legs and torso as he pulled his cat back. He clothed himself and walked out of the woods.

"He found his way back," she said to Jag when he appeared. "He seems okay."

*Yeah, right.* "Let's get him inside." Jag would make sure the cat stayed put this time.

## Chapter Four

"The steaks were delicious."

"Don't worry about the dishes. I have someone who stops in each morning. She'll take care of that. Let's go into the living room. We can sit, relax and talk."

Barbara should have been surprised, but she wasn't. His home was like a showcase. As hard as she tried, she couldn't picture him dusting and washing windows.

Barbara picked up her cat to take him to the wingback chair by the window. She suddenly realized BG smelled like cedar. He smelled like Jag. How could that be? She shook her head in confusion, sure it was her imagination.

Jag went to the stereo and turned on some soft music.

The music surprised Barbara. He played Nina Simone. One of her favorites. Wow. He had good taste in music, cars and bourbon. She watched him pull out a bottle of Wild Turkey. Her dad called it the Dirty Bird. She loved the smooth taste of it and occasionally enjoyed a small amount in the evenings, especially when it was cold out.

"You're a bourbon man?" she asked him as he poured a little for each of them.

"Sometimes. I keep it on hand for a friend of mine who stops by now and then."

"Hey, this is good. We both like Wild Turkey and we both know people who enjoy it. We've got something in common." When Jag smiled at what she said, it lit up the room. There was kindness in him. Barbara saw it when he had held BG at her house. She felt it in the way he touched her. Barbara got a warm feeling inside and wondered when he would kiss her again. She ran her tongue across her lips in anticipation.

He put the bourbon back in the cabinet and came to sit beside her on the sofa. Her tongue darted out to moisten her lips again. She noticed Jag had a huge erection. Barbara wanted some of it. Would he taste as good as he did in her dream? He put his

arm around her and pulled her closer. He captured her lips with his. His tongue immediately assaulted her mouth.

Barbara got lost in him. He took control of her senses with his hot kiss. She abandoned all caution, determined to have this man for real tonight. Her pulse rate jumped up and she could barely breathe. Her nipples pressed hard against the fabric of her dress.

He groaned against her mouth. "I want you so bad."

"Me too." This felt right to Barbara. She didn't know why. There was no stopping it now. Pushing the cat out of the way, she moved her hand to Jag's lap and massaged his shaft. His kiss grew more insistent.

"Take my cock out, pet." Barbara's hands shook as she worked the button loose and pulled the zipper down. This was what she wanted. When the heat of his penis touched her hand, she inhaled sharply.

She stroked the wet head of his erection and moaned. He raised his hips and pushed into her hand. Tonight, she didn't want foreplay. What she needed was to feel his cock buried inside of her. She pulled her mouth from his. "Protection, do you have any?" God, she hoped he did.

His green eyes locked on her. "Pet, I'd never do anything to hurt you. You'll always be safe with me. I promise." He continued to work his cock in her hand. His look never wavered from hers. "My kind don't... I'm clean, and there hasn't been anyone for a long time."

Barbara believed him. She trusted him. "Jag, now, please," she begged. Barbara hardly recognized her own voice.

He laid her on the couch and wrestled her dress up and over her head. She sat up to help him remove it. The way his gaze traveled over her body sent waves of pure bliss down her spine. His mouth latched onto a nipple and he bit and sucked her through the bra.

"Damn, you're sweet. I'm sorry, babe. I can't wait." Jag stood and pulled his shirt over his head. He shoved his pants down and, after a brief tangle with his boots, he

kicked them off. "Shit, you look good enough to eat." He stood over her and stroked his cock.

Barbara had taken her bra off and wiggled out of her panties while he undressed. She could barely contain herself as she watched him pull on his erection. She wanted to lean up and taste the drops that slid down the head.

"I need you." Her pussy dripped and begged to be filled with his hard cock. Somewhere deep in her mind, Barbara felt there was more to their coupling. Some hidden power stripped her of everything with Jag. She belonged to him in a primal way she couldn't describe.

He lowered his body to hers and stole her lips again in a ravishing kiss. His fingers found her labia. They stroked her until she squirmed beneath him. Her clit pulsed and wanted care. His thumb found it and placated her for a little while. He nudged and pinched her nub then pushed two fingers deep inside her. His fingers fucked her until she wanted to cry.

"Tell me what you want."

"Give me everything," she whispered. And he did.

Jag took hold of his cock and rubbed it through her soaked folds. When he slipped inside of her, Barbara arched up to meet him. He pushed harder and deeper. Every inch of him slowly sank into her.

"Jesus, you're so tight." He withdrew and thrust in again. In and out. Barbara matched him on every stroke. She rose up to be plundered by his cock. Again and again he slid into her pussy and she took him. She didn't want to let him go.

"Oh, yes," she murmured under him. Her legs were locked around his waist, and her nails dug into his back and shoulders to find a grip and hold him to her. "Harder."

He reached under her thighs and drew them over his shoulders. His huge cock plunged into her with force. He rode her ferociously, and Barbara loved it. Fire flared in every inch of her body and Jag was the only person who could put it out. He rode her like a demon.

Her orgasm started to build, and she knew she'd be unable to hold it. "You're making me come, Jag."

"That's what I want. Let me feel it, baby."

Jag's cock slid through the slickness of her pussy until his balls slapped against her ass. The scent and sound of their lust drove her over the edge. Barbara keened as her body shuddered and liquid began to flow from her.

"Oh, yes, Barbara, give it to me," he pleaded.

He was on the brink of his own explosion and she squeezed and milked him as he continued to thrust inside her tight pussy. She wanted Jag to fill her with his cum. And he did.

"Arrggh... Fuck." She felt his cock spasm inside of her as he flooded her with his seed. He untangled her legs from behind his neck and rolled over to lie beside her.

"Jag," she whispered, her head buried against his shoulder.

"Shh, pet." He pulled a throw from the back of the sofa and gently covered her body.

Satiated, Barb rested in Jag's arms. It had been a long day. She did believe him when he said he was clean. After her last boyfriend, she'd remained on birth control. But one thing stood out in her mind. What had he meant when he said "my kind?" Right now it wasn't what she wanted to dwell on.

Jag had to tell her. Tonight. But how? This woman was his life. What if she couldn't handle it? If she didn't want him, what would he do?

*Mmeeoowww... Meow.* BG stretched up the windowsill and screeched.

Jag jumped straight up. He sniffed at the air as he pulled his pants on. "Get dressed," he told Barbara as he handed her dress over.

"BG, get down," Barbara scolded. "You're not going out there." She pulled her dress over her head and searched for her underwear.

"I'd better take a look. Stay here, keep an eye on him." Jag hurried across the room to the back door. Damn. He trusted the cat's instinct. It must have seen or heard

something. His agitation reached Barbara and he heard her call BG to her lap as he left the house. "Get over here, mister."

Jag heard the cat at the window. He glanced back to see Barbara there just as he caught movement out of the corner of his eye. He went to the other side of the house and let his cat out. The fur emerged and covered his body as he folded to accommodate his cat. His ears were up and tuned to every sound. His nostrils flared as he searched the perimeter for scent. Transgressor.

He heard her yell his name. Jag pulled his cat in, dressed and hurried inside. First he'd calm her down. Then he'd follow the transgressor.

"Pet, I'm right here." He ran across to where she stood by the window and pulled her into his arms. "What happened?" Maybe she'd seen the transgressor.

"There's a wild animal out there. I think it was a cheetah." She peered around Jag and strained to see out the window again. "We need to call someone."

Shit, she had seen it. "Are you sure?" Jag thought maybe she'd seen him, but he wasn't on that side of the house. "What did it look like?"

"It had spots, damn it. It was big with little black spots all over it." Barbara grew more agitated with each moment.

"Calm down. Do you know the difference between a cheetah and a jaguar?" She could have looked out of the other window. Then it might be him she saw.

"They both have spots. It was big and it had black spots, Jag. Don't you believe me?"

"Of course I do, it's just that... Barbara, they do look totally different." He felt a little insulted that she didn't know the difference. He was jaguar and he didn't have little spots. His cat was much bigger, his spots were large rosettes. The cheetah was a skinny cat with tiny black spots and a little head. Well... oh hell, he had a big head. But damn if his cat was skinny.

"Do you believe me or not?"

"I do believe you. I'll go take a look. Promise me you'll stay here." Jag decided he would go out the front door to take another look around. Barbara stood at the window with BG, waiting.

His house was surrounded on three sides by trees. He went into the woods at an angle Barbara wouldn't be able to see. The fur ran over his extremities and his body. He folded over and his paws slammed to the ground kicking up dust. He hadn't gone far when the smell hit him. It was a cheetah, and he'd transgressed. *Hell and damnation.*

He didn't need this now. The cheetah wouldn't be a problem, but what if the vamp Leron told him about was around? Jag had passed a hundred years old a short time ago but he was still too young to take on a vamp and a transgressor. This could be bad. He pulled his cat back inside of his body and headed back to his house. He couldn't communicate mentally with Leron, but Patrik had a link with all of the Reign. An Elder, he could read anyone's mind.

*Patrik, there's a transgressor on my property. It may be the one with the vamp. I can only smell the transgressor, and it's cheetah. The vamp may be strong enough to camouflage his scent. And, Patrik, don't materialize into my living room. I... I have a lady visitor. She's very special. I don't want to frighten her.*

Patrik immediately appeared in front of him. "For Christ's sake, it must be a human. Don't worry, I won't tell her you're a cat." The Reign leader was as sarcastic as ever.

"Thanks, and she's not an 'it'. She's a woman."

Jag reached his front door, but before he opened it Patrik made a smartass comment. "Can't anybody find a Kind *draga* anymore? Why do I have to keep dealing with these humans?"

Tonight would be a good time to ask about the dreams. Might as well get it over with. The Elder might have the answer.

"We've dreamed together. She's my true mate. I planned to tell her about the Kind tonight. Everything has gone wrong, that's all." He led Patrik through the front door into the living room. "Barbara, a friend of mine, in fact my boss, Patrik, has



stopped by. He wanted to meet you.” Jag bristled and growled a warning low in his throat as he watched the Reign leader eye his mate from head to toe. He had better not try to shake her hand or touch her in any way. Jag would kill him. From the confused look on her face, Barbara had heard him growl.

“Patrik, it’s nice to meet you. Did Jag tell you about the wild animal I saw?”

“He did mention something. Why don’t you describe it to me?”

“Well, it was big and it had little black spots.”

“I see.” Patrik smiled. “A cheetah or a jaguar?”

“I don’t know. It was a big cat with little black spots. There really isn’t that much difference, you know.”

Patrik looked at Jag and chuckled. “I see. I suppose you’re right.”

Jag glared daggers at him. “Barbara, make yourself at home, but stay inside. Patrik’s going to have a look around with me, okay?” Jag didn’t want her snooping around outside.

“Don’t be long. I’ll wait right here.”

Having noticed the visitor, BG jumped from the windowsill, flying into Patrik’s arms.

“What the hell...” Patrik was taken by surprise as he looked at Jag with menace in his eyes.

Barbara walked over to pry BG from his hands. But before she could, BG rubbed his face all over Patrik and marked him with scent. Jag noticed Patrik stiffen and wondered what had happened. The leader shook his head as if to clear it.

“Sorry about that. His name’s Big Guy, I call him BG. He’s not usually so friendly but he seems to like you guys a lot for some reason.”

Jag watched her place the tabby back on the windowsill.

“I see.” Jag could tell by the look on Patrik’s face, he’d rather take his chances with the transgressor and the vamp. Jag saw the Elder gaze at Barbara again before they left. There was something strange in his eyes.

\* \* \*

"Certainly is a very pretty young lady. Of course, she knows nothing about big cats. How well do you know her?"

"Don't be a smartass, Patrik. She'll know by night's end, I promise you that. She owns the coffee shop I go to."

"Ahh."

*What the hell did that mean?* Jag wondered. He moved into the woods and let his jaguar loose. Patrik, being much older, was quicker in releasing his lion.

They followed the transgressor's scent for a couple of miles, to no avail. Patrik told Jag he felt sure a master vampyre was involved. But they could find no other trace of either creature.

They changed to their human form, clothed themselves and stood talking outside.

"Go home, Jag, take care of your young lady. Give her my regards."

"Can I ask you something?" He figured Patrik had heard pretty much everything.

"Yes?"

"We have dreamed together, but what if she doesn't want me?" Jag decided to tackle one problem at a time. He'd worry about her earlier dreams later.

"I haven't been in your position. Perhaps Spencer could help you." Spencer was the human Patrik's daughter had mated with.

"Sure, thanks anyway. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Take some time off, Jag. I'm not so old that I don't understand the call of a mating."

Patrik's eyes held something else, but what? Jag just wanted to get back to Barbara. "Thanks again. If I see or hear anything else, I'll let you know."

"Be careful. Since they've been here, they'll know your scent, and that of your young lady." Jag was about to head home when Patrik stopped him. "If this human doesn't accept you, it'll be her loss."

What the Reign leader meant was he did not want to hunt Jag as a transgressor.  
“See you.” Jag turned away.

## Chapter Five

"Did you see anything?" Barbara was glad he was back. She'd gotten quite nervous. She'd seen how Jag's boss looked at her. His long hair was pulled back from a really good-looking face. He had a nice body too. But he wasn't as handsome as Jag. There was something in his eyes that bothered her.

"Nothing, pet. Don't worry. I'll keep you safe." Jag's face was drawn. He seemed unhappy as he sat down beside her.

"It probably went back to the zoo, or wherever it came from."

"Yeah, you're right."

"Do you want me to leave?" Barbara hoped not, but he looked so sad.

"No, stay with me. I want to hold you."

Barbara wondered what happened while he was out. Wanting to make him forget his sadness, she leaned in to kiss him. His lips were soft and he tasted so good, she couldn't pull away. Moving her hand to his chest, she felt his nipples harden under her palm. It made her happy because she needed him again.

Needing to feel the warmth of his skin, she eased her hand down his body and worked her way under his shirt. He jumped and his breath caught in his throat, but he didn't stop her. Barbara ran her hand across his stomach, feeling each muscle clench at her touch. She moved it up farther to the downy soft hair of his chest.

"That feels good. Don't stop."

*Meow.* BG jumped onto Jag's lap and started to knead his thigh.

"BG, please." Barbara picked him up and walked him back over to the chair by the window. "You stay here. I mean it." She was red in the face with embarrassment. Her cat seemed intent on interrupting her and Jag's good time. She stole a glance out of

the window to make sure that nothing was there. And then she yelled, "Jag! He's back. It's out there again." Barbara's heart raced with fear.

Jag jumped up and ran over to stand beside her. He looked out of the window. Sure enough, the cheetah was back. The stench was strong. He needed to be more careful, especially protecting her.

"It's a cheetah. Stay here." Jag mentally called Patrik, who he knew would arrive outside of his front door. He headed that way. "He's on the south side of the house, Patrik." His cat already clawed for release. It wanted to protect its mate. It was the jaguar, not the man, who turned the corner of the house in full stride. The cheetah took off into the woods with a lion and a jaguar on its tail.

Jag stayed close to the lion. They burst into a clearing, and there he was.

The cheetah became man, laughing snidely. "Stupid Reign. He wanted the woman. He will have her now." Jag realized that they had been led away from the house so the rogue could take Barbara.

The cheetah had given his life up as bait. And Jag was going to rip his heart out.

The transgressor became cheetah again, but faster than he could move, the much larger jaguar leaped across the clearing and slammed into the smaller cat, knocking him down. Without another thought, Jag's beast latched onto the cheetah's throat and held him in his mighty jaws. The cheetah futilely clawed at the jaguar's chest, drawing blood. Jag held him until he felt the body go limp. With the cheetah pinned to the ground, the jaguar ripped into its stomach and disemboweled it. Raising his head, Jag roared loud enough to shake the trees.

*Barbara!*

He turned to notice that Patrik had already left. *Thank God.* He would materialize right in Jag's living room this time, not caring what Barbara thought. Jag was glad. He needed Patrik to protect her from the vampyre. He heaved air into his lungs and, ignoring his bleeding chest, he ran full speed back to his house.

The fur receded quickly and Jag pulled his cat back into his body. He clothed himself in pants only and ran through his open front door.

"No!" Jag yelled. The vampyre had Barbara pulled against him, his mouth a fraction from her throat.

"Remain calm, Jag," Patrik said. "He wants something or he would have taken her by now."

"If you harm her, I'll follow you to hell, to the ends of the Earth. You'll never rest again." Jag meant every word of it.

"Reign, I do not fear you. I could break her neck before you move." Barbara's eyes were glazed. The creature held her in a thrall.

The vampyre no longer masked his foul smell of rogue. What did he want? Jag would give him anything if he released Barbara.

"What is it you want, rogue?" Patrik hissed, so calm Jag couldn't see him breathe.

"I want her. I have watched her for many nights now. She's special and she's mine." He glared at Jag, his eyes red, his yellowed fangs dripping with saliva. "You cannot protect her from me. You are nothing but a beast. I will make her want me."

Jag tried to stay calm. Now he understood what Patrik meant about the vamp wanting something. His swollen pride, his belief that he could make Barbara want him, would be his downfall.

All of a sudden there was stillness, a quiet to the room that felt like a vacuum. A brief flash of white light revealed a man with long silver-white hair streaked with black -- Phoenix. "Gian, release the woman now or you will know agony beyond death," he ordered. "Or you can die with very little pain." Barbara's body jerked and Jag heard her whimper. The thrall was broken.

*Shit*, he thought, Phoenix didn't fuck around.

Gian's body quivered, his eyes glued on Phoenix with fear.

"Hey, Phoenix." Jag hurt badly, but a ghost of a smile hovered on his lips. He was glad to see this Reign warrior.

"Patrik, can't you handle a puny little vampyre like this?"

"I was getting around to it, but now that you're here, we'll relax."

Jag's eyes never left the vampyre's face. He was still afraid for Barbara. He vowed to himself to take the blood of humans more often. He needed to be stronger to protect her. And that was the only way. Otherwise he would have to wait years to become as powerful as Phoenix and Patrik.

"So, the human woman belongs to you?" Phoenix looked at Jag. "She has a very strong psychic aura. You're a very lucky cat to have one like her at your side."

"If he..." Jag was in such pain he could barely stand. "Psychic?" Phoenix's words slammed into his gut. Barbara was psychic. That explained her dreams.

"Go, Jag, take your woman. The vampyre cannot harm her." Phoenix began the Reign's death chant. "*As I live, I will deliver you up to blood. You have hated your own blood and blood shall pursue you. Revenge by Reign is just.*" Phoenix looked at the vampyre. "Gian, you will die tonight." He looked at Jag. "Keep the Thunder Chicken warm, boy. I'll stop back for a visit later." And in the blink of an eye, he and the rogue were gone.

"How the hell does he do that so quietly?" Patrik mused.

Barbara crumpled to the floor and began crawling toward Jag. He fell to his knees, so relieved that she was alive he didn't care if he did die now. But he wouldn't. He had lost a lot of blood but he could replace that.

"Jag, what's happening? Who are these people? Please be okay because I can't lose you now." She pressed her hands to his wounds, which had already begun to heal, but blood was everywhere. She pulled him into her lap. And held him. Jag was so surprised by her actions he lay docile in her arms.

Patrik moved across the room to where they were. "He'll be fine. He's already healing, but he will need to take blood." Patrik bent to help him up.

"Don't touch him!" Barbara yelled. "Don't. You. Touch. Him. I'll take care of him."

"Well, Jag, it seems you're in good hands. I'll leave you two alone." The room filled with kinetic energy and Patrik vanished.

Barbara couldn't believe what was happening. She'd been held captive by a vampire, seen blood spill from the wounds on Jag's chest, and all she could do was stand there and watch him bleed. If the other man hadn't appeared out of nowhere, would she be dead? He'd been much taller than Jag. His muscles were so defined he looked like a statue. These people couldn't be ordinary men. What the hell had she gotten herself into?

And the man said she was psychic. She wasn't crazy after all. Her grandmother had been right. Why had it taken all these years to surface? That was a problem to be solved later. At least it explained the dreams about Jag. She was connected to him in some way. But what was he? First she needed to make sure he lived.

"Jag, talk to me. Are you all right?"

"You're safe, pet, that's all that matters. I thought... I... was so afraid he would kill you."

She continued to hold Jag, rocking him back and forth. "Can you stand?"

"Yes, I'll be fine in a bit. My kind, the Kind, heal quickly. I wanted to tell you tonight --" His sentence trailed off.

"Tell me later. I don't know what's going on, but I need to get you to a bed and clean the blood off you. Were you attacked by the cheetah?"

"The cheetah, yes, but he's dead. I killed him."

"I'm so glad you're okay. Where's your bedroom? Can you make it?" She needed to get him into bed. He had to rest. She didn't know what she would do about the blood loss.

Jag stood and moved toward the stairs with her help. When they reached the top, he turned to the first door on the left of the hall. Barbara opened the door, helped him into the room and onto the bed.

Barbara went to the only other door in the room, hoping it was a bathroom. It was. She opened the largest cabinet and pulled out some cloths and a couple of towels.



She went to the smaller cabinet, searching for, and finding, a first aid kit. She wet the cloths with warm water and hurried back into the bedroom.

Jag's eyes followed her as she rushed back to the bed. "Don't you want to know - -"

"Shhh. I want to get you cleaned up first. We'll talk later." She wiped the wounds gently, amazed that they had already closed up. So she cleaned the dried blood away. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'll be fine. Really. But we need to talk." He needed to get it over with. If she was going to leave him, he wanted it to be sooner rather than later.

"I don't know what happened. I know it scared the hell out of me, Jag. But I also know you were hurt very badly, and I won't leave you. You need to get some rest. Is the room across the hall your guest room?"

"One of them, yes."

"I'll be right across the hall if you need me. But rest for now." Barbara kissed him gently on the forehead. She stood, ready to leave the room.

"Barbara?"

"Yes?"

"I can explain everything."

"I'll be across the hallway. Rest." She closed the door softly on her way out.

Barbara went to find BG, who had somehow gotten his large body under the china cabinet in the dining room. She dug him out with a huge amount of protest on his part. He'd disappeared when the vampyre flew in. A vampyre! Shit. Crystal would never believe this. Hell, no one would ever believe this. They would think she'd gone off the deep end.

\* \* \*

Jag opened his eyes and found himself sitting in the wingback chair by the window, his chest bare, his scars almost gone.

Barbara sat on the sofa in one of his tee shirts. She must have taken it to wear to bed. She calmly looked at him. "You heal really fast."

"My kind do." He knew this was a dream. Did she?

"You're one of the cats I saw tonight, aren't you?"

"The jaguar." Maybe she did know it was a dream.

"Your boss was the lion? He said you will need to take blood."

"Yeah."

"The vampyre was real?"

"Yeah."

"He meant you take blood like a vampyre, yet the sun doesn't hurt you?"

"We do take human blood. It helps us to be strong, but we never kill people. It's against our laws. We were born as cats and infected by vampyre blood. When we're not cats, we're vampyre. My people are called Kind. I'm Sovereign Kind. We're the warriors that protect the world from the vile creatures you saw tonight. We don't know why we're able to walk in the sunlight." Jag needed her to understand fully what he was.

"I'm really asleep, and this is a dream, isn't it, Jag?"

"Yes." What else could he say?

"Why is this happening now? My grandmother always told me I was different. That explains my earlier dreams. But why did it take so long to surface? Why with you? There has to be a reason for all of this. There has to be meaning to the Fates throwing us together."

"You are my *draga moja*."

"What?"

"My kind finds one true mate in a lifetime, one who loves them forever, and who is loved forever. True mates can dream together. And feel, and smell, even taste, in the dream. Your soul recognized me before mine did. I felt all of your dreams once I realized you were my life mate."

"So the dreams are real?"

"In a way. I mean... they're dreams but they feel real to us."

"We belong together?"

"Yes." Jag watched Barbara's face.

"*Draga moja*. What does it mean?"

"You are my own, my flame. You complete my life." Jag explained it as best he could.

"I know I don't want to lose you. I need to be with you. But I still have a lot of questions." Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears as her face lit with a smile of acceptance. "Do you want that with extra cream or what?"

"Don't tease me, Barbara, because I need you so much." Jag's heart burst with hope. They could make it work.

"I'm not teasing you. I want you too, and I need it to be real again, like earlier. Not a dream. So what do I do?"

"Wake up, honey. Wake up and come to me."

\* \* \*

The door opened and closed softly. Barbara stood by his bed, naked. He looked at her for the longest time, unable to take his eyes off her. She was the most beautiful woman in the world. Finally, he reached for her and pulled her down into his arms. His cock bumped against her ass.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm sure." He wouldn't let her know how weak he really was. He didn't want her to change her mind.

He cupped her breasts, pinching her nipples till they were hard peaks and poked at his palms. Jag nibbled at her shoulder while he rubbed his erection against her butt. He was so hard.

One hand stroked down her body. The feel of Barbara's skin against his palm was soft. Jag's fingers found her mound, and the fine hair there sent tingles up his arm. He was glad she didn't remove it. "This feels good," he told her, as he played with her pussy.

"You like it?"

"Umm, must be the beast in me."

Her hand joined his and nudged him farther down between her legs.

His fingers got wet as they slid into her crease. Jag slowly circled her clit and lightly flicked it. The moan he elicited from her rumbled against his body and made his cock jerk.

“Jag?”

“Yeah, pet?”

“You’d heal quicker, be stronger, if you had blood, wouldn’t you?”

“I would.” Jag held his breath. What was she thinking? Did she want to belong to him all the way?

“Could you take my blood?” He heard resolve in her voice. “I want to do this. I’m giving myself to you completely. I need to be the reason you heal.”

“I’d heal quicker, but you don’t --”

“I want you to do it, Jag.”

Before she thought about it too long, he let his fangs drop. He started to nibble at her pulse and let her feel the sharp points as they nipped at her soft skin. He kissed her neck and sucked her gently, giving her time to stop him. He pulled back and gazed at her. “You still wear my mark.”

“I tried to tell myself it was a damned shoebox.” She chuckled nervously. “You know, I thought I was crazy.”

His lips curved in a smile as his tongue found her pulse. “I can stop, Barbara.”

“No.” She’d continued to move her hand with his as he played in her pussy.

Jag’s fangs pierced her flesh. There was no stopping now. He felt her flinch in pain. He began to suck her life’s blood. Gently at first, then he took more and more. He felt her body tense, tightening with lust. Taking blood always quickened desires. Her body would burn for him. He felt her nipples grow harder in his hand and her cunt grew wetter.

“Mmm, Jag. That feels so good. Please. I need you now.”

He finished by licking the pinpricks closed. His saliva would heal her. Her blood filled him with the strength he needed. He didn’t want to move his hand from the slick

folds between her legs, but he had to. Jag turned her to face him. His eyes drank Barbara's face in before he kissed her deeply.

"I want something from you I've never asked of anyone. I need you to take my blood so I can belong to you as much as you belong to me." Jag held his breath, waiting for her answer. He saw how full of love her eyes were.

"I'd give you the world, and yes, I want to belong to you."

He sat up and rested his back against the headboard. He pulled her into his lap, his cock pressed tightly against her ass. He lifted his wrist to his mouth, punctured it with his fangs, and held it down in front of her. Offering his life. "Drink, *draga moja*, I'm yours."

Barbara put her mouth to his wrist. He felt her tongue flick tentatively at the puncture. "You're so sweet." He heard the surprise in her voice.

She pressed her lips fully onto his wrist and took a small amount. His cock jolted against her. *Oh, how wonderful.* She finished and watched him as he put his wrist back to his mouth to close and heal the punctures.

Jag's heart soared. He loved this woman more than his own life. He had shown that by sharing his precious life with her, as she had shared hers with him. He had never felt such intimacy in his life.

"God, I need you now." He lifted her and turned her to face him. "Spread your legs for me." He sat her down on his cock, wanting to be gentle, though he couldn't wait any longer to be inside of her. He could smell her sex. She was wet and ready. He would enter her easily.

Jag pushed his length into her all the way to the hilt. One hard stroke. His hands on her hips, he held her tight as he started to pump his cock inside of her with long, deep strokes. Her pussy spread wide open to accept him. She was his forever.

He leaned up and suckled at her breast. His teeth plucked her nipple hard but he could tell she liked it by the moans that escaped her lips. Wanting to taste more, he captured her lips with his and thrust his tongue into her mouth. All the while, he slammed his cock back and forth into her pussy without mercy.

“Oh, Jag. Yes. Yesss,” Barbara sang out. She met his every stroke with abandon. It was so good. He wanted to fill her with each thrust of his cock. She stretched around him and held him tight. Jag wanted to touch her very soul.

“Take all of me, pet.” Jag felt her pussy contract on his thickness as she caught his furious rhythm. He didn’t know how long he could hold back. He stroked her back. He caressed and coaxed her on. Now she was his and he wanted to make her feel so good.

“Jag. Oh, I love youuu,” she cried as her body let go in a riptide of pleasure. She released a flood of juices that washed over him and sent him in a spiral over the edge.

“Oh, yeah.” He groaned as his seed started to spurt into her. He wanted to stay inside her for an eternity. “Barbara.” Jag sighed as he slowed his strokes and came down from a high so wonderful. “I love you so much.”

Barbara fell onto Jag’s chest, spent.

He held her body tightly to his and they both fell asleep.

## Epilogue

Jag could tell when Barbara woke from the way her breathing changed. He kept her pressed against him.

*Meow.* Big Guy scratched at the door.

“Oh, BG,” Barbara said. “He’s used to sleeping with me.”

“Today we’ll get him a bed that’ll be all his. And see that sunny spot over by the window? That’s where he’ll sleep. I’m personally going to see to it that he gets out more.”

“He won’t stay there. He’s very obstinate.”

*He knows who the boss is.*

“Jag?” Barbara jumped at the sound of his voice in her head.

*Pet?*

“How...”

*Because we shared blood, we have a mental bond now. It will grow stronger with time.*

*No one else can hear it.*

They both sat up. “I can do it too?” Jag felt Barbara’s excitement.

“Concentrate and push your thoughts toward me. You’ll get used to my particular mindwaves. It’ll get easier each time.”

She frowned in concentration. *You mean like this?* He felt her connection to him.

*Yeah.* He smiled. *Damn, you’re strong. It must be your psychic ability.*

“You turned into a jaguar to find BG last night, didn’t you? Now I know why he came back smelling like you.”

“How do I smell?”

“Cedar, you smell like fresh cedar. I like it.”

"I like how you smell too." Jag pulled her into his arms and held her there. He liked that they belonged to each other. "You'll find that everyone has their own particular scent."

"Jag?"

"Yeah?"

"Can I... see you as your --"

"You want to see me as my cat?"

"Yes." He could see Barbara was nervous. She worried his animal would hurt her.

"My cat would never harm you. He would protect you with his life. Which reminds me -- since we've shared blood, you'll live longer."

"You mean I'm a cat or... a vampyre?"

"No. But my blood will give you a longer lifespan." He wondered about the change. "Would you like to be as I am?" She would have to take the blood regularly. It was against their laws to create vampyres, but the council wouldn't frown on changing a human mate if they desired it.

"You mean live forever?"

"Yes."

"I'd have to drink blood every day?"

"You'd only need a small amount to keep you strong. Also, you would only have to drink the blood of your mate." She didn't answer him, and a pang of disappointment lurched through his heart. "It's not something you must decide today. If you choose to remain human, I'll love you no less."

"Can I think about it?"

"Sure. Now it's time for you to know the difference between a cheetah and a jaguar."

Jag got out of bed and opened the door for the caterwauling BG. When he turned around, he became jaguar. He let the fur move slowly up his arms, and over his legs



and torso. He folded his body and placed his jaguar paws on the floor. He padded to the bed, watching Barbara's face. If she was too scared, he'd change back quickly.

He could see she was startled. Then he heard her in his mind. *Lord! You're huge.*

He prowled closer to the bed. His cat's muscles rippled as he walked. He was a jaguar, a predator, and Jag loved being in his natural state. There was sadness in his heart that his cat would not know his mate if she chose not to change.

*You're magnificent.* Her hand delved into his fur. *It's so soft.* BG jumped on the bed and over her lap to rub his head against Jag's. She smiled and he felt her twinge of jealousy. *Could I be a jaguar too?*

*Yes. My blood would take over your own eventually.* Jag felt her indecision. He held out hope she would one day decide to do it. He would never force her.

Jag changed back and smiled at her. "You see, I do not have little spots." He laughed with pure joy.

She laughed. "You are extraordinary in every way. I have two Big Guys now."

Her smell and desire beat at him. Jag hoped she would stay home today. He wanted to make love to her some more.

"Before I go to work, can we --"

Jag's eyes showered her with love. "Yes we can, pet. You want me with extra cream?"

## **J. Hali Steele**

J. Hali Steele currently lives in Southeastern Pennsylvania but her dream is to return to the high desert of California. She shares space with four furfriends (cats) and enjoys spending time with family and friends. Her passion has always been reading romance novels, especially those with vampyres and happy endings. When she's not writing, she can be found snuggled in front of the TV with a good book, a cat in her lap, and a cup of coffee.