

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

BIG DAWG

CELIA KYLE

Dawg Town: Big Dawg

Celia Kyle

**All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2009 Celia Kyle**

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: 978-1-59596-217-1
Formats Available:
HTML, Adobe PDF,
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
PO Box 1046
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046
www.ChangelingPress.com**

**Editor: Chrissie Henderson
Cover Artist: Reneé George**

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.

Dawg Town: Big Dawg

Celia Kyle

Mac's dreamed of owning his own golf course from the moment he hefted his first club. It's opening day at the Dawg Track and for Mac, it's *Time to let the Big Dawg Eat*. But things don't go according to plan and his owl shifter lover, Douglas, is there to smooth the way for some wayward dawgs looking for a home.

Chapter One

There was a golf club on his mantle. And apparently it wasn't just any golf club. It was the "Big Dawg." And as the saying went, it was time to let the Big Dawg eat.

Douglas sighed and squirmed into the couch, settling deeper amongst the cushions. He really didn't "get" all of this golf stuff. None of the terminology made sense to him. Like, why was it the Big Dawg and what exactly was it eating? Golf balls? Grass? Chunks of dirt that his lover managed to flip in the air when he attempted to hit a ball?

He took a sip of coffee while he pondered those questions. Oh, he'd asked his furry lover, but the man had grumbled at him about disrespecting the "game." God forbid he disrespect the "game." 'Cause of course the "game" had feelings.

Shuffling footsteps sounded in the bedroom, followed by the whoosh of a toilet flushing, letting Douglas know that his lover had finally risen.

The day promised to be a long one since it was the opening day of Mac's golf course, Dawg Track. The man had tried explaining the symbolism behind the name, but again, Douglas didn't get it. But he didn't have to understand everything his lover did, just as long as Mac loved him. Or so Mac kept reiterating and Douglas chose to believe the big man. After all, he loved him.

Douglas grabbed the cup of coffee he'd prepared for Mac from the table and headed toward the bedroom, anticipation already building. The coffee? It was a ploy and Mac would see it as such the moment he walked through the door. But Douglas still hadn't learned to ask for what he wanted, so drinks in the bedroom had turned into their secret code for "fuck me like you mean it."

The sound of water colliding with tile, the tinkling creating its own song, filled the bathroom. Douglas leaned against the wall outside of the shower and raised his voice over the sounds. "Brought you some coffee, baby."

Mac stuck his head around the curtain. "Really?" He waggled his eyebrows and Douglas stared in wonder at the man. No matter how long they'd been together, Douglas couldn't get enough of staring at him.

Mac had a square face with deep-set, brown eyes that always had a sparkle in them, as if he knew a joke no one else did. His lips were full, smile-wide and always at the ready. His hair had grown long during the course's construction and Douglas secretly hoped he'd keep it that way. Mac always complained of helmet hair when he rode his Harley, but Douglas loved running his fingers through the longer locks.

Even bending down, Mac towered over Douglas's smaller frame. At nearly six feet tall versus Douglas' own five-feet five-inches, the difference was startling. But none of it mattered when the big man with his broad shoulders and chiseled muscles looked at him as if he'd like to swallow Douglas whole.

"Coffee, sweet man?"

Douglas blushed, skin heating and cock growing hard. "With cream and sugar." He leaned forward and brushed a kiss across Mac's lips, lapping at the water clinging to the smooth skin. "Just how you like it."

Mac turned off the shower and then pushed forward when Douglas pulled away, nudging him backward until his ass collided with the bathroom counter. Before he could blink, Mac had him sitting on the Formica surface, his boxers the only thing separating his bare ass from the cool plastic.

His lover wedged his hips between Douglas' legs, bringing their erections together. The warm water from Mac's shower soaked his white cotton boxers, the wet fabric showing off his erection. Mac's attention was focused on the juncture of his thighs and Douglas stroked himself through the material, fingers lingering, petting, arousing him even more.

"See something, Mac?" He practically purred -- a strange thing for an owl to do.

Mac licked his lips. "Want some."

Douglas pulled his cock through the flap in his boxers, continuing to slide his hand up and down his shaft. "Some what?" He leaned back on one arm, palm skimming the skin covering his dick, tiny shocks of pleasure firing around his groin.

Mac dropped to his knees between Douglas' legs. "Some of you." His lover breathed on his cock, which was hot and heavy, and moist air fanned the sensitive skin with each exhale. "Some of this."

Douglas widened his legs, opening himself up as much as he could while constrained by fabric. "Take me." He fingered the slit at the tip of his cock, stroking and spreading the pre-cum all over the head. "Do it."

Mac snaked his tongue out, licking Douglas' balls, cloth separating tongue and man. Never before had Douglas actually hated a piece of clothing, but he despised the fact that he'd worn boxers into the bathroom to seduce Mac.

His lover laved and nibbled the sensitive skin, and Douglas writhed with each new sensation. Soft and hard, sweet and mean, his Mac drove him mad with wanting and needing.

Then he licked a path up the underside of Douglas' cock and Douglas shouted, unprepared for the warm, wet tongue and the effect it would have on his dick, his pleasure. Mac didn't hesitate or stop his ministrations. He reached the tip, tongue flicking and licking the slit before he sank his mouth over Douglas, taking him deep.

Douglas moaned, eyes rolling into the back of his head, his skull colliding with the mirror above the sink when his arm couldn't hold him anymore. The pleasure crested and receded with the rise and fall of Mac's mouth around his cock. Up and down and down and up, his lover sucked and licked his dick like it was the best candy he'd ever encountered.

Douglas tried to remain still, tried not to let the ecstasy of Mac's mouth coax him into fucking his lover's face, but he tried and failed. His hips rose and fell, meeting Mac's movements with every stroke. Mac moaned around his cock, electricity from that

mouth shooting straight up his spine and back again, vibrations keeping the loop going for what seemed like forever.

Mac kneaded his legs, hands sliding and petting him, cupping and rolling his balls while that beautiful mouth played music on his erection.

Douglas felt himself drifting closer to coming. Those tingles in his fingers and toes started ever so lightly, sneaking up on him as if they were playing a game of “catch me.” Those electric-like prickles of pleasure spread from his fingers to engulf his arms, skittering and dancing along his spine. Those in his feet did the same, the impending orgasm filling him from head to toes and back again.

Still his lover stroked and sucked, humming and moaning around his cock while Douglas did all he could to extend the pleasure.

Then it was too late. “Mac!” Douglas roared, his body spasming and jerking, hips losing their rhythm while he came in his lover’s mouth. Wave after wave of pure unadulterated pleasure coursed through Douglas’ veins, coming and going with each rapid beat of his heart. Again and again the shudders racked his body while he was gifted the pleasure of his orgasm.

Mac slowed his pace, mouth milking his cock with slow, lingering sucks and licks, and Douglas’ cock twitched to respond again, only he’d been wrung out by his gorgeous lover.

Mac released his cock, careful with the sensitive flaccid dick, and tucked him back into his boxers before he stood and pressed a chaste kiss to Douglas’ lips. “Thanks for the coffee, lover.”

Chapter Two

It was a good day to own a golf course. The grass was green, the course was clear and he'd just sucked his lover's brains through his cock. Yes, today was the perfect day to own a golf course.

Mac inhaled a lungful of the sweet Kansas air. At seven in the morning, the sun just peeked over the trees and a whisper of a breeze danced through the foliage. Not too hot just yet and near perfect weather for the first round of golf to ever be played on the Dawg Track.

He'd worked hard on building the best course possible west of the Mississippi and damned if he hadn't succeeded. In his mind, at least. The course would help to bring money into their little town of Barkus while still staying true to his roots.

No high falutin' pro golfer would ever step foot on the Dawg Track green as long as he had a say so. And considering he signed every check and approved every membership application, Mac had a feeling the Dawg Track would always be a place for the working man to enjoy a round of golf with his friends and grab a beer at the 20th hole when he was through. (The nineteenth hole was a special place for him and Douglas. Real private like.) As far as Mac was concerned, golf wouldn't remain a rich man's sport.

At the Dawg Track the idea of wearing polo shirts and slacks for a round was thrown right out the window. Mac liked being comfortable when he played and he knew other men did as well. Hell, he'd even gotten a pair of shit-kickers made with cleats so he could go straight from his Harley to the course and back again without having to strap on some namby-pamby golfing shoes.

Yeah, this was the life. It was opening day for the Dawg Track and every tee time had been reserved months in advance. Whoo, boy. He had to be the luckiest golf lovin' Dawg to ever live.

With one last look over his domain, Mac figured it was about time to get the show on the road before the heat made playing unbearable. He reached into his bag, pulled out a tee and ball and teed up. Then he went back for him, the Big Dawg, a custom driver made just for him. Mac slid the club from his bag and admired the workmanship once more. A big ol' sweet spot in the middle of the head and the purtiest bit of graphite, steel and God only knew what else, made the club one of his most prized possessions.

"Ooh yeah, time to let the Big Dawg eat." He grinned and took a few practice swings. The Big Dawg sliced through the air like a knife through warm butter, and the soft *whoosh* as it skimmed the grass was music to his ears.

Not willing to delay his game any longer, he stepped up to the tee, eye on the ball. Lining up his shot, he couldn't suppress his smile. He'd done it, he'd designed and built his own golf course for guys like him and there was nothing stopping him now. Mac swung the club back, the head of Big Dawg rising higher in the air while he completed the arc. With a soft exhale, he brought the club down, eyes focused on his target.

The first ball to ever be hit on Dawg Track...

Out of nowhere a blur of tawny fur darted across his field of vision, taking his golf ball with it. Mac woofed the shot, striking the tee and losing his club on the upswing. Big Dawg went flying across the course to land a good twenty feet ahead of him.

"Gawd damn it, Trenton! Get your furball ass back here with my ball!" Damned little pint-sized prairie dog didn't know to leave well enough alone. The eighteen-year-old pup dogged his heels all the time and now he'd mucked up the first game! He bellowed, "Trenton!"

"Aw, Mac, leave the poor kid alone. He just wants attention, you know that. With so many pups running around Barkus, you know some of 'em get attached to other men. Especially since you won't let me snack on any of them."

Mac spun around (as much as his cleats on grass would let him) and glared at Douglas, his partner and lover. The man winked at him. *Of all the...*

"Dougie." His lover hated that name. "Why don't you tell me how that little prairie dog got onto the property when you know this is a dog-free zone?" He stalked forward. "I didn't sink eight feet of fencing into the ground around the course just so you could let them all in." He took a deep, calming breath. He wasn't going to blow up at Douglas. He. Wasn't. His frustration needed to stay directed at the pint-sized pup that stole his ball and ruined his freakin' game. He softened his voice. "Baby, we talked about this and --"

"And I told you I disagreed." The shorter man propped his fists on his hips with a stomp and Mac's favorite curl dropped over Douglas' forehead, dipping behind the man's glasses. "It's not right, Mac."

"You just want to gobble them up for a midnight snack, don't you, Douglas? My little owl's got a hankering for a little prairie dog, don't ya?" Mac reached out and tugged his lover into his arms and nuzzled his neck, nibbling the soft skin below his ear. "I've got something you can snack on."

Douglas smacked Mac's shoulder before draping his arms around his neck, fingers tangling in Mac's long hair. "Be serious, Mac. What if they promised to stay on the outskirts? In the barren lands between the course and the fencing?"

Mac laid his forehead on Douglas' shoulder. He knew when he'd been beaten. They'd been having this same "discussion" since Mac had declared the Dawg Track off-limits to the Barkus prairie dogs. Dawg Track was not going to be a new town for little dog families. Now, apparently it was.

"Fine," he grumbled. Mac raised his head and scanned the surrounding foliage. "Trenton, you hear that? Dougie's convinced me that ya'll can burrow in the barren lands, but only if you bring back my damned ball!"

Prairie dogs poured from the tree line, yipping and doing their little hopping run toward him and he wondered if every young 'un in Barkus had snuck onto the property while Douglas had been giving him his morning coffee.

"Dougie."

"Oh, shush."

"Shush? You're shushing me when I've got a hundred hole diggers on my land?" Oh, this wasn't going to work. Not at all.

Douglas elbowed him. "You're a hole digger. Or have you forgotten that one of us gets furry and likes to play 'catch me' with an owl shifter now and again?"

Mac blushed. Yeah, sometimes they got a little kinky outside the bedroom. Getting chased by an owl was a rush, and as soon as they landed and shifted back to human they'd fuck like the Cottontail couple down the road.

"I haven't --" Just then Mac caught sight of one of the mayor's kids digging into his grass. "Hey! Prairieman! Quit your digging or I'll shove a hose down all your holes and let Douglas have ya for lunch!"

Mac stomped toward the offender, ready to teach the young prairie dog a lesson, but Trenton got to him first, attacking the little guy -- two six-inch prairie dogs going at it in the grass.

After Trenton got in a couple good nibbles, Mac separated them. "All right, all right, that's enough the both of ya." He held them at eye level, both of 'em still trying to get at the other even though they were held fast in his grip. He shook them. "Enough!"

Four beady little eyes turned on him, mouths snapped closed, noses twitching and teeny tiny hearts beating hard against his palms. "Enough. Ya'll got a problem, you come to me or Douglas. You live on my land and I'm your judge, jury and kick-your-asssecutioner. Got it?" Two small heads bobbed in unison. "Good." He leaned down and dropped them on the ground, and like Moses parting the sea, the prairie dogs covering the green at the first hole scattered to the four corners of his property, leaving not a one to be seen.

“And ya’ll stay away from the nineteenth hole!” Chirping barks echoed around him and he knew they’d gotten the message. The nineteenth hole was his and Douglas’ special place and wasn’t open to the public. It sure as hell wasn’t meant for little prairie dogs.

“Mac?”

Mac stopped his stomping and turned to glare at his lover. It was golfin’ time.

“Don’t you think you were a little hard on the kids? Prairieman’s probably going to run to his father and --”

“Let ’em.” Grumbling, Mac fetched his club and ball, then stalked back to the tee. He was going to have the first round at Dawg Track if it killed those little balls of fur.

Chapter Three

Mac sank the ball in the cup on the eighteenth hole and smiled. He'd ended up four under par for his first round ever on his own course. Damn, but it felt good. He knew that by now the first tee times of the day were getting underway. He'd intentionally planned for the rest of the day's guests to start about the same time he'd be ending. It'd give him time to wash up and then get over to the clubhouse to make sure things were running smoothly.

A high-pitched screech shattered the cool quiet of the morning and he raised his eyes to the sky. A snowy white owl flew overhead, riding the winds as it'd been born to do, and his smile grew wider. Looked like his lover wanted to play. Again.

Mac trotted toward the nineteenth hole, their private place on the land. Once he hit the tree line, he pulled and yanked on his clothes, anxious to have them off, get them gone.

By the time his boxers hit the faux forest floor, Mac was on four legs, his tiny feet digging into the sand as fast as his short prairie dog legs could carry him. He yipped and barked, making sure his snow-white owl could see him, was ready to chase him.

He dodged and dove between the trees, skirting his lover's talons when the owl dropped from the air to lunge at him, beak snapping. Another bark and he darted in the opposite direction, leading the owl on a chase through the trees. The bird rose into the air again, higher and higher until Mac could barely see him in the sky.

Past the next few trees, the foliage thinned and then Mac was resting on his hind legs in the middle of a private putting green -- completely private.

The owl screeched and called, diving directly at Mac, and he didn't move a prairie dog muscle. Closer and closer the bird came and every instinct screamed at him

to run and burrow and hide, but he resisted. Mac stood tall. All six inches stretched tight, head held high as he waited.

The bird continued its free fall, heading directly for him. Feet from colliding and snatching Mac from the ground, the owl flared its great white wings and landed softly on the bright green grass, talons digging into the newly planted turf. Mac almost lost his cool then, but managed to stay in the spirit of the game they played. It was hard though... that was his grass!

Douglas the owl took a wobbly step toward him and Mac took off with a yip and a bark, his arousal burning once again. The owl mimicked his movements step for step, flap for hop. In no time they were performing their own intricate version of a mating dance -- the performance just before they shifted and joined.

The owl spread its wings wide, flapping the grass-scented air toward Mac in their usual signal. Dougie was ready to "get it on" as Marvin Gaye would say.

Mac bolted toward the owl and, at flat out run, leapt onto its chest. Between one breath and the next, they shifted together, fur became flesh and talons became toes. By the time they were skin against skin, chest against chest, they were panting, cocks hard and leaking.

Mac rocked his hips, rubbing their dicks together, savoring the delicious dry friction of shaft against shaft.

"My turn, Mac," Douglas murmured against his lips, hands pushing on his chest.

Mac shifted and rolled to his back, letting Douglas take the lead. He loved it when his man took control, took what he wanted. Being out in the open as they were only heightened that arousal. Anyone could come by at any moment, interrupt them or... watch them. "Take me, baby."

Only Douglas' taking always involved a slow sensual foreplay. The man's hands skimmed his skin. He started at Mac's shoulders, and with whisper soft touches caressed his chest. Those agile fingers tweaked and pinched his nipples, the tiniest bit of pain going straight to his cock. Mac arched into the touch, anxious and wanting more.

Only Douglas never gave him what he wanted. It was part of their game. Those talented hands stroked and petted his abdomen before moving lower, slower.

Douglas avoided Mac's groin altogether and he whimpered when those strokes touched on his inner thighs, inches from his balls and cock where he wanted those caresses the most.

Douglas began the journey back up his body, repeating each and every touch, avoiding all the right places and tweaking those that gave Mac just enough pleasure to keep him on edge.

"Douglas, please," he wasn't above begging, "touch me already."

Douglas lay atop him, cocks lined up again, and Mac rocked his hips. "No, no. No moving unless I say it's okay." Douglas shifted against him, his sweet cock rubbing against his. "And I say it's very not okay."

Those full, tender lips brushed his, tongue darting out and then teeth tugging on his lower lip. Mac opened his mouth to his lover, giving him everything he had, putting all the love they shared into the sensual kiss. Teeth and lips and tongue fought and danced together, mimicking what they would soon be doing with their bodies.

Douglas pressed one last kiss to his lips. "Stay," he whispered and then rose. It took everything in Mac to remain on the ground while his lover dashed across the green. In moments he was back, tube of lube in hand. Oh, how he loved this man. More than anything.

"You get to get me ready."

Oh, darn, he really hated finger-fucking his lover. Right. "Anything you want, baby."

"Oh, I want. And while you do that," Douglas straddled Mac's chest, "I'll be doing this."

In one swift movement Mac's cock was engulfed in a hot, wet mouth, tongue licking and mouth sucking on his erection. "Douglas!" He nearly came from the sudden tight mouth wrapped around his shaft. Douglas removed his mouth and Mac whimpered.

"Get me ready or this stops, baby."

Another whimper and he coated his fingers in lube before circling his lover's hole. The puckered opening winked at him, as if hungry for his fingers, his cock.

Slowly he inserted one finger, and at the same time Douglas moaned around his dick, mouth resuming its up and down motion. Mac gasped at the pleasure and then remembered his job. He slipped another finger into Douglas, searching for that sweet spot... "Yes!" Found it.

They tortured and teased each other for what felt like hours. Fingers and mouths moving and fucking and sucking. Licking and touching each other in those intimate places, those loving places.

Before long, Mac slipped his fingers free of Douglas' ass, cock throbbing and orgasm on the horizon, since he didn't want to come in his lover's mouth.

"Need you, Douglas. Need you so bad."

Douglas lifted his mouth from Mac's cock with one last, lingering lick, and then flipped around, hips settling over Mac's. "You ready for me, baby?"

"More than ready," he murmured. He'd been ready for hours.

Douglas lifted up onto his knees, rising above him. Mac grasped the base of his shaft and slid it along Douglas' crack, spreading lube along his shaft, preparing his dick to enter his lover. Douglas lowered his hips, hole opening and welcoming Mac.

Searing hot and vise-tight, Douglas' ass gripped him as if he'd been made for Mac, as if they'd been made for one another. Mac lifted his hips, aching to be inside Douglas harder, deeper, more.

"Uh uh, no moving, Mac. None at all."

Sometimes Mac really hated this game, but he listened and stilled his hips, allowing Douglas to set the pace. The man rose and fell along his shaft, ass gripping and dragging along his erection, the ripples and tensing muscles dragging his orgasm closer. Again and again his lover moved up and down his cock, grabbing those tingly feelings of pleasure and pushing them to the forefront.

The electricity of his orgasm raced up and down Mac's spine, alighting all of his nerves with pure pleasure, ecstasy and ache.

"Gonna come, baby."

"Do it, come for me."

Mac released the hold he'd had on his orgasm, let it free, let it fly. It burst through him like a golf ball on the eighteenth hole, heading for the green, sinking into the cup for a hole in one. Euphoria filled him to the brim and beyond. Back bowed, mouth open, Mac couldn't hold his shout in and screamed through his orgasm, Douglas doing the same above him. He loved coming with his lover. Loved him most of all.

* * *

A throat being cleared ruined it all. Then again, most of what could have been ruined had been done and over with for all of ten seconds. Douglas shifted slightly, letting Mac's softening cock slip free of his ass before he turned to see who'd been dumb enough to trespass on Mac's nineteenth hole out here in the faux woods they'd created.

Of course, it was the mayor. "Now see here, Mac..."

Douglas raised his eyebrows. "See what, Mr. Mayor?" Damn man was prey as far as Douglas was concerned and the man needed to remember that. Didn't matter that his human form was smaller than half of the Prairie Dawgs -- when shifted, Douglas was the top dog, not them.

The mayor blushed. "You two can't be out here... With those boys around... Can't be engaging in... Not with the boys..." The man was tongue-tied.

Naked or not, Douglas sprang into action, ready to diffuse and end the situation in one fell swoop. "No, you see here, Prairieman."

Surprisingly, Mac stepped between them. He usually enjoyed it when Douglas took someone down a peg or ten, but it didn't seem like that would be the case today. "Prairieman. Tell me. Do you have a place for the boys to live safely?" Mac questioned.

Douglas wanted to peek around Mac and stick his tongue out at the odious man.

"Well..."

"Uh-huh. Can they go back to their parents? Do you want little Jacob back at your house?"

"The missus is about to give birth again," the mayor whined.

Mac nodded and now Douglas did stick his tongue out at the mayor, which earned him the evil eye from his lover. He didn't really care all that much.

"Uh-huh. So you're coming on to my land, bitching a fit about my behavior when you've got nothin' better to do, and these boys know to keep away from this area or they'll answer to me."

"My boy --"

"Your boy got his ass chewed out for digging in my grass. He knows better. Like I told them, Mr. Mayor, out here I'm judge, jury and kick-your-assecutioner. Unless you want the job, get the fuck off my land."

Mac turned his back on the mayor and hoisted Douglas over his shoulder in a fireman's carry.

Douglas waved at the mayor, bare ass in the air. "Have a good day! I think we've got a four o'clock tee time if you're interested." Mac spanked his ass, the sting of pain going straight to his cock. "Hey!"

"You love it."

Douglas grumbled, "Not the point."

"Shut it or I won't make it to the house and will take you again before we make ten more feet," Mac warned. "How would the mayor like that?"

"Mac." Douglas returned a warning.

"Oh hush. Just playin'. Now let's get up to the house so we can play some more."

"Oh. How. Romantic," Douglas deadpanned.

"You love me."

Sad thing was, yeah, he did.

"Any of you Dawgs out here, keep your eyes to yourself while I haul Dougie here through the trees. And so help me if I step in a hole..."

Douglas spied little Prairieman Jr. peeking up from his hole and wondered if Big Dawg could be changed to Big Owl. 'Cause he was ready to eat.

Epilogue

It'd all turned out all right. Mac ended up the surrogate father to about twenty-five Prairie Dawg pups in training. During Thanksgiving and Christmas the pups went back to their parents' homes, but otherwise, they worked and lived at the Dawg Track, each of them doing their part to make the course successful. The youngest pups chased down balls and earned extra money by nudging a ball here and there when there was money on a round. Of course, Mac didn't know about all that and silently congratulated the little guys for their ingenuity.

And Douglas... Douglas loved the little rascals just as much as Mac pretended to hate 'em. They knew the two of them wouldn't ever have a family of their own, but with the pups around, it was like having a bunch of kids without all of the dirty diapers and crying that came with the early years. The whining? Well, Prairieman's son always had a little something to rag on them about. He really did need to let the Big Owl out to eat...

Celia Kyle

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

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

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

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

Fine. If you must contact her, her website is at www.celiakyle.com or you can send an email to celia.kyle@gmail.com. But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!