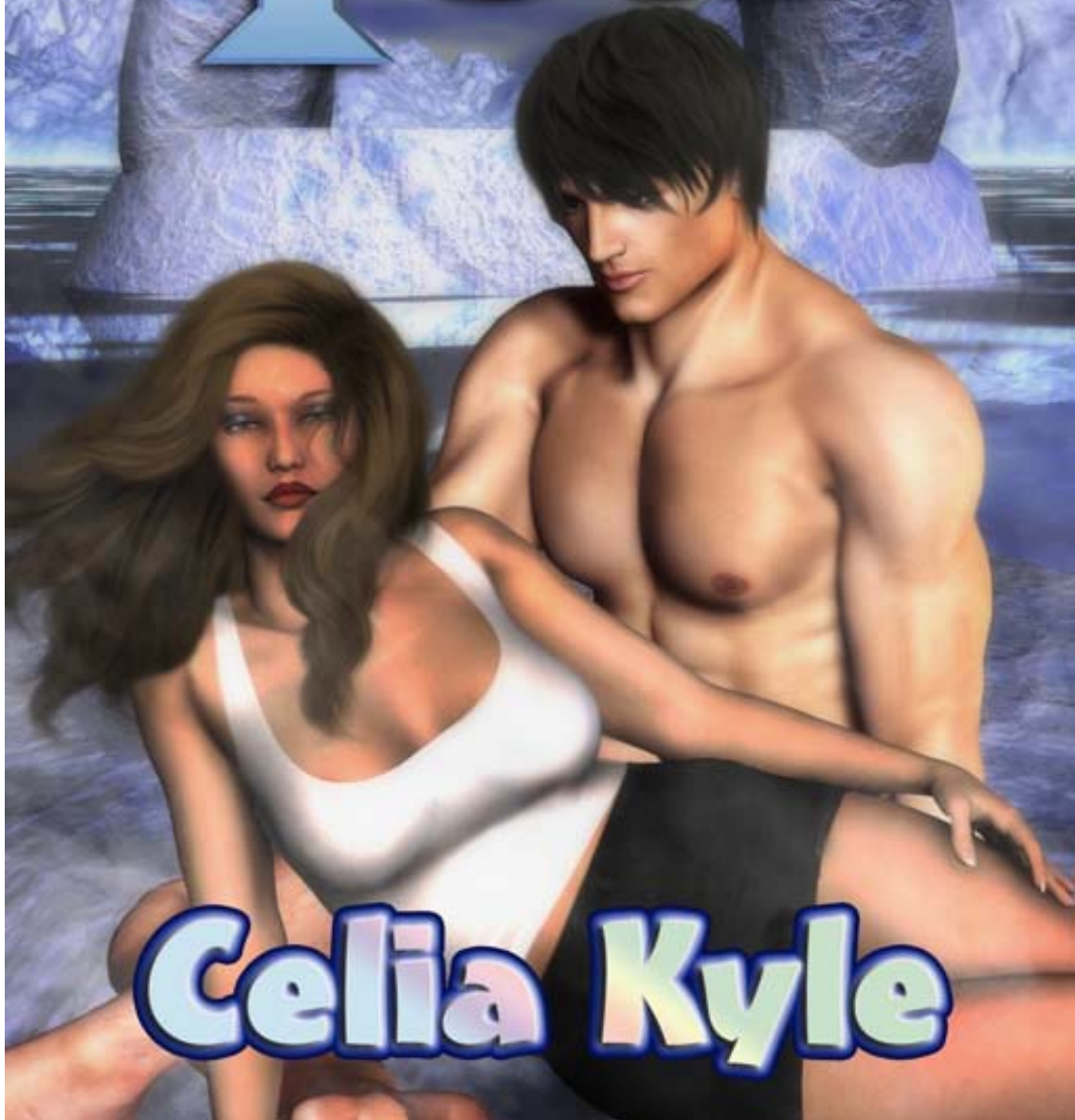


Changeling Press

# NOT Yeti!



# **Not Yeti!**

## **Celia Kyle**

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## **Not Yeti!**

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**Sex with a yeti's hotter than summer in the tropics, but the twins are five and day-to-day life has gotten in the way of love. Sela remembers the last ferocious sex they had very well -- the time she drugged Yosi and locked the two of them in the pack's deep freezer.**

**The current crisis may call for something more drastic...**

## Chapter One

Yosi had the greatest, most perfect cock known to woman. Sela's mouth watered at the thought of getting her lips wrapped around that long, thick dick. At least eight inches, it wasn't too short or too long, but just right for her. And right now, it was staring her in the face.

"Sela..."

"Shhh... don't *Sela* me. Let me enjoy for a bit."

She kissed the tip, licking her lips and savoring the salty-sweet flavor remaining on her lips. The soft, spongy head of Yosi's cock beckoned her and she was only too happy to return. This time, she laved the head, tongue flicking the sweet spot on the underside of his erection, and she smiled at her husband's moan.

Sela opened her mouth, sliding her lips over and around Yosi's cock, licking the vein on the underside as she sank over him. He arched against her mouth, sinking his cock in farther, and she hummed around it.

Yosi tangled his fingers in her hair and pulled. She loved it when he became forceful, demanding, directing. She let him lead and she followed. In no time, he was fucking her mouth, his cock sliding easily between her lips as she licked and sucked on his dick.

The salty snow taste of his precum intensified as his hips sped up and groans became louder. Louder and louder and louder still until he froze, back arched, mouth open and gasping. His cock pulsed in her mouth, filling her with his seed. She swallowed each and every drop, savoring the sweet taste until his cock grew soft in her mouth.

Sela rose from her knees and slithered up Yosi's body to straddle his lap. She fused their mouths together, her arousal still burning bright after giving her husband a

blowjob. She wanted, needed. Her pussy ached and throbbed and only two things could soothe the hurt she felt. Both of them were attached to her husband and since his cock was out of commission, that left his tongue.

"Please, Yosi?"

In one fluid move he lay on the bed and rearranged her to straddle his face instead of his thighs. He slipped his tongue between her labia, lapping at her clit, and she moaned, writhing against his mouth.

"Shhh, Sela. The kids."

Mmm hmm... kids. They had 'em. But right now she was more concerned with coming.

His canines scratched against her bundle of nerves and she gasped, shivering with the pleasure and pain of the touch. While he licked and sucked on her hardened nub, his hands kneaded and caressed her ass, fingers dipping into the crevice between them and brushing her asshole.

"Yes," she hissed, loving the barest hint of ass play she was receiving. They didn't play back there often, but she loved a finger or cock in her ass.

"Shh."

If he shushed her one more time...

His tongue circled her clit, round and round and round. She ground against his mouth, looking for more. Her breathing grew heavier by the second, and she panted and moaned, dying to come as if her last breath depended on reaching her orgasm.

The tip of his finger slipped into her ass. "Yes!" she screamed, nerves tingling in response to the invasion.

"Be quiet, Sela," he ordered. "The kids."

And those two words killed the mood.

Sela dug her claw-tipped fingers into his hair and pushed him away, fangs distending. She rose from the bed and stomped for the door. "I'll do it myself then."

\* \* \*

Good God. Ten years of marriage and she was dipping into her very own, very personal, spank bank. It'd be utterly depressing if she wasn't so damned primed to come and dying for an orgasm.

Sela shut the spare bedroom door with a soft click and padded toward the bed. She slipped between the cool cotton sheets and got comfortable, settling into the soft mattress with a sigh. This room had become a second bedroom for her; she spent her nights there more often than not when she was ready to kill her husband.

Mmm... her husband. Hotter than the Fourth of July in the dead of winter, her man always got her roaring and ready. Only problem was that after the birth of the twins, he wasn't doing so well with crossing the finish line. Not like he did before the pregnancy...

Sela remembered the last ferocious sex they'd had very well. She'd drugged Yosi and then locked the two of them in the pack's deep freezer. Before long, he awoke.

*"Sela?" His voice was deep, growly, already the yeti was making an appearance.*

*Goosebumps rose on her arms. "Yosi."*

*He pushed up to his hands and knees. "Sela mine?" He grunted, rocked back onto his heels and stood up, stumbling for several feet. He shook his head as if trying to clear away the last of the drug.*

*"Right here." She straightened her back and pushed out her chest. She wanted him to go straight from confusion to lust with no stopping in between for something trivial like anger.*

*His attention focused on her and she watched his gaze move from her head to toes. She knew what he'd see; the same outfit she'd worn the last time they'd been in the freezer. Of course now, she was five months post pregnancy and still plump. That didn't stop his cock's interest in her, though. He hardened beneath his jeans, cock lengthening and extending down his pant leg. She licked her lips, anxious for his dick. Her pussy pulsed and grew moist with desire. Soon. So very soon.*

*"Sela mine." He took a step toward her, hand stroking his cock through the denim. Powder-white fine hairs grew from his skin, showing her just how close to full yeti he was.*

*She circled her nipple, the bud hardening beneath her white tank top. He stopped and inhaled deeply, his chest expanding. "Want me? Sela mine."*

*"Oh, I do, Yosi. I do."*

*He took another step and then paused to tear his jeans from his body, denim ripping, seams splitting, no match for the yeti. He kicked his shoes from his feet. "Run."*

*Sela didn't need to be told twice. With a laugh she hopped from the pallet of hamburgers she'd been using as a seat and dashed through the freezer, darting around pallets and shelving, hiding and running, avoiding. Her yeti was hot on her heels, stomping, the lumbering steps echoing through the open room.*

*"Sela."*

*"Yosi," she singsonged back to him. Around the next bend, she stopped and stripped off her clothes. She'd set up the perfect place for her yeti to find her.*

*He rounded the corner and paused, inhaling the cold, musk-scented air. "Mine."*

*"Yours." She smiled and reclined on the cloth-covered pallet she'd prepared, legs spread.*

*Without hesitation, he strode forward and entered her in one slow, agonizingly pleasurable movement. Her pussy stretched and ached with being filled for the first time since she'd given birth. His cock stroked her inner walls, the head of his dick sliding against her G-spot with precision. "Yes." She hissed and growled at her husband. "Fuck me, yes."*

*He thrust. "Mine. Sela mine." Each word was punctuated with a thrust and retreat. Again and again, he repeated the mantra, fucking her with slow, harsh movements guaranteed to draw her orgasm out.*

*Yosi found her clit with his thumb with unerring accuracy, rubbing the hardened nub, causing her pussy to clench and pulse around his invasion in time with his caresses. Pleasure and ecstasy built within. Tingles started in her toes and danced along her nerves, sparking her body alight with shocks of intense electricity. She rocked her hips in time with his thrusts, meeting each of his movements with one of her own.*

*He didn't stop, didn't pause. He had to have realized how close she was, and he growled as if determined to pull her orgasm straight from her body.*

*"Close. So close."*



*Yosi increased his pace, sliding in and out of her juice-slicked cunt, hips pounding against her, yanking at her pleasure, demanding she give him all she had. And finally, finally, when she couldn't take holding off the pleasure -- until the pleasure almost became pain -- she released her hold and came, ecstasy bursting from her pores, racing along each and every nerve, consuming her from within.*

In the spare bedroom, Sela cried out with her orgasm, the memory of pleasure causing her to come apart with a cry and moans while her pussy clenched around her fingers.

At least she got what she needed. No matter how hollow it made her feel.

## Chapter Two

"I may kill him."

Ysai tossed her cigarette aside, stepping on it to put it out. How a gym teacher got away with smoking on school grounds was beyond Sela, but she wasn't about to question the yeti when *she* was the one who needed help.

"So do it. Momma won't miss him. Much."

Sela laughed and shook her head. "No, not literally, but he won't be getting a blow --"

"Whoa! TMI. Look, I'm serious. Mom's got what? Eight kids? Tell her Yeric is Yosi and she'll never know."

"True." She thought over the idea for a moment before tossing it aside. She really did love the big lug. She sighed. "No. We'll... work it out somehow."

"Mom could help."

Oh God, no. How could she tell her sister-in-law that she'd rather die than tell her mother-in-law of their problems in the bedroom? Thankfully, the kids saved her.

"Not yeti!"

"Are too."

"Not!"

"Too."

"Yeti were!"

Before Sela could get to them, before she could stop the inevitable, her daughter Andrea punched the offending kid. Right in the nose. Blood spurted all over her son Aaron when he shoved his way between Andrea and the Smiths' boy. Blood was nothing new to her children. Then Aaron just started in on the kid, yelling about the boy fighting with his sister. How dare he strike a girl!

She loved her children no matter how misguided they could be. Lord, what was she going to do with them? At five they were already a handful. What was she going to do with them when they hit their teens? She groaned at the thought and took a moment to have her own small pity party before she moved toward the gathering crowd.

Just as Sela reached the outer circle, the children's Aunt Ysai blew the whistle that every child at the elementary school responded to. Man, she needed one of those. Seriously.

The kids scattered with the exception of the bleeding boy and her twins. Twins. After so many years she was still surprised that their pregnancy turned into two babies instead of one since little Andrea had played a game of hide-and-seek in the womb. Little sneak hid during the sonograms. They'd been married for ten years, and the kids really had put a damper on Yosi and Sela's style. She sighed. She loved the little brats. They were her brats and no one called her kids names. Even if those names were half true.

Ysai and Sela reached the kids at the same time. "Good hit, A!"

Sela narrowed her eyes at her sister-in-law. "No. Bad hit, Andrea. What have we talked about?" She waited for her daughter to remember.

Andrea sniffled. "No hitting 'cause I'm stronger than everyone --"

"I'm stronger!" This from the kid whose nose was bleeding all over his shirt.

"Are not!" Andrea took a step toward the Smith boy.

Sela snatched her child by the back of her shirt, only to have her son dart past her. Thank God for Ysai. The yeti grabbed Aaron by the shorts and lifted him from the ground.

"No. Aaron." The woman was grunting.

Great, now she had a woman going yeti and two half yeti kids to deal with. How the hell was she going to get this kid out alive? "Look, kid. Bryan or whatever."

"Bobby! My name's Bobby and I'm telling my mom and --"

Oh, Sela'd had enough. She let her wolf out to play. Her fangs descended, eyes going from color to black and white. "Shut it, kid. Your momma's going to do what?"

Nothing. Because you're an annoying shit..." her children gasped, "and I will kick your momma's ass." Another gasp.

Sela turned on her heel, dragging Andrea with her, trusting Ysai to bring her son.

At the van... shit, she drove a mini-van. A goddamned mini-van. What happened to the cool mom plans and the cute kids who always listened? What happened to her life?

She pressed the button on the remote and let Andrea loose long enough for the child to crawl into the van and settle into her car seat. Aaron soon followed, leaving Sela and Ysai outside the vehicle. She pressed the button again to close the van up tight. "I could kill them." Not really. Not without breaking her heart at the same time.

"No, you couldn't. I could kill the Smith boy, though. Wolves and humans are both picking on the kids, Sela. You can't expect them not to react."

Tears stung her eyes when she thought of the troubles their children faced. "What am I supposed to do? The yeti kids make fun of them, so it's not like I can take them to the mountain school. Where are we supposed to go?"

Ysai sighed. "This is the best of your options. At least they can defend themselves here. They're stronger than the wolves and humans."

"Physically, yes. Mentally? I'm not so sure about that, Ysai. I'm not so sure."

She walked away from her sister-in-law, her mind in turmoil. Inside the van, those feelings only became stronger. Her son stared out the window, his face an unreadable mask. *Just like his father.* Andrea silently cried in her seat, sniffing every so often. Not the pretend cries she used against her father, but real tears. "We'll talk when we get home, okay, kids?"

"I'm sorry, Momma," Andrea whispered.

Sela reached back and squeezed her daughter's calf. "I know, baby. I know. We'll talk to Papa and figure this out, okay?"

"Are you gonna kill us, Momma?"

A tear escaped Sela's eye. "No, baby. Momma was just mad. Nobody is dying any time soon, okay?"

Andrea sniffled again. "Okay. I love you, Momma."

Her heart broke. "I love you too, baby. I love both of you."

"We're still your hearts?"

"You always will be, baby. Always."

\* \* \*

Sela lay in bed next to Yosi, no decision made as to what to do about the twins. Two very similar children, yet so different.

"What are we going to do?" Yosi whispered regardless of the soundproofing they'd done just after the twins' birth.

"I don't know, but I can't stand seeing my children so tortured."

Yosi rolled to his side, facing her. "And I can?"

Sela sat up. "You don't understand, Yosi. You can't know what it's like to be ridiculed and told not to defend yourself."

"I understand plenty."

But he didn't. He didn't know what it was to be like, but unlike, everyone else. Sela had grown up unwanted because of her shape, her comparatively large shape when you looked at other wolves. Something Yosi, a big strapping yeti, didn't have to deal with throughout his childhood. "Yosi, I love you, but you don't get it."

"I know my kids are hurting and that's enough to know, Sela mine."

Sela tingled at hearing Yosi's nickname for her. She leaned close, breasts brushing his arm, fingers trailing over Yosi's bare chest. Muscles the same as when they'd married. Ten years and they still loved one another, wanted one another. Except for after the twins were born. Maybe...

She brushed a kiss across Yosi's shoulder, waiting for the telltale scent of lust to surround them. Soon, it came. Hungry, musky, heavy and wanting. The flavor of his arousal rolled across her tongue and her pussy ached with desire, growing damp with her juices. She wanted. Oh, how she wanted him, inside her, filling her, fucking her. She loved him and they made love occasionally when the twins stayed with their grandmothers, but it'd been so long. She wanted this, wanted him.

"Not tonight, Sela mine."

What? Put on the brakes, full stop. "What do you mean 'not tonight', Yosi."  
*What. The. Fuck.* "You want me, I can taste it."

"The kids, Sela."

She rolled away from him and sat up, swinging her legs over the side of the bed. "The kids? Yosi, we soundproofed this room. I can't even hear the kids screaming when we're in here. Not a peep and you're telling me no because of the kids?" She got up, pacing the room. "Fuck you, Yosi. Or rather, not."

She stormed from the bedroom, feet pounding on the polished wood floor.

"Momma?"

Sela froze. "Go back to sleep, baby girl."

"You were stomping, Momma. You said no stomping 'cause it'll wake up Aaron and you were --"

"Momma forgot." She nudged Andrea toward her bedroom door. "Now go back to bed and I'll be real quiet."

Andrea scooted into her room, closing the door behind her, and Sela leaned against the painted wood, tears streaming down her face. She petted the door in small, soft strokes, her heart aching with the decision she had to make.

For too long now she and Yosi had been more like roommates and less like lovers. Her children were her life, her loves, but she needed her husband and everything that entailed as well.

The pain in her heart manifested as a physical throb, beating and pounding at her in time with her heartbeat.

Sela turned away from her daughter's door and fled to the guest room. She needed space to think things through, space where no one could hear her sobs while she made the decision her heart screamed for.

## Chapter Three

Yosi stared at the door Sela'd disappeared through. He couldn't blame her for her anger, her hurt. After five years, he still worried about the kids becoming scarred by hearing their parents making love. Hell, sometimes they flat out fucked each other stupid. His yeti would come out to play and he could think of nothing but being inside Sela for as long as he could, as deep as he could.

Yosi picked up the bedside phone and called his brother Yeric.

The phone rang four times before the man answered. "This better be fucking important. I was fucking."

"Like I don't know that? You're always fucking someone. Find a wife already." Then again, he wasn't making love to his wife. Maybe telling him to get married wasn't the answer for Yeric.

"Yosi." His brother laughed.

"Good thing it wasn't Mother."

"Nah, she has her own ring."

"And I don't rate? I see how it is," Yosi teased his brother.

"What do you want, Yosi?"

"A brother can't call?"

"No, you never call unless you're having sex trouble with Sela. Spill."

Yosi sighed and threw his legs over the side of the bed, sitting up. "We're not. We haven't. In a while."

"You're not having sex? Good lord, Yosi. Have you seen your wife? Why the fuck not?"

The yeti inside Yosi was pissed at his brother's appreciation of his wife. "Mine."

"Fuck off and fuck your wife already."

"The kids."

"Can't hear shit outside of that bedroom and you know it. Do you... Have you? Can you still?" His brother swallowed so hard Yosi could hear it through the phone. "Can you get it up, Yos? Do you still want her?"

Yosi jumped from the bed, growling. "Of course I can get it up and I want her as much as I ever have."

"Then fuck her and leave me alone." With that stellar advice, his brother hung up on him.

"Asshole."

"Really? Good thing you finally realized it."

Yosi winced. Damn it, Sela was back and he still hadn't figured out how to fix things. How to get over this hump that'd been going on for five years. Tonight it'd all come to a head and fuck if he was stumped.

"Sela --"

"I'm over it, Yosi. It's obvious that you haven't wanted me since the twins were born. We're at two different places. I want to live life and you... don't."

Yosi opened his mouth to speak, but Sela didn't give him a chance.

"Oh, you're living life, but not for you or me, for the twins. I love my children, but I need more than being treated as a mother." Her gaze locked with his and his heart broke at the sight of tears shimmering in her eyes. "I want to be treated as a lover too."

Sela took a deep breath. Her breasts strained against her tank top and his mouth watered, cock throbbing in his pants. He wanted her, no doubt about that.

"I want a divorce."

Yosi didn't utter a sound, didn't say a word. He simply stared at her as she stood before him. She wanted a response, a shout, growling, something. Instead, she got... nothing. He didn't deny or try to cajole. He sat there like a lump on a log while she gathered her pillow and an extra blanket from the closet.



She approached the door, blanket and pillow in hand. "Nothing to say, Yosi. Nothing at all?"

He shook his head.

"Okay then. I'll call a lawyer in the morning."

He nodded.

It was over. Ten years of wedded nothing-near-bliss and it was over. She'd expected an argument, a blowout, a knockdown drag-out fight that would show him he didn't have anything to fear regarding the kids hearing them and to show him that their love was something worth fighting for. Instead, she realized that maybe it wasn't.

Without another word she fled the room and hid in the spare bedroom, renewed tears streaming down her face.

It was over.

## Chapter Four

Yosi downed his shot and motioned to the bartender for another. His mother had the twins and Sela... He didn't know where Sela'd gone. Probably on some date.

He'd moved out of the house, packed his shit and left barely before the words had left her mouth and now he got to see the twins on the weekends or whenever Sela asked his mother to babysit. Like now.

Only it hurt so much every time he laid eyes on them that today he couldn't bring himself to head up the mountain to his mother's home. He ached to tuck them in every night with soft kisses and *I love yous*. Yearned to hug and snuggle them when they hurt themselves or just wanted furry yeti kisses. He missed the sound of their laughter when he stuck his head in the freezer and came out all furry. But most of all, he missed his Sela mine.

A fist connected with his shoulder and Yosi didn't even flinch. Instead, he turned his head ever so slowly; his yeti aching to beat the shit out of the person who'd struck him. Looking to the side, his gaze connected with Ysai's. Should have known. Person hit like a damned girl.

"What have I told you about throwing a punch? If you're gonna do it, do it hard and then run." Yosi turned back to his drink, downing the newest shot placed before him.

This time the punch knocked him off his stool and he landed on the peanut-strewn wood floor with a thump, wood creaking beneath him. "Bitch," he grumbled, rolling to his side and eventually gaining his feet. It was near miss there for a while when the object he was using to help him stand whacked him in the head with her purse.

"I'm a bitch?"

Aw, damn. Ysai's yeti side always had issues with being called a dog.

"I'm a bitch? You bastard."

"Now, Ysai, you know that isn't true, Mom and Dad were married when we were all conceived. I'm telling Mom you said --" He didn't have a chance to say more. Ysai plowed into him, her shoulder catching him in the gut, and she just kept on pushing until his back struck the wooden wall, which cracked beneath the force.

Her fist nailed him in the kidneys and he took it, took every hit, punch and slap she doled out. Yosi deserved every twinge of pain and throbbing ache she could inflict on him. Minutes later, Ysai gave up, and he resisted the urge to feel his body, check for broken... anything. Yetis fought hard, but they weren't unbreakable.

Ysai backed away from him, gaze wary.

He half smiled and winced at the ache. "Had enough?" It was then he noticed the tears. "Oh, Ysai. Did you hurt yourself beating on my thick head?" He took a step toward her and froze at the sound of a nearby growl.

*Oh. Shit.*

*Wolves.*

He thought his mother told him she'd taken up with one. Didn't realize she'd bring the tiny things to kick his ass, though. They usually kept their troubles in the family.

She wiped her tears away and kicked at the largest wolf. "I told you I could handle this myself, but nooo, you had to be a big bad wolf dumbass." Ysai grabbed the backpedaling wolf by the scruff. "I'll kick your ass at home."

She released the wolf and refocused on Yosi. Oh. Damn. Ysai whacked and bullied the local pack alpha and even that wolf had enough sense to back away.

"Now, Ysai..." Funny how life and death situations sober up a guy real quick.

Ysai strolled toward him and the slowness of her gait worried him even more. "Don't 'now Ysai' me, Yosi." She paused a foot from him. "You've had a chance, had the opportunity to fix things and you haven't."

The wolf closest to him growled and Yosi snarled back. Ysai picked up a nearby glass ashtray and chucked it at the growling wolf, whacking him in the head. Yosi fought back a laugh. No laughing. Laughing was bad. Especially right now.

"As I was saying, you've had three weeks, Yosi. Now the family is involved."

"I don't need the family's help. I can get my family back on my own." *Bitch. Annoying, interfering, loveable bitch.*

"Yes, because you've done stellar so far." Ysai pinched the bridge of her nose, a sure sign to Yosi that he wasn't going to win this one. She was getting that determined-to-win look. "You have a week to get things straight, Yosi. One week. We know you love her and you're miserable. I mean... you smell. Your hygiene is for shit and you haven't been taking care of yourself because you've lost her and the kids. Well, dumbass, do something about it."

Yosi closed his eyes and slid down the wall. *Do something?* What the hell could he do?

"Woo her for fuck's sake. Remind her why she fell in love with you and get her back. Otherwise I'll let the wolves at you, and the wolves have claws." Ysai spun on her heel and tripped over another wolf, crashing down on her hands and knees. Right as she raised her head, another wolf stuck its nose beneath her skirt and she shrieked, scrambling to her feet with a curse on her lips.

"No ass sniffing! Bad wolf. No!"

Yosi didn't fight the laugh this time, letting it roll through him from his head to his toes.

Damn, he needed that. Because if he didn't laugh, he'd cry.

\* \* \*

Yamon picked up on the first ring. At least one of his brothers knew how to answer the phone.

"Hey, baby."

Or not. "Save your purring for whatever you're banging now. I have issues." Yosi listened while the phone clattered all over the floor, his brother's muffled curses filtering over the line. Finally the sounds dissipated. "Yamon?"

"Yeric said you didn't have issues other than being an ass. I'm a doctor, Yosi, but I'm not that kind of doctor. Call me when your wife has wolfy issues. I'm better equipped to deal with those."

"Quit being an idiot."

"Me? You're the one calling a vet for your medical... stuff."

For the love of... "I don't have a problem!" He roared and could feel the thin downy soft hairs of his yeti emerging from his skin. The asshole, with the help of his annoying brother Yeric, had made him go yeti. Just wait till he got his hands on those two.

"O-kay. Make me go deaf why don't cha?" His brother sighed, the sound carrying over the phone. "What can I help you with then, oh powerful yeti without erectile dysfunction?"

"I need some tranquilizer." *Please don't ask why. Please.*

"I'm not tranqing Sela."

At least Yamon didn't have to ask why. His brother figured it all out on his own. Damn, but he and Sela were becoming predictable in the "solve our problems" department. "You're not. I am. It's the only way, Yamon. It's our thing. She tranqs me, we fuck in a freezer. Only, it's my turn now."

"You realize this is the dumbest thing ever in the land of men and beasts, right? Like, a sure ticket to divorce-ville, do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars, dumb."

He'd thought it was a damned good idea. It was their thing. "But..."

"Thank God I'm not a woman," his brother mumbled. "Yosi, I'll allow you to tranq her, but we're going to redo this plan of yours."

"What's wrong with my plan?"

"A freezer is not sexy."

"We make a freezer sexy."

His brother didn't stop. "And to woo Sela back and get her to forgive your sorry ass, we have got to find something sexy."

"Fine, lay it on me, oh Lord of Woo. What's sexy?"

His brother was quiet for a moment before he laid out the plan Yosi would be following. "The zoo."

"The zoo?"

"Yeah, the zoo."

Yosi rubbed his palm over his face. "The zoo?"

"What? Is there an echo in here? Yeah, the zoo. Sela loves it. The kids love it more, of course, but Sela does too. Polar bear exhibits remind her of the mountains during winter, and the kids love trotting around on their -- Oops."

"Trotting?" His children did not trot. Except when... "Yamon, explain this trotting." Because he knew he'd gotten it wrong. Knew it.

"The thing about it is..."

"Cut the shit."

"Sela likes bringing the kids to see the animals." His brother hesitated.

"Uh huh."

"And they like, you know, visiting-with-them-as-wolves."

"They *what!*" He jumped to his feet and paced.

"Stop getting so upset. She has them on leashes and pretends to be a zookeeper. No one is going to run off with one of the kids and they're always on leashes."

His children. On leashes. He'd died and gone to hell. That was the only reason he'd be hearing about this now.

"It's not that big a deal, Yosi. Besides, we need to focus on the problem at hand. Get Sela back and then you can bitch at her about the zoo."

"The zoo."

"Right, the zoo is sexy."

“Right, sexy.” He didn’t believe it, but he’d do anything. Like forget that his wife trotted the kids around on leashes at said zoo. The sexy zoo.

## Chapter Five

Yosi lifted Sela into his arms and he noticed that she'd lost some weight. His poor Sela mine. He'd put her through hell being an ass and now she'd been losing hers. Well, he wasn't going to put up with that. He loved all of her curves, and just as soon as they kissed, and other things, and made up, he'd feed her.

The plans were in place. That section of the grounds had been emptied by the staff and now there was nothing between him and his Sela mine but clothing and a few hundred feet.

Sela stirred in his arms and he brushed a soft kiss across her temple, inhaling her sweet musky scent. Even unconscious, her body reacted to him. He could smell her pussy, the fragrance getting stronger the longer he held and kissed her.

"Soon, Sela mine, soon."

She sighed against his neck, licked his skin, and he almost came in his pants. Too soon for that. Way too soon.

Yosi went across the parking lot, double time. Careful not to jostle Sela and awaken her prematurely, Yosi kicked the door softly, just enough to let his brother hear him.

"Yosi?"

"Yeah, Yamon, it's me. Let me in."

"Shh..." his little brother cautioned. "Still a few bigwigs around, but I'll get you in, don't worry."

Yosi's heart thumped in his chest and blood pounded in his ears. Nothing could ruin tonight. Nothing. It was his last shot and nearly as crazy as what Sela had done to him when she was pregnant with the twins. Crazy woman had tranqed him and locked



his yeti-turning ass in a freezer with her until they made love like wild animals. This was a twist on her ideas, but this had to work. Had. To.

*"Are they asking why the habitat is empty?" Please say no.*

His brother snorted. "Hell no. They're in the main office. Should be gone by the time we get there, though."

Yosi followed Yamon along the zoo's path, careful of low-hanging branches and unruly palm trees as he walked along the smooth concrete. It didn't take long for them to arrive at the night's habitat.

*"You're sure about this? I may have been drunk when I gave you the plan."*

*No. "Yeah, this will work."*

*"Has to."*

*No shit. "It will."*

*"Mom will..."*

Yosi looked at his brother, staring him down. "It doesn't matter what anyone does to me. Not if I don't have Sela in my life."

Yamon nodded and handed him a set of keys. "These will get you out when you're ready. The werebears won't be back until tomorrow afternoon."

*"Perfect."*

Yosi felt the yeti rising to the surface as he stepped into the cool polar bear habitat. The metro zoo had one of the best animal exhibits in the state and Yamon had locked the two of them in the perfect place. Not too cold that he'd go full-on yeti, but just enough that his base feelings would come out to Sela.

Sela moaned and Yosi laid her down on the bed of blankets his brother had prepared and knelt next to her prone body. Her eyelids fluttered, and within moments he was staring into her sweet chocolate-brown eyes.

"Hello, Sela mine." For some reason he whispered. Right now was too important to spend on loud words.

"Yosi?" She rubbed her eyes. "Yosi!" She sat straight up, clutching her head, eyes closing again with a wince. "Yosi, explain to me why I have the headache to end all headaches and why I'm not at home."

"The thing about it is --"

"Don't 'thing about it is' me. Spit it out." She shivered. "And it's cold. Damn it, Yosi."

This wasn't exactly how he wanted to spill his heart. "I love you, Sela mine. Love you. Wanted you to know, talk where you couldn't run."

It seemed like she finally noticed her surroundings. Her gaze focused on the bars and moat surrounding the habitat. "The zoo! You drugged me and dragged me to the zoo of all places. The freezer is our place for this. Not the zoo, Yosi."

Yosi smiled, remembering the last time they'd visited the pack's meat plant. That had been nearly six years ago, right when she'd gotten pregnant with the twins. "Wanted to start over, Sela mine. This is a new start if you'll have me. Love you, don't want divorce."

Oh, she had her yeti with his shorter sentences. Sela smiled and cupped his cheek. Yosi leaned into the touch, the first touch in weeks she'd willingly given him that didn't involve passing the kids back and forth. "I don't want to either, Yosi, but I don't see any other choice. You won't... you don't..."

"But I do, I can, I will." He pressed his forehead against hers, noses touching. "Love you more than life. Don't throw it away."

"Oh, Yosi." The tears gathering in her eyes slipped down her cheeks.

"Please?"

She shook her head, sniffing. "I don't know if I can."

"Do you love me? Or have your feelings died?"

"No..." She hesitated. "They haven't died, but you've buried them beneath all of our problems."

"I'll do whatever it takes, Sela mine. Whatever you ask for."

"Whatever I ask for?"

He nodded.

“Okay, but things will change and I’m going to kick your ass for doing this to me.”

He whispered, “You’ll love it.”

She arched an eyebrow. “Will I?”

## Chapter Six

Sela eased back and licked her lips. Already her body had shaken off the drugs Yosi'd given her and her heart and pussy were responding to her husband's nearness, the eager look in his eyes. "Don't tease, yeti."

"No tease."

Oh, acknowledgement of the inner beast always excited her man. "Fuck me?"

Yosi shook his head. "No. Love you."

Sweet yeti. Sela loved sweet yeti almost as much as she loved harsh and hard yeti and this kidnapping was just the reason she needed to forgive him. Her initial demand had been a ploy, a tactic to get him to shape up. Only... he'd taken her seriously and was gone by morning and then it had all rolled downhill from there. Thank goodness for Yosi's family working with her to get the man back on track so she could "forgive" him. She hadn't really anticipated getting shot with a tranq dart, but the end result was the same and that's all that mattered.

Sela slipped the left strap of her tank top down, watching his eyes, waiting for the yeti to fully grasp control. So close. She flicked the other strap down, the top held onto her body only by her breasts. Her nipples hardened beneath her shirt, the striptease building the anticipation.

"Sela mine..." A warning growl filled the air around them and she reveled in the power she held over her husband.

"Come on, Yosi. Love me," she whispered.

Yosi reached forward with his powder-white, hair-covered hand, palm cupping her breast. He brushed her nipple with his thumb and she arched into the caress. Her pussy ached and throbbed more and more with each passing moment, moistening and

preparing her for their lovemaking. His other hand joined the first, kneading and plucking her nipples.

"Please." Damn, how she needed. It seemed like forever since they'd made love.

"Please what?" He skimmed her stomach, fingers dipping between her legs, rubbing her pussy. Only her silk panties separated them. "This?"

She shuddered and groaned, her clit aching for a harder touch.

Yosi tugged her top down in one swift movement and his mouth latched onto her nipple, sucking and flicking the hardened bud. Her pussy clenched in time with the pulls on her breast and she wondered if she could come from this alone.

Sela wove her fingers into his hair, pulling and urging her husband to suck, press, flick and rub harder.

Again his hands were moving, petting, stroking and shifting clothing until Sela lay nude and panting on the bed of blankets. She held her arms out for him, silently begging for more.

She watched as he stripped for her, revealing wide shoulders and ripped abs when he removed his shirt. Next his jeans dropped, showing off strong thighs that could make love all night and a cock, thick and long, that never failed to satisfy her again and again. It didn't take Yosi long to join her on the blankets, but instead of covering her as she anticipated, he settled his head between her legs.

She spread her thighs for him, baring her dripping pussy, and he nuzzled her most private place. Yosi scraped his distended fangs over her outer labia and she rocked her hips forward, pushing for more and more. He didn't disappoint. His tongue delved between her lips, finding her clit with practiced ease. He flicked, licked and sucked the heart of her pleasure. She whimpered when he circled her opening with his finger, fucking her cunt with shallow strokes.

More and more he aroused her, pushing and pulling her to that place, that moment when her body would respond to the pleasure he created for her, with her.

"Close." So close, yet so far.

He redoubled his efforts, fingers filling and stretching her in a poor imitation of his cock. Her pussy throbbed and clenched around the invasion to the quickened beat of her heart, the promise of ecstasy building and growing with each passing second. Until... she came, back bowed, cunt throbbing and pulling around Yosi's fingers, pleasure flowing in waves from head to toe and toe to head. It built and receded with each passing second.

Before the shuddering climax fully passed, Yosi entered her, stretching her, filling her. The sweet burn intensified her pleasure, drawing her orgasm further, pushing her into another and another. He slipped out and pushed forward again, fucking her sweet, slow and deep.

Sela tightened her cunt around his cock, causing him to hiss and then moan in pleasure. He increased his speed, dick pushing in and out of her pussy, the head of his cock brushing her G-spot with every pass.

Again he moved faster, hips pumping, pelvis connecting and rubbing against her clit, driving the next orgasm closer and closer. The tingles started in her toes, gliding and slithering along her nerves, pushing her higher with each breath, with each pump of Yosi's hips.

"Again." Again, again, and again. The pleasure reached her pussy, throbbing and clenching, hugging Yosi's cock and tightening around him harder and harder. Then the immense joy of her orgasm burst like fireworks, burning brighter than anything she'd felt before.

Yosi stiffened and roared above her, his cock throbbing in her pussy, and she tightened around him, hoping to prolong his pleasure, give him what he'd given her. He slumped over her, breathing hard, hips still jerking, cock deep within her cunt.

He rolled away, tucking her into his side, and pressed a kiss against her temple. "I'll do better, Sela mine."

"You're perfect. I was angry, hurt, frustrated." She propped her chin on his chest, staring him in the eyes. "I love you, Yosi. Don't want to leave you."

"I don't want you to leave."

"So I won't. We won't."

They lay together, quiet and sated, listening to the quiet snuffles and calls of the animals in the surrounding habitats. The cooler habitat quickly dried the sweat on their skin until Sela shivered a bit from the cold.

*Time for some fun. "Yosi?"*

"Yes, Sela mine."

Sela rolled to her hands and knees, face over her husband's, her hair creating a curtain around them. Love shone in his eyes as much now as the day they married.

"Catch me."

## Chapter Seven

Sela took off like a shot and Yosi scrambled to his feet, his cock already hardening with thoughts of the chase. His wife dashed and darted around the perimeter, climbing the faux stone walls and leaping from one ledge to the next.

While the habitat might have been designed to keep bears in, it couldn't hold Sela. In the blink of an eye, she scaled the wall and disappeared from Yosi's sight. *Perfect.*

His cock wilted the tiniest bit at the thought of scaling the stone wall.

"Looking for me, lover?" Sela's laugh cut through the quiet night.

Yosi spun on his heel and froze. He hadn't taken the time to appreciate his wife's nude body while they'd made love; he was so worried about her pleasure. But now he had the chance to look his fill.

Shapely legs led to rounded, full hips. Even wider than before the twins were born and he loved nothing more than squeezing her hips, grinding into his Sela mine while fucking her. Her whole body seemed made for him. Her waist dipped in slightly from her hips and he followed the line of her body with his eyes. Large breasts beckoned him, the rich berry color of her nipples screaming for his mouth.

He took a step toward her and she took a step back. "Sela mine," he warned.

The metal bars of the habitat separated them, but he knew that within moments, when the yeti fully took hold, he could rip them to shreds in moments. So did she. She'd seen him knock trees down in an effort to get to her, have her.

A foot from the bars, he stopped and inhaled, closing his eyes while he growled. Musky, heavy and sweet, her scent called to him, called for him. He opened his eyes and she smiled at him, a finger circling one nipple.

"Catch me," she whispered and then darted down the tree-lined path.



Roaring, he tore the barred gate from its hinges and tossed it into the polar bear's pond without a care. His focus remained on his wife.

"Sela mine!" Cock aching, he followed after her, yanking branches that dared touch him, impeding him. He caught sight of her between some trees opposite him. The path must have wound around, but he wasn't going to waste any time.

Yosi pushed through the trees, uprooting the ones that wouldn't bend, breaking others. He'd pay the zoo for the damned things. Cock hard and aching, he couldn't think beyond Sela.

Her giggle carried back to him on the wind. "Find me, yeti."

Her scent surrounded him, filled him from head to toe. "Sela..."

He turned the corner and found her splayed for him in the middle of a fountain, water splashing down on her, covering and displaying her body for him.

"Come, yeti." She held a hand out for him.

A hand? No, he wanted it all. Wanted her luscious lips, her full breasts, tapered waist and wide hips. Wanted to spank the rounded ass for making him chase her.

He took heavy, measured steps toward his prize -- and a growl had him freezing in his tracks. He turned his gaze to the habitat near them. Wolves.

Yosi growled, deep and low and possessive. "Mine." He snarled at the wolf, staring it down.

"Am I, yeti?"

Oh. She'd challenged him.

Time wasn't wasted now. He practically flew at her, arms crushing her to him, breasts pressed against his chest, the hardened nubs pushing against his own. He captured her lips in a claiming kiss. He licked and tasted every inch of her mouth, remembering and memorizing every inch of her mouth until he could barely breathe. His cock nestled between her legs, her juices coating his dick, making him want, making him throb. "Mine."

"Yours," she replied.

The wolf whimpered in response. His, goddamn it.

Water continued to pour down on them, ice cold and arousing all the more for it. The cold drove his yeti and his desire higher, harder, more.

“Show me. Show them.”

Yosi growled and shifted his wife until she was bent over the fountain wall, the wolves able to see him, watch them.

In one smooth glide, he entered Sela, her pussy clutching him like a glove, pulsing around him. He squeezed her ass cheeks, filling his hands with her flesh.

She moaned and pressed back against him, urging him, and he was happy to comply. Yosi withdrew and slid forward, slamming their bodies together, fucking her like her game demanded.

Slide. She tortured him. Slam. She teased him. Fuck. She tormented him.

Again and again he filled her, made love to her as only the yeti could. Her cunt rippled around him, letting him feel her pleasure, her impending orgasm driving his desire higher.

The wolf growled and Yosi snarled, the sound loud and menacing, quieting all of the animals. Yosi reached around Sela's waist, tweaking the nub of her pleasure, stroking and tapping her clit, forcing her to give him her orgasm.

“Yosi...” He knew the whimpering quality of her voice, knew she was close.

His own pleasure lurked just outside his grasp. He wouldn't reach for it until his Sela mine found her pleasure. Wouldn't leave her without an orgasm or five. “Come for me.”

Her cunt clamped down on his cock, walls rippling and milking his cock, not giving him a moment to withhold his own slice of ecstasy. One moment he had a firm grasp on his control and the next... pleasure skittered and slid along his nerve endings. It settled at the base of his spine and then burst through his entire body, his cock throbbing within his wife's pussy. He came in long, deep waves. Breath after breath caused lingering shocks of pleasure to dance through him, pushing them both further.

When the final wave passed through him, he slumped over his wife, catching his weight on his hands, propping himself on the edge of the fountain. He turned his head and stared at the watching wolf. "Mine."

The wolf looked away first.

With a grunt, Yosi hefted Sela into his arms and carried her back to the polar bear habitat. She was well and truly his now.

\* \* \*

The sun peeked over the horizon and shone down into the polar bear habitat. Sela snuggled closer to Yosi, enjoying the soft fur and heat of her husband.

"Yosi," she whispered.

He tightened his hold on her. "Sleep, Sela mine."

"Time to go, Yosi. Yamon will be here soon. I can hear him." She pulled out of Yosi's embrace and looked around for her clothes. "Come on, Yosi, I will not be naked in front of your brother."

That got him moving. Her naked yeti rolled to his feet and swept a blanket from the ground, wrapping her in the smooth cloth. As soon as she was covered, he scooped her into his arms and strode toward the habitat gates.

"No clothes. Naked, Sela mine."

Okay, sometimes she didn't like the single-minded yeti no matter how much she loved him. "Yosi, I love you but I'm not going out there naked under this blanket. Besides, you're naked."

He froze mid-step and spun them around, stomping back to their campsite. In moments her husband was dressed and the powder-white, soft hairs of his yeti had receded. "Sorry, Sela."

She stepped forward and cupped his cheek. "Nothing to be sorry for. Love you, love all of you."

"I love you too. Don't leave me again, baby. Don't know what I'd do without you. This," he spread his arms, "was me showing you that I'd do anything to keep you. Anything."

She smiled. Oh, this was just too damned good. "Anything?"

He nodded.

"Then let's reverse your vasectomy."

## Epilogue

Yosi sat in his truck, wiping his hands on his jeans, a bag of clothes on the seat next to him. Too good to be true, that's what the day had been. There had been that little vasectomy scare from Sela the night before, but she'd quickly relented and agreed that two little ones were more than enough. Let Ysai populate the world with little yeti weres. Sela and Yosi had done their part and grandma yeti would just have to get over the two of them not having any more.

"No time like the present." Yosi pulled on the door handle and swung down from his seat, taking his duffle with him.

He approached the door with a sense of impending doom. What if she'd changed her mind? What if she decided that divorce was the better way to go? He'd do anything to make sure he could stay with her. She always said the children were her hearts, but she was his. His heart. Without her, he'd be lost.

Standing on the front porch, he hoped the message on the welcome mat was for him as well. He raised his hand to knock but the door swung inward before his fist connected with the wood.

"Yosi, you don't knock in your own home." She smiled at him, full lips spreading, eyes sparkling.

He dropped his bag and lunged for her, pulling her body up against his cock, which went hard instantly. "Sela."

Tears stung his eyes. He was manly enough to admit that a warm welcome home from his wife -- his wife -- brought him to tears. Oh, how he loved this woman, more than his life.

Their mouths met in a passionate clash of lips and tongue, dueling for dominance, and he gladly let her take the lead. He'd give her everything she desired for this chance at the rest of his life with her, with his children.

"Eewww! Mom and Dad are kissing. Yuck."

And the kids were home from school. Figured Aaron would react like any small boy who still thought girls had cooties. Oh, how he'd change as he got older.

Yosi didn't break off the kiss as he had before. Sela was right in that the children needed to know that their parents loved one another, and that included kisses. Bedroom activities remained in the bedroom, but kisses were for any time.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy's home. Daddy." He felt a tug on his jeans. "Daddy, pick me up, wanna talk to you." Another yank. "Daddy?" A stomp that shook the porch. "Daddy!"

He broke the kiss before his little girl demolished the front of the house with her temper. "Yes, baby." He dropped to his knees. "What can I do for you?"

"You're home," she whispered, and then launched her tiny body into his arms, nearly knocking him over in her exuberance. "So glad you're home."

"Me too, baby girl, me too."

## 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](http://www.celiakyle.com) or you can send an email to [celia.kyle@gmail.com](mailto:celia.kyle@gmail.com). But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!