

# UNSPOKEN



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*SHADOWFIREPRESS*

This book was published by

**Shadowfire Press**

2019 Grove Street #6

Boulder, CO 80302

**Unspoken**

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Cover art by Coyote Shadow Studio

Edited by Michael Barnette

Book Layout and Design by Coyote

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# UNSPOKEN

by Katica Locke

I laugh to myself as the old man strikes out again. I've been watching him most of the night, sitting over at the bar, drinking cheap whiskey and hitting on anything that gets within five feet of him. Well, almost anything. He takes one look at the vampires and turns away, uninterested. Can't say I blame him. A walking corpse wouldn't be my first choice, either. Neither would he, usually, but he intrigues me. What is a guy pushing sixty doing in a night club called *Faerie Wings*?

Watching faeries, apparently. A pair of them—one fair with silver hair, one dark with shadow wings—walk up to the bar and order drinks. The old guy says something, I can't hear what from across the room, but the faeries exchange pitied glances and walk away. The old man scowls down into his whiskey glass. He wants to get laid bad.

Absently, I finger the bulge in my pocket. I've been waiting for a friend of mine, but it looks like he's not going to show. No sense letting the night be a complete waste. Rising from my solitary table in the corner, I skirt the edge of the dance floor, the throng of writhing, grinding bodies in the center drawing my attention.. Any other

night, I'd be in there with them, but not tonight. I need more than over-the-clothes groping.

I stop beside him, lean on the bar. "Hey, Maasi," I call to the bartender over the music. "Can I get a beer?" She pulls a glass down off the shelf and fills it from a keg under the counter. I glance over at the guy. Maybe he's not as old as I thought.. His face is weathered and tanned from the sun, and his brown hair is streaked with gray, but his dark eyes are sharp, attentive, his shoulders square, his lean frame taut and wiry. He looks at me, his eyes traveling down my body, and I allow myself a smirk. I'm a pretty boy and I know how to work it, with big eyes, long fingers, and legs to make a faerie jealous.

Maasi slides my beer across the bar and I hand her a stack of small silver coins. Beside me, the guy clears his throat.

"Is that ass just for show, or can I take it for a test drive?" he says and I almost laugh out loud. No wonder he keeps getting rejected. If I had anything better to do, I'd walk away, too. Instead, I pick up my beer and turn my back to the bar, leaning against the brass rail, sip my drink and regard him over the rim of the glass.

After a moment, he grows uncomfortable and starts to toy with his whiskey glass, swirling the single swallow that remains.

“I don’t see why not,” I say at last. “You got a name?”

He seems to hesitate. “Tyress,” he says, and the hair on the back of my neck stands on end. My eyes dart to his hand, but it’s gripping the glass, obscuring his palm.. Every nerve screams to walk away, to get the hell out of there, but I force myself not to move. Just because his name starts with the letter T doesn’t mean he’s a Huntsman.

“I’m ... Kae,” I say, raising my beer to my lips. Alcohol slops over the rim and onto the floor as Tyress suddenly grabs my arm, pulling it down into the pale glow of an overhead light. The scar on my hand gleams silver against my skin, the bite mark of my spirit-father, and I jerk back, out of his grasp.

“Get away from me, you animal,” he hisses between his teeth and I scramble back. Shit, he is a Huntsman, and now he knows my name! *Faerie Wings* is a city sanctioned safe zone, so he can’t kill me in the club, but I can’t stay here forever. His dark eyes burn into me, and I take a

step back as he rises from the barstool. "I should have known the biggest slut in the club would be a fucking werewolf," he says, and then stalks past me, heading toward the back of the club.

"Hey, are you okay?" I glance across the bar at Maasi and then set my beer down.

"Fine," I say. "Did you know what he was?"

She nods. "I was going to say something, but I didn't get a chance." I look over my shoulder, but he's vanished into the crowd. "Forget him, Kae, he's an asshole.. Every couple of nights he comes in here, harasses the regulars, and then goes into the bathroom to jerk off. But at least if he's in here, he's not out *there* killing somebody, right?" I can't argue with her logic. I take a drink of my beer as she hurries off to wait on a group of vampires. Jerking off in the bathroom, eh? Classy.

After a moment, I set my glass back down and thread my way through the dancers, heading toward the dark hall at the rear of the building. I stop outside the men's room and glance back out into the club, but no one is paying me any attention.. Silently, I ease the door open and slip inside. The throbbing beat of the music is

muffled by the walls, and as I stand a moment beneath the flickering lights, I can hear him in one of the stalls, each breath fast and ragged.

He was wrong; I'm not a werewolf. I'm a werecat. Not a leopard, or a lion, or even a cougar. Just a common, run-of-the-mill, mackerel tabby housecat. But unlike a leopard or a tiger, no one screams in panic when I walk down the street in my animal form. The smell of bleach and cheap pine cleaner stings my nose as I shift forms and slink along the wall on silent paws. I crouch behind a toilet in the stall next to his, peering around the pedestal and under the partition. He's sitting on the toilet, his pants bunched up around his ankles, stroking himself. What a loser..

I creep forward, my body low to the ground, holding my breath as his face comes into view. He's not looking. His head is tilted back, his eyes closed, and I wonder what he's thinking about as he touches himself. Maybe I'll ask.

I dart forward, into the stall with him, and shift back, my sudden increase in mass displacing the air and sending a faint breeze across his face.



His eyes snap open, a look of shock on his face as he stares up at me.

“Hi,” I say, a smirk on my face. He lunges forward, knocking me back against the door of the stall. I hear wood splinter, but the lock holds. He lets go of me and drops to one knee, jerking one leg of his pants up to reveal the bone handle of a knife. He draws the long, silver blade and my heart pounds as I kick out at him, my shoe hitting his hand and sending the knife spinning across the bathroom floor..

Hands clenched into fists, he starts to rise, but I grab him by the back of the shirt and shove him off balance, his pants tangled around his ankles. He falls against the stall wall and I twist one arm up behind his back, pinning him there. For a moment, the only sounds are the throbbing music and our ragged breathing.

“Well?” he says finally. “Go on then, kill me. Won’t your furry friends be impressed—the big bad wolf caught a retired Huntsman in the toilet with his pants down.”

“Shut up,” I say, shoving him harder against the poorly painted wood. “I didn’t think Huntsmen

retired,” I add, leaning against him as I dig into my pocket.

“Shows what you know,” he says through his teeth. “Now what the fuck are you doing?”

I smirk to myself as I open the little tube of lubricant, warmed by my body heat and slick on my fingers.

“You,” I say, reaching down and pushing a single slippery finger into his ass. He jumps like he’s been shot, a surprised cry escaping between his clenched teeth, and tries to pull away from me. “Just relax, old man,” I say, adding a second finger.. “I don’t get off on hurting people.”

“You fuck—I’m gonna—son-of-a-bitch, stop it—I’m gonna kill you,” he hisses, rattling the entire set of stalls as he twists and bucks, trying to throw me off.

“Don’t try to tell me you don’t want it,” I say, taking my fingers out of him and reaching around to grasp his still hard cock. He gasps, his whole body going rigid, as I let my hand slide along his shaft. “If you weren’t such a bigot, this would be deep in my ass right now.” His cock twitches in my hand and I let go of it, freeing my own

growing erection instead. I slick the remaining lube across the head and then position myself at his entrance. He makes a strangled sound as I slide inside, several short thrusts burying my cock up to the hilt.

“I’m going to...kill you for this,” he says between sharp, ragged breaths.

“Go ahead and try,” I reply, wrapping my arm around his waist, “I’d expect nothing less from a Huntsman.” I pull his ass back against me and he cries out, the hand not pinned behind his back reaching in front of him and grabbing my arm. He doesn’t try to make me let go, though, he just squeezes my forearm as I thrust into him again.

He does want it. He wants it so bad his whole body is shaking, every muscle in his lean frame hard and tight. I begin to fuck him, slow and easy, and he stifles a groan as I slide in and out of him. After a moment, I release the arm twisted up behind his back and grab his hip, driving deep. Choking back a cry, he reaches up, clutching at the top edge of the partition, his knuckles turning white as he pushes away from the wall, pushes back against me.

Neither of us says a word as I hammer into

him, his body hot and tight around me.. Soon, I feel my insides grow heavy, like molten lead in the pit of my stomach. I'm going to come. The hand on his hip slides forward and wraps around his cock, drawing a low moan from his lips as I start to jerk him off. My stroke falters, my hips jerking, as I thrust deep inside him and lose it, coming hard. A moment later, he tightens around me and gasps as he spills himself onto the partition.

I let go of him and step back, my legs wobbly and tingling. I just fucked a Huntsman in the men's room of *Faerie Wings*. Cheyn have mercy; he's going to kill me..

I shift to cat form and flee under the stall door. I hear him jerk his pants up, the stall rattling. At the bathroom door, I have to shift back—cats can't open doors—and I glance over my shoulder. The door jammed when he knocked me against it; he can't get it open. I start to smile in relief.

*Crash!* He kicks the stall door right off its hinges and I yank the bathroom door open, dashing out into the crowded club. A moment later he appears, his face red and sweaty, dark eyes blazing as he searches the club for me.

Finally, he heads for the door, but I stay where I am, crouched in the shadows under an empty table.. Fuck, that was stupid. Retired Huntsman don't kill Werewolf, but pissed off Huntsmen with grudges do. What the hell was I thinking?



I spend two days living in an alley after my first encounter with the Huntsman, eating mice and keeping an eye on my apartment. When he doesn't show up looking for me, I figure I'm pretty safe. Kae is not an uncommon name and Siva Delta is a big city. So, showered and shaved, I sit on the sofa, drinking a beer and watching reruns while I sort through two day's worth of junk mail and bills, my stomach growling in anticipation of the pepperoni pizza I ordered.

Empty bottle in hand, I gather up the envelopes and department store advertisements and walk them over to the recycling bin beside the door. Someone knocks and I jump, dropping the bottle into the bin with a clatter. I hold my breath and wait, but no one breaks down the door, so it must not be him. My stomach growls

again and I breathe a sigh of relief. Just the pizza guy.

Pulling my wallet out of my back pocket, I unlock the deadbolt and open the door to find, not a pimple-faced teenager with a steaming pizza in his hand, but a scowling Huntsman pointing a gun in my face. Instinct is all that saves me. I shift forms before he can pull the trigger. I race for the bedroom and leap out through the window I always leave open, my paws nearly sliding through the gaps in the fire escape. I shift back to human and thunder up the rusty stairs, my hands slick with sweat as I grip the railing and pull myself upward, onto the roof.

The gravel crunches beneath my bare feet as I run for the far side of the building.. The neighboring structure is close enough to jump to, I think. I've never tried, but it can't be more than eight feet. And if I shift just before I hit, the lesser mass of the cat will lessen the impact. My heart is pounding in my throat as I back up, making room to get a running start. I hear a noise behind me and my head whips around as something hits the inside of door of the roof access with a *thud*. The super always keeps it locked, but that doesn't

stop the Huntsman. I jump as a shot rings out, blowing the lock off the door. I glance toward the edge; even if I make it, what's to stop him from shooting me?

"Son-of-a-bitch," I mutter through my teeth and turn, running hard toward the door as it swings open. I hit it at full speed, the reinforced steel door slamming into the man on the other side and knocking his gun away. I watch it slide across the loose gravel and come to rest near the building's clunking air conditioning unit..

I step around the door and find the Huntsman leaning against the doorjamb, doubled over and breathing hard. He raises his head, glaring up at me in hatred, and then lunges, driving his shoulder into my gut and knocking me to the ground. He grabs for my throat, but I knock his hands aside and punch him in the face. He falls back, blood smearing his chin from a split lip, and I scramble to my feet. I run for the stairwell, but he's right behind me, grabbing me by the back of the shirt and shoving me forward. I stumble and fall against the closed door. He tries to grab me, pin me to the door, but I twist away, catching him by the wrist, and before I realize what I'm

doing, I have him shoved against the door, his arm bent painfully up behind his back. *Deja vu.*

“What’re you going to do now?” he asks, breathless. “Fuck me again?”

“No,” I say, glancing around. His gun is just fifteen feet away, but even if I could get to it first, could I really kill him? “No,” I say again, “today must be your lucky day. I don’t have any lube.”

“I do.” Those two small words seem to hang in the air. Why would he bring lube unless he wanted to be fucked? But if he wants it, why is he trying to kill me? Unless....unless he can’t *let* himself be fucked by a Were, no matter how much he wants it. He is a Huntsman, after all. After a moment, I reach around him, feeling up his pockets until I find the lube. My hand brushes his groin—he’s already hard—and I deftly unbutton his jeans and jerk the zipper down. With his free hand he assists, shoving his pants and briefs down around his knees. I hesitate, and then let go of his other arm.

With a snarl, he spins around and slams his fist into my face, sending me staggering back. I feel blood run down my chin as he jerks his pants up and makes a break for the gun, but I grab him



by the back of the shirt and slam him against the stairwell door.

“Not cool,” I say through my teeth, and then turn my head and spit blood onto the graveled rooftop. With one hand in the middle of his back, holding him against the door, I reach down, searching his boots, and find the hunting knife from the other night. I press the edge of the cold steel against the side of his neck and he tenses, his body going completely still. “Unless you want this shoved through your throat, don’t fucking try that again,” I say. *Shit, my face hurts.*

With the knife, I cut a hole in the bottom of his shirt and tear off a long strip of material. He doesn’t resist as I tie his hands behind his back, but his breathing quickens. I dig the lube out of his pocket and slip it into mine, then I spin him around and shove him down to his knees in front of me. For a moment, he looks startled, confused, but as I unbutton my pants, his lips press into a thin, tight line. I dig the knifepoint in under his chin, forcing his head back, forcing him to meet my eyes.

“You bite me,” I say, “and I’ll bite you, got it?” His lined, weathered face pales and I feel

sick inside. I've never threatened to bite anyone before. Being a Were is a choice, a gift, not a threat, not a punishment. I shift the knife downward, to his throat, and pull my cock out of my pants. "Open your mouth." He just glares at me. I start to press the blade harder against his skin, but then stop. He may be getting off on this game, but it's not doing anything for me. The first time, in the men's room, was different, it was spontaneous, it was stupid. This is too much like rape for me. I toss the knife down. "Forget it," I say, stepping back and tucking myself into my pants. "I'm outta here."

"Wait." I arch an eyebrow at him, waiting. "I'll do it." What is wrong with this guy? Is he that desperate to get laid that he'll do anything? Can't be. He's thin and worn, like old leather, kind of pathetic and inept, but he's not that old, he's not ugly, and his eyes are so intense...I'd have let him fuck me, and not just out of pity, only he didn't want a Were...he *can't* want a Were....

I bring my cock back out into the cool evening air and hold it in front of his lips. "Make me hard and I'll fuck you good," I say. His lips part as he leans forward, taking me into his mouth and I

groan as he sucks hard, his tongue stroking the sensitive spot just underneath the head. I guess I can't call him inept anymore. I reach out, winding my fingers into the hair at the back of his neck. It's just long enough to get a good grip on.

Once, I sucked off a guy who grabbed me by the hair and fucked my mouth until I choked and gagged. Not fun, and I won't do that to him, but considering that my cock is in the mouth of a guy who has tried twice now to kill me, I'd like to have a little control. He tenses, hesitates, and then swallows me deeper, clear to the back of his throat. I stare down at him, his eyes closed, and I wonder what he's thinking about.

"Okay, that's enough," I say, letting go of him and pulling away. He kneels in the gravel, breathing hard, as I glance around the rooftop. I don't want to do him on his hands and knees, and I'm not that thrilled by the idea of shoving him back against the door. Isn't there supposed to be a—there it is. On the far side of the roof, under an old tarp, is some tenant's unwanted table and chairs. Sometimes, the older residents came up here to play cards on nice days.

I haul the Huntsman to his feet and walk

him over to the table, his pants sliding down around his ankles. With a jerk, I flip the tarp off and he gasps as I bend him over and press his chest against the worn wood. “Don’t move,” I say, and he doesn’t as I find the lube and squirt it on my fingertips. I prepare him quickly, but I don’t think he minds. He groans and writhes as my fingers slide in and out of him, stretching his asshole. I slick my cock and bury it in him in a single thrust. He cries out through his teeth, but he doesn’t sound in pain.

I lean over him, gripping his shoulders as I fuck him, the only sounds on the rooftop his strangled moans and the *thud* of our bodies colliding. Without warning, he gasps and tightens around me, his hands clenching and unclenching behind his back as he comes. I consider stopping—this isn’t *my* twisted little fantasy, after all—but I’m almost there. He gasps and groans as I continue to thrust into him, but doesn’t try to make me stop. With a cry, I come inside him, my insides shaking as I step back.

For a moment, neither of us says anything. I speak first. “I don’t suppose this means you’ll stop trying to kill me?”

"I'm going to cut you open and spit on your corpse," he growls, but still doesn't move.

I sigh. "A simple 'No' would have sufficed." I stand a moment, staring at him, still bent over the table, his pants around his ankles. Pathetic. I shake my head and step closer, bending down without a word and pulling his pants back up. He may be a Huntsman, but he deserves that dignity, at least. I head for the stairs, but stop and glance back. He has straightened up and is watching me. "If you have to kill me, then do it, but stop with this shit. We're both better than this."

I walk away, and this time, I don't look back.



I spend an uncomfortable two weeks couch surfing and sleeping in alleys, never spending more than a couple of nights with any of my friends. I don't want to put them in danger if that bastard really is still looking for me. I have to go to work, though, or I'll lose my job. Luckily, I'm a phone solicitor, tucked away nice and safe in a cubicle. I consider curling up under the desk and

spending the night, but I don't know what my boss would do if she caught me. A lot of people don't like my kind.

It's raining as I leave, but I don't have money for the bus, so I walk, my head bowed against the cold, wet wind. I near the corner and glance up to check traffic, and my heart just about stops. Standing on the street corner is that asshole Huntsman.. Our eyes meet and for the length of a breath, neither of us moves, then he plunges his hand inside his coat, reaching for his gun.

I shift forms and bolt, my paws pounding on the pavement as I race down the street.. I can hear him chasing me, his steps loud, fast, and falling behind. He'll never catch me. I glance back, but he isn't giving up yet, his long leather coat flapping behind him as he runs flat out up the wet sidewalk. He's in better shape than I thought.

I hear a snarl and turn my head back to the front as a large dog lunges at me, snapping and barking. Every muscle in my body tenses, my fur standing on end, as the beast lunges again, nearly jerking its master off her feet. I know the dog is on a leash, I know it can't get me, but the

Were spirit inside me, the part that enables me to change shape, the part that knows how to make these four legs and ears and tail all work properly, the part of me that is a *cat*, panics.

I bolt down the nearest alley, crashing headlong into a garbage can and tripping over someone's soggy newspaper. The dog is still barking, the sound echoing in the enclosed space, surrounding me, and I can't stop my legs from scrambling, hurtling me down the dark, narrow alley. I have to get out of here. I run, leaping over boxes and puddles, my fur soaked by the rain, my body cold, heart pounding, muscles aching—

It's a blind alley. I skid to a stop, gasping for breath, as the brick wall rises up between the buildings. This can't be. I dart from one side to the other, looking for a crawl space, maintenance access, a fucking storm drain, but it's a dead end.. It's my dead end. I turn as the Huntsman jogs up, out of breath, his face wet and shiny from the rain. He looks down at me, cowering against the cold, wet bricks, and raises his gun.

I can't die like this! I'm not some animal to be put down in a dark alley. I shift back to human form, soaked to the skin and trembling, but I

meet his eyes as he walks toward me. He presses the barrel of the gun up under my chin and I draw a sharp breath, the scent of gun oil and burnt powder filling my nose. I swallow hard and close my eyes. This is it.

He grabs my arm, pulling the gun away as he spins me around and shoves my face against the brick wall. I can't move as the cold barrel presses against the back of my neck, and his other arm slides around my waist, unbuttoning my pants and tugging the zipper down. A bark of laughter escapes me; why am I not surprised? Of course he's going to fuck me before he kills me. My wet jeans cling to my thighs as he shoves them down. I half expect him to fuck me dry, and gasp as a cold, well-lubricated finger presses against my asshole and slides inside. He adds a second, and then a third finger, and I clench my fists against the bricks. Bastard.

He pulls his hand back and I hear the sound of his zipper being undone. I ache inside, cold and ashamed. I'm better than this. I shouldn't let him do this to me. If I'm going to die, I should die fighting, not with my pants around my knees and a Huntsman's cock in my ass. But I don't



move, I can't—I'm too scared. Tears run down my face as he guides his cock to my entrance and pushes inside.

I don't make a sound as he fucks me. He brushes against my prostate once or twice, sending shudders of unwelcome pleasure through me, but I barely feel it. The only thing I can think about is the gun pressed against the back of my head. He's going to kill me. Once he comes, I'm dead. He breathes, hard and fast, on the back of my neck, grunting and groaning in my ear. He wraps one arm around my waist, driving deep, and I close my eyes, choking back a sob as he comes inside me. This is it..

His free hand slides down my stomach and grasps my limp cock, tugging and pulling, trying to make me hard, trying to make me come.

"Please, don't," I whisper, my lips brushing the rough bricks. "Please—I can't, please—Stop—" I don't know if he hears me, or if he just grows impatient, but he lets go of me and steps back. My scalp feels cold where the gun had been pressed.. I wait, crying in the rain with my pants down, my whole body shaking, waiting for him to pull the trigger. Will I hear the shot, or will

the bullet kill me before my brain can register the sound?

A noise behind me makes me flinch, but it's not a gunshot. I hear him turn and walk away, his footsteps retreating until I can't hear them at all. Only then do I dare look over my shoulder. The alley is empty, the Huntsman gone. Is that all he wanted—to scare me, to fuck me? Numbly, I reach down and pull up my cold, wet jeans. He didn't kill me. He could have, and he didn't. I wrap my arms around myself and slide down the brick wall as a sob racks my body. It's over.



Soaked and shivering, I drag myself home. He had a chance to kill me and didn't. If I'm still not safe from him, then I'd rather die in my own apartment than in some filthy alley. I want a long, hot shower and I want to sleep in my own bed, and right now, I don't care if he's sitting on the sofa waiting for me.

I hesitate at the door, standing in the hall with the key in my hand, dripping water onto the threadbare carpet, but when I open it, my

apartment is dark and quiet. I lock the door behind me and head for the bathroom, shedding my wet clothes as I go. The hot water stings my frozen skin as I lean against the wall and let it beat down on me.

I never should have followed him into that bathroom. I knew what he was, I should have guessed what he'd do. I feel dirty, used, and no amount of scrubbing makes me feel better, because it's my own fault. If I walked out of the club instead of into the men's room, this never would have happened.

I run out of hot water and shut off the shower, running my shriveled fingers back through my hair as I stand a moment in the silence. Finally, I sigh and pull the shower curtain aside.

Leaning back against the sink counter, waiting for me, is the Huntsman. He's barefoot, wearing just jeans and a T-shirt, and I don't see his gun anywhere. We regard each other for a moment, and then I slowly step out of the tub. He doesn't move, but his eyes never leave me. I could shift, I could run, but he would follow, he would chase. I'm never going to be rid of him.

I clench my fists, my heart suddenly pounding

inside my chest. I won't live like this. Being a Huntsman gives him the right to kill, not to torment. I lunge at him, expecting him to pull his gun out from behind his back and end this cruel game, but he just grabs me by the arms and steps away from the counter, shoving my back against the wall. I try to jerk away from him, but he pins my wrists to the wall above my head, holding me still with his body.

"Stop," he says, his breath warm on my cheek, his voice low and rough. "Stop struggling.. I don't want to hurt you."

I make a sound somewhere between a laugh and a sob. "What the hell *do* you want?" I ask. As if in answer, he presses his lips to mine. I can only gasp in surprise.. He draws back, hesitates, and then kisses me again. I don't know what to do. I could shift, I could sink my teeth into his face and turn him into that which he hates most. He must know that, he must realize the danger he's in, so why—

He makes a small noise and opens his mouth against mine, his tongue sliding across my lower lip. I shudder and let my lips part, let him slip his tongue into my mouth.. His grip on my wrists

eases as he deepens the kiss, his hands sliding down my arms, down my body, and stopping at my waist. For a moment, I can't move. What is he doing; what does he want?

I bring my arms down and shove him away. I don't care what he wants, I won't let him treat me like this anymore. I clench my fist and swing, my knuckles barely grazing his cheek as he jerks away. He grabs me by the wrist and spins me around, pinning my arm across my chest as he pulls me back against him. I kick out, pushing off the wall, and he stumbles back, but doesn't let go.

"Stop. Stop it," he says, holding me tightly as I thrash and squirm. "I didn't come here to hurt you, Kae." At the sound of my name on his lips, I grow still in his arms. "I never intended to hurt you. When I saw you in that club, I wanted you so badly, but you're a Were—I thought you knew what I was, I thought you only accepted my offer so you could get me out of the club and kill me. In the toilet, I thought you only fucked me to humiliate me."

"But—but you came after me," I say, breathless. "You brought lube, you wanted me to—"

“Yes,” the Huntsman says, his sigh raising goosebumps down my neck. “The last time someone as good looking as you paid attention to me, it was because I paid them to, and I thought it was a small price to pay, to be humiliated, if you’d do it again. But you didn’t humiliate me. You could have left me there, tied up with my pants around my ankles, but you didn’t. You said we were better than that. I thought that meant you had changed your mind about me.”

“Is that why you chased me into an alley and held you gun to my head while you raped me?”

“I thought it was a game,” he says softly. “I thought it was for show, I thought you knew that. The safety was on, I wasn’t even touching the trigger, but afterward, I realized that you were really scared and I didn’t know what to do, what to say..”

“And now you’re here to—what? Apologize?”

“Yes, and to make up for earlier.”

“Oh, so you think raping me in my bathroom makes up for raping me in an alley?”

“I’m not going to rape you,” he says, his grip on

me relaxing. “I’ll leave, if that’s what you want, but I needed you to know that what happened... wasn’t supposed to be like that. *I’m* not really like that.” I pull away from him and turn, searching his face for evidence of his deception.

“Are you for real?” I ask finally. “I mean, you’re a Huntsman, I’m a werecat—I- I just don’t understand.”

“I’m retired,” he says, and I shake my head.

“Huntsmen don’t retire.” I tense as he reaches back and pulls something out of his back pocket, but it’s just a photograph. He hands it to me.

“That’s my son,” he says. He’s a handsome youngman with his father’s intense eyes, probably a few years younger than me when the picture was taken. “He got bit about ten years ago, didn’t tell me, kept it a secret. When I found out, I...I— The Keep tells us that to become a Were is a fate worse than death, that it destroys your soul and turns you into a monster, an animal, but I knew my son, and he was still the same gentle, good person as before. Being changed hadn’t changed him, and I began to question the Keep. So I retired.”

“And where is your son now?” I ask, wrapping my arms around myself. The heat of the shower has faded and I’m starting to get cold.

“Off-world with his mother,” the Huntsman says. “They found a nice planet that Huntsmen have no jurisdiction on.” I say nothing and silence falls between us. He looks at me for the longest time, his eyes devouring my body, and then he takes a deep breath and sighs. “Well, I guess I’ll go then. And you’ll probably want this.” He digs into his front pocket and pulls out a key. “I had a copy made.” He hands it to me and I close my fist around the warm metal as he turns and heads down the hall. He’s leaving, and this time, it feels like he’s leaving for good. I lick my lips, my heart suddenly pounding, and set the key on the counter.

“Wait,” I say, and hurry after him. He turns and I stop a few feet away. “What do you want from me?” He stares at me, those dark, intense eyes filled with a painful, desperate longing, but he just shakes his head.

“Nothing,” he says and crosses to the door, bending down as he pulls on his wet boots.

“I think that’s the first lie you’ve told me all



evening,” I say, standing in the hallway entrance with my arms wrapped around myself. I’m cold again. Before he can say anything, I continue. “There’s a little diner down the street—the Fey Cafe.. If you actually meant any of that shit you just told me, maybe we could get a cup of coffee or something after I get off work tomorrow.” He doesn’t say anything for the longest time. Finally he nods.

“Yeah, okay,” he says and then he leaves. Slowly, I cross the room and lock the door, my heart suddenly pounding. *What the fuck am I doing?*



I circle the block a few times, trying to work up the nerve to cross the street and go into the cafe. *What if he’s there? What if he’s not?* I’m pacing in front of the hardware store when the cafe door opens and he comes out, shrugging back into his long coat as he turns and heads up the street. He didn’t see me, but I can see the disappointment on his face. I close my eyes. This is so stupid.

Dodging traffic, I hurry across the street, the

sound of my footsteps on the pavement causing him to glance up.

“Sorry I’m late,” I say. He regards me for a moment, and then shrugs.

“I’m still here,” he says, “so you’re not too late.” He gestures toward the cafe, but I shake my head, reaching out to grab his arm. I don’t even like coffee, I was just testing him. He passed.

“C’mon,” I say, tugging at him before letting go. “My place.” He arches an eyebrow, but follows me down the street and into my building. Neither of us says a word as we stand in the foyer, waiting for the elevator. I smile and nod at Mrs. Shiven as she steps out and the Huntsman opens the lobby door for her. I stand in the doorway of the empty elevator car, holding the doors open as it makes angry pinging noises at me, and step back as he joins me inside. The doors slide shut and I glance over at him. “Why me?”

He looks at me for a moment, and then shrugs. “Why did you follow me into the toilet?”

“I...don’t know.”

“Me neither.”

I rock back on my heels, staring at the numbered panel, watching each floor light up. Four. Five. I'm on twelve. Fuck, this elevator is slow. Suddenly, the Huntsman lunges at me, shoving me back against the wall, and my heart jumps into my throat.. I tense, but then he presses his lips to mine, a deep, greedy kiss, and I open my mouth to him, our tongues tangling, and slide my hands down his shirt, my fingers playing with the button of his jeans before I slowly draw the zipper down. He moans into my mouth as the elevator lurches to a stop and the doors clunk and groan as they slide open. I reluctantly pull away, my hand tucked down the front of his briefs as I lead him down the hall to my door.

My hand is trembling as insert my key into the lock. This is crazy. I turn the key and he reaches past me, shoving the door open and hustling us both inside. He shuts the door and locks it, his eyes boring into me as he leans back against the wood and kicks off his shoes. I do the same, my lips dry, heart racing as he steps toward me and takes my hand, leading me down the hall to my own bedroom.

“What do you want?” I ask, taking my hand

back and stepping over to the bedside table. It *is* my apartment, after all. “Top or bottom?” I open the drawer and poke through the contents until I find an almost full tube of lube.

“Doesn’t matter,” the Huntsman says, stepping up behind me and wrapping his arms around my waist. He unbuttons my jeans and slides his hands inside my pants, shoving them down as he strokes my hardening cock through my briefs. “I just want this in my mouth, now.” He lets go as I turn to face him and sinks to his knees. I run my hands through his soft, graying hair as he slides my clothes down and takes me into his mouth, drawing a low moan from my lips. I watch, my cock sliding in and out of his mouth as he sucks and licks, one hand resting on my leg and the other shoved down the front of his pants.

“Great Maele, you are good at this,” I gasp as his tongue rubs up the underside of my cock and swirls around the head. He glances up, his eyes meeting mine, and then swallows me clear to the back of his throat. I brush the hair back from his brow and feel myself falling into those dark eyes. His eyes—they’re open. “What were you thinking about?” I ask suddenly, and he

arches an eyebrow. “On the roof, the last time you did this. Your eyes were closed. What were you thinking about?”

He lets me slip from his mouth and uses the edge of the bed to push himself back to his feet. “You,” he says, and kisses me. His hands glide up and down my sides, finally coming to rest at my waist, and I gasp as he suddenly pulls away and pushes me down onto the bed. “It was always you,” he says, climbing on top of me. “Ever since I laid eyes on you. On the roof,” he kisses my lips, “in the toilet,” my throat, “in my dreams,” my chest, “in my shower...” His lips brush my navel and I arch my back, my breath loud and ragged. “Every time I touch myself, I see your face, I call out your name.” He leans down and licks the precum leaking from my cock.

This is wrong. I sit up and reach out, catching him by the arm. He raises his eyes, a shadow of uncertainty creeping across his face. “I had nightmares about you,” I say. “I feared you, hated you—I don’t even remember your name.”

For a long moment, he just stares at me. “It’s Ryel,” he says at last.

“Ryel?” I frown. “That’s not what you told me.”

“I told you my Huntsman name. Ryel was my name before I joined the Huntsmen.” A warmth fills my chest. Huntsmen never tell *anyone* their given names. I reach out, cupping his thin, weathered cheek in my hand as I draw him to me. Soft and slow, my lips melt against his. I can’t remember the last time I kissed anyone like this.

He draws back, out of breath, and climbs off the bed. I lean back on my elbows and smile as I watch him slip out of his jeans and briefs. I never got a chance to appreciate it before, but he’s got a really nice cock. He grabs the lube and starts to climb back onto the bed. I put my foot in the middle of his chest and grin as I scrunch my toes, pulling at the soft material of his T-shirt.

“C’mon, handsome, take it all off,” I say.

A crooked smile tugs at the corner of his mouth. “You really want to see this pasty old bag of bones?” I nod. “Maybe later.” He grabs my ankle and pushes it aside, crawling between my legs. Without warning, he leans down and engulfs my cock in his hot mouth again.

“Careful,” I say with a groan, “I’m not going to last long if you keep doing that..”

He sits back and licks his lips. “Don’t worry about it—you’re young; you’ll recover quickly.” He twists the cap off the lube and slicks his fingers. “Besides, I want you to come in my mouth.”

“Oh, shit,” I whisper, breathless as his words shudder through me. “Now *that’s* a pick-up line.” He licks up the underside of my cock and then swallows me again, his slippery fingers rubbing across my asshole before pushing inside. I lift my hips off the bed, the breath catching in my throat as he finds my prostate and presses against it, moving his fingers in slow circles. “Oh, fuck, “ I gasp, my feet jerking as I come. He moans, the vibrations racing up my cock, and continues to massage inside me as he swallows every drop.

When he lets me slip from his mouth, I’m spent and limp. I lie back on the bed, out of breath and unable to move. “That was amazing,” I say.

“We’re not finished yet,” he says, and a shudder runs through me as he pulls his fingers out of my ass. With a groan, I raise my head and watch

him spread the lube along his shaft. He reaches for me, but I draw one leg up and put my foot against his chest again.

“You’re still wearing that shirt,” I say.

“I’d like to keep it on,” he says after a minute. I frown and push myself up on my elbows again.

“Why? Because you’re older than me?”

“Because you’ve got the body of a sex god and I’m almost old enough to be your grandfather..”

I laugh. “I don’t care. Now c’mon—I want to see you.” I sit up and reach for his shirt, but he catches my hands in his and holds them tight. I stop smiling. He’s really serious. “Ryel,” I say quietly, “I don’t care how old you are, or how bad you think you look. You’re not going to turn me off.” After a moment, he sighs and lets go of my hands. He hesitates, and then reaches up and draws his shirt off over his head.

My eyes roam across his bare shoulders as he holds the shirt in front of his chest.. He’s thin, but not skeletal; pale, but not sickly. I don’t see anything wrong with him. He glances at me, his dark eyes holding mine for a long moment, then he looks away and lets his shirt fall to his lap.



I gasp and he flinches. "That's exactly why I didn't want you to see," he says, grabbing his shirt and starting to climb off the bed. I grab his arm and pull him back, jerking the T-shirt out of his hands as he tries to put it back on.

"I was surprised," I say, chucking the shirt across the room as he tries to take it back from me. "You said you were an old bag of bones. You didn't say a thing about huge fucking scars." He stops trying to pull out of my grasp and sits on the edge of the bed, his face turned away from me. I reach out and press my fingertips to the four deep, silver scars running from his left shoulder to his navel. Claw marks. "One of us did this to you."

"I was young and on a hunt," he says, barely loud enough for me to hear. "A werelion knocked me from my horse, ripped me wide open, and left me to die."

"I'm sorry," I say, but he just shakes his head and shoves my hand away.

"Why? I was trying to kill him. He hadn't done a damn thing to anyone and I hunted him down and put a bullet in him. He was just defending himself...they were all just defending themselves."

For a long moment, I don't say anything. I've never met a Huntsman who regretted his actions before.

"You were misled," I say finally. "You didn't know any better." I reach up and brush his hair back from his brow, the graying strands soft under my fingertips. He looks over at me, guilt and shame evident in his dark eyes. Am I supposed to tell him that it's all okay? That it's all right that he murdered countless innocent Werewolf? I can't. But I'm not going to hold it against him, either. "C'mon, now, I thought you weren't finished yet," I say, my hand at the back of his neck as I draw him toward me. "For a pasty bag of bones, you're sure making me horny."

He laughs. "I knew you were a slut." He kisses me and I groan, opening my mouth to him, my tongue sliding along his. *He tastes good.* His hands find my shoulders and he starts to push me down onto my back, but I pull away.

"What?"

In answer, I rise up on my knees and shove him backward. Swinging one leg over him, I straddle his waist, his cock rubbing underneath my balls. He runs his hands up and down my thighs as I

twist my upper body around and grasp his cock, stroking it a few times before I guide it to my ass. He groans and lifts his hips off the bed, sliding into me, and I arch my back, my eyes closing as he fills me.

I ride him, my hands roving over his chest, paying no attention to his scars, and he watches me with lust filled eyes. "You're so beautiful," he says, his voice rough, husky. I smile and grab his hands, pulling him up into a sitting position..

"So are you," I say, and I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, after all. His arms encircle my waist, pulling me closer, his cock sliding deeper, and I moan into his mouth. He feels so good inside me..

He twists his body sideways and I cling to him, my legs wrapping around his waist as he presses my back into the mattress. I raise my hips as he thrusts into me, his cock hitting my prostate again and again, pleasure gathering like a storm low in my belly, splintering sharp and sudden like lightning, making my feet twitch.. I cry out as I come, thunder rolling after the lightning, shuddering through me, making me

ache and tremble in his arms. He pounds into me, his fingers digging into my back, his breath hard and ragged on my neck. With a shout, he sinks into me, his hips jerking as he comes.

Neither of us moves for a long time. I try to catch my breath, and I enjoy the warmth of his body, the feel of him on me, inside of me, the smell of our sweat. He pulls away first, slipping out of me, and I reluctantly let go of him. With a groan, he rolls over and lies beside me.

“That was amazing,” he says after a while.

“Yeah,” I say. I lie there for another minute and then sit up. I’m sticky and my legs feel like rubber as I climb off the bed. “I’m going to go clean up.” He doesn’t say anything. I take myself to the bathroom and shut the door. As I wash myself, I keep looking down at the key on the counter.. Should I give it back to him? I hardly know him, and up until an hour ago, I hated him. But now...

I return to my room, taking a washcloth, but leaving the key. He hasn’t moved, and doesn’t move as I clean him off, but I can feel him staring at me. With a sigh, I lie back down beside him, staring up at the ceiling as I wait for him to

Speak.. This was his idea; he can decide where we go from here.



I open my eyes, blinking into darkness. I fell asleep.

“Ryel?” I say, sitting up. No answer. I reach out, sweeping my hand across the bed beside me, but the quilt is empty and cold. He’s been gone for a while. I sit and stare into the darkness, an unexpected heaviness in my chest. I should have given him that key.

After a minute, I get up and grab my robe off the back of the door before venturing out into my apartment. I flick on the light as I step into the living room, staring, for a moment, at the empty couch. I walk to the kitchen, but by now I realize that he’s really gone. I check the door—it’s locked. I lean back against it and hang my head, my arms crossed over my chest, as I stare down at my feet. I should have said something. So much of the trouble we had was because of things left unspoken. I should have told him I wanted him to stay.

I sigh and straighten up, turning off the living room light as I head back down the hall. I have to piss. In the bathroom, I relieve myself and turn to the sink, holding my hands under the water as I wait for it to heat up. I glance down at the counter and a crooked smile pulls at the corner of my mouth. The key is gone.

## About the Author

I was born and raised in western Oregon's Willamette Valley. After graduating high school, I skipped college and took a part-time job to help support my family. I am contentedly unattached, working for the school district, and spending all my free time writing, reading, or watching TV, movies and sporting events. I'm a huge football and NASCAR fan.

I've been writing stories since I was ten, and in all these years, the one constant in my writing has always been the magic, the supernatural, the inexplicable. Nothing inspires me like fantasy. These days I'm working on numerous short stories and a dark homoerotic fantasy romance series, the first two volumes of which are *Magebound* available in spring of 2009 and *Spellwrought* available in Spring of 2010 through PD Publishing.

## Book Excerpts

Following are some excerpts of other hot m/m erotic romance titles from Shadowfire Press.

If you enjoyed *Unspoken* by Katica Locke you might also like *Plague Dance* by Michael Barnette.

*A plague ravaged the world. Cory and Deshawn survived. But can they survive Roderik, the man who would be King?*

After a mutated strain of Ebola ended the world as we know it, Staff Sergeant Deshawn Roberts finds himself alone and longing for companionship.

Cory Wilson, one time office worker, finds himself a captive of Roderick, King of the Lone Star Empire. It's a life of slavery worse than death, and Cory escapes to find himself on the run.

Brought together by chance, can these two men survive in the harsh reality of post Collapse America, and will they find the love they both crave?



## Book Excerpts

Here is a short excerpt from *Plague Dance* by Michael Barnette

A torrent poured forth from the darkened sky, the pounding drops intermingled with the chattering sounds of hail against the windows. Bursts of lightning shattered the night, bright as explosions in an embattled city.

Deshawn Roberts stared out at the fury of nature, wondering who else might be out there witnessing the storm. Wondering if he might be the only one left after the outbreak of Ebola tore through the country leaving millions dead.

Millions that included almost everyone else on the base where he'd been stationed.

Other than himself he didn't know who else might have survived the pandemic that had swept the US— the entire world— and left more people dead than living.

The barracks where he'd lived with the rest of his platoon was empty, the rest of the men he'd liked, and those he'd tolerated were dead. Their

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mortal remains lay in the mass grave he'd managed to dig with a backhoe from a construction site, a subdivision that would never be finished.

There was no one left to do the work, and no one alive to buy the half finished houses anyway.

Of the hundreds of people who'd lived at the base, he was the only one left.

Him alone with the echoing silence. He'd never understood that term, 'echoing silence' until he experienced the utter quiet of a place so devoid of life that seeing a bird made his heart fill with joy.

He braced his forearms against the window sill, stared out at the raging storm.

Lonely.

He craved the sound of a human voice. The camaraderie of other soldiers, of men he knew, missed, wished he could talk to one last time. Share a beer and off color jokes, stare at the TV and hear laughter and angry words exchanged.

To hear any voice break the plague of silence that ate at him day after day the way the plague of

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the body had eaten away at the people he knew until all that remained was the dust of the grave.

*Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust.* The words mocked him. Taunted him with the promise of a release from loneliness he was unable to take.

A few others *had* survived, a couple men from a different platoon, one of the officers from his own command group. But they'd gone to find their families and no one had tried to prevent it. Not after captain Ferrel had killed himself in the bedroom of his home, surrounded by his Ebola murdered family. There wasn't much point in saying anything to them about duty or remaining to guard the base. Not after the government collapsed.

That's what the media had begun to call it in the last few struggling days of the United States. The Collapse. The end of civilization as everyone knew it. Even then the reports of warlords rising to power were coming in. Men— women too— carving out a niche in the plague shattered land.

He wondered if any of the men he'd known reached their homes. Wondered if they'd found anyone alive if they had.

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Deshawn sighed, gaze riveted on the wild night, the storm torn riot beyond the glass and came to a decision.

At first light he would load up a Humvee with supplies and head out. There wasn't any reason to remain at the base, no one left to care what he did or whether he remained loyal to his oath as a soldier.

With no government he had no one left to be loyal *to*, so his oath meant less than the rain hammering the base.

Sooner or later other survivors would show up. Survivors he might not want to meet. People like the warlord types the last few newscasts he'd seen reported about. He'd heard a few radio broadcasts after that, the station running on a generator for a few days. The last disc-jockey left for hundreds of miles talking himself hoarse, passing on any information he received, broadcasting rumors about the self-proclaimed King of the Lone Star Empire. A king who the rumors said was some former military guy named Roderik who'd raised an army and sent them rampaging around the countryside capturing the few people alive. People he forced to work

## Book Excerpts

for him, women he turned into servants fit only to cook and clean, the prettiest ones forced into lives of slave prostitution.

Then the station went silent. Either out of fuel for the generator or silenced by one of the warlords. Deshawn didn't know and he'd probably never find out.

In the long run it hardly mattered.

The world had gone from a thriving global economy, from civilized high-tech and instant communication across the globe to a barbaric age of savagery in the span of less than a month.

There *were* some really bad customers out there, prowling the post-Collapse landscape. People he had no desire to meet. Nor any desire to join in their egomaniacal quest for power.

"Rain, rain go away," he murmured to himself before turning from the hammering of hail and rain to try and get some sleep.

Deshawn climbed out of his bunk the next morning, loaded up the Humvee and rolled out into the new world created by the Hand of Fate at a wink from Old Man Death.

## Book Excerpts

Or you might like *Supernatural Alliance 2: Trapped in Beauty* by Michael Barnette.

*A tygon Protector. A vampire Prince of the Blood. Undeniable passion draws them together, duty keeps them apart.*

Protector Trevor Graham, a tygon shifter, is member of an elite military division whose job is keeping the nobles of the Supernatural Alliance safe from danger. Trevor loves his job. That is until he's assigned to be the Protector of Alfonse Maxmillian, Prince of the Blood of Nevanar. Protecting a young and impulsive vampire Prince isn't a duty Trevor wants, but duty takes precedence over personal desires.

Alfonse Maxmillian, Prince of the Blood and newest member of the Supernatural Alliance's ruling council doesn't want a bodyguard. As a Prince of the Blood he feels he can protect himself without the help of any stuffed uniform. But when the Protector assigned to him turns

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out to be a virile tygon shifter things take a turn neither of them expect.

Here is a short excerpt of *Supernatural Alliance 2: Trapped in Beauty*.

“The train will take us to our destination.” The sound of the vampire’s voice wrapped around his mind the way a catchy tune might invade his thoughts. Vampiric power. As a tygon warrior he was immune to such mental games.

Frowning, Trevor followed him into the car, setting his duffel on a nearby seat and taking the one beside his guide.

The fragrance of the vampire reached him, close proximity making it more evident.

Spice. Sweet and enticing, the scent a powerful attractant that had lured Humans to their doom for thousands of years. long ages ago before any of the living vampire Families came into existence. Sitting near the vampire he discovered that even a tygon trained to war wasn’t immune to the power of the scent. Desire washed through

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him, and he shuddered, shocked that he could be affected by the scent of a vampire despite his training.

*This shouldn't be happening to me. I've been trained to resist even the most insidious mental tampering of the oldest vampires, yet the mere scent of this young captain is arousing me in ways I've never experienced. I'll have to let the trainers at HQ know that there are some Families our training doesn't seem to properly protect us from.*

Uneasy about the failing of the training he'd received, Trevor got up and changed seats, moving to a place across the car from the vampire captain.

A tiny smirk curled the vampire's lips, the expression quickly gone, though, from the look of the hardened flesh he couldn't help noticing, the vampire seemed to find his own presence as enticing.

He coughed, glanced around the deserted car. "How much longer until we depart?"

The vampire shrugged, his too keen gaze sweeping along his body, a tiny smile playing at



## Book Excerpts

the corners of his sensual lips. “Any time now I’d think.”

*What is wrong with me? I’m here on an assignment to take care of a vampire Prince, not to get friendly with his staff.*

But the attraction, strange as it might be, couldn’t be denied. He wanted nothing more than to grab the vampire who sat there smirking his superiority and kiss him into submission.

Oddly, he was sure that would be the end result of any sexual encounter between them. The vampire could lure him in with his scent and the almost teasing smiles, but in the end he’d take the vampire and show him why tygons weren’t creatures to be idly toyed with.

The thought sent a thrum of lust through him and he felt the ripple of a desire born shift trying to erupt, his skin tingled. A shiver rippled along his spine as fur tried to grow down his back and across both shoulders.

*It’s definitely time to think about something else. Anything else.*

## Book Excerpts

You might also like *Sweet Pet* by J. Applebee.

*Geon is desperate to be free. Can Stephan's love release the shapeshifter from his cage?*

Geon is a Shapeshifter, raised by humans, but kept like a pet. His new owner, Robert wants to use him for his own pleasure, and to entertain friends, but Geon dreams of a life beyond being Robert's personal sex toy.

As Christmas draws near, Geon escapes into the arms of a stranger named Stephan. Together they enjoy intense passionate encounters that leave both men hungry for more. However, Robert wants his pet back, and he thinks nothing of using force and blackmail to snatch the shifter away.

Stephan takes matters into his own hands when he sets out to rescue his new lover from the clutches of the powerful man. He uses an innovative and sexually charged plan to make sure that when the New Year rolls around, Geon will be free forever.

## Book Excerpts

Here is a short excerpt from *Sweet Pet* by J. Applebee

Geon answered him, by removing the large coat in a single shrug. Stephan looked at the garment as it lay around Geon's bare feet, and then he looked up, followed the sleek lines of Geon's legs, the powerful looking muscles of his thighs, the rigid cock that pointed right at him.

Stephan gulped at the sight. He returned his hands to Geon's cool skin, stroked up and down the other man's chest, and over the peaked points of his nipples. Geon gasped quietly, and arched up to Stephan's exploring fingers with a murmur of delight. The sound seemed to echo against Stephan's own frame, and he could feel himself begin to harden.

"This is all kinds of wrong," he murmured. "This shouldn't be happening."

"Just tell me how you feel." Geon nuzzled the dark brown skin of Stephan's neck, with hot breath, and he felt the other man stiffen with resistance before he finally spoke.

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“Good, so good,” Stephan whispered, surprised at the hoarseness in his throat. “What does it feel like--when you change I mean, do you feel the fur coming out? Does it hurt?” Stephan asked with curiosity, and Geon chuckled lightly. He stroked a gentle path over Stephan’s backside, on the skin just above his thick leather belt.

“It’s ticklish; makes me want to rub myself all over,” Geon growled, and then ground his hips against Stephan.

“My bedroom’s upstairs,” he whispered.

Stephan climbed the stairs, not daring to look over his shoulder as he moved. He didn’t want to question what was real, and what was not.

As the door closed behind them, Stephan stepped out of his T-shirt and jeans. The warmth that had gathered now slipped away from him, and he was left feeling exposed and totally vulnerable. Geon’s arms were around him in moments, squeezing, and kneading the long muscles of his arms and his back. Each press of flesh released a soft moan of surrender, and Geon claimed that too. He crushed his lips on Stephan’s own, parted the hungry mouth beneath, and sucked on the hesitant tongue

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inside. Stephan felt the room tip as he fell backwards onto his small bed. He exhaled in a whoosh of forced breath as Geon landed on top of him, with those amazing green eyes open, drinking in the sight of him. All too soon the comforting weight disappeared as Geon lifted himself up on his knees and elbows. He bent his head and nipped at a spot on Stephan's throat, then lower to his collarbone. Tiny flickers of not-quite-pain sparked wherever Geon bit and Stephan could almost imagine the little red marks that would be left in his wake. When Geon reached his purple-tinged cock, Stephan held himself rigidly, not daring to move. But Geon did not bite; he just made a low noise in his throat that reverberated against Stephan's balls. He swallowed him completely in a slow, wet gulp. When Geon withdrew, the empty dampness made Stephan want to howl with frustration. He felt his hands move to Geon's hair, but his new lover batted his hand away, and kept out of reach.

"Tell me what you want, Stephan," he purred.

A thousand different words battled on

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Stephan's tongue, and he mouthed soundlessly until a single expression escaped into the air.

"Please," he gasped, arching off the bed. "Please, Geon." He was shameless with desire; it had been longer than he wanted to admit since someone had done anything close to this with him. He looked up, and the evil smile on Geon's face made him want to snarl. Geon lowered his head once more, and sucked Stephan's dick in a noisy slurp. Geon's tongue was longer and more agile than any that Stephan had encountered before; it seemed to wrap itself around the length of his hardness, and pull on the core of his being, until he felt himself disappear into the depths of Geon's throat. Stephan jerked violently as he came with a muttered curse.

You might also enjoy *The Kabbid-Dai* by Sabrina Hunt

*Master and slave, demon and human, their love must survive the Kabbid-Dai.*

## Book Excerpts

In a single day the human race fell. A spell wiped out the sun, sending the world into darkness, and from that darkness rose a race of people forgotten since before the beginning of recorded history. Secretive, despising human beings, this new race is known to the humans only as “demons.” These demons enslaved the former rulers of the world, turning the Sun into a myth believed in only by the oldest of the old.

Once a year--on the day known to humans as the Burning Day, and hailed by the demons as the *Kahbid-Dai*--humans are burned in sacrifice to the god Kahbid.

This is the world in which Joshua is born. Young, beautiful, Joshua is slave to the demon known as Feyahn, and they have fallen in love. Yet, as one of the healthier examples of his race, Joshua is in danger, for the healthy go to Lord Kahbid. It is blasphemy for Feyahn to love him, and worse to think of saving him from the *Kahbid-Dai*....

Here is a short excerpt from *The Kahbid-Dai* by Sabina Hunt

## Book Excerpts

Finally, in a tinkle of jewels and ornaments, Feyahn turned from the window, pale blue eyes coming to rest on his slave. Joshua sometimes wondered if his master might be part human, for most demon's eyes were stark white, a mark of living so long in darkness. Feyahn was so different in so many ways. The demon smiled, a soft but not entirely genuine smile.

"You don't realize, do you?" The question fell in musical notes from well-formed black lips. Feyahn closed the space between them with a few chiming steps, then sat beside Joshua on the low bed. A clawed hand came up to caress Joshua's cheek, a cheek he gratefully pressed further into Feyahn's touch. "You don't know how perfect you are."

"You're the perfect one," Joshua murmured in return. He still feared, still wondered at the things his master asked of him, but nothing else mattered when compared to the bliss of Feyahn's fingers. As always, given a little, Joshua craved more. The desire gave him courage, courage made him bold, and before any part of him could



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protest the action, Joshua shifted to his knees and moved to capture Feyahn's lips.

The demon's touch was hypnotizing; his kiss sent spears of hot electricity through Joshua's blood as warm as anything the mythical Sun could provide and more. Joshua moaned in joyous need when Feyahn's head tilted back, yielding to the kiss and embrace. Elsewhere, Feyahn was master and Joshua slave. In the bedroom, Feyahn became as water, flowing and pliable to Joshua's wishes. The human laced his fingers in Feyahn's well-kept hair, satisfaction flaring as he thought of how mussed it would be afterward, and how adorable Feyahn would be as he pouted over it. For now, the demon cared as much about his hair as he did for the dirt on the ground outside.

Feyahn flowed out of his robe easily, like a river flowing in twists around a bend. The two of them moved in such practiced motions they barely noticed the shedding of clothes to the floor. As Feyahn lay back, Joshua leaned forward, his lips coming down on the ebony expanse of his master's chest, teasing and pleasing in just the right way to have Feyahn writhe beneath him.

## Book Excerpts

You can buy *Plague Dance* or *Supernatural Alliance 2: Trapped in Beauty* by Michael Barnette, *Sweet Pet* by J. Applebee and *The Kahbid-Dai* By Sabrina Hunt along with other fine m/m erotic romance and yaoi titles from:

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