



*Published by Phaze Books
Also by Michelle Houston*

Kinky Girls Do

*“Inferno” from
Coming Together Under Fire
Phaze in Verse
Diggin’ Up Bones
Fated to Be
Enslaving Heaven
Parallel Attraction
A Change of Pace
Playing for Keeps
Blood Slave
Her Best Man
Taming the Wolf
A Bid for Love
Embracing the Leopard
Unleashing the Jaguar*



This is an explicit and erotic novel
intended for the enjoyment
of adult readers. Please keep
out of the hands of children.

www.Phaze.com

Caging the Tiger

an Animal Attractions short by

MICHELLE HOUSTON

Caging the Tiger copyright 2009 by Michelle Houston

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.



A Phaze Production
Phaze Books
6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222
Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

To order additional copies of this book, contact:
books@phaze.com
www.Phaze.com

Cover art © 2009 Michelle Lee
Edited by Michele Dowdey

eBook ISBN-13: 978-1-60659-540-4
First Edition – December, 2009
Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Warning: the unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Kyle ran his fingers over the crinkled edge of the letter that he had read so many times—he knew the contents by heart. In high school, his teacher had encouraged the class to reach out to someone in the community, someone in a field they admired or with whom they shared a common interest.

He'd chosen a young magician named Meric. At the time, he couldn't really explain what had caused him to write to the illusionist. Certainly it wasn't any great belief in magic. Having grown up in a series of foster homes, many of them not the best environment for a young man, he had long since lost his innocent belief in such things.

Yet the illusionist drew him.

So he took a chance and wrote him a letter, never expecting to hear back.

Now, almost five years later, he had well over a hundred letters and postcards from Mark, bearing postmarks from all over the world. Focusing his attention back on the letter he held, Mark's latest to him, he closed his eyes and recited the words aloud, needing to hear them, imagining what the other man's voice sounded like.

Kyle,

I have finally managed to book a show in your town, and would like to invite you to attend. Enclosed is a set of five tickets. Please, feel free to invite some of your friends.

I do hope to finally meet you. It's been such a pleasure the last five years.

*Sincerely,
Meric/Mark*

Opening his eyes, Kyle rubbed his thumb over the signature, tracing the gracefully flowing lines. So much had changed in the last five years. It had only been a year into his

pen-pal relationship with the magician that he discovered a dormant side to himself.

Now, he wondered if there were others like him. Thanks to the press about Meric's new act, he had to wonder if his friend carried the same secret in his heart. Could the other man also turn into a tiger?

* * * *

"Ladies and gentleman, I want to thank you for attending our show. As I am sure many of you are aware, we have added a new feature, and I hope that you find it as spellbinding as you have the rest of the evening."

Kyle watched as Mark, in his Meric persona, wandered around the metal cage. His assistant stood behind it as Mark grasped a colorfully draped rod as he shoved it between all of the bars, one at a time, showing there was no hidden compartment.

"As you can see, this cage is what it appears to be." When he allowed his assistant to pull the rod out of his hands and through the back of the cage on the last set of bars, the chains attached to the top of the cage started to lift it off of the ground. The magician grabbed hold of the side and rose with the cage until he was dangling about ten feet over the stage.

"For the last feat of the evening, I am going to climb inside of this cage and transform myself into a living tiger." Following his words with actions, he swung himself onto the top of the cage where he lifted a small door and gracefully dropped through it, resting inside the cage, which would barely hold a full grown tiger.

Kyle leaned forward in his seat as the assistant used the hook at the end of the rod to pull the curtains closed along the front and sides of the cage. Slowly it started to rotate, and the audience went silent.

Then the curtains fell away, revealing a white Bengal tiger in place of the man. The audience went wild, clapping and showing their astonishment as the cage was lowered to the stage and the lovely assistant stepped forward and attached a leash to the collar around the tiger's neck. Carefully she opened the cage and led the tiger past the edge of the curtains and off the stage.

Moments later the illusionist came bounding back out, chasing his assistant, a collar and leash dangling from his neck. When he reached the middle of the stage he stopped and suddenly turned to the audience with a flourish and bowed amid the thunderous applause.

Kyle clapped along almost unconsciously as his gaze trailed over the man who called himself Meric. He wasn't certain, anymore than he had been when he first found out his pen pal was adding a tiger to his show, but he was coming to suspect that Mark was a shifter, same as he was.

Which he desperately hoped was true, because he had begun to fear he was the only one. His gaze lifted to look the magician in the face and found a pair of piercing blue eyes staring back at him. A cocky half-smile curved his friend's lips, and Kyle knew he had been looking for him.

Almost twenty minutes later, Kyle was still sitting in the fourth row from the stage, alone now that everyone else had left. He wasn't certain what he was waiting for. By all reasoning he should be trying to find a way to talk to the illusionist, but hadn't thought of a good way to get past his security. He could only hope that Mark would come to him since, after all, he had invited Kyle.

It was with a start that he realized that he wasn't alone. A black clad form dropped into the seat next to him, the fragrance of sweat, masculine heat, and subtle cologne teasing his nose. Glancing up, his eyes again met startling blue ones. Looking into the eerily light eyes, Kyle fought the bolt of need that clawed at his insides. Ever since he hit his late teens and the tiger within him made itself known, he had struggled against the strong urge to mate when an attractive male stirred his interest.

With this male, though, it had been almost uncontrollable. So many nights he'd closed his eyes and thought of the other man, remembering lines in his letters.

Thanks to press photos, he even had an image to go with the words. All that lacked was a voice. The few recordings of his show he managed to find were low quality, and you couldn't hear him over the noise of the audience.

Uncertain what he was, he couldn't risk the tiger taking control during the heat of passion and hurting his partner. Forced

celibacy was eating at him, but it just wasn't a chance he was willing to take.

And now that he was alone with the object of so many nights' fantasies, someone who by all rights probably saw him as just a friend, he could feel his body responding. The tiger was growling softly, demanding to be let out and petted.

"I see you decided to attend my show. I wondered when I didn't hear back from you, that you might be unsure about meeting face-to-face." Kyle almost melted at the other man's words. His voice was just as he had imagined it to be, masculine and haunting at the same time—almost musical, with a faint English accent.

"Not unsure, just, well, unsure."

"Well now, that was crystal clear." Gracefully Mark shifted in his seat and turned towards Kyle, his long legs stretched out in front of him, his slender hands clasped together on his lap.

Kyle waited to see if Mark would follow his statement with something else. The silence lapsed into discomfort, and he found himself squirming under the magician's steady gaze.

"Either way, I'm glad to finally meet the man behind the words."

"Me, too."

Kyle fell silent again, watching the rise and fall of the other man's chest as he struggled to form the question he was desperate to ask, even as he feared the answer. If he was wrong, he would most certainly lose the only real friend he had.

Five years of Mark's letters, five years of trust and pouring his soul out to someone and hearing the good and bad in response, was a lot to risk. He knew that. But his tiger was very close to the surface, the roaring louder with each breath he took. He became saturated in the magician's scent, each breath filling his lungs and tormenting him.

His cock was as hard as it had ever been, straining at the seam of his pants, and he had a good idea Mark knew it.

They had talked about everything, including their shared liking of other men, everything except one key fact—Kyle could turn into a tiger.

Taking a deep breath, he looked into Mark's blue gaze and lost his courage.

“You okay there, Kyle? You know that you can talk to me. Something is obviously bothering you, has been for a while now judging by your letters. So come on, spill it.”

“You know that I’m an orphan,” Kyle said the first thing that came to his mind to explain his presence. Mark leaned back in his seat and cocked his head to the side, his eyes taking on a quizzical glint.

“I’m oddly curious to see how this conversation is going to evolve. Go on.”

Kyle fidgeted in his seat, not wanting to reveal too much in case he was wrong, but needing to know desperately if he was right about the other man, if he was a shifter.

“I’ve watched parts of your act on YouTube, and I managed to spot the trick behind the illusion. In all of your acts I could see how you did it, either a slight of hand here, a misdirection there. Incredible smoke and mirrors really, but not anything beyond a well-honed and breathtakingly incredible talent. But that last act, the magic of it all, I had to know. I still have to know.”

Mark’s firm lips curled into a half-smile, and Kyle felt his pulse jump. Judging by the flaring of the other man’s nostrils and the briefest of glances at his lap, Mark knew he was attracted to him. Not exactly where he wanted this evening to go, except his body was screaming *yes*, this is exactly what it wanted.

“How does this tie in to your being an orphan exactly?”

Although he had told his pen pal damn near everything about himself, Kyle had never even hinted at what he could do. Now was the point of turning back, if he was going to. After the hell he had been through growing up, trusting someone was enough to make his heart race. Trusting someone with this kind of a secret was torture, but he had learned to listen to his tiger over the last few years, and it now demanded that he tell the other man about its existence.

It wanted Mark, it wanted to claim him, to be claimed by him. To mate and fuck and make love, and have sex until both man and animal were exhausted. Then to sleep and, upon waking, do it all over again.

Feeling like he was following Alice down the rabbit hole, straight to the loony bin, he asked straight out, “Is it just an

unbelievably good illusion, or do you actually shift into a tiger? 'Cause I can, and I don't know if I am a genetic freak, or if there are more like me."

The smile on Mark's lips widened, and softened. His blue eyes never broke from Kyle's gaze. Relaxed by it, Kyle didn't expect the other man to move as quickly as he did. One moment he was sitting almost motionless beside him, the next he had leaned down and buried his nose in the valley between Kyle's neck and shoulder. After inhaling deeply, he started chuckling.

"Well I'll be damned. I had hoped, but—" Abruptly he cut himself off and sat back hard against the chair.

As he moved, Kyle saw a change come over the other man. He could almost see the energy sweeping over Mark's skin, the barely leashed animal thrusting at his flesh, demanding to be let out to play. Faint stripes rippled across the smooth expanse of his arm, then faded away. He was no longer perfectly motionless, despite sitting still. Deep inside of himself, Kyle heard his own tiger's answering roar.

"So you don't think I'm nuts?" Kyle had to be certain. Life had taught him that. Even though Kyle was his friend, things could still go very wrong very quickly.

The magician knew where he lived, knew where he worked, and even his daily routine. He could wreck everything if he chose. Almost worse than the potential fallout was that he could be imagining what he wanted to see, what he craved.

In answer the other man stood and moved into the aisle. From one moment to the next he was gone, and in his place stood a tiger, its black stripes stark against the pearly whiteness of his coat. It gave a faint roar and swiped at him with a paw, stroking it down his leg.

Kyle blinked again and Mark stood before him once more.

"I know you have trouble trusting people, Kyle, but I had hoped over the years that you had at least learned to trust me."

Kyle nodded, still shell-shocked by what he had seen. It was one thing to think it, quite another to have see, and feel, proof.

"I do trust you, Mark, probably more than you can understand. I did tell you, after all."

“Yes. Yes, you did that.” When Mark held out his hand, Kyle unconsciously clasped it and allowed himself to be pulled out of his seat.

“I see that we have a lot to talk about.”

Kyle nodded at the other man’s words. He had so many questions, he didn’t even know where to begin. Unfortunately, the heat of the other man’s touch made it extremely hard for him to think about anything but the fact they were both gay, both shifters, and that he was halfway in love with the other man, and had been for a few years now.

It wasn’t anything he was going to burden Mark with, though. Some things needed to remain unsaid between friends.

Less than a half hour later, he was sitting across from the most charismatic man he had ever met, and possibly the answer to all of his questions, in the tight enclosure of an RV. He could hear the sounds of the world around them moving past the metal walls, but in that moment all that mattered was Mark.

If he thought about it, in the last five years, all that had mattered to him was Mark and the weekly letters and the postcards from every place he visited.

The magician had shed his cape but kept the tight fitting leather pants and the flowing white shirt, which molded to his chest. Every breath he took, every shift of his body, drew Kyle’s attention. He was hyper-aware of the attraction flowing between them, which they were both working to ignore.

“So, where do you want to start?”

Kyle shrugged, uncertain what he wanted to know most.

“Okay, well since it’s been a long night, how about I talk, and if you have any questions you just jump in.”

Kyle nodded and leaned back against the oversized couch. Mark paused to pull out a tea pitcher from the mini fridge and pour them both a glass. He took a quick sip of his tea, and Kyle watched the muscles in his throat as he swallowed.

“You’re not alone. Let me first get that across. I guess growing up without parents you wouldn’t know that, but there are probably a few thousand of us worldwide. Tiger shifters, that is. There are also others: bear, wolf, leopard, owl, jaguar, hawk, the list goes on. Typically the shifters with the larger populations

are predators, since they stand the greatest chance of survival if they embrace their animal and go wild part of the time.”

He knew he should focus on what Mark was saying, and he was working to process the information, but at the same time he could feel the weight that had rested on his shoulders easing. He wasn’t alone; there were others of his kind. His best friend was a shifter. The man he loved, he could share himself with.

Mentally derailing that train of thought, he forced himself to focus on what Mark was saying and not his own hammering need to feel the other man’s touch, to feel close to him on a whole different level. To fully open himself up and offer his unconditional trust.

Mark must have seen his eyes glaze over or something, because he paused and asked, “Kyle, you still with me?”

“Yeah. Um—what about, um, sex?” Uncertain how to word what he wanted to know, Kyle blushed and stammered until Mark arched an eyebrow and a half smile curled his lips.

“Are we dangerous when we have sex? Does the cat come out to play? Do we mate for life? What exactly are you wanting to know?”

“Anything, everything.”

“Well, that’s helpful.”

Kyle nodded and held his breath, anxious to hear the answer but not wanting to get his hopes up.

“Okay, I know that you’re gay, since you shared that much. You know that I am as well, so obviously there are gay shifters. We are in the far minority, of course, since nature requires a male and a female to procreate. It does differ from beast to beast, though. Some shifter clans don’t have any, unless they were gay humans who were turned, like the wolves. The wolves incidentally, are one of the few who can add to their numbers by turning humans. Others are more polygamous, and will form multiple relationships at once, often with both sexes. You see that a lot in the bears.”

Mark paused and took a drink before leaning forward, the top of his shirt gaping open, allowing Kyle a view of his friend’s chest.

“We can have sex with humans, but we have to control our more animal traits. The need tends to either be dominant or submissive. There isn’t much middle ground.”

Mark leaned forward and covered Kyle’s hands with his, and pulled him to the edge of his seat. With their faces only inches apart, he tipped his head and closed the distance until his lips were a breath away from touching Kyle’s.

“As for mates, yes, we mate for life. Often we are drawn to our mate, without being aware of it at the time. Then, from one moment to the next, awareness dawns and we just know, down to the very fiber of our being, that the person we are with is the one for us. Now, I have a question for you.”

Unable to think with Mark so close, Kyle breathlessly asked, “What?”

“Are you ready to find out what it’s like, the beast riding you as you submit to the need to mate?” Before Kyle could answer, Mark pressed his lips against his and swept his tongue past Kyle’s parted lips. The feel of the man’s mouth on his sent his already strained nerves into overdrive. His cock hardened almost painfully, the blood rushing through it with each accelerated beat of his heart. He almost leapt out of his skin when Mark pulled back.

Kyle swallowed heavily as he tried to figure out how to respond. He wanted Mark, there was no doubt in his lust filled brain about that, but he wasn’t willing to risk their friendship for a roll in the sack.

No matter how good he knew it would feel. His body was on fire, craving Mark’s touch. His heart urged him to submit, to allow his body to be claimed. Ignoring the fragile emotions was the hardest thing he had ever done, but he forced himself to pull back.

“God, Mark, I wish I could.”

The light dimmed out of his friend’s eyes and Kyle watched as he sat back, his body broadcasting defeat loud and clear. Puzzled by the sudden change, he reached out to his friend, needing to comfort him.

As his fingertips brushed against the magician’s arm, Mark jerked and muttered an oath.

“If you aren’t yet sure of me, Kyle, that’s fine, but don’t fucking tease.”

“What?”

Kyle could hear the hurt in his own voice and wanted to cringe as Mark nailed him with a piercing gaze. He could see the other man working through the last few moments, calculating exactly what it meant. He had seen the same look of intense concentration when he was on stage, right before he performed an intricate movement.

“Okay, backing up the miscommunication bus here.”

Kyle couldn’t hold back the bark of laughter at Mark’s comment. His friend certainly had a way with words, something he had greatly come to adore over the years.

“I kissed you, asked you if you wanted to mate with me, and you rejected me. I figure, you don’t fully trust me yet, and that it’s too soon for you to commit to me. I understand that, knowing what I know. But then you reach out, your eyes all soft, your body broadcasting pretty strongly your attraction to me. So where are we crossing wires here, cause I’m fucking confused.”

“Commit to you?” Kyle’s heart started racing as the conversation they had just had played through his mind. Mark had mentioned knowing when you had found your mate, then he had kissed him, and asked if he was ready to have sex. Now he was talking commitment, and Kyle found himself hoping it meant what he thought, but terrified he was wrong. Curling his fingers into his palm, he winced slightly as his claws started to come out, his tiger as anxious as he was about what Mark would say.

“Yeah, commit. As in give yourself to me, let my tiger claim yours as mate. I get it if you’re not ready, but I have to be honest here, Kyle, I don’t know if I can take hearing about your oat sowing if you need a bit more playing the field first.”

“Are you saying you believe we’re mates?”

“Don’t you?”

Kyle shook his head, nodded, then shook his head again. He was so confused he didn’t know anymore. Except that his tiger was aware and roaring now, and his cock was hard to the point of spontaneous combustion if he moved wrong.

“Ah, I see now.” Without clarifying his statement, Mark stood and held out his hand. Trusting the other man, Kyle reached out and clasped his hand. The magician’s palm was warm against his, his fingers long and slender, his fingertips curiously rough and calloused. With strength that was beyond what would be expected for his slender frame, he pulled Kyle up and against him. Off balance, Kyle literally fell into his arms.

He half expected Mark to push him away, but instead he held him there, his hands slowly moving down to cup Kyle’s hips and bring him tighter against his body. Gently, almost tenderly, his friend kissed him, his lips soft and the kiss delicate. Kyle closed his eyes and breathed in the other man’s scent, savoring the musky undertones beneath the cologne he wore.

Desire slammed into him, taking his breath away. He wanted Mark, wanted to feel the other man moving over him, to feel the velvet glide of Mark’s cock in his mouth as he wrapped his lips around him, tasting the passion flowing between them.

As Mark broke the kiss, they both shared a sigh that had Kyle’s eyes flaring open. Staring into light blue eyes, he fancied he could see his future.

“You are my mate, Kyle, and when you’re ready we’ll take things to the next step. Until then, I will remain your friend.”

“What about love?” The moment he said it, Kyle knew how naïve he sounded, even as he realized that somewhere deep inside, somewhere that the hollow existence he had had to date couldn’t touch, he wanted to be loved. Craved it.

“Don’t you already know that I love you? Hell, I’ve been halfway in love with you for the last couple of years. I just had to wait until you had time to find yourself. Twenty-two isn’t so old in today’s world, and I didn’t want to rush you. But I’ve loved you since you opened up to me about your childhood. You trusted me, and I realized then how I felt about you. I just couldn’t act on it, because I worried about hurting you, emotionally and with my tiger.”

Kyle remembered exactly when he had written that letter. He had been halfway through college, thanks to Mark’s generous donation and a lot of scholarships and grants, and had found himself feeling lost, alone, and completely overwhelmed.

He had reached out to Mark, writing several letters a day, until at the end of the week he mailed them all out.

Mark's response had floored him. Instead of the "there, there" letter he had expected, his pen pal had responded in kind, telling him about the loneliness of traveling with a couple so deeply in love that they glowed with it. About the sleepless nights in strange hotel rooms, eating more take-out than home-cooked meals in a year.

About the yearning to wake up to someone, to have them cuddle close and just watch the snow fall, or listening to the sound of the rain pounding on the roof.

That's when Kyle realized how deeply he cared about the magician. How much he wanted to be the one laying in the protection of his arms, held close and safe. Now, standing in the circle of Mark's arms, he did feel safe and cherished and desired. His tiger was roaring softly now, content that it was going to get its way, but Kyle wasn't so sure. He wanted Mark with an intensity that made him tremble, but he didn't know if he was ready for a lifetime commitment.

He'd finally made it through college just a few months before, and had wondered what the hell he was going to do with the rest of his life. A degree in graphic design had seemed like a logical choice at the time.

Now, Mark was offering him options he had never thought existed before, and he wasn't sure if he should decide too suddenly. His body, however, was making rational thought almost impossible. His heart raced, his cock ached, and his fingertips tingled with the need to trace down Mark's body, to follow the line of chest hair down and see how far it led.

Pressing an open-mouthed kiss against the hollow of Mark's neck, he decided to take a chance for once in his life and really trust someone. Experience had taught him not to give lightly, but after five years if he couldn't trust his best friend—his mate—with his heart, then he couldn't trust anyone.

"Make love to me," he whispered against the side of Mark's neck as he placed soft kisses, his tongue swiping at the salty tang left behind by his sweat. Rather than break their embrace, Kyle felt Mark slowly coax him backwards, guiding him into the bedroom, even as his hands kneaded his ass.

“You know there’s no going back once we mate, Kyle. Neither of our tigers will let us walk away. The separation would kill them. We do this, and you’re packing up and going on the road with me tomorrow.”

Kyle moved his head back and nodded. “Nothing holding me here.” It was all too true. His job he could easily quit, and he doubted it would matter if he didn’t give notice, he hadn’t been there long enough to be depended on.

As for his apartment, the lease was up soon, and his few personal belongings could fit into two duffle bags. Five minutes and he could be packed and ready to go. Not much to show for twenty-two years of living, but given what he had discovered awaited him, what had come before didn’t matter so much.

Clasping Mark’s hand in his, he turned and led the way to the back of the RV, figuring it was small enough he could find the bedroom. On his first try, he managed to locate it and together they stepped into the room, Mark kicking the door shut behind them.

Suddenly shy, Kyle found he wasn’t quite certain just what to do. He wanted to tear his clothes off, climb onto the bed, and offer himself up—no preparation, no foreplay. As he moved to do just that, his lover gently clasped his arms and held him still.

Soothingly, he stroked his hands up and down Kyle’s arms, raising millions of tiny bumps as the hairs responded to his touch. A soft kiss followed, the glide of Mark’s tongue into his mouth melting him at the knees, until he collapsed backwards into the bed.

Completely uncoordinated, they managed to get their clothes off, and press their bodies as close together as they could. Kyle wanted to slow down for their first time to be what Mark needed, but his body was on fire, his ass clenching with the need for it to be possessed. His cock rubbed against his lover’s, leaving tiny drops of cum along both their stomachs as they ground against each other.

With a gasp Mark broke the kiss and somehow got the leverage needed to flip Kyle over. Stunned with the almost savagery of motion, Kyle rolled his hips back against Mark’s groin, thrilling at the feel of a cock rubbing against his ass.

“I’ve wanted you for so long,” Mark whispered as he nipped at Kyle’s back, his teeth stinging the sensitive skin with each bite. Deep inside him, Kyle’s tiger roared its approval as it coaxed him into a kneeling position, his ass offered to their mate.

Rather than mount him, though, as they both eagerly wanted, Mark moved down until he could nip at Kyle’s ass. He jerked at the sting, then rocked backwards as a lapping tongue followed. On and on it went—first a bite, then a kiss or gentle rasp of a tongue until his back, ass, and legs were completely sensitive to the slightest touch. Through it all, his cock and balls hung heavy, eager for their turn. Breathless, he waited in anticipation until—with a soft brush of air heralding what was coming—his balls were bitten.

Growling at the sensation, Kyle couldn’t resist the tiger’s urge to come to the surface. He could see his skin striping as Mark lapped at his heavy ball sac, soothing the sting. Then he bit again. Kyle wanted to be fucked, *now*! But, he couldn’t make demands. He had discovered that in the dance between them, he had no choice but to submit to his mate.

Slowly Mark made his way back up his body, nipping and soothing, until his cock finally pressed against the cleft of Kyle’s ass. Trembling with need, almost beyond coherent thought, Kyle opened himself at the slight nudge, and was rewarded by the velvet glide of a cock into his ass.

Mark wasn’t done with his sensual torment, however, as he thrust hard, he sank his teeth into Kyle’s neck, drawing out a deep growl of satisfaction as the tiger completely submitted.

Widening his legs, Kyle slid further down against the bed, his cock barely brushing the silken sheet as his lover pounded into his body, the pace picking up with each stroke. His back and legs were sensitive to each motion of his lover, each brush of hair, each slightest touch of skin. He wanted to howl in frustration as Mark kept him just on the edge of orgasm, but never quite pushed him over.

Panting with need, he kept rolling back into Mark’s motions, offering himself, allowing his ass to be claimed, but it wasn’t enough.

“I need.” He gasped, unable to articulate beyond that point. A growl was his answer, then the faint brush of fur over his body as Mark’s tiger fought him for dominance of their mate.

“Mine,” Mark rasped against his neck, demanding, not asking.

Yet, Kyle felt compelled to answer, “Yes, I’m yours. Your mate.”

Firm lips pressed against the corner of his mouth, and Kyle arched and turned his head, reaching for the kiss, the thrust of a tongue into his mouth, the motions mimicking the more savage impaling he was getting in his ass.

As Mark’s cock surged forward, deeper this time, rubbing in all the delicious spots, Kyle closed his ass. His balls tightened, and he shifted his hips down enough that he could barely glide his cock along the sheets, Mark’s firm hand held him still as he increased the pace, the bed protesting their motions as he claimed him.

Breathless, Kyle submitted, his cock jerking with the first spurt of his cum. Bracing himself on his hands, he rolled his hips backward and clenched his ass, holding Mark deep within his body as the warm flood of cum started. His own release continued, the heady scent of their mingling essence filling the small room.

Once again, they collapsed together. This time his lover was still locked inside of him, their mouth still fused as their passions crested.

* * * *

Sometime later, as he was laying in his lover’s arms, long after they had discussed their travel plans and what needed to be done in the morning for Kyle to be freed up to join him, a stray thought whispered across Kyle’s mind.

“So what do you do about animal control and all?”

Mark’s hand paused in stroking up and down his back for just a beat. Flushing slightly at how convoluted his question had been, he tried again. “There have to be rules and all to having an animal in the show. How do you deal with all of that and still be you dealing with it?”

“How can I be both human and tiger at that same time, during inspections?”

“Yeah.”

Kyle could feel his blush deepening. He had to have sounded like a complete fool, but given how mind blowing the last few hours had been, he figured he was due. Added to that his general ineptitude with small talk, and it was no wonder he was making a first class fool of himself.

“There’s a couple who travels with me, remember, my assistant and her husband, who is a vet—both of them are tiger shifters. When needed, either can fill in as my tiger.”

Kyle nodded, uncertain of what else to say. Silence reigned in the confines of the RV’s bedroom until with a soft groan Mark leaned down and kissed him again. As the other man’s tongue thrust into his mouth, Kyle had to fight the urge to crawl on top of him.

It felt so good, surrendering to his needs to his mate, that his tiger was almost impossible to keep caged. It was roaring and scratching at the insides of his body, longing to be stroked as Mark was stroking him, his hands running over his shoulders and chest as he dominated the kiss.

As Mark rolled them over and settled himself between Kyle’s thighs, his tiger quieted down, contented to feel everything through him. Soon enough it would demand its time, and he had a feeling the RV wouldn’t be able to stand up to both of them allowing their tigers to mate. But he had faith that Mark would figure something out. After all, he had figured out how to show himself to the public without anyone ever knowing he was a shifter. And he had figured out how to gain Kyle’s trust ... and his love.

About the Author

Born to ride on the back of dragons, to journey among the stars in a ship traveling faster than light, or to dance the night away in the arms of a mysterious vampire, Michelle Houston willingly shares the worlds in her mind in an effort to bring them to life.

Writing everything from short and sweet stories, to hot and spicy tales of kink, from contemporary tales of romance to erotic romances featuring Greek gods, vampires and were-creatures, she has crossed sexualities and has gone wherever her mental muse has guided her, a journey she has never regretted.

Beyond that, she has a love of the natural world around us (except for insects, spiders, snakes, scorpions, and she reserves the right to add more at any time) and hopes to share the enjoyment of the earth with her students once she finally earns her degree in secondary Biology/Earth Science Education.

In other words, she is an ordinary woman with an imagination that is only held in bounds by how fast she can type.