

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

FIRST SNOW

SELENA ILLYRIA

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Robbie's a prairie dog shifter. Kitty's a Scottish Terrier shifter. They've been friends since they were toddlers, and lovers since high school. Unfortunately, when their parents, who used to be best friends, had a fight, Robbie and Kitty became the Romeo and Juliet of Barkus, Kansas.

They've been hiding their love affair for years. Now Kitty's decided she's had enough. It's time to put up or move out. Robbie's off to tell his parents and has now returned to claim his mate.

Dedication

Dedication: Thank You, Anne and Leslie.

Chapter One

Kitty arched her back, silently asking Robbie to touch her where she wanted it most. Her nipples ached for his touch.

“Please,” she murmured roughly. Her fingers threaded through his thick, silken hair before gripping it tightly. She gasped when his tongue flicked lightly over one tightened peak and then the other, giving her teasing strokes but not what she wanted the most.

“Robbie, stop teasing me.” She groaned and tugged on his hair again. He rubbed his stubble-roughened cheek against the sensitive tip, setting off flashes of fire within her. Kitty cried out and tried to push herself further off the bed.

“Nuh uh, not yet. I’m in control,” he whispered softly.

Robbie circled the aching tip before taking it between his teeth and sucking it into his mouth. Hard. She moaned and pushed his head closer, silently asking him for more. He tugged on her nipple with soft pulls before scraping his teeth over the peak. Robbie laved away the hurt before repeating the action. Her whimpers echoed around the room as her body writhed beneath his.

He moved against her, rocking his hips, sending his erection sliding over her stomach, leaving a wet, sticky trail over her flesh.

“Please, please, please,” she chanted. She lowered her back to the bed. Desire coiled tighter in the pit of her stomach.

Robbie released her nipple with a soft pop before transferring his attention to the other breast. He kissed and nipped his way down her body, sending small shockwaves of sensation through her with each brush of his lips and pinch of his teeth. She gasped and moaned. His hair slipped from her grasp as he moved farther down. Robbie

planted soft kisses over her bare mound. Whispers of heat caressed her skin with each touch. Kitty spread her legs wide and uttered one word. "Please."

When he paused, she opened her eyes to look down her body at him. Fire danced in the azure depths of his eyes as he gazed back.

"Please what, Kitty? What do you want me to do?" he asked, his voice husky with desire.

"Eat me." Those two words sent a bolt of lust through her. She wriggled on the bedspread, praying he would do as she commanded. Not breaking her stare, he lowered his head and proceeded to trace up one side and down the other of her labia before running his tongue over her slit. Robbie then rimmed her dripping entrance. Kitty groaned as she lifted her hips toward him in offering.

He repeated his action, this time dipping just the tip of his tongue inside her vagina. Her pussy contracted. She let out a frustrated groan. *More*. She needed him all the way inside of her.

"Stop teasing and eat me," she ordered.

He slipped his tongue inside of her again, giving her just a little more before pulling back. Kitty reached down, grabbed handfuls of hair and tugged him up.

"Damn it! Do something other than teasing," she groused.

He gave her a cocky smile that made her want to scream. "Frustrated, baby?" he asked softly before licking his lips.

"Yes," she hissed.

"I don't think you're ready yet. Now let me get back to what I was doing." He tried to lower his head but she refused to let go of his hair.

"Not until you say you're going to eat or fuck me. I don't care what order, just as long as I come."

He gave her another of his cocky smiles. "Oh, you're going to come. I can guarantee that. Now let go of my hair, darling, so I can eat you properly."

She relaxed her grip and waited for him to continue. He swirled his tongue around her clit before sucking the nub into his mouth. His hard tugs heightened her

arousal, but they didn't push her any closer to coming. She opened her mouth to say something only to cry out when he scraped his teeth over the sensitive head. Sparks of pleasure danced through her veins, turning into shards when he bit down gently on the nub. Her body shook, overwhelmed with feeling. That still didn't get her to the precipice.

"Damn it, fuck me," Kitty cried out. She needed to come. He wasn't giving her what she desired most -- his cock. Robbie pulled away from her damp flesh and gazed up at her.

"Tell me what you need. What can I do to make you come?" He lowered his head and flicked her clit sending a soft wave of pleasure through her. She squirmed and moaned.

"Fuck me. I need your cock inside of me."

"You aren't ready yet."

She let out a growl of frustration. "You're toying with me."

He chuckled but said nothing in return. Instead, he kissed his way up her body.

"You're not wet enough for me. I want to take you hard and fast. I want to brand myself inside of you. No one else will fuck you the way I do. You're mine, Kitty, always."

He took her lips in a hard, passionate, biting kiss. Her mouth opened and their tongues dueled as he rocked his hips against hers.

"Feel that heat? It's all for you, just for you. I'm so fucking hard I could come right now, and yet I have to wait until you're ready for me, until you can't stand for me not to be inside of you."

"I'm there already. Please, fuck me," she begged.

"Are you?"

She wrapped her legs around his waist and ground against him. "Feel all that wetness? It's for you, every drop. I need you to be inside of me, fucking me hard."

She writhed against him. Her nipples scraped against his chest setting off small bursts of pleasure that went straight to her clit. "Goddess, please, fuck me."

“You sure you want it, baby?”

“If you don’t fuck me properly right now, I’m going to kick you out of bed and finish myself,” she swore.

“Don’t make me tie you down.” His face grew serious and for a second she thought he would, in fact, bind her to the bed. She wasn’t sure if she would like that. At the moment, she couldn’t contemplate anything else except having him inside of her. Later she might think about a little bondage play.

“Now will you behave?” He raised an eyebrow.

“I’ll behave if you fuck me.” She smiled.

He threw back his head and laughed before he gave her a swift kiss. “I think I’ve tortured us both enough.”

He pushed up and balanced on one hand while using the other to position himself at her entrance. When he thrust forward, his cock sank into her pussy. She groaned as he stretched her sensitive walls. Inch by inch he moved inside of her until he was full seated. He paused.

Kitty could feel him throbbing inside of her. Then he moved, pulling out slowly before pushing in hard. Robbie fucked her slow, his hard thrusts rocking her body with their power. She moved beneath him, squeezing her vaginal muscles around his thick, long cock. She relished the slide of skin against skin. Sparks of sensation detonated inside her. Her orgasm spiraled higher and higher inside of her. The pressure built as the fire stoked higher with each stroke of his cock.

Their eyes met and she couldn’t look away. She slipped her hand over her stomach to delve between her pussy lips. Kitty found her clit and strummed the aching bundle of nerves. She pinched the bud and released it. Her body shook as her cunt clamped down on his cock. He swallowed her cry with his mouth as he took her lips in a passionate kiss.

Robbie pulled out and drove forward, riding her hard until his cock pulsed and expanded before spurting his seed deep in her core. He pulled out and rolled them to their sides. Their lips were still connected. Robbie held her against him as their tongues

moved against each other in a slow mating. When he pulled back, he was panting. She could feel his heart hammering against her chest as they both came down from the afterglow. He pressed soft kisses on her forehead, cheeks, the tip of her nose and then her lips again.

“I love you, Kitty,” he murmured before they both fell asleep.

* * *

Kitty rolled over and groaned. A glance at the clock revealed it was one in the morning. She’d been awakened yet again by an erotic dream of Robbie, only to come back to reality. With a sigh, she punched the pillows and tried to get comfortable again. It didn’t work. She missed him, missed his long, hard body pressed against hers. She yearned for the scrape of his hairy legs against her smooth ones and wanted to hear the soft, soothing sound of his breathing as he slept.

Tears welled up in her eyes and she dashed them away angrily. He hadn’t called in a month, and it seemed as if he was avoiding the bar altogether. She wasn’t sure whether to be grateful or angry at his absence. Sure, she could do her job in peace, but it wasn’t the same not seeing his smiling, happy face among the boys. Kitty would even put up with his horrible jokes if that meant he’d come back to the bar.

The boys refused to tell her what was going on, which only pissed her off more. Silently, she thought they blamed her for Robbie’s disappearance from the bar. She wasn’t sure whether to be pissed with them for blaming her or mad at herself for not quitting after she’d broken things off with Robbie. Now she was left in a quandary. Did she continue to waitress at the Prairie Dawg bar or move on? There were a few jobs in town she could try her hand at, but none of them would be as much fun as the bar.

She rolled onto her back and let out a soft sigh. The minutes ticked by, and sleep didn’t tug at her eyelids. With a groan of frustration, she threw back the covers and padded out of her bedroom and downstairs. Kitty went into the kitchen and made herself a mocha cappuccino. While the milk heated up on the stove, she went to the window and peeked out. Delicate veins of frost decorated the panes and showed an opaque picture of bleak ground of dull colors. Only the evergreens planted in her front

yard and around her house gave some relief from the bleakness. Even the sky was a sad gray instead of deep, dark blue.

Kitty missed seeing the stars winking and sparkling at her as the moon traveled across the sky. She turned away from the scene, took the milk off the stove and poured the boiling liquid into her coffee mix. A small smile curled her lips as she thought of what Robbie would say had he witnessed such a sight.

"That's not coffee; it's crap. Let me make you a real cappuccino." This would of course create a mess in her kitchen and all for a small cup of coffee that wasn't even hot by the time he served it. She used to tease him about his coffee snobbery, just like his beer. He couldn't drink just any beer. It had to be a specific brand; even then, it wasn't perfect. It had to be nice and cold, not in a can but a bottle. Lastly, he refused to just throw it back; it had to be drunk nice and slow.

She took a sip of the cappuccino, savoring the bitter sweetness of the coffee. With a sigh, she wandered over to the fridge and opened it. There, on the top shelf, was a six-pack of his favorite beer, untouched. She hadn't had the heart to give it away.

The beer was just like his stuff, all over the house. Kitty had asked him get his things, but he had never stopped by, and she hadn't wanted to call him for fear that she would take him back. Robbie's worn leather bomber jacket still hung on a hook near the back door. His hiking boots were in the living room right next to his backpack. In her bathroom, she still had all his toiletries.

When Kitty's thoughts turned to her bedroom, she let out a soft sob. His shirts still hung in her closet along with two spare pairs of jeans. His brush sat on her dresser, and another of his jackets was slung over the back her overstuffed wingback chair. The candles he liked were still scattered around the room. Everywhere she looked in her home, she saw him, them.

Her knees and hands shook. She sat down in the nearest chair and put the mug on the table before covering her face with her hands. Kitty began to sob uncontrollably.

"I wish I could forget you," she whispered.

Chapter Two

Robbie paced on the porch. He glanced at the door and sighed. "I came all the way out here. I can't turn back now." He straightened up and lifted his hand ready to knock when a foul odor reached his nose.

"Aw, God, Peppie, damn it! Where you are?" Robbie rushed down the porch and looked around. All he heard was a snicker and leaves rustling. Robbie cursed. "Next time I see you, I'm going to drag you to the bar and let Bucky make a vest out of your furry behind." Next thing he knew, there was even stronger odor of *eau de skunk* in the air which almost made him gag and his stomach rebel.

"I'm going to kill you," Robbie gasped out. Peppie's laughter echoed out into the night. Light flooded the area. He swore and ran up the steps of the porch. The door opened and Robbie bit his bottom lip. Kitty wore a sheer, midnight blue babydoll that didn't really cover her very well. All he could do was stare as she padded out onto the porch. He could clearly see her hardened nipples pressing against the thin silk of the top of the lingerie.

Good God.

Robbie stared at her, his body tightened and heat poured through his veins. His balls ached and his cock lengthened and pressed against the zipper of his jeans. He swallowed hard. His mind stopped working.

"What the hell are you doing out here and oh, God... Peppie! Peppie, if I see you, your ass better run or I'll be using your balls as ear muffs. You hear me?" Kitty moved out farther onto the porch, giving Robbie a better view of what her sleepwear wasn't covering. Her shapely legs were bathed in golden light that showed off her perfect milk chocolate complexion. He had to draw in a breath as his mind played out a scene where she wrapped her legs around his waist, drawing his cock further into her body.

Robbie could practically feel her tight, wet heat around his shaft, contracting and relaxing as he pounded into her. He let out a groan and she narrowed her eyes at him.

"Why are you here? Have you finally come to get your stuff?" With her hands on her hips his attention was drawn to her barely covered breasts. His mouth filled with saliva. He had the biggest urge to go up onto the porch, drop to his knees and lick the silky material until her nipples were outlined perfectly. Then he would rip the thin straps of the lingerie, revealing her breasts to him.

The sound of snapping pulled his attention out of his fantasy. He shook his head and focused on her face. "Huh?"

Kitty rolled her eyes. "Focus, Prairie Rat, focus."

His inner Prairie Dawg bristled at her insult. "Don't call me that."

She shook her head. "Yeah, well if you'd stop staring at my breasts and focus on my face, I wouldn't have to insult you. Now, focus. Why are you here?" Kitty asked slowly.

"I'm horny, not stupid."

She snorted. "Actually, you're both, and if you're looking for a booty call, you're shit out of luck."

"I didn't come here for that, but seeing you... I can't help but..." He didn't finish his sentence because she was glaring at him.

"You don't have a shot. You missed that quite awhile ago."

"You're still mad, I see."

She let out a sound of frustration. Instead of answering him, she turned around and marched back into the house, not shutting the door behind her. He took that as a good sign and ran after her. The house was completely alight and the scent of coffee filled the air. Robbie went to the kitchen and groaned in disbelief.

"Instant? You make me instant? That's the biggest insult you could have given me."

"Shut up and sit down." She nodded to the table as she poured the hot milk into two mugs.

He let out a sigh. "I'll take whatever I can get."

"That's right, you will."

Robbie watched as she carried the cups to table and placed one in front of him.

"Thank you."

She shrugged. "Now, explain to me why you're here."

Kitty took a seat across from him and sipped her coffee. She looked everywhere but at him. The distance between them now saddened him.

"I know I have a lot to apologize for. I was stupid, really stupid. I was more scared about how my parents would react than what I wanted, and I hurt you terribly."

She snorted. "Tell me something I don't know."

"You don't have to be rude. Just let me have my say, okay?"

Kitty looked up at him finally, and her annoyed expression said it all. "Fine, just get to talking and then you leave, okay?"

"Okay," he lied. Robbie had no intension of leaving until she thoroughly understood that he would do whatever it took to win her back. "Can I have my say now?"

She shrugged. "Whatever, I'm awake now."

He let out a sigh. "I deserve this."

"Could you get to the explanation already? I have work tomorrow."

Robbie took another sip of coffee and wished he had something stronger to drink at that moment.

"I went to see my parents. You know they moved to Chicago, right?" She nodded. "I told them about us, about how we had been seeing each other for years, even during high school."

She said nothing. Her face was emotionless, which irritated him. "You wanted me to say something. Don't you have anything to say yourself?"

"What do you want me to say? Good job manning up now? Want a cookie like a good dog? Or maybe you want some nice ripe berries for your prairie dog?"

Robbie bristled at her condescending tone. "Take the attitude down a notch before I decide your ass needs a spanking."

"Oooh, resorting to spanking. How original. Try again, cowboy."

You get what you give, he told himself, and had treated her badly. "Fine, fine, no spankings. I remember how much you hated that." He smirked. Robbie remembered just how much she loved a good spanking during sex.

She shook her head and took a sip of coffee.

"I know I should have told them from the beginning but you knew why I didn't do it."

"Yeah, yeah, we're the freaking Juliet and Romeo of Barkus, Kansas. Your dad hates my dad. Blah, blah, blah."

"He's still not over it," Robbie murmured.

"Yeah, and my dad is tired of apologizing." Kitty looked him up and down. "I understand though. Well, I think I do. It's not hate so much as pride."

Robbie nodded. "It was really hard for him. Your dad was in a position of power. Everyone had to take a pay cut or lose their jobs. Your dad didn't help things by saying he was taking a pay cut too. Then he rolls into work in a new car. Regardless of the explanation, my dad didn't want to back down after he said all that stuff, not even after he was proven wrong."

Kitty shook her head. "Everyone in that factory backed him up. The car dealership owner always traded older cars for new ones. If my dad had known what would have happened, he would have kept his old clunker even though it was falling apart. He felt horrible about what happened. Your dad wasn't the only that lost something that day. My dad lost a person he considered his best friend. Do you remember?" She gave him a small, sad smile. "Our moms use to have us play together. Your mom use to say that if fate willed it, you and I would get married."

Kitty chuckled. "Oh my God, until I was what, five? While we played together, they'd plan our wedding. We had no idea what the hell they were talking about. All we knew was our moms wanted us to be together so when we were around each other

we'd hold hands all the time. Remember when I cried when you called me icky and let go of my hand?"

He began to laugh along with her. "You were icky. Your hand was gross. I remember it was sticky from the Popsicle you'd been eating."

"You were such a neat freak, even then. You'd go nuts if you got dirt on your pants or shirt. Now look at you."

Her smile warmed him, and he felt something inside of him loosen as the tension between them slipped away. "What? I like to keep my place neat."

"And yet you didn't have a problem leaving your crap all over my house."

His jaw dropped in mock shock. "Excuse me. I put my things away. Sometimes I was just too tired."

She snorted in disbelief. "Says you. I had to tell you twice to pick something up and put it away."

"Liar."

"Did you just call me a liar?"

"You want proof?" Kitty pushed back her chair and stood up. "Come with me, oh disbeliever."

"And if you prove me wrong?"

"I'll decide my prize once I've made a liar out of you." She tossed her head sending a cascade of dark brown hair over her shoulder and down her back. His attention was drawn back to her barely covered body. *How could I have forgotten?* He took in the sway of her hips, reminding him of her lush curves that the babydoll didn't do a very good job of hiding. His body awakened, heat pouring into his veins. His balls tightened and his cock hardened.

He wished he was here for other circumstances, ones that involved the slick glide of skin against skin and frantic movement. Robbie wanted to feel her breasts against his chest and her legs wrapped around his waist. He wanted her pussy pulsing around his cock as he drove into her over and over again. His erection jumped, and he had to hold

back a groan. She threw him a look over her shoulder at him which only reminded him of all those nights when he'd taken her from behind.

Her eyebrow rose in question. "You coming?"

If her tone had been husky, Robbie would have taken that as an invitation for sex. Instead it was playful, which gave him hope.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming." *Not. If I'm truly coming, it would be inside of you.* He didn't say his thought aloud for fear she'd kick him out.

Their first stop was the living room. She gestured to his hiking boots and backpack. "Where would these normally be?"

He laughed. "I was exhausted after my hike. You expect me to remember where those were supposed to go after all that exercise? Besides, as I recall, someone was insisting I take a shower first because I reeked."

"Whatever. Let's go to exhibit number two." They went upstairs to her bedroom where she pointed to his jacket, slung over a chair arm.

"If I remember correctly, it was after dinner and you couldn't wait to get back home and fuck me. Our clothes were all over the place."

She shook her head. "You have an excuse for everything, don't you? Fine, let's go to exhibit three."

Kitty entered the bathroom but Robbie didn't follow at first. He instead paused to savor the thought that she hadn't thrown his stuff out or given it away. That helped increase the hope that had started inside of him. He inhaled deeply. Her perfume swirled around him, giving him comfort and stoking the arousal slipping through him, heating and tightening his body.

"Hey, get your ass in here," she called out.

He laughed and went to join her. Kitty pointed out his stuff scattered over the sink counter, just as he'd left it. "More proof you're a liar, and that you squeeze the toothpaste tube from the middle not the bottom. Now what do you have to say to me?"

She folded her arms under her breasts, which pushed the mounds up. Part of a nipple peeked out, beckoning him to taste and suck the tightened peak into his mouth. He wanted to hear her moan as he scrapped his teeth over the sensitive tip.

“God, you’re sexy,” he murmured. Robbie moved further into the small space causing her to stumble back and hit a wall.

“That’s not what I was looking for.” Her eyes widened.

He advanced until he was mere inches away from her. She looked around wildly. Robbie inhaled deeply and groaned. Kitty was aroused. Her sweet, musky tang scented the air. His inner prairie dog stood up on its hind legs. Its nose twitched and its tail wagged in excitement. *Down, boy*, he ordered his animal. *She hasn’t accepted our claim yet*. The prairie dog didn’t care. Its whiskers twitched in excitement. *She’s ours*, it replied to Robbie. *Claim her as ours. Let’s mate her, now*.

No, not now.

Now, it insisted.

Robbie sighed inwardly. Once his prairie dog wanted something, it was hard to go in another direction, which is what had led him to Chicago and the confrontation with his father. He looked at Kitty, her scent swirled around him, beckoning him to take her. He closed his eyes and tried to regain control of himself. It was difficult. The heat of her body beckoned him. Her perfume lured him closer.

He leaned toward her. His nose brushed over the silken skin of her neck. “Goddess, you smell so good. I’ve missed this scent. Hell, I’ve missed you.” Robbie closed his eyes and brushed his lips against her skin. “So soft, so warm. I want to feel your body against mine.”

He kissed his way along her jaw, silently sending up thanks she hadn’t shoved him away yet. The combination of need and his prairie dog’s yearning pushed him closer until her breasts pressed against his chest. His cock twitched at the feel of the soft mounds pressing against him.

“Robbie?” Kitty’s voice was low and husky. The sound enflamed him even more.

“Yes, lovely?” he asked, as he placed his hands on either side of her body and moved closer.

“Robbie, you have to stop. We can’t --”

He cut her off. “We can’t what? You want me. I can smell it. Why do you we need to stop?”

“There still so much to talk about. You left and --”

He stopped her words, this time with a kiss. The press of their mouths against each other tested his self control. Just the touch of her plush lips tore a groan from his mouth. He wanted to feel her mouth all over his body, especially around his cock. His erection jumped, reminding him of how much he needed her. When he pulled his head back, Robbie was hanging onto restraint by a thread. His breath was coming out in soft pants as he looked into her eyes.

“Tell me to leave and I will. But if I stay, I’m going to fuck you. I can guarantee that.”

Chapter Three

Kitty was losing the battle with her willpower. It felt so good having him back in her home. The sound of his voice, the feel of his body against her, his scent intoxicated her. She whimpered at his words as her pussy clenched in response. Confusion and arousal were at war. Mingled in there somewhere was the pain of the past. She raised her hands and placed them against his chest but did nothing after that. It felt so good to have him so close again. The way his lips had caressed her skin sent shivers of pleasure through her. When he'd kissed her she'd melted, and now the ball was in her court.

His actions almost erased the pain of the past.

Almost.

"Robbie, there's so much --"

He cut her off. "I know."

He moved away from her but kept her caged within his arms. "There's a lot we have to talk about, but we can't deny what we feel for each other. You know this, Kitty. I can't deny how aroused you make me, and I can't deny how much I love you."

He spoke the last words so quietly she almost didn't hear them.

"You love me? Then how could you just walk away from me like that?" she asked. Her tone was raw with the emotion she couldn't hide. Kitty turned her face away from him. Robbie slipped his fingers under chin and turned her head back toward him.

"Don't hide from me. Let me see the pain I've caused. I want to make it up to you so badly, and I'm sorry that I left without an explanation." He paused and ran his hand through his hair. "After our last conversation I knew something needed to be done. I didn't say this before, but you weren't the only one tired of the secrecy."

Robbie moved away from her.

"I was at my wits' end. I loathed sneaking around with you, but I didn't want to hurt my dad. I got so use to the hiding that I almost forgot why. At first it was sort of exciting and dangerous. Any second someone could catch us." He gave her a small sad smile. "Remember us making out in the library? How hot it got?"

Kitty's cheeks flushed with heat and she had to suck in a shaky breath. "I thought for sure someone would hear us."

"You were moaning so loud, and I was so damn hard. If you hadn't had put a stop to it we would have had sex, and I would have hated that you lost your virginity in the back room of the library. But the experience, you have to admit, was pretty exciting." His expression brightened a bit as mischief glittered in his eyes.

Kitty looked away. She wanted to stop smiling but couldn't help it. "A lot of what we did was. Remember our fight at the bar? I thought for sure Bucky was gonna fire me." She chuckled.

"I wouldn't have let him, but the making up in the alley behind the bar... fuck, that was hot." He laughed.

"You're always hot," she teased.

"For you."

He gave her a saucy grin, and she couldn't help but smile back. "You'll say anything to get into my pants again."

"It's more than that, Kit Kat." Robbie reached up and traced his fingertips over her cheek. His expression softened. "I don't want to hide anymore. I want to be able to hold your hand without worrying about whether word will get back to my dad. I've let my fear of disappointing my father ruin what we have. I tried to stay away from you and it didn't work. Remember how pissed I was when you accepted that date with Eddie?"

"You looked like you were ready to blow a gasket. I couldn't understand why were so mad. You said it was because I was a freshman and he was a senior." She shook her head.

"You were mine. I always knew that. I just never thought... When he asked you out, I wanted to kill him. So I kissed you and that was it. I couldn't turn back, nor could I deny how I felt about you." Robbie moved closer and pressed a soft kiss to her lips.

"And now?" Kitty asked, afraid of the answer. She knew he had said he loved her, but it felt as if he was holding something back.

"What do I have to do to prove I still love you? Do I have to streak the town screaming my love for you at the top of my lungs? I'm sure the boys would get a good laugh out of it."

"And have all those other hussies see your body? I think not." Kitty stood on her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around him. "What else do you have in mind?"

"Could get a tattoo of your name over my heart?"

She shook her head. "Nope. Try again."

"What? I'm sure Bryce or Corin can make it masculine enough."

Kitty shook her head again. "Try again."

Robbie reached up, pulled her arms from around his neck and stepped back. Without a word, he unzipped, and discarded his jacket and pulled off his shirt. Her mouth dropped open when she saw the ink across his chest, right over his heart -- her name, tastefully done, in the old English style. With a shaking hand, she reached up and brushed her fingers across the tattoo.

"Oh my God!" Her eyes widened and she stared at it.

"Uh, I was hoping you'd say you liked it. Besides, Corin refused to tattoo me below the belt," he chuckled.

It took a moment for his words to sink. "When... when did you get this?"

"Before I left. I was going to show it to you, but then you got pissed at me and I just took off."

"So let me get this straight." She withdrew her hand and looked up at him. Anger was pouring through her, pushing back any other emotion. "You were willing to make a commitment to me in ink, but it took me getting pissed at you to get your ass in gear and tell your dad? You do realize if I hadn't gotten pissed at you, and you had

gone to see your folks during the summer as you had planned, at some point you'd lose your shirt to go swimming or whatever and then how'd you explain it?" Kitty folded her arms and glared at him.

Robbie didn't look away. "At the time I wasn't thinking about summer. I was *thinking* about making a commitment to my girl in ink."

"Did you think you'd show me that, and I'd get all weak-kneed and shit and forget? I'd been on your ass for weeks to be honest with your parents," she pointed out.

"I know but..." he started.

"There are no buts here. I wanted a real commitment. A tattoo may say commitment to others, but not to me. You know this."

Robbie looked away. "I just wanted to show you..."

She held up her hand. "Don't! Don't say you wanted to show me your devotion because that's bullshit. Bull. Shit. You thought this would distract me. Admit it."

Robbie shook his head. "I can't win with you."

"It's not about winning, Robbie. It's about being honest," she said softly. Part of her anger ebbed away.

"I screwed up, didn't I?"

"Yes."

He gave her a lost look that melted her heart. She could see he was trying hard to get back to the way they were. The problem was that they couldn't go back.

"Look, obviously I screwed up. I think I need to leave and come back after I've thought things through."

Her heart contracted and a sense of fear clawed up her throat. She feared that if he left, he wouldn't come back. Instead of voicing her fear, Kitty remained silent and watched him get dressed and walk out of the bathroom. His retreating footsteps through the bedroom and down the stairway set off shards of pain in her heart. He was walking away again. When the front door slammed, she let out a sob.

Kitty slid down the wall, curled up on the floor and began to cry.

Chapter Four

Robbie cursed himself. He hadn't wanted to leave, but he was only hurting himself and her. As he trudged to his bike, he couldn't help but feel, yet again, that he was leaving his heart behind. He wished he could talk to someone about his problems, but he had no desire to tell anyone what was on his heart. The only one he wanted to talk to he kept hurting.

A soft breeze brought the stench of skunk odor to his nose and swore. He was about to take off to find the skunk when he heard, "Peppie, get your ass back here. You need to clean up the mess you made in our parking lot."

Robbie shook his head. It was one thing to screw up the bar's parking lot. Bucky would give him a warning, but anyone else would threaten to mount the skunk shifter's head on their wall for screwing with their place in any way. Peppie must have done something really bad to anger Bryce and Corin. They were normally very zen, easygoing guys.

His bike came into view, and he stopped when he felt cold wetness on his cheek. One glance up at the sky showed it was dark gray. More flakes began to fall and he was caught up in a memory.

A fifteen-year-old Kitty looked up at the snow, a look of wonder on her face as she began to twirl around. He stood a few feet away, looking at her as if she'd gone crazy.

"Look, Robbie, the first snow of the season. Come on. Join me."

"I don't twirl."

She stopped, hands on her hips and glared out here. "Get out here. You don't have to twirl. Just share this with me. Geez. I'm not trying to emasculate you or anything."

He rolled his eyes and joined her. His heart skipped a beat when her ungloved hand grabbed his.

"Make a wish, Robbie. My mom always said the first snow is magical, and if you make a wish it will come true."

He watched her close her eyes and become still. All he could do was stare. Snowflakes fell on her face and dusted her lashes as the snowfall grew heavier. It wasn't the weather that was magical. It was her. At that moment, he knew what he wanted to wish for. He closed his eyes and asked to be with her forever. When he opened his eyes, he found her staring at him, a smile on her face. Before he could utter a word, something soft and wet hit his face.

"Snow tag!" she shouted, before letting go of his hand and running off. He chased after her, laughing all the way.

The memory faded. "Fuck this. I don't run from anything, and I sure as hell am not running away from her. She's mine."

His prairie dog agreed and wagged its tail excitedly as he turned and strode up to the house. He didn't bother ringing the bell or knocking this time -- he had a key. Robbie let himself in and searched the house until he found her in her bedroom looking through a photo album.

"You're mine, Kitty, and I'm not leaving until I can get the message through that head of yours that we belong together."

She blinked at him. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me. Now let me make myself perfectly clear. I love you and I'm not leaving here until you understand that."

"Don't you dare take that tone with me! You can't just barge in here like you own the place and expect me to fall down at your feet. Give me back my key." She scrambled off the bed, causing her breasts to jingle. He sucked in some air to steady himself as his body tightened and heated again.

"Not going to happen. You're stuck with me. Now tell me what I have to do to make things up to you."

"Get the hell out."

"Well, too damn bad, because I have no intention of leaving until we've sorted things out. Try again."

Kitty wanted to kick him. She'd just managed to pull herself out of the bathroom and into her bed for a bit of reminiscing before she tried to let go again, when he came back. *Damn him.* She wanted to get off the seesaw and heal. "You just can't --"

He cut her off. "Can't what? Can't claim what's mine?"

She let out a frustrated sound. "I'm not an object. I'm a person who can make up her own damn mind. And right now I want you gone."

"Not going to happen."

She came right up to him until her breasts touched his chest. "You think so, big guy?"

Without changing shape, Kitty called on the power her Scottish dog. It might be a small animal, but utilizing its power properly paid off in big results.

"Oh no, you don't." Robbie grabbed onto her shoulders, pushed her against the wall and pressed his body against hers. He was trying to pin her down and keep her boxed in. Too late. She kneed him in the groin. He whimpered. Kitty took advantage of his momentary drop in alertness and shoved him away. She used the speed and agility of her animal to dart around him and push him. He stumbled toward the door. She danced around him while pushing him toward the door in hard shoves until he was out into the hall.

"That's it," he declared. His voice had a rasp to it.

Kitty charged at him only to have her momentum stopped when he reached up and caught her by her arms. His grip was tight but not enough to hurt. Robbie turned and slammed them both to the wall. Kitty tried to get up only to have him roll over on top of her. She struggled to push him off her, but he just grabbed her arms and moved them up until they were over her head.

"Stop struggling," he yelled.

"I will when you *get off me!*" she shouted back.

"No, you'll only try and get me to leave." He lowered his body down to hers and pinned her legs with his.

She sucked in a breath as she felt his erection pressing against her stomach. He rolled his hips.

"Damn it, this isn't supposed to turn you on," she growled as she struggled to get out from under him.

"I told you, you always turn me on." Robbie lowered his head and placed a soft kiss on her lips before moving down her neck. "God, you smell good."

"You fucking pervert. Stop that," she ordered.

"You make me into a pervert. I can't not think of sex when I'm around you," he murmured as he nipped his way up the other side of her neck. Small stings of pain sent delicious shivers of pleasure through her. Kitty's nipples hardened and pressed against the thin barrier of her babydoll. Her pussy became heavy, throbbing with need. She thrust her hips up, pressing against his.

He knew all the things that made her whimper in need. Robbie flicked over her pulse point before kissing down her neck to gently bite the spot between her neck and her shoulder. She cried out as desire shot straight to her clit. He moved down her body planting kisses as he went. Fingers of fire curled and waved over her skin with each touch.

"Goddess." She writhed beneath and cried out when he flicked his tongue over her fabric covered nipple. Sparks of pleasure blazed through her with each touch. He traced the deep V-neck of the lingerie with just the tip of his tongue. Robbie nudged the fabric over, exposing her tightened peak.

"You're not playing fair," she moaned and gasped when he bit the sensitive tip. Shards of heat shot straight to her pussy, causing it to contract. Her panties became damp and she rubbed herself against him, needing to feel more.

He sucked her nipple into his mouth hard and she cried out. Robbie released it with a soft pop. "Of course not."

He sucked her nipple back into his mouth and tried to take in more of her breast.

"Robbie, goddess, Robbie," she moaned. "Let me go."

He released her breast and kissed his way over to the other one. "Never. You're mine."

She was beyond wanting him to leave. Desire was coursing through her body. Need trumped everything else. All she wanted was him.

Robbie let go of her breast and sat up on his heels. He took hold of the edges of her lingerie and ripped it.

She sat up and shrugged out of the material. Kitty grabbed his shoulders and pulled him down to her. They kissed passionately as he tried to unzip his jacket. He nipped her bottom lip before pulling away to strip off his coat and pull his shirt over his head.

"Just so you know, I'm still pissed at you," she said, panting before pulling him back down to her.

"I don't care as long as I'm with you." He kissed her again and she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her. The contact of skin against skin pushed her further into a haze of need. She threw her leg over his hip and rubbed her sex against his denim covered erection. It wasn't enough.

As if reading her mind, he lifted his hips from hers, unsnapped his jeans and pushed down his pants and underwear. She threw her free leg around his other hip and pressed her pussy against his cock. They both groaned. Her nails scored his back as she rocked her pelvis against his. Her cunt clenched and her juices leaked out.

"Fucking hell," he moaned as he left her lips and kissed down to her nipples, first biting one and then the other before furthering his journey down her body until he got to her aching sex. He paused to inhale before licking his way up one side of her labia and down the other. Robbie parted the thick petals and flicked her clit, sending shoots of desire through her. Her hips bucked and she moaned as her pussy contracted.

"So beautiful," he whispered, before nipping her clit gently and then sucking it into his mouth with a hard pull. Kitty cried out and buried her hands in his hair. She pushed him closer, urging him to take more of her.

He slipped first one finger, then two, into her sopping cunt, pumping them slowly at first. She squeezed her inner muscles around the invasion, trying to draw more of him inside of her.

"More, give me more," she urged. Her head thrashed against the hardwood floor but she didn't care. Kitty rocked her hips against his face trying to get the stimulation she needed. It wasn't enough. "Damn it, fuck me!"

He withdrew his fingers and released her clit.

"Robbie?" Kitty looked down her body. He gave her a sinful smile and buried his face in pussy. He nipped and licked his way down the sensitive flesh. Robbie paused to swirl his tongue around her dripping entrance. He returned to her clit, circling the aching bundle of nerves and then sucking it into his mouth just as he thrust three fingers into her pussy. He finger-fucked her hard as he nipped her clit and released it. Pleasure rocked through her body as an orgasm came out of nowhere.

Kitty cried out. Her back arched and her mouth fell open in a silent scream. When she came down, he was pushing his fingers in and out of her wet flesh leisurely. He withdrew the digits, slipped them into his mouth and then scooped her up in his arms.

"Don't know about you, but I'd like to fuck you in a bed. The floor is too hard."

Somehow, Robbie managed to step out of his pants gracefully before striding into the bedroom. He laid her down gently on her mattress, moved the photo albums to the chair and crawled onto the bed. "You look beautiful."

Heat washed over her face at the awe in his voice. He lay on his side. Robbie reached over and brushed some strands of hair off her sweat-dampened forehead.

"You never could take a compliment." Robbie gave her a soft smile. "But that didn't stop me from giving them to you. I'm sorry, Kit Kat. I really am. You will never know how much it hurt me when I realized how much I hurt you."

She rolled onto her side and faced him. "When did you know?"

"When I got to Chicago." He gave her sad smile. "Alina called me and cursed me out for putting you through so much pain and then running. I felt horrible."

He trailed his fingers down her face, neck and over her shoulder. "Then I went to go see my dad, which didn't help my emotional state."

"Was he mad?" she asked softly. Kitty braced herself for the answer, scared that he would say yes. If Robbie and his father had a falling out, she knew he would be devastated.

"He was angry, but not for the reasons you think. He was pissed that we didn't just come out and say something. He had his pride, and now that he's older, he's madder at himself than anyone else." Robbie shook his head. "He felt horrible that we feared what would happen if we told him. The one thing he always regretted was tearing us apart as children and making us suffer. Now he's sorry that you and I aren't together anymore. Well..."

"We're not," Kitty spoke up quickly. "Yet. I'm still hurt. but there is hope. You told him and that's what I wanted. Now we have to figure out where to go from here."

"I'm glad there is hope. Where do you want to go from here?"

"Well, I want to start again. I want to date properly."

He laughed. "What is dating properly?"

She pushed his shoulder playfully. "You know what I mean. Have a date in public, hold hands, public displays of affection and all of that."

"That's so boring." He rolled his eyes.

"Boring?" She raised an eyebrow at him in question.

"Everyone does that."

"Well what's your idea of dating, big guy?"

"Hmmm, let's see. Well, I'm thinking lots of sex --"

She pushed his shoulder and he laughed.

"Let me finish," he grabbed her wrist and pulled her against him. "And maybe moving in together? Before you protest, we've been together since high school. Hell, I practically lived here before I left for Chicago. Why not make it official?"

"So we start dating right?"

He nodded.

"And we move in together?"

"Yes."

"Well, we better get some ground rules. One, you put your crap away --"

He cut her off. "I was tired."

She reached up and placed a hand over his mouth. "I'm talking. Now where was I? Oh yeah, you put your stuff away, and we have to work out a cleaning schedule."

"Okay."

"We also work out a cooking schedule, and I do expect you to cook. I know you can. No excuses."

"I can live with that."

"You can have poker night here but *no* smoking cigars, understand?"

"I don't know about them, but I can manage."

"I'll accept that, for now. We can convert the second guest room into your game room."

"Yes!"

"Don't get too excited, Prairie Rat. No tracking mud or oil or whatever into the house when fixing your bike or after a hike. Otherwise you're on mop duty for a week."

"I can live with that."

"We'll work out the rest later."

Robbie grinned. "So does this mean that I can move in?"

"We'll go through your stuff and figure out what can fit in the house."

"I'm not getting rid of my pool table."

"I said we'll see what we can fit in here."

"Oh, I think I can negotiate with you on this."

"Really? What are you going to do?" she challenged him.

Robbie pushed her down to the mattress and rolled on top of her. He rocked his hips, sliding his cock over her stomach. Heat flared to life inside of her at the desire she saw in his eyes. Need coiled in her stomach as her nerve endings came alive. He

lowered his head and took her lips in what started out as gentle kiss that soon burned out of control. His mouth moved over hers in passionate abandon.

Kitty wrapped her arms around his neck and returned his kiss. She locked her legs around his waist and moved her damp slit against his groin in an effort to stimulate her clit. Sparks of pleasure danced along her nerves with each pass of her body against his. She wanted more stimulation.

Kitty pulled her head away from his. "Robbie, please fuck me."

"No, this time we make love."

Robbie pushed up and kissed his way down her body. With great care and gentleness he teased her pussy, lapping his way over one side of her labia and down the other. He parted the thick lips of her sex with his thumbs and teased her clit with soft swipes of his tongue. She writhed underneath his gentle torment. Kitty wasn't sure if she could take much more. "Robbie, please, I need you inside me."

His response was to suck her clit into his mouth and flick the aching bundle of nerves in soft swipes. Kitty was burning under his slow, tender attention. She wrapped her legs around his head and held them there. Robbie surprised her by starting to hum. A gasp was torn from her mouth as the vibrations pushed her closer to the edge. She reached down and held his head against her pussy while grinding her sex against his mouth.

Soft cries and moans fell from her lips as she tried to get closer to coming. He scraped his teeth over her clit sending sparks of pleasure through her. Her juices slipped from her cunt as it contracted.

"Oh God, Robbie, please, let me come," she begged.

He released her clit with a soft pop and moved. She loosened her hold on his head and he looked up at her, his lips and chin slick in her feminine honey. He gave her one of his sinful smiles and began to kiss his way up her body until he got to her face. He held himself over her, his head blocking out the light in the room. She could only see his glittering blue eyes, darkened by passion. "Guide me in, Kitty."

Kitty reached down and took hold of his cock and gave him a gentle squeeze before placing him at her dripping entrance. She released him and ran her hand up his body until she could sink it into his hair and pull his head down.

“Make love to me,” she urged before kissing him. He thrust forward, sinking his hard, thick cock inside of her. His lips moving against hers, swallowing her moan. She could taste herself on his tongue and that helped to increase her arousal. He moved inside her, a slow glide that helped stoke the heat as her orgasm tightened in her belly. The pressure increased as she met his thrusts with her own.

They moved as one. Their sweat-slicked bodies danced and gyrated as the desire grew. She moved closer and closer until she was on a knife’s edge. One push was all she needed to fall into bliss. Kitty slipped her hand down her body, delved her fingers between the lips of her sex and worked her clit, circling the sensitive head and increasing the pressure with each pass.

Her climax built until the tension snapped and heat rushed through her. Her pussy fluttered around his cock as it contracted. Her body shook as pleasure took hold of her. She cried out. Her nails scored his back as she came. He soon followed her, spurting his seed, coating the walls of her vagina.

The afterglow began to settle over them. He kissed her softly before rolling onto his side and dragging her with him.

“I love you, Kitty.”

She smiled. “I love you too, Robbie.”

They snuggled against each other and fell asleep.

* * *

Kitty looked over the snow covered yard and sipped the gourmet coffee that Robbie had made. He had managed to get his old coffee machine working that he’d brought to her house. She smiled and sipped the brew while listening to Alina’s side of the conversation on the phone.

"Well, I'm going to miss our coffee date with Tessa. We're trapped here. The road hasn't been plowed. I think they said at least six inches of snow was dumped, and there's more on the way. I'm sorry."

"We?" Alina asked. In the background, the sound of water running and dishes clinking could be heard.

"Oh," Kitty blushed. "Robbie stopped by to talk and we're back together." She grinned and sipped her coffee.

"So you worked everything out?"

"Yeah. He told his dad, we talked and now we're dating. He's also going to move in with me."

"What?"

Kitty winced at Alina's yell. She heard Taylor in the background asking what was wrong, and Alina shooing him away.

"Sorry. I meant what the hell? You were kicking him out. Now he's moving in. What the hell did he do that got you to change your mind? Oh my God, you had sex with him. Kitty, did you have sex with Robbie?" Alina demanded.

Heat flushed Kitty's cheeks. "Yes. Look, I'll explain everything when we see each other."

Shouts from outside and seeing Robbie running across the front yard drew her attention.

"I have to go and stop Robbie from killing Peppie. He's been skulking around here lately for some reason." Before Alina could respond, Kitty hung up, knowing she'd pay for that when she saw Alina next. Kitty set down her mug, pulled on her coat and dashed outside.

"Robbie?" she called out as she darted down the porch. "Robbie, don't kill the skunk shifter! Just send him to Bucky. Robbie?"

Something soft and ice cold hit her in the back of the head and she shrieked.

"Snow tag with the first snow of the season," Robbie called out followed by another snowball hitting her in back of the head.

She ducked down, scooped up some snow and whirled around. "Get back here, you Prairie Rat!"

Something tackled her down to the ground. All the air left her lungs.

"Gotcha." Robbie brushed hair out of her face and smiled down at her. "Happy first snow."

"Happy first snow," she replied, before smashing some snow in his face and scrambling out from underneath him. She was running around the yard, trying to avoid his snowballs, when she stopped short as a foul odor wafted past her.

"Peppie!" Robbie and Kitty shouted at the same time.

All they got in reply was maniacal laughter.

Selena Illyria

Interracial author, Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. With great curiosity and a love of writing that pushes her imagination, there are many worlds she'd love to explore from paranormal to sci-fi from cyberpunk and beyond.

Are you willing, dear reader, to step into her worlds? If you do, feel free to poke around. Mind the pixies. They can be very, um... excitable around newcomers. *wink*

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