

*A Sip...*



*A Torquere Press Short*

***Sit Pretty***  
***By Julia Talbot***

"Sit pretty. Come on, boy. You can do it."

Killian wanted to bite Evan's knees off. Why he had to be the exotic pet and Evan got to be the master still escaped him. Well, it didn't, really. Evan was a werecat, and in his cat form he was

somewhat less than eager to please, as all cats were. Killian was much better able to focus, even when the wolf took over.

He sat back on his haunches, lifting his front feet in the air and batting at Evan playfully. If he hit a little too hard on Evan's leg, well, his lover never showed it.

"You have him well-trained," the man watching them said, twisting his big gold pinky ring on his finger.

"It wasn't hard. In this form he's malleable. Eager to please."

His teeth tried to bare themselves, but Killian pushed his lips back down. God, he hated the acting, the time before the action. He wanted to sink his teeth into this guy's throat and rip it out.

"What's he like as a human?"

Evan smiled. "Unpleasant. Surly. He's even worse when he's in that elusive in-between state some of them can achieve. Have you seen this?"

"I have. It takes a massive dose of tranqs to get them out of it."

Killian flopped back to the floor, his front feet thudding down hard.

Evan gave him a warning look. "Good thing their animal instinct takes over when they go full wolf. If he understood us there would be hell to pay."

Yeah. If. It was just lucky that this guy truly believed that were-folks in their animal states were stupid. Odd, considering that the guy traded in exotic pets, as it were, from white slavery to were-creatures and other magical things.

The guy laughed, the sound oily and unpleasant to Killian's ears. "Whatever. He'll fetch a good price. How much do you want for him?"

"Thirty K. He's a handsome wolf, an even better looking man, and he swings both ways with a little persuasion. He'll be able to make pups."

"Well, that's not a bad deal, then. Done. How would you like that paid?"

Evan sneered. Killian had to admire the way his man sneered. "Cash, naturally."

"It may take a few hours. Make yourself comfortable. There's food laid out in the main lounge."

Their host turned on his heel and left, but Evan knew there had to be cameras, so he didn't bother to shift back. They'd met at a private club, one that catered to the illegal sex trade. There were some weird-assed smells going on in the place. He nudged Evan with his nose, growling low.

"I know. I won't eat anything." Evan smiled down at him, lips barely moving when he spoke, the sounds almost sub-vocal.

Well, that was good. It was all likely drugged. Killian paced a little. He hated being in these situations, but he loved what came of them. He loved freeing people like him and Evan, or hell, just people. That was what made all this worthwhile.

He let Evan pace too, let the man subtly check out their surroundings. Killian let his senses that worked best for him do their job. He listened and he sniffed.

His ears swiveled back and forth until he heard what he was searching for. The howl of a lonely, frightened wolf. The new acquisitions, waiting to be moved, no doubt.

Evan raised a brow at him, and he tilted his snout toward the back door of the room. He got the slightest nod in response before Evan wandered to a sofa and slouched down on it like only a cat could. "C'mere, boy."

He would grit his teeth if he could, but they didn't work the same way human teeth did. Instead, he let Evan know how he felt about the command with a low tail and flattened ears when he padded over to hop up on the couch.

"I know. You're going to beat my ass when we get out of here."

Growling his agreement, Killian settled with his tail over his nose. Which didn't stop him from scenting a little of how Evan felt about the incipient beating. The smell was all sharp musk and heat. All Evan. Those blue eyes bored into his, and Killian suddenly wanted to change back into a man and fuck Evan into shifting...

The door opened, snapping his attention back to the job at hand. They couldn't afford to get sloppy now.

It was showtime.

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Evan shifted on the couch, turning the other cheek, so to speak. He knew he had to make it all casual, even though he wanted to get his claws and teeth going on.

Killian didn't belong in a collar, doing tricks, no matter how their whole relationship had started. His strong, beautiful wolf needed to be free. He'd thought so from the start.

"Do you have the money?" He ruffled the fur on the back of Killian's neck, trying to look more thoughtful than affectionate.

"We do. We'll need to do a basic health check on him, of course."

"I want to be present. I won't have you saying you found something that's not there and trying to welsh on the deal." His heart started pounding. This was the best case scenario. This meant he could go the back rooms with Killian, and they wouldn't have to do their work separately.

The charges would be going off in about five minutes. They had to get the hostages out of there.

The guy, who had introduced himself and whose name Evan had promptly forgotten, rolled his eyes. "Sure. Whatever you want." He waved a hand, and a well-groomed assistant walked in and handed over a bag. "Do you want to inspect the payment?"

"I do. We can do that together while they check out the merchandise."

The man shot his cuff up to look at his wristwatch. "I really don't have time..."

"It will be in your best interest to be there." Evan stood, letting his deceptive sprawl turn into menacing loom in a heartbeat.

"Okay, yeah. Come on." The man left the room through the back door Killian had indicated earlier, and they headed down a long line of industrial hallway. The scent of antiseptic and despair had become familiar, depressingly so. The things people did to their fellow creatures kind of stunned him.

Still.

Killian padded along at a proper heel, and a light brush of fingers against fur told Evan that his lover was ready to make their move. The sounds coming from a room two doors down from their current location told him they were in the right place.

No sense waiting.

"Now," Evan shouted, and Killian turned on their host, leaping, teeth bared in a snarl. Evan dropped to the floor, his body shifting, changing, his clothes ripping off and falling away as he became the cat.

Guards burst out of surrounding doors, but that was Killian's job, and Evan trusted the wolf to do it. His job was to take out the one who came out from the holding room, a big semi-automatic weapon in his hands. The gun went spinning, Evan's claws ripping it free even as his teeth closed on the man's throat, smothering him in seconds.

The rest of the rescue went about as well as they expected.

The only people left behind when the explosives went off were already dead.

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They got home about three a.m., both of them dragging ass.

Killian was limping, his front right paw as sore as a boil, but he knew it would heal in no time. He was more worried about his cat, who was scratched up pretty good, and who didn't heal like he did.

Evan wasn't injured seriously anywhere, though, at least not that he could see. What seemed to madden the poor kitty more than anything was that his whiskers were singed on one side.

That one charge had gone off while they were still too close to the lab, which they hadn't even known was there... Still, fifteen released weres, including one very rare hart, was a pretty good deal.

Pushing through the doggie door at the back of their place, Killian headed right for the bathroom. He was going to need some serious cleaning, and once he convinced Evan to change back to human, he'd get a nice, hot, soapy shower with his mate.

His mate, the cat. Lord, that would have been laughable a year ago.

He collapsed on the tile floor, panting, trying to will the human body to come back to him, but it just wasn't ready. The wolf still had a hold of him, and it didn't want to let go. Evan curled up next to him, purring like a lawn mower, and Killian licked the side that wasn't all sooty, showing his appreciation for the kinda hot sound.

Maybe they needed a nap.

When he woke up again, the tiles were cold under his ass and the sun streamed through the high window, warming his front. Evan lay curled up beside him, very human arm thrown over Killian's also very human mid-section.

Woo. Time to have a shower and post-adrenaline rush sex.

Evan would laugh at him, tell him he was all about his primal urges. Killian would have to agree. He moved his not-numb arm down Evan's side until he reached the round, muscled ass, checking for injury. When he found not so much as a scratch, he hummed, then slapped, making Evan jump and growl.

"What the hell?"

"Hey, baby." Killian pulled Evan up by that same handful of ass, giving his lover a kiss that stopped time for a moment.

Evan smiled against his mouth before kissing him back, hard and deep, making him feel it.

Of course he felt the damned uncomfortable tile under his back, too, and that would never do. Killian hoisted them both up, ignoring the cuts and soot. "Bedroom, baby?"

"Yeah, lover. Then shower."

He took them to their big bed, which was more in line with creature comfort for a cat with its pillows and dangling canopy ties. He didn't mind, though. It had a down pillow top. Killian lay back, pulling Evan up on top of him to straddle his hips.

"You ready to sit pretty, baby?" he asked, slapping that fine ass again.

"Hey! Come on, lover. I had to do something, make you do some kind of trick. He was getting weird."

"I know." Killian hit Evan's ass so hard that his hand stung. "I do this for fun."

Those eyes went dark, dark blue, a hint of the cat's gold starting to show around the edges. Evan's short human nails dug into his chest. "Then do it again. Want to ride you, lover."

"Then come on." He smacked again, then over and over, alternating cheeks, getting some damned good heat going on all over Evan's skin. He could feel it under his hand, even if he couldn't see the glow.

Evan's nails dug into the skin of his chest, scoring him, even as that lean, pretty body writhed on top of him. Words poured out of Evan's mouth, but they made little sense. They were mostly yes and more and then some amazing cat sounds.

He should make a tape. He could sell it to wolves everywhere. It would either give them wood or engage their hunting instinct.

"Ride me, baby," Killian moaned when he could feel the perfect amount of heat in Evan's skin.

"Yeah. Yeah, okay." Evan rose up over him, reaching back to take a hold of his prick,

That was just what he needed, and Killian moaned, humping up to try and get inside, try to get that heat seated against his hips. It was damned good to be alive and, after the craptastic kind of day they'd had, he needed to know that more than ever.

Evan's ass was on fire, the skin so hot it felt like they might melt together. The heat inside was even stronger, the tight muscles wrapping around him, holding him in that perfect spot.

"Shit, baby. You're gonna kill me."

"Werewolves are hard to kill." Evan grinned down at him, hands landing on his chest.

"That's what they tell me. Seems like we have been beating the odds."

"We make our own odds."

"We do." That was the truth. They made their own luck. How else could you mate cats and dogs?

Evan started to move then, slowly, up and down, rocking against him. The muscled thighs slid down on either side of his, the rough hair there mixing with his, making extra friction.

Killian reached down with both hands, pulling at Evan's ass, letting his nails scrape over the so-sensitive skin. That earned him a gasp, so he did it again.

"Asshole! No fucking fair." Baring his teeth, Evan snarled, not a bad attempt for someone who had only just gotten in touch with their feral side.

"You love it." He could see it in the tight nipples, the hard as nails cock. He could hear it in the desperate growl of Evan's voice, smell it in the musk that rose from Evan's balls.

Jesus.

"Come on, baby. Ride me like you mean it. I'm starting to think you don't."

"Fuck you."

"Or vice versa." He reached around and flicked the tip of Evan's cock with his forefinger.

"Oh, God, Kill..." Evan was into it now, working up and down like a man possessed, really giving him what for.

Killian growled, the sound one of complete approval, his hips rising up so hard that his ass left the bed. Every time he jerked up, Evan rose up, too, knees trying to find purchase.

They struggled for a moment before Killian lost all patience and rolled, taking Evan down beneath him. It was harder to feel the heat on that skin now, but if he knelt up and pressed Evan's legs back against his chest, Killian could see the amazing color.

"Yeah. Yeah, that's it." Evan panted, reaching up to grab his shoulders, short nails digging in. "That's it."

His kitty was such a bottom boy sometimes. It made him laugh out loud for pure joy, made him want to bite and mark and make Evan scream for him. Killian settled for slamming against that sweet ass, into it, his balls slapping against Evan's with every thrust.

Evan cried out, pulling at him, legs trembling. That amazing ass clamped down around him, so tight that all of a sudden Killian couldn't breathe. All he could do was saw back and forth and come, spilling himself deep into that much-loved body.

He hung there above Evan for long moments, head hanging, panting hard. Eventually he figured out that Evan was still moving, rocking, ass working his prick, which was slowly going soft.

Didn't look like he was going to be good for round two, either.

"What do you want, baby?"

Evan's eyes met his, glowing almost bright gold, like the urge to shift was right there. "Need to come, Kill. Need help."

"I got you, baby." Much as he loved to tease, he would never leave his mate hanging. Killian pulled free and slipped down between Evan's legs, letting them slide back to rest on the bed. The long muscles of Evan's thighs jumped in protest, drawing a long moan from their owner when he tried to adjust.

Fucking hot.

Killian bent, his lips hovering right over Evan's tortured-looking cock. "This what you want, baby?"

"Yes. Fuck yes." Evan humped up, cock bumping Killian's mouth.

Opening up wide, Killian dropped his mouth down over Evan's prick, his tongue sliding all the way down the underside. Evan tasted like need, deep and salty and bitter as all hell. It was a little like putting his tongue on a nine volt battery.

Thrashing, Evan tried to give him more, hands landing on his head to hold him down, but he wasn't about to let the man fuck his face. Instead, Killian grabbed Evan's hips, slamming that steaming ass down against the sheets so he could do his thing in his own good time, sucking and licking from base to tip and back again.

He swallowed around Evan's cock, which earned him a near-scream, the sound just like that of a hunting jaguar. It made his dick twitch, even when he knew there was no hope for another rising tonight. His body had been through enough.

He sucked again, pulling the head of Evan's cock to the roof of his mouth, breathing hard through his nose. He wanted Evan to come, and he wanted it now. He let his thumb slide down to where Evan's balls were separated from his ass, pressing hard at the tiny strip of skin there.

That did it. That gave him just what he wanted, Evan crying out and bucking madly for him, cock jerking in Killian's mouth. Killian took in every last bit of Evan's come before licking the man clean, marveling at just how much come tasted like blood, and at how most guys never even got to know that.

Evan grunted, flopping back on the bed and patting him clumsily. "That was just what I needed, man."

"Mmm. Nothing like a little slap and tickle after a hard day at work, huh, baby?"



“Nap was good too. Ow!” Evan rose up on his elbows, glaring at him for pinching that ass, which still glowed from the spanking Killian had given it.

“Well, then don’t rate me with a fucking nap. I’m way better than that.”

“I’m a cat. Naps are paramount.” Evan beckoned to him, and Killian lay down along Evan’s side, luxuriating in the warmth.

“Right.” He supposed that made sense. He’d likened fucking Evan to having a good hunt or an even better belly rub more than once. “I guess I can accept that.”

“You’d better.” Evan paused, stroking long fingers up and down Killian’s spine. “So what’s next?”

“We have a few jobs lined up, but not for a couple of weeks. I thought we’d go to the mountains, stay in this little cabin I know...”

“Yeah?” Evan chuckled. “That actually sounds really nice.”

“It does, huh? We have the cash from this job. We’re doing okay. Hell, you know what I’d say we’re doing?”

“What’s that, babe?”

Killian met Evan’s eyes, the laughter bubbling up in his chest. “I’d say we’re sitting pretty.”

End

Sit Pretty

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