

Noble Romance Publishing



Noble Romance Publishing, LLC



www.nobleromance.com

GRRR!

ISBN 978-1-60592-069-6

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

GRRR! Copyright 2009 Reese Johnson

Cover Art by Fiona Jayde

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any existing means without written permission from the publisher. Contact Noble Romance Publishing, LLC at PO Box 467423, Atlanta, GA 31146.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. The characters are products of the author's imagination and used fictitiously

Book Blurb

Do you like it rough? Rico and Katia are drawn to one another and share a night of passion, then go their separate ways but can't stop thinking about each other. After a string of one nighters, they meet again, and this time the fur is gonna fly!

Chapter One

"I want you, Rico. I want all of you." Katia moaned as she fought the desire to come right then.

Rico grinned then answered her by trailing his tongue from her ear down the column of her neck until he reached her full breasts. He squeezed one tit while rolling the nipple between his thumb and forefinger, as he suckled on her other one. Holding the nipple between his teeth, he flicked his tongue back and forth, and then sucked her flesh deep. Katia purred and arched her back like a graceful cat, inciting Rico to give her more – to take more from her.

Sliding on top of her, Rico spread Katia's legs with one of his knees and settled between them. He moved his hands over her body and slipped them beneath her ass. He raised her hips, as he slid his tongue down her body. The scent from her hairless pussy curled through his nostrils and he felt his balls tingle and tighten.

He slid his tongue over her soft mound and down her slit until he reached her cunt. The flavor of her pussy on his tongue mingled with the scent of her body and every muscle in Rico's body contracted. With his back arched, his fangs slowly descended as his claws slid out and sank into the soft flesh of Katia's ass. Keeping his wits about him wasn't easy when he was this aroused, and he didn't want to hurt her — not yet.

Rico forced himself to take a deep, calming breath and retracted his claws and fangs. He watched Katia the entire time, the way her back arched, the expressions on her face. He could tell she was completely lost in him and even though her features acknowledged the pain his claws had caused, he could see she liked the sensation.

Smiling slightly, he dipped his head once more and flicked his tongue over her clit. Again and again, he tortured her clit with his tongue until she was writhing beneath him, fisting the bedcovers in both hands and moaning so loudly he couldn't hear the stereo. And just when she was about to climax, he stopped to tongue-fuck her cunt.

Katia thought she would climb out of her skin if he didn't make her come. Every nerve in her body was alive and tingling as she edged on release. Her hands cramped from squeezing the comforter so tightly, and she moved her ass faster and faster, trying to maneuver her clit back to his mouth. She wanted him. She wanted to come. She wanted everything this man had to offer and he was torturing her.

"Fuck me. Make me come. Please!" Katia begged as she writhed beneath him.

Rico smiled and flicked his tongue over her clit, once again bringing her to the point of climax. But just as she tensed and he could feel her orgasm simmering just beneath the salty taste of her skin, he pulled back and she groaned pitifully.

"Tell me what you want," he whispered as he began kissing her inner thigh.
"What do you want, Katia?"

"You. Damn it, just make me come!"

Rico chuckled. "Tell me how to make you come. What do you want from me?"

"You. It. All." Katia whimpered and thrust her fingers between the folds of flesh and began massaging her clit.

Rico chuckled again, grasped her fingers between his teeth and sucked them into his mouth.

"Just fuck me!" she demanded. "Fuck me and make me come!"

Rico released her fingers, came up on his hands and knees and crawled up the bed until he covered her. He nipped at her nipples as his cock bounced against her stomach and she tried to maneuver her hips to sheath him inside of her.

"Is this what you want?" he whispered against her ear as he positioned the head of his dick against her pussy.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" Katia said, raising her hips to take him deeper.

Rico moved the head of his cock inside of her then pulled out so slowly. As Katia's fingers sank into the flesh of his shoulders, her hips rocked forward. Rico moved his hips, his cock sliding back inside of her, and then pulled out again.

"No. Please. Just fuck me," Katia cried.

"Like this?" he asked, as the head of his cock disappeared inside her pussy again.

"Yes. No. All of you," she said.

"Like this?" Rico grasped Katia's shoulders and held her tightly. He slammed his hard cock deep, his balls slapped against her ass and she screamed. Over and over he pounded into her, enjoying the sound of Katia moaning and crying out in pleasure, and the feel of her legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him into her.

"Yes. Yes. Yes! I'm going to"

“Oh, no you’re not,” Rico said and laughed as pulled out of her.

“No, no! Not now. More, oh, please more!”

Rico moved back and came up on his knees, pulling Katia with him. “Roll over,” he said, and helped her onto her hands and knees. Once she was positioned, Rico took his place behind her and grasped an ass cheek in each hand, spreading both her pussy and asshole wide open.

Bending, he licked her clit and dipped his tongue into her cunt. The taste of her juices and his own pre-cum mingling together on his taste buds almost caused him to lose control. He took a deep breath, barely able to reign in his desire to bite her on the back of the neck and fuck her until he came. A war raged inside him, but self-control won and he licked a line from her pussy to her ass and stuck his tongue deep inside the dark hole. Katia began to rock back and forth against him, moaning as she did. He knew she wasn’t going to last much longer, and neither was he.

Rico grasped her ass cheeks hard, spreading her wide open and pressed his cock into her pussy. Moving slowly in and out of her at first, he savored the heat and wetness of her pussy. His balls slapped against her clit and she moaned as she reached between her legs and grasped his sac with one hand and squeezed. He pulled out slowly then slammed into her one more time and with a quick movement he realigned and his cock into her ass. He felt her sphincter muscles clutch him as her entire body went rigid and she screamed her release. Rico moved in and out of her as the sound of her orgasm bounced off the walls.

Raising one hand, he brought it down hard on her ass, the smack echoing with Katia’s cries. He spanked her over and over as he fucked her ass. And then his claws sank into Katia’s soft flesh and the smell of blood curled through his senses and drove him into her, harder and harder until his cock exploded and her ass drained every drop of cum from his body.

Katia tried to catch her breath and fumbled for the lamp beside the bed. When she finally found the switch and turned it on, she gasped. She looked around, looked on

the floor, but Rico was nowhere to be found. Katia lay back on the bed, her chest still heaving while sweat ran off her and mingled with the blood Rico had drawn with his claws.

Chapter Two

Rico Trevia stretched, but kept his eyes shut against the intruding light from the setting sun coming through his window. Only at sunset did the light seep through the curtains to interrupt his sleep and force him from the warm comfort of his bed. He stretched again and yawned loudly. He rolled over and continued to stretch in a long, lazy movement that began in his neck and shoulders and moved its way down his body.

He sat up on the edge of the bed, stretching his arms out wide, and then hunched his shoulders up to his ears and rolled his head. He walked to the bathroom and stepped into the shower. The hot spray hit him in the face, ran over his head and down his back. He could smell the scent of the girl and the sex they'd had as it rose with the steam, and his cock reacted. Katia was hot as hell, he thought as he lathered his hands and rubbed the soap over his chest and arms. Thoughts of their night together replayed in his mind, and Rico hands moved down his stomach to his cock.

Splaying the flat of his hand along all ten inches, he squeezed the head tightly in his fist. He stroked himself slowly from head to base and back up. As he thought of Katia, he could feel her—her scent, her taste, her hot ass wrapped around his dick, and he moved his hand faster and faster over his cock until he came. The sensation of jacking off was never as good as the real thing, of course, but it wasn't bad either. What did that mean? Even bad sex was good sex? He couldn't agree more.

Selecting black slacks, a white pullover shirt and a black jacket, Rico dried off and dressed, then looked at himself in the mirror and grinned, showing very white teeth. He slipped on black leather shoes, grabbed his keys and shut the door behind him.

* * * * *

Pulling his red Porsche Cayman S into the parking lot, Rico backed into a slot on the far side away from where most of the other cars were parked. He slid out of the vehicle and shut the door, then hit the button on his key ring making sure the alarm was set. He ran a finger along the hood and grinned, and then headed inside.

Music pounded, vibrated off the walls and through the floor, and set Rico's blood to pounding in the same rhythm. He ordered a Grey Goose martini and made his way to a small table near the dance floor and sat down. Less than a minute later a redhead, barely dressed in the latest club couture, pulled him to the dance floor. Grinning, he pulled her to him. Rico was lithe and graceful on the dance floor. The redhead was merely an object he used to showcase his talents, and soon the floor was vacant except for him and his partner. As the music played, Rico danced with the grace of a panther and tossed his partner about as if she weighed nothing. When the music ended, the crowd applauded and the redhead clung to Rico as if she was his Siamese twin.

"Thank you for the pleasure of your company," he said smoothly as he returned to his seat.

"No, thank *you*. That was amazing! You're the best dancer I've ever met," she said, gushing over him.

"May I buy you a drink?"

"Cosmopolitan." She actually batted her lashes.

"Of course," he said with an amused smile and waved a waitress over.

"I'm Kim," the redhead said.

"Rico," he replied.

"It's great meeting you. I'm a student over at Howard," Kim continued talking. "Junior year and I still don't have a major, can you believe it? But my dad's been raggin' me to do something or he's gonna cut me off, can you believe it? I can't. What a pain he

is sometimes. If it wasn't for my mom, he'd probably not even pay my rent or electricity or food or anything, can you believe it? I just don't . . ."

Yeah, he could believe it. Kim's Daddy was becoming easier to understand with each word from his little girl's mouth. "Well, you know how parents can be," he said just to get her to stop talking. She was beautiful and built like a sailor's dream, unfortunately, someone had taught her how to talk, and not about anything important. He could deal with a lot of things, but stupidity wasn't one of them.

"Yeah, can you believe it?" Kim said again, rolling her eyes, as the waitress brought her drink and Rico paid for it

Reaching into his pocket, Rico retrieved his phone and flipped it open, and then pretended to read a message. "I'm sorry, Kim. I have to run; it's important and I have to have some quiet. Have a great night," he said as he stood.

"You're not coming back?" She stuck out her bottom lip in a pout.

Rico took a deep breath. "No, I'm sorry. This may take a while to straighten out. Very nice meeting you." With that, he turned on his heel and disappeared into the crowd as he made his way out to the parking lot. He got into his Porsche and cruised onto the street, chuckling as he merged with traffic.

Twenty minutes later, Rico found himself sitting in his car outside of Katia's house. The place was dark and looked quite deserted. Lowering the driver's side window, he inhaled deeply. He could smell her scent, strong and pervasive, but with it, he scented someone else. She was with another man.

Rico took another deep breath and exhaled as he pressed the button and raised the window. He sat where he was for a few more moments trying to figure out why he'd even driven over there. Coming up with no answer, he put the car in reverse, backed out onto the road and headed home.

Chapter Three

Katia smiled at the man across the bar from her and mouthed "thank you" for the drink he'd bought her. Then she wrapped her lips around the straw and sucked as she continued looking at him from under her lashes. She released the straw and ran the tip of her tongue over her lips and settled back in her seat. Men were so easily enticed, she mused as she watched him slide off his stool, pick up his drink and walk toward her.

"Hi," he said as he slid onto the stool beside her. "Ken Tyler." He offered his hand.

Katia smiled as she took his hand, her long red nails grazing his wrist as she did, feeling his pulse rate increase. "Nice to meet you, Ken. I'm Katia Korsky," she purred.

"Russian?"

"Perhaps," she replied.

"Come here often?"

Katia studied him for a moment. In spite of his inane banter, he was sexy as hell. Not as sexy as Rico had been, but *no one* was that sexy, she thought. Nevertheless, Ken dressed well and had a tall, athletic build. He had a fair complexion that intrigued and excited her, and his blond hair was a little long. His eyebrows formed straight slashes over thickly lashed eyes as blue as the sky. Deep dimples accented his full lips and his hands were strong, she could tell from the handshake. She'd taken note that his nails were well manicured and clean, and his hands had no calluses. This man worked in an office, perhaps as a lawyer or stockbroker, she guessed. All in all, he fit the bill for a nice, sweaty evening.

"Occasionally," she replied.

"My first time here," he said and drained his glass.

"Married?"

"Divorced."

"Horny?"

Ken swallowed hard. "Is this a joke?"

"Come with me and find out," she said and slid off the barstool.

Katia caught the way Ken watched her slinky red dress slide up her thighs as she stood, and she could feel his eyes on her as he watched her ass sway as she walked away on stiletto heels that accentuated long, shapely legs.

“Dude, don’t just stand there,” the bartender said, laughing out loud.

Ken glanced at the bartender, set his glass down and caught up with Katia.

* * * * *

Katia stood at the foot of the bed clothed only in her stiletto heels, stockings, and a red garter belt with a matching nippleless bra. She held a riding crop in her hand as she paced back and forth, and watched Ken, as he lay handcuffed to her bed.

She walked as if she owned the place, which she did, and slapped the riding crop to her palm now and then. Leaning over the bed, she ran her tongue across Ken’s lips, which parted instantly. Then she brushed his face with her tits, pausing long enough to allow one peaked nipple to dangle into his mouth. He latched on like a hungry baby.

“Mmm,” she purred. “You like that?” She laughed softly and pulled away from him. When he answered with only a strangled groan, Katia slapped the frayed end of the riding crop across his dick, and Ken yelped.

“That’s what you get when you don’t answer me,” she whispered in his ear. “Do you understand?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Good,” she said with a smile and trailed the riding crop down his stomach and legs as she paced the length of the bed. “Tell me what you like, Ken,” she said, slapping the bottom of his feet lightly with the crop before she walked up the other side of the bed.

“I-I don’t know,” he stuttered. “I’ve never done anything like this.”

Katia laughed. “I guess I’ll just have to show you what you like, Ken.” She bent over him again and kissed him, long and deep. When she broke the kiss, she caught his bottom lip between her teeth and tugged until Ken yelped again.

“Now,” she said softly, while lifting the blindfold so he could look at her, “since this is your first time, I’ll be gentle, but just in case you can’t handle something I want you to say ‘elephant’. That will be our code word and when you say it, I’ll stop what I’m doing. Okay?”

Ken cleared his throat and nodded. “Okay. Elephant.”

“Good,” Katia said. She covered his eyes again and placed a kiss on the tip of his nose. “Now, what’s a good boy like you doing picking up a girl like me?” Katia laughed lightly when she saw gooseflesh rise on Ken’s skin.

She crawled onto the bed and straddled him. His cock was already hard with drops of pre-come oozing onto his stomach. Katia laid the riding crop aside and leaned over Ken’s body, grazing her nipples across his chest. She pulled a scarf from off the headboard, slipped it around Ken’s neck and tied a slipknot in it.

“What are you doing?” Ken asked.

“I’m doing you a favor. Don’t worry about a thing. Katia will take care of you,” she purred in his ear and then caught the lobe in her teeth and lightly bit him. “You’re going to find the line between pleasure and pain is a very fine one, Ken.” She trailed her tongue along his neck to where it curved into his shoulder and she nipped him again, this time just a little harder. “You’ll learn to trust me, Ken. You’ll learn I can give you more pleasure than you’ve ever known. And you’ll learn pain is the greatest part of that pleasure.” She saw beads of perspiration form on his brow and his Adam’s apple moved up and down as he swallowed hard.

Katia tightened the noose around Ken’s neck so it was snug, but not tight enough to restrict his breath – yet. Then she kissed him, her tongue diving deep into his mouth. The kiss was slow, languid, seductive, and Ken responded not only with his mouth and tongue, but his stomach muscles quivered and he clenched his hands into fists. Katia didn’t miss a thing.

Breaking the kiss, she moved her mouth over his neck and chest, kissing and licking his salty skin. Then she moved to his nipples and grazed her teeth over them so

they became rigid little beads. She blew a breath of air over them and saw gooseflesh rise instantly across his skin. Ken moaned deep in his chest.

Moving down his body, Katia kissed and licked and nibbled across his stomach and swirled her tongue in his naval. Farther down, she licked a line over the crease where his leg and torso connected.

"You like that?" she asked softly.

"Yes," Ken answered.

Katia laughed and licked the full length of his cock, and then sucked the head into her mouth and she heard Ken groan again. Her tongue twirled around the tip of his dick, but when he raised his hips to go deeper, she stopped sucking him. She slapped his cock and Ken cried out.

"Now," she said, "you will do things my way. Understand?"

"Yes," Ken said.

Katia stroked and licked Ken's body until he was writhing on the bed. Straddling him again, she slid her wet cunt back and forth on his dick, making her clit hard and sensitive. She arched her back and Ken's dick slipped inside her and he exhaled heavily. She fucked him slowly with measured strokes, watching his face contort as she did. His biceps bulged as he strained against the handcuffs, and his hips bucked faster and faster as he tried to increase the speed of her pussy stroking him. When she was sure he was about to come, she slid off of him and moved up the bed to his face.

"Now, eat me," she said and placed her bare pussy over his mouth.

Ken's tongue flicked out to taste her and she ground her cunt onto his face. He sucked her clit and tongue-fucked her pussy, unable to touch or see her. Then Katia grasped the bed frame as her entire body reacted to his touch and she came quickly. Ken lapped at her as her pussy juice ran down his chin and Katia could feel her muscles continue to contract at his mouth.

Katia removed his blindfold and got to her feet, standing on the bed above him. "Tell me what you want, Ken. Tell me how to please you."

"Fuck me," he said. "Slide your wet pussy on my dick and fuck me."

Katia chuckled. "That would be too quick and easy." She stepped on his chest with one foot, then the other, and looked down at him. She took one tiny step, carefully controlling her balance. "I'll walk all over you, Ken." And then she did while her stiletto heels left deep marks on his skin.

Stepping back onto the bed, she straddled him, replaced his blindfold and stretched her arms above her head as she sheathed his rigid cock with her pussy. Her chest rumbled deeply, the sound much like that of a mountain lion.

Katia's claws extended and her fangs protruded, as she continued to ride Ken faster and faster. With one hand, she reached for him and raked her claws across his chest, leaving blood droplets forming on his skin. Ken yelled but the sound expressed more pleasure than pain. She leaned forward and sank her fangs into his neck, and he yelled again.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked, but he bucked his hips against her pussy even faster.

Katia smiled every so slightly, and then purred in his ear, "Making your dreams come true."

She grabbed the scarf she'd tied around his neck and pulled it tighter as she rode him harder and faster. Removing the blindfold so she could watch him, she smiled as his eyes went wide with fear. His face turned red and his mouth opened. She barely heard him form the word 'elephant' before an orgasm ripped through her body and she felt Ken's cock spasm inside her. His body tensed and she saw his eyes roll up in his head as she loosened the scarf around his neck, but he'd already passed out from the force of the orgasm combined with the lack of oxygen.

"Hey, Ken?" Katia gently slapped his face. "Come on, wake up." Ken's eyes fluttered and Katia looked at his pupils. He was fine. "How do you feel?"

Ken groaned. "Like a wet rag."

Katia laughed. "You're okay. Here, let me get you out of those handcuffs. I'll get you some water."

"Thanks. That was awesome," he said as he rubbed his wrists. "I've never done that before."

Katia smiled and handed him a glass of water. "Here, drink this."

Ken sipped the water and set the glass aside as he looked at Katia and smiled. "So what other tricks do you have to teach an old dog like me?"

Katia smiled wickedly. "That is for another time, my love," she purred and kissed him.

Chapter Four

Rico stretched and arched his back, and then flexed his arms and hands. His claws were sharp, and as he yawned, his fangs extended. He shook himself and his fur rippled. Blinking once, he waited while his eyes adjusted to the dark. He sat back on his haunches, lifted one large paw to his mouth and licked the fur with his rough tongue. After a few minutes of grooming himself, Rico stood and with feline grace, he walked through his house, pausing in front of the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door.

In his human form, he was muscular and sleek, but his feline form was every bit as dangerous as the panther he really was. While he passed as a man during the day, at night he stalked his prey in the nearby forest. He covered more than twenty square miles in a single night, satisfying his animal hunger with rabbits and deer. Tonight, however, there was a different hunger that demanded to be satisfied.

Since their first meeting, Katia had been on his mind, filling his senses and heating his blood. When he hunted, she was his prey. When he slept, she filled his dreams. He'd managed to stay away from her since the night he'd discovered she was with another man, but that was four long nights ago and no other woman he'd seen since could quite live up to Katia.

Rico left his house and stalked silent streets hidden in the darkness, staying far from street lamps and the occasional headlights of passing vehicles, until he found

himself in Katia's back yard. The house sat dark and silent. Rico sniffed the air. Only Katia's scent wafted on the breeze, so he walked around the house and found the kitchen window open a few inches. On his hind legs he used his powerful jaw to raise the window wide enough for him to slide through, and then he leapt inside.

Following Katia's scent, Rico padded down the hallway on silent paws until he came to her bedroom. The door stood open. He walked in, and her scent hit him like a slap to the face, making him dizzy with desire.

She lay on her bed, flat on her stomach. The sheet covered only her legs and she was naked. Rico felt his blood heat as his balls dropped. Then, in one powerful leap, he was on the bed on top of Katia. With his powerful jaws he grasped her by her nape and wrapped his front paws around her shoulders as he prepared to ram his large, barbed cock into her.

Katia didn't have time to scream. She could only react and shift into her natural cougar form. With one giant paw she swiped at her attacker, catching him square on the jaw. The unexpected blow landed him on the floor, but before he could jump back onto the bed, Katia was on all fours. She roared loudly, showing her giant fangs. She hissed at the black panther as he came at her, and hit her with the force of his weight. He knocked her backward and they rolled off the bed and hit the floor with a thud. The sound of hissing and scratching filled the air as claws and fangs raked at skin and fur.

Strong, Rico thought as he fought for a new hold on her. Strong and beautiful. He grabbed the back of her head in his mouth and sank his jaws into her neck while wrapping his front paws around her chest. He held her and then positioned himself with his powerful hind legs and rammed his cock into her. He yowled as he pounded into her over and over, the barbs on his dick and his hold on her nape preventing her from getting away even as she thrashed and fought to be free. In a matter of minutes, Rico came, and they both collapsed on the floor.

Katia growled deep in her chest and moved beneath him. He released his hold on her and she shoved at him until he moved off her. She came to her feet and leaped back onto the bed and began to lick her ruffled fur. Watching him warily as she groomed herself, she saw his eyes open and then he shifted, changing back into his human form. Katia changed too. Rico stood beside the bed and stared at her. She came to her feet slowly and Rico remained where he was, giving her the opening she needed. Her roundhouse blow landed squarely on his jaw and staggered him. Then her left hook put him flat on his back on the floor. She straddled his chest with her hands wrapped in his hair.

"What the fuck is your problem?" she growled and banged his head against the floor. "If you ever come in here like that again, I'll rip your fucking head off!" She banged his head hard against the floor once again.

Rico bucked his hips and threw her off balance. He brought his legs up and hooked her around the chest while coming to a sitting position. Katia's head thumped against the floor as she tried to grab him.

"Stop it," he said. "I don't want to hurt you."

"You sonofabitch! Let me go!"

"I'll let you go if you give me your word you'll calm down."

"Sure, I'm calm," she said.

Rico grinned. Katia's eyes were glowing and her face was red, not to mention the fact she didn't sound sincere at all. "I don't think so," he said. "Now, I'm going to take my legs from around you, but I've still got your hands, so behave. Okay?"

Katia nodded and he released her torso from the vice-like grip of his powerful legs, but he held onto her hands.

"What the fuck did you think you were doing?" She continued to glare at him.

"I apologize for that," he said. "I had no idea you're a shape shifter too. I just came to see you. I didn't intend to wake you."

"So you didn't think jumping on me would wake me? Or raping me would cause any problems?"

"You know it wasn't rape, Katia. When I came in here, your scent caught me by surprise. You know I have no control around a cat in heat."

Katia glared at him. "Let me go!"

"Are you going to try to kill me?"

"Probably."

Rico laughed. "Okay, but I will defend myself," he said as he released her.

Katia kicked at him as she stood and grabbed a sheet to wrap around herself. She studied Rico as he went to a chair in the corner of her bedroom. He was all sinewy muscle, dark and smooth and so very sexy. And she knew he was right. No male of his kind could resist a female in heat, but still, he had no right to take her the way he did. He should have told her what he was the first time they'd had sex. She shuffled into the bathroom, shut the door and turned the lock, and then turned the taps in the shower. The hot spray hit her on top of the head and ran down her body. She took her time washing her hair and body, shaved her legs and hoped he'd be gone when she finished.

Katia wasn't surprised she didn't know about him. Cats were territorial and unless it was mating season, they stayed away from one another. But the fact they'd actually met and had sex in their human form without recognizing one another did bother her. Even though they were different species, she felt she should have known what he was. And now that she did know, she was bothered even more. He wasn't just an attractive man; he was flat out gorgeous and sexy. She hadn't been able to get him off her mind since they'd met. In fact, she'd even gone on the prowl every night since then trying to find him, and when she failed, she'd found some very tasty substitutions.

She turned off the water, grabbed a towel and dried herself, then wrapped the towel around her wet hair and another around her body and went back into her bedroom—her very empty bedroom.

"You sonofabitch," she said softly as she finished drying and then began smoothing rich cream all over herself.

Chapter Five

Rico stepped out of the shower and dried quickly, throwing the towel into the hamper as he went to his bedroom. That had to be the stupidest thing he'd ever done, he mused as he pulled on a pair of jeans and headed to the kitchen. He made a pot of coffee and while it brewed, he fried bacon and eggs, and put bread in the toaster.

He'd done some pretty stupid shit in his life, but what he'd done at Katia's had to be at the top of the list. Not to mention the fact that after he attacked her, he left exactly the way he'd come in—by stealth. So now, not only had he attacked the woman, he hadn't even bothered to tell her he was sorry or say good-bye.

Transferring his breakfast from the pan to a plate, he poured a cup of coffee, and buttered his toast. Sitting at the table eating, he thought of Katia and in his mind, he replayed the entire night over and over again. Each time the events came out exactly the same way. He was an asshole. Well, he thought as he put his dishes in the sink, even if he couldn't undo the situation, he could apologize properly and hopefully, she would forgive him. Someday. Eventually. Then again, maybe not, he thought grimly.

Rico went back to his room to finish dressing. Katia was all he'd thought of for days, and all he'd dreamed of. He'd had no idea she was a shape shifter, and worse, a cougar cat. They were the worst of the felines and taking one for a mate was to invite a life of misery. Cougar cats were unfaithful, and no matter how much they might say they loved someone, they were never satisfied with just one man, whether mortal or feline. They went after younger men and younger felines, causing them to fall madly in love, and then breaking their hearts. When a male was unfortunate enough to mate with one, he could always be assured if she wasn't home, she was in the bed or den of another.

Shaking his head, he knew he definitely didn't need the hassle. No one needed the problems that came with a cougar cat, and yet, her scent still haunted him. The feel of her as she was the night they'd met—the warmth of her body, the heat of her pussy, and her tight ass—made his dick harden immediately. He squeezed his cock through

his jeans and grabbed a pair of socks. First, he would apologize to her and then, he'd be done with her, he told himself as he put on his shoes. His twitching cock said otherwise.

Rico went shopping for a few groceries and other items he needed and took them back home. He had a few chores to do around the house and the back yard needed mowing. Why he was procrastinating over apologizing to Katia wasn't a subject he pondered, even though thoughts of her ran dizzily through his mind. After mowing the lawn, he did the laundry. After the laundry, he decided the windows needed to be washed. And the grout in the bathroom could use a good scrubbing. And the baseboards were unsightly. By the time he ran out of reasons to avoid the task of apologizing to Katia, the sun had begun to set. Rico took another shower and changed into informal eveningwear. With a quick look in the mirror, he grabbed his keys and headed for his car. Just one quick stop at the florist and then on to his doom, er, duty, he thought to himself and chuckled at the slip.

* * * * *

Pulling into Katia's driveway, he killed the engine and sat staring at the house. The garage door was down; he couldn't tell if her car was there, so he inhaled deeply, using his feline senses and there she was – the scent of Katia. Soap. Shampoo. Clean. Soft. Feminine. Pussy. Literally. Rico chuckled again as he got out of the car. That's when he caught the other scent. Male. She was with someone else. Damn her. Jerking the car door open again, he slung the bouquet of roses onto the passenger seat, then slid angrily behind the wheel, turned the key and gunned the engine. He backed out of the driveway and squealed tire as he shoved the transmission into drive and sped down the street.

"You fucking bitch," Rico said through clenched teeth. He knew better. A fucking cougar cat was nothing but a whore on the prowl and especially now that he knew she was in heat, he also knew she'd be fucking anything that faintly resembled a

cock. "What the hell was I thinking? And why the hell does she even matter?" he asked, and then immediately shoved the question from his mind. *Fuck it. Just fuck it.*

* * * * *

Katia inhaled deeply and allowed her feline sense to take over. Rico. He'd been right outside. "To apologize?" she said.

"What?" Stefan asked.

Katia looked at her brother. "The jackass I was telling you about. I think he stopped by to apologize."

Stefan came to his feet. "He's here? I'll rip that bastard a new one!"

Katia smiled slightly, and purred. "Don't worry, he's gone."

"You sound disappointed," Stefan said as he looked at her.

Katia turned her face away. She didn't want her brother reading her face. "No, of course not," she said.

Stefan continued to stare at her for a moment. "You like this one, don't you?"

With a slight shrug, Katia walked into the den and took a seat in the overstuffed corner chair near the window. "Not any more than anyone else," she said, refusing to look Stefan in the eye.

"Why are you lying to me?" He caught her chin with one finger and lifted her face to meet his gaze.

Katia blew out a breath and brushed his hand away. "Don't worry about me. He means nothing. Less than nothing, if you must know."

Stefan chuckled. "I'll let it go. For now. But if that sonofabitch comes sneaking back here, you better call me. Understand?"

"Sure," she replied, non-committal.

Stefan shook his head and leaned in to give her a quick peck on the cheek. "I'll see you Sunday, right?"

"Of course. Mother would never forgive me if I missed a Sunday brunch.

Chapter Six

Rico checked his look in the mirror. Very *suave*, he decided and grinned at himself. Tonight, he was on the prowl and in a big way. Katia was a thing of the past and he wasn't about to let the bitch interfere with his life one more minute. Locking the door as he left the house, he hit the button on the key ring, unlocking the door of the Porsche. He jumped in, and less than ten minutes later, he pulled into the parking lot of Meow Mix and killed the engine. He adjusted his coat as he walked to the door and pulled out a ten spot for the cover charge.

"Hey, Rico," the doorman said as he took the money. "Haven't seen you in a while."

"How you doing, Ralph?" Rico grinned as he shook the man's hand.

Ralph leaned in and whispered, "Check out the sweet little piece of ass at the end of the bar. I think she's just what you're looking for."

"Thanks. You take it easy," Rico said and went inside.

The music was loud but the room wasn't overly crowded yet. Still early, Rico thought and checked his watch. He took a stool at the bar and waited for the bartender to notice him.

"Rico, what can I get you, man?"

"Grey Goose martini, dirty. How you been doing, Luis?"

"Can't complain," Luis replied as he mixed the drink, then set the glass on a napkin on the bar. "Nobody'd listen."

Rico nodded, took a sip of his cocktail and looked up and down the long, curved bar. There she was, the girl Ralph had mentioned. Long brown hair with dark eyes that flashed good humor, and a top so low cut he could almost see her nipples. "Barely even legal," he mumbled.

"What's that?" Luis asked as he poured a beer.

"Nothing," Rico said with a shake of his head. "See that girl at the end of the bar? What's she drinking?"

Luis turned his head to look and then smiled. "Mojito," he said. "She's new here, or at least I've never seen her before. And believe me, something like that walks in, I'd remember!"

"Send her a drink from me, will you?"

"Sure," Luis replied as Rico dropped cash on the bar.

"I'll be in the back."

Luis chuckled as he began mixing the drink. "You got it, Rico."

Rico picked up his drink and made his way to the back room, a members' only area with a locked door and a bouncer who made sure only those who belonged in got in.

"Dave, what's up?" Rico offered his hand.

"Not much, Rico." He shook hands. "You alone tonight?"

"Only for a few minutes," he said with a grin. "See that little girl at the end of the bar? When she works up the balls, let her in and point her at me."

Dave chuckled. "No problem, dude." He opened the locked door and Rico went inside.

Furnished in expensive burgundy leather and teakwood tables, thick carpeting and crystal chandeliers, the room felt luxurious, with dark honeyed wood walls and a fireplace that crackled with faux flames. The wait staff back here dressed in crisp tuxedos, as did the bartender. The atmosphere inside was completely the opposite of that in the club. A baby grand piano sat on a small stage at one end and the house musician played old Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin tunes, interspersed with hits from Elton John and Phil Collins.

Making himself at home, Rico sat back on a leather couch and placed his drink on the table next to him. He glanced at his watch once more and smiled. "Any moment now," he said confidently. And as if on cue, the door opened and the girl walked inside. She looked embarrassed and expectant all at once, and Rico rose to his feet and smiled.

"Hello," he said as he walked toward her. He extended his hand and said, "I'm Rico Trevia."

"Angela Weston," she said softly and shook his hand. "Thank you for the drink."

"You're welcome, Angela. Would you care to sit?"

"Yes, thank you."

Rico took her gently by the arm and escorted her to the couch. "May I get you a fresh drink?" He sat next to her, but made sure there were several inches between them.

"No, thank you. This one is fine."

"I've never seen you here before, Angela."

She sucked on the straw in her drink, and then set the glass on a coaster on the table in front of them. "No, this is my first time here. I came with friends."

"And where are your friends now?"

"On the dance floor, I guess."

"You don't dance?"

She smiled shyly and Rico caught the faint blush on her cheeks. "I do, but I didn't feel like dancing right away."

"Why not?"

She blushed even more and Rico almost couldn't resist reaching out to brush her cheek. "I'm a little self-conscious, I guess. It usually helps if I've had a couple of drinks first."

"Then I got here just in time," Rico said with a wink.

"You did?"

He nodded. "If I had been any later, you would've had your second drink and been on the dance floor with someone else. I would have missed the pleasure of your company."

* * * * *

Angela wasn't as green as she was young, Rico thought as he made a right turn and her head bobbed on his dick as she sucked him. They'd barely gotten out of the club and into his car before she'd had his pants unzipped and her hand wrapped around his cock, massaging him up and down. He maneuvered the Porsche into the driveway without banging his elbow against Angela's head.

"This is my house. Let's go inside," he told her. Angela didn't let up. She impaled her mouth with his cock and took the entire length of him down her throat. He gripped the steering wheel with both hands as his body stiffened and his balls tightened. "Angela, darlin', you should really . . ."

The words wouldn't form as his head fell back against the seat and his eyes shut tightly. Breathing rapidly, in time to the motion of Angela's head, Rico no longer cared they were in his car in the driveway in front of his house. His stomach muscles contracted and his ass muscles clenched, and then he took a deep breath and almost ripped the steering wheel from the column as he shot his hot load into Angela's mouth.

As her head continued to bob up and down and his cock continued to throb and convulse, Rico caught a whiff of something. A scent that brought his senses reeling back to reality. Katia. He opened his eyes and blinked hard. The cougar sat on the hood of his Porsche; her golden eyes unblinking as she licked one paw and watched him. Rico's heart leaped to his throat as he grasped Angela by the back of the head and held her.

He shook his head back and forth and silently mouthed the word, "No." The cougar tilted its head to one side and then leaped gracefully to the ground and walked off into the darkness, her tail twitching from side to side.

"Angela," Rico said as he exhaled the breath he'd been holding. "I think it's time to get you home."

She sat up and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. Rico leaned over, opened the glove box and took out a travel pack of Kleenex and handed her one. She wiped her face then said, "You don't want to do more stuff?"

Rico smiled and shook his head. "I'd love to, but not tonight. I'm sorry but I completely forgot about something I have to do. I'm really very sorry."

* * * * *

After dropping Angela off, Rico cruised on back home keeping an eye out for any movement in the shadows as he drove down his street. When he pulled into his driveway and opened the garage door, he caught Katia's scent once again. Smiling to himself as he carefully parked the Porsche, he knew he was probably in for a fight. But for some reason, he relished the idea.

Pushing the car door back as far as he could, Rico carefully stepped out of the vehicle with his ears perked, listening for any sound of Katia. Her scent wrapped around him and his cock twitched in response. Damn it, he hated it when that happened! Shutting the car door gently, he walked to the back door and went inside the house. Katia's scent grew stronger and he knew she was inside. His grin widened, as his heart rate increased and a tingle of excitement shot up his spine.

"Here kitty, kitty, kitty," he called in a high-pitched voice and then chuckled when there was no reply.

Kicking off his shoes, he walked across the floor in his stocking feet without turning on the lights. As he went into the living room, her scent grew even stronger so he knew he was getting closer, however, that meant she could also scent him. Now he had to be even more cautious as he moved into the hallway.

"Here kitty. Come here, my pretty kitty," he said. "I know you're here, Kitty-Kat!" Moving down the corridor, he passed the guest room and just as he came to the bathroom, a fist connected with his jaw, sending him reeling into the wall. Touching his hand to his lip, he caught the taste of blood. "You bitch," he muttered.

"Bastard," she shouted and kicked him in the stomach.

He made a grab for her as he doubled over, but she was faster and slid out of reach. Catching himself before he fell flat on his face, Rico came to his feet and chased her into the living room.

She whirled around as he closed in and connected a flying kick to his jaw, knocking him backward two steps. Balancing himself, he sprang forward and caught her by one arm. He jerked her toward him and punched her in the mouth. Her head flew back and then righted, and he saw her eyes flash red.

Bringing her knee up, she connected with his groin and when he bent forward, she caught a handful of hair and brought his face down against her other knee. He grabbed her by the foot and jerked as she stood upright, sending her crashing flat on her back.

"Fuck you," she screamed.

He chuckled. "Fuck me? Oh no, baby. *Fuck you!*" He landed on top of her, knocking the breath from her lungs, and grabbed her by both wrists. Holding her arms on the floor above her head, he leaned in, his face a breath away from hers. "Now," he said, "are you finished?" Katia glared at him. "First one to draw blood gets the top," he told her.

Her lip curled as she bucked her hips hard and caught him under one arm with her foot. The hold was enough to knock him off balance so she could roll to the right, and with a backward kick, she caught him in the rib cage and sent him sprawling, then landed on top of him.

"That means I get top," she said, her chest heaving from the exertion.

Leaning into him, she flicked a tongue over his cut lip and licked the blood off.

Rico grinned. "I guess you're right. Fuck *me*. You did draw first blood."

Katia smiled and her fangs descended. She licked a line up his neck to his shoulder then sank her teeth into his flesh. He yowled and grabbed her by the waist, sinking his claws into her as he shifted and became the panther once more.

Running her tongue over her lips, Katia smiled and shifted to cougar form. Lifting one great paw, she swiped at him and caught his face, then took off running. In the kitchen she leaped through a window with Rico right behind her. They raced across the backyard, leaped the fence and ran across the field into the woods beyond.

Catching her at the edge of the lake, Rico held her in both paws as he shoved his cock inside her. She fought and clawed, twisted and turned, as they rolled over and over until he came and they landed in the water.

"Pussy." She shifted back to her human form and landed on top of him once again.

Rico laughed as the shallow water lapped around them. "You win," he said. "Take me."

"I intend to." She bent her head and swallowed his flaccid dick. She sucked the length of him into her mouth then pulled back so only the head remained, and sucked vigorously until he began to moan and his cock began to harden. Then she straddled him and sheathed him inside her slick pussy and rode him hard.

He rolled her nipples between his thumb and fingers, pinching them hard as he watched her use his cock. Every expression on her face excited him and when her fangs slid down, he grasped her by the hips and held tight. Bucking into her with each movement of her body, Rico felt her pussy contract around his dick as her claws drew blood on his chest and his cock spasmed inside her.

She fell against him, spent and breathing hard. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight. What was he going to do with her? A cougar cat couldn't be tamed. They were independent, hard headed, mouthy, and strong willed. Never faithful, a cougar cat could only break his heart.

Kissing her hair, Rico smiled. That was just a chance he was going to have to take.

~The End~

About the Author

Reese Johnson was born and raised in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma where he attended grade school and high school. While still a teenager, Reese was arrested and convicted

of robbing a white motel clerk and sentenced to 99 years in prison, and served more than 40 years in various Oklahoma State facilities.

Reese writes novels centered around the lives of gay and bi-sexual men, and often uses the men he knew in prison as fodder for characters, but enjoys putting them into fantasy creatures, such as werewolves and shapeshifters. He is single and lives in SE Oklahoma.

* * * * *

If you enjoyed GRRR! by Reese Johnson, you might also like the following book from Noble Romance Publishing:

[Dragon Slayer by Fiona Jayde](#)
[Purr-fect Seduction by H. C. Brown](#)