



TIMBERON CAT  
SERIES: 2

# On The Prowl

Yvette Hines

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*Timberon Cat Series: 2*

by

**Yvette Hines**

An Interracial Paranormal Erotica

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## Chapter One

She should have known better than to tell an *Amofeli* male to kiss her ass. However, that's exactly what Tresa had done. It was also the reason she was bent over and face down on her soon to be brother in-law's father's desk with his brother's tongue buried between her legs.

"Preston... ohmygod...what are you doing?" He swept up her slit, then back down and swirled around her clit causing her eyes to roll back into her head. "Don't stop," she moaned.

"I hadn't planned to, Tresa." Preston's words fluttered across her ass as he held her thigh with one hand and his other pulled her thong to the side revealing her sex to him. "I can't get enough of your delicious cream."

*Oh, shit, his words are turning me on as much as his avaricious mouth.* One of her hands gripped the top of the mahogany desk while the other was fisted in his chestnut shoulder length hair, holding him in place. Rotating her hips, she pressed her sex against his mouth feeling the tension in her thighs and the pressure coiling in her belly from the building climax orchestrating her body.

She'd searched out the office in the large lodge looking for a place to check her e-mails since her luxury cell phone had no signal out in the woods of Timberon, New Mexico. Preston had been in there already and they'd started bickering about who should leave. One thing led to another and she'd let her mouth get away from her and told him to "kiss her ass". Now, she needed to come so bad, she couldn't recall why she'd been fussing with him in the first place. Being around Preston always seemed to push her buttons.

As his tongue tapped the sensitive tip of her clit it took all of her strength to hold off her orgasm.

Preston burrowed inside of her sex. She could feel his lips, tongue and nose brushing against her. His head began to undulate as he pumped his tongue in and out of her pussy.

Arching her back, she urged him on and begged for more.

"Hey, Lana, last time I saw Tresa she said she was going to find a place to check her e-mail." Marisol, her sister's best friend and maid of honor's voice echoed on the other side of the door.

*Shit!* They were about to be discovered. Lana would be pissed. Tresa was pretty sure that this was not the way Lana wanted her wedding to go. Her sister had spent the last year, since reuniting with her college love, planning her marriage to Kal. If Tresa was found by her sister and bridesmaids, Tresa figured Lana would make her walk from Timberon back to Silver City.

"Pres-ton, Pres-ton, we need...to stop," Tresa stuttered, whimpered as she attempted to get her body to comply with what her mind was telling her needed to be done for the sake of not embarrassing her sister.

Preston continued feasting on her sex, not appearing as if he heard her, the ladies outside the door or that he was going to cease his oral activities.

"Well, there are only two places with computers she could use that are not in rooms." Lana's voice sounded closer to the door. "Here or in the library downstairs."

*Oh, please go to the library.* The orgasm was becoming more imminent. Tresa felt the beads of sweat beginning to coat her top lip. Shit would hit the fan if she was caught. Tresa hated disappointing Lana, but that was usually where her mouth and wild antics got her.

"Why don't we try the office since we're already here?" Connie, one of Lana's co-workers volunteered.

Connie was always too clever for her own good, Tresa thought.

"Preston, if you don't sto--"

*Whack.*

The sting of the smack to her ass shocked Tresa. Never had she dealt with a male that was as aggressive as Preston. Most men she slept with followed her direction and she enjoyed being in charge, or so she told herself. But the sting to her butt cheek caused tingling sensations to vibrate from her backside to her clit.

"Be still," he commanded her before he buried his face in her sex again and slipped his tongue inside.

"Did you hear that?" That light squeaky voice that sounded as if the person swallowed a mouse had to be Selena, their cousin.

Sure enough Selena was the first to barge into the room, her hand still holding the door knob.

The doorway filled with five women including her sister, the bride to be. If Tresa had not already been frozen in shock at the swat Preston had laid on her ass, seeing all the ladies pile into the room to see her humiliation had done it.

If Preston was shocked by the appearance of the bride's side of the wedding party, he didn't show it. Most of him may have been as still as a statue behind her, but his tongue, which continued to flick slowly inside of her, drove her mad.

The direct stare from her sister kept her hovering orgasm at bay. Tresa wished she didn't have to be a part of the explosion of anger from her sister she was sure was soon to come.

"What did you hear, Selena?" Marisol asked, stepping deeper into the room and turned her head from left to right.

"Let me see." Connie shoved through the other onlookers to get into the room.

"Nothing," Selena said, standing with her hands on her hips. "There's no one in here." She sashayed toward the couch on the side of the room and plopped down in a graceless manner.

*What?* Tresa's mind screamed. *How can they not see us right here?* She was tempted to yell, *'hello are you blind'*, but thought better of it. Tresa knew that Preston and the males in his family were cat shifters but did they have the ability to control people's minds too? That would explain how she'd ended up on the desk in a compromising position practically invisible to a crowd of women. Gazing at Lana, one thing was sure, if the other ladies were visually impaired, her sister wasn't. Nope, not at all. Lana's heated gaze was burning holes into her.

Her sister lifted a single eyebrow as her gaze rested on the desk and them.

"Let's go. There's no telling what my wayward sister has gotten herself into." Lana glanced around at the other ladies moving around at the door beside her.

"She's probably in the library," Marisol declared.

"We better find her. The massage team will be here soon and I for one don't want to be late." Connie turned to head out the door.

“Definitely the library.” Raquel, Lana’s college roommate marched out of the room behind Connie.

Lana still stood at the door waiting for all the ladies to exit. Marisol was the next to strut out. Selena rose from the couch and walked slowly towards the door.

Their cousin never moved on anyone’s time but her own.

*Get out, Selena.* Tresa called out mentally, hoping her lackadaisical cousin would pick up on the mental vibe and leave. Tresa would have screamed it, but whatever was causing the other women to miss her and Preston’s forms at the desk Tresa didn’t want to jinx it, so she kept her lips pressed close.

“Wait! Tresa was here, her purse is on the floor by the desk.” Selena called out, her eyes zeroing in on the small clutch.

*Damn-it!* Tresa just knew she was about to be caught.

Selena pivoted and headed towards them.

“Leave it.” Lana called out, halting their cousin’s progress.

Turning, Selena slapped her hands on her hips. “Why? Someone could steal her identity.”

Her cousin was always the pessimist. If it was sunny, Selena would be the only person in the world carrying an umbrella.

“It would teach Tresa a lesson.” Lana crossed the room and grabbed Selena’s hand. “You know how my little sister can be so selfish, irresponsible and injudicious.”

*Alright, already!* Tresa screamed internally. She already felt like shit enough, without her sister making it worse.

Preston still had not moved, but he slowly pulled his tongue back and then pressed it forward again and brushed her inner walls with the tip. Her core began to quiver. If her sister and cousin didn’t leave soon she would be coming hard and loud. At that point there would be no doubt she was in the room.

Lana dragged Selena from the office and pulled the door closed behind them.

Moments following the click of the door shutting, Preston pulled out of her. His agile tongue glided through her wet heat and circled her clit and drew it into his mouth. One strong pull later Tresa was coming.

Unable to hold back any longer, she bit down on her forearm as she came hard and fast. She wasn’t even sure how good of a job she did at muffling her moans of pleasure. As one wave after another assailed her, she didn’t care.

As her body calmed slowly, Preston moved away. Standing beside her now, he smacked her on the ass again, causing another ripple of ecstasy to roll through her.

“Well, Tresa, as delightful and sweet as your pussy is, I have wedding duties to perform.” The hand still resting on her butt cheek caressed her lightly. “It’s a pity I can’t give you the fucking you need.”

The blissful glow washed away from her as she stood, shoving herself up from the desk. She was furious at the audacity of Preston’s words. “You arrogant jerk,” she spat out through tight lips turning to face him as she yanked the hem of her jersey dress down. “I wouldn’t sleep with you if you were the--”

Fast as lightening, Preston moved. He grabbed her around the waist and hauled her body up against his. “Ah, ah, ah, Tresa my delectable beloved one, don’t make me prove you wrong.”

The strong hold made her feel vulnerable and delicate. His strength caused butterflies to flutter in her stomach. No man commanded her the way Preston did. But



she didn't want to be dominated, she reminded herself. She *enjoyed* the easy-going men she normally let close to her.

*Liar.* Her body told her as her sex pulsed as if it hadn't just been satisfied and satisfied well. Placing her hands against his broad chest, she pushed. He was unmovable.

A lopsided smile made his sexy lips more appealing. She watched him slowly lick his lips glistening with the moisture from her sex. She shivered in response as she lifted her gaze to his. Preston's intense golden brown eyes held hers.

"There's something between us, Tresa. A fire that began blazing out of control eight months ago at Kal and Lana's engagement party." His hand squeezed her waist, pulling her tighter to him. "It's not going to go away. It hasn't in all the years we've stayed apart. In fact it has only gotten hotter the last eight months. We have unfinished business. However, I have a responsibility to Kal until he and Lana are married tomorrow afternoon." His other hand plowed into her thick natural curls, holding her. "But, I promise you, beloved one. If you don't stay out of my way, I'll fuck you. I'll fuck you good and let the world fall apart around us."

Before she could respond, he leaned in and fused his mouth onto hers. The kiss was quick, but deep. Just long enough to allow her to taste her essence on his mouth and potent enough to boggle her mind.

He let her go and her legs wobbled. She watched the gorgeous man strut towards the door with long, sleek, precise strides. The urge to melt into the floor overcame her.

Halting at the door, he glanced at her over his shoulder. "You've been warned." That said he exited and closed her in the office alone.

"Argh!" Tresa grabbed the pencil holder from the desk and hurled it at the door. It smacked against the frame and scattered the writing utensils over the carpet. "Insufferable male," she grumbled.

Bending down, she snatched her purse from the floor beside the desk and headed out the office to locate Lana and the bridal posse while she muttered to herself about dominating male cats.

When she exited the room, she stopped abruptly as she saw Lana sitting at the end of the hall on the window seat. "Lana, what are doing up here?" she asked weakly.

"Waiting for my sister. Have you seen her?" Lana tilted her head, her soft black long hair flowing across her shoulder. They were so different. Lana was small framed and petite with long straight hair. Tresa was not any of those things.

Biting the side of her lip, Tresa crossed the distance and sat beside her sister. "You saw us?"

"More than I wanted to."

Tresa peered at her sister, assessing her face and trying to see if Lana was upset at her. She couldn't tell. "I'm sorry." Tresa stared down at her hands. "I don't know what came over--"

"Lil sis, I'm not going to judge you." Reaching out, Lana took her hand. "Just promise me I can get married tomorrow to the man I love without any craziness."

Nodding, Tresa told her, "I pinkie swear it." Making good on her word, Tresa lifted a hand angling her pinkie out.

Lana did the same and shook, sealing the deal.

*Now all I need to do is stay far, far away from Preston.*

Letting Lana's hand go they rose. "Why couldn't the other ladies see us?" she asked. "Tell me, the *Amofeli* have some type of Jedi mind trick don't they?"

They headed towards the stairs.

Shaking her head, Lana said, "No. It's their chameleon-like trait."

Stopping, Tresa looked at her sister. "What? They're cats and lizards?" That would explain his skilled tongue.

"They're not lizards." Lana laughed. "It's a genetic ability that allows them to blend into their surroundings."

"Okay, that explains why they couldn't see him, but I'm definitely not an Amofeli. As you explained it, no woman has the gene," Tresa declared.

Lana gently linked her arm through hers and continued down the stairs. "You're correct," she whispered. "It would have only worked for you as well if you all were," Lana clear her throat. "Connected in some manner."

Oh, boy, had they been connected. Tresa's body heated just remembering how they'd been joined. No wonder Preston had kept his tongue buried deep inside of her even while the women had infiltrated their privacy.

"I get it." Tresa kept her voice low matching her sister's tone. "How could you see me?"

"I'm Kal's mate," she said frankly. "So I've learned how to see what is there when it appears nothing is there. To read the lines of the shapes around me."

Tresa waved one hand in front of her. "Forget it. It would have been easier for you to tell me they play mind tricks."

"Okay. They play mind tricks." She bumped Tresa with her hip as they stepped off the bottom stair. "Better?"

"No," Tresa replied. Nothing would be better until she was driving down the road back to Silver City and far away from Preston Walters.

## Chapter Two

Tresa Grieson was going to drive him insane. Actually, Preston wasn't sure if it was the woman herself or his desire for her that would cause him to lose his mind. He had not felt this fervent towards women since his mating gene had kicked in. However, he'd never been singly focused and absorbed by one woman. Centering all his energy on Tresa was ridiculous, considering at the moment their pride's mansion-size lodge was full of beautiful available ladies. Shit, any *Amofeli* male under the age of thirty-five was probably feeling horny.

Even if it wasn't for the hunting tradition of the groom, his grandfather, sovereign of their pride, would have ordered them out of the lodge for the night. His body hummed with a need to be inside of her. The luscious taste of her sex did nothing, but entice his cock, and incite the cat within him with a desire to mate. Bind her to him.

But, Tresa was an impulsive wildcat. His mind warned him not to get entangled with her any more than he already had. However, his cat stretched inside of him and clawed to get out and mate. Claim its' mate. Claim Tresa.

In his bathroom, he stripped, tossed his clothes in the wicker hamper and jumped into the shower. He needed to wash his thoughts of her. Her scent. Her heady creamy essence had marked him. Every time he inhaled he could smell her, taste the bouquet of her pussy on his tongue again.

He knew this day was coming. When Kal had called him to tell him about the engagement and pending wedding, he knew he'd have to deal with Tresa. Meeting her years ago at Kal and Lana's college during their siblings' sophomore homecoming week, he'd recognized his body's immediate response. Hell, his mating gene hadn't even kicked in yet.

He'd expected Lana's sister to resemble her, but that was not the case. At eighteen, in his freshmen year of college, standing before the mocha colored beauty with her short ebony natural curls and legs that could stretch from Venus to Mars, he wanted her. Tresa's curvaceous body made the hair on the back of his neck stand up and his dick hard. When she spoke to him and smiled that first time, he'd purred and held back the urge to lie on his back and allow her to rub his belly. Or run her long fingers through his hair and stroke him behind the ear.

Yup, Tresa was trouble.

With him attending New Mexico State University and her at Western New Mexico University it had been easy to keep clear of her. He'd graduated with an engineering degree and stayed in La Cruces and he'd heard she found an occupational therapy job in Silver City. Life had been perfect, restrained and easy to maintain.

Now here they were in the same vicinity and already he was unable to keep his hands off her.

There was a knock on the bathroom door. "Hey, Pres, we're all waiting on you, man." Dwayne, his brother's best friend and best man, shouted through the door.

"Tell Kal to keep his furry down, I'm on my way." Preston called back.

"Alright," Dwayne yelled back, laughter in his voice.

Briskly, Preston bathed and rinsed the shampoo from his hair, then hopped out the shower. Grabbing a towel he rubbed himself dry quick, blow dried his hair and donned jeans, a thick sweater and boots.

Getting up from his bed, he exited the room. Barely out of his door, Preston collided with someone.

"Aaaaah!" The person screamed.

As soon as he placed his hands on the individual to steady them, he knew who it was by his body's reaction.

"Tresa," he growled. "What are you doing up here?" His fingers flexed on her waist.

"I was *walking* until I was mauled by an overgrown alley cat." She placed her hands on her hips and stared at him accusingly with her beautiful brown eyes.

Taking a step, he pushed her against the wall beside his door. "I see you still haven't learned your lesson about opening that sarcastic mouth of yours."

Turning her head, she glanced at the wall now against her back, then looked at him and placed her hands on his chest. "Whoa, there, tomcat."

"I believe I warned you, Tresa." Letting her go, he placed his hands against the wall, boxing her in.

Her eyes became round. "That's not fair. I was only trying to find my room to change."

"Sure you were." He leaned in and brushed the curve of her neck with his nose. She smelled like amber, a sensuous blend of sweet musk and the earthy note of a fierce huntress. She'd make one hell of a she-cat. Too bad *Amofeli* genes were only a male trait. Tresa would own it well.

"I.I.." she stammered.

Unable to resist, he slipped his tongue from his mouth and glided it along the column of her throat. She shivered against him.

"Preston! You coming or what?" The bark of his brother's voice returned him to his senses.

*Or what was more like it.* Had Kal not shown up, he'd been coming inside Tresa real soon.

"Oh, God," she groaned and placed her hand on his chest attempting to shove him away from her.

Annoyed, he glared at Kal. He knew Kal had seen who he was with and what he possibly was up to. He would have raged at his brother for interrupting if it wasn't for the fact Preston's only reason for being at the pride grounds was for Kal's wedding. Turning back to Tresa, he whispered, "This is warning number two, beloved. The next time I don't care if the entire pride shows up, I'm not stopping until I'm buried deep inside of you." Leaning in again, he pressed his lips to the shell of her ear so there would be no misunderstanding of his words. "So, if you want to get fucked, come near me again."

With that said he pivoted and strolled toward the impatient groom.

~YH~

The three person massage team had come and gone, along with the two cosmetologists who had come and given manicures and mini-pedies to Lana and all of her "ladies in waiting", as Tresa liked to term the women. They'd enjoyed dolling themselves up in hopes of one of the eligible men in the wedding party snatching them up. She laughed to herself, because besides Lana and Marisol, her sister's best friend, none of the other women knew about the *Amofeli* trait in the men present. They were better off setting their sights on one of the men attending the wedding tomorrow. If they knew what was good for them.

Evidently, she didn't know what was good for her, because at every turn she kept finding herself wrapped up in a situation with Preston. Continuing to gaze out the window deep in thought, she repeated it, *Preston*. Even saying his name mentally made her shiver. If she were honest, it had always been that way from the beginning. She remembered meeting him at eighteen, she'd stammered, and blushed and felt as if she couldn't breathe every time he looked at her. During the engagement party she never allowed herself to be alone with him, she'd stayed in groups all night. She recalled how he'd looked in the office, strong, sexy and feral with his shoulder length chestnut colored hair falling in untamed layers. He was taller and stronger than she was. That didn't cause fear in her heart, but standing next to him excited her and made her feel feminine. Since she wasn't petite in height like her sister, it was a rare experience for Tresa.

Now, he and all his pride pack men were out in the woods meowing at the moon or something. Lana had explained to them that the men would be gone all night performing some ritual; her sister would not see her groom until the wedding.

"Tresa, you want to play bridal trivia?" Marisol asked.

Tresa shifted her gaze on the window so she was no longer looking through it at the dark landscape, but could now see the reflection of the room behind her. Marisol, whose frame was just as small as Lana's, stood among the circle of women lounging in various positions on the living room furniture.

Turning her head to the side, she answered, "No thanks, I think I'm going to step outside for some fresh air."

"Outside," Connie squealed and imitated a shiver as if the arctic winds had just entered the room by mere conversation.

"It's cold out there," Selena added folding her feet further under her body.

Tresa rolled her eyes. These women, they acted as if they would die of hypothermia in Timberon. She enjoyed the biting cold herself, especially when there was a lot on her mind. She could think a lot better while she breathed in crisp fresh air.

Moving from the window, she said, "I'll be fine. I'll even take my jacket." She crossed to the line of coat hooks by the door.

Lana rose and headed towards her. Her sister's concern was evident on her face.

"Tresa, do you want me to go with you?"

"Hell, no, Lana. This is your shindig. Stay in here and enjoy yourself." Tresa looked from left to right and couldn't find her jacket. "I'll be back soon. I'm just going for a walk."

"You don't know this area. It's not like walking through the city." Her sister warned.

"I know there could be wild cats out there." Tresa continued to shuffle through the coats attempting to locate hers.

"Don't you want to change out of that skirt and put on jeans?"

"Close enough. This is a jean skirt," she commented. She'd changed out of her dress earlier after her second encounter with Preston. "I won't be gone long. Besides, these leggings are pretty thick." Frowning, she glanced at Lana. "Have you seen my jacket?"

"I think you were still wearing it when I showed you the bedroom you're sharing with Marisol." Lana said.

"I'll just grab someone else's. I don't feeling like going all the way back upstairs." Tresa ran her hand across the coats, then stopped when she reached a gray and black lightweight parka she grabbed it.

Shaking her, Lana conceded. "Fine. At least take your phone and the flashlight."

Pulling the coat on, she enjoyed the mild woodsy scent clinging to it. "Why? It's not as if I will get a signal."

"Yes, but as much as you paid for that palm size gizmo the police should be able to track your silly behind."

Tresa hugged her sister. Releasing Lana, she snatched a light from a small bin beside the door. "Happy, worry-wart?" She waved the long red flashlight at her sister and smiled.

Lana retaliated by doing the not-so-mature thing and stuck her tongue out at her. Laughing, Tresa left the lodge.

Outside the air was cold, but she didn't care. The icy wind felt invigorating. Pulling a mint out of her skirt pocket, she unwrapped the red and white candy and popped it into her mouth. Starting to stroll around the grounds, she inhaled deeply and enjoyed the chilly bite of air in her lungs.

Turning on the flashlight she began to walk. She needed to do some type of physical activity. Staying cooped up indoors was not her thing. Discovering a worn path leading into the trees she stayed on it, not intending to go far. She wasn't scared of the dark and the occasional rustling branch or crackling leaf. Maybe it was because the men were about somewhere.

Uncertain how long she'd been walking, she began to notice a light glow ahead, like from a campfire. The closer she got, she could hear roaring and scuffling. Not sure what to make of it, she hesitated and considered turning back. Curiosity got the best of her and she switched off her light and proceeded with caution, moving slowly from tree to tree.

Still a safe distance away, she peered through the remainder of the trees separating her from the activity before her. She could see a large fire and around it were wild cats that looked like large lynx with their coloring and body structure. Some were in human male form standing nude or sitting on boulders and logs watching the spectacle. Dwayne, Grandpa Walters and Marcus, Kal and Preston's father, were among the men in human form. In front of her were the *Amofeli* men performing the supposed "wedding tradition".

The main attraction appeared to be the cat that was in the middle of the pack beside the fire ripping through a large buck. Other cats strolled around while the men cheered, yelling and clapping for the main cat's evident victory.

Here she thought they had some strippers out in the forest dancing in some secret hide-away for them, instead they were out chasing down game. *Men are such boys.* Tresa thought as she stared at them in fascination. From her vantage point she couldn't see Kal or Preston, so she assumed they were in cat form. They appeared so large, strong and sleek in their feline form, she desired to touch them. Stroke their fur and see if it was as soft as it looked.

Deciding now was not the time to ask, she turned to head back to the cabin house when she stepped on a stick.

*Snap.* The sound echoed around her. Pivoting, she prayed the group of revelers had not heard her. As she glanced over her shoulder to the fire, she could see they had. Every head, feline and human, was turned in her direction. The main cat, who a moment ago was chopping through the pelt of the deer, began to roar, loud.

Shivers raced along her spine, even though she knew that under normal circumstances none of the men would hurt her. At this moment, things were different.

She was in a dark forest with a bunch of cat-men high off a recent kill. By the time they recognized her, she could be mauled.

The men that were in human-form shifted and a few of them headed in her direction. Run! Her mind screamed. Quickly, she raced through all of the facts she knew about wild cats and what a person should do. Lie down and play dead, sing, try and reason with them or run like hell. She couldn't think of anything logical as they moved closer and her limbs froze.

Heavy paws pounded against the dirt, mimicking the beating of her heart. Finally able to move she took a few steps backwards. Their eyes glowed golden as they stalked her.

She could hear them hissing and low rumbles of roars as they inched closer, taunting her. *Oh, shit, Lana's going to be pissed if I'm dead for her wedding.*

One cat pushed his way to the front and stared at her. The intense illumination reflected her silhouette as he progressed forward. Turning to the other cats behind him, he roared and they stopped.

For a moment, she could have sworn the other cats looked from her, to the one that had positioned his mass between them and her. Soon, they all trotted away, back to the fire, leaving her alone with the one. Having a single large cat standing before her instead of around twenty didn't help the fear factor sending adrenaline coursing through her veins.

*What will this cat do to me?*

### Chapter *Three*

Even if he hadn't been able to see her clearly in the dark, he would have known it was Tresa. First, of all she was the only person foolish enough to go traipsing around in the dark. Secondly, her amber musk combined with his own scent greeted him. She was wearing his coat.

Tresa was afraid, but not terrified. That was good. She had witnessed them celebrating Kal's victory in taking down a buck. It was a tradition for a groom on the eve of his wedding to prove his strength and ability to protect his mate. Soon all of the *Amofeli* males would share in his kill. Then spend the remainder of the night talking, giving him advice, then they'd all allow their cats to sleep in the still night under the stars.

Preston moved closer to her, inhaling the heady scent of her body.

She stumbled back, dropped her flashlight and bumped into the huge tree behind her. He could see the rapid burst of air puff out of her mouth as she leaned against the trunk.

Rising up on his hind legs, he smacked his paws on the tree's frame and caged her in.

"Ohmygod," Tresa sighed and closed her eyes as if she expected the worst.

He shifted his form. "Seems you have trouble following warnings, Tresa."

Her eyes popped open and stared at him. "Preston," she whispered.

"Were you expecting another?" his words rumbled out on a low growl. The hair on the back of his neck rose. If she had been expecting to meet one of his fellow pride members, he'd beat the shit out of the guy.

Seeming to find her voice and ire, she retorted, "What I *expected* was a nice relaxing walk."

He pressed his body close to hers enjoying the cushion of her softness and the heat radiating from her that caressed his nude form.

Tresa gazed into his eyes, then slowly lowered hers and took in his naked chest revealed in the moonlight. He noticed her lick her lips, before staring back into his face.

It gave him immense satisfaction to know she enjoyed what she saw. "If you just wanted a stroll, then you should have remained closer to the lodge."

"Why, because I'm a woman?" She angled her head in a sassy tilt.

Lowering his hands, he grabbed a handful of his jacket and pulled her body against his. "No, because I told you the next time you came to me I was going to fuck you."

Her mouth dropped open. "I didn't come to--"

Sealing his mouth onto hers, he silenced her debate. He didn't care to hear anything else that came out of her mouth except moans of ecstasy. Slipping his tongue into her mouth, he kissed her deep. He loved the taste of her mouth, sweet with a hint of mint.

While he kissed her, he unzipped his coat and placed his hands inside taking hold of her narrow waist. Her thick sweater was a hindrance to him, moving his hands below it he touched her silky skin.

Her nails scraped his scalp as she slid her fingers into his hair.

Ending the kiss, he said, "Tresa, if you're going to stop me, now would be the time." His hands paused just below the edge of her bra.

"I don't want you to stop." She pressed against him and she looked at him, her eyes clear and reflecting the honesty of her words.



Encircling her waist, he picked her up and stepped them around the tree, blocking them from his pride's view. Lifting her shirt and bra he rejoiced at the sight of her full breast. Bending at the waist he watched the nipples bead in the frosty night air.

"I'm going to freeze." She giggled.

"Not with a man whose body heat is always one hundred and two you won't." Blowing across the dark tip he noticed it tightened even more and small goose-bumps rose on her breast. "I'll keep you warm, my beloved." He took her nipple into his mouth and sucked away the chill.

Her head arched back and she moaned. Moving to the other breast, he gave it the same treatment and enjoyed the little shiver that wracked her body.

As he continued to suckle her taut nipples, he lowered one hand and buried it under the hem of her skirt. Cupping her heated sex through her wool leggings, he squeezed and loved how she pushed herself against his palm.

Releasing her breast, he rose and asked, "How fond are you of these winter tights things?"

She stared at him for a moment as if considering what may happen to them and then she licked her lips and swallowed. "I keep them in stock."

"Good." He tore them apart efficiently down the front seam until the only thing keeping them up was the elastic band along the top. Her thin panties were no match and drifted like confetti towards the ground.

Claiming her mouth again, he pulled her short skirt up around her waist and slipped his hand between her thighs and stroked her sex. Her sleek, plump wet lips folded around his finger as if trying to hold him in place.

She whimpered into his mouth as she lifted a leg pressing her knee against his hip. Having her open and available to him drove him mad with lust. He needed to be inside of her, feeling her come around him.

He could hear the carousing of his pride members and family, celebrating his brother's upcoming nuptials, but he didn't care about anything else but being with Tresa.

Refusing to release her mouth, he continued to battle with her tongue as they one moment entwined in her mouth and another inside of his. With his hands on her hips, he hoisted her up and then helped her wrap her legs around his waist.

Eager for their joining, Tresa's hand slipped between their bodies and stroked his cock causing him to groan in satisfaction. Fisting her hand around his hard length, she pumped it as they kissed.

Finally, he had to pull his mouth away from her. It was almost too much to kiss her delectable mouth and have her hand closed around him. "I need to be inside you, beloved."

Brushing her hand away, he took hold of his cock and guided it to her hot center. He pushed the tip in.

"Yes," she sighed.

Needing to make love to her hard, but not wanting the pride to hear everything, he bent his head and began kissing her again.

When she began to return his kiss with just as much vigor, he angled his hips and thrust forward sheathing himself in her wet pussy.

Her cry echoed in his mouth.

He continued to piston his hips and work his way deeper into the depth of her tight sex.

Just like their dueling tongues they fought against each other, with each other and for the passion that could only be found in each other.

Tresa's hands clutched his hair and his shoulder. He continued to pump into her, loving the way her channel quivered around him.

Reaching down he gripped her ass cheeks in his hands and positioned her hips for his thrusts. Their groans and moans joined in with the melody of the night. When she dragged her nails along his spine, he arched his back and purred, allowing his shudders to vibrate against her.

She tensed, then came hard and long. Her body shook and bucked, twisting against him.

Feeling her climax around his length shook him to the core. It was as if the stars had finally aligned perfectly in his life and the moon illuminated them and kissed their union. She was his mate and he could not deny that fact any longer.

Quick as a flash, he flipped them around so his shoulders were against the tree. He widened his stance and held her ass firmly as he fucked her, bouncing up and down his cock.

His impending orgasm burned along his spine and coiled at the base. When he came, everything but Tresa disappeared around him. It was just him and his mate joined in ecstasy.

Leaning back fully against the tree, he gulped in large amounts of air and filled his lungs.

Loving the smile on her face, he held her and remained still. "Which one of us is moving?"

Her forehead furrowed, as she asked, "Moving? To where?"

Swatting the side of her ass, he declared, "Silver City or La Cruces, pick one."

"Preston..." she began, as she shook her head. "I can't move. I love my job." She sighed. "How do we even know this will work out?"

Cupping her face, he gazed deep into her pretty brown eyes. "You're my mate, beloved."

"Are you sure?" He heard her voice quiver and watched the water fill her eyes.

There were a lot of things he'd witnessed about Tresa, like the fact she was strong, independent, adventurous and vocal, but a crier had never been one of them. Knowing she allowed him to see this softer side of her made him feel ten feet tall, the urge to protect her made him want to roar.

Brushing his thumb over the bottom lip of her tempting mouth, he whispered, "I've always been sure since the moment I met you. I was too damn hard headed to give in."

She nodded, showing she understood his words as two tears spilled over and ran down her cheeks. "Okay. I'll look for a job in La Cruces."

He kissed her lips gently. "No, you said you loved your job. Besides, my company has a satellite division in Silver City so I'll request a transfer."

Tresa inhaled then exhaled slowly, letting out a small fog cloud into the air. "Do you think we are going too fast?"

"No. I'll get my own apartment there and we can date and get to know each other." He licked the seam of her lips. "You know, do things like most couples. Go to dinner. See

movies.” He ground his hips against her, pushing his hardened cock along her creamy walls. “Have sex in public places.”

She giggled.

He liked the sound of her laughter.

Next, he felt the shiver run through her. Now that their lust was slacked he wasn’t sure if the shudders moving through her body were due to sexual fulfillment or the cold temperature. “I think it’s time I get you back to the house so you can rest before the wedding tomorrow.”

Her body trembled again as he pulled out of her, helped her pull her skirt down and zipped his coat to keep her warm. Stepping to the side, he swiped her flashlight from the ground and handed it to her.

“Aren’t you going to get cold?” she asked.

He claimed her mouth in a kiss again. Then stepped away from her and winked right before he shifted.

Tresa laughed again.

Titling his head back, he roared.

“Okay, kitty-kitty, stop showing off.” She stepped to him and scratched him behind the ear.

The purr rumbled up from his core. If she kept doing that he’d be shifting and making love to her against every tree on the way back to the lodge.

“Let’s go.” She stopped and shoved her hand into the pocket of his coat.

He proudly escorted his mate back to his family home.

~The End~

IF YOU ENJOYED *SECURED HEART* AND *ON THE PROWL* THEN YOU DON’T WANT TO  
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***Rescued Mate***

Timberon Cat Series: 3

Yvette Hines

Paranormal Interracial Erotica

While out for a late night run, Dwayne stumbles upon a wounded woman covered in blood and the stench of hyena, a vicious pack reportedly terrorizing campers. At his cabin, he discovers Marisol, the best friend to his business partner's wife and his mate. Enraged that the rogue hyenas would harm something that belonged to him, Dwayne wants revenge. Over the last few months, Marisol has had one bad experience after another. Believing a little quiet time in nature is just what she needs, she never expected the feral men who attacked her or the intense passion towards her rescuer, Dwayne, an *Amofeli* male. Happiness never seems to last for her and when the hyenas return, demanding her, things get hairy fast. Running away has been Marisol's companion for years and now she has to decide whether or not to flee or stay in the arms of the man who calls her mate.

Yvette loves romance and writing it is one of her greatest and guiltiest pleasures. She enjoys creating happily ever after stories with lots of HEAT. The hotter the better! Life is busy, it would be great to have a chance to sit down and enjoy a long read. Since that is often not the case, she brings you Short and Sexy, Sensual Erotica. Just long enough to help you meet the *need*. She was talking about your reading need...where's your mind? As an erotic romance author, she tries to show that every woman no matter color, age, shape or size deserves a high level of passion in their life. Whether you like to see them spanked, tangled in a ménage or simply falling in love, she's got it. So, if you like diversity and a good read, check out one of her books. Then send her a few words through e-mail about it so you all can chat. She runs a newsletter group where she posts contests, excerpts, blurbs, covers and news about where she is and what she's doing.

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