

## *Surprise Visitor*

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Rory stretched, not quite wanting to get up. It was a Saturday, he finally had the Kit heard the car pull up while he was still in the shower. By the time he'd wrenched open the curtain and hop skipped his way over to the window the car had already pulled out of sight but Kit knew exactly who it was. His boyfriend was back!

Rory had been gone for the past few days, spending Christmas with his family. Kit wasn't too upset about that, since he'd had to go to his parents for the holidays but it had been near torture that he hadn't been able to spend time with Rory. Ever since that wonderful interlude at Thanksgiving, they had barely spent any time together. Kit had been too busy preparing for finals and Rory was doing research for his big thesis defense. And then they'd both been caught up in holiday preparations.

He couldn't believe how much he'd missed Rory these past few days. It was a good thing they'd been able to talk on the phone at night, but still, it wasn't enough.

Racing downstairs, Kit didn't realize he wasn't dressed until he stepped outside and felt the freezing snow hit his naked body. Oops. The door slammed shut behind him with a bang. Closing his eyes, he counted to three, slowly turning around and trying the knob. It held fast, not even turning for him. Racking his brain, he tried to remember if the lock had been pushed in. Obviously, it had. And now obviously he was stuck outside in his backyard in the snow without a stitch of clothing on.

Cursing fluently, Kit ran along the walkway separating the duplex, making his way to Rory's back door in the hopes the man would let him in quickly. Darn, it was cold out! He pressed one finger to the doorbell, slamming the palm of his other hand to the door. Minutes passed and no one came to the door. Damn it! He knew Rory had come home, that had been the sound of his car that Kit had heard. He wouldn't mistake it for any other. Kit's hearing was more than a little exceptional, after all, it came with being a cat shifter.

Suddenly, he remembered that Rory always left his bathroom window cracked. Kit couldn't understand it himself, especially since the temperature had dropped to well below freezing, but Rory had told him it was a habit and he wasn't about to stop any time soon.

Closing his eyes, Kit quickly brought up an image of his other form. Within seconds, he padded on four feet over to the side of Rory's back deck, jumping up onto the trellis and hopping onto the low overhanging roof. Choosing his steps carefully, swishing his black tail for balance, he made his way around to the side of the house.

Reaching the window he needed, Kit smiled to himself when he heard the sound of the shower through the screen. That was why Rory hadn't opened the door! He squeezed his face between the open window and the frame, trying to push it open more. His body wouldn't fit through that small opening as it stood. Backing up, he slipped on the frozen roof, trying to find his balance. Slipping again, he quickly threw himself at the window, gratified to hear it creak open. He snagged his claws into the screen, leaning against it with his slight weight. The screen popped out with no problem, crashing into the bathroom with Kit close behind.

Shaking his head, he took stock of himself, checking that all limbs were accounted for. Purring quietly, he padded over to the tub and the lithe figure hidden behind the shower curtain. Apparently his little struggle with the window had gone unnoticed. Good. This was going to make everything even better.

Closing his eyes briefly, he brought up an image of his human form, shifting between one thought and the next. Black fur faded into creamy pale skin and a shock of dark hair that fell into his eyes. He was sure if he looked into a mirror his eyes would be practically glowing with his excitement. It had been way too long since he'd gotten up close and personal with his own little redhead. Not that Rory was at all little. The man was bigger than Kit. But, still... Kit couldn't wait to lay hands on him.

Now he had ample opportunity to capture Rory alone and pounce on the man until he took Kit's virginity like he was supposed to. It had been more than long enough. Hell, he was starting to get desperate here. Even his arguments that their relationship was about more than that were starting to sound like he was grasping at straws. Their relationship was about more than sex, but hell, it would sure be nice to be able to lie in bed with Rory and just let the big man do whatever he wanted. At this point, Kit wasn't about to try and direct anything. He just wanted to be able to have that closer connection with Rory. He couldn't get over how the man made him feel. Just being with him was enough to have Kit relaxing and forgetting about everything else.

Without waiting a second longer, he quickly pulled back the curtain, slipping into the tub and molding himself to Rory's back.

"I missed you," he purred. Ignoring the man's sudden tension, he nuzzled Rory's nape, licking along the base of the brown locks. Wait... brown??

The man in his arms tensed even further, lashing out. Kit was one step ahead of him, letting out a yowl that hurt his own eardrums. He threw himself out of the tub, knocking into the door that was flung open behind him. A curse met his ears just as the door slammed shut again with Kit's weight against it. Righting himself, Kit grabbed for the door handle just as it was opened from the other side. Hissing in panic, he threw himself out, grabbing the delectable redhead that met his escape head on.

“Kitten?”

“Rory!!” Oh, good, Rory was here.

“Rory? What the hell?”

Kit grabbed hold of Rory, flinging them around until Rory was between him and the stranger. He didn't sense the other man was a threat but he didn't want him seeing his own naked body. Never mind that he'd just been pressed up against the man -- all happy like. He definitely wasn't happy right now. His woody had run for the hills at the first sense that the man in the shower wasn't Rory. Why, oh why, hadn't he just inhaled before he pressed himself up against the man? Then he would have been able to tell for sure it hadn't been Rory. But nooooo, God forbid he actually use his senses.

“Dave? What just happened here?” Rory growled, shifting in Kit's hold until he was facing the strange man head on. He held one hand back, sliding it along Kit's hip, pulling him close in until Kit was plastered to his back.

Kit shivered, getting Rory wet but he wasn't about to pull away. He hadn't gotten soaked in the shower, anyway. The other man had blocked most of the spray.

“You tell me. I'm minding my own business when this guy all of a sudden crawls into the shower with me.”

Kit mewled his apology, nuzzling the back of Rory's neck. The sweet scent of his lover hit his senses, chasing away the unfamiliar taste of the other male. It had been an accident. How was he supposed to know Rory would have someone else here? Wait... why did Rory have someone else here? He lifted his face, sniffing indiscreetly. Oh, okay, they shared a based scent. Must be a relative.

Rory half-turned, meeting Kit's gaze. "Kitten?"

"I heard you come home. Thought I'd surprise you."

Rory chuckled. "Oh, you surprised me alright. Must have surprised my brother even more. Kitten, meet David. Dave, meet my boyfriend, Christopher. You can call him Kit."

David reached out, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around his waist. He threw an identical towel toward Rory. "Nice to meet you, Kit."

Kit grabbed the towel from Rory, holding it in front of himself. He bobbed his head, pretty sure he must be blushing bright red. "Hi."

David walked further into Rory's bedroom, dropping his towel and quickly dressing in the jeans and shirt that had been left on the bed. He pulled on socks, and ran his fingers through his wet hair. Kit studied him, taking note of the similarities and differences between him and Rory. They must be close in age, but he was guessing that David might be a year or two older.

David suddenly looked up, meeting his gaze. Kit ducked his head. "Well, I'll leave you two alone. Rory, you want me to run to the store for a bit?"

"Huh? Why?"

"Cause you're looking at your Kitten like you want to eat him up and judging from how excited he was in the shower, I'm guessing he feels the same. Congrats, by the way. Judging from how big that felt, I'm sure you have a lot of fun together."

Kit pressed closer to Rory. "Oh, God. Kill me now."

“Get the hell out, Dave. You’re upsetting my boyfriend.” Rory chased his laughing brother out of the bedroom, closing the door with a snap.

“So, that was a yes on going to the store?” David’s voice reached them through the door.

Rory shook his head.

Kit peaked up at him, lifting a hand to push his hair out of his eyes.

Rory pursed his lips. “Give me an hour.”

David laughed again, his scent fading away. Kit was barely aware of the sound of the front door opening, a car starting and pulling away.

“Well, that wasn’t exactly how I pictured you meeting my family. And seeing as they’re all about to come over for dinner, I’m just glad I brought David back with me and not my dad.”

“Oh, dear God.” Kit flinched, picturing that lovely scene in his head.

Rory chuckled, hugging Kit to him, running his hands up his naked back. Kit dropped the towel, burrowing into Rory’s hold. “Missed you, Kitten.”

“Missed you more.”

“How’d you get in here, anyway?”

Kit shrugged, pressing his nose into Rory’s chest. He inhaled through the thick fabric of his sweater, trying to get closer to his scent. “Climbed in through the bathroom window. You may need to replace your screen, by the way.”

“Won’t be the first one I’ve had to replace because of you. You could’ve tried the door.”

“I did. You never answered. Why didn’t you answer? If David was in your shower, where were you?”

“Guest bathroom. The one with the horrid showerhead. Figured I should give Dave the good one, just to be nice. We’d just been over at the lake playing hockey and I thought I should wash the sweat off before I went over to your place to accost you.”

Kit bumped hips with Rory, his interest definitely coming back. He rubbed himself against Rory’s jeans, loving the friction. “Accost me?”

“Oh, yeah. I was definitely going to accost you. I’ve been saving up, you see.”

“That right?”

Rory began to walk backward, pulling Kit with him. Without even looking back once, he managed to get them to the bed, both of them falling down onto the soft mattress. Rory immediately rolled over, straddling Kit’s body. Lifting up, he grabbed his sweater and tossed it over his head, letting the fabric fall to the floor beside them. Kit licked his lips, eyeing Rory’s chest.

“Go ahead and touch, Kitten. You won’t hurt me.” Rory smirked.

Licking his lips again, Kit reached out and spread his palms over Rory’s chest, loving the feel of the other man. He was so warm, so soft. He moved his hands up, curling around Rory’s shoulders, cupping the man’s jaw. “Kiss me?”

Rory bent his head, shifting his body until he lay over Kit. They met halfway, their mouths slanting together, sliding against each other, tongues seeking. Kit panted, moaning into Rory's mouth, claspng tightly to the other man. He ran his fingers along Rory's naked back, feeling the muscles there, seeking out each dip with the tips of his fingers.

They rolled, Kit now on top. He quickly shimmied his way down Rory's body, unsnapping his jeans and sliding the pants down long, muscular legs. Rory had barely any hair covering his body but what was there was a pale red, almost unseen. Kit could feel it though, rasping against his skin, adding another element meant to drive him crazy. He settled himself between Rory's legs, spreading the man's knees apart and inhaling deeply. His scent was strong here, so... so Rory. There was no other word to explain how it made Kit drunk with lust.

He nuzzled Rory's sac, letting his cheek slide along Rory's dick, gratified at the loud moan Rory couldn't hold back. Rory shifted, bumping his cock against Kit's lips. Smiling, Kit took the hint, drawing the tip of Rory's dick into his mouth, sucking, tasting the very essence of the other man. He dipped his tongue, drawing out more of the liquid coming out.

Rory shifted again, his body rippling with the movement. Kit heard a drawer open and grinned around his treasure. Seemed Rory wasn't going to be able to wait. Not that he was complaining. It was nice to know he wasn't the only one just about dying for this.

Kit lifted his head, licking along Rory's cock like it was a candy cane. Rory grunted, sliding his fingers along Kit's cheek.

"Kitten, I won't last long. I need you."

Rory wasn't lying; his shaft was so hard it looked painful, precome weeping now from the slit in a steady stream.



Kit quickly lifted up, straddling Rory when the other man guided him. Rory's lubed finger traced his crease, sliding up and into his ass without pause. Kit opened his mouth on a silent cry, loving the feel of Rory inside him. He wanted more, though, needed more. Rocking his hips, dragging his shaft along Rory's cobbled belly, he whimpered. Rory answered him without making him beg, sliding a second digit alongside the first, both gliding effortlessly into Kit's ass, helped along by whatever Rory had found in his bedside table.

Rory pulled out his fingers, reaching for something else. Kit couldn't stop humping Rory's belly. He just hoped the man wasn't going to be upset if he just came all over him with the first touch of Rory's cock inside him. God, he was close.

Foil crinkled, the slight smell of latex intruding on his senses. Rory somehow managed to roll the condom onto his cock without moving Kit out of the way. It was a lucky break for Kit since he had no intention of moving from his spot unless it was to be impaled. Rory lifted him, and suddenly it all became very real for Kit.

He met Rory's gaze, trying to keep his uncertainty to himself. He'd never done this before, what if Rory was disappointed in him. After all this time, waiting all this time, what if they didn't mesh? What if he didn't do this right? There was so much riding on this moment, what if he couldn't live up to it? What if Rory wanted something more, someone more?

"Kitten, it's going to be okay." Rory soothed his palms over Kit's thighs. "Is this what you really want? I can stop, now, if you want to. We can do something else if you're not ready."

Kit nodded, unable to say the words. He wanted this so badly. He wanted Rory so badly. Rory obviously understood what he meant. He lifted Kit's hips, fitting the tip of his shaft against Kit's hole.

"I love you, Kitten."

Kit bowed his back, his eyes closing at the words, at the feel of Rory sliding into his body. He gasped, reaching out. Rory lifted one hand off his hip, grabbing for one of Kit's hands, giving him something to hold onto.

It was too much, not enough, oh... heaven. His mind blanked, the sensations overpowering him until he couldn't hold onto one thought, could only see Rory's eyes, feel Rory's hand in his, the rasp of Rory's pubic hair as it brushed against his balls, the aching fullness as he sank fully onto Rory's shaft. He lost touch with time, couldn't tell how much time passed while they loved each other, moving together, lost in each other. He was barely aware of them rolling again, Rory rising above him, lifting his legs, sinking further into him. His neck tensing, chest tight, head thrown back as he found his orgasm seconds before Kit followed him into oblivion.

He had no idea how much time passed before a single knock interrupted their peaceful haven. Rory lifted his head from where he'd been nuzzling Kit's neck. Kit dropped his legs, letting go of Rory's hips. They were both too lazy, too sated to do anything further.

"Hey, Ro? Better get up, Mom and Dad are pulling into the drive. Looks like Uncle Ed's with them too. Oh, yeah, Dougie's in the rear, he just pulled the SUV to the curb."

Kit tensed, burrowing into Rory. His lover chuckled. "Think you can make it back to your place without my family seeing you? I'd like for you to meet the family but it might go better if you weren't wearing my clothes when you did it."

Kit blushed red, seeing the color move down his chest. "Yeah, I could do that."

"Cool. Get your butt moving then, Kitten." Rory rolled to the side, stretching his arms over his head. Kit crawled to the foot of the bed, preparing to shift back to his cat form for the trek across the roof.

“Oh, and Kitten?”

Kit paused. “Yeah?”

“I meant it. I love you.”

Kit ducked his head. Lifting up, he met Rory’s warm gaze, losing himself all over again. “I love you, too. I’m yours, for as long as you want me.”

“Oh, yeah. Better get used to me then, since I don’t intend to give you up any time soon. Now, take your lovely ass and go find something sexy to cover it up with. Might as well throw it in Dave’s face that he can look all he wants but he isn’t going to be touching.”

He swatted Kit’s ass, lingering at the end, turning the move into a caress. Kit laughed, twitching his hips for a moment. He met Rory’s gaze again, laughing while he shifted into his cat form. Walking up to the other man, he rubbed against Rory’s ankle, twining his tail around the other man. Rory bent over and stroked his palm down Kit’s back.

Twitching his tail, Kit bounced over to the bathroom, hopping up onto the windowsill. Looking out, he spied the numerous relatives getting out of their vehicles, all descending on Rory’s house. He couldn’t wait to meet them all. He hoped they liked him, but he was sure Rory would make up for it even if they didn’t. They were a pair now, and nothing was going to keep them apart.

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