

Excerpt from Antonello Brothers 2: For Women Only (a Tarthian Empire Book)

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Setting up the scene: Khyff and Mehfawni have had an initial round of sex, and though eager to feel the smoothness of a human tongue, she decides she wants to shower first. It opens from Khyff's point of view as she beckons him to follow her into the bathing area, and switches to hers when he joins her.

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He debated following her or lying on the bed, then padded toward the bathroom, still undecided.

When he reached the door, she was leaning against the shower wall with two of the body jets aimed at the dark triangle of hair between her legs. The vision of all that furskin, dark with water, her thighs wide apart...

Mehfawni closed her eyes, head back, and dragged her claws from her shoulders, down across her plump breasts, along her belly and down to her thighs. She slipped one hand between her legs, playing with herself.

*Damn. With me right here.*

His heartbeat roared in his ears; his throat tight with heat. A sigh escaped him.

At the sound, Mehfawni rolled her head toward him lazily and smiled, her mouth pouty and lush. She extended her free hand, beckoning him closer. "Want to come and help me?"

Khyff went.

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"No need to pleasure yourself." He reset the controls for mist, then stepped inside and braced his hands the wall on either side of her ribs. His breath warmed her cheek when he pressed his mouth against her ear. "I'll be glad to take care of that for you."

"I haven't had sex in days, Khyff." She slid her claws into his wet blond hair, raking it back from his eyes. She pressed her brow against his and kissed the rounded tip of his nose. Humans had such cute noses. "I was beginning to think there were no humans I'd be interested in bedding, but I confess, when I saw you at that party, I knew you were the one I was waiting for."

What a white smile he had, with all those teeth almost the same size. No fangs at all. How did he manage to eat meat, poor thing? But it sure made for a unique kiss.

Mehfawni rested her head against the cool tiles of the wet shower wall and opened her mouth while he kissed her. He certainly liked kissing and he did it so well.

When Kin kissed tongue to tongue, the slight barbs on them sometimes stuck together, but with Khyff... He probed her mouth deeply, then pulled back for shallow kisses, licking along her lips, flicking the tip of his tongue over her fangs. His tongue's smooth surface aroused her curiosity. Would he lick her like that on her lower lips and clitoris? What would it feel like between her legs? Would it be like a small, flexible cock?

Raw heat tightened its claws inside her.

Misting water trickled along Khyff's head and neck as he knelt in front of her. The light refracted in the droplets and turned the cloud of hot water behind him into a rainbow. A symbol of promise.

She growled with enjoyment when he set his fingers against her mound and slid them down between her legs. Such a nice firm touch. He handled her almost as if he knew where she liked being fondled. A little to the right and up toward--

"Oh!" She threw back her head, gasping in the wet air. He did know! "There, Khyff."

"Like this?" One fingertip flicked at her gently.

"Oh, yes, there. Right there." Air hissed in over her fangs. She rose on tiptoe, seeking his fingers.

He looked up at her from where he knelt between her widespread thighs. His blond hair was dark with water. It clung to his head and curled over his brow. His human ears showed. She touched one, her claws carefully withdrawn beneath her nails.

Still watching her, Khyff leaned forward and blew on her wet labia.

Despite the heat of the steaming water, she shivered.

"Your clit is beautiful, Fawni." Khyff massaged her outer lips on either side, pulling them between fingers and thumbs. "It's all swollen and dark. I'm going to love licking it."

She squirmed, arching her back to put her lower lips closer to his mouth.

Khyff turned his gaze on her. "Your labia flare outward and they're moist and hot." He pressed his mouth against her and made tiny kisses down each side of her in turn. Taking his time. Taking too much time...

"Hurry, Khyff!"

"Shh... Easy, love." He stroked his hands down her inner thighs. "In time. Anticipation is good. I want you hot."

"I'm burning now, Khyff. Believe me. I'm more than hot."

He set his hands in the hollow where her upper thighs met her body and cupped one palm over her mons. "Not hot enough."

"You can do more?"

Khyff's unforced smile enflamed her already-kindled passion. "Oh, yes, Mehfawni. I'm going to mouth you until you think you'll die from pleasure." His lashes lowered and lifted slowly. "And then I'm going to keep it up until you know you have."