

Paws on Me: Hibernating

By Silvia Violet

I glance at the clock. Nine o'clock already and Brandon hasn't stirred. We finally have a day off together, and he's sleeping our time away. I've seen way too little of him lately. And I'm hungry. He promised me pancakes.

I shake him roughly. "Brandon." No response. "Brandon!"

"Mmmfph."

"Brandon it's time to get up."

He mumbles something and pulls the covers over his head. I sit on the bed and tug the blanket down.

"Too cold." He grumbles.

He's right about that. The sun has yet to burn off the frost, and by evening we'll likely have snow or sleet or both. My house is old and drafty. The cold seems to seep right through the walls. "Feed me some breakfast then I'll warm you up."

"Not moving." If I wasn't annoyed with him, I'd laugh at his pouty expression. He tries to wrestle the covers out of my hands, but I hold on tight.

"We're supposed to spend the day together."

"I'm hibernating."

I snort in disgust. "Shifters don't hibernate."

"They do when it's this fucking cold."

I sigh. "Fine. Hibernate then. See if you can go the rest of the winter without fucking."

He opens his eyes enough to glare at me. "You wouldn't."

I shrug. "You'll be asleep." I walk out of the room before he can say anything else.

Other than sex, the thing that might tempt a grumpy bear to wake up is food. I want to wait for Brandon to make me breakfast, but I also want him out of bed even if we crawl right back in later this morning. I actually plan to spend a good part of the day in bed, but we need fuel first, and Brandon needs to wake up so I can prove just how much hard use his shifter's body can take.

Before I met Brandon, I could barely make toast, but I've learned a thing or two watching him in the kitchen. I start the coffee, pull out a skillet, and find some bacon in the fridge.

Soon the mouth-watering smell of bacon mixes with the sharp, rich scent of coffee. Even a bear can't sleep when salty meat and caffeine are calling.

Sure enough, a few minutes later, I hear the thump of his sleepy footsteps coming down the hall.

"You're making bacon?"

I turn and raise my brow. "Yes. I've paid attention to a few things you've taught me, and since my lover refused to follow through on his promise of breakfast, I had to take drastic measures."

"Ha. Give me some coffee, and you might get your pancakes."

"Get it yourself. I'm busy."

He growls and steps toward the coffeepot. Then he freezes and looks me up and down.

"You're naked."

My cock stirs under his perusal. "Yeah, what of it."

"You're cooking bacon naked."

I shrug, heat rushing to my face. He's making me self-conscious. "So?"

He grins. "In just a few months I've taken a snarly, cold-eyed cop and turned him into a man who cooks breakfast naked. You doing me proud, Lieutenant."

"Keep it up, and you won't get any coffee."

"Keep up being so damn sexy, and you won't get any breakfast."

"Oh really?" My cock is hard now, and Brandon licks his lips as he eyes it.

Hot grease from the bacon pan pops from the pan and burns my ass. "Ouch!"

Brandon laughs. "Good thing you're facing me. As hot as it is to have you naked in the kitchen, maybe you should at least put on an apron. I'm rather fond of all that." He gestures toward my junk.

"Yeah me too."

"Or you could just stay like that, and I could take over."

"Awake enough now, are you?"

"Awake enough to know what I want. And to sense that I'm not going to get it until you're fed."

"Fine you make the bacon. I'll be right back."

Brandon scowls. "Don't you dare put on clothes. You'll only get breakfast if you're naked."

"Am I allowed to go take a piss or would you rather me do that right here?"

Brandon narrows his eyes. Then shakes his head. "Nah. We won't get that kinky this early in the morning."

I snort and walk to the bathroom, pretending to be annoyed. Really I'm pleased as hell that someone as young and cool and gorgeous as Brandon wants me so damn much. After three months together, my gruffness hasn't scared him off. I know I'm a *bear* to live with, but he still wants to be there snuggled next to me every morning, even when we're both exhausted from working too many hours. I'm a damn lucky man.

I walk back to the kitchen and stop in the doorway. Brandon is taking the bacon out of the pan. Watching the muscles of his back flex as he moves has me longing to rub myself against him. My eyes drop to his firm ass encased in scruffy sweatpants. His hair sticks out at crazy angles, and his beard needs a trim. He looks just like a bear awakened from his winter's sleep, and he's sexy as hell.

My cock hardens again. I want to bend Brandon over the counter, jerk his sweat pants down and drive into him. My stomach growls, disturbing my fantasy. Breakfast first. I snatch a piece of bacon and lean against the counter.

Brandon eyes the bacon in my hand and grabs a piece for himself. "Grab the milk and an egg for me."

I nod and cross the small kitchen to the fridge. When I lean in to get to reach the eggs, Brandon made a sexy growl. I look over my shoulder and see him grinning at the view of my hairy ass and my balls hanging down between my legs.

I shake my ass at him. "Come and get it."

"I thought you wanted pancakes."

"Goddamn it. I do." But maybe the bacon would tide me over. The heat in Brandon's gaze makes my cock grow fully hard again.

Brandon takes the milk and eggs from me and pours some milk into a measuring cup, adding it to the dry ingredients he's tossed together without glancing at a recipe. He looks so comfortable, so right, standing by the stove and that makes him just that much sexier.

He stirs in the milk and egg and some melted butter. My cock throbs. How can watching a man stir batter make me so fucking horny? I drop my hand to circle my shaft, unable to resist the need for friction.

Brandon dips a finger in the batter and tastes it. I'm jealous of that finger. I want those lips sucking me. My hand moves faster on my cock.

Brandon opens a cabinet and reaches for the griddle. He freezes when he sees me working myself. He lays the griddle down on the stovetop and walks over to me.

"No way in hell am I waiting now." He replaces my hand with his and sinks to his knees. When he takes my cock into the heat of his mouth, I grip the counter to keep myself from grabbing his head and shoving deeper. He opens to take more of me, making sounds of pleasure around my shaft. He uses tongue, lips and teeth to drive me crazy, knowing just the right tricks to bring me to the edge far too fast. I'm close to spilling in his mouth, but I don't want it to end that way. I want Brandon bent over the counter.

"Brandon...stop...I can't-"

He looks up with my dick in his mouth, his bright green eyes reflecting ecstasy. I barely resist shooting my load in his mouth.

"Want...to...fuck you." I force the words out, struggling for breath.

He grins around me then sucks hard as he pulls off and stands up.

I grab the back of his head and pull him toward me. I want to kiss him as much as I want to thrust deep into his heat. I love how fucking responsive he is to our mouths coming together.

As I suck on his tongue I push his sweatpants over his hips and cup his ass, dragging him against me. Our cocks rub each other, and Brandon grinds into me as we fight for dominance with teeth, lips, and tongue.

He slips one of his big hands between us and circles both our cocks. Jacking us slowly as I reach my tongue deep into his mouth, trying to take his taste into me.

I sail toward climax again way too fucking fast. I push Brandon away. "Against the counter. Now."

He grins. "Yes, sir." He says the words in a mocking purr. I swat his ass cheek as he bends over. He gasps and sticks his ass out for more. "I slap him again, harder this time."

"God, that's good, Seth."

I give him another hard smack. "Like that, do you?"

"Yeah." He grunts and works his hips, obviously loving it.

I keep going until his ass is good and red, and he's whimpering and jerking his cock hard and fast.

I'm too desperate for release to explore this new found interest further now. I've never been heavily into spanking but watching him squirm under my hand is definitely doing it for me. I want more of this very soon.

I rub my hand across his reddened ass, loving the heat radiating from his skin. "You want me to tie you up and do this right later?"

"Yes!"

"Good. But right now I need a hard, rough fuck."

"Please."

I realize we're in the kitchen. The lube and condoms are in the bedroom. I give his ass a final slap. "Don't move."

He nods, but his hand keeps working his dick.

I spank him again. "Hands on the counter. I said don't move."

He groans but obeys.

I race to the bedroom and grab the supplies.

Brandon glances over his shoulder at the sound of me greasing my cock. His eyes widen.

"So fucking hot."

Heat rises to my face. I'm still not used to how much he wants me. I push two slick fingers into his hole. He hisses and pushes back against them. "Oh yeah."

I work my fingers deep then pump them in and out several times. Brandon's hands slide on the counter, trying to get purchase on something. I grab a towel that's hanging from a drawer pull. "Hang onto this."

He stretches the towel between his hands. I worry it will snap in two.

"Needy are you?"

"Hell, yes. Get on with it." He growls.

I pull my fingers from him and drive in hard."

He cries out and I freeze. Fuck, I hadn't meant to really hurt him.

"Brandon?"

"Don't you dare stop."

I don't. I pull out and push in again, barely keeping myself from going as fast and hard as I can. Having Brandon like this, obeying my commands, ass still hot from my spanking. God-damn I hadn't know how hot that would be.

"Don't...hold...back." He pleads.

I don't. I thrust hard and deep, titling his hips at the right angle for my cock to rub his prostate. He gasps and the towel strains as he tugs on it.

I let go of my control then, working him fast and rough. I bend over him and lace my fingers through his, pressing his hands into the counter. I won't stop, not even if the house catches on fire.

I'm at the edge, and I can't hold back. Brandon's tight heat clamps my cock, pulling me deeper. "Gonna come Brandon."

"Oh fuck!" He yells, and his ass squeezes me tight as he shoots his load against the cabinet.

Fiery pleasure explodes at the base of my spine, and I come so hard I see stars. I slam against Brandon's ass, burying myself as far as I can go. "Brandon!"

"Love you, Seth."

I collapse on top of him. Shudders still wrack my body, but I can't hold myself up any more. "Love you, too," I whisper when I get enough breath to speak.

We lie still for several long seconds, breathing each other in, floating on the warm pleasure.

My knees threaten to buckle when I try to stand, but I steady myself enough to stumble to the trashcan and dispose of the condom.

Brandon groans and pushes himself away from the counter. "That was amazing." He puts his hands at the base of his spine and arches back, stretching.

"Damn right it was, now make me some pancakes."

"Demanding bastard, aren't you?"

"I was hungry enough before. Now I could eat a bear." I bare my teeth at him.

He grins. "Mmm. Bite me."

I shake my head. "You wait til later. I'll spank you so hard, you won't sit down for days."

His eyes light with anticipation. "I'd like that." His voice is low and husky, and my cock responds despite what we've just done.

Brandon takes the towel he's been holding and wipes up the mess he made. "After we eat, we're going to bed to hibernate."

"As long as by hibernate you mean fucking with occasional naps."

Brandon scoops up some pancake batter with his fingers, then sucks them, eyes never leaving mine. He draws hard on the digits and reaches his tongue between them to get every drop.

I'm panting at the sight.

He gives his fingers a last lick and sighs. "I plan to wear you out so good, you'll be the one begging to sleep for months."

Oh yeah, this is going to be one fine day.

Silvia Violet

Surrender To Your Darkest Needs

Visit me: <http://silviaviolet.com>

Facebook: <http://facebook.com/silvia.violet>

Twitter: http://twitter.com/Silvia_Violet

Inspirational pictures for Paws on Me:

