Family Matters
by Havoc

"Family life is a bit like a runny peach pie – not perfect, but who's complaining?"
-Robert Brault

There are many wonderful things that a young human male can wake up to. The smell of a fantastic breakfast wafting from the kitchen, down the hall, and underneath the crack between his bedroom door and the floor is one of them, as is the realization upon waking up that the day in question is his one-year anniversary with the girl of his dreams. Even better is waking up beside that girl, feeling her soft lips pressing against his, and having a few satisfying minutes to cuddle her in his arms before getting up to enjoy that fantastic breakfast.

Luckily for Mark, he had the pleasure of experiencing all three of those things when he woke up one morning in mid-August, the North Carolina sun shining through the cracks in the blinds and casting a striped pattern across the sheets. The smell of frying bacon taunted his nose, but he was distracted from his sudden hunger by the feel of a fuzzy set of lips kissing his. He blinked his green eyes and raised a hand up, caressing the feline head that had become connected with his own, and wrapped his other arm around the body of the tigress that had been sleeping next to him. He brushed her brown, black-striped fur gently, hearing her soft good morning purr, smelling the hint of lilac shampoo that still lingered about her short magenta-dyed hair.

Kitsune, the young tigress, licked his nose as the kiss ended. "Good morning, baby," she whispered, her voice betraying a hint of the sleepiness that she still felt, looking right at him with those jade eyes that he loved so much. "Happy anniversary."

"Happy anniversary, kitten," Mark replied, using the pet name that he had started calling Kitsune about a week ago. She loved hearing him refer to her like that, and her long tail curled around his rear as he said it.

"One whole year," Kitsune said. She kissed him again, rubbing his back. "And some people said we wouldn't last a month…"

"Fuck 'em," Mark said vehemently. "What do they know?"

Kitsune smiled, showing a mouthful of sharp predator's teeth. "I'd rather fuck

you," she purred. "But it's breakfast time."

Mark threw the covers off of them, and got out of bed, going around to the other side to help Kitsune up. They didn't bother to get dressed, opting instead to just put on robes. Plenty of time for clothing later, and today was their anniversary, after all. Neither of them anticipated being clothed for very long, anyway. Besides, the smell of breakfast had become much stronger than it had been when they'd woken up, and they were anxious to get out to the living room to see what was cooking.

The two lovers left their bedroom, passing the bedroom across the hall from theirs, which now sat largely unused. It wasn't that nobody shared the apartment with them; it was just that the person who did nearly always slept with Mark and Kitsune. Unless she was ill or out late at work, as she must have been last night, since neither Mark nor Kitsune had noticed her come into their room.

Once they got out to the living room, the smell of frying bacon became irresistible. Mark looked over the island that separated the kitchen from the living room, and spied a tantalizing sight. Standing in front of the stove, her back to them and clad in nothing but a black cooking apron, was the other inhabitant of their apartment, Tai, a gray tabby fur who had only just recently become a member of Mark and Kitsune's already unorthodox relationship.

Mark, Kitsune, and Tai were all students at Greenstone University, a small school near the North Carolina coast. While Mark and Kitsune had met because they shared the same major, Criminal Law, Tai knew them because she had been Kitsune's roommate for several years. Tai majored in Nuclear Engineering, and had been living with Mark and Kitsune for about four months, at first just to help them out with the rent when they had decided to move in together. A month ago, however, after one fateful beach trip with friends, Tai had entered into a harem relationship with the couple, and she was now a very loved member of their "family". The arrangement had quickly become known among the student body of Greenstone when the semester had begun two weeks ago, and had earned Mark the auspicious title of "Luckiest Son-of-a-Bitch on Campus" from the more envious human and fur students. The ones who had already thought his relationship with Kitsune immoral called him something else, but the trio easily ignored these insults.

"Tai, did you get the mail on the way in last night?" Kitsune asked, leaning on the

kitchen island, apparently thinking nothing of her friend's conspicuous lack of clothing.

"No, I didn't," Tai answered, not bothering to turn around. "I got in real late, and I was a bit too tired to do much else except go to bed."

Kitsune tightened the sash on her robe and picked up her keys from the kitchen table. "Alright, I guess I'll go get it now," she said. "Back in a few." She slipped on a pair of shoes and walked out the front door, heading for the apartment complex's mailboxes.

Grinning, Mark went into the kitchen, coming up behind Tai, who was cutting a cantaloupe into sections. He undid his robe, letting it open up. Tai didn't notice he was behind her until he brought his arms around her, and she nearly jumped out of her fur before she got herself under control.

"Good morning, lover," she said, pushing her rear back playfully.

"I swear you do this just to get my blood pumping, Tai," Mark said.

"Special occasions call for special attire," Tai replied, amusement in her voice.

"Naturally." Mark moved his hands up and under her apron, cupping her rather ample breasts. While Mark much preferred the sleek runner's body that Kitsune possessed, he had to admit that Tai's fuller and curvier figure provided just as much delightful diversion. He kissed the nape of her neck, squeezing her bust.

Tai shivered as she felt his erection pressing up against her behind. "Stop it," she whispered. "The bacon is going to burn if I get too distracted…"

"Let it," Mark said. "I missed you last night." He smiled, burying his face in her shoulder-length black hair, feeling the softness of it against his cheeks. Tai's protest did nothing to hide the arousal that he could sense in her voice, and he knew that she wanted it just as much as he did. He moved his hands down, one pulling her fluffy tail aside while the other held her around the waist. Mark leaned forward, feeling the familiar warmth and moistness of her pussy kissing the head of his cock. He made a low noise of hunger and gripped himself, teasing his member just inside of her entrance. Taking his hand away, he pushed, and his penis slid into her slick vagina, burrowing in until his hips connected with her soft bottom.

"Oh, damn…," Tai moaned, the knife falling from her grip and clattering on the cutting board. She braced her hands on the edge of the counter, pressing back against Mark. Tai hadn't had much experience before living with Mark and Kitsune, so she was

still a rather tight fit for him. “God…I would’ve skipped work early if I’d known you wanted me so bad…”

Mark put his hands on her wide hips, gripping her as he began to thrust in and out of her vagina. “Easily remedied, my little tabby…We’ll just make up for lost time.” He started pumping her at a fast pace, his aim right now to see if he could get her off before Kitsune returned with the mail. To do so, he would have to use all of the tricks that he had learned about Tai in the month since she’d begun having sex with him and Kitsune. The first thing he did was to take his hand from her right hip and place it right at the base of her tail, scratching hard and deep into her gray fur. She moaned louder, her head falling forward, presenting Mark with the perfect target for his next technique.

Bending down, Mark opened his mouth and lightly clamped his teeth over the back of her neck. He had learned that feline males did this to females when they were in heat, and it drove Tai absolutely crazy. As his jaws gripped her neck, he could feel her inner muscles ripple around him, and she mewled passionately.

“F-fuck…Mark…,” Tai hissed. She pitched forward onto the counter, scattering melon sections as she reached her peak, squeezing Mark harder than ever. He thrust into her several more times before he came as well, emptying his seed into her belly, embracing her from behind as pure pleasure made both of their bodies quiver.

Their morning quickie over, Mark withdrew from Tai, seeing a small dribble of his semen beginning to slowly seep out of her sex. He closed his robe back up as Tai caught her breath, shakily gathering up the fruit that had been pushed around the cutting board. Mark hugged her from behind, kissing her neck tenderly.

“Love you, honey,” he said.

“I love you, too, Mark…,” Tai said, still a little breathless. “But next time, wait for me to finish making breakfast, alright?” She took the bacon, which had started to smoke a little, off of the burner and went back to slicing fruit. But the tabby turned her head around, winking a green eye at him as a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

Mark chuckled and walked back around the kitchen island, cinching up his robe and taking a seat at the table just as the apartment door opened. Kitsune came back in, holding a large stack of mail and panting just a little. She shut the door, flapping the chest of her robe.

“It’s already got to be about eighty degrees out there,” she complained. “I hate North Carolina weather…” She sat down at the table beside Mark, her gaze drifting over Tai for a second, catching sight of the suspect moisture. Slyly, she gave Mark a sidelong glance, a knowing half-grin on her face. Mark shrugged, as if he had no idea what she was implying. “Anyway, let’s see what we’ve got.” Kitsune began thumbing through the mail, tossing letters aside as she learned what they contained. “Bill, bill, credit card offer, coupon pack…oh my God…”

Mark looked at her, a little concerned by the tone in her voice. “Kat?” he asked. “What is it?”

Kitsune held up a letter contained in an official-looking envelope, her expression one of extreme anxiety. “My test results are in,” she replied. “I…I wasn’t expecting them so soon. Dr. Edwards said they would be ready in a week or two.” She held the envelope in both hands, staring at it apprehensively. “I can’t believe such a life-changing thing could come in such a small package.”

“Well, open it up,” Tai said, coming over and leaning on the table. “Can’t know if it’s positive or negative until you do.”

“You’re right,” Kitsune said. She took a deep breath and then slit the envelope open with one claw, pulling out the folded papers within. The tigress looked at them for a few seconds, her hands shaking a little. “I…I can’t look. Mark, you do it.” She handed him the papers, and then clasped her hands together tightly in her lap.

Mark took the papers, slowly unfolding them. He read what was printed on them, his eyes moving back and forth along the pages. There was a very pregnant pause. He glanced up at Tai, and then looked over at Kitsune. She stared back at him, seeming nervous almost to the point of nausea. Mark let a smile spread across his face, and he handed the papers back to Kitsune. “Take a look, kitten.”

Kitsune gulped, and then she forced herself to look down and read the papers. A few seconds later, she threw them up in the air with a whoop of joy.

“I did it!” she shouted, ecstatic. “I made it into law school!” Kitsune jumped up from her chair, her arms raised in victory.

“Good job, Kat!” Tai said, walking around the table and embracing her. “You worked so hard, you deserve it.”

Mark stood up and gave his tigress a kiss. “Congratulations, Kat,” he said, taking over from Tai and hugging her tight. “All those nights of studying paid off for you.”

“Hmph, no thanks to you,” Kitsune said, her tone one of mock anger. “Always bugging me to come to bed with you, never taking no for an answer. What’s a girl to do?”

“Ah, as I recall, it was *you* doing the bugging,” Mark retorted. “Trying to procrastinate and avoid having to study.”

Kitsune winked and squeezed his rear through his robe, taking her seat again. Tai went back into the kitchen and finished up breakfast while she read the rest of her letter, learning what she had to do to follow up on her acceptance into law school. As she finished with the letter, Tai was setting their plates out on the table and serving up scrambled eggs, sliced cantaloupe, and crispy, if a little bit singed, bacon. She hung up her robe on the hook next to the refrigerator and sat down across from Mark and Kitsune, picking up her fork.

Mark looked at Tai. “You’re not going to let up, are you?” he asked, unable to draw his eyes away from her chest.

Tai smiled, taking a bite of eggs. “And why should I?” she asked back, sweetly. “Kat got you for a whole year, remember? I have a lot of catching up to do.”

“It’s not a contest, love,” Kitsune said, laughing.

“Hey, I certainly don’t mind you two fighting over me,” Mark put in. “But I love both of my girls. You’ve got no reason to compete for my affections.”

“Well, I’m going to level the playing field, anyway,” Kitsune said. She shrugged off her robe, letting it fall to the floor, and then started eating as well.

Both females seemingly ignored Mark for the rest of the meal, although he caught them glancing at him. He knew they were trying to see which of them he was looking at more, but Mark honestly thought he was giving them equal time. And it was all in good fun, in any case. Tai knew that today was Kitsune and Mark’s special day, and that if she was a little left out on their anniversary it didn’t mean that either of them loved her any less. Knowing that Tai might be overlooked in the excitement of the day, Mark had made sure to give her some attention first thing, so everyone came away happy.

When breakfast was over with, Mark cleaned up the dishes while Tai went and took a shower, both to get ready for the day and to wash away the “evidence” of their

before-breakfast sex. She came back just as he was finishing up, and the trio of lovers sat down to talk about their plans.

"So," Kitsune said. "Today is the day."

"Yeah…," Tai said, her voice a little quaky. "Oh, I'm so nervous…"

"Join the club," Mark said.

Although Mark and Kitsune had been together for a whole year, neither of them had ever met the other's parents. Since about two months before their anniversary, Mark had been planning a visit home so that Kitsune and his parents could meet each other. Since Tai had joined their relationship, she was of course going to be included in the visit. They were all anxious about the meeting, for their own reasons. Kitsune was nervous because she wanted to make a good impression on Mark's parents, knowing that they might be a little wary of their human son dating a fur. While relationships like hers and Mark's weren't unheard of, they weren't common, either, and still garnered quite a bit of disapproval from the general public. Kitsune also wanted Mark's parents to see her as someone that they would be comfortable with as a member of their family, since she hoped that one day she and Mark might be married.

Tai was nervous for about the same reasons as Kitsune, but she was also quite nervous because she had known Mark for a shorter amount of time than Kitsune had. She almost felt as though she didn't have much business going to meet Mark's family, but this concern had been dismissed by him whenever she brought up. Mark had made it clear that she was every bit as important to him as Kitsune, and that he wanted her there with them. Even though she knew that if it ever came to it Mark would marry Kitsune, she still wanted his family to like her, so despite her anxiety she wanted to be there.

The reasons that Mark was nervous were quite different from those of Kitsune and Tai. He had no reason to think that his parents would be disapproving of his relationship with Kitsune, and he knew for certain that his parents would like both her and Tai. They certainly knew that he and Kitsune were in love, and as parents will do they had figured out that their relationship was also sexual. Mark wasn't worried about anything in regards to Kitsune. No, his worries all had to do with Tai. While it would have definitely been okay if he had been with either Kitsune *or* Tai, he didn't think his parents would be exactly thrilled to learn that he was sexually active with *both* of them. The socially

progressive attitude of his parents aside, he knew that their open-mindedness would still be resistant to a practice that was accepted in feline culture but severely frowned upon in human culture. And since he would be arriving at his parent's doorstep in New Bern with both Kitsune and Tai, he was going to have some serious explaining to do.

It was a situation that, no matter how much he cared about Kitsune and Tai and wanted his parents to get along with them, he was most definitely not looking forward to. It was a situation that, no matter how much he had wanted to introduce Kitsune to his mother and father, he was starting to get second thoughts about.

Kitsune asked a question, and caught up as he was in his thoughts, Mark missed it.

He looked up. "Hm? Sorry?"

"When are we leaving?" Kitsune repeated. "We're supposed to be there by dinner, right?"

"Right," Mark said. "Well, New Bern is about an hour's drive away from here, so I guess we'll leave around five."

Tai nodded. "Do we have to get dressed for the occasion?"

Mark looked at her curiously. "Er…no, I don't think Mom and Dad expect us to get dressed up…" He stopped as he saw the gleam in her eyes, and realized what she had really asked. He chuckled. "No, Tai, I am not showing up at my parents' house with a naked tigress on one arm and a naked tabby on the other."

"Spoilsport," Tai grumbled, as Kitsune burst out laughing, covering her face with one hand.

The rest of the morning and the afternoon were spent getting ready to leave for Mark's parents' house. They all packed an extra change of clothes, since they would be spending the night, and made sure that everything in the apartment was straightened up so that they wouldn't come back to some sort of disaster. Of course, Mark and Kitsune took several strategic "breaks" during their preparations, one of which Tai joined in on, naturally.

A few minutes after five o'clock, the trio left their apartment and carried their things down to the parking lot. Since Kitsune was the only one of them who had a car, a

Jaguar of course, she was driving, with Mark in the front passenger seat to direct her and Tai in the back, right behind Mark. All set, they pulled out of their apartment complex and got on the road, underway to New Bern.

The whole way there, Mark was thinking about what he was going to do when his parents saw that he had brought not one, but two girls home with him. No matter which way he thought about it, he still came back to the same fear that his parents would be horrified. The very last thing that he wanted was for his parents to be angry or disappointed in him, or worse. And he felt like there was no other possible outcome if they learned that he was in a relationship with two women at the same time.

Fuck, Mark thought frantically, as they passed a sign welcoming them to New Bern. *Why the hell didn't I tell them before we got here? They would have had time to think about it…Time to either accept it or tell us that we weren't welcome to come. By springing it on them like this…God, I don't know what to do…*

He didn't have much time to figure it out, because about fifteen minutes after arriving in the city they were turning into his old neighborhood. The houses on either side of the street were nice one-story houses, and the area wasn't as rich as such neighborhoods in cities like Raleigh or Greensboro, but it was still slightly better than the typical middle-class neighborhood. At the end of the street stood Mark's childhood home, a house not much different from any of the others save that it was painted a slightly different shade of white. Both of his parents' cars were in the driveway, so Kitsune pulled her car up to the curb, parking just past the mailbox that sported a hanging sign inscribed with the name "Jackson".

They sat in the car for a few seconds after the engine was turned off. "Well…Here we are," Tai said.

"Yep," Mark affirmed, nearly choking on his nerves. "Home, sweet home."

Kitsune pulled her key out of the ignition and opened her door. "Let's go in, then," she said, no small amount of anxiety in her voice.

The two felines and the human got out of the car, as Kitsune popped the trunk, and retrieved their bags. They walked down the driveway and onto the front walkway, stopping in front of the door. After taking a few deep breaths, Mark reached a hand out and rang the doorbell. A short delay followed the chime, and then the portal into Mark's

not-so-distant past swung in. Standing in the doorway was an older woman, not quite fifty years old, with long, braided brown hair that was beginning to go gray, and deep brown eyes. She wore blue jeans on her legs, a purple blouse on her body, and a wide smile on her face. It was Mark's mother, Susan.

"Mark, good to see you," she said, immediately giving him a tight hug. "We're so glad you could make it home."

Mark smiled despite himself. "Good to be home, Mom," he said.

Susan straightened back up and beckoned him inside. "Don't just stand out here, come in, come in. Set your bags down by the door and sit down for a while." She turned and headed into the house, disappearing around the corner of the foyer, her destination the kitchen. Mark walked in, followed by Kitsune and Tai. They put their bags by the door as his mother had instructed, and then went into the living room.

Sitting in a recliner in the living room was Mark's father, Chris, a man of average height with black hair, slightly balding, and blue eyes contained behind thick glasses. He was dressed in his usual khaki shorts and a red button-down shirt, and was reading a book when the trio came in. He looked up and then closed his book, placing it on a small table next to the chair.

"Welcome home, son," Chris said. "It's been a while. Semester going well?"

"So far," Mark replied. He heard the clang of a lid being placed back on a pot, and Mark's mother came out of the kitchen. He took another deep breath. "Mom, Dad, there's someone I want to introduce you to." He half-turned, putting an arm back to hook around Kitsune's waist, bringing her forward. "This is Kitsune."

Kitsune smiled and looked at the floor, suddenly feeling unusually shy. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson…," she said, forcing herself to look back up. "It's very nice to meet both of you."

"Hello, dear," Susan said, coming up to her. To Kitsune's embarrassment, she gave her a hug rather than the expected handshake. "Mark has told us all about you. It's so wonderful to finally see you with our own eyes."

"Hon, don't scare the girl away," her husband jokingly admonished her, although a hint of actual worry seemed to flash over his face for a split second. He stood and offered his hand to Kitsune once Mark's mother released her, and Kitsune took it. "A

pleasure, young lady."

"Likewise."

Tai, standing slightly behind Mark and Kitsune, coughed once casually, or so it seemed. Susan looked at her, as though noticing the gray tabby for the first time.

"And who's this, Mark?" she asked, looking a little curious as to why there was a second female accompanying him.

The moment of truth had arrived, no matter how much Mark had hoped that it would never come. His mother and father were looking at him expectantly, waiting for his answer. He swallowed once, knowing that every second he failed to answer just made it seem more and more awkward.

"This is Tai," Mark said, trying his best and failing to keep his voice from shaking. "She's a…she's…uh…"

At the very last moment, he completely chickened out.

"This is Tai," Mark repeated, bringing his shaky voice under some semblance of control. "She's a friend of Kitsune's. She shares the apartment with us, and we invited her along so she wouldn't be home all alone this weekend."

Amazingly, Mark believed that he could actually *feel* the heat of the glare that he imagined Kitsune was sending his way, even though he couldn't bring himself to look at her to confirm that belief. He could certainly feel the icy knot of guilt and shame that had just settled into his stomach, because he knew that what he had just said had to have hurt Tai. He wanted to turn around to face Tai, to tell her that he didn't mean it, but he just couldn't do it in front of his parents.

"Ah," Susan said, although she did not look entirely convinced. "Well, it's very nice to meet you, too, Tai." Overcoming her shock, Tai managed to give Mark's mother a weak smile.

After a brief silence, Chris clapped his hands together. "Well, dinner is ready," he said. "I think we're all probably pretty hungry, so how about we dig in, hm?"

While Mark's mother went to the kitchen and got an extra place setting for Tai, everyone else sat down at the kitchen table. Mark's father sat at the head of the table, and Tai sat to his left while Susan sat to his right. Mark himself sat at the other end of the table, with Kitsune to his right. They began eating, and the food was very good, as usual.

Mark had always enjoyed his mother's cooking, after all, what child doesn't? He found it difficult to enjoy dinner as much as he otherwise might have, though, because Tai kept giving little pained glances.

During a moment when Susan and Chris were caught up in conversation with Tai, Kitsune leaned over to hiss at Mark.

"How could you?" she asked, the anger in her voice quite obvious. "Mark, you have to tell them!"

"I know," Mark whispered back. "I just…I just froze up…"

"Froze up, right." Kitsune mashed his toes with her foot underneath the table. "You better not freeze up again. You owe it to Tai to make sure your parents understand what's going on."

"I know, but…" Mark realized that his mother was asking him a question, and the little back-and-forth between him and Kitsune came to an end as he focused on the greater conversation once more.

Later in the evening, after everyone had some time to relax following dinner, bedtime arrived. Mark's parents showed him to his bedroom, which had been redone since he had left home for Greenstone. In the past, his room had been furnished with an armchair, a desk, and a lofted bed, along with a few bookshelves and a dresser. The room had often been cluttered with stray books on the floor and a wastepaper bin that was overflowing with crumpled drawings.

Now, though, the room was a proper guest room. A regular bed was on the floor, and a nicer chair was in the corner. His dresser was still there, but it had been painted with a darker wood stain, and the walls themselves were an amber color rather than the former off-white. It was a nicer, more welcoming atmosphere for guests, even if the guest happened to be Mark.

Susan was just finishing placing new sheets on the bed when Mark, Kitsune, and Tai arrived at the room. "Everything is all ready for you, Mark," she said, looking up and smiling. "You and Kitsune should be very comfortable in here."

"Eheh…Thanks, Mom," Mark said, reddening a little. His parents had known that he and Kitsune were sleeping together for a while now, but it was still a little

embarrassing to hear his mother remind him of it.

Susan straightened up and turned to Tai. “Tai, we can put you in Katie’s room,” she said, pointing through the wall to the room next door to Mark’s. Katie was Mark’s younger sister, and she had started her first semester at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill a few weeks ago. Her room stood empty, and Mark’s parents were planning to turn it into another guest bedroom.

“Oh, but…,” Tai said, looking at Mark. Her expression was almost pitifully confused, and she implored Mark with her eyes to step in and say something.

In front of his mother, however, Mark felt helpless to say anything, and so he again found himself speaking before his mind could catch up with him.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be comfortable in there, Tai,” he said, feeling as though he was outside himself, hearing the words coming from his own mouth. “See you in the morning.”

The heartbroken look that played across Tai’s face nearly killed Mark. She looked for a moment like she was going to burst into tears, but she managed to hold herself together. Turning around, she left the bedroom, her tail disappearing around the corner as she headed for Mark’s sister’s room. Susan looked curiously between Mark and Kitsune for a few moments before apparently dismissing whatever she had been wondering about, and she left as well.

As soon as her footsteps faded down the hall, Kitsune shut the bedroom door none too lightly and rounded on Mark. “You son of a bitch,” she hissed, her ears laid low. “You son of a *bitch!* How *dare* you?” She shoved against his chest, pushing him back a few steps.

“Hey, Kat, I didn’t…,” Mark tried to say, but Kitsune just growled and shoved him harder. He stumbled backwards, his legs striking the edge of the bed, and he clumsily sat down on the mattress. For the first time in his life, Mark was actually starting to grow scared of Kitsune. She looked as though she was going to physically hurt him if she got any angrier, and he held up his hands reflexively.

“Are you ashamed of Tai, is that it?” Kitsune asked, baring her teeth, the fur on the back of her neck rising. “You don’t want anyone to know you’re screwing the gray tabby?”

“Of course not!” Mark insisted, shocked that Kitsune would even suggest that. “I…I love her.”

“You have a funny way of showing it!”

“Kat, I…I just…My parents…,” Mark stammered, trying to explain. “I couldn’t… I couldn’t say anything in front of them! They wouldn’t like it.”

Kitsune took a step forward, growling again, and Mark flinched. “If you really loved Tai, you would have stood up for her,” she said. “If you really cared about her feelings, you wouldn’t have done what you just did. Tai would have done it for you.” She whipped around, nearly slapping Mark across the face with her tail, and went to her bag, taking out a change of clothing. When she had done that, she moved to the door.

“Wait, where are you going?”

“To Tai,” Kitsune said, not bothering to face him. “Someone has to comfort her, and you don’t deserve to sleep with anyone tonight.” The tigress opened the door and left, slamming the door behind her.

Upset, Mark slowly lay back on the bed, astounded at how quickly one of the happiest days of his life had turned into one of the worst.

In the morning, Mark woke up, and instinctively rolled to one side to kiss Kitsune good morning before he realized that she wasn’t in bed beside him. After a few seconds of confusion, he remembered why. The recollection depressed him so much that he almost did not want to get out of bed, but he forced his legs over the side and rose. He dressed himself, and then left his bedroom and went down the hall into the main portion of the house.

Kitsune and Tai were both sitting at the table with his father, drinking cups of coffee when he walked in. Neither of them spared him a glance as he walked past and into the kitchen, and poured himself a mug of the invigorating liquid. Mark sat down at the table, and as if on cue both Kitsune and Tai rose from their seats. The two feline femmes crossed the living room and went out a sliding glass door to the back deck, joining his mother, who usually enjoyed her morning coffee outdoors instead of in. Mark looked into his cup, heaving a heavy sigh. The day wasn’t off to a very good start.

“Trouble in paradise?” Chris asked, looking at his son over the top of the

newspaper.

"You could say that," Mark replied, setting his mug down. Suddenly he wasn't really in the mood for coffee. "We had a bit of a fight last night."

"I heard," his father said. He shook his head as Mark looked up at him. "I heard raised voices, I mean. Didn't really catch what it was about. So, whose fault is it?"

Mark leaned back in his chair, rubbing a hand over his stubbly face. "Mine," he admitted. "Entirely my fault."

"Mmm…," Chris grunted. He picked up his coffee and took a sip, turning the page after he put the cup back on the table. "Well, at least you've learned that much about relationships. It's always your fault, even if it isn't your fault."

Smiling despite himself, Mark nodded. "Yes," he said ruefully. "Even though it really *is* my fault, this time." He turned his head to look out the glass door, watching Kitsune and Tai in conversation with his mother for a few minutes. They seemed to be speaking cheerfully, showing no indication that anything was wrong. He supposed that their nonchalance about last night's events was all part of his punishment, as was the silent treatment.

"So," Chris said, making Mark bring his head back around. "How do you plan to fix things?"

"I haven't the slightest clue," Mark replied after a second or two. "Kat's mad because I didn't…do something. I don't know how to fix it."

"Well, obviously, you should do the thing that you were supposed to do," his father said, as though he was speaking to a very young, very dumb child.

Mark looked apprehensive, for reasons that were obvious to him but that his father had no way of knowing. "I'm not sure I can. I…I don't want to say I don't *want* to do the thing she wants me to do, but…that's kind of the way it is."

"Doesn't matter," Chris said, looking his son straight in the eye. "That's what you do in a relationship. You have to make sacrifices, and if that means doing something you'd rather not, then that's what you have to do. Your mother and I make sacrifices for each other all the time." He drained his coffee cup. "Sometimes when I'd rather go play a round of golf with my buddies, I spend the afternoon gardening with her instead. And sometimes when Susan wants to go shopping with friends, she watches the big game with

me. Marriage is all about sacrifices, Mark." He waved a hand, forestalling the obvious response from Mark. "I know, I know. You're not married, yet, but the principle remains the same for you and Kitsune. Trust me, the best thing that you can do is to make your sacrifice, and the sooner the better."

Mark looked back to the deck once more. "I guess you're right," he finally said. Tai glanced inside, meeting his eyes for a brief moment before looking away again. He felt a wrenching guilt inside for what he had done, accompanied by the desire to make it up to her.

"Of course I'm right," Chris said, folding the paper back up and setting it aside. "Voice of experience, here, my boy. It'll set everything right with the world again, you'll see."

Save that for when you hear it, Dad, Mark thought to himself.

The rest of the day passed without major incident, save for the fact that Kitsune and Tai seemed to be avoiding Mark at all costs. A difficult thing when one considered that none of them strayed very far from the house, but they certainly managed it. And it was making Mark's job of trying to fix what he had done the night before very hard indeed.

Mark ran into them only once during the late afternoon, when he was leaving the bathroom after taking a shower. He was dressed in his robe, and as he walked out the door, he nearly ran into Tai, who was walking down the hall towards the bedroom that she and Kitsune had sequestered themselves in. They both jumped, and for several awkward minutes all they did was stand there, not moving or speaking.

"Uh…," Mark said, breaking the silence. "Tai, I…"

"W-…What?" Tai mumbled, not meeting his eyes.

"Listen, I just…"

The door to Mark's sister's bedroom opened, and Kitsune stuck her head out. "Tai," she said.

Tai looked up at Mark, her face set. Then she turned, without so much as a word, and walked down the hall to Kitsune, entering the bedroom. The door closed a moment later, and then silence claimed the hallway again.

Mark sighed, somewhat exasperated. “Dammit, Kat…,” he muttered. “You have to give me at least a chance…”

In the evening, after dinner, Mark was sitting in the living room with his parents, Kitsune, and Tai. He was on one couch, the two felines on another, and his parents were occupying the two armchairs. Nobody was speaking much, since both his mother and father were reading, neither of them having much of an idea of what the source of the tension in the room was.

Inside, Mark was gathering up the courage for what he was going to do. He kept looking over at Tai and Kitsune, who were, as they had been since the previous night, pointedly ignoring him. That was okay. He didn’t need them to be on speaking terms with him to do what he was going to. All he needed was for everyone to be in one place, which they were, finally. Just as Mark was about to clear his throat and speak, Kitsune stood up, making as if to walk out.

“Stop, Kat,” he said. He was not surprised to see a flicker of astonishment on her face at the authoritative tone in his voice. Usually it was Kitsune, and not he, who had the dominant personality. “Sit down. I have something I need to say.”

“I am going to bed,” Kitsune said, trying to take back the control of the situation. “And so is Tai, and you can’t…”

“Nobody’s going anywhere,” Mark asserted, looking straight at her. “Sit down.” Blinking rapidly, appearing quite taken aback, Kitsune slowly sat down.

Susan had looked up from her book at Mark’s first words, and was now looking at her son. “Mark, what’s gotten into you?” she asked.

Mark looked at Kitsune and Tai for a few more moments, and suddenly he saw comprehension dawn on Kitsune’s face. The tigress nodded slowly, and relaxed in her seat, waiting to see exactly what would happen. Tai appeared confused, looking at Mark with wide eyes. He ignored her for the moment, and turned his head to his parents.

“I haven’t been completely honest with you,” Mark began. “When I came home, I was a little afraid because there was something I had to tell you that I thought would shock you, disappoint you, or do both. Because the last thing I ever wanted to do with my life was alienate either of you…I told a lie.” He glanced back at Tai again before

continuing. “I thought I was doing the right thing by keeping it under wraps, but I wound up doing something really bad, and I hurt someone who means a lot to me.

“Mom, Dad, you were expecting me to come home this weekend with just Kitsune. Kat and I were both afraid of what you would think of our relationship, but I know we were both so happy when you welcomed her into your home like she was family.

“But I came here with Tai, too, and it’s time that you know exactly why Tai is also here. She’s not just Kat’s friend, and she’s not just our roommate.” Mark swallowed, and took a moment to look at Kitsune and Tai once more. Tai was listening with rapt attention now, her mouth slightly open. Kitsune squeezed her knee, and gave Mark a gentle nod, urging him to go on. He looked back to his parents, who were listening with equal attention. Mark’s father looked like he was having trouble understanding what was going on, but realization was starting to work its way onto his mother’s face.

“Mark,” Susan said. “What are you telling us? What are you saying?”

Mark took a deep breath, and exhaled slowly, letting his anxiety flow out with the air. “I’m saying that I love Tai. I love her very much, every bit as much as I love Kitsune. And Tai is a part of us, part of our family.” With those words, he saw shock, disbelief, and, what he had feared and dreaded most of all, disgust wash over his parents’ faces. As much as he hated seeing that, he knew he had to keep going. “I understand this is strange to you guys, and it was strange to me at first, but I wouldn’t change it for the world. We all love each other, and you can either accept it, or not. I refuse to be ashamed of Tai, and as long as I’m here at home, she’s going to be treated just the way she is back at our home. As a friend, a family member, and a lover.”

Mark’s parents seemed frozen for some minutes, and it felt like it took hours before either of them did anything. First, his mother stood up, her face eerily blank of any emotion, and left the room. Mark’s father stayed a few seconds longer, and then he just as blankly got up and followed his wife. When they were gone, Mark released a breath that he hadn’t realized he’d been holding, feeling the stress of the past day melt away from his body now that he had gotten it over with.

Wordlessly, Tai stood up from her seat on the couch and made her way straight to where Mark was. In a single, fluid motion, she sank onto his lap and grabbed his face in

both hands, kissing him more passionately than she had ever kissed him before. Mark wrapped his arms around her, feeling the comforting familiarity of her soft, furry body, and hugged her tight. In the middle of the kiss, he felt the couch cushions sink a little beside him, as Kitsune sat down next to them. As the kiss ended, Tai rested her head on his shoulder, nuzzling his neck possessively. Kitsune slipped her arm behind Mark and around his hip, leaning over to press her lips to his cheek.

"I love you girls," Mark managed to say, his voice somewhat hoarse.

"And we love you, too, Mark," Kitsune said, taking one hand and turning his head to kiss him softly on the lips. Tai purred her agreement, curling her tail around his legs. "I'm so proud of you, baby."

Mark reached over and pulled Kitsune against him, letting his head rest against the back of the couch. "I think it's time we went home," he said, rubbing the tigress's shoulder. "It's going to take a while for Mom and Dad to come to terms with this, and I think it will be easier for them if we're not here while they do that."

Tai sighed. "I think you're right," she said. "And I don't feel very comfortable here, anyway…"

"Don't worry, honey," Mark assured her, squeezing one arm around Tai. "You will. I know my parents. They'll come around. It will take time, but they'll come around."

As soon as they had their things repacked, Mark, Kitsune, and Tai put their bags in Kitsune's car and prepared to leave. Mark had not spoken to his parents since his speech in the living room, except for a short exchange of words through their closed bedroom door to let them know that they were leaving. After exiting the house and getting into the car, Mark looked back across the darkened front lawn to see his mother standing in the kitchen window, staring out at them. He waved goodbye to her, determined not to treat his own parents any differently, despite their initial reaction to learning the truth about his relationship with Kitsune and Tai. To his surprise, his mother hesitated for several seconds, and then she waved back. He smiled faintly, feeling a lot better about everything at that moment, and then Kitsune started the Jaguar up and pulled away, starting on the road back home.

When the threesome walked back into their apartment, it was just turning ten o' clock, and a cool breeze was blowing. Kitsune had Mark set the bags down in the living room, agreeing that unpacking could wait for the morning, and turned off the air conditioner, opting to open the windows in the apartment instead. While she and Mark were doing that, Tai went back to their shared bedroom, explaining that she was tired and wanted to rest for a little bit. Mark thought she sounded a little depressed, but decided not to pursue the matter until Kitsune spoke up a short time later.

"Mark, I think I'm going to take a shower," she said, moving to the hallway leading back to the bedrooms and the bathroom. She paused at the hallway entrance and looked back at him. "A nice, hot, *long* shower." Kitsune placed special emphasis on the word "long", and Mark thought he knew what she meant by that.

"I think I'll join you, kitten," he said, making his way over to her. Unexpectedly, Kitsune put a hand out, keeping him from her.

"I'm going to shower alone, Mark," she said, speaking slowly and deliberately. Mark looked confused for a few moments. "I really think you should go to the bedroom and wait for me. Understand?"

Mark opened his mouth to object, but then her true meaning dawned on him, and he closed his mouth again, nodding. Kitsune smiled and walked off, entering the bathroom and closing the door. Mark heard the lock click, and a minute or so later the sound of running water could be heard.

Walking down the hall towards where Kitsune had vanished, Mark bypassed the bathroom and went all the way to the end, to the bedroom. The door was closed, but Mark eased it open anyway, taking a peek inside. He could see Tai sitting on the end of the bed, looking out the window, her back to him. The only light in the room was from the small lamp above the mirror that the girls used to groom their fur, creating a sort of twilight atmosphere. Mark slipped inside, closing the door quietly behind him, and moved over to the bed. He sat down just behind Tai, and smoothly put his arms around her middle.

"Hey," he whispered. "What are you doing back here all by yourself?"

"Oh, just…thinking…," Tai whispered back, still gazing out the darkened

window. She took a slow breath and let it out, leaning back against Mark's chest. Her voice went from wistful to serious. "You really hurt me, Mark…back at your parents' place. I didn't deserve that. I may only be the second mate, but I deserve better than what you did…"

"I know, honey…," Mark said, closing his eyes. "I never, ever meant to cause you pain. That's the very last thing I would want to do to my little tabby. And those hours where you wouldn't speak to me were the worst of my life."

Tai put a hand up, reaching back to brush his hair gently. "I…I wanted to talk to you, Mark," she said, her voice quaking slightly. "Believe me, I did. But…I couldn't… Not as long as I thought you were ashamed to be my mate."

"Never," Mark said. "I couldn't be luckier than to have two wonderful, beautiful girls who love me. And I'm not ashamed of you in the least, Tai." He rubbed her belly through her shirt. "I don't know what else I can say. I love you, Tai, and I'm so sorry for what I did to you."

Tai twisted around in his arms, placing her head on his shoulder and hugging him. "That's all I needed to hear."

Mark put one finger underneath her chin, tipping it up so that he could look in her soft green eyes. The same eyes that had nearly paralyzed him, the night that she had come into the room all those weeks ago, covered in nothing but a towel, to join Kitsune and him. Again, he was unable to resist their alluring light, and he put his lips to hers. The kiss that he received back from her let him know that all was forgiven. She put one hand to the back of his head, twisting her fingers into his hair, and slipped her tongue into his mouth. The roughness of it tickled his own tongue, and the low, rumbling purr that he heard issuing from deep within her would have been enough to melt even the coldest hearts.

Tai took her lips from his, rubbing her face against his cheek. "Mark, please let me have you tonight…," she breathed. "I want you all to myself for tonight…Please. I want to feel like the first mate just this one time…"

"Of course," Mark said, taking her ears in both hands. He teased their soft, incredibly fine gray fur, watching her eyes close contently. "But it won't just be this one time. There's no first or second mate with you girls. You're both my mates, and that's all

there is to it." He lowered his hands down her back, grasping the hem of her shirt, and dragged it up. Tai allowed him to remove the garment, and he tossed it in the general direction of the laundry hamper. While his fingers were busy with the fastenings on her shorts, she reached behind herself and unclasped her bra, letting it fall off of her shoulders, freeing her breasts to his eyes.

Mark lowered her zipper, feeling the soft brushing sensation of fabric on skin as Tai tugged on his shirt, bringing it over his head. He paused from what he was doing only long enough to get the shirt off, and then he pulled on Tai's legs, throwing her off-balance. She mewled, startled, as she fell backwards onto the bed, giving Mark the perfect position in which to remove her shorts. Underneath, she wore no undergarments, in typical Tai fashion. No matter how many times he saw it, the sight always seemed to surprise him and send a thrill of arousal through his body.

Fighting back the urge to jump on her right away, Mark took his time removing the rest of his clothing. He unbuttoned his pants, looking her straight in the face. He could actually see her eyes tracking the zipper's progress as it lowered, and she licked her lips as pushed the pants off of his hips, letting them fall to the floor. Tai's eyes fixated on the bulge in his underwear, one hand lighting on her left breast, a claw slightly rubbing against the nipple. When he finally pulled his boxers off, his penis sprang into view, fully erect and ready for her.

Tai put a hand up, crooking one finger in a calling motion, beckoning him over. Mark took a moment to look over the feline body that he had come to know so well. He started at her toes and slowly moved up her legs, to the large thighs and ample hips that made Tai so much fun to be with. A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth as he took in her pussy, the lips already swollen and moist, just begging for his cock to slide between them. Tai was one girl who never needed much in the way of foreplay, and a good thing, too; he wasn't sure he was in any shape to be able to hold back long enough to give it to her. After that came her stomach, bulging slightly, not enough to be unhealthy and just enough to make her so soft and warm to cuddle. Above that were her breasts, much larger than Kitsune's but still a delight to behold. And then he was looking at her face, that beautiful, cute, loving face that always lit up when she laughed, and always had a sweet smile for him. Every inch of her was covered by soft, fluffy gray fur that he knew was

going to feel amazing on his skin, and even more wonderful to sleep next to.

"Are you just going to stand there and look, Mark?" Tai asked, her voice breathy with arousal. "Or are you going to come here and make love to me, like I want you to?"

"Sorry," Mark said, coming forward and crawling onto the bed on his hands and knees, getting on top of her. "I get lost in how beautiful you are sometimes, Tai." He moved his hips, brushing the head of his erection against her sex, and was just about to push inside when the gray tabby squeezed her legs together, preventing him from moving forward. Tai put a finger up, waggling it in front of his nose.

"Now, now," she said, her voice admonishing him as though he were a schoolboy being chastised by a teacher. "I didn't say I wanted to be fucked; I said I wanted to make love. This isn't some quickie in the kitchen before breakfast." She brought her head up, kissing him deeply, and then she slowly spread her legs once more, pushing down on his shoulders. His smooth skin slid over her silky fur as she eased him down, pushing until his head was at her hips. "Let's see how well you can use that tongue of yours…"

Tai put a hand between her legs, using two fingers to spread apart her labia, revealing the glistening pink flesh that lay within. Her scent wafted out, not as strong as if she had been in heat, but still there. Mark inhaled, breathing in the erotic concoction. She smelled of spice, salt, and the fragrance of the soap that she used. He put the tip of his tongue out, and lightly touched it to the inside of her sex, stroking up once or twice, reminding himself of her flavor. Tai mewled softly, the gentle touch sending a small wave of pleasure through her body. Mark swallowed the liquid he had collected on his tongue, exhaling as he did so, as though he were a connoisseur sampling a fine wine. She was every bit as delicious as she always was, and pressed his lips over her mound, his tongue emerging to lap at her moist folds, eating her out in earnest now.

"Oh, Mark…love…," Tai moaned. "Just like that…It feels so good…" She allowed herself to relax, sinking into the comfort of the bed, her head resting lightly on the pillow. Mark was very good at this particular sexual act, having refined his technique significantly while he was solely with Kitsune. He had learned quickly that Tai required a different touch than Kitsune, however. While the tigress preferred a sensual, romantic experience when it came to oral sex, the tabby desired a rougher approach, much more frenzied and animalistic.

Mark certainly did not disappoint in that regard. From the beginning, he went fast and hard, his tongue burying itself inside of her vagina. With every curl and stab, Tai felt her pleasure shoot to dizzying heights. Lightning bolts flashed around inside her head, and her hands tensed and relaxed rhythmically, grasping and released handfuls of the bed covers. Whenever Mark sensed that she was beginning to become bored with one thing, he would switch to another. He would close his teeth over her nether lips and pull on them, keeping her arousal at its peak by teasing her clitoris with his fingers. The human's teeth would squeeze her sensitive flesh almost to the point of pain, making her eyes water blissfully, and then her would release, soothing the area with long, broad strokes of his tongue.

In a short time, Mark had Tai writhing on the bed, moaning his name and begging for her release. He grinned, his face still buried in her pussy, and maintained the game of pleasuring her until her nerves grew bored, then switching it up and bringing her back to the edge of orgasm. Her sex quivered against his mouth, clenching as she was about to peak, giving him the warning that he needed to back off, to keep her just short of the goal that she desperately wanted to reach. Tai loved it, and so did he. The fun was all in the chase, and like a drug addict searching for that perfect high, Mark wanted to see Tai reach a state of bliss that would truly be earth-shattering.

Finally, Mark brought her back up to a heightened state of pleasure, and this time he did not stop. He kept going, forcing her over the edge, and granting her the relief from the glorious burn that she needed. Tai fairly howled with ecstasy, her insides wrenching up as the first moment of her climax began to sound off. Mark tasted the wonderful flavor of a feline releasing, the same flavor as her scent had been, only in a more concentrated form. As soon as he sensed it, he brought his head up, leaving her sex once again untouched, and slid up the bed so that he could recline next to her and look directly at her face. His hand went to her belly, stroking and caressing the fur as she came, her lips drawn back over her teeth in a passionate grimace and her breasts heaving with the convulsions that were rolling through her lower body.

When Tai began to go quiet, with her heart pounding and her breath still coming quickly, Mark put an arm underneath her back and propped her up. She looked at him with loving eyes, and reached up to brush his face. Smiling, Mark kissed her, and laid her

back down on the bed.

“Have you had enough loving, little tabby?” he asked her, a gleam in his eye, knowing what her answer would be.

Tai flipped her tail at him, swatting his cheek lightly. “You know damn well I haven’t, you cheeky little bastard!” she said.

Mark grinned. “I love your sweet nothings.” Once again, he rolled atop her, keeping his eyes on hers. Tai put her head up, pressing her lips to his, and then she lay back down, closing her eyes. Mark put his knees in between hers, pushing them apart, receiving no resistance. Lowering himself down, he brushed his now positively throbbing member against her soaked pussy. She hissed through her teeth, anticipating what was to come.

Pausing for just a moment, he kissed the tuft of fur at the bottom of her neck. And then he pushed forward, burying his cock inside of her in a single, swift motion. Tai threw her head back, purring and moaning all at the same time, making a throaty rumble in the back of her throat. Letting his senses take over from his mind, Mark let go and started thrusting, finally able to allow himself the pleasure of sex. Pent up as soon as he had begun to undress Tai, he went full force, not looking back for anything. Pure pleasure shot through the lovers, spurred forward by the wonderful feeling of making up after a terrible mistake.

Tai was rocked by every motion that Mark made, her breasts bouncing up and down as he pounded into her repeatedly. He hit the deepest spots in her body and made her muscles twitch with every bit of delight that she received from their coupling. The gray tabby put her arms up around his back and held his shoulders, her claws extended and hooking into his flesh. Mark paid no heed to the pinpricks of pain that he could vaguely feel in the back of his mind. He was engaged in the most basic and complex of acts with one that he loved very much, even though they had only been in love for a short while, and he was enamored with every second that passed, every sensation that went through his body, and every sight of her as he speared her again and again. With every stroke that his penis made into her gloriously slick vagina, she squeezed down on him, as though she was trying to withdraw his very soul. And if that had been what she was trying to do, he would have gladly given everything that he had to her at that moment.

“Oh, Mark…,” Tai gasped, barely able to make audible sound as the feelings that were radiating from between her legs threatened to take over all of her senses. “You’re… You’re…”

“I know…Tai…,” Mark managed to say. He bent forward, never losing the rhythm, and kissed her full on the lips, thrusting his tongue inside. She cried out, her voice muffled by his mouth, and hugged him tight to her chest. Mark could feel the tingling all along the length of his cock, telling him that he was growing close to the point of his release. He lifted his head back up, gritting his teeth, holding back to wait for Tai. He shifted his hips, altering the angle of his thrusts into a position that relieved some of the pressure on him, but increased the sensation for her.

“Mark…Mark…,” Tai panted, gasping for breath. “Oh, love…” She wrapped her legs around his waist, yowling as she climaxed a second time, pulling Mark in so that he was hilted deep within her. He couldn’t move.

Luckily, he didn’t have to. Tai’s inner muscles clamped down on him, rippling around his member, vibrating every inch of him until he couldn’t stand it any longer. He kissed her throat, groaning, and let go at long last. Stars exploded in his head as bliss erupted inside of him, and he spewed his seed directly into Tai’s womb. She milked him for every last drop, until his balls were drained dry. Spent, weary, and thoroughly empty, Mark sank against his beautiful tabby. The last thing he perceived was her thunderous purr, before darkness and his own exhaustion claimed him.

Mark didn’t know, exhausted as he was, exactly when Kitsune joined them in the bed, but the feeling of her soft cheek rubbing against his shoulder slowly woke him from his slumber. He looked over and saw her smiling face inches from his. Putting an arm around Kitsune, he pulled her closer to him, kissing her.

“You’re a good mate, Mark…,” the tigress whispered. She nuzzled his neck.

“I’m glad you think so, kitten,” Mark murmured. He yawned widely, his eyes squeezing shut. “God, I feel like I could sleep for a week.”

“No you don’t,” Kitsune said. She reached down and brushed a furry hand over his groin, licking his cheek as she did so. “It’s my turn.”

“But what about…,” Mark began, looking over to Tai, who had been sleeping

next to him. A pair of sparkling green eyes looked right into his, and a set of pearly white teeth appeared as a grin spread across the gray tabby's face. "Oh. Hey, you."

Kitsune slid above Mark, lying flat on top of him. "I don't think she'll mind." She wrapped her tail around his legs.

Mark smiled ruefully. It was going to be a long night.

"Apology is a lovely perfume; it can transform the clumsiest moment into a gracious gift."

-Margaret Lee Runbeck