Noah and His Peacock

by PipeDreams

Summary

Peacock: A species of bird which has iridescent blue-green coloured plumage, and not in any way a reference to some part of Noah Puckerman's anatomy.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Noah Puckerman was minding his own business, as he always did, when he scented the smell of fear in the air. His ears perked up immediately while he tracked the nervous energy and the indistinct whimpers coming from the unseen creature. He continued to move quietly as he closed the distance, coming across a clearing where three men were surrounding another. Thirty feet away, his nose twitched, inhaling their intermingling scents identifying their genus simultaneously. Of all his luck, on one of his rare ventures into the woodland, he had to stumble across a bunch of hyenas trying to maul a peacock. Noah knew the peacock would never be able to survive whatever the foul predators were planning for him. Cursing his conscience for existing, Noah started to strip off his clothes before he walked nearer towards the edge of the clearing. The hyenas still did not detect his presence, too focused on their prey. Noah stood, leaning against a tree, his eyes not leaving the sight in front of him.

“P-please... please... l-let me go...” the peacock pleaded with the men. Noah could see the dry track of tears on his face, the rays of the moon serving as perfect lighting. The man was beautiful. Noah’s nose flared, feeling desire for the man spike up. He watched as the hyenas laughed mockingly, two men holding on to the peacock as the third started to unzip the latter’s pants. A growl threatened to escape his chest when the hyena pulled down the peacock’s pants before placing his hands on the struggling man’s bare thighs. The urge to shift into his other self grew stronger, together with the urge to lay claim to the peacock.

“Let him go,” Noah said, his voice ringing loud and clear in the dead of the night. He almost laughed at the expression of varying shock on the faces of the men. His eyes remained glued to the peacock however, who was looking at him with a mixture of apprehension and hope.

The third hyena who was caressing the peacock’s thighs stepped forward, hissing, “It is none of your business...” he paused, nose sniffing the air, “...puma.”

“Well you see, I think it is... considering that you’re holding the poor man against his will. So, last chance hyena. Leave,” Noah warned. He could feel the change coming and allowed it to ripple through his body. He needed to remind them of what he was. Noah almost purred in relief as the change was complete, his senses tripling.

“There are three of us and one of you!” the hyena shouted defensively.

Noah snorted, though it probably sounded like a hybrid of a growl and a purr to the others. He could take them all. He reared up oh his hind legs, ready to attack at any sudden movement.

“Jeff? Maybe we shouldn’t—“

“Shut the fuck up Matt! We can take him!”

“Uhmm Jeff, maybe you should listen to Matt... The puma’s much larger than usual.”

“ Fucking shut up the two of you! Are you cowards?!”

Noah watched the byplay and was about to make his move when the peacock decided to make a run for his life, seeing as how the hyenas were distracted. The hyena, Jeff, immediately grabbed onto the peacock, swinging his fist at the slighter man. And Noah saw red. He leapt from where he stood, paws hanging on to the hyena’s shoulders, his teeth looking for the vulnerable spot between vertebrae and spinal cord before sinking deep into the flesh. The hyena screamed in pain, his blood
spurting out. Noah sank his incisors in deeper till the scream faded into silence. He released the man and turned to look at the remaining two underlings. It only took a growl for them to scamper into the darkness.

“I... I d-didn’t need your help...”

Noah shifted his gaze to the peacock on the ground who was clutching his pants in a tight grip. He took a step toward him only for the peacock to flinch. Noah sighed inwardly, the taste of the hyena’s blood fouling his mouth. It was probably best not to approach the peacock in his present form. His muscles expanded and contracted as he shifted one more time to his human self.

“Look I’m not gonna hurt you alright,” Noah said in what he hoped was a placating tone. He walked closer only for the peacock to glare at him, his gaze trailing downwards before he turned red. Noah wondered what that was about before he looked down and saw his prominent erection almost touching his stomach.

He chuckled, smirking a little. “Look that happens after a hunt alright. I’m not—“ He stopped abruptly as the peacock shivered once before promptly fainting at his feet.

“Well hell...” Noah muttered to himself. He never had a man fall prostrate to his feet at the sight of his cock before. He sighed as it dawned on him that he had to bring the man back to his place. It never paid to be a good Samaritan.
Chapter 2

It was safe. That was Kurt Hummel’s first thought when he regained consciousness, his eyes adjusting to the dim light in the room. And then panic set in when he realised he was in a room he did not recognise. Where was he? He looked around and sniffed for another presence in the room but there was no one but him. Sounds of footsteps approaching from outside made him tensed up. He closed his eyes instinctively as the door creaked open.

Kurt could smell the mountain lion who had saved him earlier. The scent of blood was gone. Only the scent of man pervaded his senses now, together with vague traces of the Felidae underneath it all.

“I brought you some food,” the man said.

Kurt tried to even out his breathing, though his heartbeat had accelerated unwillingly when the man had entered the room.

“I know you are awake peacock,” the man continued, his tone amused.

Fuck it, Kurt thought to himself. He opened his eyes and saw the mountain lion up-close for the first time since their first encounter in the woodland. He was... bigger than Kurt expected, taller and broader around the shoulders. His hazel eyes skimmed over Kurt’s in concern. The close cropped dark tawny hair made Kurt’s fingers itch to run through it. He wanted to know if it would feel rough or otherwise. Just the mere thought of wanting to touch the mountain lion rankle him. He glared at the man who had saved him, only to receive a blinding smile in return.

“Now is that the way to thank your saviour? I did save your ass you know.”

“I didn’t need your help,” Kurt retorted stubbornly.

“Uh huh. Whatever, peacock.”

“My name is Kurt,” Kurt gritted out.

“Well, hello Kurt. My name’s Noah. Noah Puckerman,” the man said easily, ignoring Kurt’s prickliness. He moved closer and placed the tray he was carrying on the bedside table. Kurt could see a bowl of porridge and a glass of creamy-white beverage.

“Please tell me that’s not chicken,” Kurt said in horror. Some peacock shifters ate chicken but Kurt never could. It was like eating a distant cousin of his.

“Beggars can’t be choosers,” Noah replied but continued on when Kurt was about to speak. “But it’s fish. So, no worries there peacock.”

“I told you my name is Kurt.”

“Yeah but you were behaving like your other self,” Noah reminded him.

“And you could eat a... a cat for instance?!” Kurt snapped out.

“No...” Noah replied and Kurt started to smirk in triumph. “But that’s because cat tastes real bad.”

“Noah grinned at him.

“Fuck you.”
“So eloquent...” Noah snickered.

“You...” Kurt started to say something in return when he realised he was answering back to someone from the *Felidae* genus. Usually, the bigger cats terrified the hell out of him. But not this mountain lion here. Not at all. Whatever Noah was, he had no mean bone in him. And a lack of the disdain which usually radiated off his species in spades when they crossed paths with someone thought to be from the *Phasianidae* genus, like Kurt. “You...”

“I am what?” Noah asked in amusement.

“You are different.”

Noah’s eyes seemed to flicker before he smirked. “Well, of course I am different. I am a handsome specimen of the puma family. You don’t get breeds like me these days.” He winked at Kurt.

“You are arrogant I’ll give you that but you know I mean something else. You don’t treat me as an inferior.”

“Of course I don’t. Why would I? Are you... inferior?”

“No! But you large cats always think you are so superior to the rest of us.” Kurt said bitterly.

“Not all of us think that way Kurt. Trust me, not all of us. The hierarchy is a thing of the past for some.”

“But not for most...”

“No... unfortunately not.” Noah said bitterly, his eyes darkening with emotion.

“Noah?” Kurt said tentatively. He wondered what had put the dark look in Noah’s eyes. When he looked again, the look was gone.

“Anyway, eat your porridge peacock. I will be back to check on you later.” Noah smiled at him softly before leaving the room.

“It’s Kurt...” Kurt replied quietly to Noah’s receding back, though there was less intensity to his words this time. The mountain lion did not say peacock in a condescending way like some other top cats Kurt had met. No, Noah said it almost in an affectionate manner which made Kurt want to curl up against the man’s side. Kurt groaned, his attraction to Noah smacking him right in the face. Of all the things he could have done, Kurt had to fall in lust with a mountain lion. He was fucked.
Chapter 3

Noah whistled while cleaning up the mess he had created in the kitchen. The peacock, no, Kurt, was a funny one. He liked the look on Kurt’s face when he was all riled up. Those eyes of his would brighten making them look more beautiful than before. He grinned to himself just thinking about it. Noah stopped smiling when the sides of his cheeks began to hurt. That happens when one doesn’t smile a lot in his life. He frowned, mulling over how a simple encounter with a peacock had changed his whole routine. Kurt was the first man he brought back to his place without the intention of fucking him in his bed. Not that Noah wouldn’t have liked that. But Kurt’s wellbeing came first and wasn’t that a shocker in itself? Noah Puckerman putting someone else’s needs ahead of his. His mother would no doubt be shocked. Noah’s mouth turned downward at the thought of his family and what he left behind when he refused the mating choice decided for him, just a week after his sister’s death. His mother had given him an ultimatum. It was the easiest decision he ever had to make. He chose to leave, leaving behind his clan and his home. And now he was alone.

The sounds of Kurt trying to make himself more comfortable on the bed reached his ears. Okay, not exactly alone. Noah smiled to himself... again. Damn, he had been doing that a lot lately since Kurt stumbled into his life. Every instinct told Noah to run away from Kurt as far away as he could. But the very same instinct told him to stay. He didn’t know what to make of it. Kurt somehow, unknowingly, made him miss interacting with others. He made Noah want to crawl out of the solitary shell he had crawled into years ago. Noah sighed as he grabbed for the bottle of ointment and clean bandages before making his way back to his bedroom.

The scent of Kurt grew stronger and Noah’s penis twitched almost in greeting when the sight of Kurt sprawled on his bed made him want to pounce on the man regardless of his injuries. His voice came out raspy when he spoke. “Kurt, I need to check on your wounds and clean your back.”

Kurt looked up at him wide-eyed. That look got to Noah every single fucking time. Those almond-shaped blue-green peepers would be the cause of Noah’s downfall, of that he had no doubt. Kurt somehow, unknowingly, made him miss interacting with others. He made Noah want to crawl out of the solitary shell he had crawled into years ago. Noah sighed as he grabbed for the bottle of ointment and clean bandages before making his way back to his bedroom.

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“Kurt?”

Kurt blinked his eyes several times before responding. “Yeah... sorry I was thinking. I... Thank you Noah... for everything.”

Noah shrugged, moving to the edge of the bed. He sat down slowly by Kurt’s side, not wanting to scare the man with any sudden movements. “You need to take off the shirt peacock.”

“I... what?”

“I really need to take a look at the wounds. Don’t want them to get infected. I’m not gonna jump you Kurt. I like my partners healthy enough for me to pound relentlessly into them.” Noah half-teased, trying to put the man at ease.

Kurt rolled his eyes. “Better make sure you add willing to that clause of yours puma. Because I definitely am not.”

Noah arched an eyebrow in response. He could scent the pheromones radiating off Kurt in waves.
There was still something about it that Noah still couldn’t quite put his finger to. One thing was for certain though. Kurt was attracted to him, very, very attracted. But this was not the time for him to act on the mutual attraction. He waited for Kurt to finish unbuttoning his shirt and moved closer to help lift the shirt off Kurt’s shoulders before removing the bandages covering his back.

“Lay on your stomach Kurt,” Noah said, his hand unscrewing the cap of the bottle. Kurt let out a soft groan of pain as he shifted and Noah’s fingers around the bottle tightened reflexively. The sight of the long, reddened abrasions on Kurt’s otherwise smooth, pale back made him want to hunt down the two hyenas and beat them into the ground.

Noah poured a liberal amount of the ointment on his palm before smoothing it carefully over Kurt’s wounds. He took his time, allowing his hand to glide slowly over the expanse of flesh. His eyes dilated when the mixed scents of their arousal filled the air. Kurt was discreetly humping the sheets beneath him.

“Fuck,” Noah gritted out.

“Knees now. I’m gonna take care of you.”

He slid off the waistband of the sweatpants Kurt was wearing together with his white underwear till the rounded ass of the man was revealed. Noah bit the firm cheek of one, not being able to resist it. Kurt moaned underneath him as he licked at the mark he had left behind on the smooth skin. Noah’s hard on was calling out for him to attend to it but he ignored it. Beads of sweat trickle off his forehead as he put a restrain on his desires.

His hand reached under for Kurt’s dick, finding it stiff and leaking. “Fuck baby,” Noah groaned. His hand, still slicked from the ointment he had placed on Kurt’s back, now moved up and down in swift motions. He flicked his callused thumb against the tip of Kurt’s leaking cock, causing Kurt to shudder beneath him.

“N-Noah,” Kurt whimpered, his voice pleading for release.

“Patience baby,” Noah said, chuckling when Kurt thrusted into his hand.

“Fuck patience!” Kurt gritted out. “Finish it or I’ll do it myself.” Kurt’s hand moved over his, attempting to nudge Noah’s grip away.

Noah shifted, his mouth over Kurt’s ear as he whispered, “Hands off babe. Don’t make me hold you down now.” His voice was soft but the firm command belied his gentle tone.

“Noah...”

“Trust me.” Noah licked Kurt’s ear and then bit into the fleshy lobe tugging at it, earning another moan from the man.

“Fuck Noah....”
‘Ssssh babe...’ Noah’s hand continued to move along Kurt’s swollen shaft, flicking the engorged, wet tip every now and then. His own hardened cock rubbed against the cleft of Kurt’s ass, relieving the ache slightly. As Kurt arched into his hand, Noah commanded, “Come for me now Kurt. Now.”

“God Noah... *Fuck.*” Kurt pushed himself into Noah’s grasp one more time, his cock finding its release in hard spurts.

Noah loosened his grip around Kurt’s still shuddering shaft, his hand now sticky and wet. The smell of Kurt’s release made him want to ground his own erection against the man’s ass till he came. He moved off Kurt, and breathed in and out continuously, trying to get his libido under control. Kurt was lying motionless, his ass still half up in the air. Noah would have thought the man was asleep if not for the rapid beating of Kurt’s heart.

“Kurt?” Noah called out tentatively.

Kurt mumbled something Noah could not make out, trying to turn over onto his side. He looked over at Noah sideways. “What?”

“You okay?”

Kurt smirked at him, gingerly moving again to sit upright, carefully placing his banged-up back against the headboard. “I am good... are you?” Kurt’s eyes shifted pointedly to the state of his tented pants. “Want me to take care of that?”

Noah would love nothing more but a single touch from Kurt would inflame his desire to the point of loss of control. So Noah shook his head instead, and got up awkwardly off the bed, his hand raised as if it could keep Kurt at bay. He tried to smile reassuringly at Kurt but he guessed it was anything but with the closed-off look on Kurt’s face.

“I am just going to take a quick bath alright? I’ll be right back. Then we’ll talk okay Kurt?” Noah said. Kurt continued to stare blankly at him. “Kurt?”

“Yeah sure Noah. Sure...” Kurt shrugged.

Noah smiled one more time, making his way swiftly to the bathroom. He did not notice the frown on Kurt’s face when he turned his back; his only concern was to get back to Kurt as soon as he was done with his bath.
Chapter 4

Kurt let out the breath he was holding when the bathroom door clicked shut. He grimaced, recalling what he had allowed to happen just moments before. A mountain lion had given him a hand job. An excellent hand job to say the least but still... Noah did not want Kurt to reciprocate his gesture though the puma’s pants was so tented around the crotch area that he had no reason really to decline Kurt’s offer. Unless he didn’t want a peacock to touch him intimately. But of course. Noah was a considerate man but he was still a mountain lion. Kurt sighed. Sometimes he forgot what he was. Working at the bar, talking to shifters who treated him almost as an equal cultivated a bubble around him. A bubble which had burst when he was attacked by the three hyenas on his way home. But it formed again in Noah’s presence. Noah, the second person who made him feel like an equal in a world where discrimination amongst the various species still existed. The first person had been Kris.

Kurt hopped off the bed, wincing when he pulled the wounds across his back. He looked around the room for his clothes and found them hanging on a nearby chair. Walking carefully towards them, he reached out for his pants and searched for his mobile phone in the pockets, finding them empty. He probably dropped it in the woodland. Kurt wondered what time it was and how long he had stayed at Noah’s place. He hoped it wasn’t too long because Kris would be so pissed with him for staying out without informing him first. Kris was like the protective big brother he never had. Sometimes Kurt was annoyed with Kris for keeping a tight leash on him but he understood where Kris was coming from.

The sounds of muffled grunts behind the closed door of the bathroom reached Kurt’s ears. Noah was apparently taking care of the little problem he had. The sting of Noah’s rejection made Kurt wince involuntarily. He had to get out of there fast. More than anything, Kurt didn’t want to be anyone’s pity fuck. And he knew if he stayed on, he would have let go of his pride just to be able to know what it was like to be pounded into a mattress by a mountain lion, in the best possible of ways.

* * *

Kurt entered the bar and was greeted with a glare by Kris. “Where were you Kurt?” Kris said. His tone was neutral but Kurt had been with Kris long enough to know when the red fox was displeased.

“You do know I’m old enough to take care of myself?” Kurt said drily. Yes, it was probably ironic mentioning it since he was attacked in the last few hours but Kris did not need to know that.

Kris sighed, stopping the repeated motions of cleaning the bar top. “And you know I’ll always worry for you Kurt. I can’t help it.”

“Precisely why I keep saying you need to get out more Kris. Go on a date or something, instead of worrying about me.”

“Don’t change the subject. Where were you last night? When I got home, you weren’t there.”

“I... A friend called last minute so I met up with him.” It was not that Kurt liked lying to his friend but if Kris knew what had happened, Kurt would probably have to spend the rest of his life being shadowed by the man.

“Well, couldn’t you at least call me so I wouldn’t worry?”
“Fine mother, I will remember to do it next time.”

“There is no need for sarcasm Kurt. I don’t want anything to happen to you. I promised your dad I’d take care of you and I will.”

The mention of his dad made Kurt’s chest constrict. Two years and it still felt like yesterday. His dad was everything to him since his mother died during childbirth. Then his dad was gone. And Kurt had nothing else to live for, till Kris came into his apartment and demanded for Kurt to come home with him. Kurt had resisted but it was futile considering he was drunk on his ass. He didn’t remember how exactly Kris got him out of his apartment and into Kris’ home but the next morning, Kris was there with a glass of water and two tablets of aspirin. Kris had taken care of him ever since.

“Only you...”

“Only me what?”

Kurt sighed. “Only you would keep a promise made to a client over drinks at the bar.”

“Hey! Your dad was a regular.” Kris winked at him before his tone sobered. “Plus I owed him a few favours. He was a good man and a good friend.”

“If you are trying to make me cry, I think I need a few shots of whiskey in me first.” Kurt said wryly. Kris narrowed his eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, no drinking while on the job I know. Sheesh Kris, you would think owning a bar means you loosening up a bit.”

Kris threw an apron at him in response. “Jacob will be in late today so that means we have to double up.”

“And I have to take over dishwashing duties?! But Kris—”

“No buts Kurt. Kitchen now. Or I will ask why I can smell the scent of a mountain lion on you.”

Shit. Kurt had forgotten about Kris’ excellent sense of smell. He was not looking forward to pruned fingers and made a mental note to apply extra moisturiser oh his poor hands when he got home. But before more questions could be asked, Kurt made his way hastily to the kitchen.

* * *

“Had fun?” Kris smirked at him as Kurt took his spot behind the counter. Kurt flipped his middle finger. The bastard knew how much Kurt hated doing the dishes. Seriously, they need to have a talk soon on I-am-not-your-teenaged-son before Kurt lost it. He was grateful for Kris’ presence in his life but sometimes Kris took his protective big brother role to heart.

“By the way, I borrowed one of your shirts,” Kurt mentioned while taking out the rack of shot glasses.

Kris waved his hand and arched an eyebrow as Kurt started to clean the shot glasses with a clean rag.

“What?!” Kurt said defensively.

“You washed those glasses just yesterday.”
“So? It’s not like hygiene is a bad thing.” Kurt rubbed the glasses clean extra hard. It was not his fault that cleaning was therapeutic when he got a little stressed.

Kris sighed. “Look, I’m here if you wanna talk alright?” Kris touched his shoulder, squeezing his tensed muscles comfortingly.

Kurt nodded. He was not ready to talk about Noah. Not just yet.
Chapter 5

Kurt was busy mixing *The Monkey Gland* for a... monkey. Appropriately apt, and yet not. He wondered whether he should inform the man on the origin of the drink’s moniker. He didn’t think the man would want to know it was named after a surgical technique which involved the removal of the tissue of a monkey’s testicles. They had run out of orange juice and Kurt was about to head on to the kitchen to get some more when the sudden silence in the room alerted him to the fact that something was wrong. He looked up and his heart stopped. *Noah.* Kurt stood still, his body wanting to move but unable to. Instead he waited till Noah’s eyes met his three seconds later. The crowd instinctively parted for the mountain lion. It was purely instinct for the animal in every human shifter. Most members of the Felidae family would obtain respect from the rest of the species, especially if they came from the elite Pantherinae group. Noah was not Pantherinae but pumas formed the top of the Felinae pyramid. Which placed Noah and his kind on par with most Pantherinaes. Kurt’s mouth smirked in disdain. He hated the hierarchy, he truly did. But he wondered briefly whether he would feel the same if he had been born in a class their world perceived to be of higher status.

Noah’s eyes stayed on Kurt as he walked closer towards him, almost as if he was on the prowl. Kurt tried not to cringe with every step that brought Noah closer to him. He continued to watch as Noah stilled abruptly, the man’s eyes glowering at something behind Kurt’s back.

“It looks like your *friend* is here,” Kris said quietly behind him. Kurt startled. So fixated was he on Noah, he had not realised his friend’s presence.

“Kris...” Kurt didn’t know exactly what he wanted to say. Somehow Noah’s unflinching stare on Kris made him feel uneasy.

“It’s okay Kurt,” Kris said, amusement lacing his tone even as his hand pressed warmly against Kurt’s back in a show of support.

Kurt was about to reply when Noah moved so quickly, his silhouette became a blurry image. And then he was directly in front of Kurt, eyes burning into him, almost accusingly. Kurt took a step back only to find himself walled in by Kris’ firm chest. Kris’ hands took hold of his sides to steady him.

“Hands off *fox*!” Noah snarled, his hands clenched by his sides.

“Or what?” Kurt heard Kris amused drawl. He wanted to tell Kris to stop baiting Noah. There was no way a red fox could win in a fight against a mountain lion. But Kurt stayed quiet, his heart beating rapidly with Noah standing less than a metre away from him.

Noah growled and Kurt could see him resisting the impulse to shift right then. “Don’t think I’ll ask twice,” Noah gritted out.

“Bring it *puma*,” Kris replied. Kurt really wanted to ask Kris what was so amusing about the whole situation. It sounded like Kris was trying to hold back his laughter.

In a flash, before Kurt could even shout out a warning, Noah hopped onto the counter, circumvented him and the forgotten customer who was probably regretting he ordered *The Monkey Gland* in the first place, and went straight for Kris. He looked in horror when Noah straddled Kris, one hand gripping him hard around the throat. The difference in their sizes was never clearer. Kris was looking right up at Noah, his eyes daring Noah to strike a deadly move.
“Stop it Noah, stop it!” Kurt shouted when he finally found his voice. He jumped right in, putting himself in between the two men, his hands ineffectually pushing against Noah’s chest. “Get off Kris, Noah!”

“Oh it’s Kris now is it?” Noah said snidely.

“What is wrong with you?!” Kurt was incensed. Sure, Noah had saved his life but it didn’t warrant him jumping Kris, and not in a good sort of way either.

“He’s jealous... cupcake,” Kris half gasped from his prone position. Kris never called Kurt cupcake or any other forms of endearment ever. Clearly Kris had lost his mind that evening.

“Cupcake?!” Noah growled again.

“Stop baiting him!” Kurt glared at Kris who tried to wink back. It looked more like a painful grimace though. “And you, hands off my friend!” Kurt smacked Noah’s chest. “Noah, please.”

“Fuck this shit!” Noah loosened his stranglehold on Kris, leaping off the man in an instant. “And stop using those eyes on me!” He looked at Kurt, eyes reproving.

Kurt opened his mouth only to close it when it dawned on him the whole bar was still shrouded in silence, all eyes on them, not wanting to miss the drama playing out. “I’m not doing this here.” He grabbed Noah’s wrist, pulling him along. “I am borrowing your office!” Kurt shouted over his shoulder.

“If there’s any stains on the couch, you are buying me new furniture!” Kris shouted back.

* * *

Kurt pushed Noah into the room, turning to lock the door behind him. “What is wrong with you?!” Kurt gritted out, not wanting to lose his temper again.

Noah shrugged. Shrugged. Like it didn’t matter and Kurt lost it. “You don’t come into a person’s workplace and attack his boss!” Kurt jabbed his finger at Noah’s chest. “Civilised people don’t do that!” He jabbed again, pushing Noah backwards till Noah’s legs hit the large wooden table behind him.

Noah gripped Kurt’s wrist, reversing their positions in one quick movement. “Don’t push me sweetheart,” Noah murmured near Kurt’s ear. And damn if it didn’t cause Kurt to shiver and his wayward cock to perk up in attention.

“Noah,” Kurt managed to breathe out.

“Hmmm?” Noah nuzzled his neck, nipping gently along the exposed strip of skin before he stilled abruptly. “You smell like him,” he said bitingly. “Did you sleep with him Kurt?” Noah asked as he bit hard into Kurt’s flesh, his hand tightening his hold around Kurt’s wrist.

“Fuck Noah! That hurt you asshole!” Kurt’s free hand pushed at Noah. All he got from Noah was a smirk. Fucking pumas and their superior strength.

“Did you sleep with him?”

“Oh my God. You and your tunnel vision! No alright! No! Now would you let go of me?”

“How do I know you are not lying?” Noah narrowed his eyes.
“Why the hell would I lie? Come to think of it, what business is it of yours if I slept with Kris or not?!” Kurt was fast losing patience.

“Because you are mine,” Noah said quietly.

Kurt looked up into Noah’s hazel eyes. He never realised they had flecks of gold in them. Another thing he realised was how serious Noah was. “I am not yours Noah. Nor do I belong to anyone else. I may be a peacock but I can stand just fine on my own.”

“I know that Kurt. Fuck! You are the most exasperating peacock I’ve ever met!” Noah took a step back and started to pace the floor in front of him.

“I’m sure you’ve met many peacocks,” Kurt said drily. He took the chance to inhale a large volume of air. Noah always made him forget to stop breathing, somehow. “Noah, would you stop pacing, please?”

“It helps me think okay.” Noah placed his hands into his pockets and paused in his stride. “Here, you left this at my place.” He held out Kurt’s presumably lost mobile phone.

“Thanks, I was looking for it... Is that how you found me and why you are here?”

“Yeah, sorry about that. I had to go through its contents to find you.”

Kurt shrugged. “Look, thanks again. I... really need to get back to work now.” Kurt moved, taking a step toward the door when Noah blocked his exit. “Noah, what?”

“Why did you leave without saying goodbye?”

“I left a note.”

“You left,” Noah said with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

“And you didn’t want me!” Kurt was pissed. Noah had no right to be sad or angry or even jealous. Because he had rejected Kurt.

“What the fuck gave you that idea?!”

Kurt stayed silent.

“Speak Kurt. I’m not gonna let you leave till you say whatever it is that made you think I didn’t want you when I was trying so damn hard not to fuck you hard the whole time!”

“You... wanted me?” He had it wrong the whole time. The anger and the hurt deflated out of Kurt in an instant, leaving only painful awareness of his attraction to Noah.

“Of course I did! But you were injured and I didn’t want to make it worse.”

“You wanted me... and you said I was yours...” Kurt looked up at Noah. “So why don’t you take what is yours Noah Puckerman?” Kurt arched an eyebrow at him in defiance as he took a step forward, aligning his body against Noah’s.

Noah’s nose flared. “Damn Kurt... you have got to stop tempting me.”

“My wounds are better now, all thanks to your care... You can check them if you want,” Kurt whispered innocently right into Noah’s ears.
“Do you know what happens to peacocks who tease mountain lions?” Noah said, closing his eyes as he inhaled deeply.

“No...”

“They get eaten... alive,” Noah replied. His eyes opened and Kurt saw Noah’s pupils dilating till there was only a thin ring of hazel surrounding black.

Kurt’s last coherent thought as Noah’s lips met his was for Noah not to mean eating in the literal sense of the word.
Chapter 6

Noah wanted nothing more than to throw Kurt across the large mahogany desk behind him and fuck him till there was a permanent butt imprint on the surface. It was probably impossible but no one could say Noah Puckerman didn’t try as he pushed Kurt backwards, trapping Kurt between the desk and his body. The heat and the scent of arousal coming off Kurt in waves stirred his desire, his shaft hardening quickly underneath his constricting pants. Noah growled, rubbing their stiff cocks against each other. Kurt was letting out these little whimpers and pressing forward on his erection making it harder for Noah to keep control of his puma. Already, his fangs had started to elongate, the tips sinking slightly into his tongue drawing blood. Noah hissed, moving even closer to Kurt, laying the peacock across the surface of the table.

“Ow! Fucking pens!” Kurt shouted out, sitting up a little as he reached backward to shove the offending stationery off the desk. The miscellaneous items hit the ground with a clatter. “Now, where were we?” He looked at Noah, a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

“Right here...” Noah replied. He bent closer toward Kurt and licked the side of the peacock’s nape before sinking his fangs into the soft flesh. The coppery tang of blood filled his mouth and the part of him that was puma wanted to bite harder, making a permanent mark on Kurt. The hairs on his body started to lengthen, the primal urgency to stake his claim coming to the fore. “Fuck Kurt,” Noah half-snarled.

“I thought...” Kurt said breathlessly, “that was what we were doing...” His hips were still rotating, pushing his thickening length against Noah’s own.

“Still a smartass...” Noah gritted out, pulling backwards slightly. He chuckled when Kurt whimpered in protest. “Don’t worry baby, I just need to take off my clothes... And maybe you should do the same too.” Noah proceeded to do just that, unbuttoning his shirt and unzipping his pants as fast as he could. He watched as Kurt wriggled on the table while the peacock took off his own clothes.

When both stood bare, all Noah could do was breathe in and out slowly as he tried to decrease his heartbeat. Kurt was gorgeous. All that smooth, alabaster skin stretched out over planes of tight muscles. Noah wanted to mark it with his teeth, with his hands.

“Are you just going to stare at me?” Kurt asked with an arch of his eyebrow. Noah wanted to tell him that the lofty look wasn’t really all that effective when Kurt’s cock was flushed pink, leaking pre-cum and straining to meet his stomach. Noah’s eyes followed the trail that had leaked onto Kurt’s skin. And then he snapped.

All Noah wanted was for his burning shaft to be buried in Kurt’s tight hole. One hand wrapped itself around Kurt’s stiff cock while he kissed Kurt one more time, his tongue plundering the depths of Kurt’s mouth thoroughly before he pulled away, but not before tugging at Kurt’s lower lip. Kurt moaned, thrusting himself forward into Noah’s palm. Noah rubbed his thumb against Kurt’s wet slit, gathering the pre-cum that leaked onto his fingers.

“N-Noah... please...” Kurt pleaded beneath him. “Please...”

“Sshh baby... soon... gotta get you ready first,” Noah reassured Kurt, his hand still moving in an up and down motion along Kurt’s pulsing length.

“Now Noah,” Kurt half-moaned, his hands which were wrapped around Noah’s forearms dug deep,
fingernails leaving indents into the flesh.

“Damnit Kurt,” Noah cursed as he placed his hands behind the backs of Kurt’s knees, hoisting them up and spreading Kurt’s legs wide open. Noah spat into the hand which was already wet with Kurt’s pre-cum and shoved a finger deep into Kurt’s exposed hole. Circling the warm depths, Noah made use of the combined fluids to moisten the walls of Kurt’s taut passage with one finger and then two. Kurt writhed beneath him, moaning when Noah’s fingers found the clustered knot causing him to jerk forward into Noah’s hand.

Noah’s cock dripped pre-cum at the sight of Kurt. Kurt who was flushed pink around his chest and shoulders, covered in a sheen of perspiration. Kurt, who was still writhing and fucking himself hard on Noah’s fingers. Noah spat into his hand, slicking his rigid shaft quickly with it. The other hand continued to scissor his fingers in Kurt’s hole, curling slightly to hit Kurt’s prostate again and again.

When his balls started to tingle, Noah removed his fingers fast before pushing his cock deep into Kurt, little by little. He heaved a sigh of relief, resting his forehead against Kurt’s when every inch of his dick was covered by Kurt’s stretched, warm passage. Kurt whimpered when Noah started to move, both of Noah’s hands cupping Kurt’s ass, tugging him closer. Noah looked as Kurt lost control, wailing when he finally came, thick spunk spurting out of his shaft. Noah followed soon after, closing his eyes when Kurt’s pulsating muscles clamped tighter around him, emptying every drop of his seed.

Noah was enjoying the afterglow when Kurt smacked at his chest before saying in a demanding tone, “Get off me Noah.”

“Nice to see that you’re the type who likes to cuddle after sex,” Noah said, one hand balancing himself as he pulled out from Kurt slowly. Noah shifted a little as he sat on the edge of the desk.

“I have work,” Kurt reminded him. “And now everyone outside knows what we just did in here. Thanks a lot Noah.”

“You welcome,” Noah said in all seriousness, trying hard to hide the grin that was threatening to break out on his face.

Kurt glared at him before getting off the table gingerly, bending to reach his strewn clothes on the floor. It was a beautiful sight indeed to see Kurt bent over, his pert ass up in the air as the obvious evidence of Noah’s release trickled along his thighs. Noah’s sore dick twitched and he realised he was on the alert for round two should Kurt be willing.

A loud bang on the door interrupted that thought however. It was followed by Kris shouting, “If you are done stinking up my office with your sweat and whatnots, I need to use the PC soon!”

“This is all your fault!” Kurt cried out as he buttoned his pants.

“How is this...” Noah stopped seeing Kurt’s glower. “Fine, whatever peacock. As long as you agree to go on a date with me.”

“A date?” Kurt seemed stunned by Noah’s request.

“Yeah. We had sex, twice now. The least I could do is take you out on a proper date.” Noah shrugged trying to put on an air of indifference when it was anything but.

“I—“
“If you two aren’t out in five minutes, I’ll just---“

“Oh for fuck’s sake Kris! We’re getting out alright!” Kurt shouted back at the closed door. He turned to glance at Noah. “Rain check?”

Noah nodded. He walked towards Kurt, kissing him lightly on the lips before saying, “Call me.” When Kurt was about to speak; Noah continued, “I’ve programmed my number in your phone.” He winked, reaching around Kurt to palm the peacock’s firm derriere lightly. Walking towards the door, Noah opened it to a smirking Kris who only raised an eyebrow when he saw Noah’s dishevelled state.

“Your couch is alright but you might wanna polish that sturdy wooden desk of yours instead,” Noah said cheekily to Kris, turning around one last time to look at Kurt before walking out of the bar.

“Kurt! You didn’t! Not on my desk! The one that’s been in my family for generations!” Noah heard Kris yell. He laughed. It was a pretty fanfuckingtastic day.
“You didn’t,” Kris said to him, shaking his head ruefully. They were the only two occupants of the bar since closing time was an hour ago.

“I did,” Kurt replied, slamming his head on the bar top. “I had sex with him Kris, and it wasn’t even oral. Oh God, am I a slut?” He took a swift gulp of the concoction Kris had made for him. Kris smiled at him from across the counter. “You may be a bitch Kurt, but one thing you’re not is a slut. Trust me. So how is it?” Kris gestured his head towards the glass in Kurt’s hand.

Kurt took another sip of the drink, savouring it this time. “Are you entering the cocktail competition again, didn’t you place in the top five last year?”

Kris nodded, smiling wide. “It’s not about the prestige Kurt...” Kris laughed when Kurt arched an eyebrow. “Okay fine, the prestige doesn’t help. It brings us more customers. But I just love coming up with new blends, you know.”

“Yeah, I do. And this drink... it’s like a Negroni? Except, it’s more... sour and yet... more sweet too. And there’s a slight bitter tinge. What did you put in it?” Kurt cocked his head, glancing at Kris.

“That’s for me to know, I can’t give you all my trade secrets,” Kris smirked.

“You might as well tell me now since I’ll be making it when it joins our menu.” Kurt stuck out his tongue.

“Figure it out Kurt, don’t be lazy. One day, you’ll be adding cocktails to the menu too.”

“I’m not interested in it the way you’re Kris. You know I’d rather polish up my writing skills.”

“I know.”

“So... what are you calling this one?”

“Bittersweet affair?” Kris shrugged.

“Kris...” Kurt looked at his friend, and reached out to touch Kris’ hand. Kurt didn’t know what exactly happened in Kris’ love life but somewhere along the line, someone had broken his friend’s heart. If Kurt ever found out who the bitch was, he would give the woman a piece of his mind. And then some.

“I’m okay Kurt,” Kris tried to reassure him.

“Sure you’re okay with the name you’ve christened your newest concoction with and that pained smile on your face.” Kurt snorted before he spoke quietly, “I’m here for you if you wanna talk about her you know.”

Kris sighed. “And you know I don’t want to talk about it. I appreciate your offer Kurt, but I’d rather not talk about Tommy.”

Kurt startled. Throughout the years he had known Kris, he never suspected his friend to have an inclination for the male gender. He had seen Kris go out with women, never men. “I... I never knew...”
“It’s not that I don’t want people to know I’m bisexual, it’s just... I don’t like talking about him.”

“Yeah, you’ve been closed-off about the topic.” Kris rarely spoke about his love life if at all. Kurt had come to his own conclusions about it, when he witnessed how Kris never allowed any of his dates to get close to him. It was as if Kris was protecting himself, which could only mean one thing. His friend had had his heart broken by another.

“Maybe one day I’ll you about him, but for now, let’s talk about this puma of yours.”

“He does have a name you know.”

“I know, but doesn’t mean I want to use it, not after he practically tried to choke me to death.”

“Yeah about that. I’m sorry Kris.”

“You’re not the one who has to apologise. But Kurt... I’ve to say, he was getting all territorial on you. It was almost as if...”

“Almost as if what?”

“As if you’re mates?” Kris said, astonished.

“Don’t be silly Kris. Felidaes, especially those who supposedly rule the roost, never mate with my kind.” Kurt said, although he was beginning to wonder about that.

“Uh huh. So why did the puma try to mark you then?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Your neck. You should see the bruise he left on it.” Kris stared pointedly at his nape.

Kurt touched the mark Noah left on his skin by reflex. It tingled when he touched it, causing a wave of arousal to pass through his body.

“You’re emitting...” Kris stated bluntly.

Kurt blushed. This is the part where he hated being good friends with a red fox. Yes, they had a good sense of smell. Which made it really embarrassing when one’s arousal could be scented so easily. “I can’t help it okay,” he said, crossing his arms.

“I know... but Kurt, he may be taking this thing more seriously than you think. The guy would have pissed on you to claim his property, if he were a dog.”

“Well, I’m lucky he isn’t am I,” Kurt said drily.

“Look, just be careful alright. I don’t want you hurt.” Just like me, Kurt could hear the unspoken in Kris’ words.

“I will Kris, promise. You know I can take care of myself.”

“Where the matters of the heart is concerned Kurt, everyone is at risk. So just, please, take care.”

“Okay alright, okay.”

“Okay,” Kris repeated, heaving a sigh. “I needed to get that out of the way.”
“Yeah, I figured. Thanks, mum.”

Kris gave him the finger, which was a common occurrence in their relationship. “Now that we’ve got that over and done with, tell me...”

“Tell you what?” Kurt asked, frowning.

“Was he any good? Because your screams sounded either like it was from pain or extreme pleasure —“

“I don’t scream!”

“Oh my dear friend, you do, and if you don’t believe me... you can always check with the customers tomorrow.” Kris winked at him, grinning wide.

“I don’t...” When Kris just laughed, Kurt kicked the counter, yelling, “Fuck you Noah Puckerman!” He strode towards the exit leaving a chuckling Kris behind.

* * *

Noah was asleep when his phone rang. Grumbling and cursing whoever the persistent caller was, he picked it up with a growl, “Fuck. Someone better be dead.”

“Listen here Noah Puckerman. If you dare to fuck me in my workplace again, I will kill you. And don’t underestimate me just ’cos I’m a peacock. I’ll find a way. And it’ll be a slow and painful death.”

Noah tried not to laugh, really he did, but a chuckle still came out. Plus, he was aroused. Apparently, a pissed off Kurt whatever-his-surname was turned him on. Yes, he had issues.

“I don’t find this funny. Not at all. Do you know how embarrassing—“

“What is your last name?”

“What?!"

“Your surname Kurt.”

“How is that relevant to—“

“Kurt,” Noah said firmly.

“Hummel. It’s Hummel alright,” Kurt replied and Noah could hear the clear exasperation in his voice. “Fuck you. I threatened to kill you and you ask for my last name. Are you for real??”

“Considering the fact I want you for my mate, yes, it’s rather crucial.”

“W-what?!”

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to get some sleep. Good night, day, whatever Kurt.” Noah disconnected the call, a grin on his face because the last sounds he heard was Kurt sputtering on the other end. That and the fact he made it clear to Kurt what his intentions were. He wanted Kurt for a mate, and what Noah wanted, he would do his utmost to get. And there was nothing and no one he wanted more than one Kurt Hummel.

“Be ready Kurt, I’m coming for you.”
Chapter 8

Noah stepped out of his car, taking in the view around him. The address Kurt had messaged to him yesterday night was located in one of the neighbourhoods known as a friendly sanctuary for all kinds of shifter species. Many who lived there were couples who came from different genus. Others were mixed-breeds offspring. Noah locked his car door and walked towards the creamy-white house which seemed ordinary. What made the whole thing extraordinary was the land the house sat on. Someone certainly took good care of the gardens. Noah was not an expert on trees but he could discern that the many trees found on the land were of different types and growing well. He caught a light whiff of apples amidst the stronger scent of roses. Bushes of various colours of beautiful roses in full bloom littered the grounds. The ones surrounding the house however appeared to be of a blackish-violet colour. He had never seen roses in that particular shade.

Before Noah could knock on the door, it opened, revealing the man Noah had tussled with a few days before.

“Before you jump me again, you should probably know that I’m Kurt’s roommate. And nothing else,” the red fox said.

Noah rubbed the back of his head, trying hard not to blush. “Yeah, sorry about that. It was just... you know... I—“

“I love this interesting conversation we’re having on my doorstep but please, come in first. Kurt is getting ready.” The man led Noah into the living room. “Make yourself comfortable. I’ll get you a drink. Soda okay?”

Noah nodded. “Soda’s fine. I’m sorry but I didn’t catch your name.”

The man smirked. “I didn’t give it. We haven’t been formally introduced. I’m Kris.” He held out a hand.

“Noah,” he replied automatically as he shook Kris’ hand.

“I know,” Kris replied, a tone of amusement in his voice. “Anyway, I’ll get that drink now. Kurt will be awhile.”

Noah made his way to the leather couch, about to sit when Kris stopped halfway out of the room.

“One more thing Noah...”

“Hmmm?” Noah raised an eyebrow when Kris turned to face him.

“If you ever hurt Kurt, I will hunt you down and hurt you. Puma or not, don’t underestimate the angry fox.”

Noah had no doubt Kris meant every word he said. He nodded before sitting down. “The last thing I’d ever want to do is hurt Kurt.”

“So make sure you don’t,” Kris said before walking away, again.

Left alone, Noah took in his surroundings. He liked the simple yet classy feel of the interiors of the house. Somehow he had a feeling Kurt played a large part in contributing to the designing. The
walls of the living room were painted off-white and topped with cornices which had an intricate design of intertwined leaves and flowers on them. There was a large plasma TV taking centre place over a faux black marble fireplace. Noah got up, walking towards it, his interest perked when he saw the picture frames placed on the mantle. As expected, there were pictures of Kris and Kurt in various poses. One had them sitting on the steps to the house, Kris’ arm on Kurt’s shoulder as Kurt leaned into the crook of Kris’ neck. A growl threatened to escape even as the rational part of him tried to reason that the two were just friends. He tamped the dark emotions down, focusing instead on the wide smile on Kurt’s face. There were also many picture of Kurt at various ages, with an older man. Noah presumed the man was Kurt’s dad.

“That’s my dad,” Kurt said quietly.

“I figured as much,” Noah said as he turned around to face Kurt. “Does he live here too?” He hoped Mr. Hummel lived with the two of them. It’d make him feel so much better with the whole I-am-living-with-a-male-fox situation.

Kurt who had been smiling immediately grimaced before his expression closed off. “No, he’s dead,” he replied brusquely. “Shall we go now?”

“Kurt, I didn’t mean—“ Noah approached Kurt, hating that he put that look on Kurt’s face.

Kurt held up a hand. “It’s fine. He’s been gone for two years now. I should get used to the fact that he’s no longer around, huh?”

The forced indifference in Kurt’s voice made Noah curse himself for bringing up Kurt’s father in the first place. Kurt was clearly not over his father’s death. Then again, when has anyone ever really gotten over the death of a loved one?

Noah took Kurt into his arms, holding on tight, ignoring the stiffness of Kurt’s body. “We never get over our loved ones leaving us,” Noah whispered into Kurt’s hair.

It took a few more seconds before Kurt started to relax in his arms. It took him a moment longer to speak. “I know... it... s-still hurts every time I think of him.”

Noah rubbed Kurt’s back. “I’m sorry for bringing him up.”

Kurt shifted in his arms, looking up into Noah’s eyes. “It’s not your fault. I’m just overly emotional.” Kurt snorted before shaking his head slightly, as if warding away the gloomy thoughts in his mind. “So, Mr. Puckerman, where are you taking me today? I hope I’m dressed appropriately?”

Noah glanced at what Kurt was wearing, taking in the smartness of the outfit. Even he could tell the black jeans were of quality. The turquoise shirt Kurt wore under his leather jacket brought out the colour of his eyes. “I think you’re good babe.”

“Wherever you’re taking me Noah, make sure the first stop is where I can get my stomach filled. I haven’t eaten dinner yet.” Kurt said in an almost imperative tone.

Noah chuckled, wondering what he had gotten himself into when he decided that Kurt was his mate. The fact Kurt was a peacock became the least of his worries. “You are one of those high maintenance ones, aren’t you?” he asked wryly.

“More like someone who has standards,” Kurt corrected him. “Why, am I gonna be too much for you to handle?” Kurt asked, a challenging glint in his eyes.
“Oh baby, don’t you even dare...” Puck said softly, leaning forward to nip Kurt’s ear.

Kurt jerked, thrusting his hips instinctively into Noah’s crotch. “Noah,” he moaned.

“Yes Kurt?”

“Oh for the love of God! Do not start humping in the living room the two of you! I’ve to be here you know when you two leave, and I don’t think I want your scents all over this room.” Kris’ voice interrupted them.

“You just have to be a cockblock don’t you?” Kurt griped, moving out of Noah’s arms.

Noah missed the feeling of holding Kurt immediately. He cursed himself for having that sentiment in the first place. Used to being alone and one-night stands with no emotional strings involved; the thought of being in a committed relationship was new to Noah. A part of him was itching to run away from it all.

“Noah, you okay?” Kurt asked.

“Yeah I’m good.” Noah smiled hoping it would reassure Kurt.

“Shall we go now then?”

“Yes, please get out of my house the two of you! Shoo! I’ve a movie to watch.” Kris interjected.

“Kris, shut up, I wasn’t talking to you.” Kurt stuck his tongue out at his friend.

“But I was talking to you,” Kris replied impishly.

“Whatsoever, Noah, we’re going now.”

“I hope you know what you’re getting into Noah. He’s a bossy one this one.” Kris warned him, though Noah could tell the fox was kidding.

Noah chuckled when Kurt strode away, muttering something about refusing to acknowledge imbeciles. “Oh, don’t I know it.” Noah muttered under his breath. Kurt Hummel was probably going to be a challenge. And most people would shy away from that. But not Noah. No, Noah enjoyed a challenge. Especially if it came in the form of one hot peacock such as Kurt.
“I didn’t know you liked sushi?” Kurt said. He assumed Noah being a full breed *Felidae* would prefer red meat and fowl.

“I don’t particularly like rice or seafood, no, but I figured you liked fish. Plus this place doesn’t serve chicken, and I fucking love their sake, so we are good.” Noah shrugged as he contemplated the menu.

Kurt was surprised and rather pleased Noah brought him to a restaurant with Kurt’s preferences in mind. He also noted the restaurant’s staff and customers were of mixed genus from various ‘ranks’ in the hierarchy. Like Kris’ pub, this restaurant obviously tried to instil the no discrimination policy. It was thoughtful of the puma, something he never thought Noah was capable of, being from one of the elite groups of the *Felidae* genus. He scolded himself for the double standards he had unwittingly implanted in himself. Kurt always thought the ‘superior’ species discriminated against those they considered their lesser. And now, he came to the realisation he was guilty of the same bigotry.

“Thank you Noah,” Kurt said quietly. “I really do appreciate your thoughtfulness.”

Noah shifted in his seat, seemingly ill at ease. “Yeah, well, it was no big deal really. I eat anything.”

Kurt smiled. It was kind of adorable really when Noah got embarrassed because he showed consideration. “Still, thanks.”

Noah shrugged, glancing at Kurt quickly before going back to perusing his menu. Kurt flipped through his own menu, skimming through the variety available. He already knew what he’d order. Kurt may be unpredictable with his choice of clothing, but with food he knew what he liked and would usually order the same items. When the waitress came over to take their order, Kurt was ready.

“I’ll have the *toro nigiri* and *ikura gunkan-maki*. Oh and the *sasazushi* please! What toppings do you put in for that?” Kurt asked, still looking at the menu. When there was no response, Kurt glanced up and saw the waitress staring at Noah, transfixed. She was smiling at Noah, her eyes lingering on Noah’s lips almost hungrily. Kurt wasn’t bothered by that, not in the least. He understood Noah’s attractiveness to others. What bothered him was Noah smirking back, eyes hooded as he furtively gave the girl a onceover. Kurt gripped the edges of the menu in fury. Noah was on a date with him and yet he was flirting with another girl, who was a... Kurt sniffed the air, tamping his jealousy, which was clouding his senses, down.

“Bitch,” Kurt blurted out.

“Sorry?” The waitress finally turned her attention to Kurt, eyes wide in astonishment. Noah was smirking at him across the table.

“Oh, I said, I can’t decide on which, what do you think? Besides what I’ve already ordered, should I have the *futomaki* too?” Kurt placed the menu on the table.

“I... ah... I’m sorry sir; I didn’t catch what you ordered.” The waitress said apologetically.

Kurt stifled his snort. “Well of course you wouldn’t...” Kurt looked pointedly at Noah. “I was speaking too fast, wasn’t I?” He spoke evenly, raising his eyebrow at Noah.
Noah didn’t even squirm. He looked more amused than ever as he placed his menu on top of Kurt’s, sitting back in his chair, his grin growing wider.

The waitress had the good grace to blush before stammering, “I’ll take your order again sir, what will it be?”

“He’ll have the toro nigiri, the ikura gunkan-maki and the sasazushi. Though he’d like to know what’s in the sasazushi first. And do you still want the futomaki, darling?” Noah asked, his tone respectful but Kurt could sense the amusement underlying it. Kurt was pleasantly surprised though that Noah heard what he had said despite making googly eyes with the girl. Point for you, Puckerman.

“Our sasazushi has a blend of wild mushrooms,” the waitress said, attention back on Noah, her eyes devouring him once more.

Anger simmered beneath Kurt’s calm facade even as he pretended to be unruffled with the waitress’ obvious attraction to Noah. Even he, a peacock, could smell the seductive pheromones the bitch was leaking.

“I’ll have it then, together with the futomaki. And could I have brewed green tea, please, thank you.” Kurt smiled tightly when the waitress turned to him.

“And for you, sir?” And damn if her voice didn’t become softer when she addressed Noah.

Kurt’s nose flared, a part of him wanting to tell the bitch to back off. But he didn’t, because Kurt Hummel was taught to be polite. He’d not break down in a public place. He refused to.

“I’ll have the same,” Noah informed the waitress, smiling before glancing towards Kurt. “I trust your taste. It’s probably better than what I’d have chosen anyway.”

“I’m sure,” Kurt said disdainfully as he tried hard not to glare at the waitress who had shifted closer to Noah.

“Would you like to try—“

“No, we wouldn’t like to try anything else. Though we’ll call you should we want anything else.” Kurt interrupted the girl before she could say anything else. His eyes were still on Noah, one pair burned with anger while the other bubbled with glee.

“Okay, have an enjoyable dinner sirs,” the waitress said quietly, reaching out for the menus before she took her leave.

Kurt continued to glare at Noah, refusing to speak, knowing scathing words would escape his mouth if he did.

“Why Kurt, I didn’t know you felt so strongly about me?” Noah commented, laughing quietly to himself.

“I find it in very bad taste when you’re on a date and you flirt with the next bitch in heat.” Kurt tried to keep the seething emotions from his voice.

“Careful there Kurt. She may be a bitch in heat but I wasn’t flirting with her. I was just being polite.”

“I’ll bet you were,” Kurt murmured bitterly.
“You are jealous,” Noah declared and Kurt could hear the triumph in the puma’s voice.

Yes, Kurt was jealous. And he wasn’t proud of feeling that way. *How dare Noah barged into his life just days before and turned it topsy-turvy?* Kurt remained silent, refusing to look at Noah, choosing to view the surroundings instead as he tried to calm himself down.

“Kurt?” Noah said warily.

Taking a deep breath, Kurt studied the table cloth in front of him. “You know Noah; you could have told me you wanted an open relationship right from the beginning. I hate deception above all else.”

“Where did this come from?” Noah asked, bewildered.

“I see you checking out the rack of another person, right in front of me. What do you expect?”

“Hey, it’s in one’s nature to look alright. But I wasn’t going to hit it. You’re the one I want.” Noah reached out a hand to touch Kurt’s but Kurt really wasn’t in the mood to be touched. He pulled his hand quickly away.

“I just need to know upfront what our relationship is going to be like. If you’re not exclusively mine, then... I’m not exclusively yours either.”

“Don’t you dare Kurt... don’t you dare mate with someone else or I will—“

“You will what Noah, kill him?” Kurt said derisively. “And don’t you think the Order will have your head, for killing without reason? I doubt even a puma could get away with murder, especially if I mated with another *Felidae*.” The threat was empty. Kurt doubted another *Felidae* would want him, well, they would want him. But he would be treated roughly, not like the way Noah had treated him since they met. And top *Felidae* or not, Kurt Hummel deserved better than to be some creature’s rough and tumble.

“Don’t test me Kurt. You know you’re mine.”

Kurt didn’t know what made him do it. Perhaps it was the rebellious nature in him, the same nature which got him into many a scuffle when he was younger. Perhaps despite wanting to belong to Noah, a part of him still craved the freedom of needing no one. Perhaps he wanted to make Noah feel the same way he felt when Noah had smiled at the waitress. Kurt allowed the *Phasianidae* in him to come to the fore, controlling the change.

Kurt’s skin tingled, his feathers itching to escape his skin. His eyes dilated and if anyone looked at him, they’d have seen it turn a burnished gold. His skin would appear like it was covered in a shimmer of blue and green.

And the pheromones which attracted all manners of creatures would emit stronger than ever.

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would usually order the same items. When the waitress came over to take their order, Kurt was
ready.

“I’ll have the *toro nigiri* and *ikura gunkan-maki*. Oh and the *sasazushi* please! What toppings do
you put in for that?” Kurt asked, still looking at the menu. When there was no response, Kurt
glanced up and saw the waitress staring at Noah, transfixed. She was smiling at Noah, her eyes
lingering on Noah’s lips almost hungrily. Kurt wasn’t bothered by that, not in the least. He
understood Noah’s attractiveness to others. What bothered him was Noah smirking back, eyes
hooded as he furtively gave the girl a onceover. Kurt gripped the edges of the menu in fury. Noah
was on a date with him and yet he was flirting with another girl, who was a... Kurt sniffed the air,
tamping his jealousy, which was clouding his senses, down.

“Bitch,” Kurt blurted out.

“Sorry?” The waitress finally turned her attention to Kurt, eyes wide in astonishment. Noah was
smirking at him across the table.

“Oh, I said, I can’t decide on which, what do you think? Besides what I’ve already ordered, should
I have the *futomaki* too?” Kurt placed the menu on the table.

“I... ah... I’m sorry sir; I didn’t catch what you ordered.” The waitress said apologetically.

Kurt stifled his snort. “Well of course you wouldn’t...” Kurt looked pointedly at Noah. “I was
speaking too fast, wasn’t I?” He spoke evenly, raising his eyebrow at Noah.

Noah didn’t even squirm. He looked more amused than ever as he placed his menu on top of
Kurt’s, sitting back in his chair, his grin growing wider.

The waitress had the good grace to blush before stammering, “I’ll take your order again sir, what
will it be?”

“He’ll have the *toro nigiri*, the *ikura gunkan-maki* and the *sasazushi*. Though he’d like to know
what’s in the *sasazushi* first. And do you still want the *futomaki*, darling?” Noah asked, his tone
respectful but Kurt could sense the amusement underlying it. Kurt was pleasantly surprised though
that Noah heard what he had said despite making googly eyes with the girl. **Point for you,**
**Puckerman.**
“Our sasazushi has a blend of wild mushrooms,” the waitress said, attention back on Noah, her eyes devouring him once more.

Anger simmered beneath Kurt’s calm facade even as he pretended to be unruffled with the waitress’ obvious attraction to Noah. Even he, a peacock, could smell the seductive pheromones the bitch was leaking.

“I’ll have it then, together with the futomaki. And could I have brewed green tea, please, thank you.” Kurt smiled when the waitress turned to him.

“And for you, sir?” And damn if her voice didn’t become softer when she addressed Noah. Kurt’s nose flared, a part of him wanting to tell the bitch to back off. But he didn’t, because Kurt Hummel was taught to be polite. He’d not break down in a public place. He refused to.

“I’ll have the same,” Noah informed the waitress, smiling before glancing towards Kurt. “I trust your taste. It’s probably better than what I’d have chosen anyway.”

“I’m sure,” Kurt said disdainfully as he tried hard not to glare at the waitress who had shifted closer to Noah.

“Would you like to try—“

“No, we wouldn’t like to try anything else. Though we’ll call you should we want anything else.” Kurt interrupted the girl before she could say anything else. His eyes were still on Noah, one pair burned with anger while the other bubbled with glee.

“Okay, have an enjoyable dinner sirs,” the waitress said quietly, reaching out for the menus before she took her leave.

Kurt continued to glare at Noah, refusing to speak, knowing scathing words would escape his mouth if he did.

“Why Kurt, I didn’t know you felt so strongly about me?” Noah commented, laughing quietly to himself.

“I find it in very bad taste when you’re on a date and you flirt with the next bitch in heat.” Kurt tried to keep the seething emotions from his voice.

“Careful there Kurt. She may be a bitch in heat but I wasn’t flirting with her. I was just being polite.”

“I’ll bet you were,” Kurt murmured bitterly.

“You are jealous,” Noah declared and Kurt could hear the triumph in the puma’s voice.

Yes, Kurt was jealous. And he wasn’t proud of feeling that way. How dare Noah barged into his life just days before and turned it topsy-turvy?! Kurt remained silent, refusing to look at Noah, choosing to view the surroundings instead as he tried to calm himself down.

“Kurt?” Noah said warily.

Taking a deep breath, Kurt studied the table cloth in front of him. “You know Noah; you could have told me you wanted an open relationship right from the beginning. I hate deception above all else.”
“Where did this come from?” Noah asked, bewildered.

“I see you checking out the rack of another person, right in front of me. What do you expect?”

“Hey, it’s in one’s nature to look alright. But I wasn’t going to hit it. You’re the one I want.” Noah reached out a hand to touch Kurt’s but Kurt really wasn’t in the mood to be touched. He pulled his hand quickly away.

“I just need to know upfront what our relationship is going to be like. If you’re not exclusively mine, then... I’m not exclusively yours either.”

“Don’t you dare Kurt... don’t you dare mate with someone else or I will—“

“You will what Noah, kill him?” Kurt said derisively. “And don’t you think the order will have your head for that, for killing without reason? I doubt even a puma could get away with murder, especially if I mated with another felidae.” The threat was empty. Kurt doubted another felidae would want him, well, they would want him. But he would be treated roughly, not like the way Noah had treated him since they met. And felidae or not, Kurt Hummel deserved better than to be some creature’s rough and tumble.

“Don’t test me Kurt. You know you’re mine.”

Kurt didn’t know what made him do it. Perhaps it was the rebellious nature in him, the same nature that got him into many a scuffle when he was younger. Perhaps despite wanting to belong to Noah, a part of him still craved the freedom of needing no one. Perhaps he wanted to make Noah feel the same way he felt when Noah had smiled at the waitress. Kurt allowed the Phasianidae in him to come to the fore, controlling the change.

Kurt’s skin tingled, his feathers itching to escape his skin. His eyes dilated and if anyone looked at him, they’d have seen it turn a burnished gold. His skin would appear like it was covered in a shimmer of blue and green.

And the pheromones which attracted all manners of creatures would emit stronger than ever.
Chapter 10

Noah watched as the change came over Kurt. He watched as Kurt’s skin seemed to glow in shades of dark blue and brilliant green. He watched as Kurt’s eyes dilated to a deep golden colour. He watched as Kurt emanated waves of lust-stimulating hormones. And again, he still couldn’t put his finger to what was different about the pheromones being released by Kurt. It didn’t help that Kurt was calling his dick to attention and others’ too, it seemed. Noah clenched his fists, noting the sudden spike in arousal coming from the other patrons in the air. He growled, needing to make his claim on Kurt, showing everyone whom Kurt really belonged to. No one can lay a hand on Kurt, no one. The scent in the atmosphere was getting worse, the shifters around them getting restless. Noah wondered briefly whether it was these same unusual pheromones in Kurt the hyenas had scented, causing them to lose control. He was fast losing control himself.

“You shouldn’t have done whatever that was Kurt...” Noah said, his voice tight.

“T-that was my mating call,” Kurt replied all bravado.

“You got all the rest stirred up. And I can’t have that.” Noah closed his eyes, attempting to gain control. But the action only made it worse, intensifying the scents of arousal from other creatures. Intensifying the scent released from Kurt. The puma in him itched to get out. His incisors started to extend, fingernails protracting into claws. He opened his eyes, fixating his stare on Kurt.

A wolf shifter made the mistake of leaving his companion and making his move towards Kurt. The wolf’s hand reached out almost touching Kurt when Noah finally snapped into motion, rising in one swift movement, his chair toppling to the ground. He leapt at the wolf, smacking his hand away from Kurt, snarling in warning. A haze of red blurred his vision when the wolf howled back. The damn wolf stepped in Kurt’s direction, challenging Noah’s claim. Noah struck out, hitting the wolf hard in the chest, and watched in satisfaction as the wolf stumbled backwards. The hairs under his skin bristled to the surface; a snout began to form on his face. The wolf was too clouded by lust to take notice of the fact Noah was one of the top alphas in his tribe, or would have been if he had not abandoned his family. Noah could snap the wolf’s neck in one deadly bite. He growled louder, giving the wolf one last warning to back the fuck off.

The wolf’s female companion interrupted their stare down, placing a cautious hand on the man’s arm, pleading with him to retreat. The wolf shook his head stubbornly.

Noah really didn’t want to kill another shifter tonight. He had warned the wolf twice and still the man refused to stand down. The Order would take into consideration before punishment was rendered. Kurt was his. The peacock himself knew this. And only the peacock would have the last word on whether the matter could be settled amicably.

“Kurt,” Noah called out, his eyes still locked on the wolf, wary of any sudden moves. “It’s your call. Do you want to be claimed by this wolf? I’d fight him for you, you know I will. And he will die. But I don’t want bloodshed on our first date. So tell me and him what you truly want.”

“Don’t kill him Noah,” Kurt said softly.

“Speak up Kurt, why can’t I kill him when he’s obviously challenging me for you?”

The man howled again, his wolf instincts coming to the fore. The only thing tethering him to the edge of reason was his female companion, who stood in front of him, rubbing his chest in soothing
strokes.

Noah growled, moving back, readying himself to attack the wolf, aiming for the wolf’s jugular. He jumped, pushing the woman aside as he gripped the wolf’s neck with his jaws, allowing his incisors to elongate further, his fangs barely touching the skin of the man. The wolf whimpered, baring his flesh in submission. A trickle of blood escaped the puncture wounds he had bitten in the wolf. In that instant, he realised his intention was not to kill the foolish man, but for Kurt to admit who he really belonged to.

“Fuck Noah! Let the man go! I’m fucking yours alright! You’ve claimed me already, I accept it! Let the poor man go, damn you!” Kurt had moved behind him, tugging at his forearms, trying to pull Noah off the wolf.

Noah released the man immediately, turning around to face his errant mate. “All you had to do Kurt, was ask.” Noah smiled.

Kurt backed away and Noah wasn’t surprised. He probably looked a little maniacal with the wolf’s blood dripping down the side of his mouth.

Kurt held up one hand, in an effort to ward Noah off. “Noah, don’t”

“Noah…”

“I love the way you say my name,” Noah said. He walked slowly, anticipating the flush of red spreading across Kurt’s cheeks. Kurt’s outward body language was telling him no but his scent on the other hand was telling him yes. One of the reasons he wanted Kurt as a mate was due to his wilful nature. Kurt had pride, lots of it, and that pride prevented him from retreating even in a losing fight. He was a hair breadth away from Kurt, inhaling his mate’s smell deeply.

“Noah?” Kurt whispered, baring his neck.

Noah growled. He realised he did that a lot whenever Kurt was near. Aligning his body against Kurt’s shuddering one, one hand reached around Kurt’s waist dipping him slightly while the other cupped Kurt’s nape. He grazed the smooth skin of Kurt’s neck with his teeth, nipping the flesh lightly. Kurt moved into his touch, shifting closer, grounding his hot, pulsing length against Noah’s thigh.

“Noah!” Kurt squeaked out, pushing against Noah, this time trying to dislodge himself from Noah’s embrace.

Noah groaned. Kurt’s action only rubbed their hardened cocks against one other, the sweet friction making his eyes slightly crossed.

“Noah…!” Noah muttered, his senses zoning in on Kurt, forgetting everything else. Including the fact they were in a Japanese restaurant. He backed Kurt into the table, hoisting Kurt up on the surface. Kurt’s legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him closer. Noah pushed Kurt flat on his back onto the table, pressing his body against Kurt’s. His hand reached for Kurt’s zipper, cupping the bulge hidden underneath. A gasp echoed in the too silent room. Kurt turned to look in the direction of the gasp, his eyes widening in horror and awareness at what they were, are doing.

“Noah?!” Kurt squeaked out, pushing against Noah, this time trying to dislodge himself from Noah’s embrace.

Noah groaned. Kurt’s action only rubbed their hardened cocks against one other, the sweet friction making his eyes slightly crossed.

“Noah, sorry. I can’t stop…” He removed his hand from Kurt’s groin but continued to thrust against Kurt. It didn’t help matters much when Kurt thrusted back. Their rigid shafts moved alongside each other, the slight chafing causing tingles down Noah’s spine. Kurt was going to be
the death of him someday. He continued to ram his cock against Kurt’s, again and again and again. Till finally Kurt let out a small whimper and an accompanying warm gush of dampness could be felt through their pants. Noah roared out Kurt’s name when his vision faded to white, spurts of his release coating the briefs he wore.

Their breaths came out in harsh gasps, almost in rhythm to one another.

“Noah...” Kurt whispered.

“Yeah babe?”

“Get me out of here.”

Noah’s reply was to pick Kurt up bridal style into his arms as Kurt hid his face in the crook of Noah’s neck. Ignoring their still stunned audience, Noah strode out of the restaurant but not before leaving an amount of money with the maître d’, together with a big tip for the establishment.
“Did Kurt just run into the kitchen?” Noah asked as he approached the bar counter.

Kris laughed. “Yup.”

“How?”

Kris leaned forward to smack Noah’s forehead. It took all of Noah not to smack the red fox back, though every instinct told him to do precisely that.

“Okay, you may be Kurt’s friend Kris but, do that again and I’ll hit you, clear?” Noah warned.

Kris rolled his eyes. “All this machismo. Whatever. If you ever want Kurt to speak with you again, you gotta cut down on the PDA. Especially when it involves sex out in public. Sheesh Noah, Kurt hates that sort of thing.”

“He told you about that?” When Noah had brought Kurt home, Kris was nowhere in sight. Kurt had rushed to the bathroom when Noah placed him down on his bed. He had shouted at Noah to get out, mumbling something about how embarrassed he was. Noah would have knocked the bathroom door open but he figured it would only make things worse. He left Kurt behind, still muttering profanities.

“You really got a nerve doing that to him, but... then again, maybe he needs someone like you in his life.”

“Someone like me?”

“Someone who doesn’t care what others think. Someone who fights for someone he cares about, even if currently his reasons are misplaced. Jealousy can be unappealing after awhile Noah,” Kris pointed out.

“I can’t help it okay,” Noah said, rubbing the back of his neck. “He... he just brings the possessiveness out of me.”

“Well, take it from someone who’s gone through the experience. Trust is a factor for any relationship.”

“I trust Kurt, it was the fucking wolf I didn’t trust,” Noah replied.

“Well, whatever it is, get it settled with Kurt. He can be a bitch when he’s moody. And apparently you bring out the moodiness in him. And I want my friend back, not this sulky teenager who whines about his boyfriend. So, just talk to him.”

“Hmmm... before that though, could you give me something strong to drink?”

“Need a boost of courage huh?” Kris chortled.

“Oh like you’re not a bit afraid of Kurt when he’s pissed. That peacock sure bites.” Noah shook his head.

“I hear you,” Kris replied, pouring a shot of whiskey into a glass before passing it Noah. Noah took the glass and drank it in one gulp, before setting it down.
“So, I should probably go see him huh?”

“Yes, Noah, you should.”

“I’m glad you find this amusing Kris.”

“One of us has to. The two of you are my source of entertainment.”

“Says a lot about your life.”

“Stop procrastinating and get your ass in there before Kurt decides to flee home through the backdoor.”

“Fuck,” Noah gritted out, his ass off the stool before he strode towards the saloon doors which separated the main barroom from the kitchen. They reminded Noah of this old western flick he used to watch. He still heard Kris’ chuckles when his back was turned. One day, the guy was going to get punched by someone for laughing too much.

* * *

“What the hell are you doing in here Noah?!” Kurt half-shouted at him from the sink. The peacock’s arms were covered with soap suds.

“Should I leave?” Kurt’s co-worker said tentatively, asking the room in general.

“No!” Kurt said in a raised voice.

“B-but Kurt—”

“Shut up Jacob!” Kurt glared at the man.

“Okay fine, sheesh relax,” the man called Jacob grumbled as he went back to cutting some lemon and lime into wedges.

“Kurt,” Noah said.

“Noah,” Kurt replied even as he went back to washing his dishes.

“Are you just going to ignore me?” Noah waited for a few seconds but Kurt remained silent. He heaved a sigh. “Fine Kurt, I apologise for losing control of my senses. But it’s kinda hard to control my libido where you’re concerned okay.”

Kurt continued to wash the dishes, making loud banging sounds, venting his annoyance on the dishware.

“I’m gonna leave now, you know my number.” Noah left the ball in Kurt’s corner. He was not going to beg to forgive him. Like Kurt, he had more than his share of pride. He had apologised, it was Kurt’s prerogative now to accept or reject it. He walked away, hoping Kurt would call him back but Kurt never did.

He pushed the saloon doors, glanced at Kris who looked at him a little sadly, and was about to pay Kris whatever it is he owed the man for the shot of whiskey when the sound of a dish breaking followed by Kurt’s yell of pain stopped him. The next thing he knew, he was in the kitchen again pulling Kurt onto his lap as he tried to staunch the wound in the centre of Kurt’s palm. Jacob passed him a clean piece of cloth and Noah dabbed at the cut, cleaning up the blood as gently as possible.
“I think we have some ointment in the first aid—“ Jacob stopped speaking and frankly Noah couldn’t care less why. His attention was on Kurt.

“Does it hurt?” he asked quietly.

Kurt shook his head, his head down.

Noah caressed Kurt’s chin, tilting it up. He wanted to see Kurt’s beautiful eyes. When those eyes finally met his, Noah saw the consternation in those depths.

“I’m s-sorry Noah,” Kurt stammered out.

“Ssshh baby, it’s alright.” Noah smiled at Kurt before remembering Kurt’s injured hand. He glanced at the wound and saw the light trickle of blood flowing out. Instinctively, Noah brought the injured hand to his mouth, licking a stripe up the gash. Kurt’s hand started to tremble. He looked at Kurt and saw his mate’s dilated eyes.

“Babe, come on, don’t look at me like that. Or you’ll be pissed at me again when I take you on the floors of this kitchen.” His cock twitched in response to Kurt’s arousal, filling up quickly.

“Noah,” Kurt whimpered.

“Fuck, babe...” Noah breathed in. Turning swiftly to look at Jacob who was watching the two of them with wide eyes, he said harshly, “Tell Kris I’m taking him home okay.” Jacob nodded.

Kurt was really going to be the death of him.
Chapter 12

Kurt lay on the bed in a spread-eagle position; his arms rested above his head, numb from when Noah had held him down as the man pounded relentlessly into him earlier. His hole was stretched and sore and filled with Noah’s seed. Cum had already started to leak out, trickling down his thighs. He tried to lift one leg up, groaning when the muscles of his thigh contracted in protest. Maybe he should have taken Noah up on his offer to carry him to the bathroom. Because right now, Kurt was not in a position to do so. Noah had worked him good the whole of last night and this morning.

Ignoring his cramped muscles, he bent both of his knees. Bracing himself with his legs and forearms, he almost raised himself half off the bed when Noah came out of the shower, naked save for a towel which the puma was using to dry his hair. Kurt watched as water dripped down Noah’s hard body, gulping when his eyes trailed down to Noah’s balls and semi-limp penis. A soft moan escaped his throat, bringing Noah’s attention to him.

“Oh baby, it’s almost like you’re asking me for one more round.” Noah waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

And being the traitor his mindless dick was, Kurt’s cock twitched in response to Noah’s comment. “I’m trying to get up, you ass. It’d have been much easier if someone hadn’t kept thrusting that tool of his in me till he was satisfied.” Kurt glared at Noah.

“I did offer to carry you to the bathroom, but you said no.”

“Because I assumed you’d trick me into another round of sex.”

Noah walked towards the bed, discarding his towel along the way before he straddled Kurt’s hips. The smell of Noah’s citrus shower gel reminded Kurt of how sticky and dirty he was. His body was starting to itch as the sweat dried off his body. Plus, Noah’s semen was drying fast, irritating his ass.

“Now, would I do that?” Noah asked, eyes wide open in innocence. Noah shook his head hard letting droplets of water fall on Kurt’s face and chest.

“So not funny Noah!” Kurt smacked Noah’s chest, his hand lingered, curling slightly around Noah’s firm flesh.

“Babe...” Noah bent forward, kissing his lips, lightly at first, and then his tongue delved in, demanding more.

“N-Noah...” Kurt gasped out when Noah broke the kiss.

“Much as I’d like to continue Kurt, you’re not ready for another round. Let’s get you cleaned up.” Noah jumped off him and was standing by the bed in one swift move. Crouching down, he said, “Hop on babe.”

“A piggyback ride, really?”

Noah looked over his shoulder at Kurt, smiling mischievously. “I want to feel your dick against my back.”

Kurt flushed and heaved a sigh. “What ever will I do with you Noah?” Noah smirked at him. Kurt
forced himself to get up, even as his muscles whined in objection again. Locking his arms around
Noah’s neck lightly, his thighs resting alongside Noah’s waist, Kurt mumbled into Noah’s
shoulder, “Let’s get going... Trojan.”

“I assume you’re referring to the horse?” Noah chuckled as he hoisted Kurt up higher before he
walked towards the bathroom.

“If the shoe fits...”

“Steel shoe you mean.”

“Lame.”

They continued to mock each other till the showers were turned on and after that, the only noises
made were more moans, grunts and whimpers.

* * *

Kurt was wrapped up in Noah’s too big bathrobe and he looked absolutely adorable in it. But of
course, Noah won’t tell him that. He’d just keep that fact to himself even as he admired the deep
vee which revealed the expanse of Kurt’s fair skin. One of the bite marks he had left yesterday
night on Kurt’s chest was starting to bruise quite beautifully. He continued to stare at it till Kurt’s
voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

“Are you done?”

“What?” Noah asked.

“Done ogling at me. Cause I think I smell something burning.” Kurt glanced pointedly at the built-in stove of the island table separating the two of them.

Noah glanced at the omelette in the frying pan and flipped it over to the other side instantly. “If
you want some juice, it’s in the fridge, help yourself.”

Kurt nodded, jumping off the high stool. He walked to the dish rack, picking up two glasses and
made his way over to the fridge. “Apple or orange?”

“Apple,” Noah answered. “You want any toppings in your omelette?”

“I’ll have the same as yours. I’m easy.”

“Yes you are,” Noah muttered under his breath.

“I heard that, asswipe.” Kurt seated himself on the stool once again.

“It was meant to be heard, peacock.” Noah took the slices of garlic bread out from the oven, placed
them on a dish and set it near Kurt. Turning off the fire, Noah scooped the remaining omelette onto
a plate and carried the dish together with his own, walking round the counter to Kurt’s side. “Here
babe.”


“Try it,” Noah urged as he sat down on the stool next to Kurt. He watched while Kurt took the first
bite.

Kurt was silent, taking a bite of the omelette, chewing it slowly. “You know...”
“What, is it bad?”

“No, it’s actually quite good. Fluffy and soft.”

“Oh, good.” Truthfully Noah was worried Kurt wouldn’t like his cooking. Another thing he would never admit out loud to Kurt.

Kurt took a few more bites of the omelette, making noises which should really be banned outside of their bedroom, or more accurately when they were not making love. *Love*? Noah was startled at the thought. When did mutual lust turn into love on his part? Noah Puckerman does not do love. He never did. But of course, Kurt had to change it all. It took Noah a few seconds to realise Kurt was speaking to him.

“Huh, sorry what?”

“I asked where you learnt to cook like this?”

“Experimenting will do that. I’ve been living on my own for nearly two years now.” Noah shrugged.

“What about your clan? I thought mountain lions usually live in compounds, together?” Kurt glanced at Noah. Noah couldn’t help but be annoyed at the question. He never liked talking about his estranged family. That was precisely why he spent most of his days alone, cutting ties off gradually with his well-meaning friends who tried to get him to return to the Puckerman compound.

“I don’t want to talk about it Kurt,” Noah said tersely.

“Sure you don’t want to talk about it. Of course not. Not with someone you want to claim as your mate. Uh uh, no sirree.” Kurt stood up, carrying his empty plate and glass.

“Sit down Kurt.”

“I’m going to wash the dishes.”

“I said sit down,” Noah repeated, his tone stern.

Kurt sat down, his stance rigid, a frown on his face. The plate and glass were set on the table again with a loud clank.

“I don’t like talking about them okay. Her death still hurts.”

“Noah? Whose death?” Kurt turned to glance at him and Noah could sense jealousy coming off him. He wanted to laugh. It gratified him that Kurt was as possessive of him as he was of Kurt. But her death was no laughing matter.

“Whose death Noah?” Kurt prompted him.

“Jewel... my sister.”
“What happened Noah?” Kurt reached out to hold Noah’s clenched fist.

“Sterling happened,” Noah gritted out, body stiff with anger.

“Who’s Sterling?”

“The man who was supposed to take care of her for life. Instead, he caused her death.”

“Noah...” Kurt whispered, heart wrenched in pain at having to watch his mate in obvious grief. Noah told his tale in a succinct and matter of fact manner. It was as if he was telling a story about somebody else. He didn’t look at Kurt, not even once, preferring to look ahead, staring vacantly into the distance.

“They married her off to an elite family, a top alpha. And they didn’t fucking care that she said no. That I said no. That Sterling’s reputation wasn’t exactly a good one. And when she came home to visit with bruises and tears. Do you know what my mum said?” Noah didn’t wait for an answer, continuing to speak. “She said that virile pumas liked their sex a little rough. I wanted to get Jewel right out of the fucking Sterling household by then but my mum warned me not to interfere. When I finally ignored her words, it was too late. It was too late. Jewel was gone. She slit her wrists. My baby sister slit her wrists. She died in a pool of her own blood. It was my fault.” Noah said the last words so quietly Kurt almost couldn’t make it out.

Kurt remained silent, gripping Noah’s fist tightly, letting Noah speak, and knowing Noah needed to get it all out.

“She was just nineteen when she died Kurt. I should have never allowed the marriage to take place. It was my right as the next Leader. My dad was too ill to even know what was going on during that time. And when he found out about Jewel’s death, he died a few days later. It was almost as if he too had given up. She was his favourite. Hell, she was everyone’s favourite. I went mad after that. Went after Sterling, challenged him to a fight. I can’t even recall what went on. All I remember was the satisfying taste of blood, his blood, in my mouth.”

“You killed him,” Kurt stated softly.

“I did. And it felt damn good.” Noah paused awhile before continuing. “He abused her because he thought she was infertile. They’ve only been mated for nine months. Nine fuckin’ long months of hell for her. And you know what the kicker was? She was pregnant when she died. Pregnant with that bastard’s child. Before I ripped his throat out, I told him that. I told him that. I laughed in his face. But really, the joke was on me, wasn’t it Kurt? I lost my only beloved kin. And a niece or nephew. I lost them both.”

“Oh Noah...” Kurt stood up, wrapping his arms around Noah tight. Noah rested his head in the crook of Kurt’s shoulder. Noah shuddered slightly in Kurt’s hold but other than that he made no sound. “I’m so sorry.” He ran his fingers through Noah’s hair, stroking it in light caresses.

After a few minutes had passed, Noah breathed in deeply. His hands which were hanging limply by his side moved to hug Kurt around his waist. “T-thanks Kurt.”

“For what?”

“For listening.” Noah nuzzled Kurt’s nape before glancing up, rubbing his thumbs across Kurt’s
cheeks and only then did Kurt realise he had shed tears. “Don’t cry for me, or for Jewel babe. She’s in a better place now. I don’t like to see you crying.”

“I’m not crying,” Kurt argued stubbornly.

“Uh huh, must have been onions then.”

“Yes those damn onions.” Kurt chuckled. “Noah...”

“Yes Kurt?”

“I’m your family now,” Kurt said, meaning it with every fibre of his being.

“I know Kurt, I know.” Noah kissed Kurt on the lips, letting his tongue slide along the bottom before he bit it, tugging at it gently. “So... what about that comfort sex, hmmm?” Noah half-teased.

“Oh, you.” Kurt sighed, pretending to be put out, winking salaciously before adding, “Maybe later?”

* * *

“The prodigal son returns...”

“Seriously, where do you come up with all those corny lines?” Kurt rolled his eyes. “Of course I’d be back. I have to get ready for work.”

“I thought you might have run away with the mountain lion.” Kris snorted.

Kurt rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “I did think of it but I figured hey, someone would miss me if I did that, so I decided not to.”

“Awww, I’m touched.”

“Why would you be? I was referring to Jacob.”

“Ouch, that hurt.” Kris clasped his chest.

“And what the hell are you reading?” Kurt moved to sit next to Kris, pushing his sprawled legs off the couch.

“Something your mind wouldn’t be able to comprehend, no doubt.” Kris placed the book he was holding on the table.

“What?! Take that back!” Kurt sputtered out.

Kris laughed. “It’s so easy to rile you up.”

“Hmmmm...”

“So...” Kris poked Kurt’s side. “How was it?”

“How was what?”

“I can’t believe you’re acting coy. The sex, is it good?”

“And I can’t believe you’re so concerned with my sex life.”
“It’s hard not to be when Jacob runs into the barroom hyperventilating, saying something about Noah kidnapping you for a hot bout of rough, dirty sex.”

“What?! Jacob didn’t say that.” Kurt squinted his eyes, glaring at Kris.

“Okay fine, those weren’t his exact words but—“

“Shouldn’t you be more worried about whether Noah is good for me, etcera, etcera?”

“Oh I don’t doubt that he is, physically and otherwise. The man is half in love with you. And the remaining half looks like he always wants to tear your clothes off. So you guys are good.” Kris stretched his arm over Kurt’s shoulder, drawing him closer. “Does he make you happy Kurt?”

“Y-yeah, he does.”

“I’m glad.” Kris glanced at Kurt. “Then my next question is, if he makes you happy, why are you frowning?”

“He... he told me some stuff about his family.”

“And?”

“It’s pretty heavy.”

“Wanna talk about it?”

“No I can’t, not without Noah’s go-ahead.”

“Oh, already needing his permission now?” Kris teased.

“I’m serious Kris.”

“And in all seriousness, you know I’m here for you right?” Kris said, all amusement gone from his voice.

“I know.”

“Are you upset at what he revealed?”

“No... I just... wish I could make him feel better.”

“Let me ask you this, when you’re together, does he make you feel better, even when you’re not having hot, angry sex?”

“We do not have hot...” Kurt stopped speaking when he saw Kris’ raised eyebrow.

“Don’t change the subject. Does he make you feel better?”

“Yeah he does.”

“So what makes you think you don’t do the same for him?”

“I think I might be getting serious with him Kris.”

“Getting serious, is that what you call it these days?”

Kurt turned to glare at Kris before continuing. “I’m actually considering having a long-term
relationship with a puma. Do you think I’m making the right move?”

Kris was quiet for a moment. “The man trusted you with his burden Kurt. If you can trust him with yours... then maybe, just maybe, a relationship with a mountain lion and a... peacock would have its happy ending.” He said, honesty plain in his voice.

“I see where you’re getting at,” Kurt grunted.

“And you get all prickly about it, even with me. He told you about his family. The question is, will you tell him about yours?”

“What is there to tell Kris?” Kurt crossed his arms.

“The fact that your dad died in an attack, which you witnessed, and why it happened, is not an important detail to tell your future mate? You are right of course Kurt.” Kris stood up.

“Where’re you going?”

“To bed for a bit. We still got a few more hours before the bar has to be opened.”

Kurt took a good look at Kris, noticing things he failed to see at first due to the dim light. Kris’ shirt was crumpled with a few buttons missing. There was a dark hickey on his neck and his hair was damp.

“You just got back. Damn it Kris. Are you fucking around again?”

“It’s none of your business Kurt.”

“Kris...”

Kris ran his fingers through his hair roughly, sighing. “Look Kurt, please, I need to deal with it my way okay. I’ll be fine.”

“I thought you were doing fine.”

“We’ll talk about my problems when you’re done sorting things out with Noah, how about that?” Kris said in a challenging tone.

“You always have to play dirty, don’t you?”

“Get some rest Kurt.”

Once Kris had gone upstairs into his bedroom, Kurt was left alone with his thoughts. He wished he could be as honest with Noah as Noah had been with him. But the truth was, Kurt was scared. Noah deserved better than a relationship with a guy who closed off parts of himself. Kurt had a decision to make. And either way it went, he knew he wasn’t going to like it.
Chapter 14

“We need to talk.” Kurt grabbed the hem of Noah’s shirt, tugging him in the direction of Kris’ office. “Kris, I’m borrowing your office!”

“Oh for God’s sake Kurt!” Kris shouted from behind the bar top, flinging a wet towel on the counter as he glared at the two of them. Noah shrugged at Kris. He didn’t know what was going on either. The only thing he did was to walk into the damn bar.

“To talk alright, I need to talk to him!” Kurt responded even as he shoved Noah into the room.

“Fine, but make sure that’s all you do! The last time I had to use a whole bottle of—“ The rest of Kris’ words were cut off when Kurt slammed the door shut.

Noah was pushed roughly onto the couch. He had to admit, he was turned on a little by the display of Kurt’s strength.

“If you wanted a fuck baby, you only had to ask,” Noah said, his voice a little rough.

“Shut up Noah. That’s not why... I...” Kurt looked at him intently before pacing the floor.

“Kurt, what’s wrong?”

“I need to talk to you about something okay, and it’s not that easy to—“

“Wait, are you breaking up with me?” Noah sat up immediately, his spine rigid straight from the previously relaxed position he had assumed.

“No! Are we even in a relationship in the first place Noah?” Kurt stopped his pacing to kneel in between Noah’s legs, his face open, and vulnerable. “It’s barely been two weeks since we met.”

“From the beginning, nothing about us has been conventional has it Kurt? You’re a peacock, I’m a puma. Yet, you pull me to you like no other. Oh fuck, you’ve got me waxing poetic now.”

“Reluctantly, I feel the same way too.” Kurt glanced up at him.

“Reluctantly, huh?” Noah smiled, tugging Kurt up to straddle his lap. When Kurt was comfortably settled, his thighs flanking Noah’s either side, Noah spoke again. “Whenever you’re ready babe.”

“You’ve never pushed me.”

“What?”

“You never push me to talk about things I don’t want to.” Kurt muttered into Noah’s shoulder. “Why?”

“Cause I’m not like you?” Noah stifled a chuckle. Kurt pinched Noah’s side hard. “Ouch! Babe!”

“I was being serious Noah.”

“Are we... are we talking about your dad here?” Kurt stiffened in his arms. Noah sighed. “See, that, that is why I don’t wanna talk about it. I don’t want you to hide from me Kurt.”

“Kris said I should tell you if I wanted this relationship to work out.”
"Hmmm, seems like we have an Aunt Abby in our midst. The man gave me some advice too."

"Really, what did he say?"

"Gave me some tips on how to deal with a difficult peacock."

"I’ll bet he did... Noah..."

"Yes babe?"

"This is hard for me."

"I know. It was hard to talk about Jewel too. Still is. But I’m glad I told you Kurt. Even if you did emotionally blackmail me into spilling my guts."

"I did not."

"Yeah you kinda did babe." Noah laughed quietly. "But it’s alright."

"You’re a good man Noah Puckerman."

"No I’m not."

Kurt shifted, locking his arms around Noah’s neck as he gazed directly into his mate’s eyes. "Yes you are. And you’d have made a great leader."

"Yup. I’d have orgies in the Puckerman household every day." Noah glanced away from Kurt, a strained smile on his face.

"Stop turning everything into a joke every time you feel uncomfortable. When someone compliments you, you say thank you."

"Kurt..."

"Noah."

Noah exhaled noisily. "Thank you Kurt. Damn, but I’m turning into a pussy with you."

"I like it."

"Of course you’d like me being putty in your hands."

"I hate to break it to you, but you’re never soft in my hands," Kurt said suggestively. Noah chuckled. "Noah?"

"Hmmm?"

"M-my dad died trying to save me, in a brawl with some cheetah shifters. I was there. I watched him die and I couldn’t do anything. He died and I did nothing. Maybe now, knowing that, you might want to break things off with me." Kurt blurted out as he buried his face in the crook of Noah’s neck.

"That would never happen, tell me the rest of the story babe," Noah replied, waiting for Kurt to finish his tale.

"There were f-five of them, two were holding on to me. I tried Noah. I fucking tried but I couldn’t
get to him. They m-made me watch as the other three mauled my dad to death. And they laughed.” Kurt’s voice broke when the images of that particular memory assailed his mind. He hated it, hated being reminded of how weak he was. “And when my dad stopped moving, he said I was next but n-not before he was d-done with me.”

“What did they do to you Kurt, tell me, what the fuck did they...” Noah pushed Kurt slightly away, tilting Kurt’s chin to look into his eyes directly. “Did they...”

“No...”

“Don’t lie to me.” Noah gripped Kurt’s chin tighter.

“They didn’t alright. Someone had seen the fight, alerted the law enforcers and I was saved... I was saved but my dad, he died. I should be the one to die! But I survived.”

“Don’t say that Kurt—“

“But it’s the truth! They were after me!”

“Why? Why were they after you Kurt? Kurt? Damn it Kurt—“

“Because he is half caracal,” Kris said from the doorway.

“What?!” Noah looked up, startled. “That’s not possible. I can’t scent the cat on him.”

“Kurt?” Kris glanced at Kurt, seeking permission. Kurt nodded; speaking about his dad had drained him. He was so tired now.

Kris left the door open, and carried a wooden chair to sit across them.

“The customers?” Noah asked.

“Told them I was closing early. Besides it’s hard to do any business with all the shouting in here.”

“Sorry Kris,” Kurt said quietly.

“It’s alright Kurt. I was just teasing.”

“You were saying?” Noah prompted.

“You can’t scent him cause Kurt learnt over the years to block that part of him from leaking out.”

“Is that even possible?” Noah asked, flummoxed.

“It is for us half-breeds,” Kurt whispered. “I’m tired Noah.”

Noah shifted, moving Kurt off his lap. He moved to the further end of the couch and placed Kurt’s head onto his thighs. “Sleep Kurt, I’m here.”

“Mmmm... Kris...”

“Yes Kurt?”

“Tell Noah everything.”

“Will do, you get some rest. You look exhausted.”
“Thanks...I...” Kurt’s voice trailed away as he faded away into unconsciousness.

* * *

“Continue Kris,” Noah said firmly even as he stroked Kurt’s hair gently.

“You know most half-breeds change into the stronger of their parents. And that they give off both parents’ scent.” Kris continued when Noah nodded. “Well, there are some who can block their scents. Kurt is one of them. He is also one of the rarer few who can change into a mixed breed of both... simultaneously.”

“Kurt can change into a peacock and a caracal at the same time if he wanted to?”

Kris nodded. “He can and the effect is quite...” Kris coughed. “Well, you should let him show it to you one day.”

“I damn fucking will.”

“At any rate, Kurt learnt to control both his identities, letting only his peacock out.”

“Why would he want to do that?”

“He’s a product between the mating of a top caracal and a prime peacock from her clan. And somehow, Kurt managed to inherit certain qualities from both his parents without nullifying the other.”

“What’re you trying to say?”

“To put it simply, Kurt’s scent when unrestricted is like the scent of a bitch in heat to every species. Especially when the cat in him is let out and intermingled with his peacock self. Now his peacock scent is already enticing enough. I’m sure you know this. But it’s still bearable. His caracal scent however, it makes every top alpha within ten feet of Kurt want to claim him.”

“Even you?”

“You’re lucky I’m not an alpha.” Kris winked at him. “But no, I’ve never been attracted to Kurt in that way. He’s like a brother to me.”

“The restaurant, that day...” Noah muttered to himself.

“Sorry, what?”

“Nothing... So, before he had the cat in him under key and lockdown, the cheetahs scented this?”

Kris nodded. “Kurt was still learning to keep his caracal scent hidden but during those early days, sometimes a whiff still gets out. Those fucking cheetahs, they ambushed the two of them. The leader wanted Kurt. He wanted Kurt so much that he went a little berserk as a result.”

“And when I first met him, the hyenas?”

Kris shook his head. “Kurt has it under control now. The hyena alpha had been pursuing Kurt since he came to the bar a few months back with his pack. It wasn’t pleasant. I had to kick him out when his advances became too inappropriate. I didn’t know he’d attack Kurt on his way back home. If I did—“

“Hey, Kurt is okay now. Stop beating yourself over it.”
“All thanks to you. You will do fine, Noah Puckerman.” Kris stood up, patting Noah on the shoulder. “He’ll be safe with you around.”

“Kris, the cheetahs, are they still around?”

“Last I heard, the one responsible for the attack was released by the Order.”

“What the fuck?!”

“He came from an elite family. His henchmen became the scapegoats while he was freed.”

“And Burt’s family let this go?”

“Burt and Elizabeth Hummel married against both their family’s wishes. They were renounced by both sides of their family. I don’t even think their families know Kurt exists.”

“His name.”

“Sorry?”

“Give me the cheetah’s fucking name.”

“Dane of the Silverman clan. But Puck, you can’t go against him. Don’t you think Kurt and I have tried?! We appealed to the Order but—“

“You think the law will put him away for what he did when they are the ones who let him out in the first place?!” Noah snorted. He leaned forward to kiss Kurt’s forehead tenderly, lifting his mate’s head off his lap onto the couch. Standing up, he stretched before looking down on Kurt’s face again. “Take care of him for me Kris.”

“Where are you going?”

Noah stopped at the threshold, looking over his shoulder at Kris and a last glance at Kurt. “I’ve something to take care of.”
Chapter 15

Kurt had woken up in Kris’ office, alone. He was beyond mad when Kris told him what Noah’s parting words were. Oh, he knew exactly how Noah’s mind worked. The stupid mountain lion was probably figuring... scratch that; Noah didn’t figure things out, he acted on his instincts. Precisely why Kurt was worried. Noah still wasn’t home yet. Kurt would know. He was sitting on the couch in Noah’s living room, watching the front door, waiting for Noah’s return. Hours had passed and there was no sign of Noah. Still Kurt continued to wait, almost motionless, staring blankly into the darkness.

When the door finally creaked open. Kurt’s eyes blinked at the sudden invasion of light from the outdoor hallway lighting. He remained motionless, as Noah walked in, noticing the limp in Noah’s gait. He clenched his fists, in anger, relief. He didn’t know what he was feeling anymore.

“Kurt?” Noah called out from the doorway. “Why are you sitting in the dark?”

Kurt chose not to answer. He sniffed the air and smelled blood. Noah’s and another’s. Noah had closed the door but did not make a move to turn on the lights. Kurt suspected his mate had a very good reason for it.

“Babe?” Noah spoke again. “I’ll just go to the bathroom first yeah, we’ll talk later.” He walked towards his bedroom, still shuffling in his steps.

It took the sounds of the showers being turned on for Kurt to snap out of his trance as he sprinted to the bathroom. The door was closed but not locked. Sliding the fogged glass door open, Kurt stepped into the shower.

“Kurt!” Noah startled. That was a first. He must have been more injured than Kurt first thought.

Kurt turned off the water. He looked at Noah’s body, seeing the gashes, bite marks and gaping wounds. Something warm trickled down his cheeks, a sob threatened to escape from his mouth.

“Babe... don’t...” Noah reached out for him, hugging him tight. Kurt trembled in Noah’s embrace, crying silently. He cried, and he cried, letting all the tears out. And when he was finally satisfied with the fact that Noah was safe, safe and with him, Kurt abruptly stopped crying. He stepped out of Noah’s embrace and looked his mate in the eye.

“Noah.”

“Kurt?”

Kurt swung his hand back and punched Noah right in the face.

“Fuck! What was that for?! Damn it Kurt! That fucking hurts!” Noah touched his nose gingerly.

“Don’t you ever make me worry like that again.” Kurt glared at his still cursing mate before he stepped out of the shower, and made his way out into the bedroom.

From inside the bathroom, Noah laughed.

* * *

Damn, but his mate was a wild cat alright. Noah didn’t see the punch coming. He wondered
whether his nose was broken. Noah wriggled his nose experimentally. Kurt’s right hook was more lethal than he expected. Wiping himself dry with a towel, he put on his boxers and went out into the bedroom to face his no doubt, angry lover.

Kurt was sitting cross-legged on the edge of his bed, wearing one of Noah’s large jerseys. His wet clothes lay on the floor. Noah probably shouldn’t be turned on, what with Kurt glaring at him as Noah approached him warily. But he was. Noah had glimpsed Kurt’s wet briefs amongst the pile of clothes which meant that, yes; Kurt was bare underneath his clothes. Noah’s cock perked up at the thought. Apparently, despite his injuries, Noah’s libido remained unaffected.

“How dare you?!?” Kurt yelled at him.

“Now Kurt...”

“Don’t now me Noah!”

“Babe—“

“You could have been killed!”

Noah wasn’t surprised Kurt had figured out what he would do. Or have done. “I couldn’t let him get away Kurt.”

“It was ages ago,” Kurt muttered, anger in his voice gone in one second, only to be replaced by the tone of defeat. “I couldn’t do anything... I wanted to go after him but Kris wouldn’t let me.”

“Good thing Kris was around. Neither of you could have taken a top cheetah on, no offense Kurt.” It was the truth. Kris was a red fox, known for their agility but lacking in physical strength when faced against a stronger breed. And Kurt... Kurt was a caracal half-breed. Caracals were overshadowed by most Felidaes in terms of their size alone.

The flare was back in Kurt’s eyes as he glowered at the reminder of his lack of strength when compared to other cats in the same genus.

“Babe, I’m just stating the facts alright, not cause I look down on the caracals... or any other species for that matter.”

“I know Noah,” Kurt admitted grudgingly. “But you still shouldn’t have gone after Silverman. It was my fight.”

“Your fight is my fight too Kurt.” Noah smacked himself. “I just said something incredibly romantic didn’t I, give me a kiss?”

Kurt snorted. “Don’t try to distract me Puckerman.”

“If I were trying to distract you, I’d be doing this.” Noah got down on his knees, wincing a little as the mending wounds on his back stretched tightly. Pumas healed fast but the cheetah had managed to lay some good blows into him before Noah had a sudden advantage and delivered the killing strike. Ignoring the twinges, he slid his hands underneath the jersey Kurt was wearing. Kurt inhaled sharply when he pushed the fabric up, exposing Kurt’s beautiful cock to Noah’s eyes.

“Sorry babe, can’t talk, my mouth is gonna be all kinds of full now,” Noah said cheekily as he bent forward, engulfing the treat before him in one large gulp.
Kurt breathed heavily as he stared up at the ceiling. Damn, but his mate can sure suck the bone marrow out of him. He couldn’t even find the strength to move and return the favour. Noah was on his side, leaning over him, running his fingers over Kurt’s damp hair. He shifted his head to glance at Noah and found the puma grinning in an I-am-the-best-lover-slash-cocksucker-in-the-history-of-ever sort of way.

“You...” Kurt inhaled heavily before speaking again, “are proud of yourself aren’t you Puckerman?”

“Is it that obvious?” Noah chuckled, looking at him expectantly.

“Fine, it was not bad.”

“Not bad? Not bad?! I’ll show you not bad.” Noah growled before tickling his sides.

“No-noah... stop it... oh my...” Kurt laughed and shrieked at the same time. “God, stop it!” He thumped Noah hard on his arm but that only worked in getting Noah to tickle him twice as much. “Noah. Seriously, stop!”

“Uh huh, so who’s not bad now?” Noah smirked down at him, stopping to place a kiss on his forehead. Kurt realised Noah was quite fond of doing that. The tender gesture made him blush.

“Noah...” Whatever Kurt wanted to say was interrupted by the doorbell ringing, incessantly. “Shouldn’t you get that?”

“Why? It’s probably a salesman selling one of those power fruit juices again. I’d rather stay in with you.” Noah kissed him languidly, teasing the insides of Kurt’s mouth.

Kurt was well prepared to ignore the doorbell as well until the ringing was accompanied by the shouts of a woman, calling out Noah’s name. He pulled away, quirking an eyebrow at Noah. “Seems this salesman, or saleswoman knows you pretty well.”

“Fuck.” Noah stiffened above him. “It didn’t take her long to find me.”

“Noah?”

“It’s nothing Kurt. I’ll take care of it.” Noah attempted to reassure him as he leapt off their bed with a smile. Kurt would be reassured if not for the fact that the smile was completely forced and the ominous, dark look on Noah’s face.
Chapter 16

“Mother,” Noah said as he opened the door to see his mother’s face for the first time in almost two years.

“Noah,” his mother replied in the disdainful tone she always used on him since he had gone against her. “I see you’re keeping it... classy.” She looked him up and down, eyes lingering on Noah’s bare chest. Noah had only put on his boxers, the absence of a shirt as a small form of rebellion against the reserved woman standing before him. A juvenile part of him still delighted in annoying the heck out of her.

Noah wanted to bring up his mother’s own classiness when she had knocked on his door, shouting his name for the whole neighbourhood to hear but all he said was, “Come on in, mother.” He proffered his arm out in a no doubt polite gesture, though he wanted nothing more than to flip a bird in his mum’s face. Judging from her sneer, she probably knew what he was thinking.

“Hmmm,” his mum murmured as she stepped in, head cocking to the left and right, taking in the state of his apartment. “At least you’re keeping it clean.”

“What brings you to my humble abode today?”

“Oh, you know why Noah Puckerman. We didn’t raise you to be stupid.”

His mother resorting to name-calling. The ripples must have been bad. “Just say whatever it is you came here to say mother, then get out.”

“How rude Noah—“

“You’ve lost all my respect when you allowed Jewel to die.”

“Your sister took her own life. I had no hand in it.”

“No hand you say?! It was your fault. You forced her into the marriage with Sterling! And you watched while he abused her.”

“Did you even know what you did when you killed Sterling, did you Noah?! The clan had to clean up the mess for you. And what did you do for thanks? Instead of accepting the mate I chose for you, you walked away!”

“The clan... the clan...” Noah gritted his teeth. “Everything you ever did was for the clan, did you ever think of your daughter at all?!”

“And now this?! The Silverman clan demanded reparations for what you did. You killed the next person in line. And for what?! I demand answers!”

“I’m surprised they even know who I am or was.” Noah snorted, ignoring his mum’s question. “What did they want, mother, or did they challenge my dear cousin to a duel?”

“They wanted blood and they challenged Riley for it.”

“If they wanted blood, then they’d know where to find me... Riley didn’t accept, I assume?” Of course his cousin, the current leader of the Puckerman clan wouldn’t accept. Noah had grown up with the puma. His cousin may be a mountain lion but he was a coward when it came to downright
battles.

“You know his nature. Noah, all you have to do is return to the clan, and claim your right as Leader.” His mother changed her tactics suddenly, pleading with him instead.

“How much did they ask for, that you actually want me to return home?” He asked baldly.

His mum’s face puckered in irritation. “Noah, if you would just—“ She stopped midsentence looking in the direction of his bedroom, where Kurt now stood, wearing Noah’s jersey, with a deer-in-the-lights expression, in the doorway. “So the rumours were true, you killed a top cheetah over a peacock? How far have you fallen my dear boy?”

Noah’s eyes weren’t on his mother anymore. Instead, they were on his mate who looked torn between anger and misery. Kurt’s fists were clenched even as his eyes watered. And that was something Noah wouldn’t stand for.

“You’ve over Stayed your welcome mother,” he said evenly, trying to control his temper.

“I’ve not finished Noah. You are choosing this peacock over your family? He’s a—“

“That’s enough mother! Get out. If the Silvermans want reparations, tell them to come for me.”

“You know what they want, that’s why they’re challenging Riley, or more precisely the Leader of our clan. If you came back and took leadership—“

“I’ll take responsibility for my actions mother, whatever it is they want, in this case, money... Since the clan is probably lacking in funds now that Riley is at the helm, even with you guiding him. So, what is the sum?”

“They’ve asked for 5 million but we negotiated to—“

Noah didn’t wait for his mother to finish. He strode to the bedroom, making eye contact with Kurt who had stepped forward halfway into the living room, a stubborn expression on his mate’s face. And maybe that was the reason he could love Kurt so easily. Kurt didn’t interfere, letting Noah do his thing with his mother. He didn’t back off either, even with Noah’s mum’s hurtful words. Kurt stood there, in the background, giving him moral support.

Noah smiled to himself as he wrote a cheque out to his mother. The slight pang of losing that much money to a woman he despised; it was worth it. He had Kurt now. Besides, he could always earn it back. He walked into the living room to find his mother and Kurt in a face-off. Both not saying anything, merely glaring at each other. If glares could kill, both of them would be bleeding on the floor. Half-caracal or not, Noah had no doubt his mate would be able to take his mother in a fight if needed.

He stepped in the middle of the silent confrontation, breaking their stares. Holding out the cheque to his mother, he simply said, “Here.”

“There is no way... your dad didn’t leave you much money.” Her eyes widened as she looked at the figures in her hand.

“No, but he left me with the aptitude to invest in good eggs. Something I’ll always be grateful for. The money will pay off the Silverman clan and the rest; well it’s up to you how to use it.”

“I hope this cheque doesn’t bo—“
“It won’t.”

“I won’t thank you for this Noah. You brought it on the clan in the first place.”

“Of course mother, I didn’t expect any gratitude from you,” Noah said drily.

“And I still don’t approve of your relationship with this lowly creature,” she continued with an ugly sneer on her face, narrowing her eyes at Kurt.

“Well, that is something, coming from someone as refined as you,” Kurt spoke softly, but there was no mistaking the layer of steel underneath his tone, as well as the veiled barb aimed at his mother. “I’ll be in the bedroom Noah,” Kurt said haughtily, glancing at him as he walked past on the way to the room, his head held high. And damn if that didn’t make his dick twitch in anticipation.

Noah couldn’t stifle the chuckles when he turned back to see his mother’s face flushed red in fury. She was just standing there, her lips tightly pursed, boring holes into his bedroom’s door which had been closed shut by Kurt. He laughed even louder when she started to sputter indecipherable sentences.

“N-Noah you can’t—“

“Yes I can mother.”

“He’s a—“

“I know exactly what Kurt is mother. He is my mate... You and I, we’ve said our goodbyes long ago. I don’t think we need another one. Please, just leave. I wish you and the clan well.” Noah said quietly, suddenly tired of it all. His mother’s presence in his private sanctuary was wearing on him.

“No—“

Noah turned his back on his mother, just like he did years ago when she had turned her back on her only daughter. “I could simply throw you out and we wouldn’t even need to have this conversation,” he threatened.

“One day you’ll come crawling back to the clan—“

Noah twisted around, hefted his mother over one shoulder, walked out of his apartment and dumped her in the hallway in one swift move. “Goodbye mother.” The last thing he saw was his mother’s stunned visage as he slammed the door in her face.
“Kurt?” Noah called out tentatively, glancing at Kurt who was currently curled up into himself on the bed.

“Is she gone?”

“Yeah, she is.” Noah sat on the edge of the mattress, trying to gauge Kurt’s mood. Kurt’s eyes were shut tightly, his muscles tensed.

“Good.”

“Kurt—“

“Are... are you going back to your clan?”

“No Kurt, I’m not.”

“Good.”

“Kurt... I’ve severed ties with her long ago.”

“Good.”

“Are you ever going to say something else besides good?!” Noah asked, exasperated.

“What do you expect me to say Noah? That your mum’s a bitch and I didn’t like her one bit?”

Noah chuckled humourlessly. “Babe, I’m her son and I don’t even like her. Ever since I was born, she was a cold one.”

Kurt sat up suddenly, looking Noah right in the eye, one hand reached out to caress the side of his cheek. The warmth of Kurt’s touch instantly thawed away the coolness that had started in Noah’s gut since his mother’s visit. “How did you turn out decent despite everything?”

Noah grabbed onto Kurt’s hand before Kurt could move it away, letting the heat from his mate’s hand soothe him. “I had Jewel, and my dad was pretty alright even if he was a henpecked husband.” But the two of them were gone now.

Kurt held his gaze, head cocked to one side as if he were trying to read Noah’s mind and perhaps he was. “You have me now remember? You’re not alone.”

“I’m stuck with you for the rest of our lives, aren’t I?” Noah said lightly though his heart was so full, he was surprised it was still functioning.

“You couldn’t get rid of me even if you tried.” Kurt smirked, his eyebrow raised almost in a dare.

Noah could have said many things in response but all he said was, “Move in with me.”

“What?” Kurt blinked, his mouth gaped open slightly.

“You heard me.”
“I...”

“We’ll get a bigger place. A house. With a white picket fence. Two dogs, if you want?”

“What makes you think I even want dogs?” The flummoxed expression on Kurt’s face was slowly replaced by amusement.

“I’m saying whatever you want babe.”

“Whatever huh. What about a castle overlooking a cliff?” Kurt asked in a serious tone, though his mouth twitched at the corners.

“We might have to move to Scotland though,” Noah replied gravely.

“Yay. I get to wear my mink coats.” Kurt chuckled.

Noah laughed before sobering. “Seriously babe, move in with me?”

“Seriously Noah, yes I will.” Kurt smiled, his eyes lighting up, making them even more beautiful than they usually were.

Noah grinned, reaching out for Kurt, toppling him onto the bed. “Celebratory sex?”

“Of course.” Kurt rolled his eyes even as his arms pulled Noah into a deep, hot, wet kiss.

* * *

The place was starting to get crowded and it was only half past six. Kris’ stipulated opening hours for his bar was six pm to four am. Most of their regulars came for Jag’s laid-back ambience plus the menu of good food that accompanied the considerable list of cocktails. At Jag’s; one could order a tasty burger anytime and have it with a reasonably priced Liquid Gold, should they wish it. Today, Kris was handling kitchen duties while Jacob worked the floor, carrying customers’ orders to the allocated dining area. Kurt was behind the counter preparing drinks when a whiff of puma flooded the room. It didn’t carry the distinctive scent of his mate. He turned to look at the entrance, knowing exactly who had come looking for him. The atmosphere around him tensed as every shifter in the room glanced warily between Kurt and the hostile creature which just entered their midst.

“I want you to leave my son alone,” she commanded as she leaned against the counter, glaring at Kurt.

Kurt probably should have been cowered. But really, at that moment he was just pissed. No matter what Noah’s mother thought of him, Kurt Hummel listened to no one.

“You should talk to Noah about that, not me.” Kurt shrugged, pouring a shot of gin into the shaker before mixing the combination of liquids. The customers at the bar top had cleared away when the puma approached; leaving Kurt alone with the woman while others watched their interaction from the periphery.

“I didn’t ask peacock—“

“Get out. You may have birthed Noah but I’ve no patience for your kind.”

“Well too bad that you’re fornicating with one then,” she said, sneering.

“I meant a bitch. I have nothing against pumas.” Kurt placed the shaker on the counter, staring
Noah’s mum down.

“You... you...” she sputtered, face reddening in outrage. It was quite a funny thing to watch. Kurt could almost visualise the steam coming out from her ears. He smiled. “You think this is funny?”

“Well, yes actually if you could look in the mirror.”

She growled as fur started to form on the surface of her skin, her manicured fingers lengthening into claws.

“Do you really want to do this here? Kris would have you up for damages.”

“Kurt, who is she?” Kris asked from a metre away.


“Should you really be aggravating her?” Kris said warily as he approached the two of them.

“You should listen to the red fox. You really don’t want to be in this fight peacock.”

“And you should listen when I say I’m not leaving Noah. Nothing you say will change that. He’s not going to return to your messed up clan even if I did leave him. Wasn’t the amount on the cheque enough for you to leave him alone?”

Noah’s mum flinched. The money probably hadn’t been enough. But it wasn’t Kurt’s business whether the Puckerman clan could sustain themselves. It was his business however when a capricious woman interfered into their lives just so she could get her hands on Noah now that she knew he had money.

“Very well. You asked for it. Trent!” she shouted, looking over her shoulder at another puma who entered the bar with her call. “It’s beneath me to fight a peacock. But Trent is enough to take you down. No need for me to dirty my fingers.” Her claws retracted, the fur receding beneath the surface as she sat on the stool.

“Of course not.” Kurt unbuttoned his shirt.

“Noah’s mother snorted, watching Kurt closely as he continued to strip naked. “Really? You’re going to take down Trent? Trent may not be our top fighter but his puma will strip your feathers bald.” Then she laughed. And that was when Kurt finally snapped.

He allowed the change to flow, accepting his peacock and caracal selves as they intermingled beneath the surface, slowly coming to the fore. His skin transformed into a blend of blue-green feathers and tawny fur. The tickling at the base of his spine was followed closely by the growth of a tail. His ears stretched, elongating as tufts of feathery hair grew at its tips, perking up at the increased sensitivity to sound. Kurt’s pupils contracted, zoning in on the puma staring transfixed at his conversion. He must have looked a sight to all present with his colourful self, seemingly a cat, and yet not. When the final change took place, with sharp, lethal claws taking the place of his well trimmed fingernails, Kurt purred.
“Everyone out!” Kris shouted at the remaining clients who still remained watching the scene before them. “Now!” Sounds of feet scampering to the nearby exits did not distract Kurt from Trent who stalked towards him. The puma was taking his clothes off, flinging them to the floor piece by piece as he too started to change into his other self.

“Isn’t this a surprise? A mixed breed.” Noah’s mum commented. Kurt snarled at her. “Still you aren’t a match for a mountain lion.”

“No?” Kris said evenly. “What about a half-caracal and a red fox then? That should even things out.” His friend shrugged out of his shirt and unzipped his pants, smirking at Noah’s mother even as a snout began to take shape on his face.

Kurt leapt on the counter, surprising a gasp out of the bitch’s mouth before prowling in the direction of the puma. The puma was leaking all sorts of scent. Kurt sniffed the air, smelling frustration, confusion and most of all, arousal. That was probably what kept the mountain lion from just snapping his neck into two. He didn’t know whether he wanted to kill Kurt or fuck him. Kurt found it terribly amusing and possibly ironic considering how he hated his fucking pheromones in the first place for all the trouble they’ve caused.

“Trent? What are you doing? Attack him!” Noah’s mum shouted from her front row seat.

Trent took a step forward only to halt when Kurt whimpered. It was probably underhanded of Kurt to play the seductive kitty. But hey, he had to use whatever worked to his advantage. Kris remained where he was, ready to pounce if needed. Kurt moved around Kris, nuzzling the red fox, assuring him that he was alright. When Kris made a noise which sounded like Fine-I-will-let-you-handle-this-but-one-wrong-move, Kurt snorted. He was a metre away from the puma now, definitely within leaping range. Trent was big, almost twice as big as Kurt and Kurt wondered whether it was a smart move to even take him on. But he had gotten this far.

Kurt released another wave of pheromones, enticing the puma to come nearer. Sitting on his hind paws, he bared his throat in a seemingly submissive posture. Trent launched at him in one swift move, knocking Kurt on his back. The heavy balls of the puma rested on Kurt’s stomach, his shaft leaking pre-cum on Kurt’s fur. Kurt whimpered one more time, stretching his neck further back. Trent leaned forward, his lolling tongue lapping at the exposed nape. Kurt’s claws dug into the puma’s back, the sting making the puma jerk his head back, giving Kurt the opportunity to latch onto Trent’s throat, aiming for the main artery which pulsed erratically. Trent howled in pain even as Kurt sank his fangs in deeper, tasting the puma’s blood on his tongue. Wrenching his neck out of Kurt’s jaws, the puma hit Kurt hard on the side of his head with his paw, his claws smarting Kurt’s cheek. And the next thing he knew, Kurt was thrown to the other end of the bar, his body knocking over some chairs as he landed on the floor, hitting his head hard.

Kris scampered towards him, sniffing at Kurt, making sure he was alright. Kris turned to the puma and snarled, ready to attack when Kurt started to lose consciousness.

“Well, well, well, what do we have here? Two pumas, a fox and a pearacal walked into a bar. Oh wait, make that three pumas.” A familiar voice commented evenly from the entrance of the bar.
Chapter 18

“Nice of you to make an appearance Noah. How did you get here so fast? Did the snivelling peacock send emergency signals to you?” His mother said, sarcasm dripping from her tone.

“I was going to pay my mate a visit as I usually do. But today I decided to come by earlier, especially after an enlightening phone call from a concerned friend. Thanks Jacob!” Noah shouted in the direction of the kitchen. Jacob’s head peeked behind the saloon doors as the ostrich waved hesitantly at him before hiding again. “I thought I warned you mother. Stay away from me and anything that belongs to me. It seems I must make myself clearer.”

Noah was itching for a fight, had been before he even entered the bar. The scents surrounding the area were not pleasant to say the least. He smelled Kurt, of course, which made his dick stand tall at attention. What displeased him was the scent of the other puma’s excitement. No one touches Kurt but him. He calmly removed his shirt and pants together with his briefs, folding them over the back of a chair as he stepped out of his sandals. Cracking his knuckles, Noah let the change envelope him, the muscles contracting and expanding as they shifted to his puma form. A rumble escaped his chest as he stared the other mountain lion down, baring his fangs. Mountain lions are big and Noah was bigger than most. As he stalked the smaller puma, the latter took a tiny step backward. The puma smelled of Kurt and that made Noah more aggravated than ever. He snarled, leaping at the other, his jaws trapping the puma’s jugular in an iron grip. But Noah didn’t sink his incisors into the trembling puma; instead, he glanced towards the matriarch of the Puckerman household who was watching them both. Noah thumped his tail hard on the floor. His mother flinched slightly at the noise but she still didn’t say a word. The tips of Noah’s fangs sank into the flesh of his prey who was whimpering from fear and now pain. He thumped his tail again. It was his mother’s choice. He would kill whoever he needed in order to protect Kurt. Blood dripped from the wounds on the puma’s neck.

“Fine Noah, you win. Let go of Trent.” And maybe there was still a shred of decency in his mother. “We need him. He’s one of our best.” Or maybe not.

Noah released his stranglehold on Trent, taking a step backward as the latter shifted into his human self. He glanced to the right and saw Kris holding Kurt, who was still lying in a prone position. Both had changed to human form. It bothered him to see another man hold his mate while Kurt was in the nude. Even if the man claimed to have no carnal feelings for Kurt. Noah changed, the muscles rippling once more beneath the surface as fur transformed to skin. He strode over to where Kris and Kurt were.

“Give him to me.” Noah held out his hands, his tone brooking no argument.

Kris shrugged, a familiar smirk adorning his face as he gave Kurt over to Noah. He hefted Kurt into his arms. The strong scent of Kurt’s palpable pheromones still lingered around him. His erection was probably obvious to all. The smirk on Kris’ face became wider when the fox glanced towards Noah’s crotch area.

His mother watched him with a horrified look on her face, Trent right beside her, fully clothed again. “Noah, how distasteful,” she commented deridingly.

“You find my lustful attraction for Kurt distasteful?” Noah laughed. “Thank goodness you won’t be around us then.”

“You can’t mean to cut off ties with the clan Noah.”
“I already did mother, years ago. Just because you need me for your nefarious purposes doesn’t mean I’m going to return.”

“But—“

“No buts mother. The amount I gave you was more than what you deserved. If you come after me or Kurt again, I swear I’ll take the whole clan apart. And you know I’m more than capable of doing that. One by one I’ll take your best fighters down.”

“Noa—“

“I’m not finished mother. The clan listens to you for whatever idiotic reason, but I don’t. If you still insist on making me rejoin the clan and take over as Leader, know that I’ll rule by my terms. And when I’ve won the allegiance of each and every puma, guess what’ll happen to you?” Noah had no intention of taking over the clan. But his mother didn’t know that, judging from the way her face blanched. She stood up abruptly, walking past him without saying a word, Trent trailing behind her as both left the bar.

He looked down when Kurt shifted in his arms and found Kurt smirking at him. “Nice speech there Noah, nefarious and allegiance, really?”

“Haha. Very funny.” Noah glared at Kurt, taking in the abrasions on his face. “I should have sank my fangs into the puma.” And then he saw the unmistakable drying stain on Kurt’s stomach. “Fuck, I should have killed him.” He growled, holding Kurt closer to his chest.

Kurt smacked him. “Much as I like your possessiveness, I’d prefer to take a bath and cleanse the smell of Trent off me. So could you put me down so I can get dressed and then we can go home?”

Noah placed Kurt back on his feet, his eyes still on his mate who was scrambling to put his clothes on.

“Ready?” Kurt asked pointedly, glancing at Noah’s still naked form.

“We’re going to go home and you’re going to wash that awful stench off you and then you’re going to show me your pearacal self because I didn’t get the full preview earlier.”

“Pearacal huh?” Kurt laughed. “Fine, we can do that, wouldn’t want you not to get your money’s worth. You better get dressed fast before I drive myself home.” Kurt winked at him, tapping Noah lightly in the chest before walking out of the bar.

“Damn,” Noah muttered to himself. Kris snickered. “Oh I’m glad you find this funny.” He glared at the red fox.

“He’s got you wrapped around his little finger doesn’t he?” Kris laughed, stopping when the sounds of an engine starting reverberated outside the bar. “You better get a move on before he really drives of.”

“Fuck!” Noah sprinted towards his clothes, not bothering to put them on as he ran towards the exit. No fucking way was he letting Kurt out of his sight, not after the salacious promise made by the pearacal earlier. Kris’ ringing laughter echoed after him.

* * *

Kurt stood in Noah’s bedroom, hair still wet from the shower they shared. Noah had worked him good in the bathroom. His nipples were dark red from Noah’s mouth, his hole stretched by the
puma’s fingers and his shaft dripping a trail of pre-cum down his stomach. He frowned at Noah, who was sitting quite comfortably on the edge of the bed with only a towel wrapped loosely around his waist. Noah’s eyes darkened as they tracked Kurt’s naked body. Kurt refrained from crossing his arms, letting Noah look his fill. Served the puma right for torturing Kurt in the shower and stopping when he was about to come.

“You’re mad.” Noah chuckled, smirking.

“You stopped,” Kurt said shortly.

“If I had allowed you to distract me, you wouldn’t be able to give me the full preview tonight.”

Noah loosened the towel covering him, letting it slide to the ground. “Did you think you were the only one who was suffering?”

Kurt’s eyes were drawn immediately to Noah’s bobbing cock, which stood upright, flushed red at the tip. He licked his lips in anticipation, taking a step forward.

“Nah uh, first you change.” Noah waggled a finger at him.

“Seriously?” Kurt raised an eyebrow.

“Seriously.” Noah arched an eyebrow in return.

“Fine, but remember you asked for it.”

Noah grinned almost maniacally when Kurt began the transformation. The grin disappeared completely when he stood on all fours in his true animal form, unrestrained. He let out a deep purr, sidling up to Noah’s side, rubbing against him, his tail wrapping around one leg.

“Fuck Kurt,” Noah gritted out between his teeth.

Kurt grinned but it probably looked like he was baring his fangs to Noah. He nipped lightly at the area near Noah’s thigh and watched with delight as Noah gripped the sides of the mattress, his already rigid shaft twitching, and a thick trail of liquid seeping out. Noah groaned before standing up abruptly, his eyes slightly crossed as he attempted a glare in Kurt’s direction. Kurt purred, cocking his head to one side, wondering what Noah’s next move was.

Noah bent down, his hands sliding through Kurt’s fur, stroking it with firm yet gentle strokes. Kurt whimpered, his eyes closed, nuzzling Noah’s palm when it caressed the side of Kurt’s face.

“You like being stroked don’t you?” Noah said, his voice a little rough, his hands continued to travel down Kurt’s form, exploring every inch of it. Noah was no longer in his line of sight, rounding behind him to cup Kurt’s balls which had tightened almost painfully. “You’re bigger in pearacal form, aren’t you Kurt?” Noah whispered hoarsely, bending over Kurt’s prone position, his hand wrapping around Kurt’s stiff shaft, moving up and down in rapid movements. Kurt started to whinged, pleading for release. Noah’s cock was a hot piece of rod on his back, rubbing on him, his mate’s spunk matting his fur. When every muscle in his body strained to come, Noah stopped beating off Kurt’s cock. His mate still lay heavily, wrapped around him but there was a sudden shift in the air.

Kurt opened his eyes to see paws on either side of him. It was then he became aware that Noah’s sweaty skin had changed to fur. He whimpered as Noah’s fangs bit into his exposed nape. Noah shifted, his cock now rested outside Kurt’s entrance as the puma teased his opening by rubbing it only with the moistened tip of his shaft. Kurt called out Noah’s name
but what came out was a garbled snarl. He arched his back further, pushing his ass into
Noah, needing his mate inside of him desperately.

* * *

Noah growled deeply, his vision blurring as the scent of their intermingled arousal and Kurt’s
pearacal self with his unleashed hormones assaulted his senses. Kurt in his animal form was deadly
to his stamina. He sank his incisors into Kurt, marking him, careful to avoid the main artery, even
as his dick rammed into Kurt’s tight passage balls deep. He stayed motionless, allowing Kurt’s
body to adjust to his size. When Kurt began to rub against him, Noah started to move, thrusting in
and out of Kurt. Hot prickles started down his spine, his balls tightening, signalling his near
release. Noah shifted and pushed deep into Kurt’s welcoming, snug channel one final time as he
came hard and fast, his spunk spurting out to coat Kurt’s shuddering inner walls. His mate came
seconds after him, his muscles wrapping a fraction tighter around Noah’s aching cock before he
slumped to the ground.

* * *

“Damn it,” Kurt muttered to himself before reaching behind him for Noah’s ear, tugging it hard.
The puma let out a yowl. “Noah, get the fuck off and out of me, and do it in human form or I swear
to God I’ll rip you good once my hole is healed up from your barbaric penis.” He said evenly,
trying not to wince out loud as Noah shifted, stinging his sensitive passage. Noah rumbled which
Kurt took as an apology. He’d rather have Noah’s dick out of him though, for once.
The damp fur on his back changed back to clammy skin, the paws shrinking into hands, and the
rod which was up in his ass reduced in size before slowly slipping out. The puma moved off Kurt
and for a second Kurt admitted to himself that he missed the feeling of Noah enfolding him. He
levered himself on one arm, shifting to lie on his back on the floor, sidling a little closer till his
shoulder touched Noah’s.

“So—” Noah coughed, clearing his throat before speaking again. “Sorry babe. Didn’t mean to.
You wore me out. Is your... ass alright?” He glanced at Kurt, a crease forming on his forehead.

“Just... next time... change back first.” Kurt said quietly, laying a hand over his eyes.

“Next time?” Noah was grinning. Kurt could hear it from his voice.

“Yes Noah, next time.” Kurt blushed. Sex with Noah in human form was always good. Sex with
Noah in cat form was a whole other experience he wouldn’t mind revisiting, minus the part where
Noah’s puma penis raked his walls on the way out.

“Awesome.” Noah he lapped the side of Kurt’s neck slowly, leaving tingles down its trail. Kurt bit
his tongue to prevent a moan from slipping out. He was not ready for another round, just yet. “I
think I might just keep you Kurt.” Noah said teasingly, kissing the part where his shoulder met his
neck tenderly.
Kurt snorted, baring his neck to Noah’s tongue’s ministrations. “I think I might just let you Noah.”
And maybe he just might.

End Notes
Thank you for every single comment and kudos made <3

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