

# Encounter: MEN of O.D.I.N. LIGHTS OUT

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## LIGHTS OUT

He had pursued her across the room, his movements slow and deliberate until he had her backed up against the door with no where to turn. A palm planted on either side of her, his massive body was millimeters from touching her.

“What are you doing?” She wasn’t sure why she whispered. All the common and work areas at O.D.I.N. central were loaded with cameras and microphones. The server room was no exception -- all-father made sure nothing got past him.

“Waiting,” he answered.

“Quit fucking around. Security --”

He glanced at his wristwatch. “Those boys are probably taking the longest shit of their collective lives right about now.”

The right side of his mouth quirked and he moved a millimeter closer.

She closed her eyes, his smile ghosting through her mind the same way it flowed in and out of her dreams at night. She hesitated, almost too afraid to ask. “Waiting for what?”

He was breaking the rules, knew the consequences. An unauthorized liaison between a Berserker and Valk meant termination from the agency. And the only way out of O.D.I.N. was in a body bag.

Damned if she didn't want to break the rules. Not for any one else -- just for him. Opening her eyes, she tried to meet his hot blue stare. She couldn't. Everything about him was too intense. His look, his body, the clawing masculine scent rising up off him.

"Waiting... for... what?" The lights fizzled out as she repeated her question and the door's magnetic locks clicked on, sealing them both inside the room.

"That."

She felt his hand drop to her shoulder and then his mouth covered hers. She opened to him, unthinking, let his tongue slide past her lips to curl and slide against her own.

And then her brain clicked back on.

"Don't be an idiot!" She pushed at him -- more for his protection than her own. She hadn't broken any rule yet. He had lured her down here claiming there was work to do. "The camera batteries --"

He stopped her with another kiss and the hard press of his palm against her breast. "Think. You know the wiring saps the fuel cells. No power equals no mikes, no cameras."

She squirmed, tried to move away but he had closed the air thin distance between them after that first kiss. "For about sixty more seconds before back up is on."

He chuckled, the sound hungry and dangerous -- just like those old Wolfman vids she liked to watch. Her legs started to give and she grabbed on to his arms for support. He grabbed hold of her waist and spun her towards the row of half-stack servers. Her butt bumped against the first one and she tried to move away from him.

"You can't. Sixty seconds from now and your ass is in the hole until all-father gets back from chasing Bastillo and Spears!"

She wasn't exaggerating. He was risking his life for a little slap and tickle. The truth of it washed over her like a powerful aphrodisiac and, for a second, she thought the earth moved.

Then she realized something had detonated one floor down.

In the power room.

“Fifteen minutes. Twenty max.” His hands moved over her body as he talked. Fingers slid beneath the beltline of her leather pants. He tugged at the button. “Say yes. You won’t get in trouble.”

He probably couldn’t see it -- not even with his enhanced vision -- but she shook her head as she tried to force the word “no” past her lips. She couldn’t.

A heart beat later he had the button unthreaded and his hand was forcing her zipper down. Another heart beat and his fingertips were beneath her lace panties and brushing softly against her waxed skin.

“Fuck... I’ve been wanting this so long...” He kissed her neck, his teeth grazing her skin in a dangerous tease.

Wanting this or wanting her? She didn’t know. He’d given no hints, no clues until he’d backed her against the door a few minutes ago.

“So perfect,” he moaned and slid a finger between her labia to stroke at the hard button of her clit. Wet, shaking, she let him push her pants past her hips and lift her until she was sitting on the half-stack.

Something beeped.

“What was that?”

“Five minutes gone,” he sighed and flipped her without warning so that she was stomach down on top of the server stack, her ass bare, her pussy exposed.

Feeling the brush of his thumbs against her lower lips she whimpered in need for what came next. He thrust forward, invading her cunt in one long plunge as he grabbed her hips and cinched her tighter to him.

He leaned over her, his chest against her back as he moved his hips in deep, grinding circles. She felt his teeth against her neck, the whispered rumors whirling in her mind to war with her soft moans as he fucked her.

If he bit her, really bit her with that fabled Berserker bite, he’d never get her out of his heart or his head -- that’s what they said. She struggled against him, tried to grab hold of his head and push him away before he risked too much. Her fingers curled in his hair instead as she rippled the walls of her pussy against his shaft.

He was thick, stretching her until she grunted from the sheer pleasure of it.

“You squeeze me like that again...”

She couldn't not squeeze him, not when it felt so good that it set a wave of contractions rolling through her cunt.

“Not. Yet.” Each word came with a hard stop, like he was gritting his teeth just to say them. He drew back, his cock halfway out of her.

She whimpered, squeezing her ass and thighs tight to hold him in.

Bending down, he hooked her pant cuffs, pulled them tight and lifted her feet off the ground. She heard her sandals hit the floor and then he started to slowly sidestep to his left, rolling her until she was her back. She gasped, feeling her pussy grip and twist around his cock as he turned her one-hundred eighty degrees.

Her pants slid further along her calves until she was bare from the knees to the bottom of her t-shirt. His watch beeped and she tensed. Ten minutes gone.

She growled. Damn the agency. She wanted to wrap her legs around him, to not have to worry about when the lights and cameras were going to come back on. He gave a questioning tug at her pants and she slid her legs free.

Five minutes. Maybe ten. Her heart beat faster, her breath coming in shallow pants as he pulled her into a sitting position. She threw her arms and legs around him, thrilled at the touch of his lips against her throat once more.

“I want to taste you. Lick you.” One hand found its way under her top to squeeze at her swollen breast. “Suck you into oblivion.”

She was coming, his words and deep thrusts triggering her body's response. She moaned. “I'm there. Fuck. Fuck me.”

He moaned with her, his lips fastening against her neck, his teeth sinking into her. He penetrated her skin, lifting her as he did so before forcing her deeper onto his cock. She felt the pulse of her blood leaving her, filling his mouth as his climax pulsed out of him, filling her. She squeezed her eyes shut, nails digging into his skin to keep him fastened to her as she rode his shaft, squirming and bucking with another orgasm.

An ocean roared in her ears, muting the sounds of their lovemaking, deafening her until she couldn't hear her own cries.

The ocean receded.

She opened her eyes.

The lights were back on.

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