

Encounter: Fae Me Baby, One More Time

Riley Ashford

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2010 Riley Ashford

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Fae Me Baby, One More Time

Gabby Morton plastered herself against the wall, and looked for the nearest exit. Of course, the large room's only light was distributed by randomly placed votive candles. Gah! She couldn't believe she'd let her best friend talk her in to such an impulsive, stupid endeavor. "*It'll be fun, my ass,*" she muttered.

A sex party.

Everyone wore a mask, condoms were required, and other than that, well, the motto seemed to be: Go for it! Thank goodness the kink and fetish stuff was restricted to another part of the mansion. She wasn't sure she could watch someone get whipped or get their toes licked or whatever was going on upstairs.

She and Lila had entered the huge multi-story house together, and then her friend had disappeared into the crowd. Gabby skittered through a doorway to avoid a copulating couple in the hall, and after going through two more rooms, another hallway, and a walk-through bathroom, she ended up here: a candlelit den filled with large beds on which people screwed each other vigorously.

God. Kill me now. Please.

While she could avoid looking at all the fornication, she couldn't shut out the moans of pleasure or slaps of flesh against flesh. She was both embarrassed and turned

on. She couldn't stand here and listen to all this... sex. She made her way through the labyrinth of beds, getting hotter and wetter and desperate.

"If I'd only kept my mouth shut," muttered Gabby. One mention of her crush on her boss, Simon Redmond, and Lila had said, "Oh, I know where he hangs out on Saturday nights."

Lila had waited until they were nearly to the front door before she tossed Gabby a feathered mask and admitted they were about to step into a "lust extravaganza." Then she rattled off the rules -- and boom, they were inside and Gabby was on her own.

On second thought, God, kill Lila.

Gabby stumbled and reached for the nearest bed. Instead, she grabbed an ass.

"Oh yeah," a man's voice said. "Spank me, baby. Hard."

"Ack!" She righted herself and hurried toward what she hoped was the exit. She couldn't remember which side of the room she'd entered on, and the candlelight offered little illumination. Finally, she saw the outline of a door, and she grabbed the knob and turned. It opened easily, and she scooted inside, so grateful to be out of the fuck zone, she nearly wept. She pulled off her mask and dropped it, glad to be free of it, too.

"Welcome, little sprite."

The deep male voice vibrated all the way to her womb, and Gabby froze. She was facing the door, having just shut it, and her hand was still clenching the knob. She'd barely glanced at the room, which was only lit by the fire crackling in a large marble hearth. She got an impression of big, dark leather furniture, book-stuffed shelves, and Persian carpets tossed over wood floors. A study, then. A very manly study.

"Let's see what we can do about that shirt."

Male hands snaked around her waist, long fingers making short work of her blouse's buttons. She gasped. "I'm not here. For that. This. Stop."

He stopped, but he didn't remove his hands. Instead he pressed fully against her, and leaned down to place a gentle kiss on her exposed neck. "Your heart is pounding so fast." He breathed deeply. "Hmm. I can smell your sex."

“Hoo-kay,” said Gabby. “I’m sorry. Really sorry. But I kinda got tricked into coming here. I didn’t know about the... uh, activities.”

“Ah.” He dropped his hands and moved away. “I was under the impression that you had come here for me.”

“You?” Gabby slowly turned around, her blouse gaping open as she stared at the man standing a few feet away. He was tall and muscular, his wavy hair cut short, and his blue eyes gleaming. “S-simon?”

Her boss was his usual fine self... sorta. His dark hair was now as blue as his eyes, and his ears tipped up, like he was a Vulcan. His skin had a shimmer to it as if someone had thrown gold dust on him. He wore a billowy white shirt that showed off his awesome, smooth chest and a pair of tight black pants that stopped mid-calf.

“I’m Fae,” he said. He pointed to his head. “I disguise myself when I’m in the human world.”

“Huh?”

“I’m a Faery.” He waved an arm. “This is my house. Fae are very sensual creatures, but my particular... well, species, if you will, can’t mate with humans.”

“So why do you host the parties?”

“I can... hmm, I suppose the word is feed... off sexual energy. It’s not as nourishing as participating in the act itself. Every so often, someone with Fae blood enters my home, and I can enjoy them fully.” He gazed at her speculatively. “And then you came to work for me. My very own little sprite.”

She’d been the receptionist for the Redmond Law Firm for all of three months. The first time she’d laid eyes on Simon, she’d wanted to strip off all her clothes and dance naked for him. “So, you think I’m a real sprite?”

“Unlike my kind, sprites have no problem mating with humans.”

Gabby was adopted, but she had never tried to seek out her birth parents. If she was to believe Simon was a Faery, then it wasn’t too much of a stretch to believe she was a sprite. When had crazy become the new normal?

"It's part of the reason you want me so much," said Simon. "You sensed my true nature. And because you have Fae blood, I can have you."

"Lemme get this straight. You're Fae. I'm sprite. We should fuck."

He looked taken aback. "I suppose we could first indulge in human courtship rituals -- if that will please you."

Gabby was so sexually aroused she was willing to table the entire Fae discussion for now, and while flattered by Simon's kind offer of dating, she was a little past worrying about societal mores. "I think we should fuck," she said. "And do the rest of that stuff some other time."

"Thank the goddess." He crossed the room, leaving glittery shimmers in his wake, and drew her into his arms.

Gabby pulled off his shirt, and he shucked those crazy tight pants, then he helped her undress. By literally ripping of her clothes.

Then they were naked.

Simon felt as good as she had imagined. He wasted no time laving attention on her breasts, his tongue creating maelstroms from nipples to wet, willing, aching pussy. His hands were everywhere, bringing more sensation, more tingling heat than she could nearly stand.

His skin felt smooth and supple, not quite human, either, but very nice. He was completely hairless, even in the genital area, but she found that she liked the unusual way his smooth skin felt.

He was... perfect.

She loved all that he was doing to her. Was it the Fae in his blood, or the sprite in hers, that made her so sensitive to his every touch? God, she'd never wanted this much. Only he could fulfill the promise of pleasure. Only he could give her what she needed.

"Please," she said. She grasped his thick cock and squeezed. She wanted him inside her, filling her up, making her come. "Simon!"

“Yes, my love,” he murmured. He picked her up and took her to the desk. He swept off the objects and put her on its edge, wedging himself between her thighs. Then he guided his cock inside her and started to thrust.

Gabby moaned, holding on to her lover for dear life as he fucked her. Every deep stroke brought her closer and closer to the edge until finally she was falling, falling... into the shiny, glorious feeling of orgasm.

“I’m coming in that sweet pussy,” said Simon. He shoved deeply, his fingers digging into her thighs, and groaned as he emptied his seed into her.

After a long moment, he pulled back, and cupped her face. His gaze held tenderness, and Gabby realized this wasn’t just a one night stand. Simon kissed her, sliding his tongue between the seam of her lips and stirring up another bout of lust.

“Wow,” said Gabby.

“More?” he asked with a wicked grin. “Or would you prefer a long, meaningful talk? Or, perhaps, some snuggling?”

“A bed would be nice,” said Gabby. “A private bed. With just us in it.”

“Whatever my lady commands.” He scooped her up and kissed her again. “We will have many nights together, Gabby. I have no intention of letting you go.”

“Good. Maybe you could talk to my boss, let him know I’ll be sexually satisfying a very handsome Faery for the next few decades?”

He grinned. “Consider it done.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=125>