

Changeling Flash Fiction: Friction

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Friction

I found him dancing with another man. Their bodies were pressed together, his chest to the other man's back. His hips rocked forward as if he was trying to fuck the man right through their pants. I smiled; yes, he was perfect. I slid off my stool and started across the dance floor. Several people moved away, knowing full well what I was and why I was there. When I reached my delectable, leather-clad prey, he flashed me a wicked grin. Within seconds the other man had disappeared and I felt the hard ridge of my prey's cock through our pants, pressing along my ass, as we danced.

"I know you," he whispered in my ear.

"Mm, do you now?"

He spun me around and slipped an arm around my waist, jerking me hard against his body. He rocked his hips in time with the music, our cocks grinding over each other through two layers of leather. His shirt clung to the hard lines of his chest, wet with his sweat. I ran my hands up his stomach to his chest and when I reached his nipples, I took each one and gave it a painful twist. He hissed and thrust his hips harder. The muscles in his arm tightened as he pulled me closer to his body. The friction of leather on flesh made my head spin and with a growl I backed him into the wall.

"Fuck me," he whispered as I pulled his shirt over his head.

I angled my head down and sucked a hard nipple into my mouth. He threaded his fingers through my hair and gathered it into his fist. The heat of his flesh burned my tongue and I clawed at his pants, desperate for more. When his pants hit the floor, I turned him around and pressed him to the wall. My own pants joined his and I thrust into him in one swift motion. His hands curled into fists and I bit at my lip as the heat of his body scorched my cock. It was silky smooth and seared every inch of my flesh with its tight heat.

I thrust again and he cried out. The velvet tightness of his ass sucked me in and I thrust once more. His body shook between me and the wall.

“Do you know me now?” I hissed in his ear.

“Yes,” came the breathless reply.

“Then remember me in your dreams.”

I thrust into that tight, blazing heat again and sank my teeth into his neck. He shuddered in my arms and I came as I fed. His blood was as hot as his ass, and just as sweet.

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