

# My Lady's Trouble

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**Encounter: My Lady's Trouble (Lady Troubles)**

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## **My Lady's Trouble**

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**On the anniversary of their first date, Maxine, a trans werewolf, knows better than to argue with Sonya -- her mate's hormones are out of control and all disagreeing will do is bring shouting. Or tears. Maxine has another plan for domestic harmony...**

## My Lady's Trouble

Maxine watched, amused and trying to hide her smile, as Sonya cursed the shoes, she'd bought only last week. Attempting to sound soothing, she murmured, "Dear, the shoes aren't going to get any bigger."

Sonya snapped, "Don't you think I know that?" and she roundly cursed her swollen feet and rounded ankles.

It was June twenty-first, summer solstice, and they were expected to be at SearchLight's Orlando office in a little more than two hours. And while Sonya had managed to struggle into her favorite dress, which showed her rounded belly off to good advantage, she was having trouble with the matching shoes.

Maxine gave it another try as the shoe slipped out of Sonya's hand and bounced across the carpet. "You have slightly larger black ones."

"But these are Goldenrod." Sonya sounded both forcibly patient and thoroughly frustrated.

Maxine crossed to her mate and kissed her cheek. "Beautiful, we don't have to go."

Sonya turned her head so sharply that she almost clocked Maxine in the nose with her gorgeous, large, and sparkly earring. "Skip out on the anniversary of our first date?"

It hadn't really been their first date, the summer solstice party that had happened last June. They hadn't even admitted to each other that they were crushing on each other. Sure, Maxine, transgender, had suffered an intense case of blue balls. She didn't argue with Sonya; her mate's hormones were out of control and all disagreeing could do would be to bring shouting. Or tears.

Besides, Maxine was touched that Sonya thought of last year's summer solstice as an anniversary. She decided she'd think of it that way too, if she could

get a question answered. "Why do you think of June twenty-first as an anniversary?"

"Because it was the first time I had three dreams about you in a single night, and I was wet every time I looked at you in that swirly fuchsia skirt."

This was something Maxine hadn't known. "You didn't act like it. And I couldn't smell any arousal on you." She was a werewolf and knowing others' feelings through smell and other means was part of her nature.

Sonya quit tugging at her shoe and grinned. "That's because I wore a perfume designed to fool werewolf noses. It's made of the flowers from a certain cactus and though it doesn't have a strong scent, it tricks you into thinking I'm, well, unaroused." She smirked. "It's the same one I wear to work. I don't dare let the whole campus know I walk around in a perpetual state of 'do me now.'"

Maxine's cock went from flaccid to erect in under ten seconds. She pulled Sonya against her so her mate could feel how stiff she was. "Maybe we can be late?" she suggested.

Sonya didn't answer right away. But when she spoke, her voice was thick with need. "Help me out of this dress."

Maxine led her mate to the bedroom and, after turning on some music so the whole pack wouldn't know what they were doing, sat her on the edge of the bed. Then she dropped to her knees and parted Sonya's thighs tenderly.

"I can't see you," Sonya complained. "This damn pregnancy belly."

"You're not wearing any underwear," Maxine noted. "Expecting something at the dance?" She knew perfectly well Sonya alternated between days when she wore pads to keep her bladder leaks under control and wearing nothing at all because the elastic of the panties made her uncomfortable.

"Just hoping I'd run into a sexy werewolf named Maxine and she'd jump my bones."

Maxine plunged her tongue between Sonya's labia. She savored the juices, slick and hot, on her tongue. She moaned.

Sonya was soon writhing above her. She'd thrown herself back on the bed and was tossing her head back and forth as she enjoyed Maxine's talented mouth. This was something they'd had to ease into. Sonya hadn't liked oral sex. But as her pregnancy advanced and her hormones shifted, she fell into it more and more. She never asked for it but when it came, she threw her caution and unease to the wind.

Maxine knew there would probably be a day when the pendulum swung back the other way and she wouldn't be welcome between her mate's legs, at least not with her tongue. But she was resolved to luxuriate in this feeling while she had it.

"Enough!" Sonya cried. "I need your cock."

They maneuvered carefully until Sonya was kneeling over Maxine. She loved being on top; that hadn't changed. Maxine steadied her with hands on her broad hips. Sonya's dress was still on and it puddled around them. That was fine with Maxine; she had a feeling they weren't going out tonight.

Her cock slipped easily into its warm home and both of them cried out in pleasure as it was seated. Maxine's balls tightened and she groaned, closing her eyes for a moment in an attempt to get hold of her racing heart. When she looked up into Sonya's beautifully brown eyes, she gasped. "You're so very lovely, my dear."

Sonya blushed. "Thank you." She added, "Although if one more person tells me I have that damned pregnancy glow, I'm going to bite them."

"That must be our half werewolves inside you talking."

Sonya laughed, and when she did, her vagina contracted around Maxine's penis. Oh, fuck, but that felt good. They moved as one, Maxine thrusting and Sonya lowering herself to meet her.

"I love you," Sonya panted, her skin slicked with sweat. "I need you. Fuck me."

Maxine gave her all she could, burying herself as deeply as gravity and Sonya's body would allow. Her eyes crossed with pleasure and desire and she moaned her mate's name.

Sonya groaned her first orgasm, shuddering all over, and Maxine stilled her headlong rush, giving Sonya time to enjoy. Then they moved again.

"Feels so damned good," Maxine whispered. "I've missed you."

Sonya laughed again. "It's only been two days."

"The longest two days of my life," Maxine proclaimed. Sonya had been exhausted, too tired for sex. But her energy was with her tonight.

The second orgasm came, washing through Sonya, evident in the tightening of her vagina around Maxine's erection.

Then Maxine was coming, letting go and gasping "Oh, Sonya, oh Sonya," over and over as she did.

Sonya rolled off her and she was asleep in less than ten minutes, only waking briefly when Maxine cleaned the stickiness for her so she wouldn't wake annoyed.

Maxine stretched out beside her mate and texted her department head, Agent Wellington, letting him know she and Sonya wouldn't be able to make it. Then she hugged her beloved lady love against her and fell asleep.

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