

Sexual Predator

Kassie Burns

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2008 Kassie Burns

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.

Benneaa emerged from the bar feeling no pain. She'd had quite a few drinks to celebrate her promotion, and her usual swagger had become more of a stagger. It didn't help that she'd dressed up for once in a short, tight crimson dress that hugged her curves and six-inch 'fuck me' heels. She wanted to be fucked, bad, but none of the men at the party had volunteered. She guessed her reputation had preceded her.

The door slammed behind her, shutting out the pulsing music, the sound of laughter, and the clink of bottles. She'd come outside for a breath of fresh air, but maybe she should just leave. Hell, there was no action in the bar, not for her. The men she worked with considered her a ball-buster. She considered that a compliment.

Sighing, Bennea started to walk toward her aerocar, parked down the street, under a light. It was late and she needed to catch the first flight out of the spaceport tomorrow. As she passed an alley, a soft footfall in the shadowed depths made her turn her head.

The alley looked like any other in a hundred cities on a hundred worlds. Old brick walls splashed with obscene graffiti and drawings, trash littering the street, a dumpster reeking of decay. Bennea's first instinct was to ignore the sound. But her feet refused to obey. High heels tapping against the concrete, she turned into the alley.

The sexual predator stepped from the deepest shadows, wrapped in a long, dark cloak. Only his slitted green eyes shone, bright with his insatiable lust. Bennea's skin tingled with the electric sensation of psi power pulsing around him.

She opened her mouth to cry out, but he was faster. His will settled around her like a net. He was the hunter and she was the prey, easily captured by his paranormal power. His mind pulled her to him, and with a helpless groan she stumbled over to where he stood.

When she reached the shadows, he grabbed her by the shoulders. At the touch of his fingertips, the predator's sexual lusts poured into her, shattering the barriers of her resistance. Her pussy clenched and pulsed and her nipples grew hard. The predator's burning thoughts seared through her mind, seeking her deepest desire, obliterating the present, plunging her into the past.

Her first love stood before her. Bennea's heart caught in her throat at the sight of him. Rand's lean features were sharp with his hunger for her. His sea-blue eyes wordlessly begged forgiveness for ditching her. As if in a dream, she reached up to touch his full, soft bottom lip. His warm breath brushed her cheek. She stroked his silky white-blonde hair and wrapped her arms around his neck, welcoming him back into her embrace.

"Rand!" She whispered his name and blinked away happy tears. He gripped her waist and turned her so her back pressed against the alley wall. For a moment she smelled the stench of garbage. Rand's handsome face blurred and fear knifed through her. Then his musky, familiar scent filled her nostrils, erasing the fear. His palms caressed her bare thighs, pushing up her tight mini-shirt. A delicious heat rushed through her body. God, it had been too long. She pressed her pelvis against him and felt the welcome hardness of his erection.

"Don't worry. I'm going to fuck you hard." Even as he spoke, he pulled her bikini panties down.

Chill bumps rose on her exposed flesh as the cool night air teased the heat between her legs. She shivered when Rand's fingers parted her moist lower lips. His fingertips slid over her slick folds and pushed into her. Her pussy clenched hard around them, and her heart hammered with anticipation. His thumb found her

hardening clit and a jolt of electricity traveled from her core up her spine to explode in her head. A bone-rattling shudder racked her body. Damn, it had been so long.

Rand's long, thick cock probed between her thighs, his hot, velvety skin caressing hers.

"Kiss me first." Bennea couldn't keep the pleading note from her voice. He growled his impatience, but his mouth settled over hers, hot and hungry. She parted her lips to allow him in, the tip of her tongue searching for his. His thrust went deep into her mouth, possessing her with a feral eagerness.

He broke the kiss and pressed her harder against the wall, his rock-hard thigh forcing her legs apart. His dark robe had fallen open and she glimpsed his naked body. God, he looked as delectable as she remembered, sculpted arms and shoulders, ripped abs.

Groaning, she arched her back and pulled down the top of her dress so that her breasts spilled free. Rand growled again, lust rumbling deep in his broad chest. He pinned her arms to the rough brick and sucked her nipples, first one and then the other, his tongue teasing them to stiff peaks, his teeth nipping the sensitive tips, while she writhed beneath each rough caress. He cupped her ass with his big, strong hands and lifted her. She slipped one hand down the slick, sweaty wall of his chest and abdomen to grasp the pulsing shaft and guide the head to her aching entrance.

Rand rammed into her, slamming her hard against the wall. The breath whooshed from her lungs and a wave of dizziness left her lightheaded. Rand's white-blond hair seemed momentarily darker in the shadows next to the wall, but the sensation of his thick cock filling her drove every other thought from her mind. She wrapped her legs around his hips and her arms around his neck and clung tight.

His hips pumped, grinding her bare back against the uneven bricks. She didn't care. Not when she shared the dark desires he sent pouring through her mind, not when his cock stroked her inner sheath, each thrust sending a firestorm of pleasure roaring through her nerves. Heat danced up and down her spine until she thought the top of

her head would blow off. She dug her nails into his shoulders and rocked her hips forward to take him deeper, reveling in the savage fucking.

Rand kissed her neck, his lips pressed against a pounding artery. Pressure coiled in her center, tightening into an unbearable knot. With his next thrust, it exploded. Shudders racked her body. She felt his incisors scrape her skin.

Her heart aching, Bennea pulled back from Rand's embrace. His handsome face was dissolving, his whole body returning to the dark shape that had summoned her into the alley. His lips drew back, fangs descending.

It took all her psychic strength, but she formed the deadly shaft deep in her mind and sent it flying straight into his.

He howled, an inhuman shriek that ripped apart the silence of the night. The psychic link they shared made her bones vibrate with pain. He pulled free of her, arms flapping, and crumpled to the ground. Her pussy, empty again, throbbed with satisfaction.

A second later the bar door banged open and her friends came running out.

Bennea kicked the body away from her and straightened her clothing. Her fellow officers need never know she'd wanted sex enough to yield to the lure of a sexual predator, the very creature she was trained to hunt.

"Wow." Scul, the first to arrive on the scene surveyed the crumbled body. "You are a ball breaker."

Bennea laughed and turned to walk away without a backward glance. "I just follow the corps motto: If you fuck with my body, I'll fuck with your mind."