

Mission Practice Elayne S. Venton

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2008 Elayne S. Venton

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.

Mission Practice

“Are you really planning on knotting these together to make an outfit for tomorrow?” Gavin asked, holding a sheer green scarf in front of his face. “I don’t know if I like that idea.”

Wrapped in a towel, Colonel Dana Tangier stepped from behind the bathroom curtain and mentally rolled her eyes at her mission partner. They’d had sex once and already he oozed possessiveness. “You...” Dana grabbed a loose end and tugged. “...have no say in the matter.” Gavin held tight. She stared at him, imitating the challenge and heat in his gaze. “If any of the Tai-Jor senators recognize me, our operation will be over before we get started.”

“I understand the head veil,” he said, slowly rolling the scarf around his fist. “It’s the rest of you I want to hide from the Tai-Jorians.”

“This part?” In an attempt to distract him and loosen his grip on the scarf, she dropped her towel. She surprised herself with this new brazen Dana. Where had the shy elusive professor gone? Had the reinstatement of her military rank brought back her confidence or did it have more to do with the unexpected interest from the young flirtatious Lieutenant Gavin Moore?

A wicked smile lifted the corner of his mouth as he looked over her less than perfect form, but he held firmly to the scarf. Slowly, he reeled her in until she plopped

down onto the bed beside him. Their thighs skidded together, smooth cooled skin against the tickling hairs on his hot leg, and just like that, sparks shot through her again, burning her misgivings to ashes. With a twinkle in his eye, he rolled toward her and pressed her down onto the mattress using his weight to hold her in place.

“I just cleaned up,” she cried as new moisture gathered between her legs.

“Good, now we can start over.” He pressed a kiss to her temple. “You said we need to come across as seasoned lovers. Practice makes perfect.”

The whine of complaint turned into a whimper of delight when he settled his heavy cock on her belly and began nibbling on the sensitive spot on her neck just below her ear. Her body melted at his touch.

He was right. The Tai-Jor would be watching them all the time, looking for a kink in either their personal or professional partnership. She and Gavin would be expected to make love to show the strength of their bond and they couldn't look like new lovers.

As his lips drifted down to the outside of her breast, her eyes fluttered half-shut. So far, this was turning out to be the best assignment in a very long time. All she had to do was keep a level head and remember the connection between them was strictly business despite Gavin's claims to the contrary. He was seventeen years her junior, for Pete's sake, blinded by youthful lust and hero worship. He'd get over her as soon as the mission ended.

“So tell me what kinky moves you have so I won't be shocked,” she demanded, hiding the twinge of regret that all this would end too soon.

“Funny you should ask.” He held up the scarf they'd been fighting over. “I'd like to bind you, but it might remind you too much of your past captivity.” The compassionate look he gave her soothed her soul. “How about I blindfold you?”

Given all the sadistic sex rituals she'd endured in the past, a blindfold seemed tame. Plus, it required trust, an important factor for the upcoming mission. Pulse thumping, she nodded. “Go ahead.”

His beaming smile made her smile too. The tension in her shoulders eased after he tied it at the back of her head. Even folded over several times, she could see light and shadow through the sheer layers of the scarf.

"You're beautiful," her lover said, straddling her thighs and gazing down at her.

She stretched, lifting her arms over her head and clasping her hands together. "I'm yours, Gavin." She relaxed the rest of her body, leaving her hands linked above her head as if they were bound that way. His breath hitched. Knowing she'd pleased him, happiness swelled within her.

After a brief, sweet kiss, Gavin's coarse five o'clock shadow scraped across the sensitive curve of her breast, his mouth seeking the peak, his wet tongue gliding upward to lick the taut nipple. Dana held her breath as he laved the aching point, and then she arched her back, lost in the instinctive need to feed his hunger. Why hadn't she allowed him access to her body weeks ago? Coming together had been inevitable.

Moist lips closed over her rosy tip and Gavin suckled noisily, drawing out her passion. She gasped at the pull in her lower belly and eased her thighs apart just enough to let air lick at her wet entrance. His roaming fingers found her other nipple and rolled it into a hard peak.

Her nerve endings crackled with heat.

He switched to the other breast, vigorously sucking on it while tweaking the other. Not satisfied with just one at a time, he compressed her breasts together and slid his tongue from one nipple to the other in rapid succession. She arched up, silently begging for more. God, she wanted him to swallow her breasts whole. "Gavin..."

"Hm?" His mouth left her breasts to kiss her mouth. "What do you want, sexy lady?"

Whatever she was going to say dissipated when he pinched her nipple. "Ah!" Her hips surged upward, seeking his rigid erection, need pulsing through her inner muscles.

She writhed beneath him, skin rubbing skin, mouth against mouth, the muffled strains of lust filling the small room. She was breathing so fast, she had to turn her head

from his bombardment of chaste kisses. His mouth latched onto her neck and goosebumps erupted on her raised arms. He pressed her knees apart and left her open, ready. God, she wanted his cock inside her.

He obviously read her desperate need because he cupped her sex and whispered, "Patience."

This was a change. Before, she'd been the one hoping he'd slow down. Youthful exuberance had its faults. Not at the moment, though.

Finally, his fingers probed between her slick open folds. Oh, heaven.

On the hunt again for her turgid peaks, Gavin sucked each one briefly before he lifted his head, his fingers still sliding in and out of her wet channel. "I'm going to eat your pussy, Dana."

Heat surged through her, moisture seeped from her core, and she squeezed his stroking fingers with her inner muscles.

"I want to smell your desire, suck your clit until you come for me and then I'm going to lick your cream until you're dry." He flexed his fingers, probing for the G-spot. She jerked with a little orgasm when he found it. God, he was good.

"Dana?" Uncertainty hovered in his voice.

"Yes. God yes. Eat me, Gavin." She lifted her knees, briefly bracing his hips, and then spread her legs wider.

Pausing in his delightful stroking, he seemed surprised by her response, and then he chuckled low. "You're killing me, Dana." Without any fanfare, he shifted his weight down and nuzzled his nose into her pubic hair. His tongue slid between her parted lips.

A spasm rocked her and she forced herself to lie still while his mouth stoked a fire. It didn't take long for his slithering tongue to make her heart pump hard. Her body quivered against his mouth. She dropped a hand to her blindfold but Gavin clamped his free hand on top of it. "Please," she cried. "I want to watch you."

She wanted to see his eyes, sultry as the night, as he latched onto her clit.

“No.” He slid his tongue from her opening to her clit, lapping at the rigid bud.
“Just feel, baby.”

Burning lust swirled within, contracting tighter and tighter until she lost control, rocking against his mouth, pushing him back, arching higher and higher. “Oh, God, Gavin!” She gripped his shoulder, grinding against him as she reached for the peak of the pulsing orgasm.

He clamped down on her hip before his lips closed over her aching clit and sucked hard, taking her into the vortex of a blinding climax.

“Ga-vin,” she grunted as she shoved her pussy against his face. Light burst behind her eyelids as she convulsed around her lover’s fingers, drenching them with feminine cream.

Dana lowered her trembling hips slowly, her vaginal muscles gripping his fingers, loathing the moment when he’d pull them out. Her thighs shuddered around his head and he turned his face to kiss her inner thigh. Tiny aftershocks left her quivering from head to toe.

Harsh breathing resonated in the small space and it wasn’t solely her gasping for air. Gavin shifted forward and she felt his hard cock brush against her belly as he leaned over her heaving chest for a kiss. Before he could stop her, she dropped one arm, shoved it between their bodies, and grasped his cock in her fist. He moaned into her mouth when she gave it a long firm stroke, ending with a little roll over the head. Leaking cum streaked across her palm.

No doubt this was going to be a long night, and she’d be sore in the morning, but they needed the practice, right? As she guided him into her drenched pussy, she deepened the kiss, so glad to be *Back In Action*.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=31>