

Encounter: Troll's Blog -- Window Shopping Shelby Morgen

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Troll's Blog -- Window Shopping

"Spread 'em."

The Cop kicked my feet apart with his boot toe as he slapped the cuffs on my wrist, tight enough to pinch the shit out of me. "Ouch! Bastard. That hurts!"

He yanked my hands together in front of the pole and slapped the other cuff on just as tight. "You have the right to remain silent. If I were you, I'd use it."

I twisted part way around, trying to get a good look at him -- and a good target. I've got 4" long tusks, and they ain't all for show. All I needed was just one slip on his part, one --

"You have the right to an Attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, the court will appoint one for you. But I wouldn't count on that much. Courts don't take kindly to freaks like you."

"What the fuck do I need an attorney for? Am I under arrest?"

"I'm reading you your rights, aren't I?"

He looked down at the card in his hand, and that was all the distraction I needed. I kicked back with one heavy boot heal and got him in the shin, knocking him off balance. While he was busy trying to wrestle 185 pounds of pissed off Troll back under control, I snapped those wussy police cuffs like they were a fashion accessory. Which

they were likely to be for a while, as I doubted he'd be in any mood to give me the key any time soon.

We tumbled to the ground together, him still with a firm hold on the broken cuffs. I paid him for that by jerking his hands under me as I rolled, twisting, to bury my tusks in the meat of his bicep. I was riding the high of the adrenaline rush, and the tang of blood tasted bittersweet in my mouth.

"God damn Troll! You bit me!"

My hands free, I let go of his arm -- hey, I hadn't bitten him \$that hard -- and grabbed for his face, planting one right on his lips even as he fisted my hair and tried to rip my head off my neck.

Mean time, I divested him of that no longer pristine uniform shirt and tore open his belt buckle, tossing all that cop gear, like the electronically sealed pistol case, out of reach. A little blood's one thing. Mace is quite another.

No ordinary human would have stood a chance against a Troll, but this was no ordinary human. This was a cop. My Cop. And he gave as good as he got, shredding my ancient Kiss T-shirt -- that was going to cost him -- and helping me kick my jeans off. His uniform pants followed the gun belt, and moments later he was inside me, the searing heat of his cock buried, branding me from pussy lips all the way to my cervix. He was buried so deep I swear I could taste him in the back of my throat.

And then in another move, as slow as the thrust home had been fast, he lifted his hips and slid his way out, inch by torturous inch. "Noooo," I moaned. "Gimme!"

"Give you what, wench? Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me, damn it!"

"That's what I'm doing." He reversed his stroke, slowly filling my weeping cunt again.

"More! Now!"

"You'll get what I give you, when I give it to you."

I curled my legs around his hips, trying to force him back home. No use. He kept up the agonizing pace, each stroke so slow I could feel every thick, ripe ridge and vein

on his thick length as he rode me. In. Out. Advance. Retreat, the rhythm a slow, lazy glide that left me aching and hollow.

Time to change tactics. Two could play this game.

I managed to get my hands free once again, and I unhooked my bra, what was left of it, spilling my breasts out into my hands. The tips shone a deep, dusky rose red in the silvery light of dusk, contrasting sharply with the powder blue of my skin. The nipples were already erect, full and hard, and despite the pull of gravity on their mass, they displayed nicely in my hands. I bent my head enough to run the tip of my tongue over my left nipple, showing off my brand new tongue ornament. The ball end made a tiny little ping as it clashed with the barbell that pierced my nipple, almost inaudible in the quiet of the huge open room.

Almost.

I sucked my nipple firmly into my mouth, pulling hard, tugging until my pussy pulsed and fluttered over his slowly retreating cock.

The Cop groaned, the effort of maintaining his rhythm etched into the lines on his face. I let the nipple pop out, glistening with my kiss, and reached for the other one, moaning and milking his cock as I sucked it in, hard and deep. With my fingers I nursed the wet tip of the first one, pulling and tugging till it's dusky rose-blue became tinted with pink. I slipped my free hand down to pay equal homage to my clit. "Ohhhh," I moaned. "That feels sooo good."

"Show me." With one of those faster than lightning Cop moves, he rolled to his back, grasping my hips, rocking me up and back on the length of his cock.

Dropping my nipple, I spread my pussy lips wide about his cock with one hand and licked a finger, knowing his eyes were on me when I dropped it to the head of my clit. Slow, deep strokes, matching his own, had me clenching around him in unsteady waves in no time. "Close," I whimpered.

His hips bucked up, searching for rhythm, guiding me, riding me, me riding him, faster, harder, deeper -- everything I'd wanted, now that I was too far gone to keep the pace. He pulled me down, and his teeth swiped my nipple, his tongue swirling the

bar in semi-circles. The insistent tug and twirl put me over the edge, and I went rigid, every fiber in my being screaming with the electrical charge of the orgasm rocking through me.

And then he was gone, and I could have killed him.

Strong, steady hands pulled me around like a rag doll, turning me over, pulling me up on my hands and knees. He drove into me again from behind, one arm under my chest, the tips of his fingers tugging my nipple, while the other stroked my clit in time with his thrusts. He pounded into me now, his balls slapping my sensitive skin with each stroke, the pace so furious now, I knew he wouldn't be much longer. I rocked against him, meeting each thrust, grinding my pussy against his wrist on the down stroke. I could feel another orgasm building, and this one was going to be earth shattering.

The staccato click of heels on the hardwood floor echoed through the otherwise silent night, reminding us where we were. "Everything OK up he--" The heels stuttered, and stopped, to the tune of a little gasp.

The cop groaned against the back of my ear. "Make it good, baby. We got an audience."

He pinched my clit, and I screamed, shaking helplessly in my lover's arms while the real estate agent watched from the hallway. I could smell her arousal. I knew what my cop looked like from behind. Let her enjoy the picture we made.

He followed me over the edge, still thrusting hot and heavy into my clenching cunt. "We'll take it."

"It's got a -- a gorgeous -- view." Somehow I didn't think she was talking about the panoramic overlook of the bay.

"And really sturdy construction."

Good point. I wonder if Sam would have signed the lease if I'd pulled the ceiling down with that pillar instead of breaking his brand new cuffs...

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