

Encounter -- Viking Seduction 2.5: Segrun's View Brannan Black

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Viking Seduction 2.5: Segrun's View

A strong techno beat spilled onto the sidewalk. Even on a Thursday a crowd lined up hoping to gain entrance. Nate walked past the line and the bouncer gave him a big smile and let us in. He gave me an approving look. Then Eira stepped up. It was shameful how she could make grown men drool. Her playful wink spiked his lust so high I nearly choked on the smell. The stupid bastard had no idea the danger under that pretty package.

The darkness at the door gave way to swirling lights over the dance floor. The backlit bar stood along the wall to the right. Crowded tables and booths filled the shadows around the perimeter. We turned to the left and the stairs going up to the VIP section. The bouncer whipped the cord back to let us pass without hesitation.

We settled at an open table overlooking the dance floor.

Eira grinned. "Looks like the hunting should be good."

I sighed. "But easy, too easy."

Eli and Nate both laughed.

Nate leaned forward to finger a strand of gold blond hair that lay on my chest. "If you want a challenge, don't wear such a sexy little outfit, darlin'."

I shot him a killing look for touching me but he just flashed that drop dead gorgeous smile. His white teeth stood out against his café-au-lait skin. His green eyes sparkled with mischief in that model pretty face.

I grabbed a finger and twisted. "I see you still think you're God's gift. One I will enjoy crushing before I return it to sender." I let it go with a shove and a cold stare.

My brother snickered. "Looks like someone needs a good fucking and dinner, not necessarily in that order." The others joined in.

Fuck him! Didn't he realize how hard I had to work to keep Nate and Ace in line? Those two pricks treated me like a baby sister they could harass not the field commander of the Svartdraken!

The hairs on the back of my neck stood up in warning. I scanned the room. There, just coming in, an older man scanning the room. Dressed in street casual clothes, he stuck out like a fox in a hen house.

Appearing to check out the dance floor below, I watched him scanning the room through my lashes. Shit, I knew him. He was the cop who stumbled on our fight with Ferine. Eira had altered his memories so why was he watching us? Or was he? His gaze barely hesitated before moving on. Shit, my pussy clinched as he prowled toward the far end of the bar. He had the sensual grace of fighter and a really nice ass. I wanted a closer look.

I jerked my head toward the stairs leading to the dance floor. "Shall we, partner?"

Eira smiled widely. "Oh yeah."

We snaked our way onto the dance floor, shimmying and shaking with the rest. It wasn't crowded; until men started circling Eira like moths to a flame. Times like this, I enjoyed height, with heels I hit 6'5" and I could see over most heads to keep a covert eye on my cop.

The man's skill at surveillance impressed me. His gaze passed over us like he was just watching the crowd. Every now and then, he'd glance up at our table. He even flirted with a couple women while keeping us in his peripheral vision. Clever man. I

liked clever men. He looked a very fit and healthy mid fifties with a sprinkling of salt in his dark hair. His face had weathered to a rugged handsome. I bet he'd be a good fuck, plenty of experience. Too bad I couldn't risk it. Not with the way he was already watching us.

Eira danced so close to her mark, they might as well have been fucking. With a wink, she headed down the hall toward the bathrooms, and the door to the alley. He followed like a lemming.

My cop casually looked around, as if hunting the men's room, and followed. I went out the front door and around. He crouched between a car and the wall, watching Eira and her mark going at it in the shadows of a dumpster. The smell of his lust drew me. My pussy slicked and my fangs ached to taste him.

"Maybe you'd like a more up close and personal look?" I stifled a chuckle as he jumped and spun. Shit, he moved really well. Sexy even. without my four inch heels, I would still be a couple inches taller than he was. Not that I minded. He still looked down right fuckable.

Surprise and fear showing on his face, he went for his gun. I slammed his back to the wall, my hands pinning his over head. I leaned in and took a deep breath. The sent of his musk hit me low. My pussy heated as my fangs ached to drop. "Mmm, smells like you're really enjoying the show." I brushed his neck with my lips. Fuck, his blood sang to me.

With my lips hovering over his, I asked permission. I'd never forced anyone. Seduce, yes. Rape, no. "Do you want me? I promise I won't hurt you." I chuckled and grabbed his lower lip with my teeth and sucked it out. "Unless you ask me too."

I pressed him back against the wall, letting him feel me. Shit, the man was hard. I ground my pussy over his cock as I claimed his lips. His small gasp of pleasure gave me an opening to plunder his mouth.

"Uhhnnn, yeah!" His moan slid down my throat and stoked the fire in my pussy.

My pussy clenched and my nipples peaked hard under my shirt. I shifted his hands to one of mine. Stroking down his body, I headed for his rock hard cock.

Our moans mingled as I cupped him then stroked him through his pants. Fuck, I wanted him buried so deep in my pussy I could taste him when he came. I wrangled his zipper with one hand and stroked him root to tip and back. Velvet over steel, shit, he felt amazing!

"Uhhnnn, damn." He moaned again.

My pussy ached, I swirled my thumb over the broad head of his cock.

"God." He thrust into my hand.

"Tell me yes and I'll rock your world." Shit, please Odin, let him say yes!

"Yessss," he hissed out and thrust into my grip. I stroked him even harder.

I let his hands go. He massaged the mounds of my breasts, thumbs teasing my nipples in circles. I gasped as pleasure raced through me.

His hand slipped under my shirt -- I rarely bothered with a bra -- and we exchanged gasps. He thumbed my nipple in circles then pinched it lightly and rolled it between thumb and fingers.

"Yes, fuck, baby. That's it!" I moaned and writhed against him. His other hand stroked down to the end of my skirt and up. I smelled his lust spike when he found I had no panties either. His cock swelled and he jerked out of my hand while he rubbed my pussy lips.

I moaned and spread wider, tipping my pelvis, inviting him in. His finger slipped in. *"Fuck me! Oh baby, I want your cock buried deep."*

He flipped us so my back was against the wall. I wrapped a leg over his hip and guided his hot, hard cock to my pussy. Our gazes met and he thrust hard.

Gasping, I threw my head back as he filled me. Fuck, he felt even better than I'd imagined. I slide my hands to his ass, holding him to me as he stroked deep and slow.

Oh, yeah, the man knew how to make a woman purr! A shock of lust shot through me when he sucked on my neck. My fangs dropped and my pussy clinched, so close. Fuck, so close!

He thrust harder, picking up the pace. Grabbing his face, I kissed him then nudged his head aside. Fuck, his blood called me. Hot, rich with lust. I slid my fangs in. Fuck yeah! He tasted like sin.

For a heartbeat, his body locked up, his cock swelled with his seed. One thrust that hit all my buttons and he came hard. That was all it took to send me over. Pleasure ripped through me.

Fuck! So fucking good! But instead of enjoying the afterglow, I had to enter his thoughts, alter his memories. If he was lucky, he'd forget the best fuck I'd had in years. But I wouldn't.

I felt a resistance. He'd already shaken off Eira's effort to make him forget us. If this didn't work, he'd be deemed a threat and dealt with. I'd be damned if I let him have an "accident." I'd claim my sexy cop before I let anything happen to him.

Watching him stumble away, I had a feeling we'd see each other again, very soon

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