

Encounter -- Shifter's Station: Prolonged Need

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Shifter's Station: Prolonged Need

Marc slid the washcloth slowly over Larissa's breasts. She gasped when he circled her nipple.

"What's the matter, still horny?"

She looked up into his wolfish eyes. "Yes, you bastard."

Marc, annoyed that she'd managed to distract him from work the night before, had brought her to the edge of an explosive orgasm that morning -- then left her hanging.

He'd pushed all the pilots through a punishing workout and every rasp of her flight suit against her breasts and pussy had been agony. When he'd sent her to take a shower instead of dragging her back to his quarters she'd feared he would leave her wanting all day.

"You know you're just making it worse for yourself." Kirlos massaged her shoulders, and she leaned her head back. The hot water caressed her like a lover's hands, stimulating her already heated flesh.

She snarled. "Fucking sadist."

“Damn right, and you love it.” Marc slid the cloth between her legs. She bit her lip to keep from screaming. But she couldn’t keep from arching into his touch, writhing against the cloth’s rough surface.

Kirlos laughed as he ran his tongue up the side of her neck. He massaged her ass with a soapy cloth. “Should we show her some mercy?”

Marc laughed. “Never.”

“Damn it, I’ve had enough.”

Marc growled and dropped his washcloth. He cupped her face in both his hands, his eyes glowing with a wolf’s menace. “You’ll never have enough of me.”

Larissa gasped. His rough words only made her hotter. “No. Never,” she agreed, her words breathy, barely audible.

He released her and leaned back against the wall of the shower. “Take her, Commander, and make it a good show.”

Kirlos laughed. “As you wish, Captain.”

He handed Marc his washcloth and slid his hand between Larissa’s legs. She pushed her hips back to meet him. “Yes!”

He pushed a few fingers deep inside her. “Mmmm. She’s soaking wet.”

“Of course I’m wet after what he put me through.”

Kirlos laughed. “And I’m hard as a titanium blade after watching you. Brace yourself.”

Larissa placed her hands on the shower wall above Marc’s shoulders. She couldn’t resist leaning forward to lick drops of water off his chest.

Kirlos thrust deep, filling her in one stroke. She hissed, squeezing Kirlos’s cock with her internal muscles, eager to feel his natural vibrations. He slid back out with torturous slowness.

“No!” The loss of sensation infuriated her. She looked up at Marc, snarling. “Tell him to fuck me now.”

Marc arched a brow. “I think he’s doing a delightful job.”

Kirlos's fingers bit into her hips, holding her still, and Marc circled her wrists with his hands, preventing her from fighting them. Kirlos kept up the agonizing rhythm until she thought she would lose her mind.

She squeezed her eyes shut as heat blazed across her. Her clit ached so badly she couldn't concentrate to draw breath. She writhed trying to escape the prison of their hands. "Fuck me like you mean it."

"Look at me." Marc's voice had deepened, and she felt the prick of claws against her wrist.

She did as he commanded.

"Beg for it."

"Damn you."

Marc simply held her gaze, effectively freezing her in place.

Kirlos reached around and brushed her clit, ripping a scream from her. "Please. Fires of Hell, please!"

Kirlos drove into her until his balls slapped against her ass. He withdrew and shoved back in faster and harder with each stroke.

"Yes! Gods of Earth, yes!"

Marc pulled one of her hands from the wall and pushed it downward. She needed no more guidance. She wrapped her hand around his cock, sliding up and down with firm strokes.

Her orgasm rose harsh and fast. Kirlos squeezed her clit as he fucked her as hard and rough as she liked it. He groaned. "I'm almost there!"

His hoarse words rushed across her like a caress. Her body tightened. She worked Marc faster. "Come with us," she screamed.

Her spasms broke the last thread of Kirlos's control, and he exploded inside her. Marc stiffened, and jets of cum splashed against her belly as he gave into the storm of lust riding them all.

Larissa sagged against him when their passion was spent. Kirlos wrapped his arms around them both. She tilted her head up just enough to watch Kirlos capture

Marc's mouth in a possessive kiss. "I think you should get her worked up like that more often."

Marc smiled. "So do I."

Larissa tried to make herself protest, but she was simply too damn satisfied to care.

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