

Encounter -- Broken Valentine: Flying Lessons

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"Hell no." Val's horrified expression as she watched the human female being punished almost made Garvin laugh, his humor squashed only by the lustful look his love fairy received from the whip-wielding werewolf. Glowering at the large, leather-clad male, Garvin wrapped his fingers possessively around Val's slender wrist and pulled her forward.

"If you think you're laying one hand on me, archer boy, you have another think coming." Val stomped behind him, her stiletto boots ringing on the concrete floor, her silk skirt rustling. "The only thing getting whipped will be your ass," she threatened. "I'll flay the skin right off your tough hide."

"She is *not* a submissive." Tiberius, Garvin's friend, stood by a closed door, his giant demon arms crossed.

"No, she's not." Garvin grinned. There wasn't a submissive bone in Val's lush body. That wasn't the game they came to the BDSM dungeon to play.

"Too bad."

Garvin didn't like the red gleam in the demon Dom's eyes. He put an arm protectively around Val's waist, spreading his black-feathered wings to shelter her further.

“Relax, friend. I don’t trouble another person’s property.” Tiberius ignored Val as she told him what she thought of his property comment. “The room has been set up to your specifications.” He opened the door. The scent of roses tickled Garvin’s nostrils. “You won’t be disturbed.”

“Thank you.” He pushed a suddenly silent Val over the threshold, and Tiberius closed the door behind them. His instructions had been followed perfectly. The gray walls were draped with sky blue silk, sparkling crystal vases filled with pink roses serving as the trim. In the center of the otherwise empty room was a swing. “Val...” Garvin waited for her reaction. She’d either smother him with kisses, or beat him senseless. There was no middle ground with Val.

“You did this for me?” Val turned to him, her pretty pink eyes wide, and Garvin nodded, not trusting his voice. She liked it. She really liked it. “For our anniversary.” She walked toward the swing. “You remembered.”

He followed her. Of course, he remembered. His past was neatly divided into two time periods: Before Val and After Val. “You should be naked.” Garvin lifted the hem of her pink frothy dress, and a distracted Val allowed the garment to be pulled over her head. She wore a white lace bustier with matching panties, and stockings underneath. He licked his lips. She looked good enough to eat.

“On the swing.” He lifted her up easily, and she slipped her curvy legs through the harness, the pink straps matching the color of her skin. The swing allowed access to all of her, and he would access all of her by the end of the night.

“The panties have to go.” Removing an arrow from the quiver slung over his shoulder, Garvin used the silver tip to slice through the white lace. “Better.” He returned the arrow to the quiver. Much better. Her pretty pink pussy was open to him.

“I’m ready, Gar.” Val smiled at him, stretching out her legs. “Are you?”

“I will be.” His cock was already hard, straining against the leather of his pants. “But first, you fly, fairy.” He drew her toward him, and released. She squealed like a child, her head tilting back, her pink curls bouncing. He pushed her higher and higher, until she soared, spreading sparkles over the concrete floor, her tiny feet pumping, her

fairy wings glistening under the lights. Only then did he strip naked, standing proudly in front of her.

“Are you going to catch me, cupid?” Val called to him. “I don’t think you can,” she taunted.

He knew he could. He watched her swing back and forth, back and forth, waiting, waiting, waiting, and then he launched his body into the air, clutching the ropes. “Caught you,” Garvin crowed triumphantly, bending down to kiss her parted lips. She tasted like summer wine, and love. He nibbled, he sucked, he plunged his tongue into her mouth, as they swung.

She hugged his naked body closer to her soft skin, her hands free, her fingertips sliding down his back to his clenched ass cheeks. He lowered slowly, his cockhead skimming over her stomach, through her pink curls, to her moist heat. He thrust forward, trying to enter her, but with the swinging and the kissing, he missed, his cock slipping along the folds of her pussy.

“Val.”

“Need some help?” His wicked love fairy laughed, her hands, those wonderful, velvety hands closing around his shaft, directing him, and he groaned, his eyes closing with the overwhelming ecstasy of filling her. Her stocking-clad legs wrapped around him, securing him to her, and her heels dug into his ass, propelling him forward.

They swung and kissed and fucked, Garvin working with the momentum, driving his cock into Val’s pussy with each upward swing, and withdrawing on the downward arc. Her body was so warm, and wet, and tight, he needed more, beating his wings faster and faster, trying to pump deeper into her, his frantic actions swinging them higher.

“Faster, higher, more, more, Gar.” Val panted encouragement into his ear, her breasts heaving within the constraints of the lace bustier, her fingernails digging into his arms, while her heels slapped his ass, her pussy vibrating around his shaft. His Val was honest and earnest with her passion, begging, pleading for what she needed.

He would give it to her. His balls pulled up tight against his cock, aching for release, but still he pumped into her, angling his body until he rubbed against her clit, her higher pitched cries signaling her imminent surrender.

One, two, three more arcs of the swing, and she screamed, flinging herself against him with such force that for a moment, he thought her wings were functional. Her head then dropped back, her pink curls hanging in the air, and he covered her trembling body, roaring his release against her neck, filling her pussy with his hot cum.

Garvin sagged against her, knowing that Val, although looking like a flimsy piece of fluff, had the strength to support him. She held him, her small hands rubbing circles in his back. "I flew." Her voice was small and breathless, tinged with wonder.

"Fuck," was all Garvin could reply. They had to get one of these swings for their own place. He kissed Val's neck.

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