

Encounter: Insatiable

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Insatiable

Aeryn had been imprisoned for hours. She couldn't see anything through the blindfold, but she guessed she was surrounded by pitch darkness. Her wrists were cuffed together in front of her, not letting her sit up straight, and her shoulders were beginning to ache. She tried to shift her weight but only made the tension worse, and her jaw ached from the gag the guards had stuffed unceremoniously into her mouth.

They had come for her at night, pulling her out of bed and muffling her protests, then tied a cloth over her eyes and dragged her... somewhere. By the cold stone floor and walls she guessed she was deep underneath the castle.

Aeryn had strong suspicions as to what was going on -- in fact she was counting on it -- but the guards never bothered to so much as say a word, just left her here. And that was hours ago. She was seriously starting to wonder if her little prank had backfired, that she'd gone too far. Rath was capable of anything. She couldn't help but shudder.

She heard the echo of steps at the same time she felt the heavy footfalls resonate through the floor. She lifted her chin and mumbled into the gag, but of course no answer came. She heard the steps grow closer until they stopped, inches away from her.

She held her breath and waited... and waited. Not a move, not a sound from him. She felt the prickle of fear down her spine.

Finally, she sensed the barely there movement of the air when he raised his hand, then felt the soft touch of his fingertips on her hairline. If not for the gag she would have sighed with relief. He wasn't angry.

But then his fingers sunk into her hair, yanking hard until her neck was straining and she couldn't hold back a muffled cry.

"You of all people," came the soft hiss of his voice, "Should know how I feel about treachery."

Her insides went cold. Oh Gods. He thought she had done it for real. That she had actually flirted with one of the guards, without his knowledge or permission. Behind the blindfold, her eyes filled with tears as she cursed her own stupidity. Of course he did. He took those things seriously, and *she of all people* was supposed to know that.

"You dirty slut." The low growl of his voice was so close to her ear that she felt his breath tickle her neck. She breathed in sharply and his scent filled her nostrils -- so familiar, leather and lavender and, at this moment, intense arousal. His hand brushed her cheek as he took out the gag, and she gasped for air. "Rath." Her voice was hoarse from lack of use.

"Tell me, were you really going to spread your legs for a simple guard?"

"No," she panted, "Rath, I was just..." Her tears sank into the thick fabric of the blindfold. She had been trying to get his attention, after he had infuriatingly left her alone at night for the last week.

All the pouts and gestures and barely-there dresses had done nothing, so she thought she'd try something more radical. Apparently she'd gone too far. But now she tried to find the words to explain that to him and failed.

"Lies." The slap was not hard, but it took her by surprise nonetheless, taking her breath away. "Answer me. The truth."

"No..."

“No. Fine.” His voice was eerily calm, and she held her breath. Then a sharp yank on her hair sent her flying to the floor, and she didn’t have time to cry out when he pulled up her dress. She heard the ominous rip of the fabric. The air chilled her suddenly exposed skin, making her break out in goose bumps.

Just as she tried to scramble to her hands and knees, he slapped her ass, hard, and it sent her toppling to the side, but he caught her. “The truth.”

“No!” she felt heat radiate from the hand print she knew he’d left behind, red and swollen, and a different sort of heat was starting to well up between her thighs.

He slapped her again, making her cry out. “The truth. Don’t make this any worse for yourself.”

As the sharp, sweet pain dissipated into more intense heat, she felt a tingle in her clit, and smiled to herself. “Yes. Yes, I would have spread my legs for a simple guard. What else to do if my lord is so busy with affairs of state that he has no strength left for me?”

“You insatiable little whore. Foul-mouthed too. You know what I do with sluts like you?”

He pulled her up until she was on her knees. She heard the clink of the chain being unlocked and clattering to the floor, and then the rustle of leather as he unfastened his pants.

“I put that dirty mouth to good use.”

The scent of his arousal flooded her, and she breathed it in deep as she felt the head of his hard cock push against her lips. Blindly, she flicked her tongue over his cock, teasing the slit at the tip. He groaned under his breath and his hips jutted forward just as she opened her mouth and took him in. He held her firmly by the roots of her hair as he fucked her mouth with deep thrusts.

Her nipples hardened under her dress, and she felt her exposed pussy grow wet. She moaned a little onto his cock. He grunted and thrust deeper, making her eyes water. Just as she felt his thighs start to tense when he got nearer to his orgasm, she

tightened her lips around his thick shaft- but he pulled her away at the last second. She whimpered with regret, licking her lips.

Rath let go of her hair and took hold of the collar of her dress, pulling her to her feet. When she stumbled, disoriented, he slammed her into the wall hard enough to knock the air out of her lungs.

“No strength to satisfy you, huh,” he murmured in her ear. His hard cock, damp with her saliva, ground into her hip. He reached between her thighs and slipped his fingers inside her, curving them sharply to hit her sweet spot. Her knees went weak and only his weight pinning her to the wall kept her from falling over.

“Please,” Aeryn whispered, biting her lip. The sharp pleasure building in her clit was unbearable.

“You want my cock?”

“Yes.”

He easily wrapped his hand around both her bound wrists and pinned them to the wall above her head. The sudden strain on her shoulders made her gasp at first, but then without warning he slammed his cock into her waiting pussy and the flood of pleasure made her forget everything. He filled her to the brim, hot and hard, thrusting against her G-spot as he ground her hips into the rough stone wall behind her.

She cried out in ecstasy, but his kiss, violent and forceful, muffled her voice. Her tongue intertwined with his, and when he pulled away and bit down on her lower lip she couldn't hold back. The pleasure built up and overflowed, swallowing her whole. She screamed into his mouth as her pussy clenched around him, her juice dripping down onto his balls. He slammed hard into her once, twice, and then with a groan and a shudder of his whole mighty, muscular body he came inside her, his hot come filling her.

Breathing heavily, Aeryn barely noticed as both of them slid down to the floor. Still shuddering from the intense orgasm, she showered his lips and neck and shoulders with kisses.

“I think you’ve deserved your freedom,” Rath purred in her ear. She giggled. The thing was, she still wasn’t sure how much of it had been their game and how much was serious. But right now she couldn’t care less.

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