

Encounter – House of Blues: Undercover

Shelby Morgen

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2011 Shelby Morgen

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Undercover

“I’m not wearing any underwear.”

“I can see that.” I could see, because the dress Maggie was wearing -- it was a gorgeous dark blue shimmery thing -- clung to her every curve. There was a slash up the side that ran clear to her garter when she bent over to drop her tip in my guitar case. I had a clear view of the back of her garter, and most of the back of her, and there was nothing else there.

My wolf, hot and horny as always in the presence of my real live sex goddess, demanded an out. *Now.* “You,” I accused, “Obviously do not fully grasp the meaning of undercover.”

She stood up slowly, letting the slinky blue fabric ripple slowly back where it belonged. “Oh, but I do. Every. Single. Meaning. *Under* cover is exactly where I want to be. Preferably a cool, smooth, satin cover.”

“*Arrrggghhhhh.* You’re going to be the death of me, woman!”

She moved in and ran her hand over my thigh, down my crotch, low enough to close her fingers over the outline of my balls. My cock throbbed against the firm press of her wrist. “I think you’ll have to agree, I grasp your meaning perfectly.”

“Fuck.” Chucking my guitar into the case I slammed it shut and shoved Maggie around the side of the building with it, just out of sight of passersby. “Up against the wall. Spread ‘em.”

“Ohhh, have I been bad, officer? Are you going to arrest me?”

“I’m arresting you for indecent exposure.” I ripped the dress back up and pinned the skirt between her boobs and the stone block wall, taking my time to pinch her nipples through the tight laced top on the way. She ground her tits into my hands, her ass arching back as if reaching for my cock. Since my cock was 100% in favor of that move, I gave her breasts another squeeze. “I’ll get back to you,” I promised them, bending as close as the wall would allow and blowing a bit of hot air their way.

“Please, Officer, I swear I’ll be good.”

“Oh, I know you will.” Unzipping my pants, I let my cock take aim. Foreplay would have been fun, but right now we both wanted it raw and hot. If there hadn’t been a certain element of danger involved, as well as the possibility of being seen, I would have cuffed her. Instead I rimmed her ass with my cock head, mixing our fluids, then drove deep into her pussy with one hard, long push.

“Ohh,” Maggie moaned.

I pulled almost all the way out, then slammed in again as hard as I could. “Is that what you want?” Back, then in again, just as hard. “Tell me. Is that what you want?”

“Yes!” Her pussy walls grasped me, clenching harder with each stroke. She caught the rhythm, pushing her hips hard back against me.

My hands slid up to her tits, pinching her hardened nipples, and she cried out, shuddering in pleasure. I could tell she was close. I found her clit and caressed along side it, my fingertip riding nearer with every thrust. “Come for me, darlin’.”

As if she’d been waiting for my order, Maggie came, hard, rocking back against me with so much force she nearly toppled us both to the ground. I caught her, wrapping my arms around her, and kept my balance, just barely, all while coming like a boiler explosion.

We were both panting like freight trains. I pulled out before I could knot, since that would have been damn inconvenient if our suspect actually showed. We were still on a stake out, after all. Shifting, I licked her clean, loving the taste of her, of me, of us. Sneaky like, I shot my long wolf's tongue in, making sure she was clean everywhere.

"Ohh! You dog!"

"Watch it lady," I muttered as I shifted back. "Can't have you up on stage with my cum running down your thigh."

"Right. You just wanted to make me scream again."

"Well, you're still not wearing any underwear."

Click here to preview more books by Shelby Morgen:

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=21>

Use the code "ShelbyMorgenEncounters" for 5% off your next order of any title by Shelby Morgen!