

# Encounter -- Sex on the Hoof: Crimes in the Lab

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### Crimes in the Lab

"Yeah. I... I'm sure he's OK." My heart pounds. If I were in deer form, the fur on my back would be raised. Why the hell hasn't Drew called?

"I'll tell him to call you as soon as he checks in."

Shit. Now the Lieutenant's going to think I'm a nag. "You don't have to..."

Morrison sighs. I can tell he's worried too. "It's fine. He should've checked in by now."

"Yeah. OK. Thanks." I end the call, shaking with a combination of anger and fear. No one has heard from Drew for nearly twenty-four hours. Where the fuck is he? Why won't he answer his phone? It's been dark for almost an hour now.

I try to concentrate on the tests I'm supposed to run, but I'm useless. I seriously need to grow some antlers and quit worrying about him. But all I can think is my bloodsucker better damn well be OK. And if he is, I'm going to tear him apart.

I smell him before I see him. The crime lab door slides open, and he stalks in looking pissed as hell. He's not the only one. "Where the fuck were you?" I snap.

He's breathing hard. He looks like hell. "Caught by the sun. Had to hole up."

"And you didn't call because..."

“Dead battery.” He stalks toward me. My deer senses tell me to run. I’m prey, and he’s going to eat me.

His eyes are dark, lust filled. He’s not pissed so much as starving. I’m in trouble. “Drew. I’m working. We’ll have to take care of this later.”

He shakes his head. “Need you.”

Oh shit. I back up, but realize he’s got me trapped. Maybe if I piss him off he’ll leave. “You can’t just come in here like this. You disappeared for a whole day without contacting anyone. I was worried as shit. You’re going to catch it from Morrison, too.”

He doesn’t react. He’s beyond words. I’m going to have to get physical. But as I cock my arm back to punch him, he grabs it and twists it behind my back. His other hand cups the back of my head, slamming me into him. His lips crush mine in a brutal kiss.

I struggle for about a second, and then he does this thing with his tongue where he flicks it across the roof of my mouth. It makes me crazy, and he knows it. He pushes me back against the wall, shoving a cart out of the way. Glassware rattles and breaks. Fuck! We’re in trouble.

He grinds his hips against mine. Our cocks press against each other. He’s already got me so hard I’m ready to beg. I use my free hand to pull his shirt from his pants. I need bare skin.

He lets go of my hand and starts undoing the fastening of my jeans. He’s going to fuck me right here in the lab. Anyone might walk in. A shiver of anticipation runs through me. He might get us fired. I try to remember why that would be bad. Then he licks my neck, taking deep breaths and groaning, and I give up.

I’m so easy. One touch from him and he owns me.

He pulls out my cock and pumps it as he licks my pulse point. What is he waiting for? I want his fangs in me right fucking now.

“Might take too much,” he says as if he hears my thoughts.

“Bite me.” I slide my hands down to his ass, pulling him tight against me.

He sinks his fangs deep. I hiss, a combination of pain and ecstasy beyond anything I've felt before taking a vampire lover. I buck my hips, pushing my cock into the circle of his hand. He sucks at my neck.

The pleasure is so intense, I'm close to coming, and he's only been touching me for a matter of seconds. "Drew. So good. So fucking good," I babble, not sure what I'm saying.

He works my cock faster. I want to touch him too, but my brain doesn't work. I can't make my hands move from where I'm gripping his back, digging into his skin, scratching him.

I start to feel dizzy. The room darkens. Fuck. "Drew. Enough. *Enough!*"

He licks the wound to make it clot fast and pushes away from me. His eyes are dark, wide. I can smell his hunger. My body quivers. My instincts tell me to run. Danger. *Danger.*

With a roar, he sweeps everything off the closest table. Glassware crashes to the floor, a bottle of solution pours out, safety glasses and latex gloves fly across the room. I should call for help. He's out of control. He could hurt me, damage samples, ruin the lab.

My hand circles my cock. Fuck being good. I want the hard, rough ride he's going to give me. I want to be bad. I want danger.

He turns to me and snarls. For a moment I regret not running. He's never truly hurt me, but I've only seen him this out of control once.

He grabs my by the back of the neck and shoves me down over the table. "Don't move."

I grip the edge of the table and obey.

He jerks my pants down. Then he bends down and swipes his tongue across one of my ass cheeks. He pulls my cheeks apart. His teeth scrape my ass. Fuck, is he going to bite me again? But then he tongues my asshole and I don't care what the fuck he does to me. He works me until I'm good and wet. I grind myself against the edge of the table, not caring that the cold, hard surface hurts. I need any friction I can get on my cock.

Drew pushes my legs apart and laps at my balls. Then he takes a long, slow breath as his lips skim my inner thigh. I can feel my pulse pounding right under his lips. If he bites me there, blood will pour into his mouth. He might kill me. But I don't have a prayer of escaping.

He pulls away, and I glance over my shoulder. I watch him lick his hand and stoke his cock. He grins at me. "Hold on tight."

*Oh, fuck.*

His cock presses for entry. He forces himself forward. The lack of real lube means he has to push hard. I sink my teeth into my lip to keep from crying out. My ass burns, but I want more. I want him to shove in deep. I want every inch of his cock. "Jason." He groans. "So tight. So good."

"Yeah." I gasp, barely able to force air into my lungs.

Drew's fingers bite into my hips as he drives forward. I gasp, unable to breathe. Then his balls slap my ass.

He holds still for a few seconds, but I'm so damn ready for him to move that when he does I scream as his cock drags over my prostate. "Fuck, yeah."

He thrusts back in, harder this time. Then we both lose control, He rams into me, and I push back against him meeting every stoke. "Mine. You're mine."

"Yeah." I am his, even if he is a fucking barbarian and a vampire.

He whimpers as he pulls out slowly, teasing me. "Want to taste you again. Want more."

"Can't. Dizzy. No more. Just fuck."

"Yeah. Gonna fuck you so hard. Gonna. Oh shit." He tenses and drives in hard as his orgasm slams through him. He calls my name as he pumps his come into my ass.

His hand works my cock. One stroke. Two. My balls tighten. Heat bursts at the base of my spine, and I come, pumping jerkily into his hand.

When we can breathe again, he lifts himself off me. I stand and survey the damage. The lab looked like a cyclone hit it. I glance toward the door, listening with my deer senses. No one is close by.

“Here.” Drew tosses me my pants. “No one will bother us. I told Morrison I needed a few minutes. Said I owed you an apology.”

I pull my pants on and frown at the pieces of glass on the floor. “I don’t think this is what he expected.”

Drew looks around at the mess as if seeing it for the first time and shakes his head. “Probably not.”

I grin, despite the dire state of things. We’ll get reprimanded, but it’s worth it. If that’s how Drew apologizes I hope he screws up way more often.

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