

Encounters: Never Give Up

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Never Give Up

Ashlyn roamed down the center of the dark, deserted city street, nearly jumping out of her skin when sirens wailed into the night. The aliens were coming again.

Did it matter if they spotted her? No one was left. There was no fresh food to eat. No uncontaminated water to drink. She was tired of fighting. Let them come.

Yet when she heard the rasp of a heavy tail dragging over the nearby pavement, she spun toward the sound, firing her atomizer at the moving shadow. Her target exploded in a spray of sparkling light that fizzled away. One more invader obliterated, she thought with satisfaction.

A \$crunch, close behind her, raised bumps on her skin. She twisted toward the intruder too late. A palm smacked over her mouth. A powerful arm curled around her waist and yanked her backward against a hard body.

“Are you crazy?” a man asked in hushed tones. “What are you doing out here?”

Instinctively, she pulled at the hand covering her mouth -- how else was she supposed to answer? But he wasn't interested in her answer. He dragged her off the street into an alley and shoved her through an unlocked side door.

“Shut up,” he said when she opened her mouth to speak. She heard the slide of multiple deadbolts. “Come with me.” He clasped her hand and pulled her through the inky darkness.

She could shoot him, she supposed, rather than trip up musty carpeted stairs behind him, but then she’d never learn who he was, where he came from, how he’d survived.

Her shoulder bumped the door casing as he hauled her into a room. “They won’t follow us in here,” he said, closing the door. “Carpet static is lethal to them.”

Distracted by the glow of a tablet’s screen lying on a narrow bed, she jerked when the man yanked her weapon from her hand. “I don’t want you to accidentally shoot me.” The pistol landed softly on the covers.

“Are you the one setting off the warning sirens?” Now that her eyes were adjusting to the small amount of light, she pushed her long bangs out of her vision. Ashlyn could make out his form now and the dull shine of metal fasteners on his military uniform. “I thought the aliens triggered them somehow.”

“They do. I was about to shut the system down. I didn’t think there was anyone left to warn in this sector of the city. Then I spotted you out there. At first, I thought I was imagining you: a lone woman in the night.” He touched her arm, as if to verify she was real. “Are there others?”

“Other humans, you mean?” She sighed and shook her head.

“It all happened so fast,” he said quietly.

She dropped her head in defeat. “It was arrogant to believe the human race would survive into eternity.”

A second later, her feet were scrambling backward and her shoulder blades bounced against the wall. He forced her arms above her head. “We will survive.” His mouth slashed over hers in a brief fierce kiss. “I’ll watch your back. You watch mine. Deal?”

Too shocked to respond to the kiss, Ashlyn simply nodded, relishing the tingle along every nerve ending.

“Good.” Rather than release her, his body relaxed against her, heavy and hard. A long bulge nudged between her legs. Her arms were suddenly free because his hands were cupping her face, his fingers tracing the contours of her jaw line, his thumbs rubbing her lips. He found the deep scar near her ear and traced it across her cheek. “I know a survivor when I meet one,” he said, kissing her again.

“For God’s sake--” She shoved him away. “At least tell me your name before you molest me.”

He stood back, arms at his sides. “Major Marcus Gallo, at your service.”

Stunned to be in the presence of a hero, Ashlyn quietly introduced herself.

“I’ve heard of you,” they both said at the same time.

Silent respect bloomed between them. Uncomfortable, Ashlyn cleared her throat. “Now that we’ve gotten that out of the way... Where were we?” She stepped into his personal space and grabbed his bristled cheeks. “Making sure humans don’t die off?” Drawing his face down, she sucked on his lower lip.

With a growl of desire, he lifted her off her feet, kissed her soundly and then tossed her across the pillows. Shoving the tablet aside, he kneeled over her. “If you’re going to stop me, do it now.”

“Not on your life. I’ve felt dead for the last month. I believe you can make me feel alive again, major.”

“Damn right,” he said, peeling off his uniform.

She used her hands to see him in the dark, trailing her fingers through the crisp curls covering his muscular pecs, sliding a hand across his hard belly, daringly wrapping her fist around his rigid cock. The sensation of warm supple skin covering his steely length made her instantly hot -- and wet.

“Not shy, are you?” Without asking permission, he unfastened her shirt, baring her breasts to the cool air. His cock slipped from her fingers as he shifted down her body, tugging her pants down her calves. The fabric snagged on her ankle boots. Rather than leave her legs bound, he yanked off both boots and her pants with them. He shuffled back up over her, hooking one arm around her knee and raising her bare leg

up as he settled above her again, belly to belly. She rested her heel on his back, freeing his arm so he could prop his weight on one arm and caress her breasts with the other hand. "Someday when we have more time -- "

"Yeah." She hoped there would be a next time, but she wasn't counting on it. After drawing her other leg up and spreading open for him, she guided him toward her creamy center.

He beat her there, thrusting two thick fingers between the dewy folds. "Oh, you are ready. I wasn't sure. I didn't want to --"

"Shut up, major, and fuck me."

"Yes, ma'am." Humor brightened his tone.

He inched into her, using her rich cream to ease his way. She groaned with pleasure at the pressure filling her with each thrust and retreat of his big cock. Blindly, she reached up and dug her short nails into his shoulders.

With a grunt, he rammed into her, sliding in to the hilt, nudging as deep as he could go. Then he pulled out, sliding easily through her juices, before thrusting in again. She pulled her knees up to improve the angle of his drive and was rewarded when he stroked deeper, and deeper yet when he leaned forward to kiss her parted lips. Her inner muscles flexed around him while she moaned in sensual delight.

He set an even pace, slow and deep, making her burn. As her climax built, the muscles in her legs began to quiver. "Faster," she begged.

"Not yet." His fingers delved around their fluid joining, flitting over her clit.

She gasped and tensed, clenching him tighter.

His breathing hitched and changed to a rougher cadence. Her breathing deepened too as his slippery fingers dipped beneath them and teased the rose bud of her ass.

"Have you ever taken a man there, Ashlyn?" His finger pressed against the tight muscle at the same time his cock rocked in and out of her.

"No," she answered breathlessly.

“Hmm. Someday, when we have more time,” he teased, dipping his finger tip through the ring of resistance.

The intrusion spiked a jolt into her belly. “Yes.” He wiggled his finger deeper. She shook her head no, but repeated, “Yes!”

Marcus mumbled to himself and began fucking her in earnest, holding his finger, two knuckles deep, in her ass.

“Oh my God!” The pressure of having two holes filled at once thrust her toward the pinnacle. She grabbed her nipples and pinched them. The shot of ecstasy lifted her hips off the bed.

“Jesus!” Marcus plucked his finger from her ass and drove his cock deep, stuffing her with powerful nudges that shattered the glass ceiling of her orgasm.

They both shook as they came. The warm spurts of Marcus’ cum spurred more shockwaves of pleasure, forcing her to grab onto his arm to steady herself. She was afraid her heart might beat out of her chest.

The major withdrew from her dripping center with a long low groan. After a few steadying deep breaths, he dropped down beside her and threw an arm over her ribs. “I’ll protect you until my dying breath, Ashlyn.”

She smiled and ran her hand over his heated thigh. “I hope that won’t be too soon. I could get used to this *feeling alive* thing.”

He chuckled and nuzzled her neck. “Damn right.”

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