

Encounter: Gobble You

Sara Jay

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2012 Sara Jay

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.

Gobble You

"Trip, trap, trip, trap..." Slay slid her fangs over the bars of the new slave's quarters, her feral Faery hiss branding his ears. Fang-on-metal pierced through the gloom in a skin-crawling shrill. The mortal man moaned, but did not shrink back as the other slaves always did.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" She glaring at him with wide pink eyes and opened her mouth to display two rows of fangs as sharp as razor blades. Crouching, she waited for his tremble.

The mortal remained motionless. Even as Slay drank him in with her eyes -- his sandy blond hair, his bruised brown eyes, his bold, broad shoulders -- his only movement was the slow rise and fall of his tawny bare chest.

His silence angered her. Slaves cowered in front of the queen's Bloodletter.

He would learn.

"I'm coming to gobble you up," Slay crowed with glee, slipping into his cage without opening the door. Running a black talon over his collarbone, she jerked when he rasped a response. "Wait till my brother comes. He's much bigger."

So he knew the story. Most of her victims simply assumed she made up her crazed taunts.

Huffing, Slay pointedly peered down at his nudity. "Doubtful," she mocked, licking his ear with her forked pink tongue. Still, the appendage appeared interesting, and she had not played with a human in decades.

And it was her job, after all, to make them bleed.

Kneeling and keeping her eyes locked with his, she whispered, "Gobble, gobble."

A guttural human groan gave her goose bumps as she licked his cock, slowly rounding her lips over his elongated shaft. His entire penis sank easily down her bottomless Faery throat and she gurgled with pleasure.

Slay's pointed teeth pinned into him for a second, the barest hint of pressure eliciting a painful, pleased gasp. Withdrawing her fangs, she smoothly pulled back, then gulped his cock again in a swift, amused gesture.

Other than the quick noise in his throat, the man did nothing, said nothing. Furious, she whipped her forked tail around her body and lashed it into his left buttock, leaving a burning red mark that had to smart.

Eyes slitting in pain for one brief second, he otherwise remained motionless.

Were those eyes green now? Had they not been blue before? No, brown.

Though she could play with him for hours this way -- and she certainly might another day -- she began to feel an unexpected ache between her legs. Without a *moshini*, a Faery soul mate, she could never mate with her own kind. But she knew plenty of Fae who satisfied such urges with manflesh.

"I am not going to kill you," she informed the handsome human. "I merely wish to use your body for my own pleasure."

"Oh, is that all?" Even with Slay's torturous treatment, he refused to tremble.

“I do not need your consent,” she retorted. She glanced away, then her inhuman eyes stabbed at his again. “But it would be more pleasurable with your involvement.”

How dare the human smirk at her!

“Oh, I’m involved,” he drawled, openly staring at her ample, unclothed black breasts, the silken dip of her hips.

Brow furrowing, she spat, “You will wish otherwise shortly!” She crashed her mouth into his, jaggedly possessing him in a jaguar’s kiss. His arms came up around her bare shoulders. Instinct drove her deeper into his embrace, though her assassin’s brain flashed a red warning.

Her duty to assert power over this slave remained of the utmost importance, yet she continued slanting her mouth over his, growling as one bite exchanged for another. His teeth juttied over her own, spilling droplets of Fae and human blood into their unified mouths.

Jerking him back against the cave wall, Slay flung her webbed wings open and flew up to meet his groin with her own, spreading her legs over his ready cock. The human did not miss a beat, grasping her ass to support her.

He did not enter her. He knew better than to do that. Instead, he waited. She sliding back and forth over the tip of his cock before jerking away. Repeating the gesture, this time she barely grazed him and drew back again. Peering into his face, Slay laughed as she finally recognized the agony she had attempted to instill before.

So it was not the same kind of pain she had wanted, the same kind she inflicted daily -- sometimes hourly. It still tasted sweet, like the ambrosia of human tears. Her wild, grinning face broke into a primal scream as she slammed into his waiting body, filling herself with his cock.

Mortal cock as it might have been, she shivered over the velvet rock-hard extension, driving her talons into the cave walls behind him as she rocked,

rocked over his body. His calloused fingers grasped her ass harder, closer, pulling her onto him as she clenched him between her thighs.

Head falling between her bouncing breasts, the human suckled, then bit her right nipple. Slay shrieked once more, pulling on his straw-colored hair, urging him to bite again. She sucked the human sweat from his face, his neck, and reveled in its sex-spent salt.

Just as his body shuddered into her own, she came over him, echoing his cries with her own. Protesting as he slid out of her, she continued to tremble limply as he lifted her -- lifted the queen's most fierce and terrifying assassin -- to his face and sank his mouth onto her pussy.

Screaming again, she bucked, wrapping her legs around his head as he bit her clit, the pinch of pain driving her into another orgasm. Lapping at her gushing slit, he brazenly met her wet, stunned gaze and smiled.

Leaping from him, Slay panted, "Tomorrow I will not be as easy on you, human!"

"I'm sure you'll crush me to bits," he replied, chest heaving. "Body and bones."

Narrowing her murderous gaze at him, she stormed out of the cell. His sleepy chuckle echoed behind her.

Click here to preview more books by Sara Jay:

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=174>

Use the code "SaraJayEncounters" for 10% off your next order of any Changeling/Razor's Edge titles by Sara Jay!