

Encounter -- In Sync (Synchronicity)
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In Sync

“Considering you can make suits like that just appear out of the naked ether, it should not take you forty-five minutes to get dressed.”

He raised one eyebrow and went back to straightening his tie. “I have faced warring enemy factions on the brink of global destruction more willingly than I take on your partner’s assignments. I do not understand why you let us be volunteered for this assignment.”

“All you have to do is stand next to me and slither out a few tentacles at the appropriate time. You don’t have to say anything. Jody talks enough for all of us.”

“We’re going to stand. On a stage. In front of an audience. And Jody’s going to narrate us having sex with one another, while I’m in my native form?”

“No, Juxtan.” She would not laugh. She would not. She knew what he was doing. Tara pinched the bridge of her nose, trying her best to stay focused. Calm. Professional. “We are not making a fashionably late entrance. We are not dealing with diplomats who need to cool their tempers here. These are readers. We’re the live props for Jody’s Tentacle Porn class. And we will be on time.”

“Darling, this is Jody. If we’re on time we’ll get there before she does.”

One of Juxtan’s more useful traits as a negotiator was grasping all the subtle nuances of any situation. Still, she was not about to concede the point. “Come on. We will be on time, whether Jody is or not.”

Smiling, Juxtan offered her his arm. “Of course, my love. Do you have all your promotional material for the new book?”

“Yes. Let’s go.” She grabbed up her promo case as if she’d been intending to, all along, and had just been waiting for him to get ready.

He’d been to enough conventions with her to know just where the service elevator was located, and as usual there was no wait. With one arm around her waist

and the other holding the bag he'd nimbly lifted from her, he sent a long tentacle over to close the doors and send the elevator shooting up.

She started to turn around to face him, but two tentacles wrapped around her thighs, sliding upward. "What are you do-" Two more appeared, wrapping around her waist reaching, for her breasts. The thrill of anticipation had her wet for him instantly, even though she knew she should be annoyed. "You're trying to distract me, aren't you." Distraction was one of his favorite tactics.

The elevator stopped abruptly, only two and a half floors from their destination. "I'm learning to celebrate yet another one of your Earth traditions."

Two more tentacles slipped under her skirt, and another set went around her waist, wrapping her in his vise, pulling her back against his chest. She spread her feet, making sure he had as much access as he needed. "What tradition is that?"

Four hungry tentacles slid into her pussy, teasing, filling, stretching her, drinking up all her moisture, and her body promptly rewarded them with more, a flood of her juices to lubricate their way as they began to move within her. Hot lips caressed her neck, and she tilted her head to give him more access, warm tremors sliding over her in a delicious shudder.

"Mmm?"

"Tradition? Earth tradition?"

She turned her head enough that he could reach her lips, and he kissed her, his touch tender and demanding at the same time. Her tongue sought his, and they dueled for a few moments. Within her the tentacles twisted and turned, wrapping themselves in a spiral to function as one, then twisting back again, to separate and take up their oddly syncopated dance. In and out, one after the other, filling her with their delicious friction. In, in, in, in, out, out, out, out... She moaned, thrashing against him.

"Our tradition." He brought his hands up to cup her breasts, pinching her nipples where they rode the ridge of her corset.

"*Ohh,*" she moaned, riding the wave as her orgasm washed through her. "Oh, God, you're good."

“And you are exactly what I need. Always.” He kissed her neck again as her pussy flooded with his reward. She felt him tense and a long shudder ran through him. The tentacles thickened within her, stretching tight against the wave of contractions that made her pussy tighter around them.

Happy anniversary, my love. She heard his voice in her head, stronger now. Felt her own orgasm again from his side, drinking in her precious fluids, her taste tart on his skin, the tang new and delicious every time. Felt his orgasm roll through her, different from her own, yet somehow complimentary, both a sweet ache she wanted to feel over and over again.

Happy anniversary, my love. “Happy anniversary,” she repeated out loud. She loved the feel of his body against hers, his tentacles within her, but she loved even more the feeling of his mind linked with hers, this ultimate sharing that was so close it was almost spiritual.

She also loved that there was no clean up after sex with him. Which was good, because... “And now we are going to be late. Which was just what you wanted.”

“What kind of a negotiator would I be if I couldn’t bargain with my own mate?”

She rocked back against him, enjoying his embrace, while he restarted the elevator. “Yes, my love. I understand how you work. You really hate to lose.”

“And you don’t like being late. But as a guest it’s rude to upstage the presenter.” He turned her in his arms and kissed her again, properly, this time. “Besides,” he added, touching his nose to hers with a smile. “This day, in this elevator, two years ago, you saved my life. And you’ve been saving me ever since.”

The door opened on the mezzanine, and they stepped out together, her bag in his hand, the other wrapped around her waist as he escorted her to Ballroom C.

“And you save me from myself.” She didn’t bother to look down to check her skirts. She knew he’d put her back together as neat and orderly as she could have managed in a room full of dressing mirrors. “Just get us through this afternoon, and I’ll spend the rest of the day in any elevator you wish.”

“Maybe our bedroom. After the buffet.”

“And here they are,” Jody announced as they entered the room. “My two favorite characters.” She was still unpacking her roller bag, and had evidently just gotten started. She was getting better, though. It was only ten after. “You all know Tara Lee.”

Tara gave a little bow, and the audience laughed and clapped.

“My name is Paul Richard Stephens. But on the planet Zenon, I am known as Juxtan, the negotiator. And I am wanted for murder.” Juxtan paused, frowning. “No, wait. That doesn’t happen until chapter three...”

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