

Shifting Lust: Bounty Hunter

Lexxie Couper

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Clean and cool, the colour of untouched Terran snow, her hair slipped through Raiven a'Tor's fingers like Jyan silk. He stared into her ink-black eyes and clenched his hand into a fist, holding her still. His cock stiffened, just as interested in this mysterious creature as he was. And he was very interested.

He slid his hands from her hair and raked them down her back, charting the dips and curves of her body. She felt like sin and his cock throbbed, hungry.

Eyes unreadable, she reached for his left wrist, lifting his hand from the curve of her ass and placing it directly on the smoothness of her mons. The hot curve of smooth flesh scalded his palm -- not with tactile heat but erotic seduction. Her skin was like satin, the damp cleft of her nether-lips parting beneath the tips of his fingers as she pressed them into her pussy.

The tight wet muscles sucked greedily at the penetration, taking his fingers deeper until A'Tor felt the base-knuckle of his middle finger rub against the hooded button of her clit.

Provocative black eyes held his. "Yes?" Her voice was low and husky, the slight Chamelyon accent making the first word she'd spoken sound like a promise.

A'Tor's throat clicked as he swallowed. "Yes."

She smiled, undulating her hips against his hand, grinding her clit harder to his knuckle. "No names." Her tongue flicked out and moistened her bottom lip. "No

sharing stories." She trailed the fingers of her right hand down A'Tor's torso to the ramrod pole of his cock, tracing its length, eyes holding his. "Just sex." She circled the head of his engorged arousal. "Just two strangers losing themselves in each other."

He stared at her, his fingers buried in her sodden, clenching cunt. He'd been standing in the seedy spaceport bar, contemplating his next job when she'd entered, wearing nothing but a long Pallion leather jacket and a frown. She'd looked ferocious and as sexy as all Hades. His pulse kicked up a notch and his cock -- that brutally honest organ - twitched immediately.

He watched her cross the crowded bar. She ignored everyone. Determination shone in her black eyes -- so unusual for a Chamelyon. Determination and something else. Something A'Tor couldn't decipher. It intrigued him. He could read anyone with just a glance, without fault or failing. But not her.

She stopped at the bar mere meters from where he stood and ordered a Jaxian Rush. Hard liquor. A'Tor watched her down the beverage in a single mouthful and knew he wanted to discover her story. He lowered his own drink, but before he could make a move, she turned. To face him.

Eyes the colour of a starless sky studied him, traveling his body. He saw her interest in their inky depths.

Five minutes later, without a word spoken between them, they were in a'Tor's rented cubicle. Twenty seconds after that, they were both naked. Hot. Sweaty. Naked.

He clenched his jaw, driving his finger deeper into her pussy. "Just sex."

She smiled, the action somehow sad and sultry at once. "Good. Now shut up and make me forget."

Forget what? he wanted to ask. But didn't. With an abrupt move, he shoved her backward, fingers still buried in her clenching cunt. She gasped, eyes growing wide. Her ass hit the edge of the room's com-desk and her feet jolted from the floor, her legs automatically splaying to keep her balanced. The move spread her cunt wider and A'Tor plunged his fingers harder into her slick passage, his other knotting in her hair to yank her head back, granting his mouth access to the bowed column of her neck.

She cried out, the sound both victorious and surprised. She sank her nails into his shoulders, her legs wrapping around his hips to lock him to her. The imprisonment sent A'Tor's pulse pounding. He groaned against her neck, driving his fingers harder into her gripping cunt.

"Just sex," she whispered and, before A'Tor could move, she gripped his rigid cock in one hand and cupped his swollen balls with the other.

Heat exploded through A'Tor's body. "Fuck!"

"Later," the mysterious Chamelyon murmured, kneading the sensitive knot of flesh under his cockhead with the pad of her thumb.

Wet electricity scorched a direct path straight into his sac. He sucked in a breath, throwing his head back and gritting his teeth. It had been too long since he'd been touched like this, and this nameless female did it so well. So very, very well. "God."

She chuckled at his groan, tugging on his balls with a blissfully painful hold. "I don't think your deity is watching, Terran." She ran her thumb over the end of his cock, catching the beads of pre-cum squeezing from the tip's tiny slit, smearing the slightly viscous moisture over his burning flesh. She drew her closed fingers up his shaft, closed them tighter around the taut, rounded head and then pumped her hand down again.

White pleasure poured into A'Tor's sac, spread out to his ass, his spine. He hitched in another hot breath, the Chamelyon's somehow wild scent invading his very body.

She leant forward, nipples brushing his chest as she placed her lips to his ear. "You like that, yes?" Her fingers tightened around his cock and she pumped her hand again. "You like when I squeeze your cock?"

He ground his teeth. "Yes."

"You like when I squeeze your balls?"

Exquisite pressure closed down on his sac and A'Tor bit back a cry of delicious pain. "Yes!"

"You like when I press my finger into your ass?"

The question flayed his control -- seconds before the Chamelyon pushed a steady finger between his ass cheeks directly onto his clenching rectum. "Oh, fuck!" he burst out, bucking in her hold.

Black eyes flashed. "I said later." She reached for his wrist and slowly withdrew his fingers from her cunt, lifting them to her mouth. She parted her lips, her tongue flicking out to lick at her own cream slicking his skin. "Would you like a taste?"

A'Tor stared into her face, his blood lava in his veins.

She cocked an eyebrow, teasing the tips of his fingers with her teeth. "Well?"

His nostrils flared. "Yes."

She leant forward and traced his bottom lip with her tongue. The musky, sweet-saltiness of her juices filled his breath and, unable to stop himself, he plunged his tongue into her mouth, tasting her saliva, her desire... tasting her.

Jesus. She tasted good.

A low chuckle vibrated deep in her chest, making his lips tingle and his muscles coil. She pulled away, a smug smile curling the sides of her mouth as she kneaded his balls with her artful fingers. "Do you want to fuck me, Terran?"

Ropes of tight pleasure knotted in his groin. "Yes."

"As I am?" She nipped on his fingertips again. "As you see me now?"

The question confused him, but it didn't stop his body reacting. "Yes," he answered. "As I see you." He closed his hands over her breasts, kneading their swollen form. "You are perfect."

Her eyelids fluttered closed and for a brief moment he thought her skin shimmered with iridescent light. "Perfect?" she murmured, opening her eyes to stare at him again.

"Perfect," he said.

An ambiguous expression flashed over her face -- hope? Happiness? It made his chest ache. "What is your name?"

The question fell from his lips before he could stop it.

Black eyes flashed and she pushed her finger harder to the tight ring of his anus. "Just sex, remember."

Forbidden, unknown pleasure tore through him. He'd never felt so... so... Fuck, he didn't know how he felt, but if the Chamelyon's finger penetrated his ass further, he'd come all over her belly.

"No names," she murmured, the softest echo of sadness in her voice... a second before she sank her finger deeper into his virgin ass.

He arched against her. "Holy fuck!"

"After you give me head, Terran," she answered, any trace of vulnerability gone. She wriggled her finger gently inside his rectum, tickling his prostate. His cock jerked, beads after glistening beads of pre-cum oozing from its tip. "After you make me come with your tongue." She slowly withdrew her finger from his ass. Immediately, his body cried out in dismay, wanting to be penetrated once more. Harder. Deeper. Longer.

He held her gaze, so on fire he could barely draw breath. "Who hurt you, Chamelyon?"

A shadow of pain flittered through her black stare and she tensed. For a second. "You keep breaking the rules, Terran. No sharing of stories, remember." She placed both her hands on his shoulders and unlocked her ankles from behind his butt. "Now, get on your knees and make me scream." She pushed down. Once.

Without hesitation, A'Tor sank to the floor, his knees hitting the floorboards the exact moment his arms curled around her hips and his tongue found her clit. The Chamelyon shifted, shoving her cunt to his mouth, spreading her legs wider to let his tongue plunge deeper. Her skin seemed to shimmer again, and then she moaned, the raw cry crashing over him, drowning him in her rapture. His balls ached for her punishing caress, his ass longed to be finger-fucked again, but even as licentious desire consumed him his gut churned. With confusion. With suspicion.

No names...

Just sex...

As I am?

The Chamelyon's thighs slid up the side of his head and she lifted her hips, demanding more, erasing A'Tor's hesitation. He would learn her story, regardless of her "rules." When he wanted something, he got it.

"Give it to me, Terran. Hard."

He did, plunging his tongue repeatedly into her sodden slit, flicking it again and again over the swollen nub of her clit. She bucked. "Druentia wept! Yes!"

The surprise in her cry made A'Tor suckle on the tiny button of flesh with hungry force. She bucked again, her feet slamming down on his shoulders as she drove her cunt harder to his mouth. "Gods! What a tongue you have!"

Her moans grew louder. He felt her muscles tense, coil tight. Felt her orgasm grip her body. Another cry burst from her lips and a shudder wracked her body. "Yes! Yes! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

In one fluid move, A'Tor snapped to his feet, hauled her ass off the com-desk, flung her down on to the narrow bunk and drove his cock into her cunt. "My turn."

"Oh, fuck me, Terran!" she screamed, bucking wildly underneath him, taking his impaling shaft so deep his balls smacked her ass. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

White-hot heat erupted in A'Tor's balls and he pumped into her, his cock punching deeper and deeper into her wet heat, each spurt of his seed a scorching explosion of released power. "Jesus Fucking Christ!"

Rhythm deserted him. His blood turned to fire. Pounding into her sex, he dropped his head, wanting to see the rapture on her face, wanting to see the bliss in her eyes...

They stared back at him. Vulnerable and wanting and lost. The eyes of a creature used to pain experiencing joy for the first time.

Raiven A'Tor, last of the Terrans and the six system's most feared bounty hunter, knew he was in trouble. This nameless, mysterious Chamelyon had done something no one else had before. She'd found his heart.

In the space of an orgasm, she'd found his heart and touched it.

And he'd never be the same again.

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