

Rebel Escape

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Panting, Sergeant Lily leaned back against the tree trunk to catch her breath. Over the pounding of her own heart, she could still hear the alarm blaring in the distance.

The mutants had attacked before dawn, taking everyone by surprise. At first she'd thought the enemy had broken through their lines, but it quickly became clear that the attackers came from their own army, with only one purpose -- to free their imprisoned captain. Lily was still furious at the ease with which her comrades had given up that fight. Fear of the mutants was too strong in them.

Impelled by an anger she didn't pause to analyze, Lily had set off in pursuit of her sprung prisoner. She knew they would need to rest -- not the mutants perhaps, but their captain would, and then... somehow, she would re-take him.

Eyes closed, Lily fought to control her breathing, to return her heart-rate to normal. Surely they wouldn't go much farther, now that it was daylight?

Above her head, a branch creaked. Her eyes flew open -- and looked straight into the face of Captain Jake Lindow. Balanced astride a branch level with her head, he stretched his arm across her to hold a knife to the side of her throat.

He smiled. "Hello, Flower."

Christ. The man had fought his way out of prison after weeks of privation and run for miles across difficult terrain, and yet he still managed to look like some sort of

over-casual angel. The early-morning sun peeped out behind his head, giving him a halo he certainly didn't deserve.

She swallowed. The cold knife brushed the tiny hairs on her neck and she shivered. "How come I didn't hear you?"

"Too busy hunting to notice you'd become the prey. I thought it would be you."

"Why?"

He grinned, more of a cheeky boy than an escaped mutineer on the run. "I knew you'd want to say goodbye."

"Goodbye wasn't what I had in mind." She wondered if she could disarm him before he killed her. If he would kill her. "Give it up, Lindow. They'll hang you this time if you don't."

"I'll never give up." Abruptly, the knife disappeared, but before she could move, he had sprung down in front of her.

Annoyed to have missed her chance, she frowned impatiently. "Lindow, there's nowhere else you can go!"

"Yes there is. I'm going home."

"To the Dome? You can't be that insane."

"Yes I can. And I can bring down the government and end the war."

"Is that all?" she asked with heavy sarcasm.

"No. I'd like to kick the Dragul out of our affairs too."

The Dragul, the mysterious, powerful beings who seemed to pull all the government strings... "Lindow, you can't mess with those guys. Prison has addled your brains."

"It might have," he admitted. "Without you to keep me in shape."

For some reason, she flushed. Perhaps because she'd enjoyed their barbed banter, perhaps because she'd always been conscious of the forbidden attraction simmering under the surface. Sometimes, she'd imagined he felt it too.

And yet now, when he lifted his hand to her cheek, she flinched as though he'd punched her, even brought up her arm to block him.

“Jumpy,” he observed, catching both arms, bending them ruthlessly behind her. His strength vibrated through her. “Lily, I’m not going back with you. And since you were always my favourite jailer, I won’t kill you either. So how would you prefer to say goodbye?”

She stared at him. For some reason, her heart was jumping. Her breast almost touched him and she could feel her nipples straining toward him. “Goodbye,” she said harshly.

His lips quirked into his characteristic, boyish smile. “Goodbye.” He lowered his head deliberately.

She could have stopped it. She could have kneed him in the groin. She wanted to. She meant to. Only her breath caught in her throat and paralysis gripped her until his mouth covered hers. And then it was too late because his lips moved deliciously over hers, opening her mouth to let his tongue slide in.

And suddenly there was no going back. This was the true reason she’d followed him. She kissed him wildly, passionately, like a woman starved of a man for far too long. And not just any man, this one, whom she saw every day, beaten but unbowed, an officer, a mutineer whose kiss she’d been secretly dreaming of for months.

Against her mouth, he whispered, “That was more the sort of goodbye I had in mind. You know, I used to fantasize about you coming into my cell alone at night and taking off all your clothes...”

“And then what?” she gasped, as his hands roamed over her sides and breasts, under her jacket, his thumbs just catching her nipples.

“Then I fucked you,” he said, smiling as he kissed her again. This time he held her by the hips and ground his body into her so that she could feel the outline of his erect cock pressing into her stomach. She wanted it between her legs, unleashed, pushing inside her.

“In your dreams,” she panted. It was meant to be ridicule; it sounded more like a plea.

“So far. How about it, Flower? A goodbye fuck?”

It was madness, probably punishable by court martial. She didn't need another passing ship in her life. And yet she had always wondered about Lindow, always wanted him. It was like unfinished business.

She stared at him. Shifting position, she ran her hand deliberately over his rock-hard erection. He didn't smile. She found his fastening without difficulty and pushed her way in. As she closed her hand around the big, rigid shaft, so hot it seemed to burn her, his breath hissed out. He didn't break eye contact.

Slowly, she pulled back the foreskin to uncover the engorged head. It felt huge, but she refused to look. Instead, one-handed, she unfastened her own combats and pushed them down over her hips, all the while sliding her hand up and down his velvet cock. Now he began to smile, a slightly breathless, anticipatory smile. His eyes blazed with pure lust.

Playing the game, he didn't glance at her naked hips or pussy, kept his ravenous gaze riveted on hers. She swung one leg up over his hip, gasping as his cock brushed against her folds, her clitoris. She was so wet for him, even his huge size wouldn't hurt her.

He brought his hands to her buttocks, lifting her, and for an instant, she held the blunt, throbbing head of his cock against her opening. He didn't seem to breathe.

She knew he'd had no woman in all the months of his imprisonment. Deliberately, she pushed his cock inside her. For pride's sake, she meant to show no emotion, but she couldn't suppress her cry at the sheer size of him filling her, stretching her to breaking point. It was unbearable... it was bliss. "Is that what you want, Rebel?" she gasped, almost angrily. "To screw the army?"

"No. I want to screw Sergeant Lily." He pushed her back against the tree and drove into her. She cried out with the pleasure. With one violent tug, he ripped her shirt open, another tore her vest down the middle. His hands were all over her breasts, kneading, squeezing, pinching her erect nipples as he pushed into her again and again. She met every stroke eagerly, desperately. Delight poured through her, shooting along every nerve.

It was a wild, passionate straining for release, almost as if they were attacking each other, seeking domination more than the ultimate pleasure. And yet the pleasure always won out.

She came quickly, so quickly she would have been ashamed had it not been the longest, most joyous orgasm of her life. He knew how to keep her there with slow, hard thrusts as she hung between him and the tree, helplessly convulsing. Only his arms, his body, kept her upright. He rested his forehead on the tree trunk, as though using the roughness of the bark to distract him from his own climax.

She touched his cheek, smiling, panting. "Jake," she whispered. "Jake..."

He lifted his head, bent to kiss her mouth.

She felt the effort of his withdrawal. "No!" Panicked, she seized his hips to keep him there. "Don't... I want you to come inside me."

"Lily..."

"Please..."

A moment longer he stared at her, and then, because he had never been cruel, whatever they said about him, he slid all the way back inside her pussy and began to gyrate his hips to bring her back to orgasm.

It was delicious. And then, as she hovered again on the brink, he finally let go and fucked her furiously until he found his own release. She caressed him with her pussy, milking his seed, almost sucking it into her womb. She wanted to weep, she wanted to shout with joy and laugh because she had finally fucked Captain Jake Lindow, unrepentant rebel and mutineer.

No. She'd finally made love to him. And he would never know.

He came back to himself slowly. She felt his hand in her hair, stroking her. "You're a sweet lover, Sergeant. But you won't come with me, will you?"

"No. I won't come with you." He'd never know either how close she was to doing just that. "There's still time to give yourself up."

For answer, he kissed her again. One to remember in the lonely years to come. Slowly, he slid out of her and fastened up his combats.

His lips quirked upwards. "So long, Flower."

"So long." She wouldn't cry now and spoil it all. He turned quickly and began to run off after his comrades. "Lindow?"

Almost, she hoped he wouldn't hear her, but he stopped and turned at once. Now, if ever, was the time to tell him she'd changed her mind and would follow him to the ends of the Earth...

"Thanks for the fuck, Rebel."

He smiled and winked. "My pleasure, Flower. Take care."

As he disappeared into the trees, she knew the Dome, the whole island, would pay for what she had just done. She'd let Lindow escape -- again -- and he was going to cause an awful lot of trouble...

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