

Changeling Press

Exposé

A Fairview Chronicles Encounter

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Valerian is a soul eater who loves to devour the greedy, so when a reporter who's hungry for a story offers home delivery, he's unlike to say no.

Pour some plum wine, have a read, take notes.

Exposé

The reporter with the purple and ash dyed hair looked at Valerian with hungry eyes, the scent of plum wine still clinging to her lips. "Let me turn this off before I tell you what your wish was, before I tell you about your deepest desire, the thing you want the most. You smell downright... greedy." Valerian shut down the recording, then pulled Joyce's pen and notepad from her fingers.

"Mr. Smith, you didn't just try to get me drunk so you could seduce me, did you?" Joyce asked.

I got you marinated so I could eat you, Valerian thought. "Oh, please, I would never do such a thing." He kissed her. The plum wine did indeed add a lovely flavor to her lips. It also helped Valerian forget that this reporter, Joyce, reminded him more of a bricklayer than someone apt with words and versed in grammar and metaphor. Eating her would probably be doing her and her readers a favor.

"You are a liar, Mr. Smith," Joyce said when Valerian released her lips so he could take her into his arms and push her gently into the pillow-softened corner of his couch.

"My only excuse is that I find you quite irresistible," Valerian lied. He was beginning to feel somewhat peckish.

Joyce, less shy and tentative than she had been, began pulling at his shirt, fumbling with the buttons. Valerian let her. After all, she was a reporter, and he might as well let her investigate.

He did the same. With feline dexterity, he opened her blouse and jeans. He kept kissing her while his fingers worked, tasting her jaw line all the way to her ear, nibbling the lobe long enough to make her moan, then venturing down.

"I really shouldn't be doing this," Joyce said.

"You really should, though." Valerian slid his hand down her pants to feel her mound, feel her pussy. When he started massaging her, she pushed her head back into

his pillows, moaning, and began chewing her lower lip. This precursor of ecstasy made her look somewhat more appealing, but her eyelids were flickering, and the dull brown of the irises looked for all the world as flat as unfired bricks.

“Oh, my God,” she said when Valerian dipped a finger into her and brushed her g-spot.

“I told you, you may call me Valerian,” he said and pulled his hand away. “Let’s get you undressed, Joyce.”

The reporter took that as an offer to take his clothes off as well, which she’d not made a lot of progress with up until that point. Valerian was tempted to bind her wrists with her own blouse to remove the distraction of her square hands, but he was feeling indulgent today and allowed her to work away on his shirt.

“Are these tattoos or taotien markings?” she asked when she saw the eyes on his chest.

“Would you like to guess?” he said as he undid her bra. Her nipples were waiting to be tasted, which he did. He used his tongue first, and Joyce’s fingers stiffen on his shoulders. Then he let her feel the scrape of his teeth until he her nails dug into his flesh. He was multitasking and pulling her pants down, not quite all the way, but far enough. He sucked her right nipple and circled her clit with his thumb.

Valerian kissed her mouth again, lapping up the last of the plum wine, then he whispered into her ear, “Turn on your belly, Joyce.”

With pupils wide and want radiating like a lapping fire, she did as he told her. Valerian reached for a small pillow, put that under her hips, and opened his pants. He made his hands move slowly so Joyce could hear what he was doing. When he was ready to enter her, he ran his tip of his cock along her butt and thighs until she moaned for him again. “Do you want this?” he asked.

“Yeah, yes. Yes, please,” Joyce said, and even while the last syllable still hung in the air, he pushed into her.

He liked that she was wet, and he didn't mind at all that she was a bit more curvy than his usual fare. *Your moans are less melodic than they should be, miss reporter. But you are really greedy for this story, are you not?*

Valerian reached around Joyce's hip so he could properly get her off, more out of principle than anything else. She was already clenching him through his thrusting, and it wouldn't take much, so when he found her clit again, he began counting down from ten.

At four, Joyce began screaming into his pillows like a bricklayer asking for mortar. Valerian enjoyed her pussy contracting around him, and he finished inside her, his fingers almost leaving marks on her hips with his final pushes.

Still inside her, Valerian lowered himself onto Joyce, a bit like a big cat will weigh down its prey. "I take it you enjoyed that," he breathed into her ear.

Not quite ready for words yet, Joyce nodded.

"Would you like me to tell you how taotien feed?"

"Mmh."

"It's all about seeing the greed and want and desire, you know. We feast our eyes, so to speak." And Valerian's eyes, the taotien eyes that lined his chest, slowly blinked open. He savored the reporter a second time, much like a tiger will savor a deer.

* * *

The streets of Fairview were rich with afternoon's light when Valerian led Joyce to a crossroads.

"I am really glad you agreed with me that greed is a rather undesirable trait to have. I'm not sure being a reporter is really your calling though."

Joyce looked up at him with blank brown eyes like polished copper buttons. Valerian thought they looked prettier this way.

"Here we are." Any crossroads was a good place to leave the remainder of a meal, as a crossroads demanded a choice in order to move forward. For Joyce, Valerian had picked two streets meeting at an acute angle. "I put some cab fare in your coat pocket, along with your phone and notebook."

Joyce nodded, and her eyes shimmered dully.

“Have you ever considered doing something less intellectual? I hear masonry is quite wonderful.”

Joyce, still a little out of it, nodded, but Valerian saw the corners of her mouth rise ever so slightly. *Bricklayer indeed.*

“I’m sure you’ll quite enjoy the rest of your life,” he said and shared another smile with her. “Farewell, miss former reporter, and may the paper find a worthy replacement for you soon.” And Valerian was gone, vanished like a tiger in the underbrush.

Joyce, looking at the streets’ odd angles in front of her, was left with a choice. Eyes staring into the distance, she walked forward.

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