

Dance Wars: Encounter

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The lights flicker in the darkness of the room, drawing dancing shadows on the bare walls, orange glow bouncing off miles of tangled, sweaty limbs. Lachlan groans, turning his head to the side, tongue darting out to lick at the soft stubble on the line of Adair's jaw as he presses his chin in the groove of his shoulder. Adair's hands are splayed wide on Lachlan's hips, possessive. They burn brands into his pale skin, holding, guiding.

Mine, Adair says as his mouth drags down on the side of Lachlan's face, his nails scraping lightly over the dip of flesh and bone. *Mine, all mine.*

Lachlan wants to answer, he does, wants to say *yes* and *yours* and *more*, but he can't even find his voice, throat scraped raw with each shattered moan Adair's wrung out of him with his fingers, his lips, his cock. Like he never wanted to stop, never let him catch a God damn breath, all his intent driven to make him scream, have him beg.

And Lachlan had begged. Begged to let him come, begged for *again* and *do it, do it, just do it*, lost in a haze of pleasure that he'd come to grow dependant on, more than any drug, any liquor, anything.

There was no rush, no thrill that could be even remotely compared to this.

"Adair," he begs again, and he doesn't even know what for this time. Adair's name rolls off his tongue like a plea, a curse, a blessing, and he twists up, arching

against the solid body behind him, his teeth sinking in the tendons of his neck. He wants to mark him, too, wants to leave his imprint all over him, have him remember, see, feel his presence for days, even after he's gone.

Adair's hands tighten on his hips, and he drags him down, the thick head of his cock pushing past the slick, swollen ring of muscle, his teeth pulling, twisting the tender skin of Lachlan's shoulder until blood floods to the surface, leaving a bite-shaped bruise to match the one on his breastbone.

"Please," Lachlan groans, a needy, ragged sound that heaves out of his chest as if he's in pain. He's never been one to break, but then again, he's never been one to fall either.

Looks like Adair's succeeding at both.

It had been a neat idea when it first crossed his mind. He didn't believe in Christmas, didn't think it was worth all the hassle it brought about, especially given the world they were living in, but a part of him knew he said it only because he never had anyone to celebrate it with.

This time he has, and he wanted to. He'd wanted to, even though it was nothing more than a can of soup and a chicken he doesn't really know how to cook, and when he'd walked in Adair's cabin trying to be as quiet and stealthy as he could to set up his surprise, he'd found him sorting through a pack of candles, several of them already lit around the single-roomed hut, a can of soup standing proud in the middle of the rickety round table. Set for two.

Adair had looked up at him in shock, and it had brought a laugh out of Lachlan to see his bad, scary werewolf looking all deer-in-headlights, much like a child caught in a wrongdoing, and then scowling at him for sneaking up on him.

Neither of them had admitted to wanting to celebrate Christmas, and both of them claimed it was all coincidence, but they still had their 'fancy' dinner, the light of the candles playing with the silver of Adair's eyes, making them shine as though it was close to full moon already.

Somehow Lachlan will get back to Washington by then. He'd see the light of the wolf's irises, feel his thick fur under his fingertips as he held him, the shadow of the moon slowly waning and painting his body back to human in Lachlan's arms.

He tosses his head back now, finds those eyes staring at him, heavy lidded and hued with lust. He lifts his arms sluggishly, as though underwater, and wraps them around Adair's neck, fingers tangling in messy dark curls, mouth searching, covering Adair's for a sloppy, hard kiss.

One of Adair's hands shift from his hip, travels up his side, robbing him of breath as he pinches the hard, sensitive nub of his nipple, and he grins, the bastard, lips pulling up against Lachlan's before sliding down his jawline, peppering it with nibs and licks. "So fucking sensitive," Adair whispers as he does it again, twirling it between thumb and forefinger, tearing another moan from Lachlan's throat. "Could wait all night just to hear the sounds you make. Could come just like this."

Lachlan whimpers and tries to rock back on the huge dick splitting him apart, his own cock leaking hard and heavy on his belly, long sticky ropes of precome that Adair rubs into his abs with the tips of his fingers.

"Adair," he begs again, eyes filled with exhausted tears, the stretch and burn not enough to get him off, not nearly enough, desperate for Adair's hard, thick shaft to slam home inside of him, to fuck him until he can't even mount his bike. "Please, Adair --"

"Soon," is Adair's rough answer, and Lachlan's thighs quiver with strain and anticipation. He watches, dazedly, as Adair reaches around to grab the nearest candle, the flickering flame threatening to go out as he brings it closer, lets it hover for a split second above Lachlan's chest before tipping it a fraction of an inch as he cants his hips up, filling Lachlan up to the core in one fluid thrust.

"Oh God, oh God, fuck, more," Lachlan babbles wantonly, arms reaching around Adair's waist to grab hold of his thighs and force him closer, deeper, the shock of being finally full coupled with the impact of the scorching droplets on his perspiration-slick skin flooding through him like electricity.

Adair smiles again, licks a figure eight on Lachlan's neck as he murmurs unintelligibly in his skin. He draws back, his fingers leaving Adair's hip to smear the wax into his skin, up his abs, over his nipples, his groan echoing Lachlan's own.

"So hot, so fucking hot, Lachlan," he draws lines over his chest, the exquisite burn going straight to Lachlan's groin, and he can't speak, can't think, can barely breathe, rolling back on Adair's cock, matching his short, hard thrusts as best he can. His neglected dick aches and leaks copiously with every fat, blazing drop that falls down the symmetry line of his torso, in torturing counterpoint to the merciless pounding of his prostrate. Sweat trickles down his hairline into his eyes and he blinks it away, looking up in Adair's smoldering gray eyes, hair plastered damp on his forehead. "Adair," he breathes out, flexing his fingers on Adair's ass as he fights to get him deeper, melting against him. "Please -- gotta -- please!"

Mine! Lachlan could read it in Adair's eyes, and when the first droplet of wax hit his pounding dick, his world blacked out with a yell. His whole body convulsed violently in Adair's hold, back rigid and taut like a bowstring as he came without an hand on his dick, white, pearly spurts covering his chest and blending with the cooling wax in a sticky, flaring mess.

"Mine," Adair growled in his ear as he rammed into him erratically, both hands firm on Lachlan's hips now as he draws him back in every thrust, balls slapping wetly against the back of his ass. "Lachlan -- God -- Godfuckingdamnit, Lachlan!"

Lachlan clenches down hard on him, nails raking down Adair's thighs, and that's all it takes for Adair to lose it, smothering a howl in the reddened skin of Lachlan's throat as he fills him up with his spunk.

They collapse sideways like a castle of cards, legs and arms askew, Adair's nose buried in the soft blond hair on Lachlan's nape, Lachlan's fingers resting above Adair's forearms. Neither of them speak for a moment, too occupied trying to regain their breath, listen to the drumming beat of their hearts.

"Yours," Lachlan whispers, thinking he could blame it on post-orgasmic-bliss come harsh morning light. "Yours."

Adair doesn't answer, but Lachlan feels his lips move between his shoulder blades, painting the same word over and over, until Lachlan feels it tattooed under his skin. "Merry Christmas," he then says out loud, softly sliding out of Lachlan's body before turning him over to face him.

Lachlan smiles this time, doesn't scoff and pretend. "Merry Christmas."

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