

Encounter: Deleted Scenes

Shelby Morgen

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2009

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Chapter Three

"She's not very good, is she?"

"Who?"

"This writer."

"I don't know. I've never really known any other writers."

"Well, we've been sitting here in Chapter Three for a solid week and nothing's happening. I think she's going to delete us."

The female character's face paled. "Delete us? Not again!"

"Again?"

"I woke up once last week in the recycle bin. It was a horror! All those characters milling around, with no place to go, no *purpose*. A nightmare I tell you."

"So how'd you get back here? With me?"

"For some reason she restored all the files. I woke up and you were here with me."

"Ahh. So there's hope, then." He paused, looking uncomfortable. "You wouldn't happen to know my name, would you?"

She shook her head apologetically. "No clue. You may not even have one. Far as I can tell, I don't. I'm just 'She'."

He sighed. "I was afraid of that." Another long, awkward pause. "Well, as long as we're here, is there anything you'd like to do?"

"Like what?"

He grinned. "We could have sex."

He looked so like a boy with his hand in the cookie jar she'd have laughed if she hadn't thought it might ruin the mood. "I thought you'd never ask."

"Really?"

"Listen, when an author drops Tall Dark and Studlie in my bedroom with a hard-on like that I try not to ask questions like 'Why are you here.' I'm not that stupid. We're a sex scene. I can't think of a better fate for a charter."

"Really? You think I'm studlie?"

"Oh yeah. You could be a cover model."

"Thanks. You're pretty damn hot yourself."

"Yeah? Show me."

"Guys always have to do all the work. You show me."

"OK." She pushed him back on the bed. "Handy she never wrote in any clothes."

Laughing, he wriggled around, stretching out his full, delicious length for her perusal. "Also handy she left the file open."

Straddling his thighs, she ran her nails through the soft curls on his chest, then down his sides, carefully avoiding his nipples and his distended cock. No reason to be in a rush. Still, his cock had been the focus of her attention for over a week. Impressive, really. Especially since the author hadn't gotten around to writing that part of his description. She framed the thick length with her palms, smiling down at him. "This part of you is gorgeous, too."

"Yeah?" He feathered his fingertips over her thighs, her belly, her forearms, her elbows -- places she'd never thought of as particularly erotic -- smiling as her nipples came to two stiff peeks. "You look good enough to eat. Come here."

She bent down and he kissed her, softly at first, then more aggressive, mouth open and tongues battling. A low heat spread thru her, radiating out from her pussy.

"I've been watching you sitting on the other side of the room for a week, wishing this damn author would get back to us so I could jump you," she confessed.

"You should have said something. I'd have been happy to oblige."

"Seemed like we should wait for her. But I'm through waiting." She rose up on her knees and he guided her down over his more-that-ready cock.

"Sssssttt" he hissed. "Stay. Just -- just hold still for a moment."

"You OK?"

"No. Yes. More than OK. It's just -- gimme a moment. You're so damn hot, so tight, I could come just from the feel of you around me. I've been sitting here with this hard-on, dangling my balls in space for a week. If I was on the outside they'd have had to haul me to the ER by now. Thank God I'm a character." She felt him pulse within her, and he groaned. "You're so perfect."

Grinning, she slowly tightened her cunt around him, one long rhythmic muscle contraction starting at her pussy lips and working her way up the length of his shaft.

"Oh, God. Oh fuck. Christ," he muttered. "What part of 'Gimme a moment' did you miss there?"

"This is more fun."

He pushed her back enough to bring the tip of one breast to his lips. "Two can play this game." With one long delicious swipe of his tongue he brought her from "fun" to searing need. He sucked her nipple into his mouth, and her pussy flooded with moisture, washing down over the length of him as she contracted again, this time beyond her control.

Pulling her legs around his waist, he rolled, pinning her beneath his weight. He sucked hard on her nipple, teasing the tip with his tongue, as he ground into her, rotating his hips without actually thrusting. His balls teased her perineum, their coarse fur gently abrading the sensitive skin.

"So hot," he whispered. "So wet..."

“So good,” she moaned. Each circle of his hips brushed the ridge of his pubic bone over her clit. She fisted her hands in the sheets, gasping for breath. “I’m going to -” she screamed as she came, bucking up hard against him.

“That’s right. Come for me, sweat heart.” As she fisted around him he pulled out, then thrust back in hard, slamming her hips down into bed. Three, four, five strokes and she cried out, shattering again in a mind blowing explosion of lights and color.

“Christ,” he moaned, slamming into her for a few short, fast strokes as he came, liquid fire coating her pussy. Arms around her, he rolled to his side, spilling her limp form across his chest. “Wake me up in an hour and I’ll help make her regret not checking in on us sooner. If that idiot author deletes this scene, I may find a way out and hunt her down.”

“We got all the time in the world. She never empties the recycle bin, anyway. We’re here till the next hard drive crash.”

/filesave

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=21>