

Encounter: Dance Wars -- Slow Burn

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Dance Wars -- Slow Burn

It starts slow, but never lasts. Cedric's smoldering eyes, his wicked grin, the way his hand works the gear shift. Adair spends hours watching as they go from raid to raid, tossing small and large valuables in the back seat as they speed across broken down roads, over dry rivers and naked stones.

Cedric sees him looking. It's old news. He knows what Adair wants, but doesn't stop. Like it's a game to see which one of them will pull the brake, which of them will be the first to tumble out of the car, which one will rip the other pants off.

It is old news, and like an addiction, Adair thrives on it. More than the thrill of the raids, more than setting up traps and getting out of there with the upper hand. Knowing that Cedric wants this as much as Adair does. Knowing that even though Cedric is older, more daring, more reckless, he still loses it when Adair spreads his legs, his hard on visible through the open buttons of his jeans, sweat rolling down his bare arms as the wind whips across their faces through the shattered windshield.

This time Adair wins. Cedric is the one that pulls over, leaving the engine running as they dash out of the car, madly clawing at each other's clothes as though they'd done them a huge, personal wrong. Adair clashes their mouths together, fingers tangled in long waves of dark red hair, pulling Cedric's ponytail lose as he drags him closer, Adair's pants sliding off slim, toned hips.

“Fuck, kiddo,” Cedric groans and shoves his hands in the open Vee of Adair’s pants, grabbing hold of his stiff cock, making Adair moan and rock his hips up in his hand. “Drive us both off the road.”

Adair bites at Cedric’s mouth, licks his way in as he pulls at the buttons of Cedric’s shirt, yanking them open to pursue tanned brown skin. Cedric fits his hands over Adair’s ass, pulling him closer, his own hot, hard cock sliding against Adair’s bare hip, leaving a slick white trail of precome behind.

Adair groans and spreads his legs further, his pants getting stuck right under his balls, enough to bare his ass to the hazy summer breeze, Cedric’s palms skimming over the firm muscles and spreading his cheeks further apart, roughly pressing his fingertips over the outer ring of muscle at Adair’s entrance.

A thrill of electricity runs down Adair’s spine and he sinks his teeth in Cedric’s jaw, fingernails digging hard in the hard flesh of Cedric’s shoulders as he fights to push him backwards against the car.

Cedric grunts and grabs him around his waist, whipping them around so that Adair’s now leaning against the doorframe, hands gripping tight at the hot metal, Cedric’s body molding against his from behind. Adair shakes with anticipation, his dick throbbing hotly, curved up against his stomach. He hears Cedric spit in his hand, not enough, not concerned, and the familiar burn that slices him apart, his whole body locking like a vice as Cedric shoves his dick in. It hurts, and he’s already going soft, the pain enough to blur the edge of pleasure and rob him of breath.

Cedric hooks his arms around Adair, pulling him back slightly, and he wraps one of his hands around Adair’s dick, quickly stroking him back to full hardness. “Such a boy,” he whispers dirtily in his ear. “So eager, wanting it no matter what.”

Adair groans and writhes, clawing at the arms that hold him up, off the heated surface of the car’s door. Cedric’s other hand spans over his chest, twists his nipples between his fingers as he sinks his teeth in the curve of Adair’s shoulder.

“Harder,” Adair moans, “Move! Cedric, please move.”

Cedric doesn't need more encouragement. He tightens his fist around Adair's dick and snaps his hips forward, pushing him right against the door, making him scream. He smothers a growl in Adair's back and does it again and again, rougher, harder, again.

Adair knows how he likes it, and he scratches the muscles in Cedric's shoulders, urging him on. The pain's faded now, only that twinge still that keeps it real, keeps it grounded. Cedric's precome-slick dick shoves past the tight resistance of Adair's clenched hole, not stopping, not giving him time to adjust, but Adair doesn't mind. He knew what he was signing on for, back when it all started, back when he went and fell for a werewolf, and it's too late to regret it now. Too fucking late.

Cedric grunts, buries his face at the back of Adair's neck. The sun beats overhead, sweat trickling down his brow, mixing with the perspiration caressing Adair's skin. He licks at the top vertebrae, Cedric's stubbled chin pressing a little hard into Adair's flesh, scratching, leaving teasing red streaks behind.

"Fuck." Adair bites his lip, tries to arch back against Cedric's hips, wanting more, needing more. It hurts, so good, maybe it's not enough. It's never enough, like a wicked addiction. Cedric's strong, lean torso covers him like a shadow, his hips snapping up, hands dragging Adair down, impaling him on his stiff dick. It's the thrill of danger, the ultimate struggle to get the upper hand that makes Adair want to play with fire.

He twists his fingers in Cedric's hair, his head tossed back in pleasure, Cedric's fingers clenching on Adair's hips as he drags him down. The change in angle has Adair seeing stars and he garbles out a confused moan, trying to stall back his orgasm, wanting to make it last as Cedric thrusts up in a mad, staccato rhythm. Cedric's hand goes back on Adair's dick, rolling his balls in his palm as he pulls them tight against his body, no finesse, only the mad urge to come thrumming through Adair's veins like a whirlwind of colors.

"Cedric, fuck -- Cedric, oh God --"

Cedric cups his face, twists him around to clash their lips together as his rhythm grows more and more erratic, each thrust hitting Adair's prostrate, making little black

stars erupt in front of his eyes. He groans in Cedric's mouth as his orgasm is pulled out of him, rope after rope of spunk sliding down the dusty blue metal of Cedric's car. His body clenches down, hard, on Cedric's dick, his legs shaking with the force of his release just as Cedric stutters to a halt, coming hard and messy inside of him, branding him as Cedric's personal property.

Adair slumps, exhausted, his whole body humming with the aftermath, Cedric's weight a pleasant reminder pressing down on him. He turns his head sideways a little, his hands scorched from where he was hanging onto the doorframe, and presses a quiet kiss at the corner of Cedric's mouth.

Cedric smirks and nudges at his forehead before sliding out of him and tucking himself back in. Adair's legs shake violently, but he manages to hold himself up and pull up his pants before turning around to face him. "That was good," Adair whispers, voice slightly hoarse from his cries.

Cedric grins predatorily at him and stalks closer, taking hold of Adair's wrists and pulling him close. "Always is, kiddo," he murmurs, his mouth close enough to Adair to kiss but stopping just short.

Adair closes the distance between them, and fuses their lips together.

"Always is."

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