

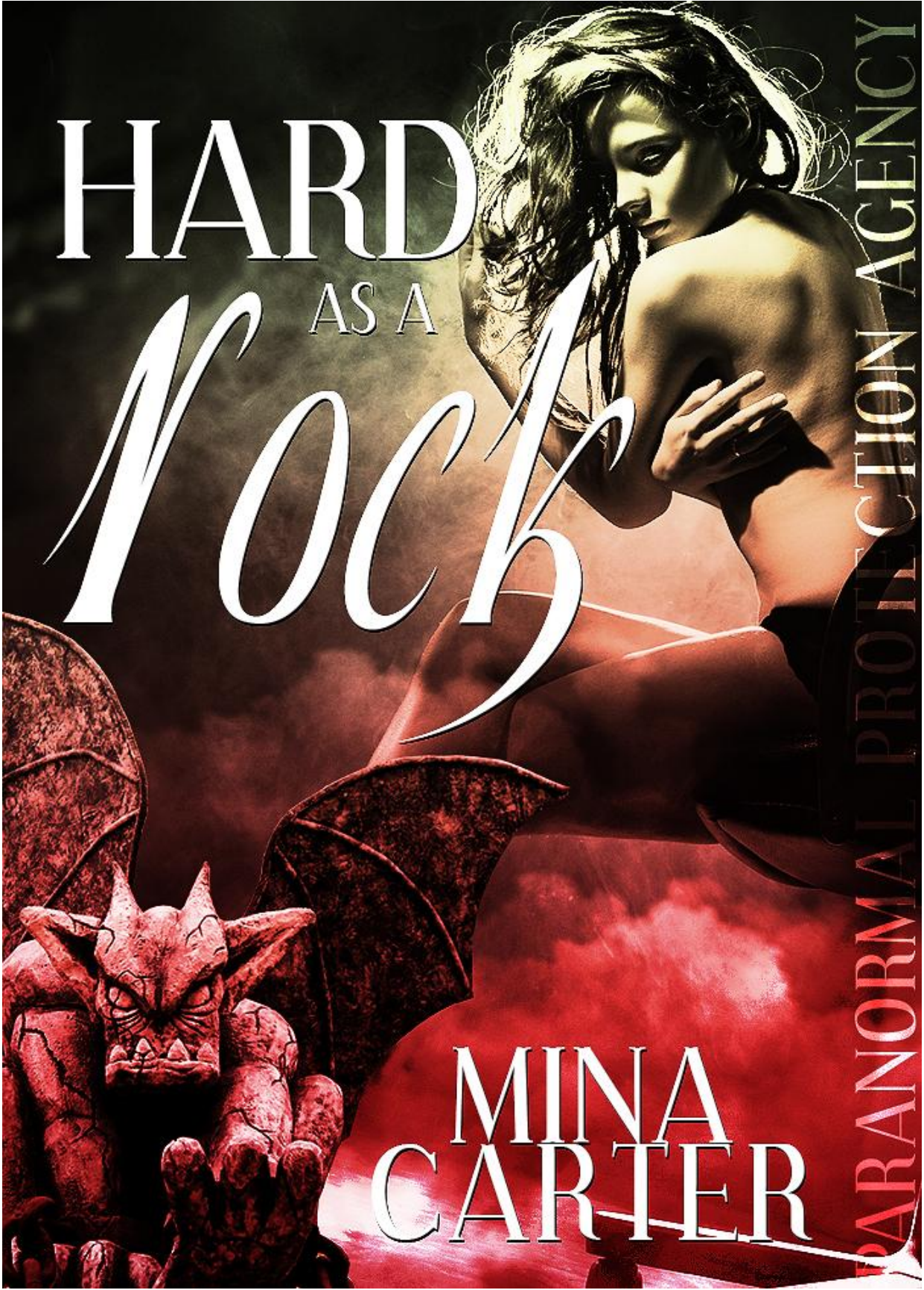
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PARANORMAL PROTECTION AGENCY



Hard as a Rock

Mina Carter © Sept 2011

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Hard as a Rock

By Mina Carter

“What’s the matter, Iliona? A *mere* human not good enough for you now?”

I sighed as Kenneth’s shrill voice echoed along the seemingly empty corridor of my apartment block. I say seemingly empty, because there was no way Mrs. Robertson in twenty-one was going to miss any gossip, never mind anything as juicy as a domestic breakup. Hell, even though she had to be pushing ninety-something, she wasn’t above leaning so far out of her bathroom window to hear what was going on in the flat below I thought she’d somehow rewritten the laws of gravity. No doubt she’d cracked her front door open as soon as Kenneth had stepped out of the lift.

I say breakup, but that’s not entirely correct. Kenneth and I broke up a month ago, after he’d decided my “comfort” level with paranormals tweaked his “squick” radar. Kenneth hates paranormals with a passion. So, since they’d all “come out of the closet” so to speak ten years ago, he’d been shit out of luck. Now there are all sorts of rules...forget racism, there are whole new laws going through parliament about speciesism. Me, personally? I think anything that gave the human race a kick up the backside and got us all playing along nicely in the sandpit was a bloody good thing.

Right now, though, I really wished I hadn’t opened the door. My fault, I’d thought he was the pizza delivery guy. Anticipating a large Hawaiian with garlic bread on the side, I hadn’t checked the peephole first. Just grabbed my purse and opened up.

“Kenneth, I’ve had a long day and it’s late.”

I didn’t bother to moderate the sharp tone in my voice. I wasn’t lying. I’d been up at the crack of dawn and down in the office sorting a fuckup of monumental proportions. Since I was a case manager for a personal protection company, problems meant a high likelihood of someone dying. Needless to say, I didn’t like problems.

I also didn’t like ex-boyfriends showing up when they weren’t welcome. Folding my arms, I leaned against the door jam and gave him my best “I don’t want to have this conversation now” look. Like seriously. I’d rather eat razor blades and gargle bleach than rehash why we’d split up.

The dumb fuck just stood there, all neatly pressed suit and tie. His banker uniform, I called it, and I hated it. I hated suits, even though I wore one on a regular basis. Actually, that's a lie, I just hated suits when Kenneth wore them.

"So are you going to answer the question?"

His voice rose in volume now as his carefully tanned face took on a hint of red. Kenneth was naturally pale with dark brown hair. He used sun beds and bleached his hair, terrified someone would mistake him for a vampire. Didn't matter I'd told him vampires tanned really well and that Rupert, our in-house vamp, loved garlic chicken pizza, the stupid twat insisted on frying himself on a regular basis.

I massaged the bridge of my nose and fought down the urge to murder him with one of my high heels. Since I didn't wear stilettos, it would have to be blunt force trauma. Fortunately for Kenneth, until I'd had my pizza I really didn't have the energy.

"When you ask a sensible question, then I might see my way clear to answering it."

He chewed on nothing, a vein pulsing in the corner of his eye. Bless him, little Kenneth Baker had been brought up to be master of his destiny, a man...the be-all and end-all of his little world. A world his parents hadn't anticipated on containing a) werewolves or anything that went bump in the night, or b) anyone more intelligent than their son running rings around him.

Absently, I wondered what would happen if someone took a pin and pricked that little vein. Would he deflate like a—

"Which abomination are you screwing at your father's office?" he demanded, crowding me in the doorway. "It's that bloodsucker, isn't it? Or is it the fucking dog?"

Forget the pin, he was lucky I didn't have a meat cleaver. I matched him glare for glare and refused to back down. I'd learnt that much, working with the guys we recruited for protection work. Forget your average heavy...we used the elite. Ex-commandos used to living behind enemy lines on nothing more than fresh air and dung beetles, and who could zero in on a target using mouse farts three miles away. But those were for the normal jobs. For the real heavy stuff we used paras...and I'm not talking paratroopers. Paranormals. People not of the human persuasion.

"You mean Rupert... Who's gay. And Kevin, who's mated. Twice."

Kenneth sneered. "Doesn't mean he can't fuck about. I hear that's all they do."

"Says the man whose sole knowledge of anything paranormal can fit on a postage stamp, as long as it's a small one." I smiled sweetly and shoved at the center of his chest. It was like shoving granite. Spongy granite, admittedly, but he didn't budge. "A bit like something else we can mention, eh, Kenneth? Now kindly get lost. I'm busy."

“You fucking bitch!”

Now in my line of work, you get used to being called names, and given the emotional state Kenneth had worked himself up into, I expected it from him. What I didn't expect, though, was the fist suddenly winging its way toward my face. There is a moment before someone hits you that everything slows down and time dilates. I think it's that bitch Fate's way of making sure you fully appreciate what is about to happen, and the fact that when that fist connects, your face is about to become the epicenter in a world of pain.

The fist didn't connect. Instead, the door slammed open and a solid, male body shoved into the gap between me and it. Kenneth's punch was caught in a hard hand, one he wasn't expecting by the look of shock on his face. I stumbled backward, caught myself on the door as my unexpected rescuer shoved his face into Kenneth's.

“I think the lady asked you to leave, meat sack.”

His voice was quiet, but had that indefinable rumble, as if most of it were below the human hearing threshold, which defined a paranormal. In this case, a gargoyle. I recognized him instantly. Cal was one of the paras we used for jobs. What he was doing in my apartment, I hadn't a clue. Right about now, though, I wasn't looking a gift horse in the mouth.

“M-meat sack?” The blood drained from Kenneth's face as he glared up at nearly seven feet of pissed off gargoyle. At least, I'm assuming Cal was pissed off, since I'd never seen him take on his gargoyle form in public before. I mean, he was tall as a human, but normally his skin was less...countertop and a little pinker. The talons were new additions as well.

“Uh-huh,” I supplied helpfully, trying and failing to step around Cal's bulk in the doorway. God, the guy was built like a bloody mountain.

“Move your arm down a little, Cal...thanks, chick. Yeah,” I carried on, addressing Kenneth through the gap between a rocky arm and the doorframe. “Gargoyles tend to view us as rather squishy. Just meat tied up in a little skin bag. Just last week, Grav managed to crush a guy...mind you, he was trying to gain entry into the building Grav guarded. Which is a bit of a no-no where gargoyles are concerned.”

“Gargoyles...guard,” Cal ground out, his voice like a landslide. His knuckles cracked as his free hand snaked out to grab Kenneth around the throat.

“They do indeed.” A little worried about the shade of purple Kenneth had turned, I reached out to pat Cal's arm. “You want to ease up on the death grip, sweetheart? I'd hate for you to get any of his pulverized flesh under your fingernails.”

He slid me a sideways glance, which was code for his head turning on his neck with the squeal of rock across more rock to look at me quizzically. I suddenly had an insight into what building Stonehenge must have been like.

“You want I should...” he paused for a moment. Every paranormal species is different. Vampires tend toward verbal diarrhea, werewolves are vain, incubus...yeah, that one goes without saying. Gargoyles, though, gargoyles are careful with their words and actions. Mind you, if I lived in a world where treading on someone’s foot tended to pulverize said appendage, so would I. It saved on the “Is this your hand? Oh, so sorry. It’s amazing what they can do with restorative surgery these days, isn’t it?” conversations. Most gargoyles weren’t that garrulous. They picked their words with care and we were already pushing the upper conversational limit with three sentences.

“You want I should blow him?”

Kenneth passed out.

Trying not to smirk, I patted Cal’s stony forearm again. “I think you mean blow him *away*, chick. It’s okay, just go put him in the lobby. The doorman’ll put him in a taxi when he comes around.”

It didn’t take Cal long to drop Kenneth off and get back up to my flat. I’d barely emptied half of what was left in the vodka bottle before he reappeared at the front door. Carefully closing it with a click behind him, he walked into the main room with the air of a man facing the gallows.

Sitting in one corner of the sofa opposite the door, I looked my fill. In human form, Cal was a looker. Not so good-looking that bimbos and modeling scouts fell over themselves, but with a body like a Greek god and a passable face...yeah, I’d do him. Seriously.

“Come in, sit down. Did our little friend wake up at all?”

I kept my voice level and calm. The last thing anyone wants is a skittish gargoyle in their apartment. Especially when they have a tendency to hulk out and stampede to the nearest exit, regardless of any furniture in their way. One early job I’d arranged was for an eminent businessman’s daughter. With previous death threats and kidnap attempts, we’d pulled out all the stops. The family dog was a were, the butler a vamp and we’d put our newest gargoyle recruit on watch outside the girl’s bedroom window. The place was locked up six ways to Sunday.

What we hadn’t accounted for was the fact the kid was fascinated by the “stone man”. From what we gathered after the event, she’d invited (read, ordered, in that way only five-year-old girls can) him in for a tea party. Unfortunately, the TV had been on in the background and our gargoyle had been subjected to an episode of Barney the Dinosaur without any of the necessary training. We found him

three blocks away with the kids pink bed frame around his neck. Poor thing is a prison guard now and won't go near children.

Cal shook his head and gingerly sat on the edge of the sofa. When it didn't collapse under him, he sighed in relief and looked all around the room before finally meeting my gaze. His look was wary, as though he'd done something wrong.

"Cal. Why were you outside my flat?"

His gaze sidled away as a stripe of red decorated his cheeks. Suspicion welled up inside me. "This isn't the first time, either, is it, Cal?"

I took a sip of my drink and let it burn all the way down as I waited for his answer. He studied his fingernails for a long moment, no doubt worried there was some nasty Kenneth residue left under there. Gargoyles are cute like that. If they're unused to the modern world, they'll believe anything you tell them. I just waited and sipped my drink. If you have anything to do with paranormals, you soon learn patience. And to spot when you're going to need that stake.

He looked up, his gaze meeting mine again. This time he didn't look away, his expression bolder, as though he was filled with a new confidence.

"No, not the first time. Been guarding." He practically puffed up with pride. "Others said not to, but you needed me."

I blinked in surprise. Normally, I don't give much away, but the last thing I expected was to have acquired a gargoyle guard, especially as he wasn't being paid for his time guarding me. I narrowed my eyes as another thought occurred to me.

"On the ledge?"

I jerked my thumb toward the window in question. There was only one ledge which ran around my building big enough to house a gargoyle. The one outside my bedroom. Since I was eight flights up in a neighborhood of two storey buildings, I had a habit of not wearing very much between bedroom and bathroom. Color hit my cheeks as if someone had thrown a can of paint over me.

"Pretty. Very pretty," he rasped, the edge of stone back in his voice as he watched me.

Gargoyles are very good at watching. Obviously, better than I'd thought. The idea should have freaked me out, but instead, a lazy heat suffused through my body. He'd watched me, and from the bright look in his eye as he perched on the edge of the sofa, he'd liked what he'd seen.

I put my empty glass on the side table and uncrossed then re-crossed my legs. I wasn't going for a Basic Instinct moment, but from the way his gaze tracked me, he must have seen the film.

"You just like watching?"

My voice had dropped to husky, and instead of the good girl image I worked so hard at maintaining, I was obviously channeling my inner slut. All I could think about was the fit, ripped body under that t-shirt, and the whispers from the other girls in the office about how well-*equipped* gargoyles were. A rumor I wanted to check out for myself.

He shook his head, gaze riveted on my feet as I unhooked one sling-back before dangling it on the end of my toe provocatively. I had no clue why, any other time I've tried it, said sling-back usually lives up to the first part of its name and ends up on the other side of the room.

"What else do you like doing, Cal?"

I'd barely finished the sentence before he moved. Most people think gargoyles are clumsy, slow creatures. They'd be wrong. Whatever form they're in, those suckers are *fast*. Cal was on me before I could utter a squeak. One hand on the arm of the chair, the other on the back, he loomed over me.

"Everything."

His voice was barely human, but that didn't scare me. In fact, nothing about him did. If he'd gone to the trouble of guarding me, then the chances of Cal hurting me were that of a snowball in hell.

"Soft smooth skin, silky hair...want to touch it. Want to taste it. Want to taste you."

Yeah, so his vocabulary tended to disappear under stress, but who cared? I certainly didn't. Not when the erotic promise in his eyes had me squirming against the leather and ready to come there and then.

Boldly I reached out and cupped him. Oh boy, when the girls had said "hard as a rock" they hadn't been kidding.

"Show me."

Cal didn't need telling twice. At my touch, his eyes darkened from blue to the color of a midnight sky. He grabbed the back of his shirt between his shoulder blades and yanked the garment off in a very male way. Then it was my turn to suck in a breath.

He was cut, ripped...whatever you wanted to call it. Cal had some serious muscle definition going on. Forget the six-pack, he was at least an eight. Hard muscle covered in satin skin I wanted to kiss and lick all over. Like a cat.

A vicious scar cut across one heavy pectoral muscle. Wincing in sympathy, I reached out to trace it, but stopped at the last minute. It looked healed to me, but I wasn't a gargoyle expert. For all I knew they might not heal and I could be shoving my grubby little fingers into an open wound.

"That looks painful."

I flicked a glance up to him for permission. Instead, he simply covered my hand with his, pressing it against his chest. He was warm, like sun-kissed marble, and his skin was softer than I expected. Actually, I don't know what I expected. This was all uncharted territory for me.

"Old hurt. Gone now. That feels good," he murmured as my hand spread out under his to explore. Our gazes locked as I traced the heavy muscles with my fingertips, then flicked one flat male nipple. He bit his lip and shuddered. A shudder of pleasure, if the heat in his eyes were anything to go by. I flicked it again, then caught it between my fingertips to pinch lightly.

A short gasp escaped his lips and then it was as if the floodgates had been opened. His lips sought mine, clashing and claiming them with a hard kiss that had me gasping in turn. He didn't waste the opportunity, his tongue sliding past my lips to tangle with mine in an erotic dance that had my heart skittering, then racing to catch up.

God, the man could kiss. With a groan of my own, I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back. I'd thought gargoyles would be cold, but he wasn't. His lips were as warm as any human man's, the scent and taste of warm musk and pure Cal driving me crazy.

Wriggling closer, I used my grip around his shoulders to lift myself and press my breasts against the hard expanse of his chest. Hidden under the prim work shirt and sensible underwear, my nipples ached. Needing to be touched, kissed, nibbled on. The heat arrowed through my body, straight down to my pussy. It clenched tightly around nothingness, making me squirm as I thrust my tongue against his, daring and enticing him in turns.

Cal growled in the back of his throat, sliding his arms under me and lifting me as easily as if I were a doll. Before I realized what he'd done, he'd turned me sideways on the sofa and settled over me.

"Pretty shirt." He fingered the buttons over my bust, regret mingled with hot lust on his face.

"Rip it off," I offered, arching my back. I wanted him to tear my clothes off. Liked that animalistic side of a man...err gargoyle. Gargoyle-man. Whatever. I liked the fact a guy couldn't wait to get at the goodies within that he'd destroy the flimsy cloth barrier keeping him from what he wanted. What I wanted.

His hand clenched and the sound of tearing cloth filled the room. Buttons pinged as they scattered over the wooden floor. Cool air washed over my breasts as the shirt fell open. His face was tight as he looked at my tits. My breath came in short pants, and the full mounds threatened to overflow their satin confinement.

I'd been meaning to buy new underwear, but I bought expensive lingerie and this was a newish set. Besides, the illicit little thrill when the upper part of my nipples escaped and rubbed against the

starched cotton of my shirt had sparked many a long lunch. Namely a quick dash home for some “personal” time with the thick vibrator in my underwear drawer.

“Fuck.”

He was as eloquent as many a man who’d been faced with my ample cleavage. More rubenesque than a stick insect, I was proud of my curves despite Kenneth’s none too subtle suggestion about a “reduction”. I’d replied by offering to return the favor. South of the belt.

Feeling bolder than I had for years, I smoothed my hands up the sides of my ribcage, molding my shape until I reached my breasts. I pushed them together, created a deep cleavage he couldn’t seem to drag his gaze from and gave him a hot look.

“Like what you see?”

He nodded. Once, twice. Grinning, I hooked a finger under and between my rounded globes. The clasp gave with a little click. The satin fell away, my breasts unfettered and open to his gaze. The heat in his eyes intensified as I touched myself, cupping, flicking a finger over my stiff nipples.

“How about you try?”

I hadn’t finished the sentence when he had an arm around and under my waist. Easily supporting my weight, he pulled me up, my back bowed as he dropped his head. I gasped as he flicked a tongue over my nipple. Where it had been soft a moment ago as he kissed me, his tongue was harder and...ridged?

Oh. My. God.

My pussy clenched, heat slipping from it to dampen my panties. He could alter the composition of his body. Alter his tongue from human to *ohmygod!mgonnacome-tastic*. Holy hell, what would that feel like when he ate my pussy?

He didn’t give me any quarter. As he nibbled and licked at my nipples, widening his attention to the soft flesh around them, his other hand got busy at the waistband of my pants. His dexterous fingers worked at the stubborn bastard of a fastener, but the damn thing wouldn’t give.

“Fuck it, just rip them off. Please.”

I barely recognized my own voice. Breathily, feminine and needy. As if I should have been a phone sex operator. Hell, I’d do anything if it eased the ache deep down inside. The need to be filled, to be fucked, overrode all else. Which wasn’t surprising. Kenneth and I had stopped doing the dirty months before we’d actually split, which meant I hadn’t had a real cock in months and Mr.Buzzy in my drawer was nearing motor burnout.

He grabbed the front of the pants and just lifted. The fabric gave with barely a complaint, a whisper under my loud groan as he sucked my nipple again and his big hand cupped my mound.

“Wet. And hot,” he said around a mouthful.

Me? I was beyond speech as he pressed hard fingers against my panties over my clit. Then rubbed. A strangled moan made it to my throat and lodged there as fireworks exploded on the back of my eyelids.

He slid a finger under my panties and stroked along my cleft, collecting the juices of my arousal.

“Very hot. Slippery. Tight.”

I stopped breathing, as on the last word, he circled my slit, then drove a thick finger deep into my pussy.

“Fucking *hell!*”

I panted as he penetrated me, feeling better than I had in nearly a year. Heat suffused my body as I clamped down on his finger. His tongue circled my nipple and flicked it as he pulled out. When he thrust back in again, it was joined by one of his others.

I grabbed the armrest above my head, just for something to hold onto as he fucked me with his fingers. It felt so good my hips arched off the sofa, seeking more. Needing more.

He left my breast with a soft almost regretful kiss and moved down my body. Normally, I'd have been nervous about a guy seeing me practically naked, but right now I didn't care. Besides, it was a bit late for nerves when he had his fingers deep inside my cunt.

He kissed along the soft curve of my belly and crooked back to stroke my g-spot. Hard pleasure and pressure swirled through me and I squirmed more. I'd never found a guy doing that actually comfortable. It's always been a cross between sexy and needing to pee. But this...was nearer to “fuck me now” than anything else.

He shifted, spreading my thighs wider so he could settle between them. His shoulders were as broad as a barn, shifting as my panties were shoved aside. Cool air washed over my clit a moment before his hot breath curled around it. I tensed in anticipation. Then he was there. His tongue rasped over my clit at the same instant he pressed against the sweet spot inside. I shuddered, each kiss of the new ridges along his tongue driving my need higher.

Forget tongue piercings, gargoyle was the way to go.

After pulling his fingers out, he lapped at my hole, rumbling in pleasure. He licked from slit to clit, the raspy-wet texture of his tongue driving me almost to heaven. Driving back in, he nibbled and licked at the tiny button of flesh until I panted, ready to beg.

I clenched around his fingers, riding his hand, but he wouldn't let me come. When I thought I was nearly there, felt the chasm yawning beneath me, he moved. Changed his rhythm, went to licking along my folds instead of paying attention to where I needed it.

"Cal, stop it. I need to come." There, I was begging. But I didn't care. Instead, I grabbed a handful of hair and held him where I wanted him. He chuckled, pulling his fingers free with a "pop".

I swore. Long, loud and inventively.

He chuckled and ran those ridges over my clit again. Forget fireworks, I had stars going supernova behind my eyes.

"Up," he ordered, even as he lifted and turned me over onto my hands and knees. My panties were torn away in the blink of an eye.

"Hey! They were expensive," I complained as he stripped me of my shirt and bra until I was as naked as the day I was born. Hands on the back of the sofa, my knees were spread, displaying everything I had to the guy behind me.

"I'll buy more. Then rip them off too."

There was movement, the rustle of cloth and then a thunk as something hit the floor. I started to turn, but stopped as his hard knee shoved my legs farther apart. He was going for it right here on the sofa, the windows wide open to the night air.

"Really?" I arched an eyebrow. "You think you'll get more than tonight?"

The head of his cock brushed the lips of my pussy, stroking along the heated flesh until he pressed against the slick entrance to my cunt.

"Not think. Know."

He pressed hard, pushing past the initial resistance of my body to seat the broad head of his cock in my tight sheath. I gasped, the pleasure-pain of being stretched all-consuming. He didn't give me a moment to get used to him. Instead, he slipped an arm around my body and located my clit. Clever fingers working the tiny nub, he slid in another couple of inches, then pulled back.

My senses overloaded at the feeling of thick cock pressing inside me, and the tight pleasure of clitoral stimulation. The burning feeling wore off, fast, leaving a need to fuck and be fucked in its place. Closing my eyes, I pushed back, wiggling my ass in encouragement. He didn't need any.

With a grunt, he shoved back in and pulled out again, then again, and again. Working himself into me in short, sharp movements as he rubbed my clit. I arched against him, shoving my hips back. We both groaned as he slipped and slid the remaining few inches, until his cock pressed against my cervix and his balls near slapped against his own fingers.

“So tight. Feels good.”

His voice had devolved into a low rumble of sound. He pinched my clit, making me jump, then moan as liquid heat bathed his cock. I was so close to coming I felt it, almost tasted it.

“Just quit the yapping and get on with the fucking,” I ordered, pulling forward, then slamming back on his cock. I almost passed out with pleasure. I felt each hardened ridge and vein on his shaft. As if he’d pulled the same trick with his penis as he had his tongue.

Amusement bubbled, threatened to spill over. Hard as a rock, indeed.

A deep growl rumbled through the chest pressed against my back and he fucked me in earnest. His cock was thick, pressing so tightly against the walls of my pussy I felt more filled than I ever had. I felt *everything*.

And god, could he fuck. He wrapped an arm around me, anchoring me in place as he drove into me. The slap of skin on skin filled the room, interrupted by the soft pants and moans I belatedly realized spilled from my own lips.

I didn’t care. All that mattered was the thick cock I was impaled on, and the clever fingers teasing my clit. Deep inside the pleasure boiled, surging through my veins until I felt as if I were boiling from the inside out.

“God, that feels good.”

I bit my lip as I reached down, grabbing his hand and pulling it up to cup my breast. I liked my tits played with when I was being fucked. Caressed, held, the nipples rolled and pinched. Without asking, he knew what I wanted, his rough fingers tweaking the hardened bullets my nipples had become. The small pain made me gasp, my cunt tightening around his cock and making him swear.

Biting my lip, I slid my hand down between my legs. There’s nothing like getting a good, hard fucking, and whilst he was good with his hands, I knew my own body. I slid my fingers over my slick lips, wetting them with my own juices before sliding them in a V around his cock and squeezing.

Fuck me, he was big, spreading my fingers almost as far as they could go. His hips jerked, and he pinched my nipples harder until blackness swarmed my vision.

“Witch,” he panted in my ear as I reluctantly let him go, stroking the lips of my pussy until I found my clit. “You’ll pay for that.”

I rubbed and circled. Fast and furious as he fucked me. Used me hard. I love a bit of rough, always have. And I sure as hell was getting more than a bit of it from my gargoyle lover.

“Yeah? You’ll fuck me harder? Bring it on, lover boy.”

I thought it was an empty threat. I'd forgotten he could alter his body in ways that defied human expectation. He pulled out halfway, his hand disappearing from my breasts for a moment. When he pushed back in, I yelped.

His cock was as thick as before, but there was a hardened, raised, long...knob. Yeah, knob was the only word for it. As stretched as my pussy was, I felt it every inch of the way as he pushed back inside me. He bottomed out, and I moaned in pleasure. The new addition pressed hard against my g-spot. As he moved, started to thrust back in and out slowly, it rubbed against the sweet spot.

"Oh...my..."

He batted my hand out of the way and took over. He tweaked and circled my clit as he fucked me. With each stroke, the heat in my body grew hotter, the need in my cunt got harder. A tight, painful coil of pleasure that demanded to be fed.

"Ohyesohyesohyes..."

I didn't care where I was, who I was or who he was. I just needed to come. Long and hard.

"That's it." He nipped my ear, his free hand playing with my tits. Caressing them as he fucked me with that impossible cock, as he stroked my clit in tiny circles that had me panting with need.

"Come. I want you to come on my cock. Want to feel your heat."

Almost there, I nodded and shoved my hips back onto his shaft. My release rushed up, lifting me until I felt as if I were flying, ready to drop me into the maelstrom of pleasure opening beneath me. I pressed back again, fucking him as much as he fucked me. I needed this, needed to come.

"Gonna...co—"

I didn't finish the sentence. Pulling almost fully out of me, he thrust back inside in a savage movement. As he did so, his fingers tweaked my nipple hard, clamping down and holding. The pleasure-pain from my tit and pussy collided, hitting my clit at light speed. I clenched around his cock. Then he tweaked my clit, pinching the sensitive button lightly.

It was enough.

Pleasure exploded around me in a hard rain. A storm that whipped through me and ripped a ragged scream from my lips. Wave after wave of sensation rolled through me as he rubbed my clit, dragging my orgasm out until I was nearly insensible.

His hand dropped away as I rode the waves of pleasure to grip my hips. With a growl, he upped his pace, snarls rumbling through his chest as he pistoned into my soft body. A relentless tide of movement, ebb and flow. Three...four...five thrusts. He didn't make it to ten. On nine, he slammed his cock into me and bellowed. His prick jerked and pulsed, pumping his seed deep inside me. Wrapped in

his arms, I felt it all. Every pulse, even the blood flowing through that thick cock, until it slowed and then stopped.

Resting my head on the back of the sofa, I tried to get my breath back. Gently, he slipped from me. I expected him to gather his clothes and go, but he didn't. Instead, he pulled me into his arms, settling us both comfortably on the sofa.

"Perfect. You're perfect," he said softly after a few minutes. His fingers stroked the gentle curve on the inside of my waist. "So soft."

The hand wandered across my stomach and over the clipped curls between my thighs. With a sigh, I parted my legs. He stroked the still sensitive lips of my pussy, and my clit came to attention.

Yeah, perfect was the right word.

About the Author:

Mina Carter was born and raised in Middle Earth (otherwise known as the Midlands, England). After a slew of careers ranging from logistics to land-surveying she can now be found in the wilds of Leicestershire with her husband and daughter...the true boss of the family.

Suffering the curse of eternal curiosity Mina never tires of learning new skills which has led to Aromatherapy, Corsetry, Chain-maille making, Welding, Canoeing, Shooting, and pole-dancing to name but a few. A veteran Star Trek RPGer, she's run both games and groups of games but now finds her home in Alpha Fleet, one of the internet's oldest Star Trek simm groups.

Her first stories were penned at age 11, when she used a stationery set meant for Christmas thank you letters to write stories instead. More recently, she wrote for her own amusement and to save on outrageous monthly book bills. Now a full time author and graphic artist she never tires of creating new worlds and the hot heroines and determined heroines to inhabit them.