

Claiming Cassidy

By Angela Knight

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Cassidy collapsed against Rune, panting, so furious he could smell her rage. According to his sensors, she'd exhausted herself.

Not surprising, since he too, was feeling the effects of their brawl. She'd fought him with a stubborn fury that made no allowances for his superior strength. Fought him so long, he'd thought she'd never give up.

Rune wasn't at all sure she'd given up now. More than likely, she was scheming to overcome him by trickery.

Rune had no intention of being overcome. He did, however, have every intention of seducing her into yielding to their mutual desire.

Fury wasn't the only emotion his keen sense of smell detected in her scent.

He lowered his head until he could whisper into one delicate ear. "It will not be so unpleasant being my wife, Cassidy." He breathed out slowly, letting the warmth gust against the curve of her jaw. "I am very, very good."

Cassidy went still. He heard her swallow and smiled. "What you are," she said in a low, tight voice, "is very, very egotistical."

"Perhaps." Rune eyed the delicate flesh of her lobe. It looked soft and pale against the gold of her hair. "But then, perhaps not." He nuzzled the delicate nubbin, licked it tenderly. Her flesh tasted deliciously feminine, reminding him of the three endless months since he'd last had a woman.

If he could make her his, he would no longer be dependent on the whim of the Mahiris. He could make

love to her whenever he wanted, however he wanted.

“Cut it out, Alrigo.” But her voice wasn’t quite steady. Good. He’d make it more unsteady yet.

Delicately, Rune licked her ear, then took the lobe between his teeth. And , with exquisite care, took a careful bite. Suckled slowly as she stiffened against him. “But your flesh is so sweet,” he purred.

“Let me go.”

“No. I wonder how your mouth would taste.”

“You wouldn’t like it. It’s full of sharp teeth.” The words were gritted , but the scent of female heat was rising.

“And I’ll wager you bite, don’t you?” He twisted his head so he could reach her throat, then pressed his mouth against a straining tendon running from her jaw. Her skin felt like satin web against his lips. “But then, so do I.” He raked his teeth across it until her breath caught. “Ahhhhh. Very nice. But ... it strikes me that you’re overdressed. All this armor leaves so little bare flesh for my teeth....”

Taking a chance, he released his hold on her throat and trailed his fingers across the front of her armored suit. Even as he did it, he waited for her to launch another furious attack with her free hand.

But she didn’t. Instead she simply lay across him, breathing hard from exertion – and, he suspected, more than a little arousal.

Rune allowed himself a slight smile. Either his pheromones were getting to her, or she’d decided to try to lull him into complacency. Most likely both; there was definitely arousal in her scent, but she was too ruthlessly disciplined to let it matter. So she was playing him – but he was playing her too.

They’d discover who played with more skill.

He found the seal of her armor. Located the first clip. Pulled it. It opened with a sigh. "Mmmmm," he breathed. "That's better, isn't it? It's probably hot in that suit."

Rune opened another clip. The edges of the suit sprang open, revealing the upper curves of her breasts. He gazed down the arrow of cleavage shamelessly, admiring them. "Pretty. So full and pale."

His gloved hand found another clip. Snap. The arrow lengthened. Her white flesh seemed to swell under his gaze as if silently begging for his touch.

"Is that any ...?" He smiled. "...Cooler?"

"Go to hell."

"Not right now. I have another destination in mind." His hand continued down the line of clips. Snap. Snap. Snap. The arrow widened, revealing her smooth belly right down to a glimpse of blonde curls right at the top of her groin. She squirmed, as if unable to help herself.

It was not a gesture of rejection.

Smoothly, as if he had every right, Rune reached a hand down her open neckline and claimed one of those lovely breasts. It felt deliciously yielding, and he longed to take off his gloves so he could enjoy the sensation.

When she spoke again, her voice was tight with control. "You're quite the bastard, aren't you?"

"Sometimes." He found her hard jutting nipple. Delicately plucked. Listened as she caught her breath. "And then, again, sometimes I'm not."

Alrigo caressed her slowly, his fingers gentle and skilled on her nipples as he plucked them into a hot

ache. Despite her determination to remain unaffected, Cassidy's breathing grew rough with hunger.

He paused in his erotic assault only to lift his hand to his mouth and catch the fingertip of a glove between his teeth so he could work it off. "I find I need to touch you," he told her, tossing the gauntlet aside. "Skin to skin."

Something about the way he said "skin" made her heart leap in a hard thump. It began to pound in earnest when his long fingers took her again.

Alrigo was right. It was so much hotter when bare flesh touched.

His fingertips were just slightly rough with calluses, and his hand felt deliciously warm as it cupped her. "Sweet," he breathed. "And soft. So soft..."

With a muscular flex, he rolled them over. Her first impulse was to struggle, but then he turned her in his arms so they were face to face. His eyes were a pale, smoky blue, their pupils surrounded with starbursts of silver. The deep tan of his face made them even more striking, particularly framed by those dark, long lashes of his.

Suddenly Cassidy realized he'd gathered both her wrists in one of his hands. Now he pinned them to the ground over her head. He was nuts if he thought he could hold her that way. His strength advantage, while considerable, wasn't enough to let him get away with it.

But her intent was to seduce him into lowering his guard, so she didn't fight. Instead, she gave in to the temptation to gaze up into that stern face while he studied hers.

He was a handsome bastard, she'd give him that. The knife-blade cheekbones and square chin contrasted with the sulky sensuality of his mouth. She was seriously tempted to bite that lush lower lip, just to see how it would taste.

He lowered his head. Cassidy caught her breath. Considered turning her face away. Didn't. And not just for strategy's sake.

One thing was immediately clear: Alrigo knew how to kiss. He started out warm and slow, a light brush of the lips that made her want more. Only when she started kissing him back did he deepen it, sipping at her lips, first the upper, then the lower, gently licking and nibbling.

Despite her firm intentions to kick his ass at the earliest opportunity, Cassidy found herself yielding, enjoying the hot sweep of his tongue. She returned the favor, determined to work her own erotic magic.

So they dueled with kisses and tender bites, growing bolder with each taste of hot skin.

Alrigo settled against her, his weight so welcome between her thighs, she grew impatient with their armor. She wanted to feel him naked against her, wanted to see what he looked like under all that hard plate. The edges of her suit pressed against her nipples, teasing them until need roiled in her blood.

As if sensing her growing desperation, he left her mouth to string kisses along the line of her jaw, right to her throbbing pulse. For a moment, he pressed the edges of his teeth to her jugular, not quite biting. The gesture of dominance and claiming made something ancient in her want to spread itself and yield.

Then he was working his way down again, right to the opening in her suit. With his free hand, he lifted one breast until its nipple popped free of her armor's parted neckline. He took the tight little point, sucking it gently into his mouth, raking it with his teeth until she squirmed at his skill. His male rumble of approval made her sex clench in hunger.

At last Alrigo released her wrists and sat up so he could grab the shoulders of her suit. "I want to see you," he said, his voice low and rough, his eyes hot. "All of you."

When he began stripping the suit down, she helped him, wriggling her way out of it. He paused to wrestle with her stubborn boots, and she sat watching him, her heart thumping hard, her bared breasts tight in the cool, spring-like air.

As he tossed the first boot aside, Cassidy growled, "Strip."

About to pull off her other boot, he stopped to look at her, dark brows lifted.

“I want to touch you,” she said. “Got a problem with that?”

His lips quirked. “No.”

She watched him as she took care of the rest of her clothing. The boot joined its mate, followed by her gloves, then the rest of her suit.

Rising to his feet, he reached for the seal of his own armor, his gaze challenging. Naked now, she licked her lips, palms braced in the soft, blue tinted vegetation as he revealed an arrow of brown, brawny chest.

Alrigo stripped as quickly as she had. When he was finished, he stood over her a moment, letting her look her fill at him even as he stared hungrily down at her.

Well, if I've got to seduce an enemy pilot, I sure as hell could have done worse, Cassidy thought, taking in his sheer muscled size. The suit had actually minimized and compressed his brawn. He was all sculpted honey skin, covered with a fine ruff of dark hair. What she'd taken for a tan must be his natural skin color; the shade was too even to be anything else.

His cock was a thick, ruddy stalk thrusting from the cloud of soft hair at his groin. A single pearl of pre-cum glinted on its meaty, heart-shaped glands. His balls hung heavy between his braced thighs.

Cassidy didn't think she'd ever seen a more thoroughly *male* man, from his short-cropped hair to his big feet. Adding to the effect of delicious barbarism were odd designs on the skin around his nipples, belly button and cock – not tattoos, exactly. Raised patterns, like intricate scars. Tribal markings of some kind.

“Where'd you get the marks?” Cassidy asked. Her voice was so low and rough with arousal, it startled her. She cleared her throat.

“The women of my ship,” he said, his voice equally rough. He sank to his knees beside her. “When I

became a man.”

She looked at his urgent erection surrounded by its starburst of scarring. “Did it hurt?”

He smiled tightly. “Oh, yes. It was supposed to.”

Cassidy frowned, her mind conjuring an image of Alrigo stoically enduring while women sliced into his most delicate flesh. She found the idea a lot less satisfying than she'd have expected, considering his offenses against her.

Without conscious intent, she reached out, brushing her fingers against the taut muscle of his abdomen, feeling the slick, raised designs. He drew in a hard breath. She looked up to see heat blaze high in his eyes.

One big hand cupped the back of her head, and he kissed her again, his mouth intoxicating as he licked and sucked at her lips. He hooked an arm behind her waist and leaned her back as he started kissing his way down her bare throat. When Alrigo paused to nibble her collarbone, she caught his head. His short hair felt like a silken pelt against her fingers.

He found her breast, lifted it gently, and teased the nipple with a thumb. “Lovely,” he rasped. “Such a pretty pink.” Then his mouth closed over the peak, suckled with a slow, seductive power that made her eyes close in bliss.

Alrigo lowered her to the soft, short alien leaves and went to work in earnest with delicate nibbles and a slow, swirling tongue. As he settled between her thighs, she gave into impulse and stroked the bunching muscles of his shoulder, the skin like velvet over granite.

Watch it, Cassidy, she told herself. *You're supposed to seduce him into dropping his guard, not let him seduce you into dropping yours.*

But God, his mouth felt good as he gently tugged and suckled. It felt even better when he reached between her thighs. Tender fingertips traced her vaginal lips, stroking the soft hair before slipping between.

She was so slickly wet, even she was surprised. Alrigo groaned in lust. “No,” he rasped, his gaze flashing up to meet hers with sudden fierceness, “you can’t claim this is rape.”

Cassidy stiffened – trust a man to find a way to spoil the mood – but then he brushed a skillful thumb across her clit as he raked her nipple with his teeth, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

Damn, he was way too good at that.

By the time he abandoned her breasts to work his way down her abdomen with tiny nipping bites, she was all but writhing. Anticipation curled in shimmering waves of heat in her belly.

Then Alrigo stopped to explore her bellybutton, and she thought she was going to explode. Despite her best intentions, she found herself spreading her legs and rolling her hips.

His pale gaze met hers across her panting breasts. “Like that?”

“You’re a teasing son of a bitch, you know that?” she gasped.

Rune smiled slowly. “Why, yes.” He gave her navel another taunting swirl of his tongue.

Slowly, deliberately, Cassidy drew one long leg up his side in a long caress. She hooked a foot against his ass and dug in as she rolled her hips up. To her satisfaction, his eyes widened and a flush of lust rolled up his cheekbones.

She gave him a mocking smile. “I can play too, stud.”

He grinned, humor lighting his face, making him look almost boyish. “So you can.”

Then he rose off her, slid down between her thighs, and caught her behind the knees. She drew in a hard breath as he spread her wide and buried his face against her sex.

He licked her once, slow and deep, as if she were some exotic sweet he wanted to capture on his tongue. Cassidy gasped, arching her spine at the burning intensity of the pleasure. He growled something guttural and settled in, almost attacking her flesh with a flurry of tongue flicks and slow laps and small, careful bites centered over and around her clit.

The ruthless pleasure rose, spiraling in a molten corkscrew up her spine until the muscles in her thighs quivered and jumped with the ferocity of her building orgasm.

Close. So close. But not quite.

It was all she could do not to beg him. She had to clench her teeth against the need.

He lifted his dark head to study her face. His mouth was wet. "You see?" he purred. "This is what I can do to you. Anytime."

It took effort, but she managed a sneer. "You talk big, but I still haven't come."

His teeth flashed. "You will."

He rose onto hands and knees and crawled up her body like a big predator. Despite herself, she caught her breath as she watched him take his big cock in hand and aim it for her wet, aching sex.

Don't let me get pregnant, comp, she managed, despite the hot arousal steaming through her.

Understood, the comp replied. It would mobilize her body's defenses against his sperm just as it would against any microbial invaders he happened to be harboring.

Cassidy didn't want any souvenirs of this little encounter. She suspected she'd have enough trouble forgetting it as it was. Alrigo entered her slowly, taking his time as he worked his thickness into her tight sex. It had been too long for her, and Cassidy hissed through her teeth at the raw, dark delight. He felt huge, overwhelming, though God knew she was no virgin.

His pale blue eyes locked on hers, fierce and triumphant as he slid deeper and deeper. "Nice," he breathed. "Very nice." In to the balls at last, he started pulling out. "And tight. And wet."

Panting, she managed to bare her teeth at him. "Give it your best shot, stud."

He bared his back. "Oh, I will. Let's go."

And then he started to thrust.

A hot flush rode Cassidy's high cheekbones, and her pupils were dilated so wide they almost swallowed the gem green of her eyes. She gripped Rune's cock like a slick, breathtaking fist, so tight that every stroke sent blazing ecstasy rolling up his spine. He could feel the tiny contractions of her sex milking him, demonstrating

just how close she was to coming herself.

Yet so much defiance blazed in that emerald gaze, he knew that though he might have won over her body, the battle for her heart hadn't even been joined.

It's not going to be that easy, darling. Rune braced his palms beside her shoulders and rolled his hips, using every bit of skill he'd learned on the women's deck, keeping his thrusts slow and deep.

It wasn't easy. She felt so slick and delicious that all he wanted to do was ride her hard, grind deep and ruthlessly until he came. And judging from the challenge in her eyes, she expected him to do just that.

But Rune had learned discipline from harsh teachers, so he clamped down hard on his control. He'd damn well bring her before he went over.

As if reading his mind, Cassidy wrapped her endless legs around his waist and began to hunch her hips in short, teasing strokes that tested his control. "How long do you think you can hold it, stud?"

He gritted his teeth. "Longer than you."

"I don't think so." But to his satisfaction, she was panting.

Tits of the Goddess, he liked her. Liked her defiance, her determination to win, her intelligence.

And of course, he loved her lush little body, from those snapping green eyes to those full breasts to the tight, creamy cunt and long, long legs. She was everything he'd ever wanted. And he was damn well going to claim her.

So Rune reared off her, scooped her long legs up, draped her calves over his shoulders, and slid back into her again. Just to make sure she got the full effect, he thrummed his thumb over her hard little clit.

She might be stubborn, but so was he.

Cassidy caught her breath as delight drove up her spine like a spike.

God, he was good.

She could see how close he was. She knew she could have forced him over, but in this position, Alrigo was in firmly in control.

Andhe felt like a beamer cannon in her cunt – thick, hard, merciless. Every single stroke maddened her, an effect heightened by his thumb circling her clit. She fought to hold her climax off, determined not to give in until he came.

Then he rose up on his knees, leaned hard against her, and ground. “Come,” he rumbled, with a single devastating stroke across her tight pearl timed for just the right moment.

Her climax came boiling out of nowhere, savage and irresistible. With a cry of mingled ecstasy and frustration, she came, her back arching with the frenzy of her orgasm.

“Yes,” he growled. “Yes!”

Alrigo threw his head back and slammed his hips against hers, circling hard, pounding deep. Spurring her climax to jolting new heights as he roared and came, the tendons standing rigid on his muscular throat, every muscle in stark relief.

The sweet, dark pleasure was merciless, a luscious firestorm that went on and on . By the time it retreated, Cassidy felt drained and boneless, sprawled beneath Rune’s hot weight in the leaves.

With a groan, Alrigo dropped her legs and collapsed over her, fists braced on the ground. Panting hard, he grinned into her eyes. “I’ll have you yet.”

Cassidy snarled at him even with her nervous system still jolting from the ferocity of her climax. “Fuck off.”

Helaughed, a long, rolling boom of delight and anticipation. “I never said it would be easy.”

**

The End.

(This e-book will be release in its entirety Dec 2005)

