

Mercenaries: Trinity

By Angela Knight

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Nathan turned toward her, his eyes so hungry she instinctively took a step back. Yet his hands were unspeakably gentle as he brushed the hair back from her face.

Something tight in her melted, and she gave him a smile that trembled. "Thank you. Oh, thank you..."

Which was apparently the signal he'd been waiting for. He stepped full against her, his big, hard body pressing hers against the door. She moaned in welcome the instant before his mouth came down to claim her lips in a kiss so searing, she lost her breath.

Trin's own hunger flared, and she kissed him back, licking and sucking at his lips the way he'd taught her. With a growl of need and impatience, he began plucking at the straps of her armor. The chestplate dropped with a thud. "Let me have you," Nathan whispered against her mouth. "Please, Trin!"

"Yes!" she moaned, tilting her head up.

He took the gesture for the invitation it was and began to bite and suckle his way along her jaw. Meanwhile, his impatient hands plucked at straps and pulled at armor. She did the same to his, hungry to uncover his magnificent body. The tough plates landed at their feet with a series of thumps.

Until, as if he just couldn't stand any more, he stood back, grabbed the neckline of her uniform, and ripped the tough fabric ruthlessly down the front. Her breasts spilled free.

Nathan hastily shucked out of what remained of his armor, then pulled her into his arms. Cupping one big hand under her ass, he lifted her, bending her over his arm so he could suck the nearest nipple into his mouth. Trin groaned in helpless pleasure at the intense sensation of wet heat and gentle, nibbling teeth. Wrapping her legs around his waist, she clung to his strong shoulders. "You saved my life. He was going to kill me, and you saved my life."

He lifted his head from her breast just long enough to growl. "You were magnificent. When you told that Elder what you thought of his idiot cult, it was all I could do not to cheer."

She grinned. "It did feel good."

"I'm sure it did." Bracing her as she wrapped around him, Nathan turned and walked toward his bed, grinning into her eyes. "By the way, thanks for announcing to everybody – including my crew – that I've got a big dick."

Trin felt her cheeks heat. She'd been so far gone in reckless indignation, she hadn't even considered her audience. "Oh – I'm sorry!"

"I'm not." The grin broadened. "That's the kind of rumor no guy minds." He spilled her back onto the bed, following her down to cover her in a warm blanket of male sensuality.

“It’s more than a rumor, Captain.” She drew her legs tighter around his backside and rolled her hips, enjoying the way his thick erection pressed against her stomach. “Much, much more.”

“Glad to hear it.” He reached between their bodies to find the join of her thighs, then slipped a finger into her core. She sighed at the sensation. “Now, if you’d said I had a needle dick, then I’d have had to punish you.”

Something in the dark, seductive thrum of his voice made inner muscles clench in greed. “Yeah? How?”

He must have seen the leap of lust in her eyes. His own widened, then narrowed in sudden speculation. “I’d have warmed this pretty little butt with my hand. And then I’d have tied you up and fucked you. Hard.”

It had always infuriated her when the males of Rectitude punished her for some infraction, particularly when she suspected hurting her aroused them. But coming from Nathan, the threat was altogether different – an erotic game, meant to stoke her hunger as much as his.

And it did. The thought of being draped bare-assed across his lap for a spanking struck her as deliciously kinky. The elders would have been shocked.

Trin smirked. “Needle dick.”

A delighted grin bloomed across his face the instant before he assumed a threatening glare. “Are you talking to me?” His growl was so deep and menacing, hot little muscles clenched in her sex.

Trin licked dry lips. “Yeah. What are you going to do about it?”

“Well, for starters,” Nathan rumbled, as his cock lengthened and throbbed, “I’m going to watch those cheeks turn a pretty pink under my hand. Then I’m going to fuck you.” Heat gathered in his balls as he looked down at her lush, vulnerable curves. “Hard.”

She stared up at him. Her smile sent a bolt of lust right into his groin. “Good. I want to be fucked.” Pausing, she licked her lips. “Hard.”

With a rough growl of hunger, Nathan rolled off the bed, then bent and scooped her into his arms. She yelped and pretended to struggle, but he dropped down on the mattress and hauled her face-down over his knee.

“Brute!” Her attempt at outrage was spoiled by a giggle.

“That’s me.” Nathan inserted a finger into her delicious sex. She was even hotter than she’d been the last time he’d probed her. God, he couldn’t wait to slide inside.

Withdrawing his fingers, he cupped the sweet, round curves of her butt, savoring the smooth skin. “Mmmm,” he purred, “what a perfect pair of cheeks. I’m going to enjoy heating them up.”

Trin moaned, the sound a purr of excitement as she squirmed over his knees, her ass flexing and lifting in blatant invitation.

Sebastian had speculated she had a submissive streak. It looked as if he was right. And Nathan planned

to take full advantage of it.

Then he paused, frowning. CassidyVika had said the men of the colony enjoyed seeing the female colonists beaten. He did not want Trin to think he was cut from the same cloth – hurting her solely because he enjoyed it, without any concern for her at all.

“You remember your safe word, right?”

“*Starrunner*,” she replied, a hint of impatience in her voice.

“Are you sure this is...”

She shot him a glittering glare over her shoulder. “Needledick!”

Well, that answered that question. “You asked for it.” He lifted his hand.

Trinity took a deep breath as the mercenary’s muscled thighs flexed under her body. His erect cock rested against her hip, long and hard and eager. She could feel her own slick heat increasing.

Whap.

The first slap was loud, but barely even stung. It was more a hard pat than anything else .

A measured interval went by as she waited for the next spank. She squirmed against Nathan’s thigh as her arousal grew.

Whap. That one was no harder. *Whap!* The one that followed came a little faster, but with that same ruthless control.

He picked up speed, inflicting a constant patter of light slaps that didn’t really hurt. *Whap, whapwhapwhap!*

Heat spread across her butt with each impact of Nathan’s broad palm. Slowly, the slaps started getting harder, then harder still until she found herself squirming, as much with sheer arousal as from the gathering sting.

Each time she bucked against his powerful thighs, she felt a hum of pleasure burning under her skin like a low-level electric charge. And every time Trin writhed under a smack, the silken hair on Nathan’s thighs teased her nipples, sending another zing of pleasure through her.

Her ass was really beginning to burn now. She pictured herself draped butt-up across the mercenary’s lap, bound and helpless, cheeks reddening steadily under his lustful paddling.

Nathan’s hand paused in its rise and fall. For a moment, there was silence except for their gasps. He was breathing just as hard as she was. She knew it wasn’t from exertion.

“Ready to beg for mercy?” Nathan asked, his voice rough with arousal.

Her ass felt hot and inflamed. So did her pussy and the tips of her aching breasts. She clenched her fists, feeling the rise of a reckless heat. “I can take anything you can dish out – Needledick .”

“Ohhhh,” Nathan growled. “We’ll see about that.”

Trinity squirmed and bucked and screeched under the next half-dozen swats, unconsciously rubbing her satin hip against his rock-hard, aching cock. Watching her struggle in an erotic symphony of quivering female curves, Nathan couldn’t remember the last time a spanking had turned him on more.

And he wasn’t alone. According to his sensors, Trin loved it just as much as he did.

He was so hot, it took him a moment to realize she’d stopped yelping under his smacks. Until she groaned, “Starrunner!”

Nathan froze as she voiced the safe word, ice stealing over him. He snatched her off his lap and put her on her feet so he could examine her flushed backside. “Did I hurt you?”

But though he’d paddled her thoroughly, he’d been careful. There was no sign of any bruising at all.

“I can’t take it any more.” She turned in his hold to meet his gaze in stark demand. “Fuck me! I’m going insane!”

Nathan nearly melted into a puddle of relief. “Shit! Don’t do that to me! You only supposed to use the safe word if you’re in distress.”

She shot him a mock glare. “Believe me, I’m in distress. In fact, I’m going to die in the next five minutes if you don’t bang my brains out. Right now.”

He laughed in sheer relief. “As my lady commands.” Scooping her into his arms, Nathan surged to his feet, turned, and tossed her down across the bed before grabbing her delicate ankles.

Her face was flushed as red as her well-spanked ass, but her gaze was bright with laughing hunger. Lust surged high in him as he eagerly spread her long, slim thighs. Looking between them, he saw that her lips were swollen from a combination of arousal and his careful spanking. Her bush, red as a fox’s pelt, was damp and matted with arousal. Her breasts quivered with every panting breath she took, nipples hard and flushed red.

Sliding a knee onto the bed, Nathan shifted his grip to the backs of her knees, rolling her onto her shoulders. And, in the process, angling that ripe, wet cunt up for his cock. Her delicate little hands found his biceps, curled around them in a grip that spoke of need and desperation.

Almost shaking with the force of his lust, Nathan draped her calves over his shoulders and took his cock in one hand. The thick head brushed red, springy curls, then velvet lips, then began working its way into slick, deliciously snug flesh.

He didn’t think he’d ever had anything wetter or tighter.

“Maker’s Beard!” Trinity gasped. “You’re...Aahhh!”

Nathan echoed her cry with a long groan of his own as he arched his buttocks, forcing his way deeper into her silken heat. She clamped around him, unbelievably tempting. He could feel a pulse throbbing hard in his balls.

He only hoped he could hang on long enough to make her come before he blew like a sonic grenade.

She was never calling him Needledick again, even as a joke. He was huge.

Trinity whimpered in need as he forced still more of his cock into her cunt, filling her by relentless millimeters. Her ass stung and burned from the spanking, but she really didn't care. She'd never felt like this before. Had never known such pleasure or such desire. It made her entire life until now seem as pallid and bland as milk.

Nathan fed another centimeter of cock into her, and she felt the huge, glittering wave of her approaching orgasm swell even brighter, hotter.

Finally he was all the way inside. Her legs draped over his shoulders, he came down over her, bracing his hands on the mattress. He searched her eyes. "Are you all right?" His voice was deep and strained.

"Yeah." Need clawed at her. She wanted to feel him riding her. "Maker's Beard, what are you waiting for? Fuck me!" She'd never said the words before today, but in the last couple of hours, she'd lost track of how many times she'd used them.

And she'd meant it each and every time.

He gave her a flashing white grin. "Don't mind if I do." The long, long shaft began sliding from her, the friction of its movement maddening and delicious.

"Oohh, that's good!"

His grin widened. "It certainly is." He reversed the stroke. In. And out. And innnnn. And outttt. Slowly. So slowly.

She found herself squirming, trying to hurry him, to get more of that magnificent cock. But pinned under his big body, held in those big hands, she was helpless.

Nathan would use her just the way he wanted, at just the speed he wanted, and there was nothing she could do about it.

Goaded, she tossed her head on the mattress. "Please Nathan," she heard herself begging. "I can't take any more of this!"

His gaze flickered. "Want me to stop?"

"No!" It was a scream of frustration. "I want you to fuck me faster!"

Nathan laughed in dark male satisfaction – and obeyed. He rode her as hard as he'd spanked her ass earlier, shafting her in short, delicious thrusts that ground his pelvis against her clit. With every stroke, ribbons of hot pleasure snaked around her spine and jerked her tight. Her thigh muscles began to jerk and spasm.

Trin could feel the orgasm building, getting bigger and hotter and fiercer with every thrust. Ready to break free. "Yes!" she gritted, half-insane with anticipation. "Yes, Nathan! More!"

He gave her exactly that, jolting his cock in and out of her, sweat flying from his face. "God," he gasped. "You feel so damn good..."

Dazed, she looked up to meet his wild gaze. The muscles of his chest stood in hard relief with effort. His cock felt like a length of fire as he ground deep, his pelvis jolting against hers.

Detonation. A sweet fireball flooded her in a soundless explosion of ecstasy, pleasure whipping like a storm through her battered nervous system.

As she convulsed, she heard Nathan bellow. "Yes! God, Trinity!"

Then the heat drowned out everything else.

The End

(This story will be published in its entirety Dec 2005 under Mercenaries Anthology: Trinity – an expanded (double size) of the original release at Ellora's Cave)